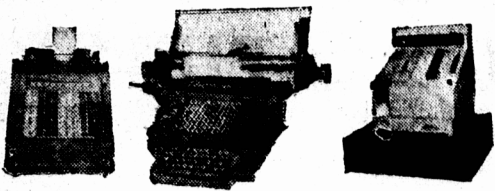


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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE FOXY ONE

Whose way ahead is fully planned The future holds at his command. —Reddy Fox.

Reddy Fox was being true to his name. He was being foxy. Foxy folks are those who are smart in sly and crafty ways. Reddy was laughing inside as he trotted home to the Old Pasture. You know you can laugh inside without showing it. Sometimes that is the best kind of laughter. Reddy had found out something he wanted to tell to Mrs. Reddy. He hoped she was at home. She was. She was lying on the doctress. She had a look of satisfaction and contentment. Reddy knew at once that she had had good hunting. A full stomach opens the door to contentment.

"My dear," said Reddy as he lay down beside her. "I've found out something." "It would be a day wasted if you hadn't found out something. What is it this time?" replied Mrs. Reddy lazily. She yawned. "It is about that new Dog who has come to the neighborhood, the small one with the short legs and a big voice when he is hunting," said Reddy.

"I know the one you mean. What about him?" replied Mrs. Reddy. "He was up here in the Old Pasture this morning," said Reddy. "Mrs. Reddy nodded. 'I know that, too. I heard him when I was on my way home and waited until he was sure he had left. Was he after you?'"

Reddy shook his head. "No," said he. "I was up there, but he wasn't hunting me." "Then who was it? If there were any other Foxes around here I would know it," replied Mrs. Reddy. "That Dog doesn't hunt Foxes. That, my dear, is what I found out," declared Reddy and grinned in a teasing provoking sort of way. "I hope you are right. We have troubles enough without another Dog hunting us. If that wasn't your trail he was so excited about I would like to know whose it was," returned Mrs. Reddy.

Reddy grinned more broadly than ever. "Peter Rabbit's," said he. "No!" exclaimed Mrs. Reddy as if she doubted that. "Yes," said Reddy. "He made almost as much noise as Bowser the Hound chasing one of us. Even if he was after Peter Rabbit that doesn't prove he wouldn't chase a Fox if he found the scent," declared Mrs. Reddy. "He paid no attention to my fresh scent," declared Mrs. Reddy.

Mrs. Reddy didn't know just what to reply to that. Reddy went on. "I sat right in the open where he must have seen me, but he kept right on just as if I wasn't there. Know what?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Reddy. "Reddy went right through two little bramble-tangles here in the Old Pasture, drove Peter to the Old Brier-patch and went right in after him and followed him and Mrs. Peter all about in there until Farmer Brown's boy came and called him out," explained Reddy.

"No!" cried Mrs. Reddy, as if she doubted her own ears. "That Dog went right through two little bramble-tangles here in the Old Pasture, drove Peter to the Old Brier-patch and went right in after him and followed him and Mrs. Peter all about in there until Farmer Brown's boy came and called him out," explained Reddy.



"He was up here in the Old Pasture this morning," said Reddy.

"Yes," replied Reddy. "I was right there and saw it."

"But how could he?" cried Mrs. Reddy. "Reddy grinned. 'He yelped and he whined but he kept right on. He gave those Rabbits a worse scare than we ever have. I guess he is Rabbit crazy. My dear, I am glad he has come to the neighborhood,'" said he.

Mrs. Reddy blinked. "What in the world is there to be glad about?" she cried.

"He is going to help us get Rabbit dinners," replied Reddy with a broader grin than ever.

"You're crazy," snapped Mrs. Reddy.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

UNSOOUND REASONING

South put the card before the horse in his play of the following hand.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.	
♠ K 7	♠ 9 6 3
♥ 8 5 3	♥ A K 10
♦ Q J 10 3	♦ 7 4
♣ K 9 6 4	♣ 6 2
♠ 10 8 2	♠ A Q J 5 4
♥ Q J 9	♥ 7 4
♦ 6	♦ 6 2
♣ K 5 4	♣ A 9 8 7
♠ Q 10 7	♠ A 3 2

The bidding:			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	1 NT	Pass
2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass

South's bidding was far better than his play of the hand. Many players in his position would bid two spades over one notrump, but observe that this bid would draw a prompt pass from North. When South actually bid the diamonds, North had a safe raise, and now South in turn could try a three-spade call, secure in the knowledge that his side suit would find good

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McKenna-Costello Nuptials

A quiet autumn wedding was solemnized at St. Dunstan's Basilica, Charlottetown, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 22nd, when Mary Myrtle, daughter of Peier Costello and the late Mrs. Costello, Charlottetown was united in holy matrimony with Patrick Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson McKenna, Rumford, Maine, U. S. A.

The double-ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Patrick McMahon who also celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, looked lovely in a royal blue gabardine suit with winter white and blue accessories and a corsage of pink roses. She carried a white prayer book and sterling silver rosary, gift of the groom.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Thomas Bradley, who wore a blue two-piece dress and grey top coat with blue accessories and a corsage of white mums.

Mr. Everett McKenna, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride's gift to the groom was a billfold and to the bridesmaid a crystal rosary. The groom's gift to the best man was a leather billfold.

During the mass, Mr. Frank McIntyre sang appropriate hymns. Mrs. Joseph Dougan was organist.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the Queen Hotel. The bride's table was centered with a two tier wedding cake topped by a miniature bride and groom. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Thomas Bradley and responded to by the groom.

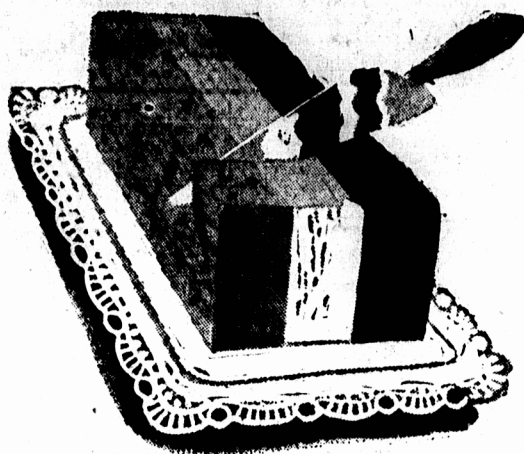
Immediately after the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. McKenna left by car on a honeymoon trip through New Brunswick and Eastern States. The bride travelled in a blue gabardine suit and matching top coat.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenna will reside in Rumford, Maine where the groom is employed with the Oxford Paper Co.

On their return to Rumford a reception was held in their honor at Mr. Ralph McKenna's.

Their many friends join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. McKenna many years of happy wedded life.

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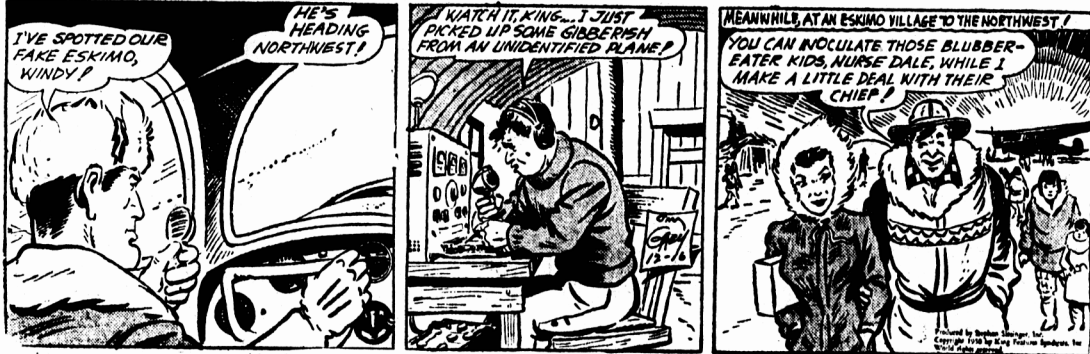
FAR-SEEING Most babies are long-sighted at birth but as the eyes develop the vision tends to become normal.

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 11.—(AP)—Al Hollingsworth, former major league southpaw hurler, today was signed as manager of Houston Buffs of the Texas League by president Allen Russell.

Britain's oldest ports are believed to be two extinct villages of 250 B.C. near Glastonbury Tor on the Bristol Channel.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McMahon



L'L ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



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