

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

SOMETHING WRONG

A thing that doesn't seem just right, May still not be a cause for fright.

—Old Mother Nature
Johnny Chuck's young son, Buster, so called because he had grown so fat and so big, crept up from his underground bedroom along the long tunnel, or hall, toward the doorway. He crept up very slowly. He kept stopping to listen. You see, he had been frightened down into that snug safe home in the ground by two big two-legged folks who had found the entrance to his home. They were the owners of a near-by garden and his boy. Buster had been living high in that garden. He knew no reason why he shouldn't help himself to what he wanted there, and he had been doing just that.

Now the owner of that garden was a man with a heart. He felt that he must get rid of that woodchuck in order to save his garden. But he didn't want to kill the chuk. So he decided that they would trap him and do it in a way not to hurt him. The boy went home and brought back a wire trap, a sort of cage, especially to catch small folk in (ur without hurting them. This was carefully set in such a way that a chuk would be unable to leave his hole without entering the trap.

Now of course, Buster knew nothing about this. All he knew was that strangers had been around his doorway for some time, and that made him suspicious. Now as he crept up his long hall he was wondering who it was that had been at his doorway, and what they had

been doing. As he drew near the entrance, he moved more slowly than ever. Little Friend, the Song Sparrow was singing his lovely song just outside. That meant there could be no enemy outside. Buster listened a moment, then moved on until he was right at the entrance. Something strange was there. It



When it ended the little brown sparrow flew up and sat on that wire trap.

was just outside, and it seemed harmless enough. He could see right through it. Just outside a little way he could see the cross wires on the trap, but they didn't mean anything because he could look right between them. He could see no reason why he couldn't go right on as usual. But he didn't try to.

Young as he was, Buster Chuck already had learned to be suspicious of anything strange, of anything he didn't thoroughly understand. Now he sat with just his nose inside that wire trap. He didn't know it was a trap, but he did know that it never had been there before. He listened to the song of Little Friend. When it ended the little brown sparrow flew up and sat on that wire trap. It couldn't be anything harmful, for Little Friend hopped about on it and finally flew away unharmed. The young chuk wanted to go out, but he was still suspicious. He didn't understand this thing that was now where it had not been when he had entered his own home. He



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ADVERTISING
O' mortal, do not hide a guilty thought; This certain lechery within your soul; To buy what other fools have often bought Is giving good for nothing but the foul. And yet the thought springs from ambition's lust— A crying wish for credit and renown!

You get what pining passion says you must, Or else within the great the good is found. But for the man the man you shall not blame; He is what God has made him— weak and frail. Ambition is a curse to virtue's name; And good within the bad cannot prevail. Thus the blue sky must always have its cloud, As in a man, 'tis natural to be proud.

—Danny McCarron, Montague, P.E.I.

SOUTH GRANVILLE W. I.

Members of South Granville W. I. held their August meeting at the home of Mrs. Stirling Corbett, August 4.

It was decided to put up posters re the Blood Donor Clinic at St. Mark's Hall, Kensington, to be held August 31.

Concerning the P. E. I. Cancer Campaign, Mrs. J. H. MacLeod volunteered to canvass residents of district for contributions to the 1954 Campaign.

Mrs. MacLeod was appointed, also, to inquire about a size of quilt most needed at the Protestant Orphanage.

Receipts for the evening amounted to \$4.80.

The Keirs invited members for the September meeting. Roll call will be "Where I Met My Husband".

New committees appointed: school, Mrs. MacLeod and Miss Annie Keir; Sick, Mrs. Abbott and Miss Mae Buchanan; programme, Misses Alexandra Keir and Mae Buchanan; lunch, Mrs. MacLeod and Mrs. Abbott.

Mrs. Louis Corbett put on a long time, but at last he began to be hungry and made his way up to the doorway. The strange thing was still there. It still looked harmless; but was it?

went back down to his bedroom. He would take a nap. Perhaps that strange thing would be gone when he awoke.

He was down in that bedroom a long time, but at last he began to be hungry and made his way up to the doorway. The strange thing was still there. It still looked harmless; but was it?

PARTIES OUTLAWED

GUATEMALA (AP)—In a sweeping new law at supporters of deposed president Jacobo Arbenz Gusman, Guatemala's ruling junta has dissolved political parties, Communist-dominated labor unions and Red-front organizations which backed the ousted regime.

WITHOUT OXYGEN

SKARDU, Kashmir, (Reuters)—Two Italian mountaineers who reached the summit of 28,250-foot Mount Godwin Austen July 31 ran out of oxygen an hour before they got to the top. They decided to go on, and reached the top at 6 p.m. local time.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"He spend all his time just reading books on how to do things yourself."

Buz Sawyer



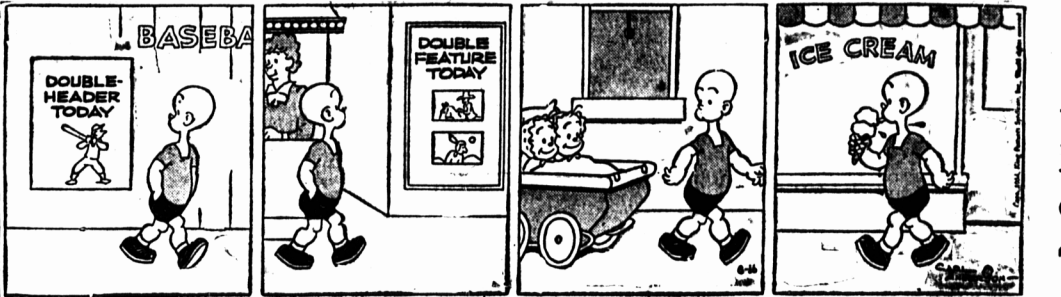
By Roy Crane

Etta Kett



By Paul Robinson

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Mickey Mouse



By Walt Disney

Muggs and Skeeter



By Wally Bishop

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

Secret Agent X9



The Lone Kanner



Joe Palooka

