(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WELCOME ROBIN HOLDS HIS TONGUE

Wise is he who holds his tongue.
From him no secrets can be wrung.
—Old Mr. Toad

In Farmer Brown's garden Welcome Robin watched Old Mr. Toad and Young Toad bury themselves. He had seen Old Mr. Toad do the same thing before for they were old time friends. He had seen other members of Old Mr. Toad's family do the same thing. Despite the many times he had seen this done he couldn't get used to it. They buried themselves completely. Each dug a hole under himself, and as he dug sank lower and lower until finally the earth fell in over him.

Hardly were they completely buried when Mr. Blacksnake came slithering from among the cabbages. He paused to look this way and that way. He seemed to be disappointed.

"Are you looking for someone?" asked Welcome Robin, as politely as he knew how. He doesn't like Mr. Blacksnake and it wasn't easy to be polite.

"I'm looking for Old Mr. Toad or one of his family. Have you seen them about?" asked Mr. Blacksnake.

"Why do you want to know?" asked Welcome Robin.

"Are you looking for someone?" asked Welcome Robin, as politely as he knew how.

"Is that any business of yours?" hissed Mr. Blacksnake.

"It might be," declared Welcome Robin. "I am rather fond of Old Mr. Toad. I have known him for a long time. I would hate to see any harm happen to him."

"Who said any harm was likely to happen to him?" hissed Mr. Blacksnake. He sounded a bit angry.

"No one," replied Welcome Robin sweetly. "With you around I don't need to be told. I haven't forgotten the time you climbed to our nest and frightened Mrs. Robin almost to death and stole our eggs."

"What are eggs for if not to be eaten?" hissed Old Mr. Blacksnake. "I wish I had some this minute. But a Toad would do almost as well. Where is Old Mr. Toad? Don't tell me you haven't seen him, for I know you have."

"I didn't say so," snapped Welcome Robin.

"You didn't have to, hissed Mr. Blacksnake. He was growing more and more angry. "If he is around here I'll find him."

"If it will be so easy to find him why ask me where he is?" retorted Welcome Robin.

Mr. Blacksnake said nothing. He began to slowly move about this way and that. He continually darted his slender tongue out. You know it is forked, which makes it look like a double tongue. That tongue is very important to their owners. It is by means of their tongues that they learn very much of what is about them.

Several times Mr. Blacksnake crawled right over Old Mr. Toad and Young Toad buried in the ground. Welcome Robin wanted to chuckle, but he didn't. He was too wise to do that. He was fearful that if he did so, Mr. Blacksnake might suspect where Old Mr. Toad was.

"Are you very hungry?" asked Welcome Robin. He tried to sound very polite.

"Yes, I am," hissed Mr. Blacksnake.

"Well, I hope you stay hungry," snapped Welcome Robin, which of course wasn't a kind thing to say. He was thinking of those eggs Mr. Blacksnake had stolen, and of the baby Birds that Mr. Blacksnake had taken from their nests and others he would take if he had a chance.

Meanwhile, down in the ground, Old Mr. Toad and Young Toad were keeping quiet just as they had once before when Mr. Blacksnake's cousin Bluffer the Adder had come looking for them. Once more they had proved how important it is to be prepared at all times for what can happen.

IRISH TOMATO

EDMONTON — (CP) — The Irish must be taking over tomatoes as well as the traditional Irish potato. Miss Mabel Scott found in her garden here a tomato in the shape of a shamrock.

Wood Islands Caribou Ferry Service

THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND NOVA SCOTIA

The Prince Nova and Charles A. Dunning operate on the following schedule.

(Standard Time)

OCTOBER 1st TO OCTOBER 24th

Leave Wood Islands—		
Prince Nova	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	4 p.m.
Leave Caribou—		
Charles A. Dunning	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	4 p.m.

OCTOBER 25th TO NOVEMBER 30th

Leave Wood Islands—		
Prince Nova	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Leave Caribou—		
Charles A. Dunning	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	3 p.m.

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BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall

TONIGHT

8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A NEW FORM OF "POSTMORTEM"

The American Contract Bridge League is to be applauded for a new service to players who reach the final round of national tournaments. The League sends out records of the hands themselves, voluminous statistics showing the contracts reached by each pair, and the comparative match-point standing. It is extremely interesting to go over these records after the tournament and observe the multiplicity of contracts and results.

Consider the following deal, for example:

South dealer.
East-West vulnerable.

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

West: ♠ K Q J 6 ♥ K 10 8 6 3 ♦ J 9 8 ♣ 9

East: ♠ 8 7 2 ♥ J 9 7 ♦ A Q 10 3 ♣ 7 4 3

South: ♠ A 10 9 5 4 ♥ 5 4 ♦ K 7 2 ♣ A K 8

The record discloses that 14 of the 36 North-South pairs who played this board failed to reach the laydown game at three notrump. Eight pairs ended up at three clubs; two at two notrump, and one at two spades. The other three pairs at least tried to "get somewhere"; they doubled opposing two-heart contracts, and though their efforts were not successful (since these East-Wests were defeated only 200 points), the penalty double was better than a craven part-score contract.

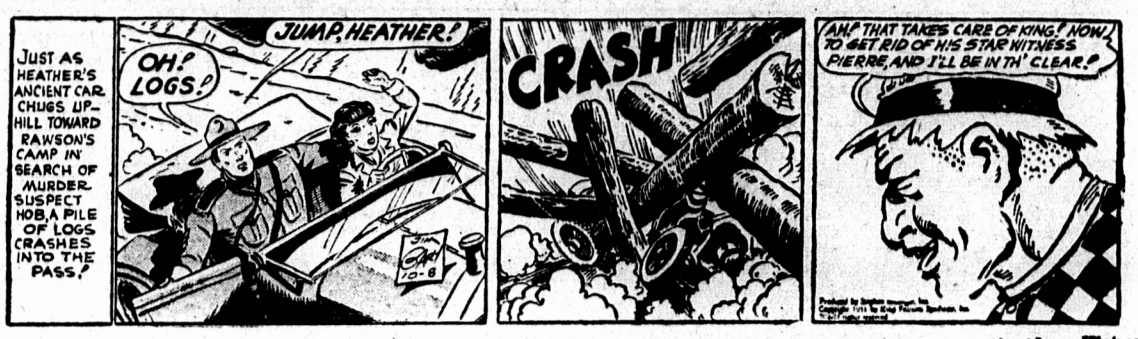
Even without knowing what went on at each and every table, it is still possible to make a shrewd guess over the flaw in the North-South open with one spade, and that almost every West passed. Going further, we can also take it for granted that the usual reponse was two clubs—and now it was up to South to make or break his own side.

Over the two-club response, there is only one rebid that South can logically make, and that is a raise to three clubs. In no other way can he convey the information which North so urgently requires — namely, that he can expect to run his club suit at notrump. After that raise, North can either equivocate by bidding hearts, or can take the plunge in notrump himself.

Many Souths undoubtely rebid the spade suit, however, and once they took that course, it was virtually impossible to reach three notrump.

The world's first co-operative daily was founded in 1882 at Hjedding in Denmark.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

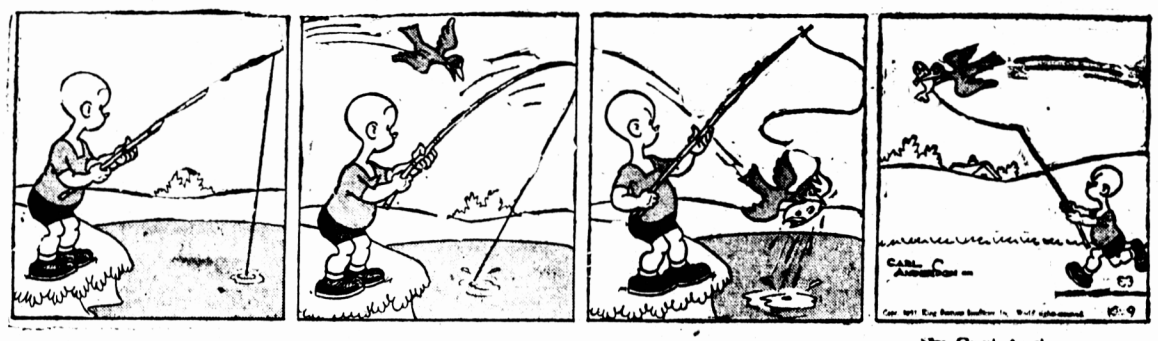


By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

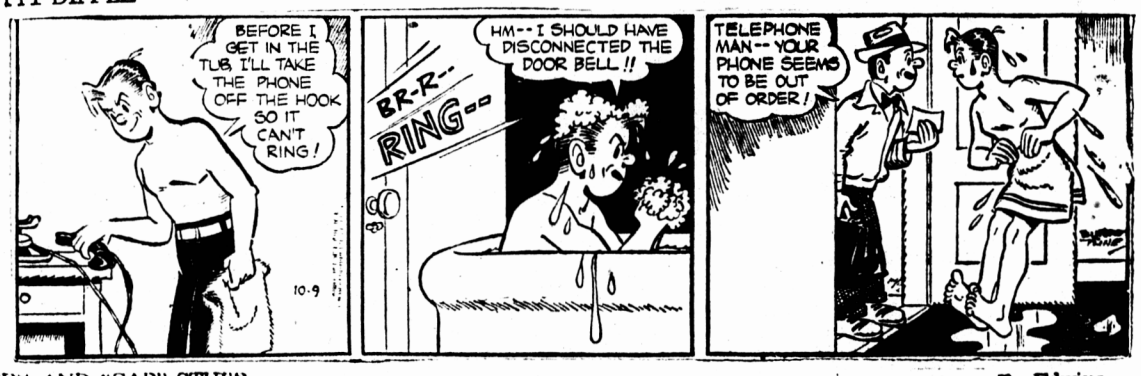
By Ruford

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

POGO

By WALT KELLY

LI'L ABNER

By Al Capp

TILLY THE TOILER

By Westover

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen