

By George McManus

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE RESCUE

You always find love at its best, when put to the severest test. —Old Mother Nature.

Outside a shed in a certain barnyard Mother Bear was growling as she walked around the shed sniffing at every crack. It was broad daylight and never before in all her life had Mother Bear ventured outside the Green Forest in broad daylight. But inside that shed were her two lost Cubs. They had wandered out of the Green Forest, and had been chased up in an apple tree where they had been caught, and finally locked up in this shed. It didn't seem possible that Mother Bear could have found them, but she had. And she had dared to come right out in the open and through two gardens to this barnyard, regardless of the

feared and dreadful human folk. She had met the test of true Mother love. She was still meeting that test for, despite the fact that several of those dreaded two-legged folk had gathered at a little distance to watch her, she was still determined to get her Cubs out of their prison.

Three times she walked around that shed, smelling at every crack, looking for some place where she might break in. Each time she came back to the door. All the time, joyous little whines were coming to her from inside and all the time she was growling encouragement to the small prisoners. She tried to push the door open. She couldn't; it was fastened, and she couldn't unfasten it. Somehow she knew that that was the only place that she could hope to get in. She pushed and pushed. She struck that door as hard as she could with one of her great paws. She threw her whole weight against it. It gave a little. She repeated. She did this several times. Then the door gave way, and she was inside. Joyously the Cubs rushed to her.

Mother Bear wasted no time. She pushed her two little black imps out of that shed. They were gentle about it. Their cries of joy gave way to whimpering as Mother Bear roughly pushed them ahead of her out the door, all the time scolding. She boxed the ears of one, and spanked the other. Then she ordered them to follow her, and she headed straight back to the Green Forest.

She went back the way she had come. She walked fast. She didn't run, but she did walk fast. The two small Bears behind her had to gallop some of the time to keep up, but they kept up. They kept right at her heels. They even pushed each other trying to get closer to mother. She led the way back through the two gardens. When she climbed over a fence, Taddy and Totty Bear crawled under the lowest rail. They crawled fast, too. They were dreadfully afraid Mother Bear would get too far ahead of them. All the time Mother was growling. It was a deep rumbling, grumbly growl, not at all pleasant to hear. It was for the benefit of several Men and Boys who were looking on. It was a warning to keep at a distance. They heeded the warning.

Not until they were back at the edge of the Green Forest did Mother Bear feel really safe. All the time she had been out in the open she had been afraid, terribly afraid. But she hadn't shown that she was afraid. None of those who saw her guessed how very much afraid she was. She was afraid for herself as well as for her small Cubs, but she didn't let the fear for herself stop her for one minute in rescuing those precious imps.

Back in the Green Forest Mother Bear heaved a great sigh of relief. Then she taught those two Cubs a lesson. She did it by spanking them. She spanked them both until they squealed. Mother Bear believes in corporal punishment for children who disobey. Perhaps she knows that it is the only kind of punishment that little Bears will remember.

The next time I tell you to do a thing, perhaps you'll do it!" growled Mother Bear. "Yes'm," replied Taddy Bear. His voice was a whimper. "Yes'm," echoed Totty Bear, and she was whimpering, too.

Then, without another word, Mother Bear led the way through the Green Forest, and two little black imps tried harder than ever to keep right at her heels. They had had a lesson they would not soon forget. Also, they had tested the courage of a mother's love.



She pushed her two little black imps out of that shed.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE

Generalities are worth no more in bridge than in other fields, but there is food for thought in a prominent expert's assertion that most too-high contracts do not result so much from a light opening bid as from the opener's following call — his first rebid. The following hand certainly seems to bear out this view.

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass
3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass
Pass Pass

West opened the queen of diamonds, and South was faced with a hopeless task. As a matter of fact, he ended up with five losers, and so paid a 200-point penalty.

Many readers, and particularly point-count players, will attribute this result to North's "creampuff" opening bid, but that is not the opinion of this reviewer. True, North's club opening was light, but if North had bid properly thereafter he could have come out with a profit instead of a loss. The really inexcusable action was North's raise to two hearts. True, North had nothing of value in the spades suit, and very little in his own club suit, but his prime duty, nevertheless, was to answer South's heart response with the rebid of one notrump — the cheapest and least encouraging rebid available.

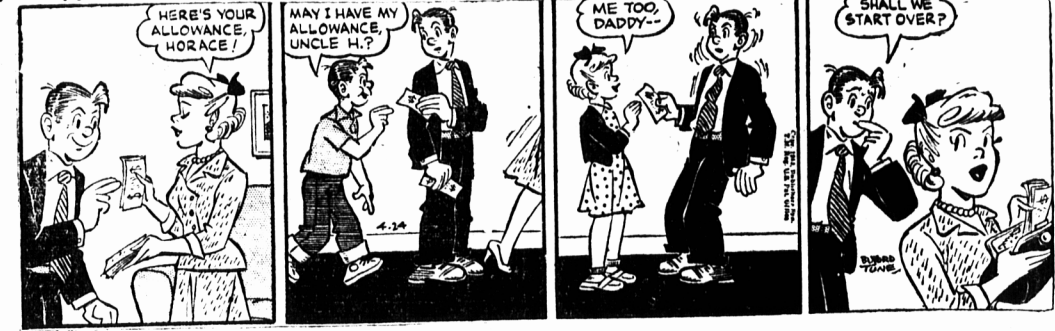
In such cases the direction of bidding is of less immediate concern than the level of the bidding. Observe the vastly different effect of the one-notrump rebid. The very most South could afford to bid over that one notrump would be two notrump. (There would be little point in showing the spade suit, after North declined the opportunity to bid one spade.) Thus, North would land at a two-notrump contract — he should certainly stay there rather than risk a heart "correction" — and it would not require great luck or skill to make two notrump. In any case, that contract would be quite a lot better than the actual four hearts!

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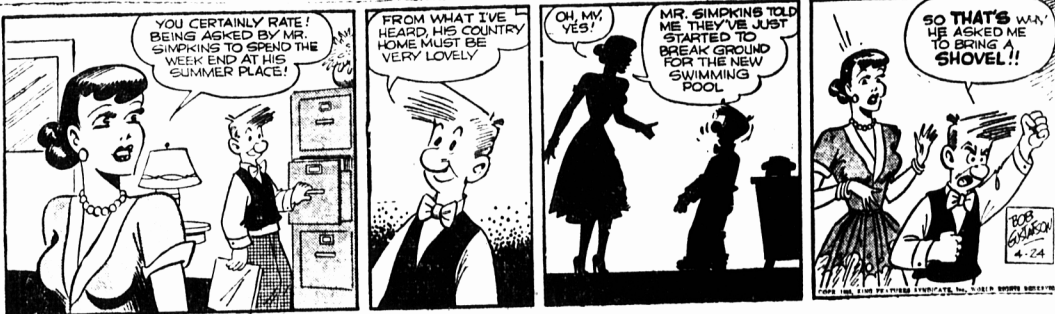
Bringing Up Father



Dotty Dripple



Tilly The Toiler



Tippy and "Cap" Strubs



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Pogo



Penny



FREE MOVIES

Come to the Free Movies in Clyde River Hall, Saturday, April 25th at 8:30 p.m., sponsored by Cockshutt Farm Equipment Limited. Title, "That Man May Live", plus comedy and travelogues. Lunches will be served by the L.O.B.A. Come and bring the whole family. Door prizes will be given. Get your free tickets at door.

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- MONDAY, APRIL 27th— Model School 1:30 p.m. Prince Street 2:30 p.m.
- TUESDAY, APRIL 28th— West Kent 1:30 p.m. Rochford Square 2:30 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29th— Queen Square 1:30 p.m. Notre Dame 2:30 p.m.
- THURSDAY, APRIL 30th— Spring Park 1:30 p.m. Parkdale 2:30 p.m.

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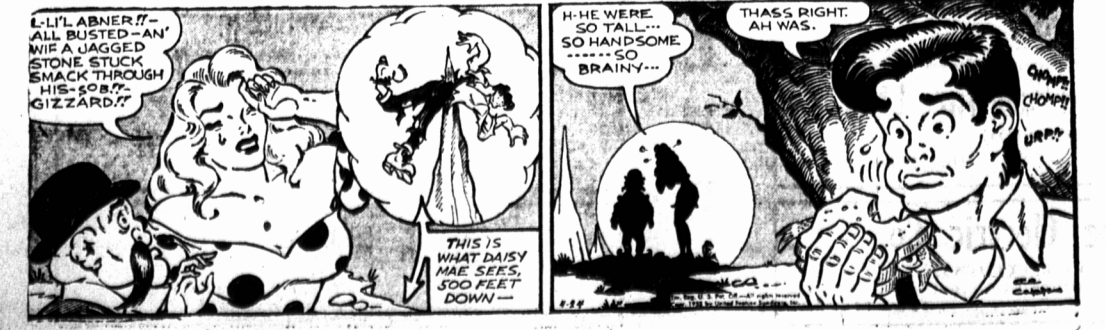
By Alex Raymond

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

Lil' Abner



By Al Capp

By Ruford

By Bob Gustafson

By Edwin

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Harry Hoegstien