

Hope River Picnic
 Wednesday, July 26
 Suppers will be served
 and amusements
 provided

MUSTARD
 on ROASTS
 brings out
Hidden Flavours

Rub 1 teaspoonful of Colman's mustard in powder form into your roast before placing it in oven and taste the difference! For free recipe book, "Culinary Art", write to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Ltd., Station T, Montreal.



OPENING TO-NIGHT
 Harrington Lunch Room on Brackley Road, 7 miles from Ch'town. Serving light lunches, ice cream, drinks, confectionary and smokers supplies. Open afternoon and evenings.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT
 BYRON J. GRANT, O.D.
 Graduate in Optometry
 Has Opened Offices At
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 Complete Visual Examination and Fitting

RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CLINICS
 Red Cross Hqts., CHARLOTTETOWN—
 Monday, July 31st 2-4 and 6-10
 Tuesday, August 1st 10-12 a.m. only
 St. Mary's Hall, SUMMERSIDE—
 Tuesday, August 1st 6-10 p.m.
 High School, O'LEARY—
 Wednesday, August 2nd 2-4 p.m.
 Women's Institute Hall at ALBERTON—
 Wednesday, August 2nd 7-9 p.m.
 Dalton High School, TIGNISH—
 Thursday, August 3rd 10-12 a.m.
 Borden High School, BORDEN—
 Thursday, August 3rd 7-9 p.m.
 1000 DONORS ARE NEEDED AT THESE CLINICS TO MAINTAIN FREE RED CROSS BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FOR NEXT THREE MONTHS.
BE A DONOR and SAVE A LIFE!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess
LOGCOCK IS INDIGNANT
 A judgement just on that in sight, is wrong more frequently than right.
 —Old Mother Nature.
 Peter Rabbit stared at Logcock, the Pileated Woodpecker, biggest of the family in the Green Forest. He stared as if he had never seen him before. He had, but it was so long ago that Peter had almost forgotten there was such a person. Of course it isn't polite to stare at another, but it was no wonder that Peter did stare. The big Woodpecker was really some one to see. He was nearly as big as Blacky the Crow and his coat looked to be almost as black. The sides of his rather long neck were white. There were black bars and white bars across the sides of his face, and a big spot of red. His chin was white and his wings were marked with white.
 But what most caused Peter to stare was Logcock's pointed cap. It was red and it stood high on his head. It was as if he had stolen the color from the popples, which of course he hadn't. The first time Peter had ever seen Logcock he had hard work to believe his own eyes. He felt the same way now, so he stared most impolitely.
 "I hope you'll know me the next time you see me," said Logcock. "Excuse me," said Peter. "I didn't mean to stare. Are you the largest of the Woodpecker family?"
 "I'm the largest around here," said Logcock. "I've heard say that I have a cousin way down in the Sunny South who is bigger. I believe they call him Ivory Bill. I don't know much about him but I've heard say that he is very retiring and few folks have ever seen him."
 Logcock was clinging to the side of a tree in which he had already cut several holes, one of them so big that the ground at the foot of the tree was covered with chips and splinters of wood. That tree was a mess. Peter had said so to his cousin Jumper the Hare.
 Logcock had begun to cut another hole. The chips began to fly. "Can't you find anything better to do than to spoil the trees?" asked Peter.
 Logcock stopped and looked down at Peter. "Were you talking to me?" he demanded.
 "Yes," said Peter. "Why do you want to spoil nice trees like this one?"
 "I'm not spoiling it," declared Logcock.
 "You certainly are," retorted Peter. "You're making a mess of it. It was a perfectly good tree until you began cutting it to pieces."
 "It wasn't a good tree," retorted Logcock indignantly.
 Peter blinked. "I would like to know why it wasn't a good tree," said he.
 "Because it was eaten away inside and sooner or later the wind would have blown it over," explained Logcock.
 Peter blushed more than ever. "Eaten away?" said he. "Who had eaten it away?"
 "Ants," replied the big Woodpecker. "Ants had eaten it away."
 "Ants live in the ground. Don't you suppose I know where ants live?" demanded Peter.
 "Only where some live," retorted Logcock. "This tree was full of Ants, nice, big, fat Ants. I love Ants. They're very good eating. Have you ever tried them?"
 Peter made a face. "I should say not!" said he.
 "You've missed something," said Logcock. Then he became indignant again. "When I get through there won't be any Ants left in this tree. The idea of saying that I've ruined this tree! What I've really done is save a lot of other trees. It is time you learned, Peter Rabbit, not to talk about other folks until you know what you are talking about. If there are any more useful people in the Green Forest than we Woodpeckers, I don't know who they are."
 What Logcock had said was true. The Ants in that tree were wood-eating Ants called Carpenter Ants, and they had eaten away so much of the heart of that tree that sooner or later it would have blown over. But for Logcock those ants would have ruined other trees.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO MANY CHOICES
 Perhaps the most difficult hands are those in which the declarer has a great variety of plans from which to choose. In short, such a deal as today's.

South dealer.
 North-South vulnerable.

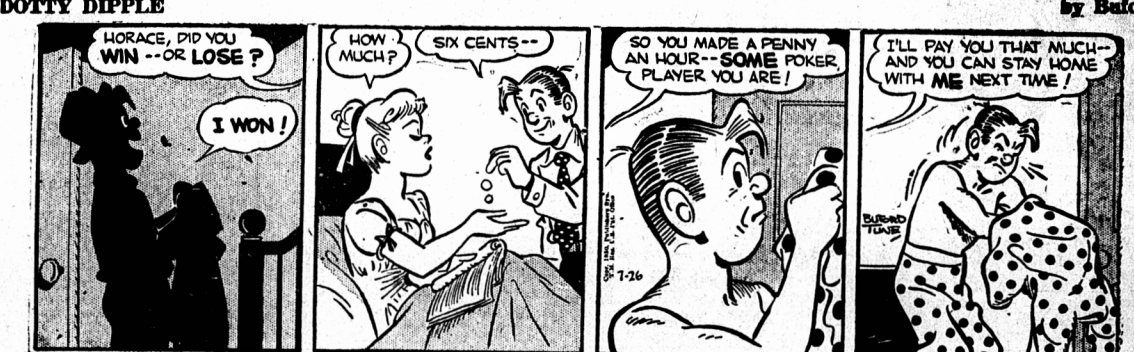
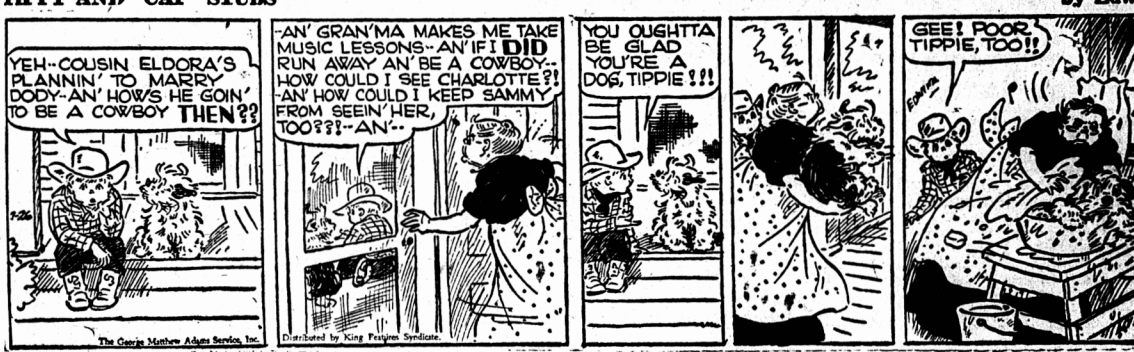
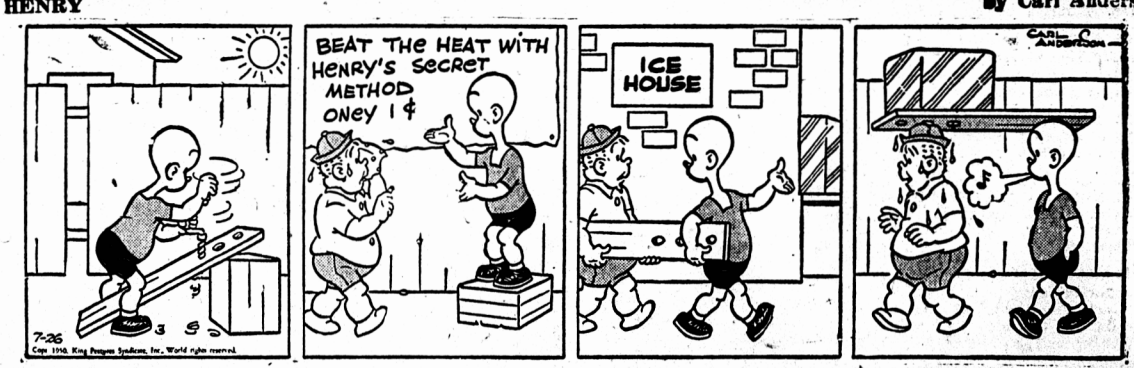
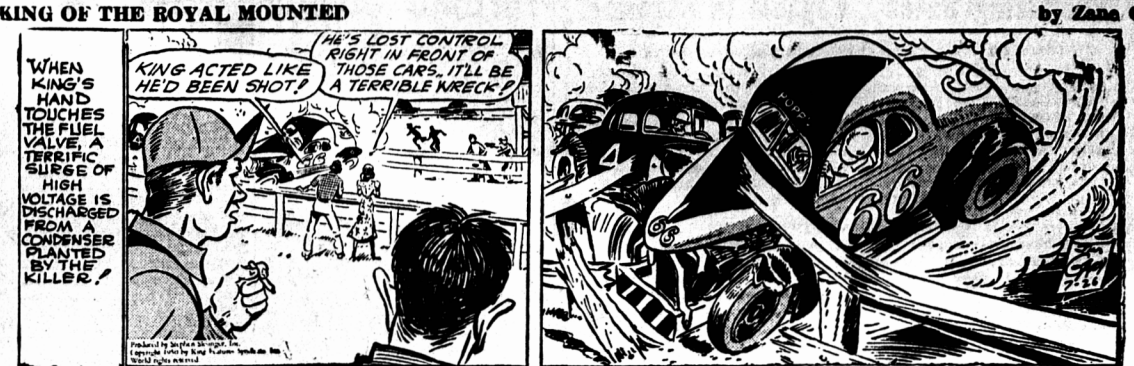
♠ A K 7 5 4 3
 ♥ J 10 8
 ♦ A 5 2
 ♣ Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

♠ Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
 ♥ 7 5 3 2
 ♦ A 6
 ♣ K 8 4

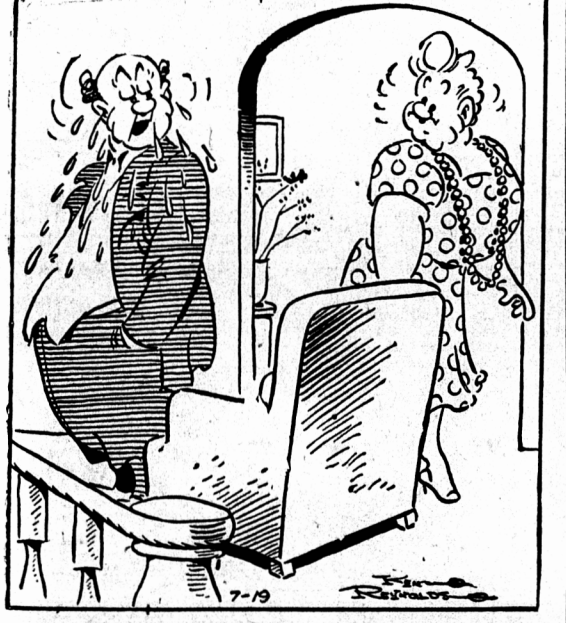
The bidding:
 South West North East
 1♦ Pass 1♥ 4♠
 2♦ Pass 5♣ 5♣
 6♣ Pass Pass Pass

North had a difficult decision when the four-spade double reached him, and although a pass might have been the most discreet course, his actual (rather risky) five-diamond bid, which resulted in a slam, should have turned out beautifully.
 West led his singleton spade; South captured the trick with the ace and immediately ruffed his low spade in dummy. West discarded a club. Now the diamond jack was led. East ducked, as did declarer. On the following lead of the diamond ten, however, East was literally forced into defeating the contract. Winning the trick with his now-blank trump ace, he returned a spade and West was as indicated to ruff declarer's king. Above, there were any number of lines of play available to South in this case, but one thing is sure: he certainly should not have proceeded as he did!
 Curiously enough, South would have been better off if his own spade holding had been A-x-x instead of A-K-x! Then, he probably would have stumbled upon a successful plan! Let's consider. He would win the first trick and ruff a spade; then cash one heart trick and ruff a low heart. Now he would trump off his last spade in dummy and return dummy's last diamond. East might as well put up the ace and lead another spade. South would ruff and draw the outstanding trumps.
 Meanwhile, West would have to do considerable discarding! Declarer's last four cards would be his original club holding, while dummy would keep K-7 of hearts, and A-8 of clubs—but what could West do? He would need two hearts against dummy's cards, but this would mean that he could retain only two clubs. Thus, South would find it very easy indeed to take the rest of the tricks.

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Quickies by Ken Reynolds



"This two-pant suit I got with a Guardian Want Ad-Boy, am I hot!"

