

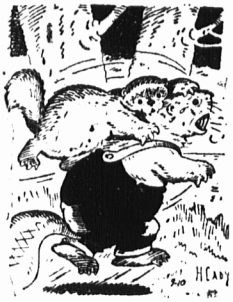


By Thornton W. Burgess

PADDY'S GREAT FIGHT

You find it is not always might that proves the winner in a fight. —Old Mother Nature.

Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy were cutting trees for the winter food pile. Each had chosen an aspen tree, and with great cutting teeth was biting out big chips. They had been at work for some time. Mrs. Paddy's tree was just about to fall. She slapped the ground hard with her big, thick, flat tail. It made a loud thump. It was a warning, a signal, that her tree was about to fall. You see she didn't want it to fall on Paddy.



Without warning some one landed on his back. never knows just which way it will go.

At the warning thump of Mrs. Paddy's tail slapping the ground, Paddy also ran back a little. His Beavers cannot do this. Some folks believe they can, but it isn't so. For the moment he forgot everything else. Until it falls the furry woodsman

ing of uneasiness which had taken possession of him all that evening. Without warning some one landed on his back, and great claws dug into his shoulders. Long, sharp teeth were at his throat but couldn't get hold.

Paddy was knocked off his feet, and in a moment he and his enemy were rolling over and over on the ground, Paddy trying to use his great teeth, but not being as successful as Glutton the Wolverine was in using his teeth.

Now Glutton was only about half Paddy's size, but what he lacked in weight he made up in strength. Of all the Green Forest folk Glutton the Wolverine is, for his size, the strongest. Paddy really had very little chance and he knew it. Yes, sir, he knew it. But he fought the best he could. He wasn't lacking in courage.

Such a fight! Lightfoot the Deer had just come down to the water's edge when the fight started. He never had seen Glutton, and he didn't know who this terrible ugly stranger was. But he did know that Paddy the Beaver was no match for him. Mrs. Paddy had scrambled for the water. There was nothing she could do to help. In the water she was safe. With terror-stricken eyes she watched the two fighters rolling over and over on the ground, growling, snarling, and now and then squealing, as sharp teeth hurt. All the time the fight was growing nearer and nearer to the water. If Paddy could reach the water he might have a chance. He hadn't a chance on land, even though he was so much bigger.

Now it happened that there was a deep pool in that part of the brook nearest to where those aspen trees grew. It was to this deep pool that Paddy was trying to get. Over and over they rolled, first one on top, then the other. But Glutton was getting the best of the fight. Yes, sir, he was getting the best of the fight. Paddy really had no chance. That is the way it seemed to Mrs. Paddy and to Lightfoot, and probably to Paddy himself. The truth is, even great big Buster Bear would have been lucky to escape had he been attacked by this ill-tempered fighter.

Though Paddy knew he had little chance, he wouldn't give up. He would make the most of such chance as he did have. So he kept on fighting the best he knew how, and all the time they were rolling nearer to that deep pool. "If only I can get there," thought Paddy over and over.

Finally they were on the bank and a moment later they fell into the water with a great splash. There Paddy was at home, and

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"SWING" HAND

An outmoded S. O. S. redouble in the following hand should have cost South (and partner) dearly—but something happened!

East dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

The bidding: East Pass, South 1NT, West Pass, North Pass, Dbie. Redbl. Pass, Pass.

It was absurd for South to redouble, for a rescue or otherwise. North would have a chance to speak if West made a penalty pass, and he would presumably rescue without being urged if he had a suit worth mentioning. As it was, North refused to increase the contract by bidding either of his almost-non-existent suits.

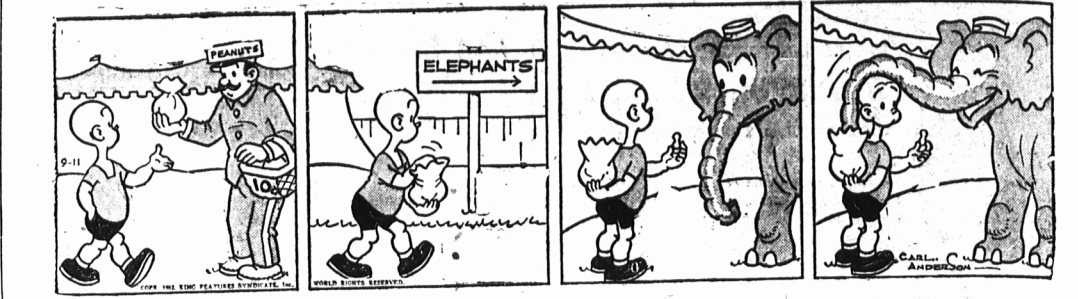
West opened his fourth-highest club. South took East's jack and hopefully cashed the top spades. The queen did not fall, however, and South had to play a third round. East discarded the heart seven.

West could not afford another club lead — South might still have Q-x — and so he led his heart ten. Now came East's first slip — he ducked! Putting up the ace, he felt, might make things easy for declarer. The result however, was considerably different. South took his heart king, crossed to dummy's spade jack and led another heart from the board. This time East put up the ace.

On this present heart trick West was in a peculiar (and dangerous) position: He had thrown his small heart on the fourth spade; now, on the heart ace, he either had to discard the diamond ten or give up a club. Both of these discards were dangerous because both would call for a diamond shift! The diamond ten would be read as a demand for that lead; and a club discard might be interpreted as the abandonment of the suit. Rather than surrender a trick, however, West discarded the diamond ten — and East promptly led a low diamond! West, in with the king, now laid down the ace of clubs — and East blocked the suit by playing the seven.

The upshot was that South made one notrump redoubled, for a game, instead of going down a minimum of 1000 points!

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Guelfson

BRINGING UP FATHER



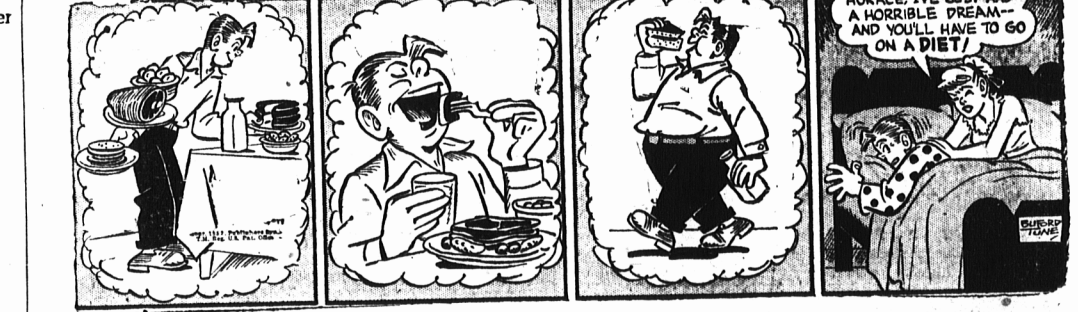
By George McManus

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Rufus

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Walt Kelly

POGO



By Alex Raymond

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Harry Hoenigsen

PENNY



By George McManus

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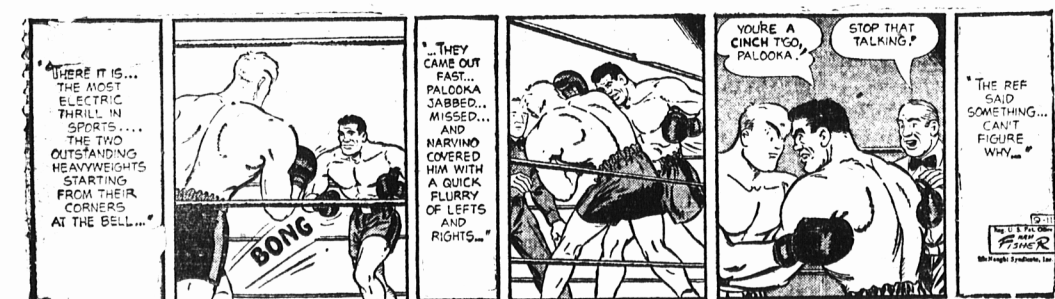
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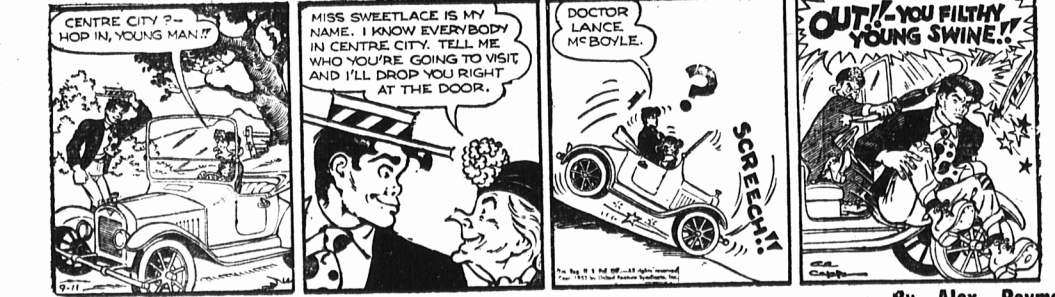
AT ITS BEST ICE COLD HAVE A Coke

JOE PALCOORA



By Ham Fisher

GIL ABNER



By Al Capp

PIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By George McManus