

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

## THE WRONG END

Two things may look alike yet be diverse as any you will see.  
—Old Mr. Toad

Bluffer the Adder was disappointed. Yes, sir, he was very much disappointed. He had made up his mind to a good dinner and had been very sure of it. He had seen Old Mr. Toad disappear under that wide board Farmer Brown's Boy had provided especially for his Toad friends. A Toad dinner is just about the finest dinner Bluffer can have. I suspect that if a Snake could lick his lips, which he cannot do, Bluffer would have been licking his lips as he crawled under that big wide board.

Alas, there was no one there. Bluffer looked everywhere, but not a Toad was to be found. He just couldn't believe it. He looked and looked. Where in the world could Old Mr. Toad have gone to? Bluffer coiled up to rest and to think it over. It was a nice place to rest. I suspect he didn't do much thinking, but he did rest. It was very comfortable and pleasant there. He didn't close his eyes because he had waited so long. The Snake folk haven't any eyelids. That is why they seem to stare when they look at you. But folks can sleep with their eyes open. That seems queer, but it is true. So I suspect that Bluffer the Adder took a nap there and never suspected that right under him, with just a little earth between them, Old Mr. Toad was comfortably buried and waiting for him to go away. It was a long time before Bluffer did go, but at long last he crawled out into the



Bluffer coiled up to rest and to think it over.

garden to look elsewhere for a dinner. It was late in the afternoon, almost time for jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun to go bed behind the Purple Hills, before Old Mr. Toad moved. Then he slowly dug his way up instead of down. How did he know that Bluffer had left? I suspect he didn't know. I suspect that he was just taking a chance, not too much of a chance because he had waited so long, but still something of a chance. Bluffer had gone. Old Mr. Toad crept over where he could look out from under that big board. He blinked his lovely golden eyes for it was still daylight. A few moments later, he was joined by Young Toad, who had also been buried to escape that Snake. For a long time the two Toads sat there side by side blinking their golden eyes in the lessening sunshine.

By and by the Black Shadows

## Should persons of different faiths marry?

Why is intermarriage between Catholics, Protestants, Jews opposed by leaders of all these religions? In October Reader's Digest, human relations expert Dr. David Mace discusses the hazards of mixed marriage. Dr. Mace points out where friction may arise—in raising children, in day to day points of view. Read how parents can help their children avoid the pitfalls of mixed marriage; how a couple involved in one can best deal with problems they must face. Get your October Reader's Digest today: 46 articles of lasting interest, condensed from leading magazines, current books.

came creeping through Farmer Brown's garden. Old Mr. Toad hopped out and prepared to go hunting. He was hungry. Old Mr. Toad is a good eater. He picks here and he picks there, wherever there is anything to pick. He isn't fussy. A little bit here, a little bit there, or feast he happens to find one.

Young Toad also started out. He, too, was hungry. It seems to be a habit with Toads, although if they have to they can go as long as the next one without eating. Almost at once, Young Toad discovered an Earthworm crawling out of his hole in the ground. Young Toad's golden eyes gleamed with anticipation. He sat perfectly still waiting for that worm to get fully out of the ground. Welcome Robin would have grabbed that worm and pulled him out, but Young Toad waited until the tail of that big worm was out of the ground and a little away from the hole. Then Young Toad made a quick hop and grabbed that tail and began to swallow.

Old Mr. Toad chuckled. He chuckled and chuckled. "Trying to swallow him that way, he'll still go hungry," said Old Mr. Toad to himself. "He's beginning at the wrong end. He should have learned by this time that he can't swallow a big worm like that tail first."

If the Young Toad hadn't learned before, he was learning now. Yes, sir, he was learning now.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### "LOOKING AHEAD IS VITAL"

The success of many squeeze plays is due less to the skill of the declarer, however expert he may be than to a lack of foresight on a defender's part. The following deal illustrates this point.

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♣ Double 2♥ Pass  
4♥ Double Pass Pass  
Pass

Considering the result, East would have saved a little by bidding five clubs, but that contract could easily have been defeated 500 points, and any sacrifice would have been too much if West had defended properly against the four-heart contract.

West laid down the diamond king and continued with the ace and queen, East discarding the spade deuce at the third trick. West felt, however, that his own spade holding was such that he could well ignore his partner's signal, and so he laid down the spade king. South won and ran off all seven of his trumps, keeping the A-J of clubs in dummy and West awoke to find himself squeezed. On the last trump he had the unpleasant alternative of giving up the high spade and thus promoting South's jack, or blanking the club king and thus permitting declarer to collect dummy's ace and jack. The doubled contract was home.

West, in shifting to spades, did not project his mind into the future. South was marked with an extremely long heart suit so, if West had figured things out, he would have seen the acute danger of leaving the club ace dummy as a "threat." It was unrealistic to play for a large penalty in view of the bidding—the practical view was to play for the surest possible defeat of the hand, and in this sense it was vital to lead a club honor. It will be seen very readily that if West had made this correct shift to clubs, South could not have brought off the squeeze play.

All of Canada's 10 provinces are touched by sea water except Saskatchewan and Alberta.

## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



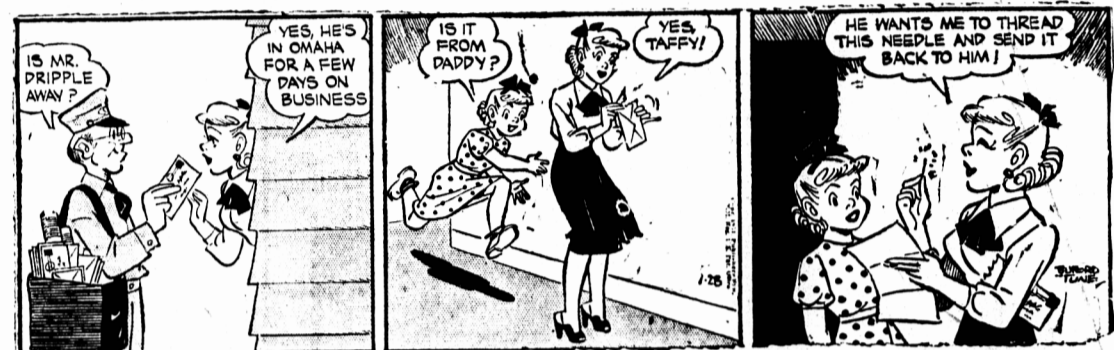
My Ham Fisher

## JOE PALOOKA



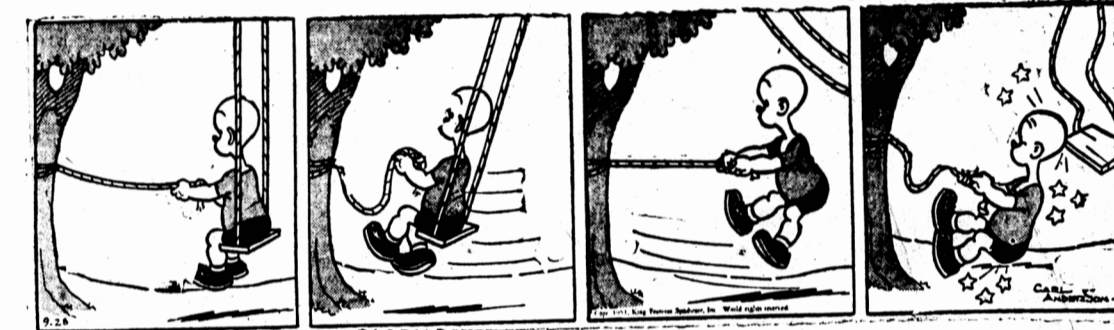
By Carl Anderson

## DOTTY DIFDLE



By Rurota

## HENRY



By Edwin

## TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS



By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By Westover

## TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Haenigsen

## PENNY



**ANNUAL MEETING**  
of the  
**QUEEN'S COUNTY PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION**  
will be held in the  
Canadian Legion Hall, Grafton Street, Charlottetown on Tuesday, October 9th, at 8:00 P. M.  
All persons interested are invited to attend  
**REAGH BAGNALL, President.**  
**C. R. MCQUAID, Secretary.**

**KING COLE TEA**  
Fragrant and Delicious

**New! Post's SUGAR CRISP**  
FOR SNACKS IT'S SO HANDY!  
AS A CEREAL IT'S DANDY!  
SO CRISPY-AND CRUNCHY!  
Perfect for snacks. Enjoy delicious SUGAR CRISP today!

The Honey-Flavor Coated Cereal

**POGO** By WALT KELLY

YER, HE'S WROTE THE BOOK BY HISSELF... PRINT IT BY HISSELF... BIND IT BY HISSELF AND HE GONNA READ IT BY HISSELF.

PLEASE, BEN, PLEASE! YOU GOTTA EXERCISE YOUR PATIENCE.

I'M GONNA EXERCISE MINE RIGHT NOW!

THE BAROMETER IS PLUNGIN' STAY' BACK!

POWR POW! AGGITY PAGGIES

ANYBODY READS MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS GONNA WRITE IT MIMS OWN SELF!

NO... IT'S ALMOST UP... SIPS WRONG

**L.L. ABNER** By Al Capp

YOUR FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT FOOD—BUT YOU CAN BUY ALL THE NEED AT THE CAFETERIA.

—AH NEEDS PLANTS BUT I CAN'T BUY NONE AT NO CAFETERIA—

—MAINLY BECAUSE AH WANT GOT NO MONEY. BUT AH WILL STARVE T' DEATH AFORE AH ADMITS IT! — US YOKUNS IS PROUD RATE!

AND NOW YOU'LL MEET YOUR ROOM-MATE. HE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF SCALP SPECIALISTS.

NICE SCALP YOU GOT ON YOU, PALEFACE. WANT OLD-FASHIONED TREATMENT?

EASY THERE! IT'S THRESHOLD! OLD-FASHIONED SCALP TREATMENTS YOU'RE HERE TO UN-LEARN!

**RIP KIRBY** By Alex Raymond

THREE WEEKS AGO, MR. KIRBY BLEW BEMSON BOUND INTO THIS OFFICE AFTER SIX MONTHS IN KOREA... SAID SHE WAS DOG-TIRED...

IT WASN'T THE PERSONAL HARSHNESS OF MR. PENNY... THE MUD AND THE BLOOD AND THE BULLETS... I'D GO ANYWHERE FOR A PICTURE! IT WAS THOSE POOR G.I.'S SLOGGIN' ALONG AND TAKIN' IT! THEY BROKE MY HEART! I WANT A VACATION!

SO OF COURSE I GAVE HER A VACATION AND... POOR SHE DISAPPEARED!