

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

PRICKLY PORKY'S BAD TEMPER

A silly thing it is to do To let your temper master you. Old Mother Nature.

Little Too-Smart, the small son of Reddy Fox, had plunged head-on into a hole between two roots of a tree in the Green Forest. That hole was just big enough for him. It didn't go deep into the ground like the home in the Old Pasture where he had been born. It went down only a very little



Prickly Porky was afraid of Buster Bear.

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the Red Squirrel was being saucy to him, scolding him and calling him bad names. Perhaps it was because he couldn't make up his mind which tree to climb. Anyway, he was feeling out of sorts, and all the thousand little spears in his coat were standing on end with their sharp little points pointed in all directions. There was a sudden silence. That noisy tongue of Chatterer's was still. Prickly Porky had stopped whining and complaining. For just a couple of minutes all was still. Then the stillness was broken by a loud "woof, woof!"

Instantly, Chatterer's voice broke out again, and now he really did scold. And he wasn't scolding Prickly Porky. He fairly shrieked. He was excited. There was no doubt about it, he was excited. He was so excited that now and then his tongue seemed to flip over itself. Little Too-Smart couldn't see him without poking his head outside, and this he didn't want to do. But he could see Prickly Porky who had stopped and was standing in the middle of the path.

"Woof, woof!" There was that strange sound again. It gave Little Too-Smart a most uncomfortable feeling. In other words, it scared him. He didn't know what or who had made it, but it frightened him as much as if he had known. He was still more frightened when a moment later there came into sight on the little path beyond Prickly Porky, a complete stranger to the little Fox. A big, black stranger, so big that the little Fox didn't believe his own eyes. No one could be as big as that. He had thought Prickly Porky big, but this stranger was so big that Prickly Porky really looked small. Yes, sir, he did so.

"Woof, woof!" said the big black stranger, and his voice sounded as if it came from way down deep in his throat. Then the big black stranger did a strange thing. He stood up on his hind legs, and he looked for all the world like a great, black, tall stump of a big tree. If Prickly Porky was short of temper before, he lost his temper completely now. Anyway, he looked as if he had lost it. It seemed as if he made those little spears stand out a little bit more. He rustled them. It was an unpleasant sound; it was a most unpleasant sound. Then he did a queer thing. He suddenly turned around back to this big newcomer, and began to back toward him. All the time he was lashing from side to side his spear-covered tail. There was no doubt that he was in a bad temper. You might not have guessed it, but it was the result of fear. Prickly Porky was afraid of Buster Bear. Of course that was who the big, black stranger was.

NAMED FOR GODDESS
Cereals take their name from Ceres, the corn-goddess of classical mythology.

PAKISTAN BANKING
KARACHI — (CP) — Eight banking experts from the United States, Britain and other countries are expected here soon to train Pakistanis in banking. The National Bank of Pakistan also is going to send four officials to England for specialized training in foreign exchange.

SALAD EATERS
Canadian housewives serve only about half as many salads as United States housewives.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SELF-PROTECTION

One of the cardinal "rules" for the bridge table is: "Trust your own partner—not the opponents". Sometimes, however, the wise player reverses this rule—as South did with substantial saving in this case.

East dealer
East-West vulnerable and 60 on score.

Q 6 5 3 2
K 2
7 4
A 5 3 2

8 8 6 3
A K 10
8 5
J 9 4

A K J
10 9 7
4
3
K Q 10
8 6

A Q 10 9 7 5
K J 9 8 2
7

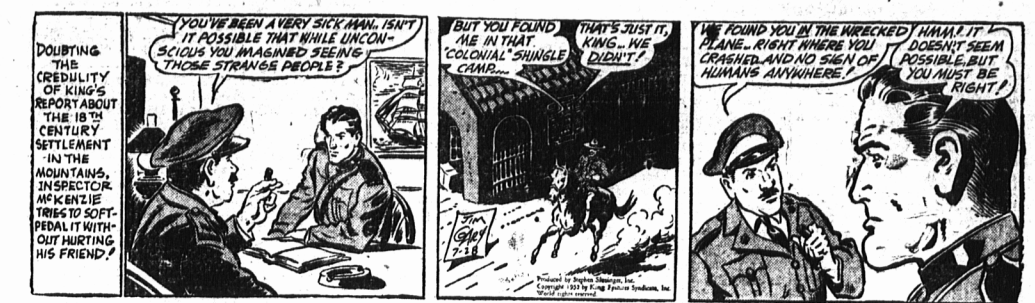
The bidding:
East South West North
1 ♠ 2 ♣ Dbl. Pass
2 ♠ 3 ♣ Dbl. Pass
3 ♠ 4 ♣ Pass Dbl.
3 Dbl. 4 ♣ Pass
Pass 4 ♣ Dbl. (final bid)

North's performance throughout this auction was not very competent! In the first place, he should have realized that with the vulnerable opponents 60 on score, South might easily be pushing a little, and with West doubling both of South's suits, North should not have been confident about defeating East at three spades. North's spade length was not impressive in view of the long and strong suit shown by East, and even with the club ace and heart king, and even looking to South for two defensive tricks—a liberal estimate in the light of West's double—North still had no sound penalty double of three spades.

Perhaps East should not have redoubled, but with his partner doubling South from two angles, it certainly appeared that the opponents could not find a good sacrifice. So East tried for a truly big score.

If South had been partnered with an expert he undoubtedly would have passed the redouble, but South had a keen sense of what was going on and he felt sure that North had been trapped. This, of course, was the case—East would have made his contract with ease, even if South opened the singleton club and got in a ruff with his lone trump. Thus, East-West would have scored 1110 points on the hand. South, however, persisted in his sacrifice idea, and though first rebidding the diamonds, he decided (without North's help in the decision) that the longer heart suit offered greater safety. He was certainly right in this respect, and by playing the heart contract shrewdly, he held the penalty to two tricks—only 300 points.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



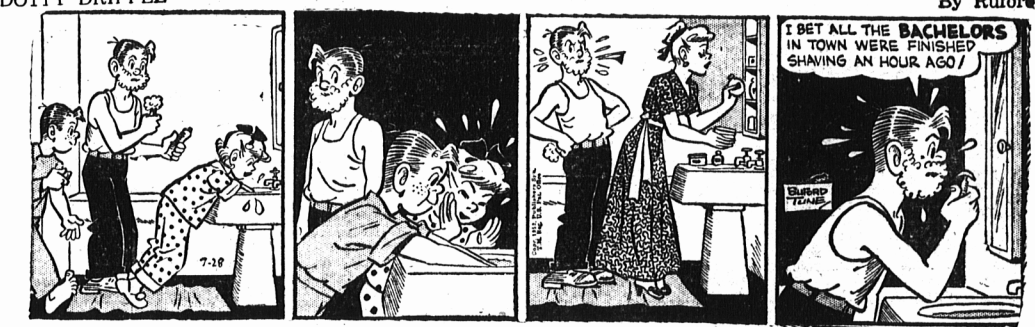
By Al Capp

L'I' ABNER



By Rufus

DOTTY DRIPPLE



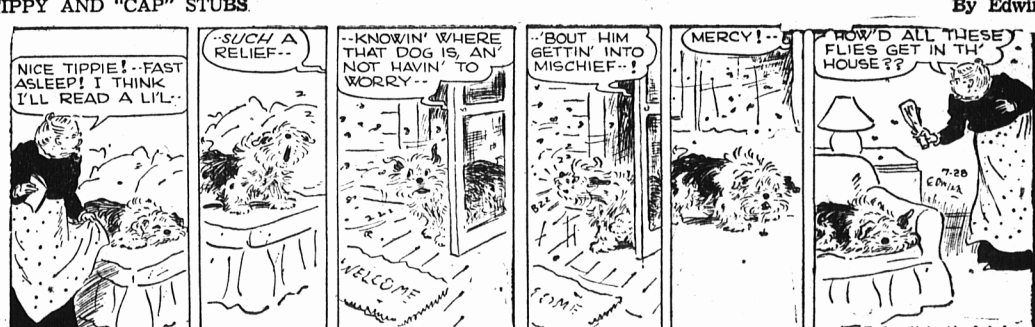
By Boh Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



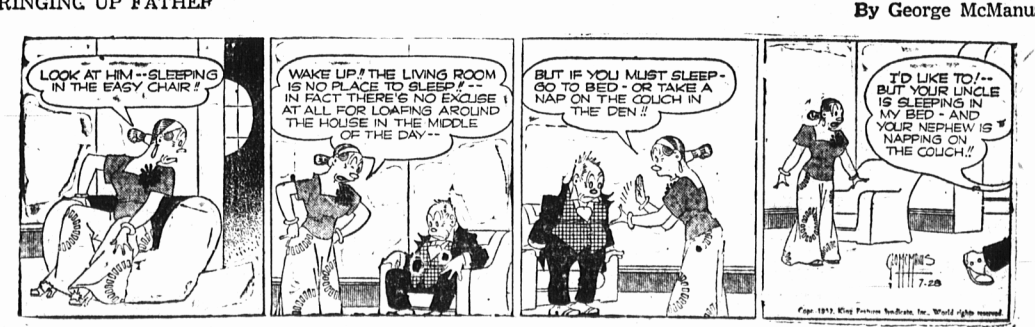
By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



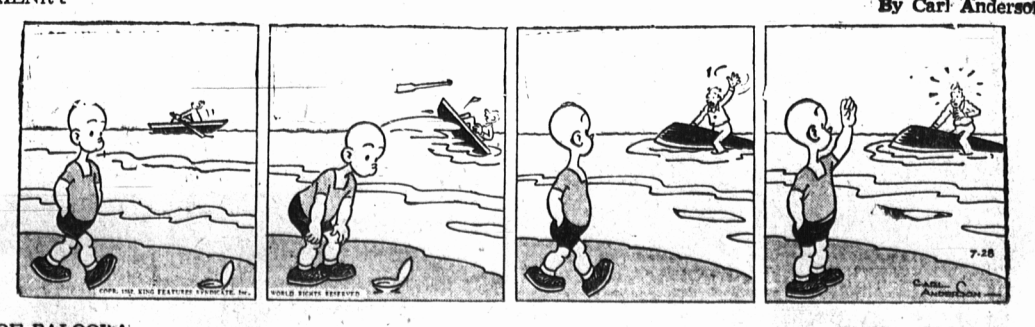
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Carl Anderson

HENRY

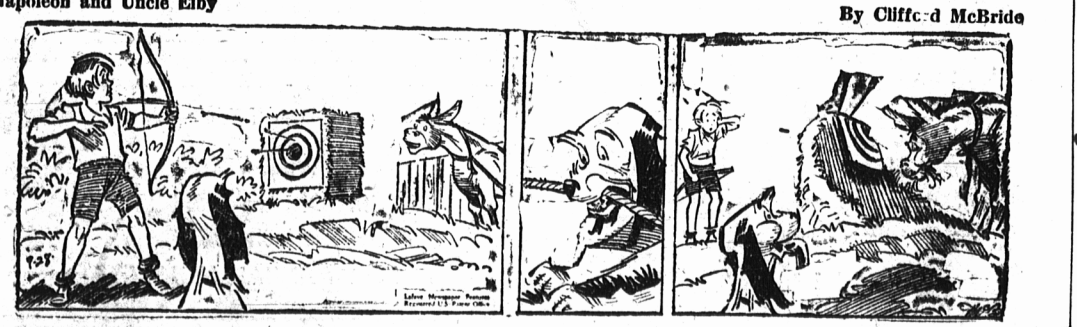


By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Walt Kelly



By Clifford McBride



By Alex Raymond



By Harry Hoenigsen