By Thornton W. Burgess

THE BERRY PATCH

The careful never will intrude
For there is nothing quite so rude.
—Old Mother Nature.

As scared a little Fox as ever wet his feet splashed across the shallow part of a wide brook at the foot of the Great Mountain. For a long time he had been a prisoner of his own fears. He had tumbled into the brook where the water was deeper, and had scrambled out on a flat rock in the middle of the shallow place. He had not known that the water was shallow there, and that he could wade ashore. So, afraid to thrust himself to the water again, he had remained on that flat rock. There he had been discovered by Buster Bear, and now Buster was splashing through the water after him. He had quite forgotten his fear of the water. He was so scared of Buster Bear that he didn't think anything about the water. He didn't even know that he was wading ashore and so not having to swim.

"Woof, woof!" said Buster Bear in his deepest, most rumbly voice. Then he chuckled, but the little Fox didn't hear that chuckle. Buster knew very well that he could not catch the frightened little Fox, but he was enjoying giving him a fright. Isn't it queer how folks so often enjoy frightening others?

Once ashore, Little Too-Smart, for that was the name of the little Fox, ran and ran and ran until he was quite out of breath. All the time he kept under the bushes as much as he could, and dodged around trees. He was sure that great, big, Buster Bear was right at his heels. Buster wasn't. He had stopped as soon as he was across the brook. Not knowing this, Little Too-Smart ran and ran and ran, and all the time he was sure that he heard Buster Bear right behind him.

Finally the little Fox just couldn't run another step. He was panting for breath. His legs ached. He crawled under some brush, and hoped and hoped he wouldn't be found there. He wasn't. You see, nobody was looking for him. So, little by little, he got over his fright. Then he thought how smart he had been to get away from that big, black fellow with the deep rumbly, grumbly voice. Of course, he wasn't smart at all, for Buster hadn't really tried to catch him. His smartness was all in his own mind. Wherever you go you will find it is that way with many folks.

At long last Little Too-Smart began to feel hungry. It was a long time since he had had anything to eat. His legs no longer ached. No longer was he breathing hard. He crept out his hiding place. Which way should he go? That was a question he couldn't answer for himself. You see, he didn't know anything about the country there. It was all new and strange. All he could do was to wander, and that is just what he did do. He wandered this way, and he wandered that way.

At long last, he came to a place where blueberries grow. There were no tall trees there. The berries grew on low bushes. In places it seemed as if the ground was covered with a blue carpet. Little Too-Smart tasted those berries, and smacked his lips. My, how good they were. He forgot everything else. You see, he really was hungry. He even forgot to look about him. He just gobbled those berries down as fast as he could.

Now there are many folks who

Buster knew very well that he couldn't catch the frightened little Fox.

are fond of blueberries, some feathered folks, and some in fur coats. Two of these appeared at the edge of that berry patch. They were not so very much bigger than the young Fox. They saw him at once, but he didn't see them. He was too intent on those berries. He had eyes for nothing else.

The two little Bear cubs, for that is what they were, stole up behind Little Too-Smart. They made no sound. Little as they were they already had learned how to move about with rustling leaves, or stepping on dry sticks. When they were just behind Little Too-Smart, they stopped. Then together they cried, "Woof, woof!"

The little Fox made a long jump. He didn't even turn his head as he raced away. Once he tumbled over an old log that he didn't see. He almost turned a somersault.

The two little cubs sat up and hugged themselves with glee as they watched the frightened little Fox disappear among the bushes.

"That will teach him not to steal our berries, I guess," said one little cub. Of course they were not their berries at all.

Dance

Come to dance at MacLean's New Store, Winsloe, on Friday, August 22. Dancing from 9:30 to 1.

Rollie MacKenzie Orchestra

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NEW LONDON W.I.

The regular monthly meeting of New London W.I. was held at the home of Mrs. Oliver Bernard on Thursday, Aug. 11th. The meeting opened by singing the ode and repeating the creed. Roll call was responded to by thirteen members, repeating a verse of scripture and one visitor was welcomed. Two blinds were purchased for the school and the new committee, Mrs. Morton Adams and Elva MacAllister, was appointed.

It was decided to sell the premium blankets at next meeting, also to pack material for more blankets at a later date. Sick committee reported one call made and treat taken, the correspondence consisting of thank you cards and letter regarding orphanage collection was read. Mrs. Oliver Bernard, Mrs. Murray MacKay, Mrs. Harold Mayhew and Mrs. Leigh MacEwen offered to collect for same.

It was decided that the Institute's school prizes be given to the pupil making the most progress during the year and that the school be cleaned on Friday. It was moved and seconded all bills be paid.

The program consisted of a contest won by Mrs. Mont MacEwen. The new committee is Mrs. Morton Adams and Miss Elva MacAllister. Mrs. Morton Adams will be hostess for the September meeting and roll call will be answered with current events. The meeting closed with "The Queen", and lunch was served by the hostess and committee.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A MATTER OF TIMING

The trickiest, hardest-to-analyze element in bridge is the timing of plays. Consider the following hand for example:

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
4 NT	Pass	6 ♥	Pass
6 NT	Pass	Pass	Pass

Despite North's heart bid, West felt that his safest lead was in that suit — his extreme length giving him protection —so he opened the heart three. East discarded a spade, and South of course could have taken the trick with the nine, but he thought things over! He was sure of two heart tricks in any case — whether he cashed the nine and ace, or won the first trick with the ace and led toward the queen — but there might be a decided difference in the timing of the subsequent play. With East void of hearts there was grave danger that he might have length in clubs, and if that was the case, South would have trouble finding the twelfth trick. So, after due consideration, South took the first trick with the heart ace and promptly returned the heart nine.

West saw no reason to hold up the king; he won with that card and shifted to spades. Declarer won in his own hand and cashed his four top clubs, discarding one diamond and two hearts from dummy. Now he cashed his other spade tricks, landing in dummy, and finally cashed the heart queen. At this point, East was squeezed! Earlier, West had had to give up a diamond to protect his heart jack, so East now had the unpleasant choice of discarding his high club or reducing to two diamonds, thus allowing South to run his own three diamonds.

Readers will find interest in laying out the cards and seeing for themselves that South could not have made the hand if West had played low at the second trick. The timing of the squeeze would have been destroyed.

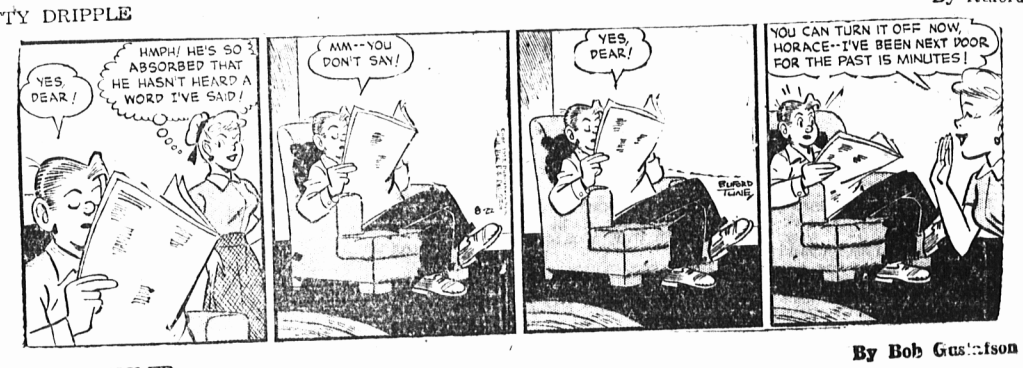
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER

By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Bob Gustafson

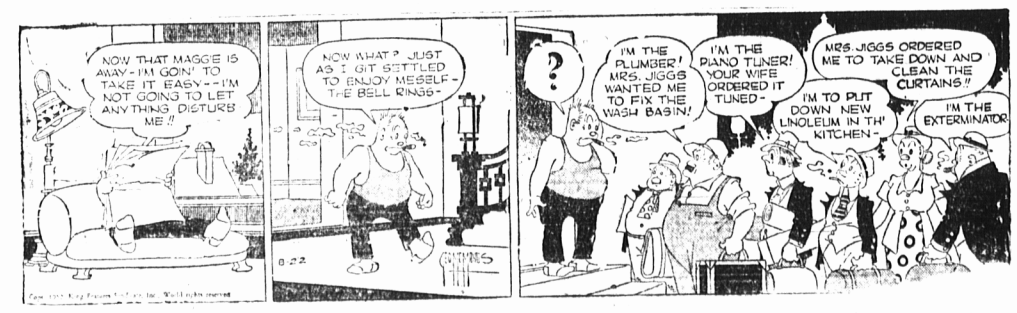
TILLY THE TOILER

By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

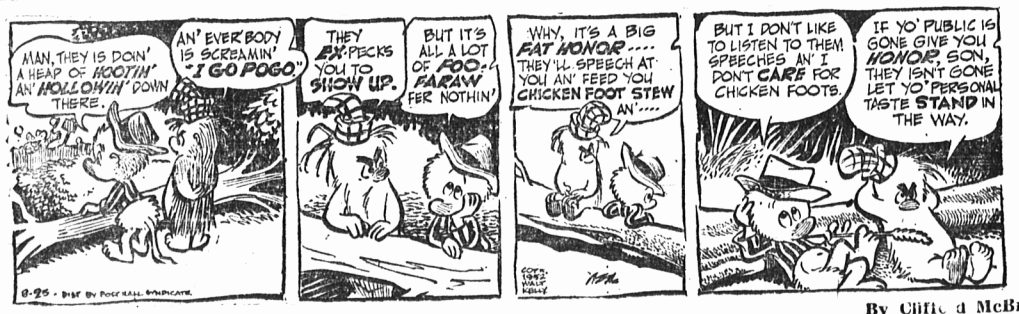
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Geo. McManus

POGO



By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

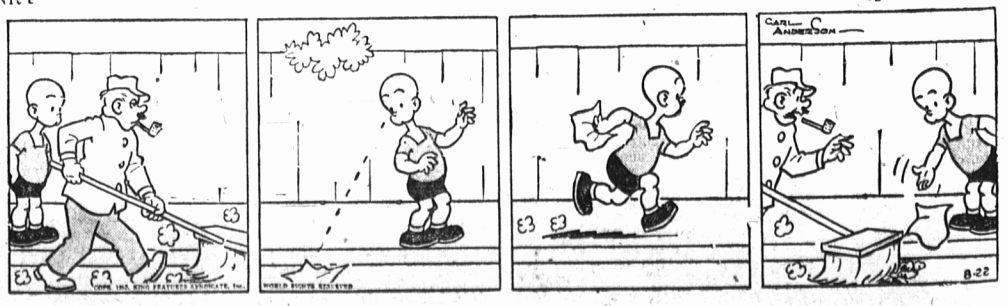
RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher