

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE PROWLER
Be very slow in placing blame. Lest honest folk you may defame. —Old Mother Nature.

It is very easy to give other folks bad names when they do not offend you. It is not so easy to do that for doing things they have to do. So, those who would be honest and just, will be very slow in blaming others.

Just take the case of Prowler the Blacksnake. Nobody likes him. Nobody has a good word for him, and many small folks are very much afraid of him. Yet Prowler is not really to blame for the things he does. He is what he is because he has to be in order to live. He got his name because it is a fact that he does crawl about. But that isn't his

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for F. E. Island.
Four Friendly FIRESTONE Dealer

LOGY, LISTLESS, OUT OF LOVE WITH LIFE?
Then wake up your liver bile...
jump out of bed rarin' to go! Life not worth living? It may be the liver! It's a fact! If your liver bile is not flowing freely your food may not digest... gas floats up your stomach... you feel constipated and all the fun and sparkle go out of life. That's when you need mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills. You see Carter's help stimulate your liver bile till once again it is pouring out at the rate of up to two pints a day into your digestive tract. This should fix you right up, make you feel that happy days are here again. So don't stay mope, get Carter's Little Liver Pills. Always have them on hand. Only 35c from any druggist.

for BITES
Insect, snake, or animal... the best treatment is plenty of Minard's at once. It soothes, heals and cleanses.
Draws out the poison!
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

POGO
I JES' AIN'T GONNA GO DOWN AN' TAKE PART IN THAT RECEPTION FOR ME... IT'S TOO UNBARRASSIN'.

HEY! WHAT'S O' SQUIRREL DOIN'?

MAKIN' A PER-LOO FOR THE WEDDIN' PARTY.

WEDDIN' PARTY? WHAT KIND OF PER-LOO YOU GOT, BOY?

NATURAL, IT'S SQUIRREL!

BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE A SQUIRREL IN HER?

THEY IS A SQUIRREL IN IT... I IS IN HERE TROOPIN' IN 'CAUSE I KNOW MIGHTY HOT WORK TOO!

RIK KIRBY
I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER, MR. KIRBY... AND ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE HERE TO PROTECT MISS LEE...

EVERY GIRL FEELS BETTER WHEN MR. KIRBY'S AROUND ANY... NOW GET SOME MORE REST...

WE HAVE THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE MANGLER THAT WE NEED, FAGAN... THE STATE TROOPERS AND I ARE GOING AFTER HIM!

BE CAREFUL, RIK... IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU BECAUSE OF ME, I'D DIE... YOU KNOW THAT!

LEAD THE WAY, MR. KIRBY... WE'RE AT YOUR SERVICE!

THIS WAY, SERGEANT... WE SHOULD FIND THE MANGLER IN HIS OFFICE!

PENNY
RANDOLPH IS NO BETTER THAN DOODIE, PENNY?

JUST REMEMBER, PRINCESS, THAT ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL!

YES, FATHER, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT...

...IT'S THE WOMEN WHO ARE SUPERIOR!



Now and then he raised his head for a quick look this way and that. He has no wings, and of course he cannot fly and look down in search of his food. There is nothing for him to do but crawl around, hoping to find something to eat. Of course he has to keep out of sight as much as possible. Prowlers always do just this.

Long ago Prowler the Blacksnake learned that one of the surest ways of getting a dinner is to find the home of someone with babies small enough for him to swallow them. That sounds dreadful, doesn't it? But when you think of it, it really is no worse than other forms of hunting. In season Prowler is very fond of the eggs of feathered folk. Of course, they have to be small enough for him to swallow them. He isn't big enough to swallow the egg of a Hen or a Duck. He has cousins who are big enough to do that. So Prowler spends a great deal of time prowling about looking for the nests of his feathered neighbors. Long experience has taught him where to look for nests. He knows that some of the Sparrow folk nest on the ground. So do Carol the Meadow Lark, and Bubbling Bob the Bobolink, and Bob White, and Hermit the Thrush, and Teeter the Spotted Sandpiper and others.

He knows that other feathered folk build their nests in bushes, and low down trees. He knows too, that some build higher up in trees and way out on the tips of the branches. And he knows that several make their nests in holes in trees. So, much of his time in the early spring and summer is spent prowling about looking for nests. It is a very good climber. It is no trick at all for him to climb about in bushes, and he doesn't hesitate to climb high in trees. He is just as well pleased if he finds a bird's nest in a hole in a tree.

Birds in a nest instead of eggs. He is fond of young birds for dinner, just as human folks are

ORWELL COVE W. I.
The regular meeting of the Orwell Cove Women's Institute met in the school on August 18th, with eight members present and the president, Mrs. Walter MacLeod, in the chair.

The meeting opened by repeating the "Creed" in unison, followed by roll call, when members handed in a written recipe.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Sick committee reported one call. Two "Thank You's" were received for treats, also "Thanks" for a Sympathy card from a non-member and a donation of fifty cents was received.

Mrs. John A. MacLeod gave a pleasing report on her visit to Mt. Herbert Orphanage. Correspondence was then read and discussed, and it was moved by Mrs. F. E.

CONTRACT BRIDGE
By Josephine Culbertson
ACCOMPLICE TO "MURDER"

When a player "gets away with murder" at the bridge table, as South did in the following hand, it may be a case of sheer luck, but, more often than not, one or both of the opponents also had at least a fingertip in the pie. Thus, East was not entirely without blame for the result.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

AKQ
QJ106
A82
853
K754
K863
2
11

94
983
AQ109
74
Q10
AJ10762
A2
J76543

This, believe it or not, was the bidding in a supposedly expert rubber game:

South West North East
1 Pass Pass 1 Pass
1 Pass Pass 2 Pass
6 (!) Pass Pass Pass

It goes without saying that there is "no such bidding" as South produced in this case. A player who passes originally, who then can make no stronger response to partner's opening than a one-over-one, and who receives only a single raise, cannot conceivably be justified in jumping straight to a slam. South had no earthly reason to count on his partner for the three top cards in spades — North might easily have held Q-x-x in support — and despite South's extreme length in North's club bid, there was no assurance whatever that the combined club suit was solid. All in all, then, South's slam bid was a fantastic "stab."

After it was all over, however, it was West who had reason to kick himself, because he had selected as his opening lead the only suit among the four suits which could have let South make the contract! In other words, West opened a low heart! This saved South from his sure loss. In that suit, and after drawing trumps he gave up one club trick and claimed the rest.

No one can justifiably censure West for his heart lead, because, against the fantastic bidding he had heard, he was faced by a sheer guess. It does seem, however, that East might have helped out where the opening lead was concerned, by the simple expedient of bidding one diamond over North's one club!

Rooney and seconded by Mrs. J. A. MacLeod that \$10.00 be contributed to the Cancer Fund, when the campaign opens in September.

It was decided to hold a dance in the Orwell Cove Hall, in August, when refreshments will be served. The next meeting is to be held in the school, roll call to be answered by paying a nickel and a "Riddle,"

WEDDIN' PARTY
I JES' AIN'T GONNA GO DOWN AN' TAKE PART IN THAT RECEPTION FOR ME... IT'S TOO UNBARRASSIN'.

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BRINGING UP FATHER
SATURDAY NIGHT WAS THE WORST NIGHT IN THE WEEK FOR THE CASSAGNAN KIDS — THEIR FATHER DANNY HATED WATER-TOO!

EVERY TIME THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL GOT UP TO SPEAK AT A MEETING — AND SAID "NOW IN CONCLUSION... EVERYONE KNEW THEY COULD SLEEP FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR."

DANNY O'TOOLE GAVE HIS SON A SHOVEL AND AN AXE FOR CHRISTMAS AND TOLD HIM TO GO OUT AND PLAY IN THE WOODSHED!

AND IF A NEW NEIGHBOR MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD — IT WAS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS TO SEE WHAT KIND OF HOUSE-FURNISHINGS THEY HAD —

HEE RV
X O X
X O X
O O X

SAY, BUD... WHERE'D YOU DELIVER ALL THIS BABY STUFF?

HOW DO I KNOW? THIS IS A FIGHT CAMP, TAKE IT TO HIS HOUSE!

MIZ PALOOKA SAID TO DELIVER IT HERE.

MEBBE I'M NUTS, PUT IT IN THE COTTAGE!

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Contract Bridge
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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

YEAH... I DID SHOOT THAT EXPRESS CLOWN WITH YOUR GUN, TIBS!

PUFFY, YOU FRAMED ME FOR A CRIME I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH!

THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO STRAIGHTEN UP FROM THE CORNER... SO KING COULDN'T TRACE IT TO ME... ALL I DID WAS GET INTO MORE TROUBLE!

IT LOOKS LIKE TIBS WANTS A RETURN TRIP TO PRISON... I'LL BET MY TUNIC THAT WHEN I FIND THE MURDERER WHO SHOT TIBS... I'LL TURN OUT TO BE HIS SUN!

L'L' ABNER
By Al Capp

SOB?... MAH CUZZINS TH' L'LL ABNER MOVED IN WIF US!

AH DRUTHER LIVE WIF HERD O' WILD HAWGS, EF AH HAD MAH DRUTHERS —

FUNNY THING IS, NO MATTER WHAT THEY DOES, RELATIVES — AN' HE LOVES 'EM, L'L' ABNER DON'T LOSE HIS TEMPER!

THASS BECUZ THEY IS YORE RELATIVES — AN' HE LOVES 'EM, BUT THET BOY GOT A BREAKIN' POINT!

PATIENT THOUGH HE BE, THAR'S ONE INSULT HE CAINT TAKE!

D-DOES 'O' KNOW WHAT IT IS?

NATCHERLY!! BUT AH MUSTN'T TELL 'O' — Y'OH FIND 'O' OUT FO' YORESELF!

YASM, (-OH) WHAT IS THIS ONE INSULT? ABNER CAINT TAKE 'EM!

DOTTY DRIPPLE
By Ruford

WE'RE GOING TO START FINING OUR OWN LUNCH AND COFFEE HERE AT THE OFFICE... EVERYBODY CHIPS IN!

MM-WE NEED ONE MORE

HOW ABOUT MR. DRIPPLE? NO, HE'S ALWAYS BROKE!

DRIPPLE? NO, HE'S ALWAYS BROKE!

MAYBE SO... BUT I HEAR HE'S A WHIZ AT WASHING DISHES!

TILLY THE TOILER
By Bob Gustafson

I SAW TILLY! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE BIG BET BETWEEN MAC AND THE BOSS ON WHOLL SHOOT THE LOWEST GOLF SCORE?

WHAT DID THEY BET, WALLY?

MAC PUT UP HIS TWO WEEKS' VACATION AGAINST A MONTH'S VACATION WITH PAY THAT HED WON!

THAT SILLY MAC DOESN'T KNOW MR. SIMPKINS PLAYED THIS COURSE LAST WEEK AND SHOT A VERY GOOD GAME!

MEANWHILE ON THE THIRD HOLE... YOU'RE NOT KEEPING YOUR HEAD DOWN, HEH HEH!

HAR HAR! VERY FUNNY, ZOO!!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS
By Edwina

...AND SEND ME A PATTERN FOR THIS DRESS... SHE'S ENJOSED A PICTURE... AND IF YOU WILL ALSO...

WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE PRETTY BUSY FOR A WHILE, MOTHER...

MY LAND! IT WON'T TAKE ANY TIME AT ALL TO GET THESE FEW THINGS FOR MILLIE! I'LL JUST HAVE 'EM STORES SEND 'EM, AN' WILL YOU GO WITH ME, MARY...?

TIPPY! I WILL, GRAN! MA IF YOU'LL GET US ICE CREAM... TIPPY! YOU WON'T!! MERCY!!

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus

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By Carl Anderson

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