

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

OLD MR. TOAD LISTENS

Love has a call that's all its own, And meant for certain ears alone. —Old Mr. Toad.

Old Mr. Toad had spent all winter and a little more buried in the earth in Farmer Brown's garden. He had been buried so deep that Jack Frost couldn't reach him. He had buried himself in the fall before even Jack Frost arrived. Now sweet Mistress Spring had awakened him and he had dug his way out just as he had dug his way in. He had spent a very comfortable winter, but he didn't know that you see he had been all the time in a strange deep sleep his-buried-not not once waking up. So of course all that time he knew nothing at all, whether comfortable or uncomfortable.



Going somewhere?" asked a voice behind him.

Now he sat looking out from beneath the wide board under which he was making his home in a corner of the garden. He was watching the Black Shadows creep across the garden. He is fond of the Black Shadows if they are not too black. He would then cross the garden into the Old Orchard on their way to the Green Forest. High overhead the first star of the evening began to twinkle. It was very still. Not a Merry Little Breeze was anywhere about to rustle so much as a single leaf anywhere.

You have looked into his lovely golden eyes you might have seen a dreamy faraway look there. He seemed to be waiting and listening for something. He was. He was waiting and listening for the joyous evening Spring chorus of the Smiling Pool to begin. From over in the Old Orchard came a voice that caused Old Mr. Toad to move just a wee bit under the board. It was a whistling sort of voice called a tremolo because it was of many notes seeming to be running together and falling over each other. It was the voice of Spooky the Screech Owl. Old Mr. Toad was not much afraid of him. Still it was wise to be careful. It always is. He

knew that Spooky would much prefer a fat Mouse, but the unlooked for sometimes does happen and he who is at all times safe will live longest. Old Mr. Toad has lived a long time.

Presently from the Smiling Pool over in the Green Meadows came a single clear sweet note. Another joined it, and another and another. Old Mr. Toad drew a long breath as he listened. Those were the voices of his cousins, the Hylas, the tiny Tree Frogs, smallest members of the Frog family, and the first to welcome sweet Mistress Spring. Now there were so many voices singing together that they were a great joyous chorus that made Old Mr. Toad's heart swell and swell; until he wanted to sing himself, wanted to join in that happy chorus, felt that he must sing.

And quite suddenly it came to Old Mr. Toad why those small cousins of his, for all Toads and Frogs are cousins, were singing so joyously. It was love. Yes, sir, it was love. That joyous chorus from the Smiling Pool was a song of love. That was it. Old Mr. Toad knew it now by the feeling in his own heart. For the first time since awakening from his long winter sleep he thought of Mrs. Toad and wondered if she also was awake and if she was listening to that wonderful chorus.

"If she is she probably is listening for my voice thought he. "I should be over there singing this very minute. I really should." He thought of the many other years when in the springtime his voice had been one of the sweetest in the Smiling Pool, and how never once had it failed to bring Mrs. Toad to join him there. His wife was more than ever. Without really knowing what he was doing he moved out from under that wide board and took two or three hops toward the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool.

"Going somewhere?" asked a voice behind him.

Old Mr. Toad looked over his shoulder. It was Peter Rabbit. "What if I am? It is no business of yours," said he. He spoke rather crossly.

"I thought you might like to know that I saw Jimmy Skunk over that way a short time ago. He asked if I had seen you," replied Peter. "Oh," said Old Mr. Toad in a small voice and turned back to the wide board.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A reader asks whether he misplayed the slam contract in the following deal, or whether he was simply the victim of misfortune.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable.

♠ A K 6	♥ K 5 4 2
♦ A 9 8 5	♣ Q 8 5
♠ 7 6 3	♥ W E
♦ 2	♣ 8 5 2
♠ A Q 10 3	♥ Q 8
	♦ K J 10 7 4
	♣ K 9 6

This was the reported bidding—concededly optimistic:

South	West	North	East
1♠	1♥	3NT	Pass
3♠	Pass	6♣	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

The play went: West opened the seven of hearts and, after mentally reviewing the bidding, declarer felt that West ought to have the heart king for his spade bid, so declarer let the lead come up to his own Q-10. East produced the heart king, and his club return defeated the contract two tricks.

It is difficult for an off-the-scene critic to appraise South's first play. South's decision right then and there had to be based to be considerable extent on his knowledge, if any, of West's opening lead habits. It is true that some players, notably experts, do not hesitate to lead away from a king against a slam contract. This, however, is not common practice, and unless South had more intimate knowledge than is available to this writer, he should have assumed that the heart king was off-side, and that West's spade overall had been bolstered by club strength. Thus, the most attractive plan was to put up the heart ace, draw two round of trumps with the ace and king, then to risk the lead of three spades, discarding a heart from the closed hand. Now the heart jack could be led through East for a ruff-inesse—that is to say, if East covered, South would cover ruff and return to the diamond queen for discards on the established hearts; whereas if East failed to cover the heart jack, South would discard a club immediately and continue with heart leads.

ninety-five cents.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Thelma McKay when the roll call will be answered by paying a cent for each size of the shoe.

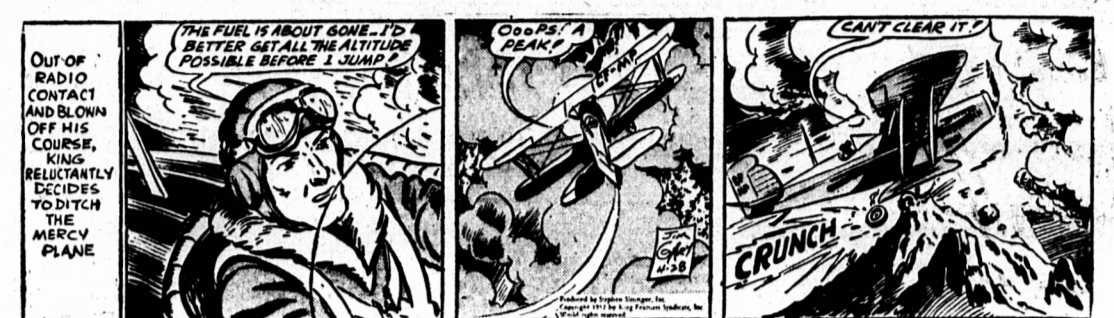
The program, which consisted of a bean guessing contest, was conducted by Mrs. John Morrison and was won by Miss Hattie Pigo.

The meeting then adjourned, followed by the singing of the National Anthem, and lunch was the McIntyre. Collection amounted to served.

By Walt Kenly

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zee Gray



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Rufort



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



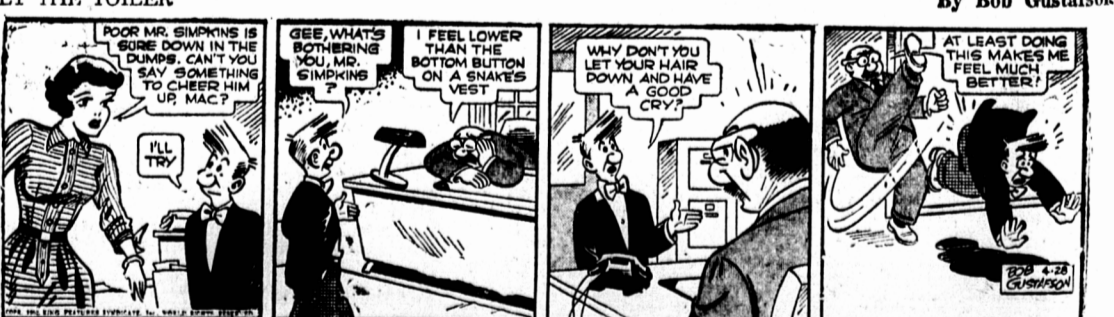
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen



ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE SHAREHOLDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS will be held at 8 P. M. Sharp in the Agricultural Room of the Vocational School WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th Central Farmers Co-Op Assoc. Ltd.

FERGUSON TRACTORS

Now is the time to buy for your Spring Work. See This "POWER FULL TRACTOR" at our Showroom. W. G. BARBOUR LTD. Euston Street Charlottetown. Ask the man who owns one.

POGO

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

LIL ABNER

KIRBY

SAVAGE HARBOR W. I.

The monthly meeting of the Savage Harbor Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Clarence Murphy on April 8, 1952. The meeting opened by the members singing the "Institute Ode". The roll call was answered by ten members, and the minutes were read and approved. The sick committee reported no visits to the sick, and the school committee reported blackboard erasers required. It was moved and seconded that these be purchased. New committees appointed were as follows: Sick, Mrs. Clarence Murphy and Mrs. Barbara Doyle; school, Mrs. Ernest Doyle and Miss Phyllis Murphy, and program, Mrs. Lester Gunn and Mrs. Valentine McIntyre. Collection amounted to served.