

By Zarr-Crey

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

WHERE WAS MRS. TOAD

There's nothing harder than to wait uncertain what will be your fate. —Old Mr. Toad.

How true that saying is. Old Mr. Toad was finding out. Yes, sir, he was finding out. He was anxious. In short, he was worried. He had come to the Smiling Pool to meet Mrs. Toad. She wasn't here. Any way, if she was, he couldn't find her.

For one who travels so slowly, and by hopping instead of walking or running, it was a long journey from Farmer Brown's garden to the Smiling Pool. It was a journey full of adventure. Anyway,



"Have you seen her?" he asked anxiously.

Old Mr. Toad had found it so. He had had one fright after another, the last one was just as he reached the Smiling Pool. With a last frantic hop, he had landed in the water with a splash just in time to escape, a very narrow escape. But escape is escape, and Old Mr. Toad has had many escapes, so many that once a danger is over he doesn't give it another thought. Now that he was in the Smiling Pool, he felt quite safe. It was not possible danger that worried him now. It was the fact that he hadn't been able to find Old Mrs.

Toad. He had been three days and nights in the Smiling Pool without finding any trace of her. Where was she? Could it be that she had not yet come to the Smiling Pool? Or could it be that she had come early and become tired of waiting for him. He wished he knew. It was true that he was himself late. He had been late in waking from his winter sleep. Perhaps she had overslept also.

Old Mr. Toad was singing. If his song was not quite as sweet and joyous as usual, it was because he was worried. Had Old Mrs. Toad given him up and found someone else? It could be. The very thought made Old Mr. Toad jealous. It is hard to be jealous and sing at the same time. Yet if he didn't sing, Old Mrs. Toad wouldn't know he was there if she should come. So he sang and sang, as he waited and waited and hoped and hoped. And he kept up his part in the Spring chorus of the Smiling Pool.

Old Mr. Toad paid no attention to his tiny cousins, the Hylas, each of whom seemed to be trying to out-sing the others. He ate nothing. He had eaten nothing since he left Farmer Brown's garden. In fact he had eaten very little since he had been awakened by sweet Mistress Spring. Never before had he waited so long for Old Mrs. Toad to join him.

He saw his cousin, Croaker the Green Frog. He swam over near him. "Have you seen Old Mrs. Toad anywhere?" he asked anxiously. "No," croaked Croaker, and suddenly dove down into the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool.

Old Mr. Toad sighed. Then he blew out his music bag in his throat until it looked like a great white bubble. If he didn't have that music-bag, he couldn't sing, and he just had to sing. His song, repeated over and over, really was a message for Old Mrs. Toad.

Here I am. Here I am — come and find me, Mrs. T. Here I am. Here I am, sad and lonesome as can be." He hoped Mrs. Toad would hear him.

Over on the top-most spray of one of the alder bushes, at the upper edge of the Smiling Pool, was Redwing the Blackbird, pouring out his joy in a love-song especially for Mrs. Redwing. Old Mr. Toad swam over there and crept out on the shore just under where Redwing was singing.

Redwing saw him and stopped singing. "Hello, Old Mr. Toad! Aren't you a little late?" said Redwing.

Old Mr. Toad paid no attention to the question. "Have you seen her?" he asked anxiously. Redwing chuckled. "I suppose you mean someone in particular," said he.

"Of course," replied Old Mr. Toad. "Have you seen her?"

Redwing chuckled again. "If by her you mean Old Mrs. Toad, I'm sorry to say I haven't," said he. Then Redwing turned his back on Old Mr. Toad and began singing again.

Old Mr. Toad sighed heavily. Then he started to swim to the other end of the Smiling Pool, stopping every few minutes to fill his music bag and sing. It was a love-song meant just for Old Mrs. Toad.

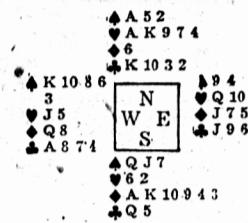
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CLOSER ANALYSIS REQUIRED

On the surface, declarer's first-trick play in the following hand was correct, but superficial analysis is rarely good enough.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.



The bidding:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 2♦ Pass
2♥ Pass 2NT Pass
3NT Pass Pass Pass

West opened the spade six, and declarer reached for dummy's deuce without a second thought. Actually, South might have landed on his feet if East had had the spade king and won the trick, but East played the nine and South was in with the queen.

To all practical purposes declarer's own hand was now worthless except for the top diamonds — he could not establish the diamond suit and get in to run it. So the outcome was a two-trick penalty.

The key play in this hand was to put up the spade ace at the first trick, keeping the Q-J of spades for a later entry (and stopper.) South's diamond suit was obviously better than dummy's heart suit, and so the natural and correct plan was to set up diamonds. This could have been done very easily by playing the ace, king and ten of diamonds.

In a hand of this type declarer must decide immediately which of two long suits he is going to try to run, and arrange his entries accordingly. Thus, if South had felt it desirable to establish hearts, his original spade play would have been correct, but since he intended to set up diamonds, his spade play was highly inconsistent.

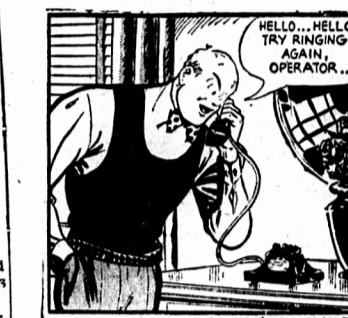
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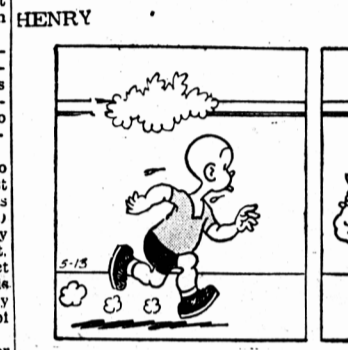
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



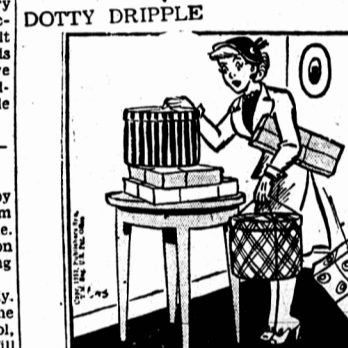
JOE PALOOKA



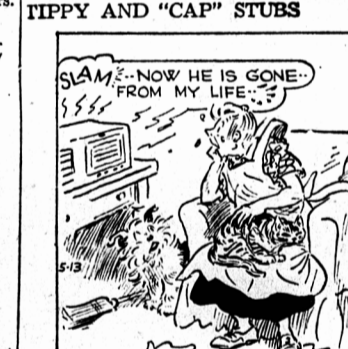
HENRY



DOTTY DRIPPLE



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLY THE TOILER



PENNY



By Ham Fisher



By Carl Anderson



By Ruford



By Edwina



By George McManus



By Bob Gustafson



By Harry Hoegen



NOTICE

Semi-Annual Meeting of the Milk Producers and Vendors Association will be held in third floor City Hall, Tuesday evening, May 13, 8:30 p.m.

Signed: PERCY GAY, Sec'y.

WOOD ISLAND-CARIBOU FERRY SERVICE

SAILINGS MAY 1st TO JUNE 13th INCLUSIVE DAILY (including Sundays). STANDARD TIME. From each terminal 8 and 11 a.m. — 1 and 5 p.m. For full information contact Head Office at Charlottetown, where, by making application at least 48 hours in advance, reservations may be secured for first and second sailings, each day from each terminal. For daily report listen to CFCY each morning following first News Broadcast 6:30 S.T., 7:30 D.S. Time. CATCH AN EARLY CROSSING AND AVOID DELAY. NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

CREAM ROUTE

JOSEPH SHEA will begin hauling cream for the Hazelbrook Dairying Company on WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, over same route as last year.

HAZELBROOK DAIRYING COMPANY

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE L. S. STEVENSON BRANCH MANAGER 140 RICHMOND ST. A MUTUAL COMPANY

POGO



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



LIL ABNER



LIL KIRBY



By Clifford McBride



By Al Capp



By Alex Jmond

