



By Thornton W. Burgess

GLUTTON LIES IN WAIT
No one is master of his fate
Forgetting danger lies in wait.

Glutton the Wolverine has no friends. No, Sir, he has no friends, not one. It is a dreadful thing not to have any friends.

whose fighting ability he had always had nothing but contempt. He had almost been drowned for in the night they had fallen into deep water where he wasn't at all at home, and Paddy was.

So Glutton was in a bad temper. This was nothing unusual, but this time it was a little worse than normal. Also he was hungry, and this didn't improve his temper.

Presently Glutton came to a small path. His nose told him right away that this path had been made, and was much used, by the Deer folk.

Glutton sometimes hunts honestly just as other hunters do, matching his wits and skill against the wits and skill of those he encounters.

This time he did not have long to wait. From where he lay on that limb he could see quite a distance in both directions.

South's bidding was good, at any rate. The mere fact that North responded to the one heart opening, even with a notrump, indicated that there must be a reasonable play for game and so South acted correctly in jumping straight to four hearts instead of "urging" North with a three-heart rebid.

West, not wanting to lead from his spade or diamond honors, and feeling that a trump opening was not constructive, selected his fourth-highest club. Declarer immediately reached for dummy's ten-spot; he reasoned that if East had the club king, as seemed likely, he would not know about South's blank ace and therefore might be "conned" into covering the ten.

South's first play in the following hand was supposed to trap an opponent, but it only succeeded in costing declarer a trick, and his vulnerable game contract.

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follow it by his nose. There was just enough of Deer scent for him to do this. He soon found that that path led to the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and he knew right away that it was used by the Deer folk when they were thirsty. This little path had been made by them coming to drink when the were thirsty. Glutton turned back along that little path. He moved slowly, and as he shuffled along he studied the trees between which the little path wound in and out. He was looking for something, and finally he found it. It was a limb that stretched out across that little path. It was high enough, but not too high for his purpose. It was big enough for him to lie stretched along it right above the path. He climbed the tree and out along that limb until he was right above the path. There he lay down on the limb and made himself comfortable. Sooner or later a Deer would come along that path on the way to Paddy's pond for a drink. It might be soon, or it might be a long time. He could wait. Glutton has patience. If a Deer should come along all Glutton needed to do was to drop down on his back. He was doing what is called, "lying in wait." It is the meanest form of danger that there is. Danger that lies in wait gives no warning. It attacks the heedless, the careless and the forgetful.

Glutton sometimes hunts honestly just as other hunters do, matching his wits and skill against the wits and skill of those he encounters. But he likes lying in wait better. Those he waits for have little chance, almost none at all. This time he did not have long to wait. From where he lay on that limb he could see quite a distance in both directions. He saw a young Deer while the latter was still quite a distance away. He was headed for Paddy's pond. He was young and careless, heedless. It was quite clear that he had used that little path often and had become so familiar with it that it was like an old friend. Nothing had ever happened to him there, and he had grown to feel that nothing ever would happen to him. He had not yet learned-



Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A RUSTY "TRAP"

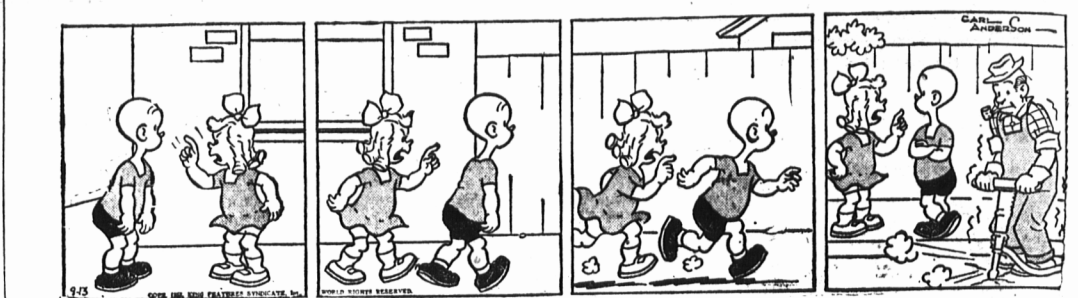
Declarer's first play in the following hand was supposed to trap an opponent, but it only succeeded in costing declarer a trick, and his vulnerable game contract.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable.
5 3 2
K J 8
7 6 4
Q J 10 4
N E
A Q 7
K 10 9 6 3
A 3 2
A

The bidding: South West North East
1♥ Pass 1NT Pass
4♥ Pass Pass Pass
South's bidding was good, at any rate. The mere fact that North responded to the one heart opening, even with a notrump, indicated that there must be a reasonable play for game and so South acted correctly in jumping straight to four hearts instead of "urging" North with a three-heart rebid.

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HENRY



By Carl Anderson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Gustafson

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwin

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Ruford

POGO



By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

PENNY



By Harry Hoadgson

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JOE PALOOKA
THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE SECOND ROUND... AND PALOOKA CAME OUT IN A CROUCH...
LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO END IT IN A HURRY... HE WENT RIGHT THRU THE ROPES... PALOOKA STEPS BACK... NO COUNT...

HERE'S A FLASH... THEY JUST RUSHED ANN PALOOKA TO THE HOSPITAL.

NO KIDDIN'! THEY'D BETTER KEEP IT FROM JOE.

LIT. ABNER
I'VE GOT C-CRAMPS!! HELP!!
GASP!! THERE WAS NO ONE HOME-YOU SAVED MY LIFE!!

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU ANYTHING?

ANY FRIEND OF LANCE'S SHOULD DROWN!!

RIP KIRBY
GET HELP! BACKSTAGE... THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER!

WHICH WAY, MISS LEE?

BACK THERE! MR. KIRBY AND THE NAVY... OH, HURRY... HURRY!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
KING, I SMELL GASOLINE... I WONDER IF THAT BULLET PUNCTURED A DRUM BACK IN THE TRUCK!

VROOOM

I'VE GOT TO HIDE SOMEWHERE! IF KING ARRESTS ME, I'LL RUIN EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED SO HARD FOR... I CAN'T LET ANY HARM COME TO JILL!