## By Thornton W. Burgess

### ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Enough is enough; it always is so.

You'll find this is true wherever you go.

—Peter Rabbit.

It has taken Peter a long time to learn the truth of this. There are times even now when it seems a bit doubtful if he has learned it. He certainly had not learned it the night he was knocked sprawling when he tried to go into Farmer Browns garden.

Peter had been getting in mischief in that garden. Farmer Brown's Boy had been doing his best to keep Peter out. He had tried to trap Peter so as to take him off and let him go where he couldn't get into mischief. Peter knew too much about traps to go into one. Farmer Brown's Boy had taken Flip the Terrier and Bowser the Hound over to the garden to chase Peter out. Sooner or later Peter always came back. And every time he came back he got into mischief by eating some of the choicest plants growing there.

Each time Peter would make up his mind that he would keep away from that garden, but always he changed his mind within a day or two. So, on this particular night, Peter had come once more to slip under the fence into the garden. Right then a strange thing had happened. He had been knocked right over on his back. He had been hit right on the nose. Anyway, that is what he thought. But look as he would he could see no one. Then Old Mr. Toad appeared. It certainly wasn't Old Mr. Toad who had hit him on the nose.

Old Mr. Toad went back into the garden, and Peter started to follow. The same thing happened again. He turned a back somersault, and landed sprawling. He wasn't really hurt; his nose wasn't even sore. But he was a scared Rabbit. Folks often are scared of things they do not understand, and Peter certainly did not understand this. Neither did Old Mr Toad.

"What did you do that for?" asked Old Mr. Toad.

"I didn't do it," retorted Peter indignantly. "Something hit me."


## Charlottetown Hotel

SPECIAL MONTHLY

WINTER RATES

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Single Room with bath—$3.00 minimum per day (1 person).

Double Room with bath—$5.00 minimum per day (2 persons).

For further information write:

HOTEL MANAGER

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## PLALANX CLUB

Opening Friday, Sept. 11th 7:15 P. M.

Any young man, age 18-25 years wishing to join this club please be at the Y's Men's Centre, Green Street on that evening.



## NOTICE

Annual meeting Charlottetown and Royalty Liberal Association (5th district) to be held in the Clover Club (Canadian Legion Building) Grafton Street, on Wednesday, September 16th, at 8 p.m.

By Order,

BENJAMIN ROGERS, JR., President.
J. P. NICHOLSON, Secretary.

"Have you been over to Farmer Brown's garden lately?"

"But there isn't anything here to hit you, replied Old Mr. Toad. "I just came under that fence and nothing hit me."

Once more Peter ventured over to the fence. This time he chose another place to slip under into the garden. He looked it over very carefully. There was no one around. There was nothing unusual except that a piece of wire had been stretched along a little above the ground. Peter couldn't get under it without touching it unless he dug away a little of the earth. And he couldn't jump over it because of things in the way.

He could squeeze under it. At least he thought he could. He started to do it. Again the surprising and rather frightening thing happened. Again he was knocked sprawling. This time when he got to his feet Peter stopped at a respectful distance from that fence. Somehow he had lost all desire to try to get under it.

"Enough is enough," said Peter, talking to himself. "I don't want to go into that old garden anyway. I'm not hungry. I don't know why I came over here in the first place."

But though he had lost his appetite, Peter still stuck around. He was puzzled, and never had he been more curious. There was something very, very strange about that fence. He had a feeling that it had something to do with what had happened to him. So he just sat around watching to see if something happened to anybody else. He was even tempted to try once more to get into that garden. But when he got close to the fence he once more decided that enough is enough. He turned about and went home to the dear Old Briarpatch.

The next morning Peter went to call on Johnny Chuck. You know they are old friends. Peter knew that Johnny sometimes visited Farmer Browns garden and he wondered if Johnny had ever been hit on the nose while trying to get under that fence. Johnny was sitting on his doorstep. He was fat. He looked too fat to run. Peter wasted no time.

"Have you been over to Farmer Brown's garden lately?" asked Peter.

Johnny shook his head. "No," said he. "There's been plenty of sweet clover right around home, and I don't know of anything better than sweet clover."

"You don't know what you are missing," said Peter. "There are some of the nicest things growing in that garden. I just can't keep away from there. Come on over with me now."

"No thanks," said Johnny.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### CONCERNING PENALTY DOUBLES

Many of the leading experts are "hair-trigger doublers," especially at match-points, but they are conservative in this respect: they do not overrate the importance of a string of low cards in the opponents' trump suit. Observe South's restraint in the following case, taken from a duplicate game.

North dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | ♠ 6<br>♥ A K J 10 3<br>♦ 10 8 4<br>♣ A 7 5 2 | |
| ♠ K<br>♥ 9 8 6 2<br>♦ J 6 5<br>3 2<br>♣ J 10 8 | N<br>W E<br>S | ♠ A Q J<br>10 9 3<br>♥ Q 7 5<br>♦ —<br>♣ K Q 9 4 |
| | ♠ 8 7 5 4 2<br>♥ 4<br>♦ A K Q 9 7<br>♣ 6 3 | |

This was the bidding at one table:

| North | East | South | West |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♥ | 2 ♠ | Pass | Pass |
| 3 ♥ | Pass | Pass | 3 ♠ (!) |
| Pass | Pass | 4 ♦ | Dble. |
| Pass | Pass | Pass | |

Beyond, doubt, South was tempted to double the three-spade bid, particularly since he had kept quiet on the first two rounds. But he decided against the double. North was obviously very short in spades and he had not bid clubs, hence there was every reason to think that he had **some** length in diamonds, and there might be an easy game at that suit.

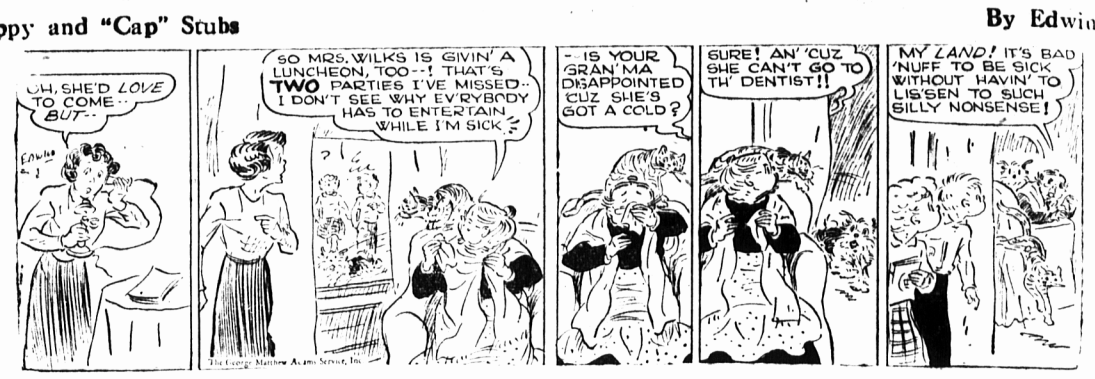
Matters did not work out exactly as South had hoped, but the result of the four-diamond bid was nevertheless very satisfactory. West opened the spade king, then shifted to a club. Declarer put up the ace, discarded his second club on dummy's hearts, then easily cross-ruffed the hand for 10 tricks.

The 430 points North-South earned was substantially better than the score they would have made against three spades. Indeed, at other tables, East actually made eight or nine tricks when the defense faltered a little.

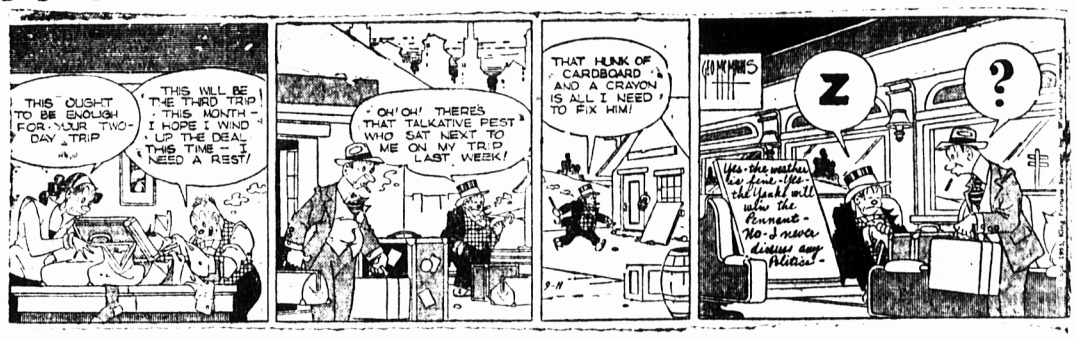
Incidentally, West's raise to three spades on the singleton king, though unquestionably "brave," was not as illogical as it may appear.

Dotty Dripple — By Ruford

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwin




Bringing Up Father — By George McManus




Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

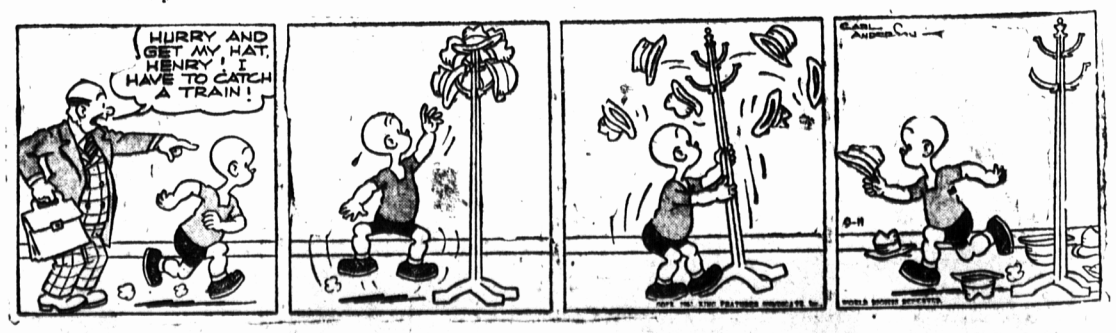
Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

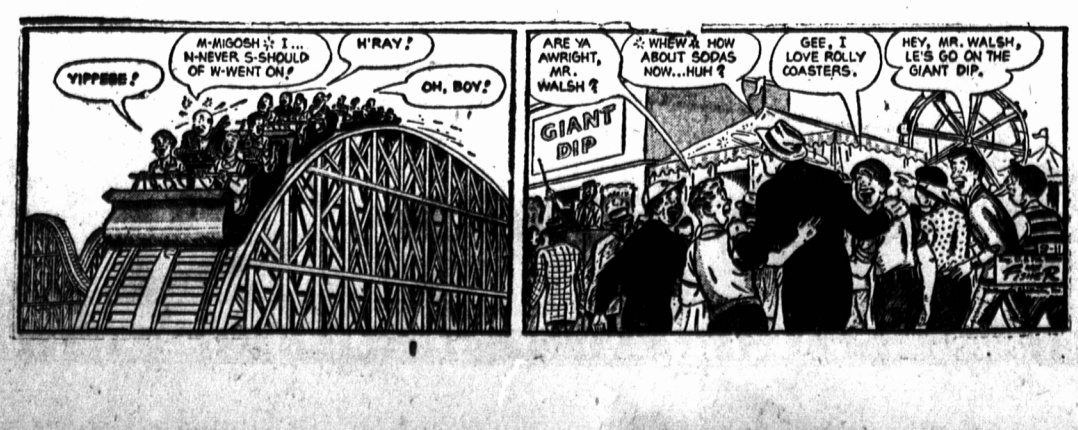
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Henry — By Carl Anderson




Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher




PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen