

FINAL REPORT MEETING

SALVATION ARMY R. S. DRIVE
WEDNESDAY, MAY 16 — 7 P.M.

WOOL GROWERS ATTENTION!

Because of changing market values the Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association are now prepared to advance eighty (80¢) per pound on all unwashed fleece wool delivered to the Grading Station, Charlottetown, for the balance of the season. The balance of the payment will be made promptly after grading and delivery. For further information contact

THE SECRETARY,
Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association.

AT LEAST 1,000 DONORS NEEDED AT RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CLINICS

Date	Time	Place
Monday, May 28th:	2-4 & 6-10	Red Cross Hdqts. Charlottetown
Tuesday, May 29th:	2-4 & 6-10	Red Cross Hdqts. Charlottetown
Wednesday, May 30th:	10-12 Noon	Can. Legion Hall Morell
	7-9 P.M.	Beaver Club Hall Montague
Thursday, May 31st:	2-5 P.M.	R.C.A.F. STATION St. Mary's Hall Summerside
	7-10 P.M.	

EVERYONE IN GOOD HEALTH AND BETWEEN AGE 18-65 SHOULD BE A DONOR AND PROVIDE BLOOD REQUIRED FOR PATIENTS IN OUR HOSPITALS, FOR OUR ARMED SERVICES AND CIVILIAN DEFENCE.

"BE A DONOR — SAVE A LIFE"

SOUTH MILTON SCHOOL

- Grade X—1. Lois Ford.
- Grade IX—1. Doris MacLean.
- Grade VIII—1. Carman Glover.
- Grade VII—1. Lloyd White; 2. Doris Montgomery; 3. Winston Ford.
- Grade VI—1. Vernon Willis.
- Grade IV—1. Leslie Poole; 2.

- Wesley Curtis, Grade III. Sr.—1. Louise MacNeill.
- Grade III. Jr.—1. Phyllis Montgomery.
- Grade II—1. Alba MacQuarrie; 2. Estella Ramsay; 3. Orville Montgomery.
- Grade I. Sr.—1. Margaret White; 2. Patricia Montgomery.
- Teacher—Leah Moore

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 16. A wading bird |
| 1. Foot covering | 1. Breathe noisily | 17. An image of a deity |
| 2. Tart | 2. A wading bird | 21. Winged insect |
| 3. Near (poet.) | 3. Solemn promise | 22. An arm of the sea |
| 4. Dry, multiple fruits | 4. Erbium (sym.) | 23. Kind of dog |
| 5. Constellation | 5. Fungus | 24. Like an ogre |
| 6. Note in the scale | 6. Any outer covering | 25. Quantity of paper |
| 7. An inter-diction | 7. At home apart | 26. Corridor |
| 8. Coin (Jap.) | 8. To take | 28. A deep draft (colloq.) |
| 9. Undeveloped flower | 9. Vipers | 30. Biblical name |
| 10. Excavated | 11. Scorches slightly | 31. Sky-blue |
| 11. Morsel | 12. Touch end to end | 32. Capital (Switz.) |
| 12. Study hard (slang) | 13. Questions | 33. Territorial Force (abbr.) |
| 13. Minute skin openings | | |
| 14. Stops | | |
| 15. S-shaped molding | | |
| 16. Speak | | |
| 17. Opening (anat.) | | |
| 18. Hole-piercing tool | | |
| 19. Sleeveless garment (Arab.) | | |
| 20. Disbands, as troops | | |
| 21. Measure (Chin.) | | |
| 22. Large roofing slate | | |
| 23. Native of Turkey | | |
| 24. City (Ger.) | | |
| 25. Gull-like birds | | |
| 26. Nuclei of starch grain | | |
| 27. Liberate | | |



Yesterday's Answer

- 1. Roman city
- 2. Roman road
- 3. Chinese river
- 4. Territorial Force (abbr.)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

CHATTERER YIELDS

Temptation is, you're sure to find. The greatest test of strength of mind.

—Old Mother Nature.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel was playing with temptation, and that is just about the worst thing that anyone can do. Those who play with temptation are almost always sure to yield to it, and that in turn means trouble. Yes, sir, yielding to temptation means trouble and lots of it.

Chatterer was over in the Green Forest, a lonesome part of the Green Forest. He was in a tree over there, very near to the tree in which Redtail the Hawk and Mrs. Redtail had their nest. Chatterer knew all about that nest, except for one thing. He didn't know whether or not there were eggs in that nest. The very thought of eggs made his little stomach turn right over and roll with desire. Yes, sir, it did so. You see there is nothing in all the Green Forest that Chatterer likes better than eggs, big and fresh, especially in the spring. He likes eggs any size, even the smallest, but of course the bigger an egg is the more there is of it.

"These Hawks are so big, they must have big eggs. I guess they must have the biggest eggs in all the Green Forest," thought Chatterer.

He peered up between the branches to the blue, blue sky. Snowy white cloud ships were sailing the blue, blue sky. Against the whiteness of one of these Chatterer saw two dark specks sailing around and around in circles. He didn't need to be told that those specks were alive. He knew they were Redtail and Mrs. Redtail.

"It wouldn't take me a minute



He peered up between the branches to the blue, blue sky.

to climb up to that nest and just peep into it. No, sir, it wouldn't take me a minute. I could get up there and get back again before those Hawks come down," thought he.

He looked over to the big nest. He looked up at the two big birds sailing around in the blue, blue sky. Chatterer was tempted. My, my, how he was tempted! It wouldn't do any harm just to find out if there were any eggs in that nest. He licked his lips at the thought. He licked them twice. He could almost taste those eggs.

"Don't do it," warned a small inside voice again.

Chatterer sighed. He tried to forget eggs. He couldn't. It is a queer thing that the harder you try to forget a thing, the more it sticks in the memory. Chatterer ran higher up the tree. He went up as high as he could get. He hoped that he would be able to look over into that nest. He couldn't. He was no better off than before. Once more he looked up in the blue, blue sky. Redtail and Mrs. Redtail were still circling up there as if they hadn't anything else to do this morning.

Chatterer licked his lips once, then started to run down the tree. He didn't just climb down as most folks would; he ran down. Squirrels can do that, you know.

"Don't do it," warned that small inside voice again.

"Go ahead, do it," whispered another small voice. "You won't be harming anybody. Nobody'll know it. Go ahead. Find out if there are eggs there." That was temptation. Chatterer tried not to listen. At least he thought he tried. But the first thing he knew there he was at the foot of that tree. He had run down one tree, and across to the next tree, and now he was looking up at the bottom of the big nest in that tree.

"It won't take but a minute," whispered temptation. "Don't do it," warned common sense.

Now had you been in Chatterer's place which one would you have listened to? I suspect that you would have listened to the very same one Chatterer listened to—temptation.

Chatterer started up that tree. Yes, sir, Chatterer started up that tree. He didn't start slowly. That isn't Chatterer's way. Anyway, he wanted to get up there and get down again.

"Look out that you don't climb right into trouble," warned the small voice of common sense.

"I won't get into trouble. I won't touch a thing in that nest. All I want is to know if there are eggs in that nest," muttered Chatterer.

"Go back down," warned common sense.

"Go on up!" whispered temptation. Chatterer went.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

POSTMORTEMS

Bridge players who "hate long postmortems" had better stay away from those games composed of ranking experts! Arguments, meticulous analyses, and lamentably "personalities" occupy quite a lot of the time at these contests! Consider the following case:

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ K Q J 8 3
♥ K 6
♦ 10 5 4
♣ Q 9 3

♠ 10 5 4
♥ 2
♦ 9 3 2
♣ 7 6

♠ A 9 6
♥ A J 10 7
♦ A K Q 6
♣ 5

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opened the club ace and continued the suit. South ruffed, and even though he misguessed the heart queen, he made five-odd. North and South then had a little discussion about the fact that six spades would have been ice-cold!

North said that South would have been wiser to bid only two diamonds on the second round—at the 40 score, North certainly could not pass, and if he rebid spades (as North obviously would have done, he said) then South could have raised spades, and by thus bidding over score and showing length in three suits, he would have indicated a big hand and a singleton club. Then North would have felt safe in carrying on. North further agreed that, even as the auction went, South had the strength to bid three spades over three hearts, and North said that this sequence also would have included him to keep on bidding.

South countered that this was all a lot of nonsense. His three-diamond jump had shown a powerful hand, and it was quite probable that he was fishing for a rebid of North's suit. When North could not (apparently) rebid his spades or make any other encouraging response, South felt that he might jeopardize the game by making another slam try.

Although South might have risked a three-spade bid over three hearts, it appears that he had far the better of the argument. Beyond question or doubt, North should have bid three spades over three diamonds; his actual three-heart bid was incomprehensible.

THROAT SORE?

For common ordinary sore throat.

JUST RUB ON

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

REMEMBER, DEAN, YOUR SAFETY DEPENDS...
UPON HOW WELL YOU ACT THE PART OF SUSPECTING NOTHING...
WHEN THEY DELIVER THE WINE, SHOW NO SIGN OF EXCITEMENT AND DON'T TALK TOO MUCH!
I'LL BE WATCHING THIS HOUSE A LOT CLOSER THAN YOU THINK!

JOE PALOOKA by Ham Fisher

PALOOKA DUCKED THAT RIGHT AND SENT A HARD LEFT TO LEVIN'S BODY...
THE CHAMP IS REALLY MIXING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME... TOE TO TOE... THE TWO EXCHANGE SMASHING BLOWS...
PALOOKA STEPPED AWAY AND AS LEVIN CAME IN TO RESUME HIS WINDMILL PUNCHES, CAUGHT HIM WITH AN UPPER CUT THAT SHOOK THE CHALLENGER.

HENRY by Carl Anderson

NO FISHING

DOTTY DIPPLE by Rufor

DOTTY, DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD SETTLE FOR ONE PROGRAM ON JUST ONE RADIO?!

RIP KIRBY by Alex Raymond

I'M SO THRILLED, JEFF HOW LONG BEFORE WE GET THERE?
JUST A FEW MORE MILES. THIS PLACE IS GONNA SEND YOU! IT'S GOOFY IN SOME WAYS BUT, BOY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
THERE IT IS! THE GREAT YOU'S UTOPIA!

BRINGING UP FATHER by George McManus

YOU MAKE ME SICK! YOU CLIMBY FOOL! SLIPPING ON A THROWN CLIP! CAN YOU EVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT?
WELL, HERE I AM, WHERE IS MR. JIGGS?
THEY'VE GONE ARE THOSE RUGS?
ARE YOU HURT, DOCTOR?
NO-IM JUST WORKING TO AMUSE MYSELF!! PHONE DOCTOR CUTLER!
I'LL WORK WITH YOU!

TILLY THE TOILER by Westover

THE MODEL CONTEST CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT ME!
I DON'T CARE WHO WINS, I'M THROUGH!
WELL, IT SEEMS NEITHER OF US HAS A MANAGER IT DOES!
IF I WERE YOU'D WITHDRAW FROM THE CONTEST.
IF I WERE YOU, I WOULD!
PHOOEY! I'LL SHOW YOU I DON'T NEED A MANAGER!
BAAH! I'LL SHOW YOU I CAN WIN WITHOUT ONE!

PENNY by Harry Hoehnigen

ISN'T YOUR DANCE DATE TONIGHT?
MYRON HAD TO CALL IT OFF.
HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO DRIVE HIS CAR DOWN FROM COLLEGE.
RUNNING AN AUTO COSTS SO MUCH NOW A DAYS...
...A BOY CAN HARDLY AFFORD AN EDUCATION!

L'I ABNER

IT'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE DELICIOUS THAN THAT?
NEW FACE!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
BUT, TH' FACE AN LOVED BEST WERE MAH MARRI'G. NOTH'Z BUT WRINKLED THOUGH IT WERE...
Y-YO' HAD IT ON YO' AN' THASS WHY AN LOVED YO'— BUT, N-NOW IT'S SOME O' LOVE— GOO' BYE, NANCY O...
SEE... I'VE GOT IN MIND TO GO ON THE TOWN TONIGHT!

By Al Capp

By Harry Hoehnigen