

By F. H. MacArthur

Tales of ice travel are always thrilling and the adventure which befell a party of Ellerslie and Tyne Valley folk almost one hundred years ago is one of the most exciting. It is still told from Ellerslie to Richmond Bay and no matter how often it is retold, it still grips and holds the listener.

Jessie Price and her son John, William Ford, Thomas Burleigh and Thomas Phillips of Ellerslie, with William Ellis and son, and "Billy the Duke" of Tyne Valley, and a couple of teen-aged youngsters, had loaded their sleds with timber gleaned from the surrounding forests. Their destination was Malpeque. The timber was for the shipyards. Ellerslie folk supplied a good deal of the lumber used at Malpeque, Darnley and Princetown. In return for the lumber the settlers got flour, groceries, fodder, and their spring seed—the old trade and barter system was then in use.

Our story opens on a certain day in the month of March. Their journey, a distance of twenty miles, had to be traversed by ice. The little party set out before daylight with the expectation of being back home early that same night. The party reached Malpeque without mishap, unloaded their lumber and secured a good supply of provisions for themselves and their livestock. This occupied considerable time and when they reached the ice field for their return trip one of the men, Thomas Phillips, father of F. W. Phillips, speaker of the House, had fallen to join the others. After waiting on the shore for nearly an hour they decided he must have gone on to Summerside to spend the night at the home of a friend.

Already the sun had sunk to rest behind a great cloud bank, and a strong gale was sweeping across the country. There was every indication of a big storm. Now the farmers pointed to the sky, spoke of the wind, and the dangerous spring-holes that lay along their route of travel. On more than one occasion these spring-holes, often too wide for the horses to jump had to be bridged with the bottom of their sleds or anything they could find. More than one unlucky traveler had plunged into the cold waters, and more than one valuable horse had perished in this manner during the height of a storm. Before half the distance had been covered the blizzard burst upon them in a menacing rush that promised to scatter them like autumn leaves.

Better run like lightning together," advised Price, "then we can let the horses have a free rein and trust to luck."

The animals were used to crossing the ice and their owners had the feeling that, left to themselves they would be able to keep the trail. But they had not reckoned on such a storm, and after bravely facing it for a time, even the faithful horses became hopelessly confused, lost their way and went around in aimless circles. Not a man among them could tell one direction from another. Finally, they decided to camp where they were.

It would be sure folly to risk their lives as well as the lives of the horses on such a night. So all hands got busy. The loads were placed in such a position as to form a circle and chained together to prevent their being blown apart. Now the animals were taken from the sleds and led into the circle. The wind meanwhile, tried to demolish them root and stem. The snow came down in great white blinding masses that fairly sucked the breath from the men's lips and chilled the two twelve-year-old children till they cried loudly.

In spite of the blizzard the party spent a hectic night of it. In order to keep the children from freezing a considerable quantity of hay was twisted into long thick ropes and put to the torch. The twisting was to keep it from burning too fast. At last dawn broke. Over fifteen inches of snow covered the landscape. The wind had not abated and the air was thick with its white

madness. Not till noon did they get their bearings. The land which poked its head above a mound of snow they recognized as Low Point.

Towards noon the wind suddenly ceased its wild play, and the little group of adventurers were able to reach their homes in safety, though twenty-four hours late.

Thomas Phillips had not gone to Summerside as his neighbors thought. He was delayed in getting his load which happened to be seed grain, so when he came to the shore and found the others had pushed on, he decided to do the same thing. Into the teeth of the storm he ventured but finally he was obliged to give up. He decided to take refuge on one of the small islands in Richmond Bay. But unlike the others he had no shelter and after tramping around in the deep snow for a couple of hours—it was too cold to remain long in one spot—he hitched up his shivering steed and again pushed forward. Lady Luck was with him and he reached home safe and sound. But when the women-folk of the tiny settlement saw his ghost-like form approaching through the drifts their hearts skipped some beats.

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**



By Thornton W. Burgess

**LITTLE JOE OTTER BRINGS NEWS**

News is gossiping to date. Tongues are eager to relate. —Old Mother Nature.

Over in the Smiling Pool there was much worrying. Jerry Muskrat was worrying. Mrs. Jerry was worrying. I suspect Grandfather Frog himself was worrying. You see, the Smiling Pool itself wasn't smiling self any longer. There had been no rain for so long that Jerry declared he couldn't remember when it last rained. Laughing Brook was no longer laughing. In fact, there really was no brook. And no wonder, for they thought the others had perished.

This story was sent in by Sanford Phillips of O'Leary who informed the correspondent that the last survivor of that ice episode, Mr. Thomas Burleigh, passed away quite recently in his late 90's.

there, merely a small pool here and there in the almost dry bed. And because no water was running into it Smiling Pool was growing smaller and smaller.

Jerry Muskrat and Mrs. Jerry were worriedly talking things over. Jerry had started to say something, but stopped abruptly. He lifted his head to listen. "Some one is coming," he whispered.

A moment or two later who should appear where Laughing Brook had entered the Smiling Pool but Little Joe Otter. Jerry and Mrs. Jerry were not too happy to see him. The truth is they were afraid of Little Joe. He was more than a match even for both of them together, and they knew it. They hoped he wasn't hungry, and was feeling good-natured. He usually is. He slid into the water and swam over to join Jerry and Mrs. Jerry.

"My," said Little Joe, "this water feels good. I certainly was glad to get here. Yes, sir, I was glad to get here."

"Have you come far?" asked Jerry in his squeaky voice.

"All the way down Laughing Brook from the pond of Paddy the Beaver way back in the Green Forest. Only there wasn't any Laughing Brook most of the way," replied Little Joe.

"Has Paddy the Beaver still got a pond?" Mrs. Jerry asked.

"Oh yes," replied Little Joe. "You can trust those Beavers to always have a pond, no matter what happens. If it were not for their pond, I don't know what



Tilly the Toilet

MY WIFE SAYS I'M TOO FAT. DO YOU THINK I'M FAT, TILLY?

OF COURSE NOT! YOU'RE JUST PLEASINGLY PLUMP!

SURE! THAT'S WHAT I AM. PLEASINGLY PLUMP!

WHO ARE MY BOXES OF CHOCOLATES?

WHELP! OVER ALL I DID!

NO WONDER YOU'RE SO FAT!

By Bob Gustafson

- BUT IF WE'RE RIGHT FOR EACH OTHER - FOR KEEPS, I MEAN - GOING STEADY IS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY! INSTEAD OF GOING STEADY - LET'S NOT DATE FOR A WHILE!

ME GOT A TERRIBLY TERRIFIC IDEA!

- TO SEE IF WE MISS EACH OTHER - OKAY? - OKAY!

OKAY! NO DATES! NO PHONE CALLS! I WON'T EVEN SEE YOU!

TILL TOMORROW NIGHT!

By Paul Robinson

FORE!!

OH-OH! LOOK OUT!

RUN FOR COVER!!

IT'S A WOMAN DRIVER!

By Wally Bishop

ART MUSEUM

By Carl Anderson

DADDY, POOR MOTHER HAS BEEN WORKING TOO HARD SINCE OUR COOK GOT SICK!

YEAH! SHE'S BEEN PRETTY BUSY!

I'LL SUGGEST GOING OUT FOR DINNER TONIGHT! THAT'LL MAKE A BIG HIT WITH HER!

MAGGIE, HOW ABOUT GOING TO A RESTAURANT FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

DO YOU DON'T LIKE MY COOKING? OH, YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCH!

By George McManus

GEE, GRANDMA! I'M THE POPCORN CHAMPION OF THIS END OF TOWN!

WAIT TILL WE GET INDOORS WHERE THERE ARE NO FLIES, AN' I'LL BEAT YOUR SCORE, EASY!

O.K. WE'RE HOME NOW! LET'S SEE YOU BEST MY RECORD OF 94 TIMES WITHOUT A MISS...

TWENTY-THREE, TWENTY-FOUR, TWENTY-FIVE...

By Charles Kahn

GREAT HUNTERS DON'T HUNT GOPHERS!

I FORGOT! WE DON'T EAT NOTHING BUT BAR MEAT!

I'M SHORE HUNGRY! MERRIE, MICKY'S FIXED US SOME BREAKFAST!

CAN'T EAT IT! 'LESSEN IT'S BAR MEAT!

MUH FAVORITE EATIN'! GRIZZLY BAR FLAPJACKS!

BEST I EVER ET!

By Walt Disney

AH IS 154 YARS OLE. AH CAN'T READ NOR SPELL, AN' AH HAIN'T GOT NO MONEY - SO WILL 'YO' MARRY ME?

YOU ARE CUTE.

- BUT, I'M NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO MARRY A PENNILESS, IGNORANT KID - NO MATTER HOW ADORABLE HE IS!

GALPA YASUM HEY, HOPEFUL!

'YO' IS CRAZY 'NUFF 'MARRY A PENNILESS, IGNORANT KID - SURELY SINCE AH'S SO ADORABLE, HAIN'T 'YO'?

LE'S GIT THIS WEDDIN' OVER WIF! - AH NEEDS THET 8-DOLLARS!!

By Al Capp

STACEY WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET YOUR BUNCH.

HIS PARTNER TOLD ME THERE'S OIL ON THE BAND!

THAT SQUEALER!

THAT'LL DO, STACEY! YOU'RE THROUGH!

By Fran Striker

**CONTRACT BRIDGE**  
By Josephine Culbertson

**SIMPLE MATHEMATICS**

EXCELLENT bridge can be played without recourse to high mathematics, but the would-be expert does have to know certain "percentages." Above all, he must know the relative probabilities of suit-breaks vs. finesse, otherwise he is apt to go astray just as South did in this deal.

South dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

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

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

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

West opened the six of hearts. East played the jack and South with the queen. Now, starting off properly, South laid down the king of spades, hoping that the defender with the ace would

take the trick. Unfortunately for declarer, however, this did not occur. Both defenders played low without hesitation, and South had no idea where the ace lay. (Obviously, if West had hesitated, South could have placed him with the ace; then it would have been elementary to cash the queen and jack of diamonds and lead a second spade toward dummy's queen.)

After some thought South cashed the diamond queen, then overtook the diamond jack with the king. When he next laid down the diamond ace, however, the suit failed to break, and now he was a trick short of the contract.

Assuming that South has no indication as to who holds the spade ace, his problem boils down to this: which is the better chance—break 3-2, that South can overtake his second honor and run the suit, or that South, having unblocked his own diamonds, can gain entry to dummy via the spade queen, i.e., that West, not East, has the spade ace?

The percentage is simple. It is approximately 2 to 1 that the diamond suit, with six cards missing, will not break 3-2, but it is an even chance that the spade ace lies favorably.

**Our Boarding House Major Hoople**

UM, LADS, WHEN YOU INTRODUCE ME TO YOUR COACH, PLEASE SUPPRESS THE SUPER-LATINNESS—JUST PRESENT ME MODESTLY AS A FAMOUS GRID STAR AND MEMBER OF THE HONORARY WILLIE HESTON ERA.

YEAH, WE KNOW, UNCLE BULBY—I MEAN 'ACOS! YOU TRY TO FILL IN THE BLANK SPACES.

I'M WONDERIN' IF BUCK GUMP IS GONNA THINK HE NEEDS HELP COACHING US—HE'S GOT A TEMPER LIKE A SCARED WILDCAT!

POGO

WHEEE! YOU KNOWS THAT FUNNY STORY 'BOUT THE FELLA WHO WAS A BOKER 'CAUSE HE HAD A JOB BOKIN' HUSBANDS?

WELL, I MIGHT 'CAUSE I HALLS OVERS—IT'S MY FAVORITE JOKE—SO AHEAD AN' TELL IT IF YOU KNOWS IT.

I KNOWS THE STORY 'BOUT THE FELLA WHO TOLD EVERYBODY HE WAS A BOKER 'CAUSE HE HAD A JOB BOKIN' HUSBANDS—CAME TO HEAR THAT ONE?

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME, I ONLY ENJOYS THE OTHER ONE—IT ALLUS GIVE ME A LAUGH.

TOO BAD—YOU ALLUS LAUGH IN THE KEY OF F SHARP AN' I WANTED TO BE IN THE KEY OF D.

Joe Palooka

GRAB A HELL—TIL GORNA BY!

LOOK CHIMP!

LADDER TRIPPS, TIL GORNA BY!

WELL, I MIGHT 'CAUSE I HALLS OVERS—IT'S MY FAVORITE JOKE—SO AHEAD AN' TELL IT IF YOU KNOWS IT.

CRACK!

Shirts LAUNDERED TO PERFECTION RITE-WAY CLEANERS Dial 7887

HEY, YOU DOLLS! LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT—ANOTHER 'GUDA-PIKE!

OOH-H! DADDY!

IT'LL GO TWENTY POUNDS! THE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT WANTS TO EXAMINE THESE BISH! THEY'RE ONE OF NATURE'S FREAKS—

VERY INTERESTING!

PRINCE YEMANA JUST LEFT HERE WITH A LADY FRIEND! HER NAME IS NARELSKA MOSS AND SHE SAID THAT THE TWO OF YOU MADE EVERY COLUMN IN CHICAGO TWO YEARS AGO!

NARELSKA MOSS? NEVER HEARD OF HER!

**MacLEAN'S GROCERY**  
PHONE 7478 WINSLOE  
THURSDAY — FRIDAY — SATURDAY

**YORK CORN**  
2 for 35c

**MOLASSES**  
Qt. 32c

**SUGAR**  
10 lbs. 79c

**6 FOR 83c**  
Orange & Grapefruit MARMALADE 24 oz. 33c  
FLAVOR PAK PEAS 20 oz., 2 for 33c  
APPLE JUICE 20 oz., 2 for 25c

**CANS NO. 1 LINED \$1.19**

**HEINZ VINEGAR 93c gal.**

**MAPLE LEAF Liquid Detergent 38c**

**Shredded Wheat 2 for 35c**

**VICTORY BAKED BEANS 20 oz., 2 for 19c**

**ORANGES, 288's 2 doz. 69c**

**TOMATOES 2 lbs. 27c**

**Pickling Onions 10 lbs. 35c**

**CORN on the Cob Doz. 35c**

**B. I. S.**  
**MONTHLY MEETING**  
FRIDAY, SEPT. 9th  
at 9 p.m. A.D.T.  
Important Business.  
Full attendance requested.

**Burke Electric**  
Authorized Dealer  
Electrical Wiring  
Repairing and Supplies  
Oil Heating  
Household Appliances  
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DIAL 4021  
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