

**QUARTERLY LUNCHEON MEETING**  
**P.E.I. FISHERIES FEDERATION**  
 Queen Hotel  
 Charlottetown  
**MONDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1950**  
 Time: 12 Noon Price: \$1.25  
 All interested in the Fishing Industry welcome.  
 For Reservations call the Secretary,  
 Phone 1874 at Charlottetown.

**The Neighbors** By George Clark

"Most husbands like to get out of the house and mix with other guys once in a while."

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**  
 (By Thornton W. Burgess)

**JOHNNY CHUCK MEETS HIS MATCH**

Jealousy will soon or late Turn to bitterness and hate. —Old Mother Nature.

Johnny Chuck had been in many fights during the years he had lived on and near the Green Meadows, for he is one who always has stood up for his rights. One who does that often has to fight for them. This is especially true in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. Johnny is nothing if not independent. He asks no favors of any one. He doesn't think that the world owes him anything at all, but he does believe that he has a right to try to get what he wants, and that what he does get is his, and if it is worth having it is worth fighting for.

Never before had Johnny fought another Chuck who was quite his match. Now he was fighting one whom he had found living in a corner of Farmer Brown's garden. He had started out merely to drive this stranger away because he didn't want another Chuck in the neighborhood. That was all.

Most of those looking on were for Johnny Chuck because he was an old neighbor.

Then he had seen how big and good looking this stranger was. Supposing Polly Chuck should see him? What would she think of him? What would she do? Then she whistled and he knew she did see him. Sudden jealousy filled him and all in a flash the jealousy turned to hate as jealousy so often does without cause. That was when the fight started.

And what a fight that was! Some of the feathered folk from the Old Orchard hurried over to look on. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow were there from the Green Forest. Winsome Bluebird and Welcome Robin, who had arrived only a few days before from the Sunny South where they had spent the winter, flew from fence post to fence post as they looked on, too excited to sit still. Somehow even the gentlest people get excited watching a fight.

Most of those looking on were for Johnny Chuck because he was an old neighbor, and they screamed encouragement to him. Not that that did him any good. It didn't. He didn't even hear them. He was too busy using his teeth and claws and trying to avoid these of the other to listen to anything. Johnny had met his match and he knew it. Yes, sir, Johnny Chuck, wise old fighter though he was, had at last met his match as every fighter, good he may have been, surely will if he keeps on fighting. You see, the stranger was younger, much younger, and because he was younger he was just a wee bit quicker. He was as quick as Johnny used to be but no longer was Johnny wasn't really old. He would have been quite angry with any one who suggested that he was. But he was old enough to have slowed down just a little, and in a fight just a little is likely to be too much. It was only his cleverness, making the most of what he had learned through experience, that made it possible for him to hold his own for even a little while. Everybody knows that, for a lot of folks seem to forget it. Knowledge gained through experience often is of more value than all other things combined.

One other thing was helping Johnny too, the very thing that had gotten him into this fight—jealousy. He suspected that Polly Chuck was looking on and that if this good looking young stranger should win this fight he might also win her admiration, and admiration is sometimes mistaken for love. If he lost the fight he might also lose her. Just the thought of that gave him new courage and strength.

Polly Chuck was looking on. She had seen Johnny Chuck fight for her in other springs after the long winter sleep when others had tried to woo her away. So perhaps down in her heart she was all the time hoping that Johnny would win this fight. But she couldn't help admiring the stranger. He was so young, so good looking, so big, so strong, so quick, so full of courage, she just couldn't keep her eyes off him. She wondered where he had come from, and if he had known that she was living in the neighborhood. She knew that Johnny Chuck was fighting for her. She liked to think that the stranger was doing the same thing. It was exciting. What a fight! She didn't really know how she wanted it to end. Any way that is what she thought as she watched.

**Contract Bridge**  
 By Josephine Culbertson

**AN ACT OF KINDNESS**

Some experts—comparatively few—believe that an opening two-bid should be based on game-in-hand, not merely the strong probability of game. Well, the writer feels that these players have so little occasion to gloat over their results, that, simply in kindness, she presents the following hand, in which the "incautious type" of bidder came to grief.

South dealer.  
 Both sides vulnerable.

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

♠ K 9 7 3     N     ♠ 10 7 2  
 ♥ K Q 9 6     W E     ♥ 8 5 4 2  
 ♦ K J 1 2     S     ♦ 8  
 ♣ A K Q J 6     ♣ A Q 10  
 ♠ A Q J 10 8  
 ♣ 9

—the bidding:  
 2♣ South West North East  
 2♠ Pass 2NT Pass  
 3♣ Pass 3♦ Pass  
 4♦ Pass Pass Pass

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**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED** by Zano Grey

COME ON, I GOT THE TWO WEAKLINGS ARE OUT OF OUR WAY...  
 WE'LL FIND THAT "DISAPPEARING" MOUNTIE!  
 SURE, BOSS... OOPS!  
 I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF LOOKING FOR ME—YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BLAUGARD!  
 I DON'T GIVE UP EASY, MOUNTIE!

**JOE PALOOKA** by Ham Flavin

WHAT'CHA SAY?  
 I...UH... WAS SAYIN'... UH...  
 WHACK  
 HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN ABOUT AN HOUR, I'D SAY. HE SURE BANGED 'IS HEAD.  
 WE GOT AN APPOINTMENT... I BETTER SEE MISTER HERBERT AN' THEN I'LL TAKE MR. LEE MY HOME.

**HENRY** by Carl Anderson

NOTICE! PLEASE REMOVE RINGS FROM THIS AFTER BATHING

**DOTTY DIPPLE** by Buford

MM—WASHING, CLEANING, MENDING, IRONING, SHOPPING—  
 I HAVE SO MANY THINGS TO DO TODAY—I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO FIRST—  
 NOW LET'S SEE—JUST WHAT IS THE MOST URGENT?  
 I AM YOUR GRANDFATHER!

**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS** by Edwin

—AND I THOUGHT—!! BUT THE HANDWRITING IS—I WHY DIDN'T—  
 WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?  
 IN TH' HOSPITAL— AND HE GAVE ME SOME MONEY AND TOLD ME TO COME HERE AND—  
 COME HERE! MY CHILD!  
 ARE YOU GOIN' TO FALL FOR—?! OH, FOR TH' LUVVA—  
 I AM YOUR GRANDFATHER!

**BRINGING UP FATHER** by George McManus

WELL—NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT GIVIN' YER PARTY—AND YOU'LL MAKE ME STAY HOME—WHAT AM I TO DO?  
 JUST SIT DOWN—I'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN'—THERE'S LOTS TO BE DONE AROUND THE HOUSE!  
 MOTHER—YOU CAN'T HAVE DADDY WORKING AROUND THE HOUSE—I'VE INVITED THE GIRLS FROM MY CLUB TO MEET HERE—THEY ARE DUE ANY MINUTE!  
 I FORGOT!  
 GET OUT OF THE HOUSE! I DON'T WANT ANY OF DAUGHTER'S FRIENDS SEENING YOU LIKE THIS!  
 THERE'S YOUR CLOTHES—DRESS IN THE GARAGE?  
 I WONDER WHO WROTE "HOME-SWEET-HONEY"

**LIL ABNER**

A MORE GHASTLY STORY YOU'LL NEVER HEAR, LAD—SCOTLAND YARD GRANTED ME A YEAR'S LEAVE TO COME TO AMERICA AND STUDY THE WORK OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN DETECTIVE.  
 AND GUESS 'OO THE BLIGHTER IS, LAD? FEARLESS FEARDICK?—THAT'S 'OO!!  
 SO WHAT'S WROCKIN' UP IN A BLOODY PEN—AND I'VE DRAWIN'—AND I'VE GOT AN 'ORRID ONE, TO BOOT—SCOTLAND YARD DIDN'T KNOW THAT—I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!  
 SO—ERE I AM, 3000 MILES AWAY, I'VE GOT SOMEONE KNOCKIN' NOT A SHYME—?—WELL, I'VE GOT TO IF THIS EVER GETS 'MOUT, I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK O' LIMEHOUSE!!

by Al Capp

WHAM! BAM! ZAM!

**TILLIE THE TOILER** by Westover

YOU TWO STARTED THIS RUCKUS NO! YOU TWO DID!  
 SHE'S FAINTED!  
 OH, MR. SIMPKINS! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME BACK! THE PERSONNEL I CHOSE IS A LITTLE BIT INCOMPLETE!

**RIP KIRBY**

GEE, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WISH TO CONFIDE IN ME? HARE YOU...ER...IN TROUBLE?  
 NOT AT ALL, MR. KIRBY... I HAVE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER, SIR...  
 Tilly, my dear girl, my employer, whose generosity has made me a man of means, expressed concern. Told him I was never better, which is indeed the truth. As you requested, I shall call in him myself.

by Alex Raymond

(IN ANOTHER CITY) LISTEN TO THIS, SALLY! I'VE GOT HIM ON THE HOOK!  
 IS 'A MAN OF MEANS'—AND I BELIEVE I'VE GOT HIM ON THE HOOK!

**PENNY** by Harry Messigan

WHEN I WAS LITTLE I USED TO WISH THE SILLIEST MOST ROMANTIC THINGS, UNCLE NED.  
 I USED TO WISH THAT A HAND—SOME WEALTHY, ALL AMERICAN HALFBACK WOULD DASH UP IN A BLOCK LONG RED CONVERTIBLE...  
 AND WHISK ME AWAY 'BALL OF THE THRILLING PLACES IN THE WORLD—THAT'S WHAT I USED TO WISH!  
 HEH, HEH, WHAT DO YOU WISH NOW?  
 HEAVENS, THE VERY SAME THINGS!