



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

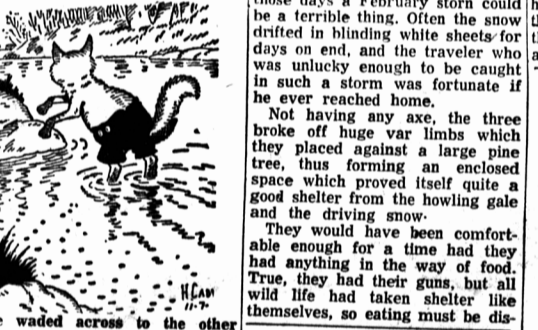
YOUNG REDDY LEARNS BY CHANCE

Through chance alone some things are learned. And knowledge gained that is not earned. —Old Mother Nature.

It is true that chance is a teacher if folks are smart enough to learn the lessons it offers. Young Reddy Fox was in all kinds of trouble. He was being chased by a Dog. Hounds have wonderful noses for following the scent of those they chase. Young Reddy had never before been chased by a hound. He had been chased by another Dog who used only his eyes, and lost the young Fox as soon as he dodged out of sight. This experience had led Young Reddy to think that it would be just so with all Dogs. Now he was finding out that this was not so. Run as he would he couldn't run away from this Dog.

At first he hadn't been worried. "I can fool that Dog anytime by just hiding," thought he. When he began to get a little tired, the Dog wasn't in sight. He ran off to one side and hid. He grinned, as peeping out, he saw the Dog reach the place where he had turned off. Then he got the surprise of his life. The Dog was not bothered. It didn't take him any time at all to find out what the young Fox had done. So there was nothing for Young Reddy to do but take to his heels again. Now he was worried. He knew a few simple tricks that he and his brothers and sisters had learned when they were playing together. They didn't fool this Dog a minute. That wonderful nose of his could pick up the faintest scent. Also he knew some other tricks that Foxes use when being chased.

He was growing more and more tired. He had gone over to the Green Forest and was running along beside Laughing Brook. He came to a place where the water was very shallow. He waded across to the other bank. All the time he could hear the eager voice of that Dog behind him, although the Dog was too far back to see him. Presently, the Dog stopped barking. The young Fox stopped running. He stood listening. For some time there was no sound from that Dog. Had he given up? It seemed to the young Fox that he must have. "I'll lie down to rest," thought he.



He waded across to the other bank.

So Young Reddy lay down. By and by he heard the whining of the Dog. He was running up and down the bank trying to find the scent. Young Reddy didn't know what he had done to fool that Dog, but he was sure he had something. He hoped the Dog had turned around and gone home.

Suddenly the deep voice of the Hound rang out joyously. It sounded nearer. Young Reddy leaped to his feet and began to run again. He ran in a big circle which brought him back to Laughing Brook at the place where he had crossed. Now he crossed back. He would try to get home to the Old Pasture where his den was. The Dog stopped barking just as he had before. This time the young Fox kept going. He kept going until he reached his den over in the Old Pasture. There he waited on the doorstep until he found that that Dog was coming again. He hated to go down in the ground

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MINARD'S LINIMENT

THE GREAT PAIN-DRIVER

DUMP TRUCK KILLS

TORONTO (CP)—Jack Dellow, 45, died Friday when the raised box of his gravel truck suddenly dropped, pinning him across the neck, as he greased its hydraulic mechanism. Fellow workers at a travel pit on Toronto's western suburbs said Dellow, father of two children, would each morning without fail grease his truck.

Dog had twice stopped barking. It was because water will not hold the scent. And it wasn't until he waded across and began to hunt for the trail on the other side that he once more resumed the chase. By accident, the young Fox had found that water could be his best friend.

Our Boarding House Major Hoopie

THAT'S REALLY THROWING A STRIKE FROM DEEP CENTER MAJOR! — BUT I KNEW YOU WERE PSYCHIC — LAST NIGHT YOU MANAGED TO GET THE ELEVATOR STUCK BETWEEN FLOORS WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF FREIGHT COMING IN! JUST BEFORE QUITTING TIME!

EGAD, MR. MORRISSEY! THE WAY YOU PLUCKED THOUGHTS FROM THE BOARDERS' MINDS LEFT THEM AGOG! — UM! DID I TELL YOU OF MY OWN TELEPATHIC POWERS? ONCE, LOST IN THE ARCTIC, I BROADCAST A MENTAL MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT HELP FROM 130 MILES AWAY!

COMPLIMENTS ALL AROUND!

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

In the winter of 1800, Donald McKay, accompanied by his sons, Donald, Jr., and David, lads of eighteen and sixteen respectively, crossed the Hillsboro river to do a bit of hunting and perhaps catch a few seals on their return trip. Expecting to be home by sundown, they carried with them no provisions. No sooner had they reached the opposite shore than a blizzard struck up — a real old-fashioned nor'wester that put all thoughts of hunting out of their heads. Indeed, their one thought now was self-preservation, for should the weather suddenly sink to below a zero mark, they might quickly freeze to death.

Once they had gained the shelter of the forest, they immediately set to work to erect a crude tent. In those days a February storm could be a terrible thing. Often the snow drifted in blinding white sheets for days on end, and the traveler who was lucky enough to be caught in such a storm was fortunate if he ever reached home.

Not having any axe, the three broke off huge var limbs which they placed against a large pine tree, thus forming an enclosed space which proved itself quite a good shelter from the howling gale and the driving snow.

They would have been comfortable enough for a time had they had anything in the way of food. True, they had their guns, but all wild life had taken shelter like themselves, so eating must be dis-

Disinfects as it Cleans and Sweetens!

Whitens linens, cottons!
Removes Stubborn Stains!
Makes porcelain glow!
Keeps toilet bowls pure!

Soaks diapers stain free!
Kills germs! Deodorizes!
Protects Family's Health!
Four handy sizes!

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

BLUNDERS ON BOTH SIDES

The slam contract in the following deal was really the result of a "partnership misunderstanding," but as it happened, North-South should have come out with a large profit.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ Q 9 8	♠ 8 6 4
♥ Q 7 5 4	♥ 9 2
♦ 1 9 6 2	♦ Q 10 5
♣ 4 3	♣ K 10 9 8

The bidding:
South West North East
2♥ 2♠ 4♥ Pass
4NT Pass 5♣ Pass
5NT Pass 6♠ Pass
6♥ Pass Pass Pass

When North jumped to four hearts he was using the little-known (in fact almost archaic) convention, the double raise of an opening two-bid, which announces good trump support but denies any card as high as a king, or even a singleton. The object of this convention is to keep partner from making a fruitless slam try. Obviously, however, South did not know or play this convention, and his natural reaction was to go out for the slam.

An opening diamond lead would have put South in a hopeless position, but West elected to lead a trump (which is rarely a good lead against a small slam). Declarer won in his own hand and laid down the spade king to provide a discard for his low diamond. West won—and made another error. Evidently feeling that "he might as well give declarer what was his in any case," West returned the spade jack.

This gave declarer a precious entry to dummy, but it was his turn to go wrong. Intent on getting out the trumps, he cashed the heart queen, and only then did he try the club finesse. Its success was now of no value, because East's length in clubs was good for a trick, no matter how South maneuvered.

It is easy to see that South would have brought home the contract if he had taken the club finesse immediately after West's play of the spade, and a second club finesse upon returning to dummy with the heart queen.

YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Watts and son Harry spent Sunday in York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vessey and daughter Beverley were recent visitors to Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cooke were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Levin Brown on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Heber Hughes, Cochrane, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Herbert Vessey. —B.O.

DIES IN TRUCK

CALEDON, Ont. (CP)—Clifford Fox, 25, of Warton, died in a blazing construction trailer Friday after intense heat and exploding acetylene and oil tanks drove back efforts by two men to rescue him. Earl Kerr, 33, escaped. He was taken to hospital with severe burns to the face and arms. A third occupant, Eglin Jenks, 39, was not in the trailer when the fire started.

The smooth chewing makes time pass more pleasantly—makes most things seem easier to do!

Enjoy chewing Wrigley's Spearmint every day!

Bringing Up Father

DON'T FORGET, JESSE! BRINGING UP FATHER WANTS A JOB IN YOUR OFFICE.

NOTHING DOING! THERE ARE NO JOBS IN MY OFFICE YOUR BROTHER COULD DO!

I WOULDN'T TRUST THAT GUY AROUND HERE—HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT OPENING SAFES!

HELLO MARGIE! SEND YOUR BROTHER BARRY TO MY OFFICE RIGHT AWAY! I JUST THOUGHT OF A JOB HE CAN DO!

Tilly the Toilet

YOUR WIFE GO TO TELL YOU HER MOTHER IS COMING TO VISIT AND WILL ARRIVE ON THE 4:10!

THAT DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH TIME.

I'LL LEAVE FOR THE STATION RIGHT AWAY.

TO MEET YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW!

NO! TO GET OUT OF TOWN!

POGO

WHAT'S YOU USIN' FOR BAIT, UNCLE POGO?

THE USUAL, CAVIAR, BOMBONS, CHAMPAGNE AND WINK.

BEST BAIT I IS FOUND FOR SURE KETCHIN' IS GRUNDOON.

GRUNDOON?

YEP, YOU GETS HIM BY THE GRANTS AN' HANGS HIM DOWN NEAR THE WATER—HE MAKES A NOISE LIKE A FISH—ONE SURFACES AN' SNAP!

SNAPP? MY SAKES! DO THE FISHES BITE HIM AN' YOU HAULS 'EM IN?

NOPE—WE BITES THE FISH AN' HE HAULS 'EM IN—IT'S KINDA HARD MAKIN' HIM LET GO.

Muggs and Skeeter

MUGGS AND SKEETER AREN'T HERE!

WELL, HOW ABOUT YOUR GRANDPA OR YOUR GRANDMA?

THEY'RE NOT HERE EITHER!

OH, PLEASE, VICKIE...

DON'T TELL ME THEY ALL WENT OUT AND LEFT YOU HERE ALONE...

I DIDN'T SAY THEY WERE OUT!

...THEY'RE ALL UPSTAIRS TRYING TO CATCH JUNIOR TO GIVE HIM A BATH!

Henry

HEY BRUCE! POP DENTON'S ON THE WIRE!

HI, COACH! WE WON THE BIG ONE FOR YOU!

I WATCHED IT ON TV AND I'M LIMP! YOU'RE THE MOST BOY, AND I'M MAKING YOU ASSISTANT COACH!

AND AS FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY—YOU'RE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL. WHERE YOU BELONG.

BUT DAD, I'M TRYING TO CATCH HIM!

SORRY HONEY! JUST SCORE IT AS AN INCOMPLETE FORWARD PASS!

Erta Kent

THE KIDS WERE ALL TRYIN' TO GUESS YOUR AGE, GRANDMA!

A FEW THOUGHT YOU SEEMED OLDER ON SOME DAYS THAN OTHERS...

BUT, HECK, I TOLD 'EM YOU LOOKED LIKE A MILLION 'T ME ALL TH' TIME!

H-M... NOW JUST HOW DID HE MEAN THAT?

Grandma

FUNNY! I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD AN ANSWERING DRUM!

EXT MORNING... CHIEFS SAY LAST NIGHT SOMEONE SENT OUT CALL FOR TRIBAL COUNCIL AND WAR DANCE!

I WONDER WHO DID THAT!

Mickey Mouse

LIL' DAVEY WENT OVER TO GOOFY'S FOR THE NIGHT! LEFT HIS CEREMONIAL INDIAN DRUM BEHIND!

BOOM!

PROBABLY JUST AN ECHO!

EXT MORNING... CHIEFS SAY LAST NIGHT SOMEONE SENT OUT CALL FOR TRIBAL COUNCIL AND WAR DANCE!

I WONDER WHO DID THAT!

Secret Agent X9

I'M GOING TO GET RID OF A COP NAMED PHIL CORRIGAN!

Phil tabs his elbows into Bull's-eye's ribs...

...and as the grip around his neck slackens, Phil sends his assailant sprawling over his head...

Joe Palooka

SO WHAT IF ARLEE BEAT SCARNS BY A HAND. IT WAS JUST A LUCKY PUNCH... AN' HE'S STILL A LIGHT-HEAVY WEIGHT IN MY BOOK.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO CONVEY... BUT... WELL, STILL, HAVE TO MEET HIM FOR THE TITLE EVENTUALLY... UP UNTIL NOW.

LET'S FACE IT... EVEN THO' I DID WIN A DECISION OVER SCARNS... HE'S STILL HAD MORE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER... UP UNTIL NOW.

H'LO, GAWP.

HEEY SCARNS! HOW ARE YOU... THAT'S TOUGH LUCK YOU HAD.

M'LO, SCARNS. WE'RE IN A HURRY.

By George McManus
By Bob Gustafson
By Walt Kelly
By Wally Bishop
By Carl Anderson
By Paul Robinson
By Charles Kuhn
By Walt Disney
By Mel Graff
By Ham Fisher