By Thornton W. Burgess

YOUNG REDDY TRIES AGAIN

To try again, those who refuse
Deservedly are bound to lose.
—Old Mother Nature.

Bobby Coon was holding up one of his black forepaws for Young Reddy Fox to look at. It really was a hand, rather than a paw. The long toes were more like slim fingers than toes, and Bobby could use them like fingers. Young Reddy looked at that "hand," then he looked down at his own front feet. The toes were short. He couldn't take hold of anything with his toes as Bobby Coon could with his. He couldn't bend them in the way Bobby Coon could bend his.

"You see," said Bobby Coon, "you were trying to do something it was not meant for you to do. When I feel around in the mud the very instant I touch a Frog, hiding there I feel it, close my claws and grab him. I can do it before he has a chance to move. I don't have to see him; I know he is there. It is the same why when I try to get Crayfish under a bank. To be successful one must have hands that can grab things. When you catch a Frog on land you stand on him and hold him down with your paws. That is what it was meant you should do. That is your way of hunting. I can do it sometimes, but I'm not as quick as you are. So I do my hunting the way you have seen me do it. Watch me now."

Bobby began to move along the shore. From in front of him a Frog leaped into the water and stirred up the mud as he went down in it. Bobby waded into the water right there. It was only a little more than half-way up his legs. He reached into the mud. For a moment, nothing happened. Bobby was feeling about. Then he made a sudden grab. He pulled out a Frog. His fingers were clasped tight around one leg of that Frog. The young Fox could see this clearly. His own toes couldn't have closed as Bobby Coon's toes, or fingers, had closed around that leg.

Bobby waded into the water right there.

"I guess," said Young Reddy, "I've been trying to do what it wasn't meant for me to do. I guess I've just been wasting my time, but it was sort of fun. If a frog is worth eating, he is worth trying to catch, but I'll do it in my own way.

"That is good sense," said Bobby Coon. "Never try to do a thing just because others do it. Do what you can do, the best you can do it, and never mind what others do."

That was good advice. Young Reddy made up his mind right then and there that before he left the Smiling Pool he would catch a Frog. He would keep trying until he did.

Bobby Coon went on about his business and soon disappeared into the Black Shadows. Young Reddy lay quietly for a long time. He hoped that some of the Frogs that had dived into the water would come out again. He wouldn't try to catch them in the mud, but on land. By and by, he began to steal very quietly along the bank. A little way in front of him, a Frog hopped out of the grass but did not dive into the water. He was not yet frightened. Young Reddy moved so slowly that it hardly seemed that he moved at all. Little by little, he edged nearer and nearer to the Frog. The latter took no notice of him. Young Reddy got his hind feet set under him for a quick spring. The Frog started to move. The young Fox pounced. He pinned the Frog down with his front feet. He wished that Bobby Coon was there to see him.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

"Well, that day that me and Bruin had the set to, I was a settin' out for the hayfield, pitchfork danglin' carelessly over me shoulder . . . I think I was awhistlin' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' Anyway, I was passing through the grove that stood between our home and the hayfield, treadin' a narrow cowpath, when the critter rose on his hindlegs and struck at me with one of his powerful paws, sending the fork flying through air like an arrow. It landed 'bout twenty feet further up the path.

"When I tried to climb the nearest tree, Bruin again reached out his paw and dragged me to the ground faster than ye could say cock-robin. But I got up an' ran for the fork, with Mr. Bear right on me heels.

"As luck would have it, I managed to pick up the weapon, and then, just as the big black critter rose on his hind legs for battle, I drove the fork, with all the strength I could master, full into his throat; that was the beginning of the fight!

"For the next quarter-hour or so, the enraged animal tried to yank the fork from his throat while I kept pushing him back, holding fast to the handle for dear life. Back, back, he was forced, little by little, to where there was quite a cleared patch of wood, with a fairly deep cradle-hollow. The moment his hind legs dropped into the hollow, I gave a quick push on the handle and me enemy fell over backwards with a great crashing noise that made the twigs under him snap like nails on a frosty night. Yes siree!

"Now that I had my enemy down, the next problem was to keep him there. For a long time we both struggled around aimlessly, with me having the better of it, then Bruin. Finally, when I was pretty well exhausted, our bristling and backing and ready dog, Troy, arrived on the scene for a good scrap. 'All right, Troy,' I yelled at the top of me lungs, 'Sick him! Bite the bloomin' legs from under him!' That was all the dog needed to get into action. Round and round Bruin he circled, and with each round he drew blood from the critter's flanks.

"The bear was taken completely off guard by the dog's actions; and then, I landed a few well directed kicks to the critter's belly and the fight was ended."

Great-grandfather had the hide tanned and for many years it served as a robe for the sleigh.

The picturesque Port of Joy (Charlottetown Harbor) had for a long time been abandoned by the French, and the Indians were again in possession of the Abegweit. With the loss of Nova Scotia, the Frenchmen's fishing grounds were so restricted that their thoughts naturally turned again to Isle St. John.

St. Pierre, first equerry to the Duchess of Orleans, wanted the Island, and his patroness got it for him. A fishing company was formed, and with three small vessels and three hundred men, together with supplies, they set sail. Dan de Belleisle commanded the fleet.

The party reached Point Prim and crossing Hillsboro Bay, they sailed into the shelter of beautiful Charlottetown Harbor.

CANOE COVE W.M.S.

The monthly meeting of the Canoe Cove W. M. S. was held at the manse, home of Mrs. Donald Nichelson on Oct. 3rd at 8.00 p.m. In the absence of the president, the vice-president, Mis Annie MacRae presided.

Meeting opened with call to worshop Psalm 67:5-6. Hymn, "For the beauty of the Earth." Scripture reading Matt. 13: 18-30 read responsively. Mrs. Donald Nichelson offered prayer. Bible exposition read by Miss Annie MacRae. Hymn, "The Morning light is breaking."

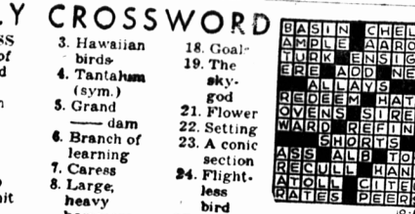
Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Roll call was answered with a verse of Scripture containing the word "Charity" by 12 members and two visitors. Word for next meeting "Thanks". It was moved by Mrs. Lauchie MacKinnon, and seconded by Mrs. Francis MacDougall, that a bill of $7.00 be paid Offering $2.55. Offertary prayer by Mrs. Donald Nichelson. Study Book, was read by Mrs. John A. MacDougall. "Progress in Formosa" by Miss Nicholis Gillis.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Walter Shaw. Lunch committee, Mrs. Lauchie MacKinnon, Mrs. James MacKenzie, and Mrs. John A. MacDougall. Mrs. Neil MacPhail will have charge of the Study Book. "The Lord is My Shepherd" was sung. Meeting closed with the Mizpah Benediction. Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

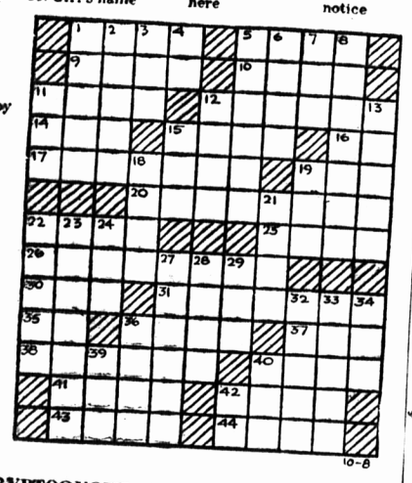
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Native of Scotland
5. Crowns
9. Malayan boat
10. Spoken
11. Pastry desserts
12. Golf club
14. Single unit
15. Troubles
16. Note of the scale
17. Sideways
19. Turkish title
20. Resident physicians in hospitals
22. Line of junction
25. Put out
26. Bunches
30. Antlered animal
31. Sets right by adjustment to facts
36. Nickel (sym.)
36. Group of two
37. Exclamation
38. Spartan magistrates
40. Mimicked
41. Rational
42. Exclamation of sorrow
43. Looked at
44. A valley (poet.)

DOWN
1. Revolves
2. Small stream
3. Hawaiian birds
4. Tantalum (sym.)
5. Grand ——— dam
6. Branch of learning
7. Caress
8. Large, heavy hammers
11. Blue grass
12. Early inhabitant of Great Britain
13. Cook meat in an oven
15. Girl's name
18. Goal
19. The sky-god
21. Flower
22. Setting
23. A conic section
24. Flightless bird
27. Journeyed
28. Epochs
29. Free, as from insects
32. A prickly pear
33. The things here
34. Turf
36. Accomplished
39. Grass cured for fodder
40. A wing
42. Public notice



Yesterday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

CIPN UBFP CIPYZ UKRH, XPAKQVP YC YV CIPYZ BJR, KRH VABZR CB SYFP KQSIC BCIPZ ZPKVBR JIN—IKUUPAL.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: YOUR "IF" IS THE ONLY PEACEMAKER: MUCH VIRTUE IN "IF"—SHAKESPEARE

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

THE INDISPENSIBLE PLAY

A PLAYER can attain a pretty high degree of proficiency at bridge without ever executing a squeeze play or a few other complicated coups, but there is one device he cannot do without, and that is the elimination-and-throw-in play. (Experts cut this phrase down to the simple "throw-in.") For every opportunity a player gets to use the squeeze, he will probably have five or six or more chances to use the throw-in.

The following hand offers a simple, indeed almost an elementary illustration of this point. Observe how South lost his slam contract, and observe too how extremely easy it should have been to fulfill that contract.

South dealer.
East-West vulnerable.
North-South 90 on score

North: ♠ K 10 3 2 ♥ Q 7 5 ♦ A 10 ♣ 6 5 4 2

West: ♠ 6 5 ♥ J 10 8 ♦ J 6 4 3 ♣ K 10 8 7

East: ♠ J 7 ♥ 9 4 3 2 ♦ Q 9 8 5 2 ♣ J 3

South: ♠ A Q 9 8 4 ♥ A K 6 ♦ K 7 ♣ A Q 9

The bidding:

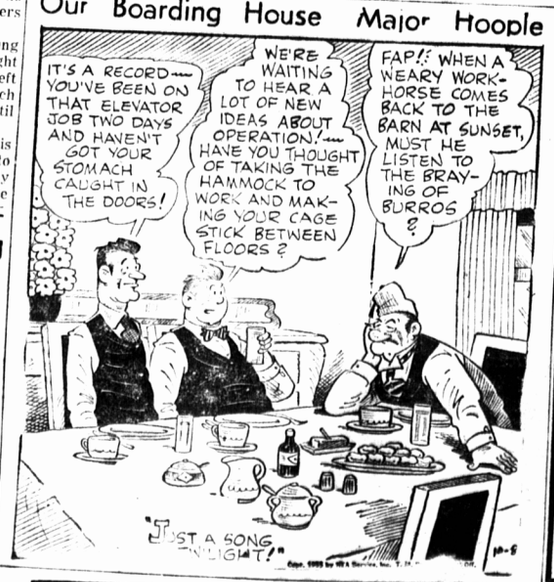
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
6 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

South deserved credit for his bidding, at any rate. When North raised spades on the 90 score, South did not hem and haw—he leaped straight to the slam that figured to be such a fine investment.

West opened the heart jack. The ace won and trumps were drawn in two leads; then declarer cashed all his diamond and heart tricks, ending in dummy, and led a club to the queen. West won and returned the club seven. East's jack forced the ace, and declarer was left high and dry with the losing nine of clubs.

Fulfilling this contract scarcely could have been easier. South acted correctly in clearing away the hearts and diamonds after drawing trumps, but then a club lead to the *nine* (unless, of course, East happened to put up the jack) would have insured success. If the nine lost to the ten (as it would have), West would either have to return a club right up to the major tenace, or, by leading a diamond, permit South to discard a club while he was ruffing in dummy. In short, the club-queen finesse was a 50-50 chance, whereas a lead to the nine was a sure thing, no matter how the cards lay.

Our Boarding House — Major Hoople



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
COLUMBUS DAY BALL
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12th, 1955
ROLLAWAY CLUB
DRESS FORMAL — ADMISSION $1.25
DOWNTOWNERS ORCHESTRA
DANCING FROM 10 - 1

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Union Commercial College
Royal Bank Building — Phone 3285

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I'll Alner

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker