

For Scrumptious MONEY-SAVIN' Meals
AUNT JEMIMA
 Ready-Mix for **PANCAKES**
 Just Add Milk or Water!

THE ANNUAL MEETING
 of
THE CALEDONIAN CLUB
 OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

will be held at The Charlottetown Friday evening at 7, Nov. 17, 1950
 Election of officers
 All members are urged to attend
 J. W. MacKinnon, Secretary.

Attention Potato Dealers

In accordance with regulations of this Board, all dealers must be licensed. Application forms have been submitted all dealers or can be obtained on request.

All dealers must obtain this License by November 17, 1950.

No further trading by unlicensed dealers after this date will be permitted.

By Order
P. E. I. Potato Marketing Board

Civic Tax Appeals

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Appeals against Civic Valuations and Assessments for the year 1950 will meet on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1950, at 10 A.M., in the Court Room, City Building, to hear appeals from supplementary valuations and assessments.

Dated November 15, 1950.

JAMES A. FULLERTON,
 City Clerk,
 City of Charlottetown.

SKUNK AND FOX BOUNTY

A bounty on Skunks and Wild Red or Patch Foxes will be paid upon presentation of Skunk snout or Fox pelt at the Royal Packing Company, Grafton Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., from November 15th to December 15th, 1950.

Fox Bounty will be paid to Hunters and Trappers only. Pelts on which bounty is paid will be ear punched and may be sold by owner.

DEPT. OF INDUSTRY & NATURAL RESOURCES

SAILING SCHEDULE, 1950
 (DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY)

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LTD.
 HEAD OFFICE CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND
 (SUBJECT TO CHANGE)
 STANDARD TIME

NOVEMBER 1st TO NOVEMBER 30th

Leave Wood Islands—			
Prince Nova	8 a.m.	1 p.m.	
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	
Leave Caribou—			
Charles A. Dunning	8 a.m.	1 p.m.	
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	

Listen in to CFOX each week-day at 7:30 A.M. Standard Time for Weather Forecast and Latest News regarding this popular service.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

MR. BIG MOUTH

Never judge alone by size
 Lest you reap a great surprise.
 —Old Mother Nature.

Hasty judgments almost always lead straight to trouble, often to the very worst kind of trouble. This is because almost always they are wrong. It is sometimes astonishing how wrong they can be.

Honker the Goose and his flock were resting on the ocean on their way to the Sunny South for the winter. It was calm and the water was smooth. A little way from them Finback the Whale had come to the surface for a breath of fresh air. Some of the Honker's flock were young Geese making their first journey out in the Great World. Now they started at Finback with belief struggling with unbelief. They had to believe their



own eyes. If one cannot believe one's own eyes what can one believe? But now they were staring at something too big to believe. How could there be any one so big that the largest of all the Green Forest folk, great big Flatheads the Moose, would look trifling in size beside this one? There couldn't be, yet their eyes told them there was. And how could any one who lived in the water without ever going on land, who had no legs but fins, and had a fishlike tail, be anything but a fish? Yet their wise old leader said this wasn't a fish; that Finback was no more a fish than was Lightfoot the Deer or Buster Bear whom they had seen on the shores of a pond in the Green Forest. They believed it, yet they didn't believe. It was a terribly mixed feeling. Have you ever felt like that, not knowing whether you do or do not believe? It is quite upsetting.

Suddenly, with no warning at all, Finback dived and his great tail, divided at the end into two parts called flukes, made a huge splash that sent the water over the Geese and scared the younger ones almost out of their wits so that they took to their wings in all directions. Even when Honker had called them back to the flock they were still uneasy.

"I guess that awful fellow could swallow all of us at once, I'm glad I have seen him, but I'm more glad that I don't have to stay where he is," said one.

"He wouldn't hurt you," said Mrs. Honker. "He doesn't eat Geese."

"He couldn't if he wanted to," said Honker, who was swimming beside her.

"Why couldn't he?" a timid young Goose ventured.

"Because he couldn't swallow even one of us, to say nothing of the whole flock," replied Honker.

"Why couldn't he?" asked another young one.

"Because his throat is too small," explained Honker.

"What?" cried two or three together. "The almost shouted it."

"I said his throat is too small. He couldn't swallow one of us if he tried, and he wouldn't try," replied Honker.

"Are you telling us that any one with a mouth as big as his has a throat too small to swallow one of us?" cried one. He sounded as if he doubted what he had heard.

"That is what I said," replied Honker a bit sharply. He didn't like having his word doubted. No one likes having what they say doubted. "He can eat small fish, but nothing bigger," Honker added.

It was the next day when again they were resting on the water that Mr. Big Mouth suddenly appeared. It really was Finback's big cousin, Baleen the Blue Whale, largest of all living animals, and of all who ever did live. He was close to the top of the water and

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson

DECEPTIVE BIDDING AND PLAY

South made a good bid in the following deal—but he had to follow it up in the play.

West dealer.
 North-South vulnerable.

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

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

South's one-notrump opening looks somewhat "fancy," since he lacked sure protection in two suits, hearts and clubs, but, particularly as a fourth-hand opening, it was a sound and shrewd choice. As a matter of fact, the only good reason for criticizing the bid is that it was conservative, in view of South's winners, but South could scarcely afford to open with two notrump, missing as many aces and kings as he did. As for the strategic advantage of a notrump opening, against the alternative diamond bid, observe that South could make three notrump if he found as little as the spade ace and a couple of jacks (or possibly even less) in the dummy.

West led his fourth-highest club, and declarer put up dummy's king. (It would obviously be silly to win the trick in the closed hand, leaving the king blank on the board.)

South, marking West with the ace, the trick became palpable that the ace, missing ace was held by East. As a rule, two missing aces are divided between the defenders if neither has made a bid.

In any case, South had to proceed on the hope that East had the spade ace. Declarer led dummy's spade jack, to give the impression that he was going to let that card ride for a finesse—and East fell! Not knowing that West's clubs could be run, East ducked the spade lead, and South of course went right up with the king, then he ran off his six diamond tricks and the heart ace, to bring home the contract.

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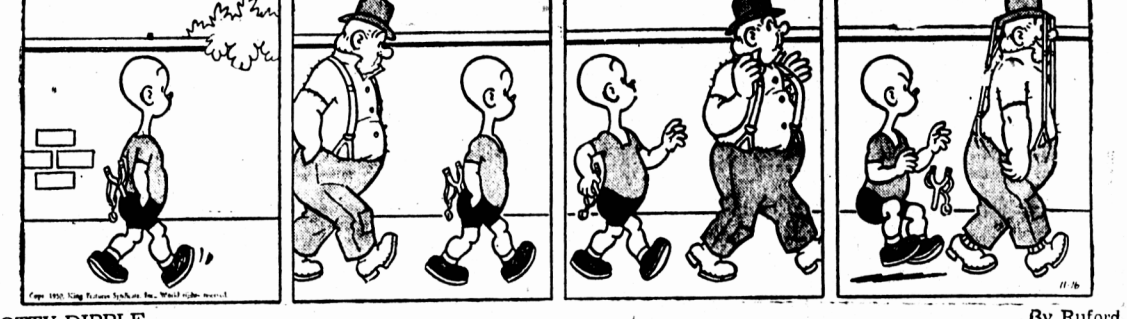
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
 By Lane Grey



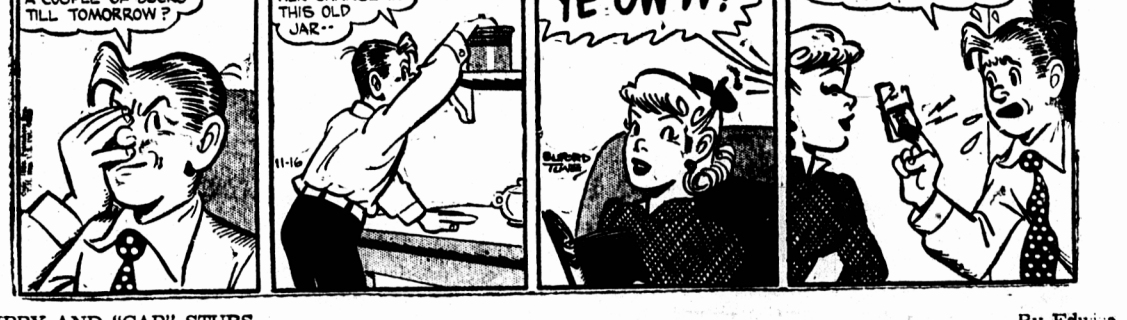
JOE PALOOKA
 By Ham Fisher



HENRY
 By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE
 By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS
 By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER
 By George McMahon



TILLY THE TOILER
 By Westover



PENNY
 By Harry Hoanigen



L'L ABNER
 By Al Capp

I AM LADY HOTFOOT FROM ENGLAND. I'VE COME TO ENTER THE SADDIE HAWKINS DAY RACE.

WHY BLESS YOUR NOBLE BRITISH HIDE—ONLY DOGPATCH GALS IS ELIGIBLE!

I AM FROM OLD DOGPATCH ENGLAND!

TH' OLE HOME TOWN! WHAR OUR ANCESTORS COME FUM-IT-YO IS ELIGIBLE? C'MON—LEMMIE SHOW YO' AROUND!

REALLY, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE SWINHEADS COTTAGES, WHERE DOES THE ARISTOCRACY LIVE?

RIGHT HYAR!! WE IS ALL ARISTOCRACY!!

GOOD-BYE!! I'VE MADE A GHAISTLY MISTA--?? --ER-UM--N-NO-- I--THINK I'LL STAY--

RIP KIRBY
 By Alex Raymond

THAT'S MR. VAN DORPE. HE'S DESPERATELY ILL... HE INVITED ME HERE TO SING FOR HIM, THEN HAD AN ATTACK AND BEGGED ME NOT TO LEAVE HIS SIDE...

HE'S SUCH A WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN, AND SO TERRIBLY SICK! IF YOU TELL JACK AND JOE WHERE I AM, THEY'LL HOUND ME... I CAN'T LEAVE, MR. KIRBY... I CAN'T! PLEASE PROMISE TO KEEP MY SECRET!

THAT SCHEMING LITTLE SNIP!

AH! MISS VAN DORPE! BAW-SORROPPINS!