

BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

K. of C. MEETING

Regular Knights of Columbus meeting will be held in new home on Tuesday at 8:15.

SPECIAL BUS

FOR APPLE BLOSSOM SUNDAY JUNE 3rd

The I. M. T. are now making arrangements for a week-end circle tour taking in APPLE BLOSSOM SUNDAY in Nova Scotia. Bus will leave Charlottetown Saturday afternoon June 2nd via Wood Islands and return via Cape Tormentine Monday evening June 4th.
FARE—\$9.00 return—Boat Fares included.
RESERVATIONS can be made at Charlottetown or Summerside Terminals and must be in not later than Thursday May 31st.

ISLAND MOTOR TRANSPORT, LTD.

Ch'town Phone 248

S'ide 2822

PUBLIC INVITATION

This is YOUR invitation to participate in THE GRAND PARADE and following parades with a FLOAT or OTHER SUITABLE REPRESENTATION during Charlottetown's Festive Week.

This INVITATION applies to every individual, business concern, or organization and ALL communities on Prince Edward Island.

Telephone or otherwise contact Gordon Clark, Chairman Float Committee, phones 2740 or 2741, Charlottetown.

Charlottetown Festive Week July 1st to 7th, inclusive, 1951.

Firemen's Big Novelty Dance TONIGHT

at the

ROLLAWAY

Dancing from 9:30 till 1:30

For Table Reservations Phone 1242

Al Blanchard's Orchestra

Admission 75c.

WHITE ROSE QUIZ

Who patronize motion picture shows the most—men or women?

Women by 13 to 7. But for star performance in

your car, use the famous *beauty duty*



WHITE ROSE
MOTOR OIL
IT KEEPS MOTORS CLEAN!

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

PETER GETS HIS FEET WET

To speed of foot trust if you will But quicker wit is better still. —Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit was spending the day in the Green Forest. He was spending it there because he was afraid to go home. Yes, sir, he was afraid to go home to the dear old Briar-patch because to get there he would have to cross the Green Meadows. He knew sharp eyes would be watching the Green Meadows. There are sharp eyes watching the Green Meadows every day. There would be nothing for him to hide under or behind or in should a hungry enemy see him. So wisely he had remained in the Green Forest.

For a while he had squatted in the middle of a small bramble-tangle at the very edge of the Green Forest. He didn't like being there. It was too near the edge. So after a while, having had a good nap, he left the bramble-tangle and went deeper into the Green Forest. There the trees grow closer together and it was darker, shadowy all about. Finally he came to Laughing Brook and there beside a small pool below a big rock over which the water tumbled, he sat down under a great fern.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cubbertson

SHREWDER PLAY REQUIRED

South should have restrained himself in the bidding of the following deal, but shrewder maneuvering in the play might have saved him

North dealer. — North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
North East South West
1♣ Pass 3♣ Pass
3♦ Pass 4NT Pass
5♣ Pass 7♣ (final bid)

Strong as South's hand was, the grand-slam bid was very questionable.

West opened the spade king, and this removed dummy's only entry right at the start. It also led South into what amounted to a surrender. Realizing that he could never get back to the board, he cashed the two top diamonds, discarding hearts. This, of course, was worth precisely nothing. East had no subsequent problem—he simply held his hearts, and South lamely conceded the 13th trick.

Very obviously, South was helpless against perfect defense, but let's consider what he could have done to make the defense imperfect! There was no guarantee that he could do this, but surely it was worth the effort, rather than conceding defeat! The discards on the top diamonds were patently worthless, so South should have tried a different tack. He should have run off every one of his trumps, keeping the A-K-J of diamonds (and of course at least one heart) threatening in dummy—and given East something to think about! The very fact that South had not mentioned his hearts during the bidding would have pointed up this hoax. Coming down to five cards, would East discard a diamond from his Q-10-7, over dummy's A-K-J, in order to keep his three hearts, or would he let go a heart to hold diamond protection?

The answer to this will never be known, but at least South would have had a chance!

He felt very comfortable there. He loved to hear the gurgling and chattering and laughter of the brook. He loved to look down in the water and see the speckled trout seeming to lie perfectly still on the bottom, or darting this way and that. He loved to hear Hermit Thrush singing his wonderfully beautiful love song to Mrs. Hermit as she sat on her precious eggs in the nest. Peter never had been able to find. He loved to listen to the long booming roll, like distant thunder, that the Thunderer the Grouse was beating out with his stout wings. It really was very pleasant in this snug retreat under the big fern. That is it was very pleasant until, happening to look farther up Laughing Brook, he saw Gray Fox, own cousin to Reddy Fox.

"Oh!" cried Peter, but he did it under his breath. You couldn't have heard him had you been right there beside him. He knew all about Gray Fox. Well, perhaps he didn't know all. Nobody knows all about anybody and it is well that this is so. But Peter knew enough about Gray Fox to begin to worry a little bit at sight of him. He knew Gray Fox is even more at home in the Green Forest than is his cousin, Reddy Fox. He knew that he is just as fond of a Rabbit dinner as his cousin is. He knew that he hunts in much the same way, and he has just as good a nose, just as sharp eyes, just as quick keen ears.

Gray Fox was standing at the edge of the water as if trying to make up his mind whether to go up Laughing Brook or down Laughing Brook. What he would decide would make all the difference in the world to Peter. "I hope he doesn't come this way," thought Peter. Gray Fox turned and stood for a couple of minutes looking up a few steps in that direction. Peter gave a little sigh of relief. Then he choked back a second little sigh and swallowed it. Gray Fox had suddenly turned and was trotting along the bank straight toward the big fern under which Peter was sitting. Peter knew that he must take to those long heels of his whether he wanted to or not.

He crept out from under the fern. He hoped to steal away without being seen. It was a vain hope. The very second he was out from under that fern Gray Fox saw him and bounded forward. Away went Peter lipperty-lipperty-lipperty-lip. Away went Gray Fox after him. Peter tried to break his trail by crossing Laughing Brook, jumping from one big stone to another big stone. It didn't work. Gray Fox followed. Peter tried every trick he knew to break his trail. That is, he tried every trick he knew but one. He didn't want to get his feet wet. He isn't fond of water, although in the Sunny South he has a cousin who is almost as much at home in water as is Jerry Muskrat.

Gray Fox was catching up. He was drawing nearer and nearer. Peter, looking back over his shoulder, failed to watch where he was going and the first thing he knew his feet were wet. He had missed a jump for a big stone and had landed with a splash in shallow water. Those wet feet were a good thing for Peter. Now he had no reason for staying out of the water, and he had a very good chance of fooling Gray Fox by running in the water at the edge of Laughing Brook. Running water carries no scent.

KING COLE TEA

Always Popular

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



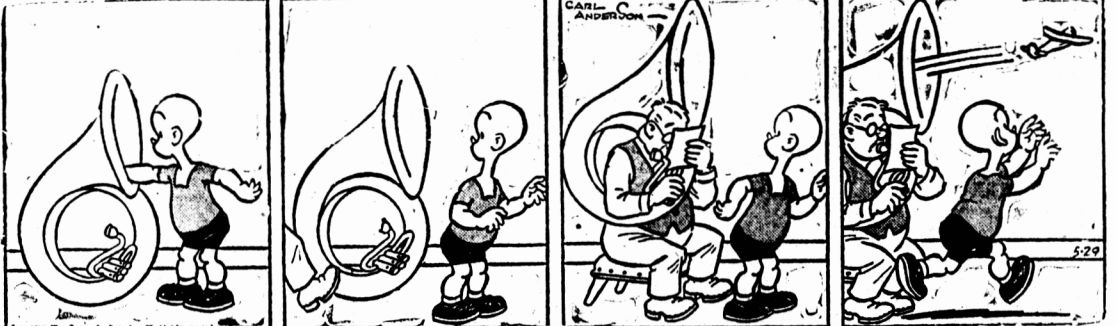
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Westover

TILLY THE TOLLER



By Harry Hoelgers

PENNY



By Harry Hoelgers



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond



RIP KIRBY