

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## PETER GOES ADVENTURING

Adventure, not too great, is nice. It gives to life a touch of spice. —Peter Rabbit.

Every so often Peter Rabbit has to go adventuring. Peter is naturally timid. You wouldn't expect him to go adventuring. You would think anyone as timid as Peter would stay at home. Especially such a safe place to stay in as the dear Old Briar-patch. But Peter has what he calls the wandering foot. Many people are just like Peter. They just have to be travelling about. They cannot stay at home for any length of time.

Peter had left the dear Old Briar-patch in the dusk of early evening. He had made sure that Mrs. Peter didn't see him, for she always scolded him for what she was pleased to call "folly." He didn't know where he was going when he left the dear Old Briar-patch. First he decided he would run over to



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the Smiling Pool, then changed his mind and started for the Green Forest. Once more, he changed his mind. He wound up in Farmer Brown's barnyard.

Peter had been over to that barnyard often. He thought he knew

## TURNIP MEETING

The dealers, inspectors and growers of Turnips are asked to attend a meeting in Prince of Wales College, Room 66, Sept. 5th, at 8:00 p.m.

Mr. R. E. Robinson, Chief Fruit and Vegetable Inspection, Ottawa, will address the meeting.

It is important that all interested attend.

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all about it. He would have said that there was nothing in that barn yard that he didn't know about. Usually it is a mistake to make positive statements, especially about things you haven't seen recently he hadn't been poking his wobbly little nose into this and that very long before he came to something he had never seen before. It was a box, a big box. It was tilted, the back edge of it resting on a big stone. Peter couldn't see into that box without standing up and putting his front feet on the edge of it.

Now, being full of curiosity, Peter wanted to see what was in that box. There might be nothing in it, on the other hand, there might be something worth while seeing in it. Peter stood up on his hind feet, and put his front feet on the edge of the box, and could just get his nose over the edge. He still couldn't see much of the inside of that box. He stretched himself as high as he could on those hind legs of his. He pressed hard on the edge of that big box, as he stretched his neck and did his best to look over. Something happened! All of a second, Peter found out what was in that box. Yes, sir, he found out what was in that box. He was in it, and nothing else. That box had tipped over all in a flash, and there he was, a prisoner in it, or under it, which amounted to the same thing.

Was Peter frightened? Of course he was frightened. He was so frightened, that for a minute or two, he didn't move. You see, it was so unexpected, that he didn't understand just what had happened. When he did understand, he knew that he was a prisoner. He did his best to tip that box back, but of course he couldn't do that. It was too big a box, too heavy. He tried to push his wobbly little nose under the edge of it, but he couldn't do that either. He couldn't budge that box at all.

How Peter did wish that he had remained at home in the dear Old Briar-patch as Mrs. Peter had wanted him to. How he did wish that he had not been so curious. At first, he wasn't too worried.

"I can dig my way out," thought Peter, and tried it at one end of the box. He discovered that he couldn't dig his way out there. You see, that particular part of the barnyard was covered with concrete, and of course Peter's little paws and short claws were perfectly useless against that hard concrete. He went all around the edge of that box, trying every bit of the way to dig, and finding that he couldn't dig at all. He was in a corner, and wished and wished and wished that he had never left home. Of course, those wishes did him no good. Wishing never does anyone good.

Peter was in trouble, there was no doubt about that. He had gotten himself into trouble, but he couldn't get himself out of it.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### THEY SHOULD HAVE STOPPED AT SIX

A good guess would have brought home the grand-slam contract in the hand below, but the more patient point is that the hand was bid a shade too strongly.

South dealer  
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
2 ♠ Pass 4 NT Pass  
3 ♠ Pass 7 ♠ Pass  
4 ♠ Pass

North certainly could not be blamed for getting very optimistic when, over his mere one-spade response, South made a jump rebid of his club suit, and North's enthusiasm could scarcely be diminished by South's showing three aces in response to the Blackwood. At worst, from North's point of view, a grand-slam contract would depend on a finesse in hearts, and if South had full values for his jump rebid, 13 tricks figured to be there for the taking.

Actually, South had "strained" a little in rebidding three clubs over one spade, so he might have refused to be so truthful in answering the Blackwood call, i. e., he might have lied and announced only two aces (although this is usually a bad policy).

West made the neutral lead of a trump, and declarer, quite in the dark about the missing kings, wound up by taking the heart finesse and going down a trick.

There can be no valid criticism of declarer's play, since he could scarcely know that West had both red kings. If he had known this, he would have made the contract easily enough by drawing trumps, discarding the hearts on dummy's spades, and then running the rest of the suit and cashing the heart ace with one trump left. South would also hold the Q-7 of diamonds, while dummy kept the heart queen and the A-7 of diamonds. On the last club lead, West would either have to give up the heart king or bank his diamond king.

**BOUND MURDERER ESCAPES**  
BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 1 — (AP)—A convicted murderer, his hands handcuffed in front of him, escaped from a train here today while being taken to Kilby, Ala., state prison. Officers said David Taylor, 25, jumped from a passenger train as it pulled into the station yards.

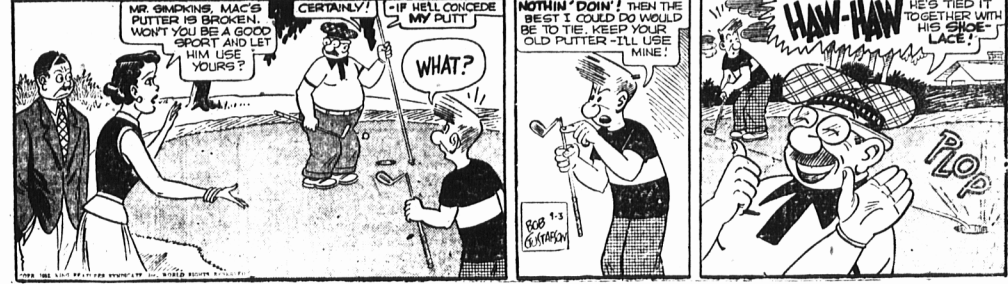
## DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Rufora



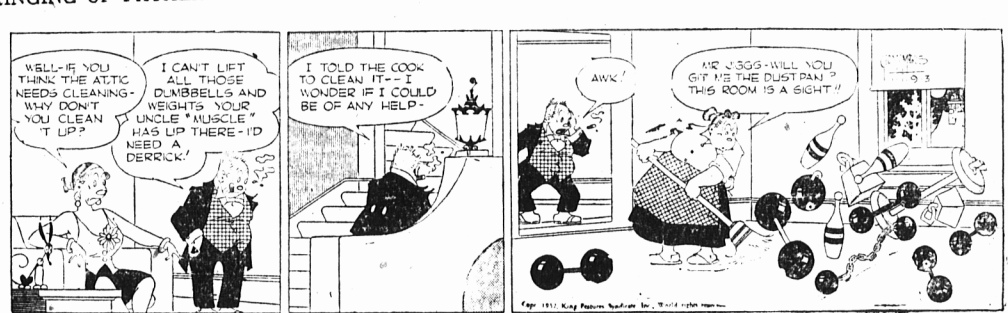
## TILLY THE TOILER

By Hopkinson



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



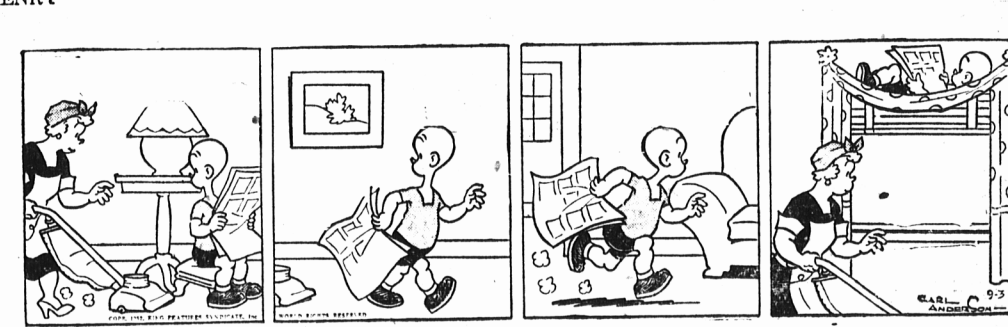
## TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



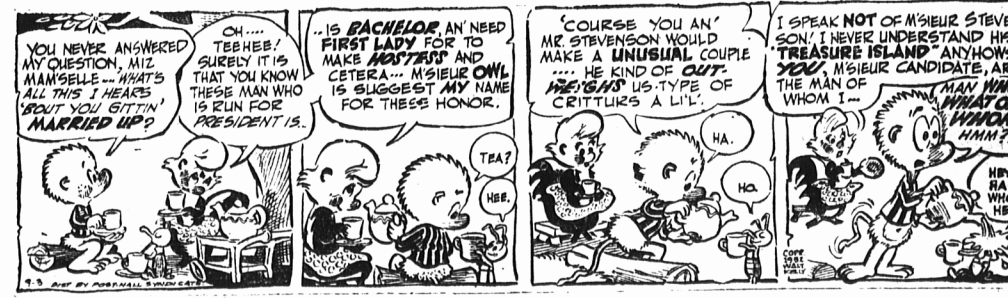
## HENRY

By Carl Anderson



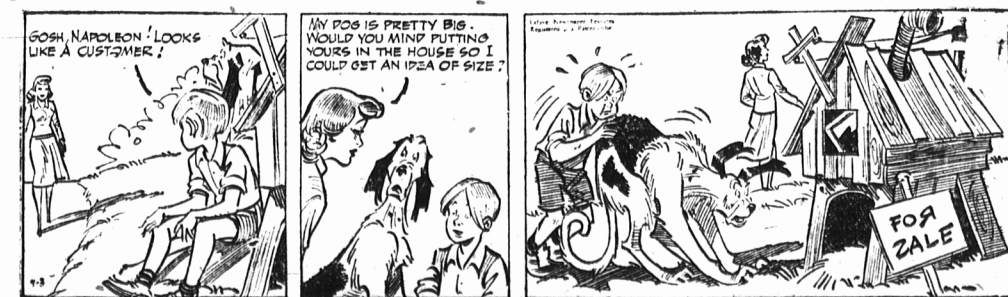
## POGO

By Walt Kelly



## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



## PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



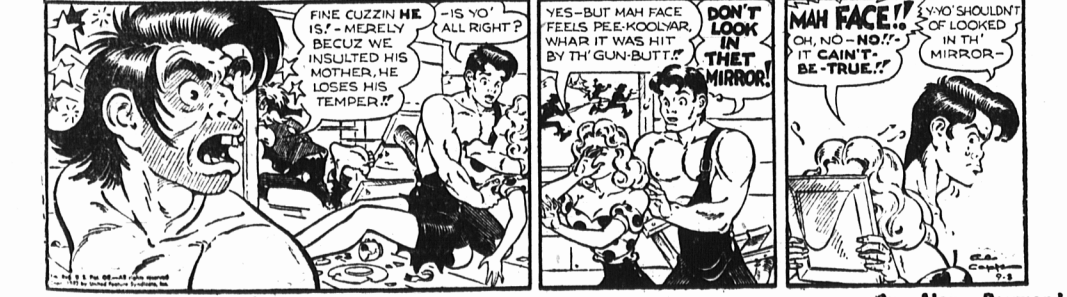
## JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



## LIL ABNER

By Al Capp



## KIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

