



By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE AWFUL ONE
In judgement get your facts all clear:
The worst is what you always hear.
—Old Mother Nature.

Four young Gray Squirrels, Happy Jack's children, were having a strange experience. In that part of the Green Forest where they lived was a stillness that could almost be felt. There wasn't a sound of any kind. It was stillness born of fear. The four young Squirrels felt that fear without knowing what they were afraid of. Each kept perfectly still without knowing why. Somehow it seemed as if that silence, that stillness, was fairly screaming "Danger!" Of course it wasn't because stillness could have no voice.

After what seemed a long, long time, but really was only two or three minutes, the stillness was broken by the faintest of sounds. It was the sound of leaves rustling under very small feet. Then one of the young Squirrels spied the owner of those small feet. It was some one he had never seen before. It was a very small person, not much bigger than the young Squirrel himself, but of very different shape. The little stranger's body was long, and very slender. He was wearing a brown coat and a white waistcoat. His not very long tail was black at the tip. He didn't look to be big enough to be a dangerous enemy. Yet, without knowing why, the very sight of this quick moving little stranger filled the young Squirrel with such fright as he had never known before. A moment later the three other young Squirrels saw the little stranger, and they in turn were filled with fright. The slender little stranger was hunting. There was no doubt about that. He ran back and forth, this way, that, and all the time he was using his nose. He was hunting for the scent of any one who might have passed that way. He poked his head into every hole whether it was in the ground, in an old stump, or a log. He was so slender he could go into a Mouse hole, and did. A white-footed Wood Mouse lived there. They had often seen him going in and out of that hole. Sometimes just before they had gone to bed for the night they had seen that pretty little Mouse sitting in his doorway. Many times they had seen him sit up and wash his face with his little white hands. He was a very neat little person. They wondered if he was at home now, and if that stranger would find him there. If he did, what would happen? Presently the stranger popped out of that hole. Once he licked his lips. Did that mean anything? The young Squirrels didn't know, but it gave them an uncomfortable feeling. The slender hunter down there on the ground had a way of mysteriously disappearing. He moved so quickly, dodging behind things and under things, that it was hard to keep track of him. Once he came over to the foot of the home tree in which the young Happy Jacks were keeping so still. He sat up for a moment looking up, and the little Squirrels had a dreadful feeling that he could see them. It was an awful moment. He started as if to climb, and then changed his



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Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson
"FIXED" BY A PSYCHIC
Psychic bids have lost most of their effectiveness since the general standard of bridge has improved so greatly, but it can't be denied that this type of bid sometimes throws the proverbial monkey wrench into even the best-oiled machinery. North and South, below, were nationally known players, but a psychic was very effective against them.
East dealer. Neither side vulnerable.
A Q 10
A Q J 10 9 5
Q 3
K 7
J 9 4 2
K 8 2
10 7 6
Q 5 4
N
W
E
S
K 8 6 5
7 4 3
A 4 2
A 9 6
The bidding:
East South West North
Pass Pass 1 ♠ (!) Dblc.
3 ♣ 3 N T Pass 4 ♠
Pass 4 ♠ Pass Pass

Bringing Up Father
By George McManis
I'M SORRY—MR. JIGGS—I CAN'T STAY AND HELP YOU ROLL UP THE RUGS—I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE MY AFTER-NOON OFF TODAY INSTEAD OF TOMORROW.
NO—DEAR—I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU ROLL UP THE RUGS—I HAVE TO GO TO CLUB MEETING.
I'D LIKE TO STAY AND HELP YOU ROLL UP THE RUGS—BUT I HAVE SOME SHOPPING TO DO.
THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET EVERYBODY OUT OF THE HOUSE—NOW FOR A NICE—RESTFUL AFTERNOON!

Dotty Dripple
By Ruford
\$3395 SIR—
PHEW! I CAN REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD TAKE HOME A CAR LIKE THAT FOR \$800!
YOU STILL CAN, SIR!
\$800 DOWN.

Henry
By Carl Anderson
Illustration of a man in a boat.

Tilly The Toiler
By Bob Gustafson
DON'T YOU WORRY NONE ABOUT RIDIN' ANNIE, MAM—SHE'S REAL GENTLE AND SMART TOO! UNDERSTANDS MOST ANYTHING YOU SAY!
THERE'S ANOTHER OPEN-AIR FIRE-PLACE ANNIE—MY APPETITE TELLS ME IT MUST BE TIME FOR LUNCH.
I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH RIGHT NOW TO EAT A HORSE!
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH! WHEEE!

Napoleon and Uncle Elby
By Clifford McBride
WHEN IT'S HOT I WISH I COULD CLIMB IN THE REFRIGERATOR AND TAKE A NAP!
LATER...

Pogo
By Walt Kelly
SLIM THAT SANDWICH DOWN BACK OF OWL 'CAUSE HIS FRONT IS TICKLE/SW... HOPE YOU PUT PLENTY... UN-UN...
YEH... I PUT PLENTY... UN-UN...
PEPPER ON IT!
... PEPPER ON IT!

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs
By Edwina
IF YOU BOYS'LL LEND ME FIFTY CENTS—MAYBE I CAN ENGAGE A LAWYER AN' RECOVER MY VAST ESTATES SOONER.
'VAST ESTATES!' HAH!—AN' THOSE DISHES HAD BETTER BE WASHED 'FORE I GET BACK—OR—
THEN, COUNTING THE SEVEN I ALREADY OWE YOU—I'LL GIVE YOU MY NOTE FOR EIGHT THOUSAND AN' FIFTY CENTS! MIGHTY GOOD INT'RUST, I'D CALL IT!!
I'VE GOT FIFTEEN CENTS...
I'VE GOT TWELVE...

Penny
By Harry Hoegen
I'M GOING TO FIX THE DOOR LATCH.
FATHER IS GOING TO FIX THE DOOR LATCH MOTHER. HE HAS ENOUGH TOOLS TO BUILD A SCENIC RAILWAY.
THAT'S THE WAY WITH MEN, DEAR.
WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR OWN HOME, REMEMBER...
IF YOU CAN'T FIX IT WITH LIQUID NAIL POLISH, A BOBBY PIN AND THE HEEL OF YOUR SHOE, IT'S TIME TO SCRAP IT AND BUY A NEW ONE.

MASONIC NOTICE
Members of King Edward Lodge, Malpeque, are requested to meet in Lodge Room, Sunday, July 26 at 6:45 p.m. for the purpose of attending Divine Service in St. Stevens Church, Burlington at 7:30 p.m.
Members of Sister Lodges cordially invited to attend.
By order of W.M.
WALLACE PICKERING, Secretary.

Y. M. C. A. HOLLAND COVE BOYS' CAMP
SENIOR BOYS' CAMP—AGES 12-15
Monday, July 27th - Saturday, August 8th
Applications received until Monday noon, July 27th. For further information—
DIAL 3425, Y.M.C.A.

Charlottetown Golf Club Dance
TONIGHT AT CLUB HOUSE
Dancing 9:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
Beautiful Surroundings — Good Music.
Tickets—\$1.00 per person

for BITES
Insect, snake, or animal... the best treatment is plenty of Minard's at once. It soothes, heals and cleanses. Draws out the poison!
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT
BIRMINGHAM, England CP — Doctors at Birmingham University report that British children, particularly girls, tend to cut their permanent teeth earlier than did their parents.

King Of The Royal Mounted
By Zane Gray
I'LL RIDE TO INDIAN LANDING WITH HIM AND WIRE HEAD—CAN'T YOU MAKE THIS TRUCK BOYS LEAVE THE SUPPLIES, KING? I RISK COMPLICATIONS!
I'M NO NEEL MOUNTIE... THOSE HOMELESS FOLKS NEED THESE GOODS BUT I HAVE MY ORDERS!
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT... JEB BANGS MADE A MISTAKE IN TRUSTING THAT MOUNTY TO THE WRONG PEOPLE!
FAR AHEAD ON THE HIGHWAY! LET ME OUT OF THIS CAR, SPIDER!
LET ME OUT OF THIS CAR, SPIDER! I'VE HAD MY SHARE AND YOU'VE GONNA SHARE THE MURDER RAP TOO!

Joe Palooka
By Ham Fisher
YOU SEE, I MET ARCHIE VEEP OVER AT ALLWOODS PASS, AND HE TOLD ME YOU BLOWES HAD HEADED THIS WAY.
I BOUGHT A STATION FROM A FOLK NAMED GEORGE. A BROKEN-DOWN ABANDONED DUMP. WE SURE GOT GYPPED.
OH! THAT PLACE WAS NEVER ANY GOOD. HE'S BEEN TRYING TO UNLOAD IT ON SOME DUPE (FOR YEARS.)
WAIT! I GOT MY HANDS ON 'IM!
OOP! A HORSE... EASY... EASY...
ARCHIE VEEP WILL BE AT THE PASS TOMORROW. WE CAN SLEEP ON THE HILL TONITE. I'VE A SMALL CABIN THERE.
OOH... MY BACK—BONE!
USHHH OWCH!

Lil Abner
By Al Capp
TH' COMMISSIONER O' SANITATION IS RIGHT IF T' POLITICS IS ANY TO BE ATTRACTED BY DAISY MAE'S WEDDIN' TOMORROW—
—AN' LIL ABNER'S CARCASS HAD BETTER BE KEPT AWAY FROM BEAUTY O' DOSPATCH. AH! LIL (SOB?) REMOVE IT!!
IT'S A DUNNY!!—MAH SON ALIVE—SOMEWHAR?—AH GOTTA STOP TH' WEDDIN'—BUT—GASP!—AH CAIN'T GIT BACK!

Rip Kirby
By Alex Raymond
SPOTTING THE OIL SLICK AT BLACK CAT BEND, A TRACK ATTENDANT FRANTICALLY BREAKS OUT HIS YELLOW CAUTION FLAG.
...BUT TOO LATE TO SLOW RIP KIRBY! CAR NO. 53 IS UPON THE GREASED PATHWAY TO DESTRUCTION...
...AND SPINNING OVER IT AT BREAKNECK SPEED, IT WHIPS VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL!

Henry
By Carl Anderson
Illustration of a man in a boat.

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