



By Thornton W. Burgess

JERRY BECOMES ANXIOUS

Those succeed who look ahead. Those who fail look back instead. —Old Mother Nature.

Jerry Muskrat was uneasy. "What is the matter with you Jerry?" demanded Mrs. Jerry. "Nothing," replied Jerry. "Just nothing at all."

"Then why are you so uneasy? Since you finished that landing place over at the edge of the rushes you've acted queerly. You don't seem to know what to do with yourself," said Mrs. Jerry in her high squeaky voice.

"I am beginning to be a little anxious," confessed Jerry. "You mean you are worried. Now what in the world are you worrying about?" squeaked Mrs. Jerry.

"The weather," replied Jerry. "Have you lived long enough, Jerry Muskrat, to know there is no use in worrying about the weather? If you must worry, worry about something you can do something about. You can't do anything about the weather. Nobody can. So you may just as well forget about it." Mrs. Jerry spoke rather sharply.

"You are both right and wrong, my dear," replied Jerry. "It is true that I can do nothing about the weather itself, but I can do something about being ready for what the weather ahead may be. The puzzling thing to know is what we should do. It all depends on the weather. My dear, do you realize I haven't rained for days and days?"

"Of course I do. What a foolish question!" squeaked Mrs. Jerry. She sounded out of patience. "Just because it hasn't rained for days and days, is no reason for thinking it won't rain by and by."

"If the water goes down much more it won't be of any use," replied Jerry.



"I am beginning to be a little anxious," confessed Jerry.

"I guess you haven't been noticing things," said Jerry.

"What things?" snapped Mrs. Jerry. She was beginning to be a bit cross.

"How much smaller the Smiling Pool is than it was, for one thing."

"What if it is? It is still big enough," replied Mrs. Jerry.

Jerry nodded. "True. Very true, my dear," said he. "But if it gets much smaller we'll be in trouble. Listen!"

Mrs. Jerry pricked up her small ears. "What shall I listen to?" she asked.

"Listen to Laughing Brook," replied Jerry.

Mrs. Jerry gave Jerry a queer look. "How can one listen to something they can't hear?" she demanded.

"Just so. You can't hear Laughing Brook laughing because it isn't laughing. There isn't water enough in it. Unless we have rain soon it may dry up altogether. There isn't a cloud in sight, and I don't like it. I don't like it one bit. Do you see that new landing place I built over there?" concluded Jerry.

"Of course I see it. What of it?" replied Mrs. Jerry.

"If the water goes down much more it won't be of any use," replied Jerry.

Pioneer Days In P. E. I.

By F. H. MacArthur

"Believe it or not," but flour was once ground in this Province on curious little hand-mills which could be carried about from home to home. This pioneer mill consisted of two stones pounding or rubbing together, worked by hand, and grinding at one operation enough wheat to last a family for a single day.

The first mill of this kind is supposed to have been made by Peter McNair, a Scotch shepherd who brought his wife and family to Prince Edward Island to settle in Belfast.

The grain was placed on the flat surface of the upper stone and passed to the lower stone through a large eye, near the spot where the spindle worked. Through this eye a hand-spike could be driven and the mill carried from one farm to another, if desired.

The neighbors usually brought their grain to Peter's however. When the day's work was ended and lingering shadows stretched across the pioneer homes, the big Highlanders appeared each with a little sack of grain in his hand. Each in turn had his grist turned into course meal while current events were discussed. Then they went home with enough flour for a week's bread.

The process of grinding worked something like this: Once the grain passed from the upper stone to the lower stone, the miller took hold of the spindle and turned it so as to cause the stone to rotate. By this process of grinding, the grain made its way from the centre and poured out in the state of flour near the rim.

These milling stones are still used in remote parts of Ireland and Orkneys and Shetlands.

With such primitive implements of milling flour, one can readily see that milling was at first a domestic industry. The millstones were part of a family's furnishings and the ancient law forbade anyone taking them for debt. "No man shall take the upper or the nether millstone to pledge: for he taketh a man's life to pledge."

Not much flour could be turned out on these primitive implements worked by hand.

Later came the rotating mill powered by animals. This was a vast improvement over the hand-operated mill. Here the stones were perfectly flat and the grinding sur-

faces chiseled into narrow grooves that did the actual grinding, while the meal worked its way along the grooves to the outer edges of the stone. This type of flour-mill was used by the ancient Romans. However in about 100 B.C. the Romans used water power which opened up a new era in the milling industry, though no further progress was made till the eighteenth century.

Until the modern roller mills came into being Island folk knew nothing about the fine quality flour which we find in our homes today. Gradually the old stones gave way to the new metal rollers and grist mills driven by water - power, and sprang up on every stream in the Island.

The first pair of rollers did not completely crush the entire grain as the revolving stones had done, but split the kernel into small pieces containing the valuable elements of the cereals, and separated the bran. Each pair of rollers carried the process a step farther until, finally, the whole was divided into middlings, shorts and bran and flour.

These were the days when the farmer raised his own wheat, had his own flour for his family, and the middlings and bran for his livestock. Incidentally, not many of the old grist mills are in operation now, because we no longer grow wheat. The flour mill was an interesting place to see with its creek-

endless miles of belts. Then, too, there were the separators, the elevators, the screening sieves and the huge grain bins that fed the hungry mice. Ever since wheat has been grown and flour milled bread has been a human necessity - the staff of life.

So far as I could gather no Peter McNair mills exist today. Gone too are most of the roller mills where farmers gathered and talked while the busy old waterwheel turned the machinery that ground the golden grains into delicious flour.

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CONTRACT BRIDGE
By Josephine Culbertson

CHANCE FOR A "TOP"

A CERTAIN South had a fine chance for "top on the board" in the deal below, but he shipped. The deal occurred in an important pair tournament.

East dealer.
East-West vulnerable.

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

This was the bidding at the table in reference:

East 1♥	South 1♠	West Pass	North 1NT
2♦	Pass	Pass	2♣
Pass	Pass	3♦	Dble.
Pass	3♠ (final bid)		

Obviously, South's spade overall of one heart was extremely weak but the vulnerability conditions favored this action. Apropos, North deserved credit for grasping the situation and giving his partner so much "leeway." West opened the heart eight. This was ducked in dummy, and

when East put up the queen, South dropped the nine to give the impression of a doubleton. East shifted to his top club, and West co-operated by ducking the trick.

It was vital for South to establish the club suit, even at the expense of having a club break ruffed, so he returned a club from dummy. This time West took his ace, and having observed East's high-low, led his last club. East ruffed with the spade six and, with no safe exit, laid down the spade king.

It was here that South went astray. He took the trick with dummy's ace, and after that he could not avoid the loss of the spade queen to West and another heart trick to East, going down one.

South should have let East hold the trick with the spade king. If he could return another spade, well and good—the entire suit would now be accounted for, and declarer could take the rest by discarding a heart from dummy on one of his own clubs. If East could not (as was actually the case), lead another spade, he would have to lead a heart to the North-South combined tenace, or a diamond that would give South a trick.

CONTRACT BRIDGE
By Josephine Culbertson

VERY BAD BEDDING

THE EAST-WEST bidding in the hand below was inconspicuous and foolhardy.

East dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The hand occurred in a match-point duplicate, and at most tables South opened with one heart and West overcalled with a spade or made a takeout double. In all of these cases South finally landed the contract at two hearts and won just eight tricks in the play, scoring 110 points.

At the table in reference, however, the auction took quite a different turn, as follows:

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

West was the chief culprit in this affair, but his partner was not free of guilt. East's vulnerable reopening bid of two clubs was certainly questionable, to put it mildly. True, North had shown weakness by failing to hold the bidding open, but East had no right to assume that his partner had made a trap pass.

As for West, his last-ound pass was ill-advised to begin with—he should have doubled one heart or overcalled with one spade—and his penalty double of two hearts was inexcusable. Surely, he could not expect to make every honor in his own hand, and it was extremely optimistic to look to East for more than one trick, considering his original pass.

The double gave North-South a clear top on the board. West opened the diamond king, and when he saw East's nine, laid down the diamond ace in hope that East had a singleton. He then shifted to a club, but South won, cashed the heart ace, and then led a low heart. The result was that South made an extra trick and scored, in all, 870 points.



Tilly The Toilet



Erra Kent



Muggs and Skeeter



Henry



Bringing Up Father



Grandma



Mickey Mouse



L'il Abner



The Lone Ranger



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