

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE HOME IN THE BANK

A home's a home where'er it be
If those therein in love agree.
—Old Mother Nature.

Rattles the Kingfisher had had his way, so he was perfectly happy. Having his way is all it takes to make some folks happy. Mrs. Rattles hadn't approved of the place Rattles had insisted on making the entrance to their new home. She said it was too near the top of the bank. Rattles said it wasn't. Finally, Mrs. Rattles gave in. She had been fishing, and had had good luck. There is nothing like a good dinner and good luck to make folks feel good-natured. It was easy digging for the sand of that bank was not packed too hard.

They took turns in doing the work. They would loosen the sand with their big bills, then kick and push it out. They were digging a long tunnel straight in just a little below the roots of the grass. It was a lot of work, but anything worth having is worth working for, and they just had to have a home.

That doorway and the tunnel were just big enough for them to enter easily, but there was very little room to spare. When they thought they had gone far enough, he said so. "Let's make the bedroom right here," said he. Mrs. Rattles shook her head. They were both outside resting at the time. "We haven't dug half far enough," said she.

"I think we have," declared Rattles. "I don't see any sense in doing a lot of unnecessary hard work." The truth is, Rattles was getting tired of digging.

Mrs. Rattles said nothing. She flew over to the doorway and disappeared inside. Presently sand began to trickle out and roll down to the foot of the bank. Mrs. Rattles was at work digging that tunnel longer. Rattles sat around for a few minutes, then went fishing. When he returned, Mrs. Rattles was sitting in the doorway.

"Have you begun the bedroom yet, my dear?" Rattles asked hopefully.

"No," replied Mrs. Rattles a bit shortly. "I let you have your way in choosing where to make this way about where the nursery shall be. The longer the hall to reach it, the safer it will be."

"Poof!" said Rattles. "It will be safe enough anyway. Nobody is going to get in there."

Mrs. Rattles did have her way, and in having it she did most of the hard work. Somehow Rattles found a lot of excuses for not working. When he did work it was never for long at a time. He really didn't see any sense in doing such a lot of work for he really didn't believe there was any need of digging so far into the bank Mrs. Rattles said nothing, but insisted on having her way by continually digging far-



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ther and farther into the bank. At long last she was satisfied. Then began the digging of the room that was to be the nursery. That was even more work than the digging of the long tunnel. She was fussy about it. Anyway Rattles thought she was and said so. She really did most of the work. Perhaps Rattles thought that was fair enough, as she would be the one to spend most of the time in it.

When it was big enough to suit her, and the last of the sand had been pushed out, she covered the floor with fish bones. You know Kingfishers live chiefly on fish. You could hardly call it a nest. It was just a sort of carpet for the floor.

Then Mrs. Rattles began laying eggs. She and Rattles believe in large families. "I wouldn't know what to do with just two or three children to look out for and feed," Mrs. Rattles told Rattles, after laying the ninth egg.

After the ten eggs were laid, Mrs. Rattles began the long task of keeping those eggs warm by sitting on them. Every so often she turned them. She was very particular about that. This was so that all parts should be equally warmed. Rattles relieved her at times while she went fishing. At other times, when he wasn't fishing, he spent much of his time sitting on a dead limb of the big hickory tree that grew a little back from the edge of the bank, and from which he could look down in the water of the Smiling Pool.

ALPHA REBEKAH LODGE
NO. 10, I. O. O. F.

At the regular meeting of Alpha Rebekah Lodge No. 10, I. O. O. F., on Tuesday night, August 19, Sister Jean Crockett, recently elected president of the Rebekah Assembly of the Maritime Provinces, and Brother Clifford Keenan, Deputy Grand Master, I. O. O. F. Maritime, were present. These guests, together with Sister Ruby Houle, past president of the Rebekah Assembly, received the Honors of the Degree.

Sister Ethel Sutherland, who has been named Marshal of the Rebekah Assembly, was also present and welcomed home.

Brother W. O. Fraser, New Glasgow, Grand Sentinel of the Encampment and Chaplain of the Patriarchs Militant was introduced and received a cordial welcome from the Noble Grand.

Sister Jean Crockett, President of the Rebekah Assembly, conducted the ceremony of installa-

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

EPIDEMIC OF TROUBLE

The following hand caused grief to a great many South players in a pair tournament.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

N
W E S

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

This was the usual course of bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♠	1♥	2♠	2♣
Pass	Pass	4♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

One might think that the lead of ace and another spade (giving East a ruff) would have appealed to many Wests, but the far more favored lead (for some reason or other) was the heart five.

In all of these cases, however, the declarer then did for the opponents what they had failed to do for themselves! In short, they led a trump from dummy at the second trick. Every East put up the club ace and returned the singleton spade, and the spade ruff defeated the contract.

Very obviously, none of these declarers even considered the possibility that West might have an eight-card spade suit, but why they should have ignored this danger is hard to explain. Certainly, with the cards in sight, they should have been rather surprised at having been doubled at five clubs! Thus, quite aside from West's rebid of spades, they might have realized that East must have some good reason for his double, and that reason could scarcely be anything but a singleton spade. A sound East would not have doubted on diamond strength, because, with South doubling one heart and later bidding clubs, he would be marked very short in the diamond suit.

Thus, it would have been far shrewder for the declarer to resist the natural impulse to lead trumps and, instead, to cash the diamond ace and ruff a diamond for entry to the closed hand. Then it could cost nothing to lay down the heart ace and discard a spade from dummy. Trump-drawing could certainly wait.

After interesting remarks by the distinguished guests and visitors, Lodge closed in due form. Delicious refreshments were served by this committee and a social hour enjoyed by all present.

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By Al Capp

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L'L ABNER



By Ruford



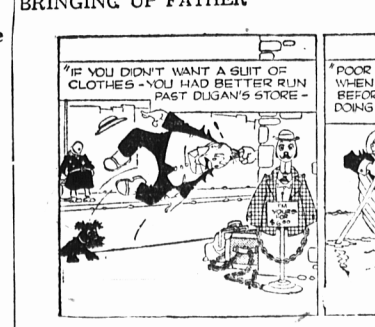
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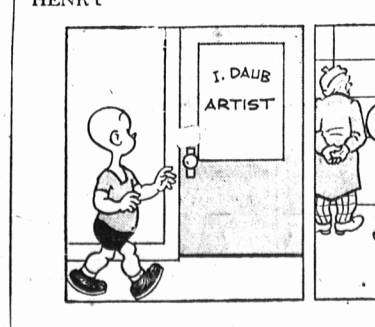
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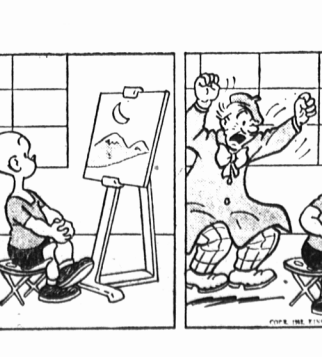
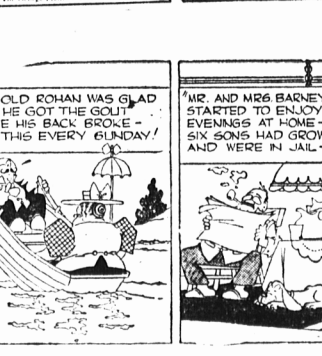
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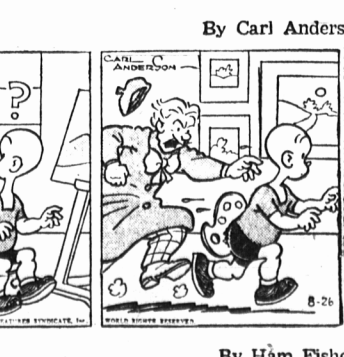
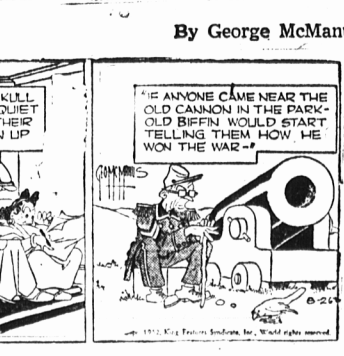
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