By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE TOAD SOAKS A DRINK

Be in judging always slow.
There may be things you do not know.
—Old Mr. Toad.

There had been no rain for a number of days. The nights had not been much better than the days. Everything was very, very dry. Old Mr. Toad and Little Toad were as dry as the plants around them. They were uncomfortable. Yes, indeed, they were most uncomfortable. Nothing is more distressing to a Toad than a dry skin.

They were thirsty. They felt as dry inside as they were outside. They needed water just as much as thirsty plants in the garden needed water. Every night when they went out hunting for their food it seemed to them they became a little drier. When is the early morning they returned to their home under a big board in a corner of the garden, they were a dusty and discouraged looking pair.

"Why didn't I think of that before?" cried Old Mr. Toad to himself, and off he started after Little Toad.

Both of them seemed to be growing thin although they had enough to eat. You see, water was just as necessary to them as to any one else. It seemed to Little Toad that he just couldn't go another night or another day without water. When he tried to go to sleep during the daytime he couldn't. All he could think about was water. He was uneasy. He couldn't keep still. He poked his head out from underneatn the wide board. Although it was still very early in the morning jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining. The air was very warm. In fact, it really was hot. Little Toad started to withdraw under the board. Just then he heard a sound he had heard many times before that he had never given a thought to.

"Cut, cut, cut, cut- cut cut cut-da cut!" That voice came from Farmer Brown's henyard. It reminded Little Toad of something he had not thought of for a long time. It reminded him of the dreadful fright he had had one time in that henyard when he had jumped into a tub of water when a Hen had tried to catch him.

"Water!" exclaimed Little Toad under his breath. "Water!" He came out from under that board, and off he started, hop, hop, hop, hippity-hop. He was panting but he didn't stop. He was heading straight for the henyard which was divided from the garden by a wide fence.

"Where are you going?" called Old Mr. Toad, who had poked his head out from under the board.

"To get a drink," replied Little Toad over his shoulder, and kept right on going, hop, hop, hippity-hop.

Then Old Mr. Toad remembered that tub of water set in the ground in the henyard. "Why didn't I think of that before!" cried Old Mr. Toad to himself and off he started after Little Toad, hop- hop, hop, hippity-hop.

Little Toad reached the fence first. He pushed under it. He stopped only long enough for a quick look. Several of those dreadful Hens were walking about, but there were none between him and that tub of water. Even if there had been I doubt if Little Toad would have hesitated. You see, he was dreadfully thirsty, dreadfully dry, dreadfully uncomfortable.

Hop, hop, hippity-hop, he went straight for that water. Then with a last long hop he landed in it with a splash. Do you think he opened his mouth for a drink as most folks would have done in his place? He kept his mouth closed, tightly closed, yet all the time he was drinking. He was soaking it in all over through his skin. This is the approved way of drinking among the Toad folk. Instead of swallowing water, they soak it in.

A couple of minutes later, Old Mr. Toad arrived. He, too, hopped in to drink in the same manner. Oh, how good that water felt. Side by side, the big Toad and the Little Toad floated in the middle of the tub of water, and soaked and soaked. Old Mr. Toad even partly swelled out the music-bag in his throat and trilled a note or two softly, a note of pure happi-

A Hen came to the edge of the water, but Old Mr. Toad was too big to be of aony interest to her and she didn't see Little Toad. When at long last they went back to their home in the garden, the two Toads no longer minded the hot breath of jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun. You see, they were no longer thirsty. They had soaked in all the water they could hold.

PRESENTING

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ORANGE TEA

Applications will be received up to June 14th, by the undersigned, from Orange Lodges or Protestant Church groups for the privilege of catering for the July 12th celebration.

J. A. MURRAY,
Clyde River.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"FANCY BIDDING" SUCCEEDS SOMETIMES

A "fancy" bid by South in the following hand had a remarkable outcome.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

This was the bidding in a rubber game:

North	East	South	West
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠ (!)	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	3 NT	Dble.
Pass	Pass	Redbl.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

After the hand had been played, South explained his one-spade response in this way:

He had thought about a slam, of course, when North opened the bidding, but instead of making a jump response in diamonds, South decided to bid one spade in order to hear North's voluntary bid. If North raised spades, South would naturally bid the hand to the limit in diamonds or, if necessary, in notrump. When, however, North simply rebid hearts, South decided that even a game at diamonds might not be there — that there might be three immediate spade losers. So, partly for that reason, but much more with a different hope in mind, South simply jumped to three notrump.

It was South's "different hope" which was realized. West, who had lain in wait when he heard South's spade bid, and who apparently felt no concern about the missing diamond suit, doubled three notrump with great gusto — but nothing like the gusto with which South redoubled!

Gullible to the end, West opened the club queen. South won with the ace and ran off seven diamond tricks, keeping three hearts and two clubs in dummy. West could have saved a little by holding a high spade, but when he blanked himself in that suit to guard hearts and clubs, South cashed the spade queen, and then West was really in trouble — in fact, he now couldn't keep South from winning all 13 tricks.

Collection 1600 points for overtricks was very pleasing to North-South, especially since they could not have made a slam.

WATER ECHOES

Sound travels faster in water than in air and underwater sound signals are often used by lighthouses and light ships.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

JOE PALOOKA By Ham Fisher

HENRY By Carl Anderson

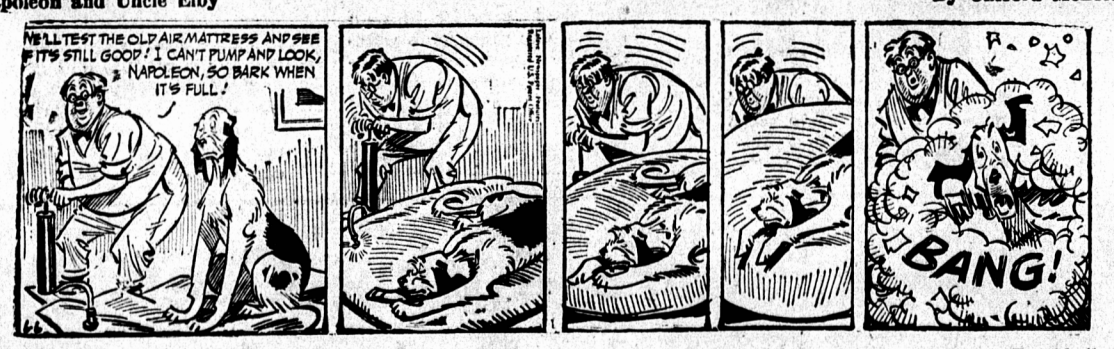
By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS By Edwina

POGO By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford McBride



BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

LI'L ABNER By Al Capp

TILLY THE TOILER By Bob Gustafson

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond

PENNY By Harry Hoenigsen