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**APPRECIATION**

The Officers and Members of the Ladies' Auxiliary Canadian Legion, Montague Branch, wish to thank all those who so generously helped to make our part in the Legion Convention a success.

**1st. DISTRICT OF QUEENS**

A meeting of all Poll Chairmen, Poll Workers, and all interested in the Progressive Conservative Party will be held in the Breadalbane Hall on Tuesday, Sept. 8th—8 o'clock. All Ladies welcome.

Guest Speaker: R. R. BELL.

**ARTHUR STEWART,**  
District Chairman.

**ANNUAL MEETING**

**QUEEN'S COUNTY PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION**

The Annual Meeting of the Queen's County Progressive Conservative Association will be held in the Clover Club, Charlottetown, on Thursday, September 21st at 8 o'clock. All Poll Chairmen are asked to have 5 delegates appointed at once.

All Ladies Welcome

**MRS. R. E. SUTHERLAND, Sec'y.**  
**REAGH BAGNALL, President.**

**ATTENTION CAMERA FANS!**

**MEYERS STUDIOS**

ARE CONDUCTING A  
**GRAND SNAPSHOT CONTEST**  
80 VALUABLE PRIZES GIVEN WEEKLY

Bring or mail your roll film to Meyers Studios, 128 Richmond St., Charlottetown and you will be eligible to enter this great Contest. Remember your snaps will be finished double size and mounted in the smart, new pocket SNAPFOLIO. Any one of your snaps may be a winner so join the fun, even if you have never taken a picture before, you may get a prize.

Our finishing is done by expert workmen and all our work is guaranteed.

**MEYERS STUDIOS**

128 Richmond St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**ATTENTION POTATO GROWERS**

The famous John Deere Potato Diggers are now available at our Showroom in Charlottetown.

In stock both single and double row power driven diggers. Also single row ground driven for horse or tractor hitch.

Choice of split or solid shovels. You will want to harvest all of your potatoes in good condition so please call at

**A. PICKARD FARM TRACTOR LTD.**

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**Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service**

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Schedule for June 24 to September 24:  
"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 p.m.  
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.  
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 p.m.  
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.

For Daily Information, Listen to CFCY at 7:55 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY — STANDARD TIME

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LIL ABNER

GO AHEAD! EXAMINE THE MERCHANDISE!

WHY A EXPENSIVE PIECE OF CLOTH, THEY PROVES HE'S A GENIUS MAN. AN FO A YOUNG MAN HE GOT A FINE HEAD OF BEARD.

HAS YOU READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

JEST! TH' MAIL ORDER CATY-LOG, WHENEVER AH GETS TH' CHANCE.

—AN! HIS FEET—WHY THEY MUST BE CLEAN. AH ADMIRE CLEAN FEET—ON ACCOUNT THEY IS SO UNUSUAL.

WHUT IS MORE UNION O TH' WORLD SITUATION?

WAL TH' WORLD SITUATION SEEMS LIK' CONFOUSED HERE IN DOGPATCH. SOME THINKS IT'S ROUND—SOME THINKS IT'S FLAT. AH HAIT MADE UP MAM MIND.

RIP KIRBY

MR. KIRBY, I SWEAR I DID NOT SHOOT YOU! OBSERVE...MY GUN IS FULLY LOADED!

OF COURSE YOU HAD TIME TO RELOAD...BUT I SWELL NO CREDITS...I BELIEVE YOU COUNT...

THE RUINED COTTAGE...I HEARD A SOUND JUST BEFORE YOU HAILED ME...COUNT WE'RE STILL SHINING TARGETS...LET'S TAKE COVER.

THIS WILL CHECK THE BEDDINGS...MR. KIRBY, YOU'RE A BARE HAN...I...I FEEL I MUST...

STOW THE APOLDSIES, COUNT...MY WOLF-BE STILL BE IN THOSE RUINS...

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

**MOTHER DIDN'T WORRY**

Worry nothing can attain; Only added trouble again. —Mother Porky.

Prickly Porky the Porcupine is not the worrying kind. Neither is Mrs. Porky. They fret and whine and grumble more or less, but it doesn't mean anything more than that they like to hear the sound of their own voices. Folks who live much alone get that way.

Mrs. Porky was a mother, but to have seen her you never would have guessed it. Unlike most mothers of only sons she didn't worry about him.

"Worrying over children doesn't do them any good, or the mothers any good, and it may do a lot of harm. So why worry? I don't," says Mother Porky, and she doesn't.

"That", declared Mrs. Possum, "is what comes of not having a family. Yo' can't call one baby a family. No suh, yo' can't call one baby a family. I wouldn't worry over one baby, if Mrs. Porky had

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson

**A MATTER OF JUDGMENT**

Good bidding is not simply a matter of correct evaluation. There is also the "psychological angle", which means taking into account the known proclivities of one's partner and opponents. In the following deal, for example, South may have acted correctly in an academic sense, but he certainly could have used better judgment!

North-South vulnerable. East-West 60 on score.

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

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

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	Pass	1♣
Dbie.	Pass	1♥	2♣
2♥	Dbie.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

Poor South was, in the vernacular, "slaughtered" at his doubled contract! West opened the club king and shifted to his top spades, and when the end came, South found himself down five tricks, 1400 points!

It was, of course, bad luck that South's only long suit was the one bid by an opponent, and that he was in such an uncomfortable position when North made his secondary double of the diamond bid. Under many circumstances, South's response on the three-card heart suit would have been the best way out since that bid could be made at the one-level, and indeed this would be the least-of-evils solution chosen by the majority of experts. South adopted a highly questionable course. Granted, he had to fear that if he passed the double, West might make several overtricks, but that might not be the worst thing that could happen! Obviously, North was the sort of player who takes liberties in the bidding—witness his raise of hearts after he had doubled!—and presumably South knew that his partner was a "pusher," particularly with the opponents on score.

Thus, it would have been cheaper, under the circumstances, for South to give the non-vulnerable enemy one-diamond-doubled with a couple of overtricks, than to risk the sort of catastrophe that developed.



Now being such a big baby, he was soon waddling about.

ten like Ah have she would have something to worry about, an' Ah reckon she would do it. But only one—bah! Why should Sis' Porky worry?"

There were other reasons why Mother Porky didn't worry over her small son. There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of reasons, and every one with a point as sharp as a needle. Baby Porky had all those reasons right with him all the time. He was born with them. They were quills, just like the little spears his father and mother and all other Porcupines carry with them in their coats and on their tails at all times. Of course those quills were very much smaller, but they were just as sharp. They were somewhat soft when he was born, but within an hour they were hard and ready to protect him from any foolish enemy who might think he would make a good dinner. Any one trying it would have found they had a prickly mouthful that couldn't possibly be swallowed.

Now of course Mother knew all this, and she knew that though Baby Porky might look tempting to a hungry enemy, he would be in no real danger. So what was there to worry about? Nothing. Just nothing at all. So Porky didn't worry.

Little Porky was a big baby. Yes, sir, it wasn't much of a nursery. There wasn't any bed, not even a few dry leaves or pine needles. Mother Porky herself is not at all fussy. She doesn't care whether she has a bed or not. She sleeps comfortably wherever she can find a retreat when she is sleepy. It doesn't matter if it is a hollow log, a hollow under old roots, a hole in a rocky ledge, or even a limb of a tree where she can feel sure of not falling off. So, from the way she looks at things Baby Porky was starting out right. "He was being spoiled."

Now being such a big baby, he was soon waddling about. As you know he was already protected by the little spears in his coat. When he crawled out of his nursery Mother Porky didn't worry a bit. You see, he was born with something more than just those quills. He was born with with the know-how of the use of his prickly little tail. He didn't have to be told how to use it. Within half an hour after he was born he could use it, and had you disturbed him he would have switched it back and forth just as Mother and Father do when an enemy appears.

Mother paid little attention to him beyond seeing that he was fed when he was hungry. She wouldn't have to do that for long. He was only two days old when he climbed a tree for the first time. Now I'm sure that most Mothers would have been worried if they had seen one of their own babies climbing a tree when only two days old. Mother Porky, who was already up in the tree, didn't worry a bit. No sir, she didn't worry a bit when she looked down and saw him climbing that tree, she

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By AL CAPP

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**

A YOUNG LADY OUTSIDE SAYS YOU SENT FOR HER, SIR?

I SENT FOR NO YOUNG LADY!

PARDON ME, INSPECTOR, BUT I'M BOBBY HATFIELD—NOW DO YOU RECALL?

I-ER-A-NAS EXPECTING YOUR MESSAGE IMPLIED THAT MY GRANDFATHER IS IN TROUBLE. I THINK YOU'LL FIND ME QUITE CAPABLE!

By Zane Grey

By Flann Fisher

**JOE PALOOKA**

K-KIN I COME IN... YA UP?

YEAH, WE BEEN UP TALKIN FER A HALF HOUR.

MORNING, JERRY.

SEEMS STRANGE BEING HERE... AN' KNOWING WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM HERE, OR AGAIN.

I...I GOT A PROPHECY. A HUNCH...IT'LL BE SEEN IM SOON IN POSSIN... I AINT LONG FER THIS WORLD...AN'...I'M SO YOUNG.

BREAKFAST'S READY, FELLERS.

By Carl Anderson

**HENRY**

Henry is a young boy who is often seen in various situations, including playing with a ball and interacting with other children.

**JERRY AND "CAP" STUBS**

IF WE COULD JUST GET SOMEBODY TO SERVE TH' DINNER WHEN TH' CHUBBS COME...

MERCY MOTHER! WHO COULD WE GET??

IS CAP HOME, GRAN'MA BAILEY??

MY MOTHER SAYS IF I DONT GO OUT TO TH' RANCH AN' BE A COWGIRL—SHE WILL GET ME A WRIST WATCH! IS CAP GOIN' WITH DODY??

GRAN'MA—I WOULD LIKE A WATCH, TOO!!

By Buford

**DOTTY DIPPLE**

Your WEIGHT and FORTUNE 1

JUST LOOK AT THIS, DOTTY-- IT SAYS I'M "NEAT, AMBITIOUS, ALERT AND ENERGETIC--"

OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT!

YOU WOULDN'T?

WELL, DON'T FORGET, THOSE THINGS ARE NOT WRITTEN BY WIVES!!

By George McMannus

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

HEH! THERE'S NO HUNTY' AROUND HERE! AN' IT'S GETTIN' LATE—I'M GOIN' BACK TO TH' CAMP!

THERE ISN'T A LIVIN' THING HERE—NOLLYN' WAGGERS' BROTHER!

HEH! MISTY GUESS IN THE CAMP! GUESS HE'S STILL OUT! LOOKIN' FER BEAR!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

By Westover

**TILLY THE TOILER**

OH! JUST THE MR. MACDOUGALL KNOWS A BEAUTY KIND OF A BRIDE! WHEN HE SEES ONE, DARLING!

WE WANT NOW WALK OUT TO THE SWANKLEY SHOP!

THE SIMPKINS DRESS SHOP WEDDING WILL BE NOTHING THE COST! WON'T BE NOTHING!

THE DECORATIONS AND THE MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS ARE OKAY, MR. THIBBS WILL ARRANGE SOME PUBLICITY THAT WILL SELL A BRIDAL GOWN WITHOUT BEING TOO COMMERCIAL.

AND PEOPLE THINK A BRIDE'S FATHER HAS A BAD TIME OF IT!

By Harry Hoensgen

**PENNY**

HELLO, AUNT ELLEN.

HELLO, PENNY, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BE OFF SOMEWHERE WITH YOUR GANG.

ABSOLUTELY NOT, AUNT ELLEN. THEY'RE OKAY, BUT, WELL, SORT OF, WELL, TRIVIAL, DON'T YOU THINK?

PERHAPS, TELL ME...

IS THE NEW DREAM MAN A BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?