

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TURN AND TURN ABOUT

Turn and turn about, turn and turn about. Puts monarchy to rout.

—Rattles the Kingfisher

Mrs. Rattles was having her way. Probably from the first. Rattles knew she would have her way in the end. But he held out for quite a while. She wanted to make their home in a sand pit quite a long distance from the nearest water. He wanted that new home either in a bank of the Big River, or a bank of the Smiling Pool. He had a good reason for wanting a home in one of those two places. Either one would be close to good fishing, and this would save a lot of hard fishing when there was a nestful of hungry babies to be fed.



Mr. and Mrs. Rattles were resting.

When he saw that Mrs. Rattles really had made up her mind, and couldn't be changed, he joined her and at once went to work to help her select just the right place. You see it wouldn't do at all just to dig a hole anywhere in that sand pit. It must be dug at the safest possible place. It must be dug where no one could easily climb up to it from below. Also, it must be where no one could get to it easily from above. Then, too, it must be dug where the sand was not too loose. Loose sand would mean falling sand, and their tunnel, or long hall, might be easily filled. This wouldn't do at all. On the other hand, it must be dug where the digging would not be too hard; where there would not be too much clay or too many stones in the way. So, finding just the right spot was important.

Finally they decided just where to go to work. The sand had to be loosened with their big bills, then pushed and kicked behind them with their small feet until it fell out of the hole they were digging, and trickled down to the bottom of the sand pit. Rattles is a worker. He does his share and perhaps a little more. Perhaps he feels that because Mrs. Rattles does most of the sitting on the eggs, he should do an extra lot of work in digging their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Rattles were

resting. That hole in the bank had already been dug quite a distance. The longer they made their hall or tunnel, the more work there was, for the loosened sand had to be pushed out the long length of the hall. So now and then they stopped to rest, or to go fishing.

"I'm glad we are Sandpeckers and not Woodpeckers," said Rattles.

"What do you mean Sandpeckers?" demanded Mrs. Rattles.

Rattles chuckled. "That's what Grandfather Frog calls us," said he. "He says that feathered folk that peck holes in trees are called Woodpeckers, so why shouldn't we, who peck holes in sand banks, be called Sandpeckers. That's what we really are."

"I think we've dug a long enough hall, and should now dig a bedroom," declared Mrs. Rattles.

Rattles shook his tousled head. "It is very much better to be safe than sorry. And the longer the less danger there is that any one will try to get to our nest," said Rattles.

Mrs. Rattles said nothing, but went back to work. When she came out for a moment, Rattles took her place. It was turn and turn about.

The next story. Yes or No?

ANNANDALE SCHOOL REPORT

Report of Annandale School for May

- Grade VIII — 1. Eleanor Norton; 2. Belle Campbell.
- Grade VII — 1. Leonard Campbell.
- Grade VI — 1. Sandra; 2. Randy Jenkins; 3. Katherine Campbell.
- Grade IV Sr. — 1. Patty Jenkins; 2. Laura Jenkins; 3. Gordon Blackett.
- Grade IV Jr. — 1. Clara Mae MacDonald; 2. George MacDonald; 3. Judy Metcalfe.
- Grade III — 1. Judy Metcalfe; 2. Helen Campbell.
- Grade II — 1. Mary Jenkins; 2. Lynda MacFarlane; 3. Sidney MacDonald.
- Grade I Sr. — 1. Johnny Bouchard; 2. Johnny Campbell.
- Grade I Jr. — 1. Marshall MacDonald.

Highest average in the Senior

grades, Eleanor Norton, 96 per cent.

Highest average in the Junior grades, Mary Jenkins, 92 per cent.

Teacher: Mrs. Helen Cobb.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Igloos and mushing dog sleds are as much a part of the Rev. J. H. Webster as the Bible and the Church of England Missions he has established, in the vast expanse of our Canadian Arctic.

The Rev. Mr. Webster and his wife have become a legend among the people of the cold wastes of the north. Together they have travelled more than 60,000 miles across ice and snow by dog-team, delivering the gospel and at the same time bringing up a family of two daughters.

Born in Sheffield, England, the minister was a chemist in a steel mill when he felt the urge to enter the ministry. The Anglican Church sent him to Emmanuel College in Saskatoon, where he was graduated in 1927. One year later the little girl back home crossed the ocean and became the bride of the minister.

Life has been rough in the cold Northland.

One of the roughest encounters of any man was the minister's survival through a five-day blizzard. Webster had set out by dog-team on a 12-mile jaunt from Coppermine to a sealing camp when the storm overtook him. He lost his lead dog and the rest of the pack refused to move. In despair, the minister set out to locate the missing dog and got lost himself when snow covered up the trail. He dug into the white mass as instinctively as one of his sled dogs. A searching party found him, weak from hunger, but suffering only minor frost-bite.

The Webster children, Ann and Marguerite, grew up like any Eskimo child would. They learned the Eskimo language as early as they could talk and played "house" with pint-sized igloos. Ann is now a nurse-in-training at Victoria, B. C. Marguerite is a student in high school.

For the past two years the Websters have lived as "civilized" residents of Aklavik, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

The above little story was sent to *Strange But True* from a resident of Victoria, British Columbia.

but in prayers and every phase of the work. Questions were asked by the members and capably answered by Mrs. Cutcliffe.

Minutes of last meeting were read by the secretary, Mrs. Windsor Bell, and approved and signed. Roll call was answered by 12 members. The Supply Secretary reported having sent cards to a Sanitorium in N. S. The Community Friendship secretary reported 20 home calls, one hospital call, 13 cards, 14 treats and

two flowers.

A missionary Rally is to be held here during the summer, the date to be announced later. Meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Cutcliffe and Miss Beneditus. Next place of meeting undecided. Word for roll call, "Grace".

HYMN WRITER

English Bishop Reginald Heber, who died in 1826, wrote many well-known hymns such as "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson



Josephine Culbertson

RARE TYPE OF PLAY

EVERY play known at double-dummy (i.e., with all the cards exposed) also comes up, of course, in normal bridge games, and truly expert declarers can execute most of these plays without difficulty.

There is one type of play, however, that occurs (or can occur) so rarely that most experts have never seen it in actual practice, much less executed the type themselves.

The play is based, paradoxically enough, on the good fortune of having a sure loser instead of a sure winner in a certain suit! Here is the classic example:

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

Suppose you are South, and

that the opponents (very kindly) permit you to play a four-spade contract. Can you make it against perfect defense? No, you cannot. There is no earthly way by which you can avoid the loss of four tricks in the red suits.

Now, however, suppose that you have another loser—suppose that West allows you to trade your club king for his club four. Can you make the four-spade contract now? This looks like a silly question since you have surrendered a full trick. But don't jump to conclusions, for the fantastic fact is that you now can make four spades against any defense! Exchange the king and four of clubs and see for yourself.

West's opening lead doesn't matter—assume that he chooses his newly-acquired club king. You win with the ace and draw trumps. Cash the diamond ace and the heart ace, and then simply exit with that club four which West traded to you.

West, forced on lead, has his first trick, and when he leads another club, he has his second, because you discard a heart from dummy and a diamond from your own hand.

Now give him still another club trick—his third—discarding dummy's last heart and your own last diamond. But that is the last trick for the defense, because now you have a perfect cross-ruff.

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ANNUAL MEETING

OF REBEKAH DISTRICT ASSOCIATION NUMBER 14

will be held in Alpha Rebekah Lodge Rooms, Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7th

Sessions will commence at 2 p.m.

Memorial Service at 7 p.m.

Regular meeting of Alpha Rebekah Lodge, No. 10 at 8 p.m.

(All Times City Time)

JEAN SMITH, Pres.

PEGGY DENNIS, Sec'y.

GREGOR HOTEL

BRACKLEY BEACH

Open June 1st for

Banquets —

Wedding Receptions —

Private Parties —

Write or Phone Covehead R4-11

CHANGE IN BUSINESS HOURS

Our warehouse and yard will operate on the following opening and closing hours, until further notice:—

MONDAY TO FRIDAY—7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

(Daylight Saving Time)

SATURDAY—7:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

MAURICE BLOCK & CO.

FOR CAREFREE SUMMER DRIVING

...BUY B.F. Goodrich TIRES

THE COMPLETE LINE OF TUBELESS TIRES

- ✓ PUNCTURE PROTECTION
- ✓ BLOWOUT PROTECTION
- ✓ PROVEN PERFORMANCE

NOW! AT YOUR TUBELESS TIRE HEADQUARTERS

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St. Louis, P.E.J.

Drive out ACHES

JUST RUB IN MINARD'S LINIMENT

THE KING OF PAIN

MINARD'S LINIMENT

The smooth chewing wakes up your smile - while it helps to keep your mouth fresh and clean!

Enjoy chewing Wrigley's Spearmint every day!

FEARLESS FOSDICK
BY AL CAPP

YOU'RE NO DUMMY! EVEN IN THE DARK, I CAN SPOT A PICK-POCKET LIKE YOU—SHIRLEY!

BUT BEFORE I ESCORT ANY LADY TO THE JIG, I MUST LOOK MY BEST. WILDROOT CREAM-OIL KEEPS HAIR NEAT, BUT NEVER GREASY!

INSIDE THE STORE
? P-EGADIT! IT MUST BE A DUMMY!—NO REAL WOMAN CAN RESIST A MAN WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

RELIEVES DRYNESS, REMOVES LOOSE SANDPUFFS!—DON'T GET SHIRLEY!—GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!

THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL! MY NAME IS SHIRLEY—THE REAL ONE—AND SURRENDER DEAR!

ONLY CREAM-OIL GROOMS AND CONDITIONS HAIR THE NATURAL WAY

JOE PALOOKA
BY AL CAPP

IT'S THE FOIST MEETIN' OF "BATCH'ERS AN'NUUSS' V'RY MEMBERS A CONQUERED BATCH'LER."

HMM.

IT'S A GREAT THING, A GUY DON'T NEED THE LONESOME, HE'S GOT PALS WHICH THINK LIKE HIM...

IT'S A HOME WITHOUT A DAME ALWEEZ BOTH RIN' VA... SCREAMIN' AT 'CHA...

...AN' VA GOT ALL TH' COMFORTS AN' NO RESPONSIBILITIES. Y'ALL LOVE IT, NO DAMES ALLOWED!

THE LONE RANGER
BY FRANK STRIKER

HERE'S TOMTO BLASTER.

I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF HIS GUNS.

HOW THE LONE RANGER'S TIED, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

NOW, LEFTY, WE TIE YOUR HANDS.

WHAT'S THE PART OF MY PLAN, LEFTY?

CHARLES HANDERS

POOR PLUTO! SO IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE POOCH, AND SHE BEATS HIM UP AND LEAVES WITH ANOTHER DOG!

AND LOVE GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND!

HAM FISHER
BY HAM FISHER

PARDON ME FOR PROTRUDIN' SIR.

ALTHOUGH YOU, BULLMOOSE, NEVER HOID OF ME, 'EVIL-EYE FLEEGLIE' IS A NAME THE REST OF THE WOULD TREMBLES AT!

AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO FANCY FLEEGLIE? THE WHAMMY! ALORS!

LE WHAMMY! ALORS!

SECRET AGENT X9
BY FRANK STRIKER

MR. LONGFOOT, CHARLIE GOT NEW JOB WITH FISHERY! LAST CHANCE TO TAKE YOU ASHORE! YOU READY GO!

SURE! JUST COME CLOSER SO I CAN GET ABOARD!

But Charlie suddenly realizes that the voice in the night is not the rasping voice of "Big Feet" Tolson...

CHARLIE PINETREE DRIFTING AWAY! I BRING BOAT ABOUT!

CHARLIE PINETREE!

HE'S THE INDIAN WHO SHOWS THAT HE SAW BARBARIAN BERRY DROWN!

STOP!

But Charlie finds a shot that barely misses Phil... then he jumps the motor.

TILLY THE TOILER
BY BOB CROFTON

BUSINESS IS SLOW, THERE'S NO WORK!

NOW'S A CHANCE TO GIVE THE OFFICE A CLEANING!

YES, SIR?

GOOD! TILLY PUT ME TO WORK WASHING WINDOWS!

I WORKED OUT A SYSTEM WITH THE GUY ON THE NEW CREAM TRUCK!

ERTA KENT
BY PAUL ROBINSON

JOY THE ME, DEAR? HERE ARE THE BOYS?

GUESS!

NOW FOR A LITTLE SNACK-SNATCHING!

HMM! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN DOING A LITTLE ICEBOX RAIDING TOO!

WELL, THERE'S ONE THING A WOMAN SOON LEARNS—THE DOOR TO A MAN'S HEART IS THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR!

MUGGS AND SKEETER
BY WALLY BISHOP

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT, MA?

IM GONNA GIVE VICKIE HER BATH... AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH TROUBLE IT IS!

IM NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT...

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED GIVING JUNIOR A BATH?

HENRY
BY CARL ANDERSON

I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A MORE SOILED HAND THAN THAT ONE, HENRY!

BRINGING UP FATHER
BY GEORGE MCMANUS

SO I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, CARRY! WHERE'S THAT \$10 YOU OWED ME?

IT'S NO USE TRYIN' TO GET AWAY—I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME UP NOW!

IF YOU WANT TO BE STUBBORN, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! I WON STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU KIN!

GRANDMA
BY CHARLES KUHN

JTCH, PLEASE CUT ME OFF A HALF-DOZEN THICK, JUICY STEAKS!

AH, YOU MUST HAVE A BIG PARTY COMIN' UP, GRANDMA!

NO, BUT OUR DEBATING TEAM STARTS PRACTICIN' AT MY HOUSE THIS EVENIN'...

...AN' O' COURSE TH' HOST IS SUPPOSED TO FURNISH STEAK! WITH ALL TH' BLACK EYES THAT USUALLY DEVELOP!

MICKEY MOUSE
BY WALT DISNEY

SO IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE POOCH, AND SHE BEATS HIM UP AND LEAVES WITH ANOTHER DOG!

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