

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE EDGE OF THE GREEN FOREST

Nothing venture, nothing see. It's worth a chance, you will agree. —Peter Rabbit

Over in the Green Forest two little Bears were out. They were Tooty Bear and Taddy Bear. They had disobeyed mother, had not kept close to her heels as she had told them to. Now, they didn't know where mother was, and mother didn't know where they were. They didn't know where the home den was.

Foks who are not usually wander about. It would be better to stay in one place, but they seldom do. Mother Bear's little black imps wandered about. Of course the more they wandered about the more they became. Of course they saw many things. Every one they saw something new. They forgot that they were lost. They forgot to whimper and be afraid. They wandered this way, they wandered that way. All the time they were drawing near to the edge of the Green Forest. Finally they reached it.

Having been born in the Green Forest and having lived all of their short lives there, they knew nothing of meadows and pastures. They knew nothing of large open spaces with no trees at all, or only a few scattered ones. So when at long last they came out of the Green Forest and saw the great open landscape before them, it was as if they had walked into another world all together. They stood and stared and stared and stared. Why were there so few trees out there? In the distance was a small village, but of course they didn't know what it was. Never had they seen a house, a barn, or a building of any kind.

Not too far away were farm buildings. There was a house, a barn, some sheds and a farmhouse. Near the house was a small orchard. There was a pasture and in the pasture were several cows. How those two little Bears did stare at those cows! They gazed at the big Mother Bear, but her queer looking they were! What could those strange things on their heads be?

Out of the house came a strange person walking on only two legs. Two smaller folk followed him. They walked across to the barn and disappeared inside. The little cubs watched and watched for them. But the patience of little Bears, like the patience of little boys and girls, is never very long. Besides, there were so many other things, strange things, queer things, wonderful things to be seen.

Without really knowing they were doing it, the Cubs moved little by little away from the Green Forest. They just had to get near-



They stood and stared and stared and stared.

er some of those strange things. They just had to find out what they were. They were careful to cross the pasture at a distance from the cows. While crossing the pasture they really hurried. And they kept close together. Once one of the Cubs moaned. You should have seen those little black imps run then! Their sound was worse than mother's deepest growl. They panicked under the fence and each drew a long breath. They were nearly over to the orchard. They had headed for that, for all the trees growing there. They thought they would feel safer and better with trees all around them. They had just learned to climb, and they had a feeling of safety in a tree. They had a feeling that they might climb out of danger when they couldn't run out of it. So now, they were heading for the orchard.

If they got up in one of those trees they could see better and watch better what was going on around that barnyard.

They were startled by a sharp snap. It was a sound they had never heard before, and they didn't like it. They turned their heads to see a small dog racing across the doorway toward them. It was the first dog they ever had seen. They didn't know anything about dogs. They didn't like the looks of this one. He wasn't any bigger than themselves, but he was coming as if he meant to do them some harm. You should have seen them scamper then. They made for the nearest tree on the edge of the orchard. They scrambled up in it like a couple of squirrels. You never could have guessed that they had only just learned to climb.

They were up in that tree just in time. At the foot of it that dog kept jumping up. Right away they saw that he couldn't climb. He barked and barked and barked as if trying to bark his head off. But barking didn't hurt. How glad they were they had learned to climb!



The Contest Committee of the Prince Edward Island Musical Festival Association some time ago announced a contest for a crest to symbolize the all-embracing character of Canadian music as manifested in the Festival movement. This crest should be suitable for use on Festival stationery, trophies, etc. Contestants had till April first to submit their entries. By that time Mrs. W. R. Shaw as convener of the Contest Committee had received six entries that conformed to the requirements set forth in the rules and regulations. Miss Elizabeth Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Martin, and now resident in Halifax, submitted the design that won first place. This entitled Miss Martin to the Association prize of \$25.00. Two other designs were considered of such high merit that with the winning design they were forwarded to Saint John to be entered in the National Contest, the winner of which will receive a prize of \$100.00.

Of the two designs forwarded to Saint John that of Miss Martin, one is the work of William Nelson, Highland Avenue, at present a student in Prince of Wales College; the other is the work of Earle C. Norris, North River Road.

The Contest Committee expresses its appreciation of the response to its offer, and extends to all contestants sincere thanks. There appears to be much latent artistic talent in our Province.

## Seven Days A Week

Continued from page 2

seller of Sterling, Mass., conceived the idea for a set of graded men's shirt patterns for clothes, and they sold like hot cakes.

One winter evening his wife remarked that a great many mothers would like patterns from which to make their children's clothes. So a pattern for a baby's dress was drafted and graded from measurements taken on a small nephew. All patterns were cut from tissue paper and put up in neat bundles by the family. They were sold through agents, one of whom, Jones Morrow Wilder, came in one day to say that women up in the country were asking for patterns for their own clothes. So a woman's wrapper pattern was drafted on Ellen Butterick's dining room table.

The business grew rapidly and in 1867 Mr. Butterick moved it to New York. Mr. Wilder joined the firm and had a brilliant idea — make the masses pattern-conscious with a fashion magazine. The result was the Metropolitan, started in 1869 with an editor (Mr. Wilder), a

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton  
END-POSITIONS

One of the best ways to become skilled in the play of the cards is to work on end-positions. The following hand led to an interesting one.

South dealer.  
North-South vulnerable.

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

♠ J 9 8 3  
♥ K J 5 4  
♦ 9 7  
♣ J 8 6

N W E S  
♠ A 10 8  
♥ K 8 5  
♦ 10 9 7 5  
♣ A K Q 4

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass  
2 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass  
4 ♠ Pass Pass Pass

West opened the four of hearts; East put up the ace and returned a low heart. South ruffed, then cashed the ace and queen of trumps. East's showing out was disturbing, but South still was hopeful. He led a club to his hand and finessed the diamond queen through West. East won and returned another heart, and of course declarer had to ruff this trick or face certain defeat. The situation now was:

♠ 5  
♥ A 10 4 3  
♦ 3  
♣ —

♠ J 9  
♥ K  
♦ J 8  
♣ —

N W E S  
♠ —  
♥ 8 5  
♦ 10 9 7  
♣ K

♠ —  
♥ J 6  
♦ A K 4  
♣ —

South had lost only two tricks up to this point — the heart ace and the diamond king — and so could afford to lose one more, but not two. He went wrong; he tried to cash two diamonds. West ruffed and returned the spade jack — and South was left with a losing club.

This end position is trickier than it may look. The only way for South to win out is to cash the two good clubs and the diamond jack, then to lead his low club. Now West is faced. If he discards the heart king, dummy ruffs; if West ruffs first, he must give declarer the last two tricks.

writer and an office boy. Newspapers and the magazine jobs of publicity were asked for patterns for their own clothes. So a woman's wrapper pattern was drafted on Ellen Butterick's dining room table. The business grew rapidly and in 1867 Mr. Butterick moved it to New York. Mr. Wilder joined the firm and had a brilliant idea — make the masses pattern-conscious with a fashion magazine. The result was the Metropolitan, started in 1869 with an editor (Mr. Wilder), a Sunday; St. Francis de Sales said, "The test of a preacher is that his congregation goes away saying not, 'What a lovely sermon,' but 'I will do something.' Think of all the things we can do. The list is unending. Maybe it's only a visit to a sick neighbor, a few books passed on for another's pleasure, or a batch of cookies baked for a motherless brood, but it all adds up to good living. Remember the man who is wrapped up in himself makes a very, very small parcel!"

## NOTICE

Albert Machon will begin hauling cream on Murray Harbour South route Thursday, April 23, same route as last season. Once weekly until further notice.

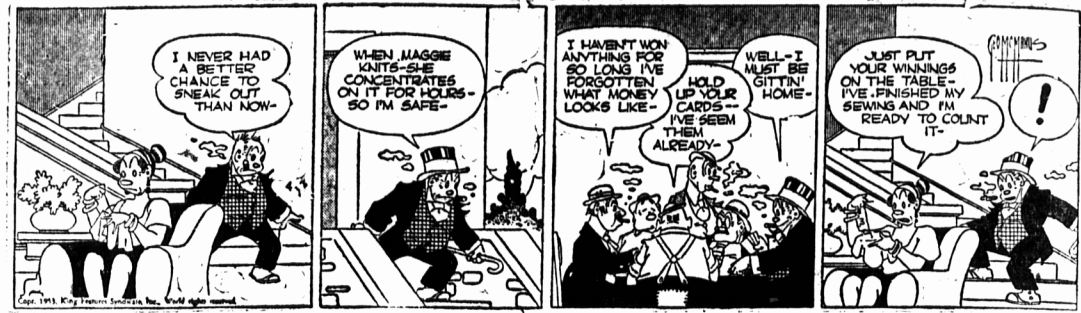
Signed,  
HAZELBROOK DAIRYING CO.

## KING COLE TEA

ALWAYS at flavour peak!

## Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



## Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



## Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwins



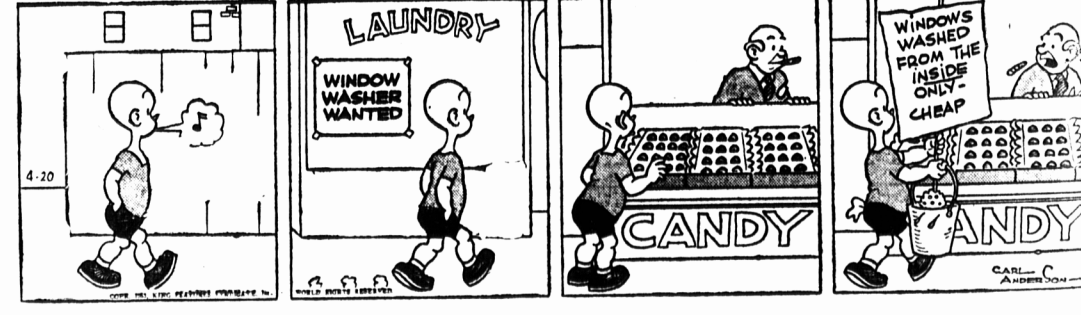
## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



## Henry

By Carl Anderson



## Pogo

By Walt Kelly



## PENNY

By Harry Hoerigsen



## THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... FIRST IMPRESSIONS MEAN SO MUCH

JOE DON'T FORGET YOU'RE COMING TO THE HOUSE TO MEET THE FOLKS TOMORROW EVENING.

GOSH I HOPE HE COMBS HIS MOP!

LOOK CHUM, I'M WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... IT'S A BIG NIGHT FOR MARY DON'T LET HER DOWN GET SOME WILDROOT AND TAME THAT HAIR!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, PA? I SEEMS A SMART YOUNG FELLOW.

NICE BOY.

GOOD LOOKING TOO!

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC

GROOMS HAIR BELIEVES DRESS REHEARSE BARDIFF!

NON-ALCOHOLIC Contains LANOLIN

## King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



## L'il Abner

By Al Capp

