BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

YOUNG REDDY VISITS THE SMILING POOL

**Who, seeing, does not understand
But little knowledge will command.
—Old Mother Nature**

Young Reddy Fox had had an adventure with a young Muskrat in Farmer Brown's cornfield. Of course, that young Muskrat had no business to be in that cornfield. He had no business to be so far from water. But appetite is a master difficult to deny. That young Muskrat had discovered the cornfield when he had gone exploring, and corn was a treat no Muskrat could resist. So the young Fox had surprised him and had thought to have a good dinner of Muskrat.

Young Reddy had soon found that something more than size is needed to win a fight. He was nearly twice as big as the other, but though he tried his best he could not prevent the young Muskrat from getting back to the Smiling Pool.

"I guess," thought Young Reddy, I don't know as much about those Smiling Pool folks as I should. In fact, I don't know much of anything about the folks who live there, or who visit there often."

So the very next night when the Black Shadows had crept out from the Purple Hills, Young Reddy made his way through the dusk to the Smiling Pool. He was very careful to approach slowly and carefully so as not to alarm any one. As he got near the Smiling Pool, he crawled on his stomach until he was where he could peep out and see all that was going on in and around the water.

The dusk was not yet deep enough to make darkness except at a distance. Almost at once he saw Jerry Muskrat swimming toward his house out in the water. A little before he reached it, Jerry dived. The young Fox watched for him to come up. Jerry didn't come up. Anyway, the young Fox didn't see him come up.

"How in the world can that fellow stay under water so long?" wondered Young Reddy. "I don't see how he can swim under water in the first place. But he breathes air the way I do, and there can't be any air in that water. So, how can he stay down there?"

Now, of course, Jerry Muskrat wasn't staying down under water. He can stay a surprisingly long time, but when he can hold his breath no longer he has to come up and get air. That is what he had done this time, but he had come up inside his house. All the time the young Fox supposed him to be under water he was with Mrs. Jerry in a comfortable dry room above the water inside that house which was surrounded by water.

As the young Fox lay there in the grass watching, a big bird came flying up from the Big River. When he reached the Smiling Pool he dropped his long legs, folded his wings, and then stood with his long neck stretched up as he looked and listened to make sure that all was well. Then he took two or three slow stately steps after which he stood perfectly still with his neck bended back. It was Qwauk the Great Heron. He was on the other side of the Smiling Pool, or I suspect young Reddy would have tried to catch him. He might have been sorry, if such had been the case, for that long stout bill of the Heron could easily have put out an eye.

"Chug-a-rum!" said a deep voice. It came from the lilypads, but the young Fox couldn't see any one. That was because Grandfather Frog didn't move, and his coat was green like the big lily pad on which he was sitting.

STANHOPE W. I.

The Stanhope W. I. held their regular monthly meeting on Sept. 6th at the Kitchen Shelter, Dalvay. The president, Mrs. Horace Marshall opened the meeting with the Ode followed by the Collect. Roll call was answered by eleven members and one visitor. Minutes of the previous meeting were read approved and signed.

The sick committee [illegible] report on calls made. The school committee reported a globe needed for the school. It was moved and seconded that a globe be purchased.

New committees were appointed as follows: School; Mrs. Harry Lawson; Sick; Mrs. Reginald Ross and Mrs. Keith Douglas; Program, Mrs. Harry Lawson and Mrs. Isaac Lawson; Letter; Mrs. Rhodes Warren and Mrs. Lloyd Bell; Lunch; Mrs. Leiws Kielly, Mrs. Harry Lawson and Mrs. Isaac Lawson.

It was decided to hold an Auction sale at the next meeting. Mrs. Alvin MacLauchlan invited members for the October meeting. Roll call to be answered with a get-well card. The collection amounted to $1.09. Meeting closed by singing the Queen. A lunch was served and a social hour enjoyed.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

One hardly can realize that the first stamp used in Canada did not come into existence until 1851. So, you see, writing a letter in the old days was not the simple matter that it is in our generation. Of course, many persons did not know how to write, and those that did could not afford to send more than one or two letters a year.

Before the envelope came on the market, the old-timers used a double sheet of paper very thick and without lines. Some of the poorest families used the bark of the birch tree. And they solved the ink problem by making their own. This was done by boiling the inner bark of the soft maple and adding a bit of copperas to the liquid. That this was high-grade ink may be gleaned from the fact that letters written over 100 years ago are still quite legible.

Nowadays, when we have fountain pens, typewriters, pencils, etc., we seldom think about the goose quill pens which were used by our forefathers.

Every home that could boast a quill pusher had its bundle of feathers ready for instant use. First, the quills were boiled to remove the grease; the feathers then were stripped back from the quill for an inch or so and the point or nib split with a knife. The finer the blade used, the nicer pen point one got.

Instead of blotting paper the people used fine sand. It did the trick, too.

It was hard to come by even the poorest quality paper in those days, and the Romeo who wanted to write a letter to his Juliet had to write slowly and thoughtfully so that his choicest words were used. He would not, perhaps, be able to write his sweetheart for another year.

When the letter was completed it was folded in two, then across twice, the blank side being folded outward. It was next sealed with wax and the address written across the face of it.

If possible they sent their letters by a friend who they knew was making a journey in the direction the letter was to take. When this could not be arranged the letter was carried by stagecoach and when delivery was finally made the receiver paid the carrier. It cost 7 to 10 cents to send letters in Canada and nearly 20 cents to send one to the old country.

Money was as scarce as hens' teeth, and quite often people could not pay postage on their letters.

A rather amusing story is told about a young lady, who lived at [illegible] River, outwitting the postman. The girl took the letter, looked at it carefully and then passed it back to the mailman, saying she had no money to pay for it. A friend who happened to be passing offered to pay for its delivery, but the girl winked her eye knowingly until the mailman had gone and then said:

"You see, John, my brother and I have a certain sign which we put on the outside of our letters to tell one another that we are well. The sign says that John is well; so that's all I need to know. Isn't that the cutest idea you ever heard of, eh?"

John thought it was, but he also thought it a bit dishonest on the part of Jean.

Our Boarding House Major Hoople

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

AN UNUSUAL OPENING LEAD

WEST'S opening lead in the deal below was of the sort that would appall most players, but it had a good chance to gain a trick—and even when it failed to do so, it didn't *cost* anything.

West dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.
Both sides 30 on score.

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

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
1 ♥	Dble.	2 ♥	3 ♦
3 ♥	3 ♠	Dble.	4 ♦
Pass	Pass	Pass	

North's three-spade bid was inexcusable, and he might have reaped severe punishment if South had not been able to rescue him in the seven-card diamond suit. As a matter of fact, the takeout double that North made initially was unsound.

Since East did not double four diamonds, West concluded that it would be touch-and-go whether or not the contract could be defeated. West's own spade length indicated that South was extremely short and would be able to discard on North's suit; and it did not appear probable that many heart tricks would accrue to the defense. So, on the assumption that the club king would lie with either North or East, West laid down the club ace, hoping to develop a ruff in the suit.

East signalled with the club deuce, and West saw that his analysis had gone astray, so he quickly shifted to a heart. The ace was put up; then declarer cashed the ace and king of spades, discarding his second heart. Now, faced with the sure loss of two trump tricks, South saw no hope of avoiding another club loser except by finessing, and so he tried that finesse immediately, since he could not hope to return to dummy.

Thus, West made the club queen anyway, just as he would have if he had let the suit alone, and the contract was defeated.

Out Our Way — By J. R. Williams

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Hazelbrook Dairying Co. Ltd., will be held at or near the factory Wednesday, October 12th, 1955 at 8 p.m.

EARL INGS,
President.

BACKACHE

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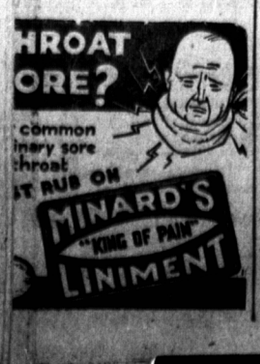
These fingers now free from warts, after using

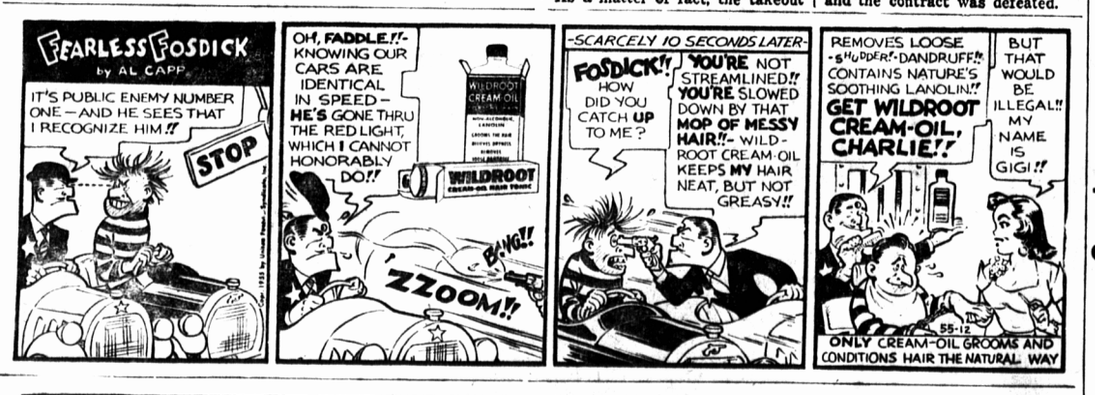
DEIGHTON'S
Wart Remover

Made from herbs. Not an acid. Warts and other fungus growth on hands, face, feet removed permanently within 3 to 5 weeks. Not injurious to healthy skin. Now obtainable at all drug stores.

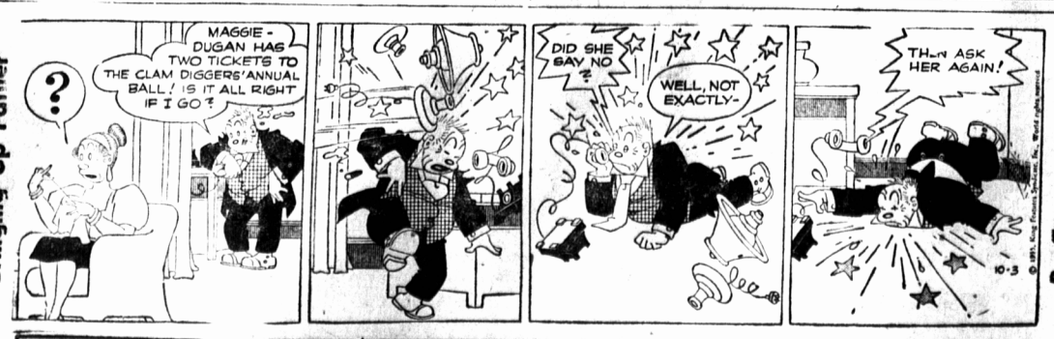


FEARLESS FOSDICK

by AL CAPP



Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



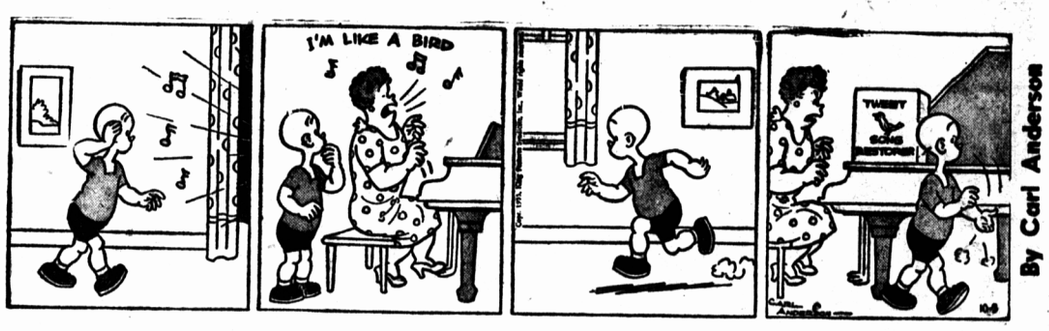
Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

The Lone Ranger — By [illegible]

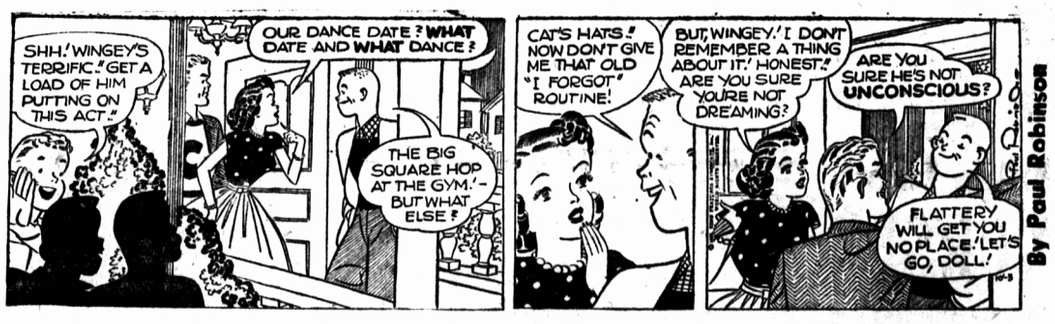
Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Muggs and Skeeter — By Wally Bishop

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Etta Kent — By Paul Robinson



Grandma — By Charles Kuhn

Mickey Mouse — By Walt Disney

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Secret Agent X9 — By [illegible]