BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE LITTLE TURNCOAT

The truth to tell we must confess
At times a lot depends on dress.
—Shadow the Weasel.

Old man winter was on his way. He was still a long way off, but the weather was getting cooler and cooler, and sometimes the nights were really cold. Soon Jack Frost would be around every night. Nearly all the trees, excepting the evergreens, were bare now. Thered and yellow, and brown leaves, carpeted the Green Forest. The Green Meadows were green only in p'aces. The old Pasture was brown. Most of the summer feathered friends were well on their way to the Land-of-Always-Summer. Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter sat at the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch looking out.

"It is a sad time," said Mrs. Peter.

"Who says so? What is there sad about it? If you ask me, it's a glad time," said Peter.

"What is there to be glad about? demanded Mrs. Peter.

"Everything," said Peter, as if that quite settled the matter. "The children are grown up, and we don't have to worry about them any more. Happy Jack Squirrel has his winter supply of nuts stored away. So have cousins Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk. Paddy the Beaver is almost through working so hard."

"How do you know that? said Mrs. Peter.

He is way up in the Green Forest, and you haven't been up there," said Mrs. Peter.

"Sammy Jay has, and he told me, retorted Peter.

"You can't believe everything Sammy Jay says," declared little Mrs. Peter. She really was feeling out of sorts this morning.

"It is a sad time," said Mrs. Peter.

"Cousin Jumper's coat is turning white," said Peter. He meant Jumper the Hare. I wish my coat would turn white," he added.

"Why?" Mrs. Peter wanted to know.

"Because when the snow comes it would be so easy to get about without being seen," replied Peter.

"You don't need to get about. If you would stay in the dear Old Briar-patch as you should you you wouldn't have to worry about what color your coat is whether there is snow, or no snow," said Mrs. Peter.

"It is funny that nobody else around here had a white coat in the winter," remarked Peter.

"You have forgotten someone," said Mrs. Peter.

Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. He couldn't think of anybody but Jumper the Hare who had a white coat in winter.

"Who have I forgotten?" he demanded.

"Shadow the Weasel," replied Mrs. Peter, and she shivered a little when she did so. "I suppose his coat is turning right now. Goodness knows, he's dangerous enough before his coat turns. But when the snow comes, I'm more afraid of that little killer than of anybody else in all the Great world because it is so hard to see him in his white coat." Then she shivered again.

Be the most popular person on the street!

Shell out with Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Buy it by the box so you won't run short—There's 100 sticks in every box.

Shell out with Wrigley's Spearmint Gum!

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

A few years later, came the cradle, a wooden framework which raked the grain together. Our great-grandfathers fastened the cradle to a scythe and started scything. This was a great improvement over the sickle in that it was able to cut a swath from four to six feet wide, thus enabling the farmer to cut down his field in much less time. An expert cradler could cut as much as three acres in one day, provided the grain stood straight and clean.

Once the menfolk got under way, the women and children raked the grain into sheaves by using large wooden hand-rakes. (Some of these old rakes still may be seen lying about the farms of our older farmers.)

When the sheaves had been raked into bundles, the binders twisted a neat band of straw which they used for tying up the sheaves. 'Rakers and binders' followed each other across the field in a long line, while behind them came the cildren whose duty was to set the sheaves up in "stooks'," the same as farmers do nowadays when they cut their grain fields with a binder. The combine, however, cuts and threshes the grain all in one operation, saving valuable time and labor.

When the grain was sufficiently dry, the stooks were loaded on a home made sled and hauled to the threshing floor, where the grains were pounded from the stocks by means of a flail,a laborious task, to say the least. Just as soon as a given quantity of grain had been flailed out, the farmer piled it to one side to await a favorable breeze to separate the chaff from the seed.

How precious must have been those first few sacks of wheat, gleaned from a small patch of cleared land!

Then, one stormy day, the rugged pioneer threw a sack across his broad shoulders and started walking to the nearest grist-mill, often several miles away. The old mill was like a smithy of a later period, a place where the settlers gathered to discuss the latest events, in their respective communities, while they waited in turn while their grists were being turned into flour.

Often, a farmer would be absent from home for a whole week, passing the days in pleasant conversation, the nights in sleeping in the creaking old milhouse with a pillow of unground grain beneath his head.

What uncounted hours of toil went into the making of that flour! How good it must have tasted to the entire family each of whom could proudly boast of having had a hand in its production.

LOCKE ROAD

Mrs. Bennett Peters of Bloomfield was a visitor on Tuesday evening October 18th at the home of Mrs. Catherine Gallant of Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Peters and Mrs. Bennett Peters of Bloomfield were visitors on Sunday evening October 16th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gallant of Howlan.

Olive and Ray Cullicutt of the Reserve Road were in O'Leary on ThursdayOctober 20th and before returning home from O'Leary they went to Knutsford and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Cullicutt of Knutsford.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Gallant of O'Leary on Friday evening October 21st, were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Gallant of Forest View also Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richard and Shirley of Duvar.

Louis Arsenault of Forest View who spent some time in town is now at his home in Forest View.

Ripley's Believe It or Not!

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House Major Hoople

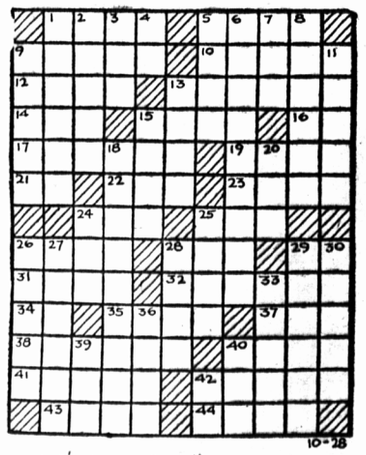
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Merit
5. Wheaten flour (Ind.)
9. Germanic tribe who settled in Britain (5th C.)
10. A serious wrongdoing
12. Perform
13. Rubber end of a pencil
14. Greek letter
15. Baking chamber
16. Negative reply
17. A covered shopping area
19. Swards
21. Northeast (abbr.)
22. Minor (abbr.)
23. Attitudinize
24. Enclosure
25. Genus of cattle
26. Water craft
28. Genus of swine (Eur.)
29. Therefore
31. Curve
32. Builds
34. Fish
35. River in France
37. Kind of meat
38. Plagued
40. Volcanic rock
41. —— Claus
42. Ascended
43. Roll
44. Simians

DOWN
1. Game at cards
2. Garret
3. Property (L.)
4. Nova Scotia (abbr.)
5. Measure of land
6. Interchange
7. It is (contracted)
8. Compensation for loss
9. Oriental country
11. Appearing as if eaten
13. Level
15. Norse god
18. Purple stones
20. Hawaiian birds
24. Frontiersman's shoe
25. Washer placed at the head of a rivet
26. Lures
27. A trying experience
28. Plant ovule
29. Barrel boards
30. Founder of the Ottoman dynasty of rulers of Turkey
33. Follow
36. Chair
39. Keel-billed cuckoo
40. Part of the mouth
42. Sun god

HAHA RATS
SEROW EVILS
HAIRS PEDAL
ADDS DONATE
SE AIR LED
TRIPLETS
ASSES EASEL
SACRIFICE
ARS TIS ER
REPAID NIST
CLARA PERIS
HELEN UBOAT
TEAS BONN
10-28

Yesterday's Answer



A Cryptogram Quotation

"XPDHDKF DL HSO KFZU IKEOB HSTH WKXPTHL ZKMO—WDPPOB

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE US FEEL, MUST FEEL THEMSELVES — CHURCHILL.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate

If You're TIRED ALL THE TIME

GET AND USE

BECAUSE—"Tired-out" feeling and backache are often due to urinary irritation and bladder discomfort; and for over half a century Dodd's Kidney Pills have helped bring relief from backache and "tired-out" feeling by stimulating the kidneys. Get Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band. You can depend on Dodd's. 161

MORE HEAT PER GALLON
PREMIUM
"KLEEN-FLO"
TREATED
OIL
For Furnaces—Stoves
Reduces Smoke and Soot
Cuts Heating Costs
Costs No More
ARNFAST
LIMITED
BURMA PROPANE GAS
COAL DIAL 6558 OIL
"We Sell Heat"

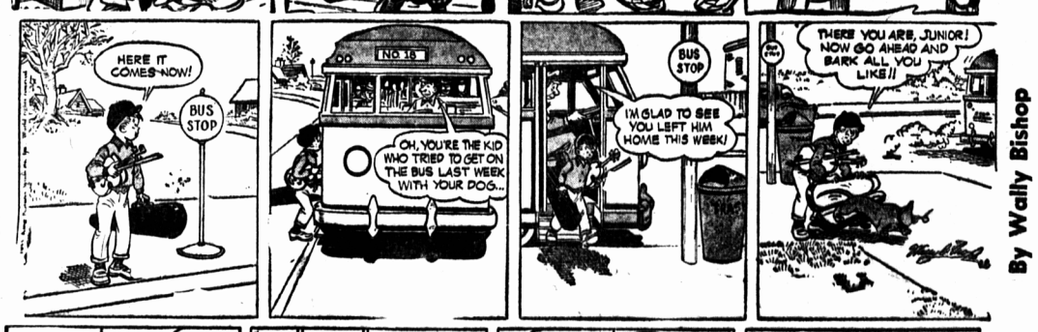
Drive out ACHE!

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

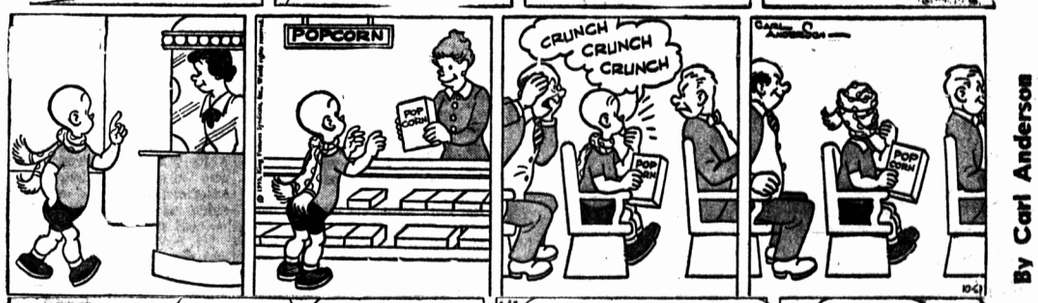
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

POGO — By Walt Kelly

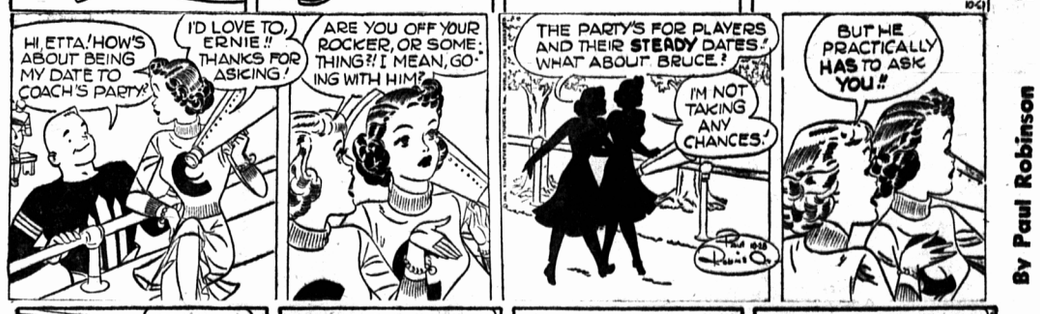
Muggs and Skeeter — By Wally Bishop



Henry — By Carl Anderson

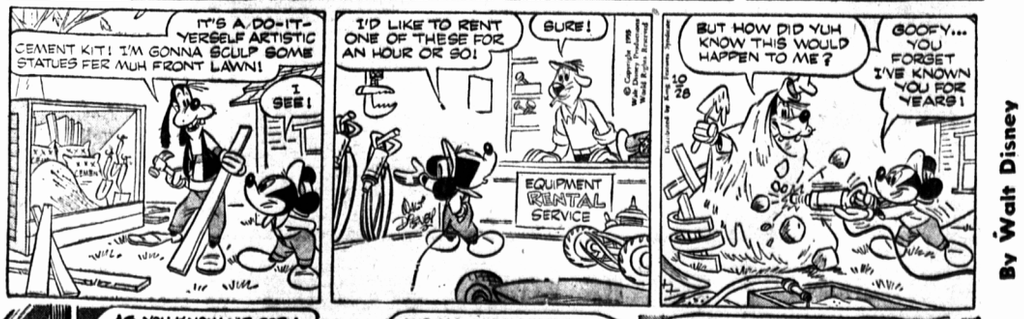


Etta Kent — By Paul Robinson



Grandma — By Charles Kuhn

Mickey Mouse — By Walt Disney



Secret Agent X9 — By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

L'il Abner — By Al Capp

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker