

# NOTICE

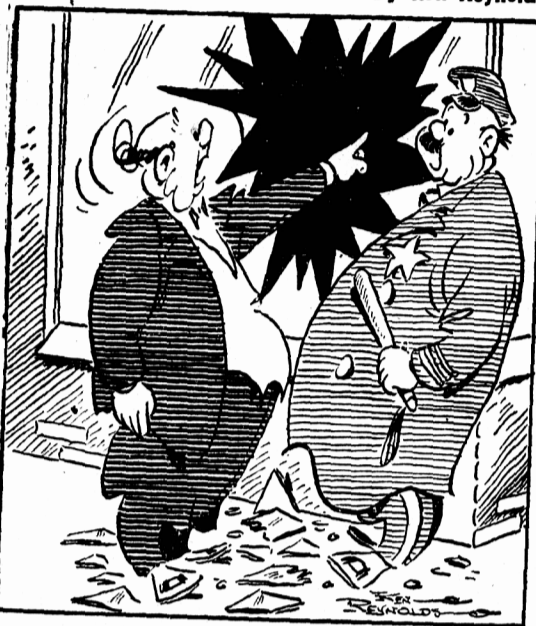
To Members of the Women's Institutes, also others interested in The Better Farm Homes Competition:

Extra copies of the List of Questions may be obtained by writing to:

THE PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, CHARLOTTETOWN

### Quickies

By Ken Reynolds



"My Guardian Want Ad said 'Jewelry Clearance'—but didn't expect such quick results!"

### Nono and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



### THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



### KIP KIRBY



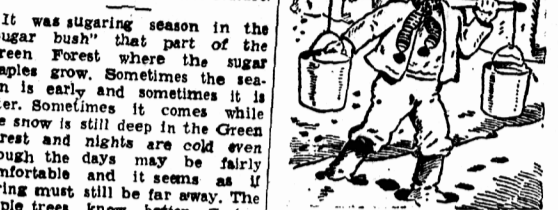
# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

### THE FUNNY FEELING OF FARMER BROWN'S BOY

Let no one be too sure that he is where no watching eyes can see. —Old Mother Nature.



It was sugaring season in the "sugar bush" that part of the Green Forest where the sugar maples grow. Sometimes the season is early and sometimes it is late. Sometimes it comes while the snow is still deep in the Green Forest and nights are cold even though the days may be fairly comfortable and it seems as if spring must still be far away. The maples know better. Spring is already there, but hidden deep in the ground, busy at their roots every day sending the sap up the trunks out all the branches to every little twig. And when at night Jack Frost sends most of it back down again she is not discouraged, but sends it all up again the next day when Jack Frost retires. It is when the sap is going up and down, up and down that the sugar makers are busy, tapping the trees to get the running sap, and boiling it down to make maple syrup and maple sugar. When Jack Frost falls to force the sap back down there is soon enough up in all part of the tree, then it stops running and that is the end of the sugar season. So sometimes it is long and sometimes very short, depending on the weather.

Farmer Brown's boy loves sugar making. There is plenty of hard work tramping from tree to tree every so often as the pails fill, carrying the sap to the sugar house where it is boiled down to syrup and sugar. Chopping wood, keeping the fire going under the evaporator. But it is all fun, and Farmer Brown's boy loves it. A sap pail full of sap is heavy. To make it easier to carry two pails at once, one in each hand, he had a wooden yoke made especially to fit across his shoulders. Suspended from the ends of this yoke were two pails, one for each hand. He was collecting the sap from a pail at one of the trees, farthest from the sugar house. A funny feeling crept over him. He stopped what he was doing and stared all around. No one was to be seen. He listened. It was so still that he could hear the sap when it dropped in the nearest pail. It was a stillness, that could be felt. But that wasn't the funny feeling. Farmer Brown's boy had as he looked and he wasn't alone; that he was being watched. Now the eyes of Farmer Brown's boy are very good eyes and he knows how to use them. He used them now as carefully as he knew how. Slowly he turned so as to look thoroughly in every direction. He saw no one, not any sign of any one.

"It must be my imagination," thought he as he went on with his work. But that funny feeling persisted. It went right along with him. Two or three times he turned suddenly, thinking to catch some one following him. He didn't. Still he didn't get rid of that funny feeling. "Unseen eyes were watching him." All the way back to the sugar house he felt those eyes. Not until he was inside the house did that feeling leave him. Farmer Brown who had been working in another direction, came in a few minutes later.

"Have you seen anybody around?"

For reasons known only to himself, West decided that it would be futile to open the spade suit, and after much flogging of other cards he selected his singleton club. Dummy won with the queen, while East signalled frantically with a high spade. The ace and king of diamonds were then cashed, after which declarer led a trump to his own hand and threw off dummy's singleton spade on the diamond queen. Declarer now ruffed a spade high in dummy, then again went to his own hand with a trump in order to ruff his last spade. Now he led the heart three to his own ace and returned the heart six toward dummy's 10-4.

"West 'wasted' no thought at this point! Delighted to take a trick with the heart jack, he promptly played that card, only to be severely shocked when East, forced to overtake with the heart queen, had to concede the slam contact by leading a spade or a diamond. This was exactly what South had been angling for! He ruffed in his own hand while he threw off that!

It is true that East could have "got out of the way" by playing the dummy's last heart, and that was heart queen at the very first opportunity, but this was asking a great deal of him; and besides, East was no doubt a bit upset over the opening lead!

By Alex Raymond



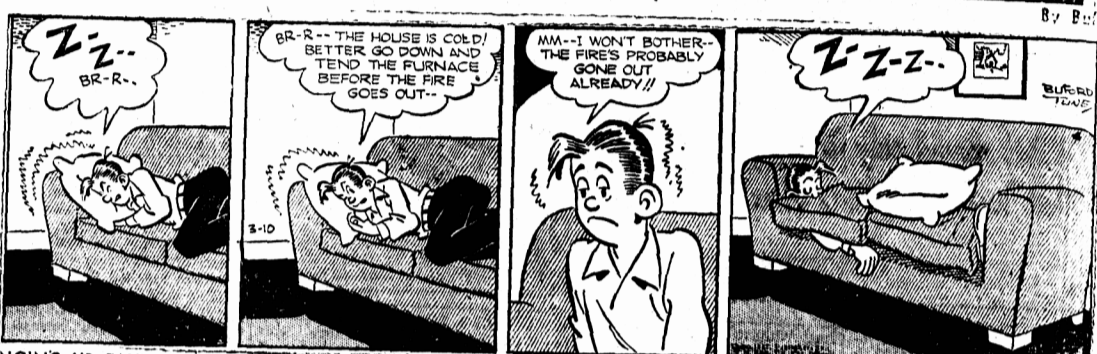
### KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFD



By Zane Grey



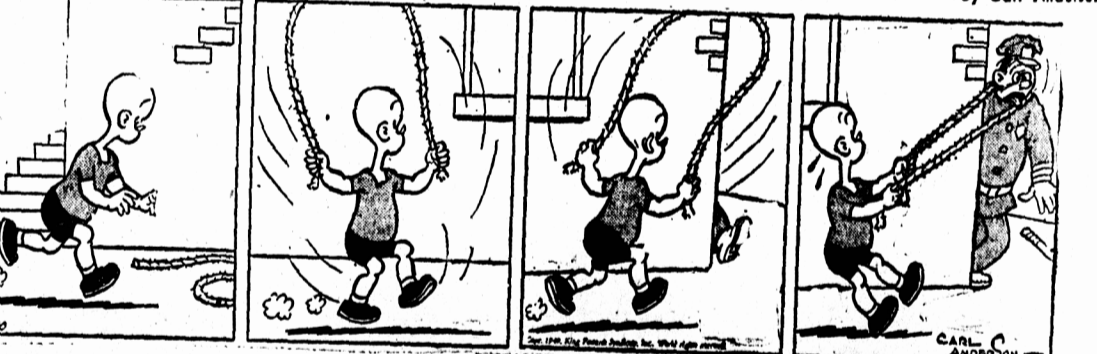
By Ham Fish



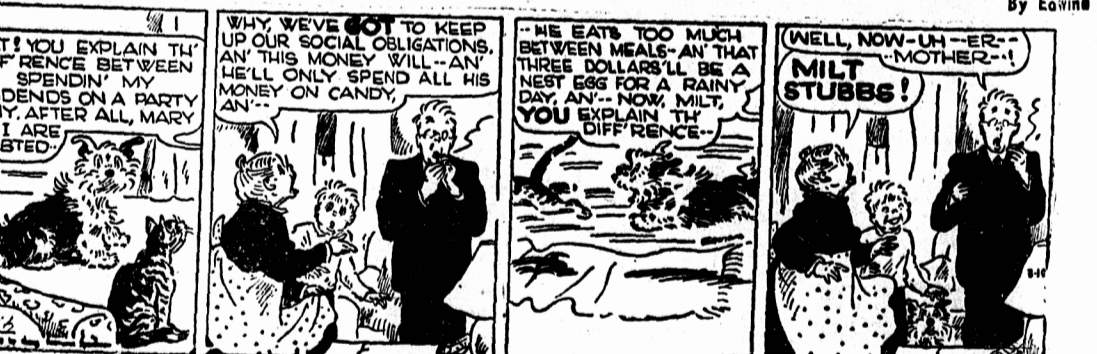
By George M. M.



By Carl Anderson



By Eowyn



By Webster



By Harry Hoenigson

