

### CANADIAN LEGION NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Charlottetown Branch Canadian Legion, B. E. S. L., will be held TONIGHT, APRIL 27th AT 8 P.M.

Agenda:  
General Business; Election of Officers

### IT'S THE LATEST THING...

Meyers Studios, Charlottetown, now develop, print and mount your snapshots in an ATTRACTIVE ALBUM. To introduce this new idea in snapshot finishing, we will do one roll any size film (eight or twelve exposures) from 127 to 116 and mount it in an album for only 25c. This offer is good FOR THIS WEEK ONLY and only one album will be allowed each customer at this 25 cent introductory rate.

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### MYERS STUDIOS

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### CHEST CLINICS

Commencing May 1, 1950, the Dept. of Health and Welfare, Tuberculosis Division, will resume chest clinics throughout the Province as follows:

ALBERTON, Monday, May 1 ..... 10:00-12:00 a.m.  
1:30- 4:00 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE, Tuesday, May 2, 16 . 9:30-12:00 a.m.

SOURIS, Monday, May 8 ..... 1:30- 4:30 p.m.

MONTAGUE, Monday, May 15 ..... 1:30- 4:30 p.m.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Every Thursday 10:00-12:00 a.m.  
1:30- 4:00 p.m.  
Every Friday . 1:30- 4:00 p.m.

E. M. FOUND, M.D., C.M.,  
Medical Director of Clinics,  
Division of Tuberculosis Control.

### ATTENTION FARMERS

Given absolutely free, One Barrel Gasoline with each International Harvester Farmall tractor sold during month of May.

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### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

#### JUST PLAIN SELFISH

Who thinks of self alone soon ends  
By losing all his would-be friends.  
—Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit didn't like the new neighbors who had come to live in the dear old Briar-Patch. They were Short-tail the Shrew and Mrs. Short-tail. Mrs. Peter didn't like them any better than Peter did. It wasn't that they were afraid of Short-tails. Goodness no! Those Shrews were far too small for anyone as big as a Rabbit to be afraid of, even though they were the fiercest little hunters on all the Green Meadows, very small folks with big appetites, that they seemed never able to satisfy.

"It is just that they are unpleasant folks to have around," complained Mrs. Peter.

Peter quite agreed with her. "I wish they hadn't come to the Old Briar-Patch," said he. "I do so. But they are here and there is nothing we can do about it but keep away from the part where they are living and see as little of them as possible. I am glad of one thing." He paused.

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"That they are only two," replied Peter.

Mrs. Peter looked at Peter queerly. "You have a short memory," said she.

"What have I forgotten now?" demanded Peter.

#### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

#### SQUEEZE DRILL

The following deal presents a good "drill" for players who would like to master the squeeze play.

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	3♠	4♠	Pass
4NT	Pass	5NT	Pass
6NT	Pass	6NT	Pass

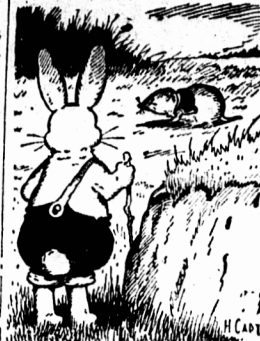
West, suspecting that a spade lead would cost a trick, opened his top heart. South won with the king, cashed his own diamonds, then led a low club. The fall of West's queen was gratifying, and now declarer cashed the diamond ace and gave East a diamond trick, to set up dummy's fifth card.

East exited safely with the club ten. Dummy's jack won, and the position now was:

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

At this point, the average declarer would probably cash the diamond eight, and after East discarded the club six, would give up the club five! He would reason that he might as well keep a spade for dummy's ace—that the club five couldn't be good, and that the only chance was to find a heart break. And, so reasoning, he would go down!

But if, on the diamond eight, South discarded his spade queen, then cashed the spade ace—East would be a most harassed player!



"Is it true that you have a lot of babies?" asked Peter.

"That you saw Mrs. Short-tail drive Short-tail out of their home and tell him to stay out because there was no room for him. Probably by this time she has a houseful of babies. If they are like Mouse babies they'll grow fast and pretty soon we'll have Shrews running all over the place. The Old Briar-Patch won't be the same. No, sir, it won't be the same at all. Those Shrews are not the kind of neighbors I want around."

Later that day Peter met Short-tail. "Is it true that you have a lot of babies?" asked Peter.

"I suppose so," replied Short-tail.

"Don't you know?" demanded Peter.

"How should I know? I was driven out of the house and I haven't been back. So how should I know whether I have a lot of babies or only a few? I'll know soon enough when they begin to run around. They'll spoil my hunting. That's what they'll do, spoil my hunting. It is hard enough work to get enough to eat without having a lot of youngsters spoiling the hunting."

"What kind of a father are you?" cried Peter indignantly.

"The same kind you are," squeaked Short-tail angrily.

"What do you mean by that?" Peter sounded a bit angry himself.

"How many babies have you right now?" squeaked his small neighbor.

Peter looked startled. "I—I—" he stammered.

Short-tail interrupted. "You don't even know if you have any. If you have, and probably you have, you don't know how many you have. You don't even know where they are. I at least know where mine are. What kind of a father are you?"

For once Peter couldn't find his tongue. All that Short-tail had said was true. Peter always kept their babies hidden from him until they were big enough to leave the nest. Their appearance always was a surprise to him.

Short-tail was busily making his toilet. He was a very neat small person, much neater than Peter. When not hunting he spent much time washing himself and seeing to it that his coat was just so. Peter thought him fussy. You see, Peter never has learned that to be particular how one looks is important.

A Butterfly came along. Short-tail pounced. It was amazing how quick he was. In a jiffy the Butterfly was eaten and he had caught a Cricket. "No, sir," said he. "I don't want a lot of children around. They eat too much. I want what I want when I want it, and I don't want to share with anyone."

"The selfish thing," thought Peter. It didn't enter his head that he is rather selfish himself.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**  
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### KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Zane Grey



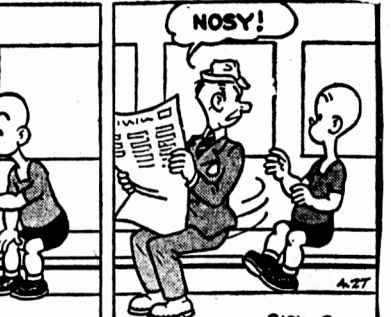
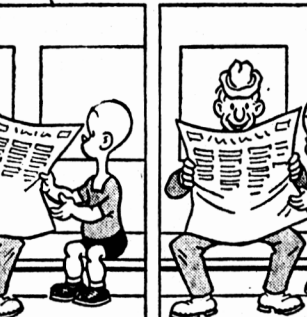
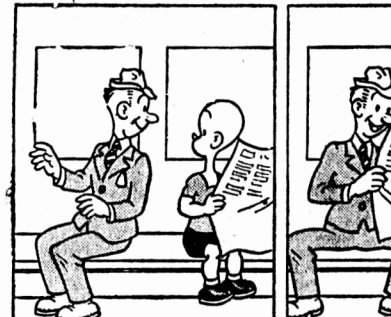
### JOE PALOOKA

by Ham Fish



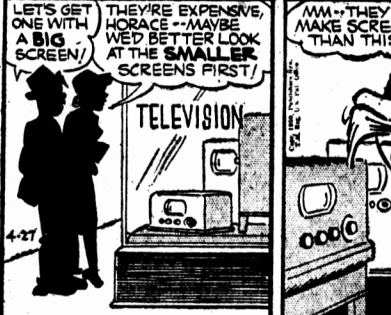
### HENRY

by Carl Anderson



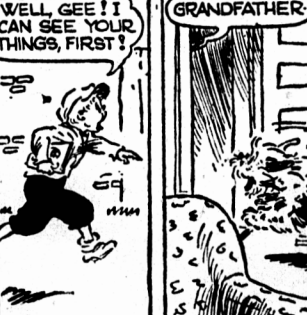
### DOTTY DIPPLE

by Buf



### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

by Edwin



### BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManus



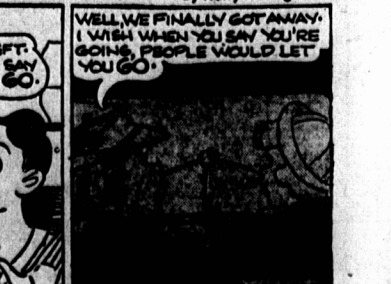
### TILLIE THE TOILER

by vestover



### PENNY

By Harry Hoening



### NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY

by Clifford McBride



### L'L ABNER

by Al Capp



### RIP KIRBY

by Alex Raymond

