

FIFTH ANNUAL PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Musical Festival

May 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th & 6th
in
Prince of Wales College Hall
and
St. Paul's Church Hall

Under the Distinguished Patronage of:
His Honour Lieutenant-Governor J. A. Bernard and Mrs. Bernard
The Honourable Premier J. Walter Jones and Mrs. Jones
His Worship B. Earle MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald

ADJUDICATORS:
Mr. Filmer E. Hubble, A.C.C.O.; Mr. John Lee, L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L.

OFFICIAL ACCOMPANIST:
Miss Louise Cox, L. Mus. (McGill); Mrs. Allison MacRae, A.T.C.M.

FESTIVAL BEGINS:
Monday 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. session in F. W. C. Hall with
Classes 91, 98, 82, 77, 30, 74 and 54.
Monday 9:30 A.M. at St. Paul's Hall
Classes 49 and 76.

Official Opening Monday at 8 P. M.
In P. W. C. Hall

L.T. COL. L. T. LOWTHER, Presiding
MRS. J. T. DAVIES, Platform Secretary

ADDRESSES BY:

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor J. A. Bernard.
The Honourable Premier J. Walter Jones.
His Worship B. Earle MacDonald.
Mr. Filmer E. Hubble, A.C.C.O., Adjudicator.
Mr. John Lee, F.R.C.O., L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L., Adjudicator.

Class 3—Charlottetown and Summerside Church Choir—
25 voices or over (mixed voices, four part)
(a) "With a Voice of Singing"..... Martin Shaw
(b) Own Selection.

Class 95—Piano Duet (open)
"Gypsy Rondo"..... Haydn

Class 35—Operatic Solo (any voice)
Own Selection.

Class 25—Male Quartette
"Lonely Woods"..... Lully arr. H. A. Chambers

Class 103—Violin Solo (16 yrs. and under)
"Souspir"..... Drdia

Class 29—Women's Duet (adult)
"The Lord Is My Shepherd"..... Schubert arr.—Percy Higgins

Class 16—Men's Chorus—(Open)—In French
"Own Selection."
There will be three sessions each day at F. W. C. Hall except
on Friday and Saturday evening when concerts of winners will
be held in P. W. C. Hall. Also sessions each morning at St.
Paul's Church Hall and on Wednesday evening.

Admission to Sessions: 15c — Admission to Concerts: 50c

Programs now available at Toombs and Miller Bros. Also
on sale in both Halls during Festival Week.

COL. L. T. LOWTHER, Pres. MRS. E. COOK, Sect'y.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WHAT MRS. PETER SAW

Each for himself the way must learn,
And for himself a place must earn.
—Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Shorttail the Shrew had a full house. She did indeed. That house was round like a ball. It was made of leaves and grass, and made well. A lot of care had gone into the making of that house. Mrs. Shorttail may be a fierce little person, and to those smaller than herself she certainly is, but she is a good little mother. She knows that babies need to be kept warm, especially at first while they are tiny and helpless.



All they could think of was food.

So that little ball of a house had been made with care. Inside it was snug and soft. Of course, it was dark. Little folks in fur have no use for windows. By the time they are old enough to want to see outside they are big enough to peep out the doorway. The doorway to this little house was just big enough for Mrs. Shorttail to slip through and no bigger. It was well hidden. Indeed the whole house was well hidden just under the surface of the ground, much as Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse sometimes hide one of their homes.

There were six of those babies, at first no bigger than a Honey Bee. Their mother was thankful there were no more. Six were enough to look after. More would have been too many. It was no wonder that she had driven Shorttail out of the house and told him to stay out. There was no room for him there for those wee Shrews grew so fast they threatened to crowd their mother out.

At first they were tiny pink mites, but by the time they were two weeks old they were wearing little coats of fine fur and were crawling about inside the nest and over each other, and their mother while she was inside. In another two weeks mother had decided that they had been babies long enough. They had full sets of sharp little teeth and she felt that it was time they were using them to catch their own food. She had done all she could for them, so now they must do for themselves. She wanted their room rather than their company. Perhaps she was thinking that now Shorttail whom she had driven out to make room for the children, could return. Anyway, she drove the children out into the Great World which, as you know, was really just the dear Old Briar-patch.

Does that sound as if they had a heartless mother? They didn't. They had a very good mother. She had done for them all she could do, and sending them out into the Great World, instead of babying them, she was proving what a good mother she really was. They had much to learn about the Great World and how to look out for themselves, but these things could never be learned inside the house and she knew it. That is something that some doting and fathers seem never to know.

It just happened that Mrs. Peter Rabbit was in the neighborhood when one by one the young Shrews, as big as their mother now although so young, left the snug little home and scattered in different directions. One went this way. One went that way. Others went other ways. None paid any attention to brothers or sisters. None had thought for but one thing—something to eat.

They were born with big appetites and as they grew those

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"TOP OR BOTTOM"

Faulty defense created a "top-and-bottom swing" on the following deal in a duplicate game.

West dealer. East-West vulnerable.

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

♠ Q 10
♥ 5 4 2
♦ A Q J 10 7 3 2
♣ 4

Usually, West became declarer at four or five spades, and lost only one spade trick and one diamond, thus scoring 650 points. At one table, however, the bidding went:

West	North	East	South
1♠	Pass	2♥	3♦
Pass	Pass	4♦	5♦
Pass	Pass	Pass	6♦
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opened the club king shifted quickly to the seven of hearts. East collected three heart tricks, and on the third round West signalled with the nine of spades. East, however, could see no great rush about leading spades; he reasoned that South could not get rid of his spades on anything in dummy, and so East returned his top club. South, an expert, did not overlook his opportunity! He ruffed East's club round, went to dummy with a trump, and ruffed still another club, leaving the club seven in dummy. South then ran off the rest of his trumps.

When the last trump was laid down, South's hand was reduced to the queen-ten of spades. West, who still had to discard, held the king-jack of spades and the club ace, while dummy had the ace-three of spades and the seven of clubs.

Obviously, West was squeezed. If he gave up his last club, dummy's seven would become good; so West naturally chose to blank his spade king. That, however, did not disturb South! He discarded dummy's club, then led the spade ten. Dummy's ace captured West's king, and the spade queen was good.

By collecting only 500 points instead of 700, this East-West pair received a zero on the board—instead of the top which a spade shift by East would have given them.

Continued on page 14

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Zane Grey



MERRY, LOOK AT THIS!

THE MARK OF THE VULCANIZED TIRE!

I'M GLAD WE FOUND THAT. IT CLEARS YOUR DAD AND IT TELLS US ANOTHER THING ABOUT OUR THIEF. HE CAN FLY A PLANE!

LET'S GO, MERRY. IT'S GETTING DARK AND I'D LIKE TO GET BACK AND SET A TRAP FOR THIS COOK WHO IS TRYING TO FRAME YOUR FATHER!

JOE PALOOKA

by Ham Fisher



W-WHERE ARE YA... HUMPHREY... HERE'S A LIFE PRESERVER!

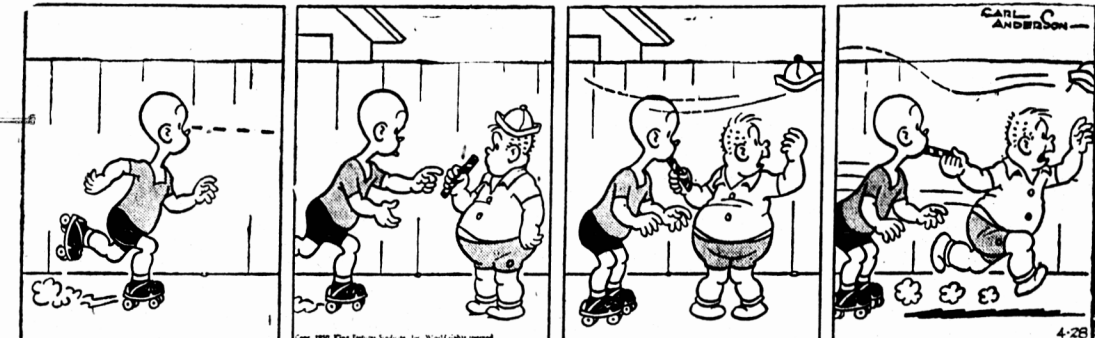
HI THINK 'T'S THIS WYE, SIR... 'T STARB'RD.

HEY... I'M IN FRONT... I'M HEADED FOR THAT CAPE GREASE KNEES...

Y'ES 'E'S PULLIN' US... 'T'S A MERRIKLE... GO 'ELP ME!

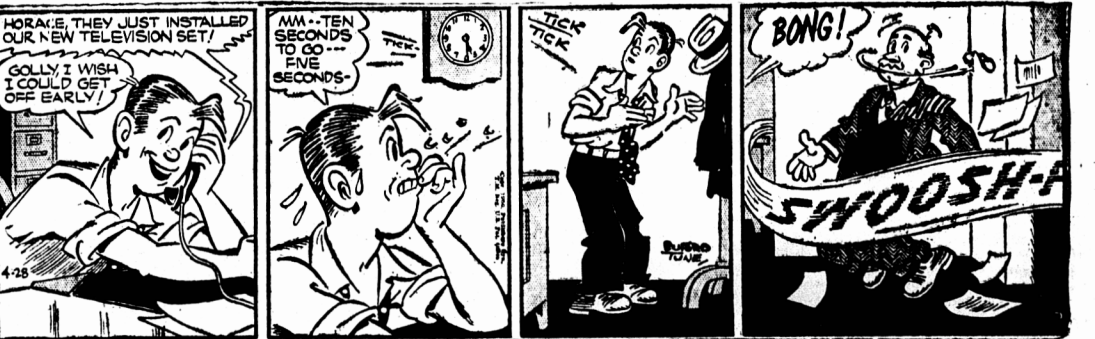
HENRY

by Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE

by Buford



HORACE, THEY JUST INSTALLED OUR NEW TELEVISION SET!

GOLLY 'I WISH I WOULD GET OFF EARLY!

MM... TEN SECONDS TO GO... FIVE SECONDS...

TICK TICK

BONG!

SWOOSH!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

by Edwin



OH! AN ELECTRIC TRAIN!

THERE IT GOES—!

GEE! CAN WE RUN IT??

NO!!

MAYBE THEY'LL BE THROUGH PLAYING WITH IT TOMORROW--

WHERE'S YOUR GRANDMOTHER? SHE WAS COMING RIGHT BACK TO START HOUSE CLEANING!

OH, SHE'S STILL OVER AT MR. BUDGE'S!

BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManus



I'LL BE HOME EARLY AS MY PIANO TEACHER WILL BE HERE AT TWO O'CLOCK—I'M STARTING MY LESSONS AGAIN!

THE OLDER I GET THE WORSE THINGS GET!— I WONDER WHO THAT IS AT THE BACK DOOR!

HAVE YOU ANYTHING AROUND TH' HOUSE YOU WANT TO GET RID OF? WE TAKE ANYTHING!

JUST MINUTE!

OF ALL THE THINGS I'VE HAD HANDED TO ME THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

TILLIE THE TOLLER.

by Harry Hoelgen



HAVE YOU AND YOUR PARTNERS AGREED ON WHO'S GOING TO BE BOSS WHEN YOU START YOUR NEW BUSINESS?

YES, I'VE SETTLED EVERYTHING I'M GIVING THEM EACH A VOTE IN MAKING DECISIONS

BUT WITH FOUR PARTNERS, YOU MIGHT SPLIT TWO-TO-TWO

NOT THE WAY I'VE GOT THINGS ARRANGED!

MY VOTE WILL COUNT AS FOUR!

PENNY

by Harry Hoelgen



YOUR MOTHER AND I REALLY WISH YOU'D TAKE PIANO LESSONS, PENNY!

HOLY CRUMB, IT WOULD BE A FATHER, WHAT GREAT CULTURAL ASSET!

YOU'D BE POPULAR, THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

DON'T BE MEDIEVAL, FATHER.

THESE DAYS A GIRL CAN GET FARTHER WITH A LITTLE CUL-FORTABLE TELEVISION.

TICKETS FOR AUDREY FARNELL CONCERT

AVAILABLE AS FOLLOWS :

CHARLOTTETOWN—Members of Kiwanis Club; Toombs Music Store; Atkinson's Groceteria; McColl-Frontenac Service Station; Maritime Electric; Queen Hotel; Worth's Drug Store; W. R. Jenkins.

SUMMERSIDE—Allison McLean.

KENSINGTON—Taylor Drug Store.

MONTAGUE—Jamieson's Drug Store.

SOURIS—Cox Hotel.

O'LEARY—Peter Pate.

ALBERTON—Wagh's Drug Store.

VERNON RIVER—H. S. McLeod & Sons.

B.I.S. ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society will be held in the WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL on FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, at 7:30 P.M. Full attendance requested.

THREE-GUN CARSON-IN 'N MESQUITE

by Al Capp



OH, HAPPY DAY! NOW AH'LL GET ANOTHER PIECE O' TH' BITCHER O' TH' GAL WHOSE KNEECAP I TH' LOVES—AN' LIKEWISE FIND OUT HOW HE FIRES AROUND IN THAT MESQUITE!

NO! NO! NO! DON'T MESS AROUND IN THAT MESQUITE!

YASSUH—WHUT AH WANTS IS—

NEVER MIND WHUT YEW WANTS THIS IS WHAT YEW'LL GET!— REACH FOR TH' SKY!

THASS HOW Y' HANDLES THOSE GUNS!— AT ONCE!

RIP KIRBY

by Alex Raymond



I'M AFRAID I WON'T HAVE TIME TO SEE MR. KIRBY... AS A MATTER OF FACT, MISS DORIAN, I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE ME... I'M HURRYING TO CATCH A TRAIN...

JUST IN TOWN FOR THE DAY? HAVE YOU SEEN RIP YET? HE WAS WORRIED BECAUSE HE HADN'T HEARD FROM YOU...

HOW STRANGE! DES SEEMED ILL AT EASE... ALMOST AS IF HE WISHED AS IF HE WISHED I'D MEET HIM!

OF ALL THE LUCK! RUNNING INTO MISS DORIAN LIKE THAT! SHE'S BOUND TO TELL MR. KIRBY... AND WHAT WILL HE THINK?

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