

By Zane Grey



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE WRECKER

Alias, some folks find winter joy. In seeking what they may destroy. —Old Mother Nature.

Ever since early winter the pond of Paddy the Beaver had been covered with ice, all but one small place. This was a spring hole. Also, it was near the entrance of the brook, and running water does not freeze easily. Were it not for that one small opening, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy would have been prisoners under the ice. Probably they wouldn't have minded too much, but it was nice to have a place where they could poke their heads out for an occasional look about. And it did give them a feeling of greater freedom.

Just now both were at that opening. They were floating there with just their brown heads out of water. They were looking over at the snow and ice-covered roof of their house which rose like a white mound above the ice that covered the pond.

It was in that house that they were spending the winter. In their eyes was a look of mingled fear, anger, and helplessness. Someone was on the roof of that house trying to tear it open.

At first they could not make out who that brown-coated stranger with the bushy tail was. But when Paddy got a good look at him, he knew.

"Glutton the Wolverine!" he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that fellow you had a fight with, and almost drowned?" asked Mrs. Paddy.

Paddy nodded. "Don't forget," said he, "that he almost killed me before I got him into the water. If you ask me, he is just about the worst person in all the Green Forest. I wonder if he thinks he can tear that roof open. Even if he can, what good will it do him? He knows, or ought to know, that we won't be in there waiting for him."

"Perhaps he's just getting even, or thinks he is," said Mrs. Paddy.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Paddy. Glutton had torn a stick loose and



thrown it down on the ice. Another stick followed a moment later. Paddy had been sure that no one could pull that roof apart. That is, he had been sure until now. You see, it was a very good roof, built of sticks and small logs woven together, and covered with mud that Jack Frost had frozen as hard as rock. Buster Bear, and Mrs. Bear were the only ones Paddy had ever thought could be strong enough to pull that house apart, and he had nothing to fear from them because in the summer the house was surrounded by water, and in winter, when they could walk out on the ice, those Bears were asleep.

Glutton was working himself into a great rage. That is a favorite occupation with Glutton. There are many people like that. They enjoy working themselves into a rage, and it takes very little to start them doing it. Glutton was growling and snarling as he worked. He was working with might and main. For his size, Glutton is one of the strongest, if not the strongest, of all the people in all the Green Forest. Could you have seen him tugging and pulling, and heard him snarling and growling, you wouldn't have guessed he was having a good time. He was. He is one of those folks who delight in destroying things. He is a wrecker, and nothing delights him more than tearing things apart, especially if they belong to someone else.

As he pulled out one stick after another, the smell of Beaver came up to him through tiny air holes in the roof. It maddened him; for, like everyone else, or almost everyone else, he was hungry most of the time. So he tugged and hauled and pulled, and snarled and growled, and tore that roof apart. Presently, he could look down into the snug comfortable living room. It was empty. He could see the entrance to the underwater tunnel, or hall, and he knew that that was the way those Beavers had gone. He had known all the time that they wouldn't be there, but this knowledge hadn't stopped him. The fact that they were not there now didn't stop him. He hooked his great claws into the broken roof and tugged and pulled, and threw sticks this way and that way. He kept at it until the whole house above the ice had been wrecked.

All the time, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy were looking on. What were

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton

DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS

When you have bid up to a high suit contract, perhaps as a sacrifice, and have been doubled, don't jump to the conclusion that you must play the doubler for a missing trump honor. Other and more far-reaching considerations may be involved. In short, the case may be like the following:

North dealer.
East-West vulnerable and 30 on score.

♠ K J 5
♥ A J 2
♦ K 8 5 4
♣ 10 7 3

♠ 9 4
♥ 6
♦ Q 2
♣ A K Q 9

♠ N
♥ W
♦ E
♣ S

♠ 7 6 2
♥ K 9 7 4 3
♦ A J 10 9 6

The bidding:
North Pass East Pass South Pass West Pass
Pass Pass Pass Pass
5 ♣ 5 ♣ 5 ♣ 5 ♣
5 ♦ 5 ♦ 5 ♦ 5 ♦
5 ♠ 5 ♠ 5 ♠ 5 ♠

Dbl. (final bid)

West considered leading his singleton heart, but felt that since his partner had doubled the contract, he might well make the trump queen naturally, and so he laid down the king of clubs. South ruffed, led a low trump to the king, and finesse-d on the return trump lead. West won and shifted to spades. The upshot was that South lost two spades, one trump and one heart, paying a 300-point penalty.

South could not be blamed for feeling that the diamond queen lay at his right, but he should have thought things over before taking the finesse. It was scarcely to be hoped that the heart suit could be run without loss; if three rounds of trumps had to be drawn, the contract could not be made, since the spades were certainly held by East. Thus, the question boiled down to whether South should take the diamond finesse and try to reduce his losses, or try for the long chance of dropping the trump in two rounds, which would put him in position to make the hand.

Considering South's non-vulnerability, the latter course should have been attractive — and observe that it would have succeeded. After catching the trump queen, South would normally finesse to the heart jack. East could not do better than return a club. South would ruff, lead to the heart ace, take the proved finesse against the heart ten, cash his other hearts, discarding spades from dummy — and claim the contract.

they to do? What could they do? "I hate him!" declared Mrs. Paddy.

"So do I," said Paddy, "but that doesn't do us any good, or him any harm."

King Of The Royal Mounted



Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

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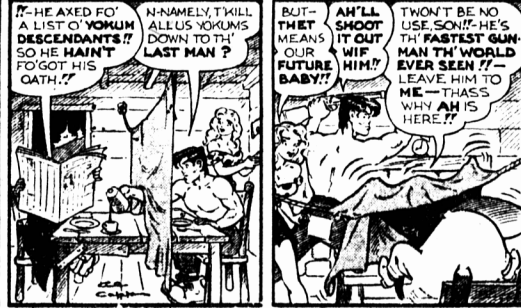
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IS SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT THERE WAS A CIVIL WAR. WANTS TO KNOW WHO WON

One of the legendary figures of early American history, Wild Bill Hickup, is still alive. This incredible fact became known today when authorities at Old Western Penitentiary released the forgotten occupant of cell 1-A.

His first question was as to the whereabouts of Judge Yokum, who sentenced him. When informed that the judge had perished at Bull Run, he asked for a list of his descendants.



By Al Capp

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Tilly The Toiler



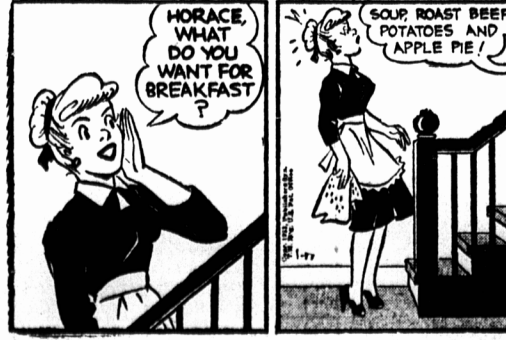
By Bob Gustafson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



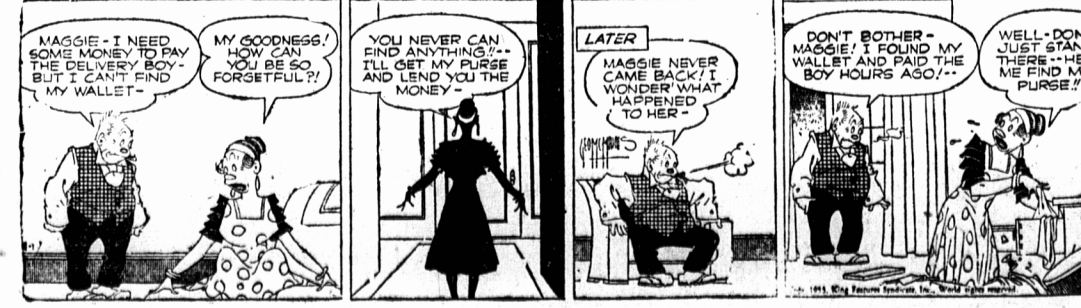
By Edwina

Dotty Dripple



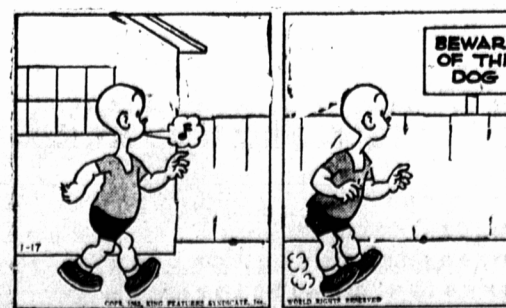
By Ruford

Bringing Up Fannie



George McManus

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Penny



By Harry Hoenigsen