

The Flour that Blooms in the Oven
RIGHT FOR ALL YOUR BAKING!



BLOSSOM
OF CANADA
FLOUR

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)
THE TEASERS
Nothing's ever more displeasing, And there's nothing gained by teasing. —Old Mother Nature.

As so often happens in winter, Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy and others who must hunt for their food were having a hard time. There was too much snow. That was bad enough in itself, but to make matters worse it was too light for any hunting folk to get about. They were too heavy. They sank in so that they couldn't even wade about. Even if they could have, it would have done them no good, for they couldn't have moved quickly enough to catch any one. So all they could do was to keep to their dens, try to be patient and grow hungrier and hungrier. On a flat rock beside his home in the Old Briar Pasture Reddy Fox was curled up peeping over his nose warmer. What is a nose warmer? Well, in Reddy's case it is his big bushy tail. When he lies down and curls that big tail around him he buries his nose in its long hair. There Jack Frost doesn't have a chance to pinch it. There was no snow on that flat rock. The wind had blown it off. But all around that flat bare rock the snow



He got up and walked, about un- easily on that flat rock.

was too deep for a Fox to get around, to say nothing of doing any real hunting. Reddy was trying not to think how hungry he was. Of course, the more he tried not to think of it the more he did think of it. From where he lay he could look across the snow-covered Green Meadows to Farmer Brown's. Over in the henhouse there, Chanticleer, the big Rooster, crowed. He was answered by a Rooster on the next farm. Reddy heard them clearly. Faintly, because of distance, there came to his keen ears on the still frosty air the crowing of a third. Reddy stirred uneasily. "Do you hear?" he asked Mrs. Reddy, who had put her head out of their doorway. "Of course I do. I wish I didn't," declared Mrs. Reddy. "I wonder if they are doing it on purpose," said Reddy. "On purpose for what?" asked Mrs. Reddy. "On purpose to tease us," Reddy replied. He grinned just a little. It was a feeble sort of grin. Chanticleer crowed. The Rooster on the next farm crowed. The distant one crowed. Then all three crowed again. Each time Reddy felt as if his empty stomach were a little emptier. Mrs. Reddy's stomach felt the same way. She went back down underground where she couldn't hear those teasing voices. Blacky the Crow came flying over. "Caw, caw, caw! How's your appetite these days?" called Blacky as he circled once overhead. Then he chuckled. Reddy rolled his eyes up at Blacky, but said nothing. Still chuckling, Blacky flew on toward the Big River where there was open water. Sometimes he found things he could eat floating in the water. He wasn't finding it easy to get enough to eat these days himself, but having wings he could get around. He was better off than those Foxes and others who were snowbound. Those three Roosters continued to crow. They did it just as if they were purposely trying to tease Reddy Fox and any other hungry listeners. Of course they were not. Reddy knew that. But that didn't make it any easier to listen to them. Just then there was nothing in all the Great World that would have meant more to him than a plump Rooster or a fat Hen. He got up and walked about uneasily on that flat rock. He knew how those three teasers looked. He had seen them often from a distance, but not since the coming of the deep snow. They couldn't get around in that any better than he could, so they didn't mind being shut up. They, too, were prisoners of the snow but with a difference. They were in comfortable houses, warm, and with full crops, while Reddy was out in the cold with an empty stomach. He did wish they would stop crowing.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A CASE FOR INVESTIGATION

There are hands in which the declarer must assume that the cards lie favorably, for otherwise he would have no chance for his contract. There are other hands, however, that permit investigation—and today's deal was in this latter category.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

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

North's leap to three spades was inexcusably stretched—and South could not be blamed for leaping straight to the slam. The only thing South could be criticized for was for not taking advantage of the good breaks he found. West opened the club queen. South won and returned a club, his idea obviously being to ruff his third club in dummy. West, who won the club trick, aimably endorsed South's plan by leading a third round of clubs on his own account. His objective, of course, was to make dummy ruff and thereby establish West's spade jack as the sure setting trick, and this objective was attained. When South decided on the club-ruffing plan, he gambled everything on a favorable trump break. The far better idea was to find out whether or not the jack of spades was going to fall! To that purpose, South should have cashed the diamond ace and two rounds of spades. With the spade jack still out, South could now see that he could not afford to ruff a club in dummy. That being so, he would have to lead the diamond queen through for a ruffing finesse, discarding a heart then or later on dummy's fourth heart by a ruff. Then he could lead the last spade to dummy, collect the thirteen heart, and claim his contract.

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

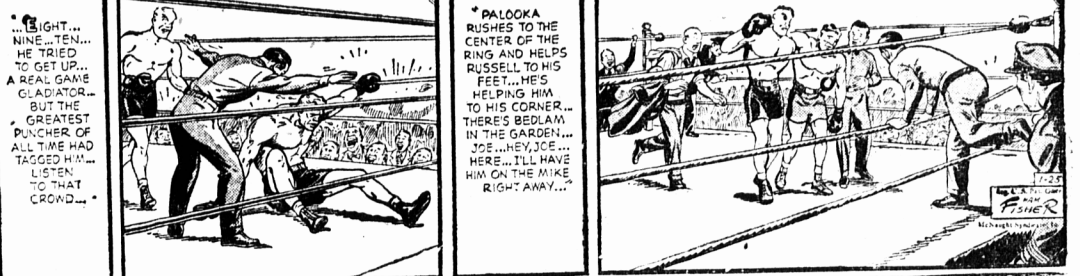
by Zane Grey



PLANNING TO MURDER KING, EH, SPICER?
...AND ME TOO?
...NO! HONEST, POST... I HEARD KING GROAN IN HIS SLEEP... YES, THAT'S IT... HE GROANED!
YOU'RE LYING, SPICER! I WAS AWAKE ALL THE TIME!
D-DON'T WAKE KING... LISTEN TO ME... I'LL MAKE YOU RICH! RICH! DO YOU HEAR?

by Ham Fisher

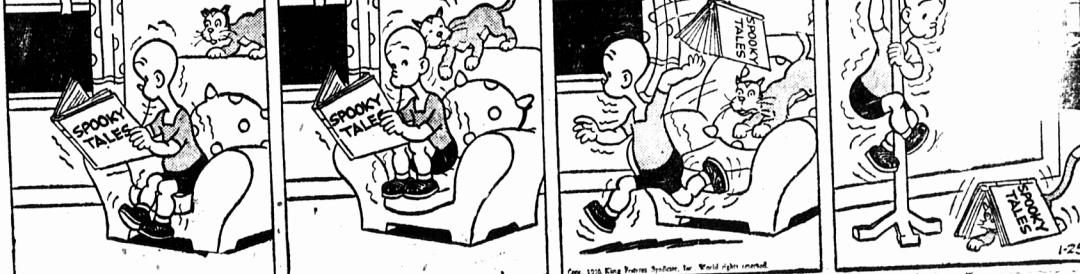
JOE PALOOKA



"EIGHT... NINE... TEN... HE TRIED TO GET UP... A REAL GAME GLADIATOR... BUT THE GREATEST PUNCHER OF ALL TIME HAD TAGGED HIM... LISTEN... THAT CROWD..."
PALOOKA RUSHES TO THE CENTER OF THE RING AND HELPS RUSSELL TO HIS FEET... HE'S HELPING HIM TO HIS CORNER... THERE'S BEDLAM IN THE GARDEN... JOE... HEY, JOE... HERE... I'LL HAVE HIM ON THE MIKE, RIGHT... AUNT...!

by Carl Anderson

HENRY



SPOOKY TALES
SPOOKY TALES
SPOOKY TALES
SPOOKY TALES

by Buford


DOTTY DIPPLE



PUFF... PUFF...
...I SHOULD'NT BE DOING THIS...
...AND GET MYSELF OUT OF BREATH!
I'LL NEED MY STRENGTH TO TALK MY WAY OUT OF COMING HOME SO LATE!!

by Edwina

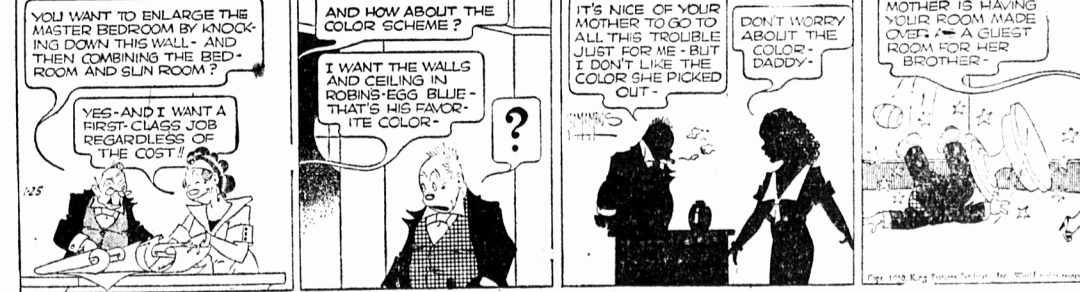
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



NOW, I'M VERY TIRED, AND I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO TALK TO ME—I STAYED UP LATE TO PACK, YOU DON'T AND I WANT TO REST. NEED TO WORRY, MRS. WHILE WE WHIFFLE—I'M JUST AS TIRED AS YOU ARE, AND...
GRAN-MA... SH-H!
MY LAND! THEY'RE SOUND ASLEEP...
I FORGOT THEY WERE THERE—I ALMOST TALKED 'BOUT 'EM—TEE-HEE!

by George M. Maus


BRINGING UP FATHER



YOU WANT TO ENLARGE THE MASTER BEDROOM BY KNOCKING DOWN THIS WALL—AND THEN COMBINING THE BEDROOM AND SUN ROOM?
AND HOW ABOUT THE COLOR SCHEME?
I WANT THE WALLS AND CEILING IN ROBINS-EGG BLUE—THAT'S HIS FAVORITE COLOR.
IT'S NICE OF YOUR MOTHER TO GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST FOR ME—BUT I DON'T LIKE THE COLOR SHE PICKED OUT.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE COLOR, DADDY.
MOTHER IS HAVING YOUR ROOM MADE OVER—IT'S A GUEST ROOM FOR HER BROTHER.

by Westover

TILLIE THE TOILER



I LOCKED MY DAUGHTER'S CLOSET'S UP. SHE CAME HERE WEARING THESE UNDER MY COAT.
THESE PATAMAS ARE OUT OF OUR STOCK.
SHE BOUGHT 'EM WHILE SHE WAS STILL WORKING HERE.
TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!
LET ME TALK TO MR. MANLEY.
THIS WOMAN'S GOT A YARN THAT ONLY A WOMAN'D THINK UP AND ONLY A WOMAN'D BELIEVE.

by Harry Hoegen

PENNY



WELL, DEAR, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE MOVIE?
WELL, MOTHER...
IT WAS THE SAME OLD STARS, THE SAME OLD STORY...
THE SAME OLD JOES, THE SAME OLD SONGS—IT WAS SO DULL WE GOT UP AND LEFT...
AFTER WE'D ONLY SEEN IT A MERE TWICE.

BURNS CONCERT

WEDNESDAY — THURSDAY
JAN 25th — JAN 26th
Prince of Wales Auditorium
At 8 p.m.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor J. A. Bernard and Mrs. Bernard, Premier J. Walter Jones and Mrs. Jones, His Worship Mayor B. Earle Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald.

PROGRAM
Pipe Selection Caledonia Pipers
Opening Remarks W. R. Shaw
Chorus Zion Girls Choir
Address on Burns Frank MacKinnon
Solo Dorothy MacLaren
Highland Fling Mrs. John MacKinnon
Quartette Brooklyn Quartette
Violin Solo Basil Phillips
Solo (Selected) Christine King

Intermission
Pipe Selection Caledonia Pipers
Solo John Bears
Violin (Selected) Archie Hume
Solo (Novelty) Mrs. John MacKinnon
Bagpipe Selection Donald MacLeod
Duet John Bears - Mrs. W. Goss
Piano Duet Frank Johnson - O. K. Presby
Quartette Brooklyn Quartette
Auld Lang Syne
— King —
ADMISSION 50 CENTS

THE CHARLOTTETOWN BOARD OF TRADE

EXTENDS A CORDIAL INVITATION TO INTERESTED FARMERS to attend their JANUARY MONTHLY DINNER MEETING CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL, WED., JAN. 25th, 1950. Time—6 P. M. Price—\$1.25 Guest Speaker—W. R. SHAW, Deputy Minister of Agriculture on "PUBLIC RELATIONS BETWEEN THE BUSINESSMAN AND THE FARMER" (For reservations call the Secretary, phone 1874, before Wednesday noon).

ATTENTION GURNSEY BREEDERS

A MEETING WILL BE HELD FRIDAY, JANUARY 27th AT 2:30 P.M. In The DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE BUILDING This Meeting is important and full attendance is requested. J. R. CARR, Secretary.

LIL ABNER



I WISH I WERE AS NORMAL AS YOUR BOY!! SO HE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE EXPRESSION ON A GIRL'S KNEECAP!! THAT PROVES HE'S SANE, YOU NUT?
WELL, IF YOU'VE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE EXPRESSION ON A GIRL'S KNEECAP!! SO, AH BELIEVES YOU—
BECAUSE 'YO' IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST PSYCHIA-TRIST DR. SHNOOK!
HOW TRUE??—NOW, IF YOUR BOY FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL'S FACE—THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT??
A GIRL'S FACE CAN BE MADE UP TO FOOL A MAN!!—BUT A KNEECAP—MA? THERE'S AN HONEST ARTICLE FOR YOU??
THEIR EXPRESSIONS CAN'T BE CHANGED!! KNEECAPS ARE AS HONEST AS THE DAY IS LONG!! KNEECAPS YOU CAN TRUST!!
YASSUH!!

by Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY



ARE YOU MISS KAREN CARLY? THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU...
IT MIGHT BE RIP, OR YOUR MOTHER...
HOW ODD...
WHY, MOMS! WHERE ON EARTH ARE YOU? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
OH, KAREN, FORGIVE ME! I... I TOOK SOMETHING AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!