



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE TWINS GO WADING

Learn by doing. You will find things thus learned will stay in mind.

—Old Mother Nature.

Mother Lightfoot's twin fawns as Deer babies are called, had had an exciting time. They had seen mother fight a Dog and finally drive him away. They had been hidden under a windfall from which they could peep out and watch that fight. It had been hard work to realize that it had been the very timid mother they had always known. Mrs. Lightfoot had been a fighting fury, dashing at that Dog, and striking him with her sharp hoofs. Now she was once more the gentle, soft-eyed mother. It was the first time the small Deer had ever seen a Dog and now one of the worst enemies the Deer folk had. "Never let a Dog get near you, if you can help it," said she. "If you hear a Dog, or suspect one is near, use those long legs of yours, and get away from that neighborhood as fast as you can," said mother.

"But that Dog this morning followed us with his nose," said one of the fawns.

Mother nodded. "Some Dogs can do that," said she. "Those are the



"What can we do except run?" asked one of the twins.

most dangerous. Those are the ones most hard to get rid of. Some other Dogs can follow only as long as they can see you. They are bad enough, but the ones who can follow our scent are worse. They are the hardest to fool and get rid of."

"What can we do except run?" asked one of the twins.

"Follow me and I'll show you one thing you can do," replied mother and started off among the trees. The two little Deer tagged along at her heels and they kept very close. They were still thinking of that dreadful Dog and how he had tried to pull mother down.

Mother led the way among the trees toward Laughing Brook. For quite a distance they walked along the Crooked Little Path. It was easier walking there. By and by they came to Laughing Brook. At the edge of it mother stopped, and put her head down to drink. The fawns did the same thing, one on each side of her. It was a pretty sight. Yes, sir, it was a pretty sight.

Croaker the Raven, flying over, looked down and for once he didn't croak. He flew to the top of a tall tree from which he could watch. Never had he seen a prettier sight in the Green Forest. Presently, mother lifted her head. The small Deer in their pretty spotted coats did the same thing. Whatever mother did, they did. For a moment or two mother was undecided which way to get. The water was shallow. Laughing Brook, walking in the water where it was very shallow. Behind her the twins followed, also walking in the water. Presently they came to a deep pool. The water was too deep for wading. Just below the pool the water was shallow. The brook was quite wide there and the water rippled and danced over small stones. It was hardly over mother's ankles. She crossed to the other side, and of course, the fawns followed. On that side she could walk in shallow water around that pool, and this she did. Now and then, she turned to look back, making sure that the twins were keeping in the water.

"Why don't we go back up on the land where the walking is easier?" asked one of the twins. "I don't like walking in the water," he added. "Have you forgotten that Dog?" asked mother.

Both shook their heads. Both looked puzzled. What in the world

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

GOOD RECOVERY

West made an unfortunate opening in the following hand, but he recovered admirably.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K 8 6
♥ Q 10 6 5
♦ K J 10 8 4
♣ A

♠ Q 5 2
♥ A 8 4
♦ A 7
♣ Q J 9
8 3

W E
N S

♠ A 9
♥ K J 7
♦ 5 3
♣ K 10 7 5 4

The bidding:
North East South West
1♦ Pass 2♣ Pass
2♦ Pass 2NT Pass
3NT Pass 3NT Pass
Pass Pass Pass Doble.

West was speculating, of course, but his "ear" told him that North-South had been going in for some "pushing" on their own account—as indeed they had.

The club queen looked like a safe and constructive lead, despite South's club bid, so West made that choice. At the second trick declarer led a low heart to his king and West won. It was obviously unwise to continue clubs—East having played the deuce at the first trick—so West made the only attractive shift to spades. He laid down the queen and that suit, Dummy played low and East signalled encouragement with the seven. Declarer ducked in his own hand also, and West then led another spade, won by the ace.

Now South led a diamond toward the dummy, and West made the key play: he went right in with the ace. It was absolutely vital to preserve East's entry, if any; it would not suffice, if East had the diamond queen, for declarer to guess wrong if West ducked the diamond lead.

After putting up the diamond ace West led his last spade, and that was the end so far as the declarer was concerned. He came out with only eight tricks—he could not establish the diamond suit without letting East get in to cash his long spades.

Tippy and "Cap" Scrubs

By Edwina

WELL, WHEN OLE BUNCH HEARD TH' "TAP TAP" IN YOUNG BAINTELEY'S OLD ROOM, HE RUSHED UPSTAIRS.

BUT TH' TAPPIN' STOPPED!! —AN' THEN IT STARTED AGAIN—UP IN TH' ATTIC—

"I'LL HAVE IT OUT WITH YOU NOW!" HOLLERED BUNCH, SHAKIN' HIS FIST AN' CLIMBIN' TH' ATTIC STAIRS—

BUT THERE WAS A LOOSE BOARD ON TH' TOP STEP—AN' WHEN HE STEPPED ON IT—

CRASH!!

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Thompson Produce Company Limited called for the purpose, a resolution was passed for winding up the Corporation voluntarily under the Winding Up Act.

M. BUELL, Secretary.

Dated at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, this fourth day of June, 1953.

CLOVER CLUB DANCE

Charlottetown's Finest Dance Hall

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Dancing 9 - 12

Jackie Doyle and his Clover Club Band Soloist.

Tables for 100 couples.

For Reservations Phone 1222 Saturday between 4-8 p.m. To avoid disappointment phone your Reservations early. No Reservations held after 10:30 p.m. Please phone in cancellations early.

LABOR PROTECTIVE UNION

ANNUAL MEETING

All paid up members are urgently requested to meet in their Hall Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m.

H. McQUARRIE, Secretary.

District Convention

Of Women's Institutes of County Line Number One, will be held at Clinton Hall, Monday, June 29. Meetings at 2:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M. Supper served, 65c. Evening meeting, guest speakers, Mrs. J. E. Lawson and Mr. W. S. McMurtrey, B.Sc.

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Henry

By Carl Anderson

HOT DOGS

LIFE-GUARD

INTRODUCTIONS 5¢

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

YES-YES-YES-I'VE ATTENDED TO THAT YESTERDAY—I'LL BE DOWN TO THE OFFICE.

I'M SORRY—MAGGIE—BUT I MUST RUSH TO THE OFFICE.

OH! DEAR—I FORGOT TO TELL HIM WHAT I WANTED! I HAD TO BRAG HOME—I'LL PHONE HIS SECRETARY AND TELL HER—

HEM—NO ONE AT THE OFFICE—HE WAS JUST PRETENDING TO PHONE—I'LL ATTEND TO HIM WHEN HE GETS HOME!

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

MY GRAN'MA TOLD ME I COULD CATCH A BIRD BY SPRINKLING SALT ON HIS TAIL. I'VE TRIED ALL MORNING AND HAVEN'T CAUGHT ONE YET!

YOU WERE RIGHT, GRAN'MA! I LOOK! I CAUGHT YOUR CANARY!

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson

I SPENT THE MONEY WE ALL CHIPPED IN FOR A DOZEN GOLF BALLS FOR MR. SMITH'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

BE SURE TO CALL US WHEN YOU SURPRISE HIM WITH IT!

WHAT'S ALL THIS GABBING ABOUT? YOU BETTER GET BUSY AND GET TO WORK!!

LATER

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BOSS!!

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey

WANT A TERRIFYING STORM? WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE REKN ALIVE!

RELAX, LILY, IN A FEW DAYS YOU'LL BE ALL SET TO INHERIT MILLIONS!

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST ROUGH RIDE—JUST THINK OF THE LUXURY BABY!

OH! LOOK UP THERE!

Joe Falooka

By Ham Fisher

I CALLED JOE BUT HE'S AWAY. WANT TALK TO WHAT HE THINKS OF TH' DEAL.

OH, THAT'S TOO BAD. GEORGE HAD A OFFER TODAY AN' HAS T'GIVE HIS ANSWER RIGHT AWAY.

WE GOTTA STOP 'IM I'M TAKIN' TH' DEAL, C'MON!

THAT'S FAIR, DINKUM.

TWO HOURS LATER—

WELL, KNOBBY ME LAD... WE MADE A GOOD DEAL... HEH HEH... YOU OWN FIVE THOUSAND SHARES.

YUP, A REAL GOOD DEAL... HEH HEH.

RIDLEY CROMPITT SOLICITOR.

Pogo

By Walt Kelly

IF YOU IS A PROFESSIONAL FREE-DICKER WHERE'D YOU FREE-DICK AT AFORE?

I WORKED FOR A NEW ORLEANS NEWSPAPER.

I WAS THE ORIGINAL PICKAYNE FROG... A WEATHER EXPERT... BUT THE BOSS HONEST GEORGE WAS A HARD MAN... MADE ME WEAR SHOES... SAID I WAS BOGGY AN' HE DIN'T LIKE HIS CARPETS ALL DAMPED... THUS, OF COURSE, MADE MY FEET HURT...

NATURAL, I FREE-DICK'S MAIN FOR SIXTY SEVEN DAYS... OH! GEORGE SAT AT HIS DESK UNDER A UMBRELLA AN' CARRIED A LOADED LIGHTNIN' ROD AT ALL TIMES... WELL, SIR, WE HAD SIXTY SEVEN DAYS OF UNMITIGATED SUNSHINE...

HONEST GEORGE PEEKS OUT AN' HIS SEB... SOMETHIN' IS WROG... HE TOOK BACK THE COMPNY SHOES, GUN ME THE SACK AN' BRUNG IN ANOTHER BOY... WHO KNOWS, NEBBIE A RELATIVE... BUT ANYWAY, A HANDBOY WHO COULDN'T FREE-DICK XMAS ON DEC. 24.

Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU... GREAT SCOTT!!—WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

IT'S FATHER'S JET PLANE!

FORGIVE MY APPEARANCE—JUMPED RIGHT FROM MY JET DEEP-FREEZE INTO MY JET PLANE... WEAKFISH!!—I FORBID YOU TO MARRY A PAUPER'S DAUGHTER.

BUT—MY FATHER IS A MILLIONAIRE.

THAT WAS AN HOUR AGO... I'VE BEEN WINNIN' TWO PHONE CALLS DID IT!!—WEAKFISH!!—WE CANNOT HAVE A MILLIONAIRE'S BLOOD IN OUR FAMILY!!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FATHER... GOODYE, QUA VANT!

Dotty Dripple

By Ruford

MY WIFE HAS GIVEN ME 14 BEATINGS THIS YEAR.

MARKET

YOU KEEP TRACK OF THEM?

OH, YES, I KEEP A DIARY ON ALL OUR FIGHTS!

SCOT OF A SCRAP BOOK, HUH?

Kjo Kirby

By Alex Raymond

IF I DRIVE FOR JET ALLYSON IN THE INTERNATIONAL, DESMOND IT MAY BRING THE HURDLES INTO THE OPEN. I'LL CALL LADY MANDERS OUT!—GLENDDIO, SIR, I HOPE YOU FIND A PLACE FOR ME IN THE FIT.

YOU WILL DRIVE THE METEOR? OH, RIP, YOU'RE DARLINS! I'LL BOOK PASSAGE TO EUROPE FOR ALL US RIGHT AWAY...

SO MR. KIRBY HAS COME AROUND... I KNEW HE WOULD... THEY ALWAYS DO...

PENNY

By Harry Hoegen

MY PIPE CLEANERS! WHO TOOK MY PIPE CLEANERS?

BORROWED THEM, FATHER, FOR HAIR CURLERS.

HAIR CURLERS?

YES, I CAN LEND YOU ONE IN THE MORNING.

LOOK, DEAR, I AM A PATIENT MAN AND A LOVING FATHER BUT...

SOMETIMES FATHER CAN BE PROFOUNDLY UNREASONABLE.