By Thornton W. Burgess

WHO WANTS TO SLEEP

You'll often find what others do,
Is quite impossible for you.
—Old Mother Nature.

Young Reddy was a puzzled young Fox. Yes, sir, he was so. He had just learned that Johnny Chuck had gone to sleep to stay asleep through the cold weather. It was late fall now, and Johnny would sleep until spring. Young Reddy couldn't understand this at all.

"If Johnny Chuck can do it, why can't I do it?" said the young Fox, talking to himself. "I don't believe that fellow can do anything I can't do."

For awhile Young Reddy forgot all about Johnny Chuck and his sleeping. The cool weather, became cold weather. Jack Frost was around every night, and sometime he pinched hard. It wasn't as easy as it had been for the young Fox to get a meal when he was hungry. He began to be a little discontented.

Then one night, when he had had bad luck hunting and was hungry, and cold, he happened to think of Johnny Chuck.

"Perhaps that fellow has the right idea," thought the young Fox. "He isn't hungry, and he doesn't feel cold. Moreover, he isn't missing much. I believe I will try sleeping myself. If he can do it, I can."

The young Fox remembered an unused den over in the Old Pasture. More than once he had taken a nap in it. He trotted over there now. He went down to the bedroom below the reach of Jack Frost. Rough Brother North Wind couldn't get in there, Jack Frost couldn't pinch him, and he was quite as warm as he wnated to be. He curled up and closed his eyes. He yawned once or twice, then fell asleep.

"I'm so hungry, I couldn't possibly sleep," thought the young Fox.

Now the sleep of the young Fox wasn't at all the sleep of Johnny Chuck. It was regular sleep. He was merely taking a nap. It was a short nap. When he awoke he didn't at first know where he was. Then he remembered that he had gone down in there to sleep through the cold weather.

He yawned once or twice, as folks do when they first wake up. "This is fine," thought he. "I suppose it is warm weather now. I'm hungry. I think I'll go out and get something to eat." Once more, he yawned, then stretched, and got to his feet. He scrambled up to the doorway, and poked his head outside. Nothing had changed. It was just as cold as it had been when he went down to go to sleep. In fact he had been asleep about only an hour. He went outside, and shook himself. After awhile he realized that he had been asleep only a short time. He was hungrier than ever. Should he go hunting? Or should he go back down inside and try to go to sleep again? It was his stomach that settled that question for him.

"I'm so hungry, I couldn't possibly sleep" thought the young Fox. "No, sir, I couldn't sleep. Who wants to sleep, anyway? I don't."

He went down on the Green Meadows to hunt for Mice. He looked over at Johnny Chuck's house, and shook his head. "That fellow can sleep if he wants to, but I don't know why he does it. I don't want to. There is too much fun being awake," thought he, as he caught a Mouse.

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"

THROAT SORE?
For common ordinary sore throat
JUST RUB ON
MINARD'S
"King of Pain"
LINIMENT

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

A rather amusing incident occurred at Mallet's Tavern located on Bell's Hill near the Queens Arms. In those days, it was a common practice for farmers to carry home a supply of rum to last them through the week. Tavern keepers had to be shrewd fellows for there was a few characters in the district who would put across a smart trick whenever the opportunity to do so arose.

One of these, whom we shall call Percy Arthur, arrived at the Tavern one night and ordered a half gallon of rum to be put up without delay as he was having some kind of a shindy at his home. The innkeeper filled the jar and still holding fast to it, demanded his money.

"Pay you next week," said Percy. "Next week for sure."

"Nothing doing," said the innkeeper. "Pay up or I'll run out the liquor."

"Only a half-gallon," warned Percy. "That's what you put into it."

When about two hundred yards from the inn, Percy crutched his arm, took a good swig and chuckled to himself. "That's mighty nice drinkin', — even though half of it be water!"

In the days when Malpeque was the chief Island village in this Island, the redmen held captive for three years a white man by the name of Lawrence Poirier.

Poirier, a local fur trader and smith, found it profitable to trade with the Indians through their chief, Nataka Maquina, who was a dignified savage, six feet tall and well proportioned.

The dark copper-hued chief always went about with legs and arms covered with red paint; his eyebrows were shaded in black in two broad stripes, and his long black hair was down up in a high mound on the top of his head and held in place with bear's grease, the whole crown being powdered with white down, giving him a rather extraordinary appearance.

Mantled across his broad shoulders was the skin of a sea otter, which reached almost to his knees and was fastened around his waist with a wide belt made from the bark of a tree. This fantastic hairado and dress lent to the huge savage a look of magnificence.

Through years of barter Poirier and the chief became quiet friendly, and while a visitor to the Indian village the Frenchman would set up a rude forge and make iro trinkets and steel arrows for the tribe.

One day Nataka came into the forge and, throwing down a gun whose lock had been broken, said: "Look! Him no good."

The Frenchman who was a bad-tempered man, called the chief a liar. Nataka frowned darkly but said nothing.

Two days later, when Poirier was about to depart, the chief ordered his warriors to seize him. In the ensuing scuffle an Indian struck at him with a small axe, making a deep gash in his forehead, so that he fell to the ground, dazed and bleeding.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

PLACING THE BLAME

In a sense North-South had bad luck in the following deal, since they held a needless concentration of all five honors in two length in either suit. But in a different and more realistic sense it was South's own fault, exclusively, that he failed to bring home 12 tricks, since the key to winning play was given to him at the very first trick.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

North: ♠ 10 2 ♥ K J 8 2 ♦ K J 9 8 ♣ K Q 8
West: ♠ Q J 9 7 6 5 4 ♥ 4 3 ♦ 7 6 ♣ 3 2
East: ♠ — ♥ Q 10 9 7 ♦ 5 4 3 2 ♣ 9 7 6 5 4
South: ♠ A K 8 3 ♥ A 6 5 ♦ A Q 10 ♣ A J 10

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 NT	3 ♠	5 NT	Pass
6 NT	Pass	Pass	Pass

Since North had 13 high-card points in balanced distribution, and South's two notrupm opening announced at least 22 points, North actually underbid when he leaped to only five notrump—a direct raise to six was fully justified. However, South decided not to hang a trick short of the slam, so everything tuned out as it should have. (Not quite everything, however, because South went down!)

West opened the spade queen. South won, counted tricks, and promptly tried the heart finesse. East captured dummy's jack, and that in effect was the end of the matter.

It is true that South had a chance to win an extra heart trick, either by winning the finesse or by bringing home dummy's fourth heart through a good break, but it is more pertinent that the fulfilling trick could have been insured. Apparently, South did not give much thought to the spade situation. East had shown out on the first lead, marking West with seven cards in the suit. So, South should have cashed two diamond tricks, two clubs and the two top hearts, then led the spade ten from dummy (or led up to that card). With West following suit twice in diamonds and in clubs, he could have only two hearts; after taking them out of his hand, declarer could make the spade throw-in with complete safety and with the assurance that West's forced spade return up to South's K-8 of spades would produce the twelfth trick.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

OTTAWA (CP)—Crews of two Canadian warships held memorial services in the English channel Saturday in the area where HMCS Athabaskan was sunk in 1944 with the loss of 129 lives.

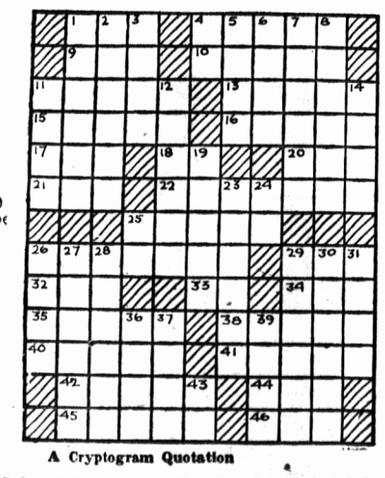
Out Our Way By J. R Williams

Our Boarding House Major Hoople

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. A dance step
4. Game at cards
9. Constellation
10. To slumber
11. Club
13. Auctions
15. Defamatory statement
16. Arrange in a line
17. Keel-billed cuckoo
18. Bone (anat.)
20. Fresh
21. Pagoda
22. Sword
25. Wash
26. Haul vehicle
29. Hole-piercing tool
32. King (L.)
33. River (Chin.)
34. Narrow inlet (geol.)
35. Like an ape
38. Lights
40. Island in Mediterranean
41. Astringent fruits
42. Kind of rock
44. Blunder
45. Allowed for weight (Comm.)
46. Large worm

DOWN
1. A film formed on copper
2. Country (Asia)
3. Secure
4. Postscript (abbr.)
5. Girl's name
6. Apportion, as cards
7. To re-cover the inside
8. Every kitchen has one
11. Narrow strip of wood
12. Of flowers
14. Stitches
19. Keeps
23. Dangers
24. Part of "to be"
25. Coin (Chin.)
26. Railway (Eng.)
27. Dinner
28. The armpit
29. Defensive coverings
30. Window cleaners on cars
31. Girl
36. Leading actress
37. Detest
39. Toward the lee
43. Editor (abbr.)



Yesterday's Answer

A Cryptogram Quotation

B V F Z C L Q V S Z B V L B Q L B J K J D K L U F . . . N K L P Y F Y B V F H J D F Q S Z B V F L U F , L P Y N K S E F B V F E F R Q S Z K S W F — Q D S B B .

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: HAPPY HENCHMEN OF THE MUSES, WHEN THE FIELD WAS YET UNTILLED — SANDYS.