



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WHY MOTMOT SWINGS HIS TAIL

The past is father of today. 'Tis bound always to be that way. —Old Mother Nature.

Long, long ago in the days when the world was young lived the great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather of Motmot, who lives in the Land-of-always-summer, and is known by many as King of the Woods, although of course he isn't a real king at all. He looked very much as Motmot does now excepting for his tail. His coat was just as beautiful as Motmot's and he took just as much pride in it as does Motmot. He had just as long a tail as has Motmot today, and he was just as proud of it. He often compared it with the tail of his neighbor, great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather Jacamar, and secretly was glad his own tail was much the longer. He never missed a chance to draw attention to that lovely long tail when Grandfather Jacamar was in the neighborhood. To do this he used to swing it from side to side like a pendulum, whereas other birds jerked their tails up and down. Still Grandfather Jacamar took no notice. He had a very good tail of his own. His coat was just as handsome as Grandfather Mot-



So he wasn't the least bit envious and took no notice of Grandfather Motmot's long tail.

mot's, if not a little handsomer. Privately he thought it was. So he wasn't the least bit envious and took no notice of Grandfather Motmot's long tail, not even when it was swung back and forth, back and forth, right in front of him. Then one day when Grandfather Motmot was dressing his two long middle tail feathers by running them through his bill he accidentally pulled out a couple of the tiny feathers from the side of one of the long quills. It was a little

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more than halfway down toward the tip. Of course it made a little gap there. Great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather Motmot was upset. He was very much upset. There was that little gap on one side of the beautiful long feather. He fussed over it and fussed over it. The more he fussed over it the worse he felt about it. That little gap made that feather look ragged.

He pulled out two tiny feathers from the other side of the quill right opposite the gap to even up the looks of the feather. That didn't help because it made the feather look as if it were breaking apart there. Then, too, beside the other perfect feather it looked doubly ragged. The two feathers ought at least to look alike. So he picked out some tiny feathers from the perfect long feather so as to make it look like the other.

But this made both feathers look as if they were breaking apart. Yes, sir, it made him look as if his whole tail was broken. Perhaps if he made those gaps a little wider it would look less so. He pulled out a few more of those tiny feathers, making the gaps wider, but keeping them even. This made the remaining parts of the feathers below the gaps look more ornamental. It made his tail look odd, and this drew attention to it. This he liked. He kept fussing with his tail, pulling out more of the tiny feathers, and so widening the gaps until at last there was only a nearly round feather button at the end of each of those two long, now partly bare, quills.

When he sat still on a limb that long tail hung down looking very much like a double pendulum and when he swung it from side to side it looked even more so. Now everybody took notice of his tail, even Great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather Jacamar. But the latter still refused to be envious.

The time came for digging holes and both chose a certain bank where the earth was not too tightly packed for easy digging. Grandpa Jacamar and Grandma Jacamar kicked the dirt out of their doorway as they dug and let it lay where it fell. Their doorstep looked and was most untidy. Grandpa and Grandma Motmot kicked the dirt out of their doorway in the same manner, but when the last of it had been kicked out Grandpa Motmot sat in his doorway and, swinging his long tail with the round button tips, swept his doorstep clean so that Old Mother Nature noticed it. She was so pleased that she ruled that from that time on all Motmots should prune their tails to make them ornamental, and swing them from side to side to make them useful and for the admiration of their neighbors. So it has been in the Motmot family ever since that long-ago day when the world was young. Anyway, that is the story of why the King of the Woods swings his tail, but of course he may have some other good reason for doing it, and probably has, that only he and Old Mother Nature know.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A COMMON DEFENSIVE ERROR

Unwillingness to let declarer win a "cheap" trick has ruined many a defense! That was the case in today's deal:

Bridge deal information including North-South vulnerable, hands, and a bidding table.

This deal occurred in a preliminary round of the recent pairs event of the Eastern Tournament held in New York, and at more than one table the bidding went like this:

Bidding table with columns for North, East, South, and West, showing passes and a final double bid.

Usually, the contract was defeated on a trick, but a certain South earned top score on the board through the combination of his own efforts and East's shortsightedness. The play at this table, as at others, started off with West opening the club king. The ace won, and the heart king was led immediately. West took his ace and, apparently careless about setting up dummy's club nine, laid down the club queen to force declarer. Although this did establish dummy's nine, it did South no real good, because East was given the opportunity of discarding a diamond.

After ruffing the club queen, South led a low spade toward dummy and covered West's jack with the queen. East took the trick and soundly returned a heart. Now came the key play — and one East fell into the trap. When the good club nine was led, this defender, knowing that it was a high card, ruffed with the five of spades! That was exactly what South needed. He overruffed, cashed the spade king, and eventually gave East only the spade ten. East could have defeated the contract easily by discarding a heart on the club nine. He should have realized that south had four diamonds and that a discard on the nine would not help him. Readers may be interested in working out this end position for themselves.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zano Grey



By Zano Grey



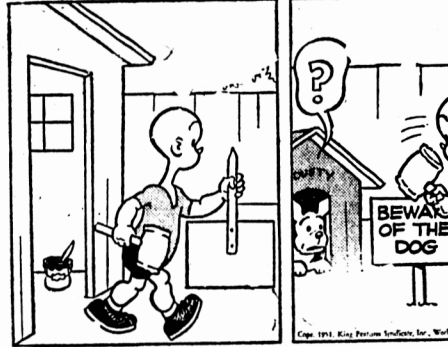
JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher



HENRY



By Carl Anderson



PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTIONS

Conventions for the purpose of Nominating Candidates to Contest the forthcoming Provincial General Election will be held at the following times and places. Poll Chairmen are requested to see that each Poll is represented by Five Delegates at their respective Conventions.

- 1st District of Prince—Tuesday, April 10th at 7.00 p.m. Alberton Court House.
2nd District of Prince—Tuesday, April 10th at 2.30 p.m. Verdun Theatre, O'Leary
5th District of King's—Monday, April 9th, at 2.30 p.m. Georgetown Town Hall.

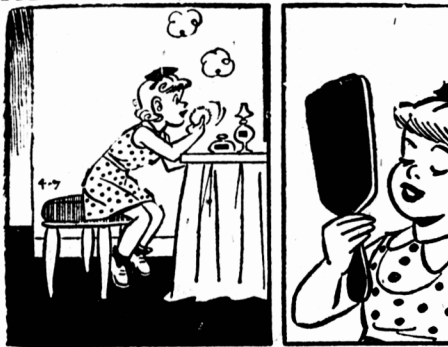
REAGH BAGNALL, President
C. R. McQUAID, Secretary.

NOTICE

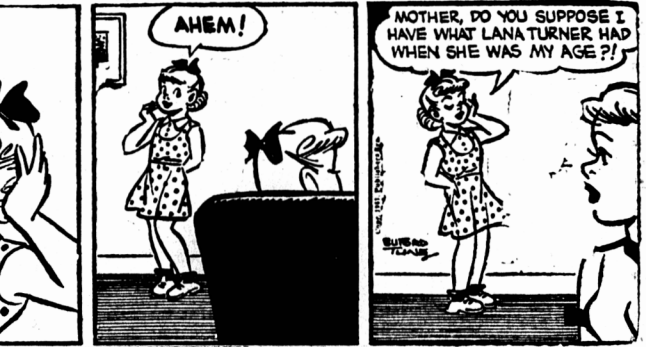
The Annual Meeting of the Patrons and Shareholders of The New Glasgow Dairying Company will be held at NEW GLASGOW HALL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11th AT 2 P.M.
VERNON HILL, Secretary.

Advertisement for NUGGET Dark Brown Shoe Polish, featuring a shoe and the text 'Preserves Leather'.

DOTTY DIPPLE



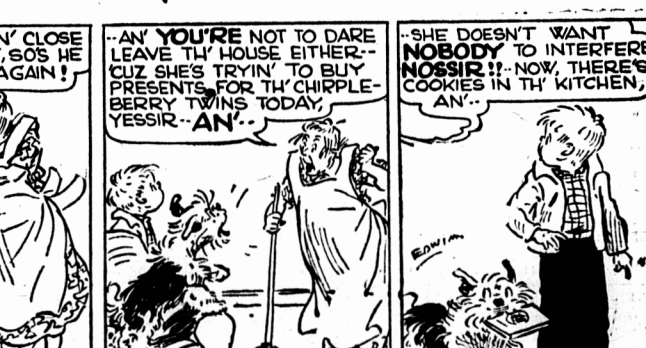
By Rufora



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

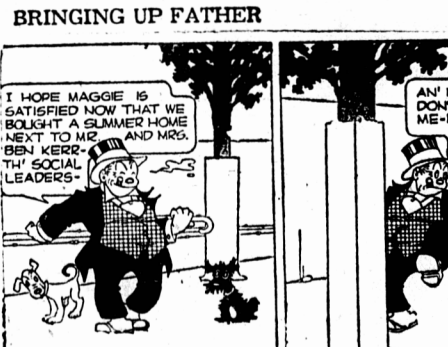


By Edwina



Advertisement for SQUEEKIE hair cream, featuring illustrations of women and text: 'HOW POPULAR CAN A GIRL GET?'.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



Comic strip panel showing a man and a woman talking, with text: 'OH, BOY! A 200-POUND MULEFISH!'.

TILLY THE TOILER



By Westover



Comic strip panel showing a man and a woman talking, with text: 'DON'T! DON'T! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE MONEY!'.

PENNY



By Harry Hennigen

