

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

BUSTER BEAR'S CHANCE

Often than is suspected, Chance comes when the least expected.

—Buster Bear.

The Black Shadows had filled the Green Forest. It was bedtime for many of the little people of the Green Forest. It was past bedtime for some. But for others it was waking up time. Hooty the Owl is one of these. He sleeps while it is light and hunts when it is dark, but not too dark. He has eyes for seeing at night.

Lightfoot the Deer and Flat-horns the Moose like to rest through the day and roam about when the little stars are twinkling high above over head. That is when Yowler the Bobcat does most of his hunting. Reddy Fox likes to hunt at night and so does Buster Bear.

It was shortly after the Black Shadows coming out of the Purple Hills reached the Green Forest that Buster Bear yawned, rubbed his eyes, blinked, yawned again, got to his feet and shook himself. He had had a good rest. Perhaps he had had good dreams, good



Then he stopped again and tasted the air with his nose. "I smell beaver," thought Buster.

bear dreams. They might have not been good dreams to you and me had we had them. Whether a thing is good or bad often depends on who has it. Buster was hungry. Once more he yawned, then he started out to look for a dinner, but first he would get a drink at the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Buster shuffled along on the Crooked Little Path on his way to Paddy's pond. As he drew near it he heard voices. He stopped to listen. Those were angry voices. They were quarrelling voices. Buster recognized one right away.

Prickly Porky is more out of sorts than usual. There is no mistaking his voice. I wonder whom he is quarrelling with," thought Buster.

Walking lightly, and Buster Bear can walk lightly, big as he is, he moved slowly forward. Then he stopped again and tasted the air with his nose. "I smell beaver," thought Buster. He lifted his head a little higher and twitched his nose. "I smell two beavers," said he to himself. "It must be Paddy and Mrs. Paddy with whom Prickly Porky is quarrelling. Yes, sir, it must be so. But what in the world can they be quarrelling about?"

As Buster moved among the Black Shadows he seemed like a Black Shadow himself. He was near enough now to hear Prickly Porky rattle the thousand little spears, called quills, which for most of the time he keeps hidden in the long hair of his coat. He was near enough to hear Paddy slap the ground with his tail to express his anger as some folks stamp their feet. He grinned. Yes, sir Buster Bear grinned. "I don't know what they are quarrelling about," thought he, "but this may be my chance for a Beaver dinner. I can think of nothing that would taste better than good fat Beaver." He ran his tongue along his lips as if he already tasted that dinner.

Buster became very, very careful now. He wet his nose with his tongue, then held his nose high in the air so that he could tell which way the little air that was moving was coming from. He would feel it on that wet nose. Then he would know from which direction to try to steal close to those Beavers without danger of his scent being carried on the air. Slowly, carefully he circled. Then he began to steal forward. It was astonishing that one so big could move so quietly.

Prickly Porky and Paddy and Mrs. Paddy were so busy quarrelling that they thought of nothing else. They forgot that there might be hungry folk prowling about through the Green Forest. They

forgot that there was any such thing as danger from others. They forgot everything but their quarrel. Buster Bear, listening, guessed that this was so. Many times he had tried to catch one of those Beavers and failed. But never had he had a better chance than was his just now. His mouth watered at the thought. With each step he put his big feet down as carefully as though he were trying to walk on eggs. Which was nearest, Paddy or Mrs. Paddy? He didn't give a thought to Prickly Porky. He would have needed to have been very, very hungry indeed to even consider catching Prickly Porky.

BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brown & Son, 144 Richmond Street, on Wednesday, the 11th day of July proximo, at 7 o'clock p.m.

J. B. BROW,
Secretary.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.
June 25th, 1951.

CONSTIPATED

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Leave Caribou—	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS	DOWN	16. Pola	37. Soft
1. Expression of sorrow	1. Any of various white-spored fungi	18. Peck	38. Metal tag
5. Theasalian peak	2. Escape (slang)	21. Extinct bird	39. Puisse (Ind.)
9. Market	3. God of war (Gr.)	23. National park	40. Organ of llama (pl.)
10. Ensign	4. Impassive	26. Expression	41. Choice cut of meat
11. Gem carved in relief	5. Away	28. Narrow inlet (geol.)	42. Sword (var.)
12. Kind of story	6. Those who slay	29. Kind of llama (pl.)	43. Any split to a horse
14. Register/Nurse (abbr.)	7. Sword (var.)	30. A choice cut of meat	44. Fresh
15. Title of respect	8. Metal tag	32. Encountered	45. Cheeses
17. One seized as a victim	11. Crude	34. Puisse (Ind.)	46. Part of coat
18. Help	13. Organ of sight	35. Cheeses	
20. Vie		36. Part of coat	
22. Remain			
24. Female deer			
25. Wooden shoe			
27. Tapestry			
31. Total			
32. A deposit of sediment			
34. Erased (print.)			
38. Simian			
39. Husband of Eve			
40. Drag			
42. River (Lat.)			
43. Rabbit fur			
45. Strike (colours)			
47. Apportion			
48. Girl's name			
49. Killed			
50. Sweet potatoes			

Saturday's Answer

37. Soft
41. Command
43. Any split to a horse
44. Fresh
45. Cheeses
46. Part of coat

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYBLBAAXE
IS LONG FELLOW.

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

X AJZEO LYDSK L'DSYD GM KHKGXKN
KHM GK DSYH'DSYD X'NSJZEOKHIM
GM KHKGXKN'DEYDZN.

Saturday's Cryptogram: FAND LOOKS COMMERGING WITH THE SKIES, THY RAPT SOUL SITTING IN THINE EYES—MILTON.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A WASTE OF WEALTH

North-South had almost three-quarters of the deck's high cards in the deal below, but the declarer still failed to make three notrump.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

- ♠ Q 10 7 3
- ♥ K 10 8 5
- ♦ K 10
- ♣ A K 8

♠	N	♠	K J 5 4
♥	W	♥	Q J 2 6 2
♦	E	♦	A 4 3
♣	S	♣	6 5 3 2

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

North thought (rightly, of course) that he was being very conservative in bidding only three notrump over South's one-notrump rebid—but, in his amazement, he found that he had not been conservative enough!

West may have felt that South's opening diamond bid had been based on a short suit—in any event, he led the diamond nine. Dummy's king won, and, after a second's thought, South played the A-K and another club, hoping to establish his own fourth card. This hope was realized when the suit broke.

West, on lead with the club queen, shifted to the nine of spades. Dummy's ten covered, as did East's jack, and South won with the ace.

It would have been an excellent idea for South now to establish a heart trick, but he actually laid down his good diamonds and his club jack—and this sequence of plays squeezed the dummy! With four cards left, South had two low spades and the Q-3 of hearts, while dummy had the Q-7-3 of spades and the blank king of hearts. South now led a low heart, but West went in with the ace, cashed his good diamond, and then led a spade through dummy to East's tenace. Down one!

It goes without saying that the contract could have been made in several different ways, aside from the heart-establishment plan mentioned previously. Among other ways, South could have let East hold the trick with his jack of spades.

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LIL ABNER

SOFTHEARTED JOHN SAID HE'D Q-3 OF HEARTS. OUR ENTIRE TURNIP CROP?—NOW WE CAN BUY ENUFF TURNIPS TO LIVE ON UNTIL WE RAISE OUR NEXT TURNIP CROP!

HEY, YOKUM!

A COLLECT CALL TO THE RUM JERSEY CITY? IT'LL COST YOU \$4.00. T AX-CEPT IT?

AN REPORES! DRUTHER EAT?

IT'S HIS NIGHTY COORIOUS THOW WHO'S CALLIN' HIM?—ER—IT MIGHT BE SOME HOWE ACTRES, WHICH LOVES YO'?

DRUTHER EAT?

IT MIGHT BE TH' PRES'DUNT OF TH' YEW-NITLED SYATES.

GOSH! IT MIGHT?—AH!LX-CEPT TH' CALL?—HULLO, PRES'DUNT?

HOWDI, LIL ABNER, THIS IS DAISY MAE!

RIP KIRBY

I'VE MET THE GREAT YOU! AND VISITED HIS UTOPIA... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S THE DANGEROUS PORKY YOU CALL HIM...

LISTEN... HE'S WORSE THAN A PORKY! HE'S A CROOK!

YOU OUGHT TO SEE HIS SECRET FILES! I GOT A PEEK AT THEM ONCE... THEY'RE FULL OF BIG NAMES... AND PLENTY OF DIRT! HOW DO YOU THINK HE DIGS UP THE DOUGH TO RUN HIS "PARADISE"?

YOU MEAN... BLACKMAIL?

MAYBE I DO AND MAYBE I DON'T... MAYBE I MEAN SOMETHING WORSE!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

IN SPITE OF THIS PONCHO I'M GOING TO GET SOAKED BEFORE I REACH HOME!

IT'LL BE JUST MY LUCK TO GET CALLED OUT TONIGHT ON A CASE?

ACCORDING TO THE WHODUNITS THIS IS A PERFECT NIGHT FOR A MURDER... Ooops...

OH!

YOU'VE BENT MY UMBRELLA! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AT OH, SERGEANT KING!

CAM HALEY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE! WAIT! I TAKE THAT BACK—YOU GENERALLY BRING TROUBLE!

WHY SHOULDN'T I DO TH' TALKIN'... IT WAS MY IDEA!

AN' OUR DOUGH? YOU KEEP YER TRAP SHUT... IT'S MY HART TOO... I WAS TH' GUNNEA-PIG...

TO LIKE T'SEE MISTER BILGATER...

WOULD YOU SPEAK LOUDER?

BOY... I WANTA SEE MISTER BILGATER!

I SAID I WANTA SEE MISTER BILGATER!

WHICH ONE... MR. AMOS... ENCH OR AMBROSE... AND WHO WANTS T'SEE HIM... AND PLEASE DON'T SHOUT!

JOE PALOOKA

WHY SHOULDN'T I DO TH' TALKIN'... IT WAS MY IDEA!

AN' OUR DOUGH? YOU KEEP YER TRAP SHUT... IT'S MY HART TOO... I WAS TH' GUNNEA-PIG...

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HENRY

Henry and a friend walking with umbrellas.

Henry and a friend walking with umbrellas.

Henry and a friend walking with umbrellas.

DOTTY DIPPLE

TIME FOR BILLS AGAIN—AND I KNOW MR. DRIPPLE WILL REALLY THROW A FIT THIS TIME!

OH, WELL—I'LL JUST RING HIS BELL AND RUN!

Dotty Dipple and a friend.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS

OH, WHAT A NICE LITTLE CAT!

LOOK! HE SEEMS TO LIKE ME!

YES, AN' JASPURR DOESN'T TAKE TO MANY PEOPLE!—NOW—

TIPPY !!

WE DON'T NEED YOU TO ENTERTAIN US ANY MORE'N JASPURR!! GET DOWN!!

BRINGING UP FATHER

COME BACK HERE—YOU NEEBET—I KNOW WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!

YOU'RE NOT GOING OVER TO THAT HORRID BILLIARD PARLOR! I INSIST ON YOUR STOPPING THAT GAME! PUT ON YOUR HAT AND GO TO THE ELITE CLUB WHERE YOU'LL MEET SOME REAL GENTLEMEN AND LEARN SOMETHING!

RATS! I DON'T KNOW WHERE MAGGIE EVER GOT THE IDEA I PLAY BILLIARDS!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! WE'RE ABOUT TO START A NEW GAME!

COME ON—PICK UP A CARD! BE A GOOD MEMBER!

TILLY THE TOILER

I'M VERY MUCH DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, WHIRLWIND!

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, TILLIE?

I WON THE MODEL-OF-THE-YEAR CONTEST—BUT THAT HOMELY WOMAN GOT ALL THE PUBLICITY!

AND YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A GOOD PUBLICITY MAN!

SURE I DO! DON'T FORGET I'M DOING HER PUBLICITY TOO!

PENNY

GETTING ALL YOUR THINGS PACKED FOR OUR L.V. VACATION, DEAR?

DON'T FORGET YOUR TENNIS RACKET AND SHOES.

I'VE PACKED THEM.

HOW ABOUT YOUR FISHING ROD AND REEL?

PACKED THEM, TOO.

AND YOUR BAIT?

DEFINITELY, MOTHER, DEFINITELY.