

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

YOUNG REDDY IS STARTLED

Pray, never think you know it all, your knowledge at the most is small.

—Reddy Fox.

Young Reddy Fox had had a narrow escape. He had been chased by a Dog, and that Dog had been a Greyhound. You know, Greyhounds are among the fastest running of four-footed folk. It was a turren in the road that had saved the young Fox. For a moment or two he had been out of sight of the Dog. He had left the road and had crawled under a pile of brush a little way back in the woods. The Dog had looked for him in vain.

"Now, I know what to do when I am chased by a Dog," thought the young fox. "All I need do is to get far enough ahead to find a hiding place."

So it was that when a few days later he was surprised by another dog, the young fox was not especially frightened. This Dog started after him just as the other one had the instant he saw him. But he didn't run as fast as the other had. The other had been silent while he ran, but this Dog kept barking all within hearing what he was doing, that he was chasing a Fox.

Young Reddy soon found that he could out-run this Dog. He wanted to get rid of him as soon as he could. So he ran as fast as he could until he was so far ahead that the Dog couldn't possibly see him. Then he looked for a hiding place. At first, he had been running along an old road. He left the road and ran off to one side for quite a distance. There he hid in a thicket. He felt perfectly safe. He lay down to rest. He would wait until he was sure that the Dog had given up and gone off about other business.



He could hear the Dog coming, because the Dog was barking. When the Dog reached the place where the young fox had left the road, he didn't run past as the other Dog had done. He stopped right there. He stopped barking, too. You see, when Young Reddy had left the road, he had made a long jump and it had broken his trail. Now, the Dog began to sniff around. He went into the brush and sniffed there, and sniffed there. In a moment his nose found the scent left by the feet of the young fox at the end of the jump.

He snuffed with delight, and then once more his nose rang through the woodland as he followed the trail straight to the place where the young fox was hiding.

Young Reddy waited only long enough to be sure that the Dog was coming straight to his hiding-place. Then he crept out of the farther side of that thicket, and there more began running. He had been startled young fox. He had been so sure that he was out of sight of that Dog he was safe, that he really didn't know what to make of the Dog.

This one wasn't chasing him at all as the other one had. He was barking that there was a difference in Dogs. The Greyhound hunt with his eyes. That means, that he could chase one only when he could see him. This Dog hunted with his nose. He was a Hound, and all Hounds have wonderful noses, noses that can follow the

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WHY HAVE SORE FEET?
JUST RUB IN
MINARD'S
"THE OIL OF THE LINIMENT"

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P. E. I.

By F. H. MacArthur

Charles Martell was born outside of Paris about 1790. When he grew up he came to Canada and settled at Malpeque, P. E. I. But hearing that St. Peters, was a thriving trading centre, he removed there some years later and carried on a trading business with the Indians and white settlers.

The year following his arrival at St. Peters, he brought his wife and small daughter, Lucy, to live with him in his new home.

Charles Martell was a cautious, kindly man who bargained fairly and never broke his word to Indians or white man, so that in the course of a few years, he became fairly prosperous and was well thought of wherever he went.

Near the village was a well cultivated parcel of land with neat buildings and good crops. Martell had his eye on the property for some time. It was the sort of place he would like to buy, but Ben Sampson who owned the land refused to sell at first, though Martell had made him more than one tempting offer. The smart trader did not try to force the deal. He sold his wares to Sampson and cultivated the fellow's friendship as he did the other folks.

In a crafty manner, he made himself necessary to the Sampson clan. Then when the family was hard put to it for money, they accepted his offer, moved out, and Martell and his family moved in.

The years went by (ten in fact) and Sampson was once more on his feet financially. Naturally, he coveted his former home, but Martell would not sell the place—that is, he would not sell unless he got considerably more money than he paid for it. They bargained for a long time; at each conference Martell added more to the price. Finally Sampson argued that the figure was too high. At last they agreed. Sampson got the place back on condition that if he ever decided to sell again, Martell was to have the first chance to buy it.

Sampson now built a frame house, the upper part of which he furnished as a club-room where the fisher-folk could gather while ashore and pass the time playing cards and telling tall tales.

Two years after the club had had its first opening, Mrs. Sampson died, and their only daughter, Marie, now a young handsome girl, kept house for her father.

The young woman was a general favorite in the district, and both whites and reds sought her hand in marriage. Was it true that many French and Indians had gone to the altar to become man and wife? Had Marie not played with the Indian children when she was a little girl? The young Indians of the district admired her white skin, her rosy cheeks, and her quick wit, just as much as their young white neighbors. Marie was the sort of young lady that any youth would have been happy to carry off to his wigwam or log-cabin.

Quite aside from East's play at the first trick (which, to repeat, was an excusable), the contract would have been defeated if East, after cashing only the diamond king, had made the marked shift to a club.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

INEXCUSABLE DEFENSE

East couldn't be blamed for going in the wrong direction in the deal below, but his subsequent defense, when it really mattered, was inexcusable.

West dealt.

Both sides vuln. N. E. S. W.

East-West 40 on. N. E. S. W.

♠ Q 10 5
♥ J 10 4 3
♦ J 8 2
♣ A J 8

♠ A J 8 4
♥ K 3 2
♦ 7
♣ 10 5 4

♠ K 7 6
♥ A K Q 9 2
♦ Q 9
♣ 9 7 3

The bidding:

West North East South
Pass Pass 1 ♠ 2 ♣
Pass Pass 2 ♠ 3 ♣
Pass Pass 3 ♠ Pass Pass

Even with both sides on score, West couldn't afford to take any part in the auction—and he wouldn't have had if East had defended reasonably well.

West opened with a singleton spade, of course, but East couldn't

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THIS ISN'T A NATIONAL HOLIDAY—WHAT'S THE FLAG UP FOR?

NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT EVERYBODY LIKES TO SHOW YOU WHEN YOU'RE WRONG! SO I PUT IT UP ON WEDNESDAYS SO THEY MIGHT PUT IT UP ON RIGHT DAYS TO SHOW MY WRONG AND, LIKE A FINE OLD SONG, BRING BACK A FINE OLD CUSTOM!

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

Our Boarding House Major Hoopie



NOTICE ANYTHING GRUBB? MORRISSEY GENT YOU BROUGHT IN LAST NIGHT? HE GAVE ME A CHILL WHEN HE STARTED TO ANSWER QUESTIONS BEFORE I ASKED 'EM.

I GOT A 100-VOLT CHARLIE OUTA HIS TOO! HE WAS LIKE HE WAS PEERING THROUGH A CRACK IN MY HEAD! I HAD TO QUIT THINKING TO GOOL HIM!

UM! PERHAPS YOUR MINDS WERE READ—THEY SAY SHALLOW MINDS USUALLY ARE!

MORRISSEY GAVE THEM A REAL THRILL!

Girls Play As Boys Cheer

TORONTO, (CP) — The tables were turned at a suburban New Toronto high school Wednesday. The girls played football and the boys were the cheerleaders in a game that attracted a bigger crowd than attended the boys' games this season.

The girls—the Amazons and the Trojanettes—played so enthusiastically that coach Alan Sivell says he's afraid to let them play a second game for fear they might get hurt.

Eight members of the boys' team led the cheering dressed in short skirts and wigs. The score ended in a 0-0 tie.

Money collected from the 500 fans who turned up at the Junior Red Cross and the High School YMCA Association.

One day Martell and Sampson went together down the Bay to examine some fishing tackle. While they were gone, one of Marie's Indian boyfriends came to the house. Opening the door without knocking an Indian custom—he walked boldly into the kitchen and ordered Marie to follow him to his home in the woods. For the first time in her life, the young woman was terribly frightened. However, it would never do to let the Indian lad know that she feared him, so she pretended to be considering the matter seriously. At length, she smiled and said, "All right, Isaac, go with you anywhere."

Just as the Indian boy entered the nearby woods, Marie rushed back to the house, entered it, and secured the door. The frustrated Isaac came back on the run, tried the doors and windows only to find them all securely fastened. Then he picked up a stout stick and started to smash the window-panes. Meanwhile, Marie got hold of her father's gun, raced upstairs, opened the attic window, and fired a shot directly over Isaac's head. Quickly the youth fled from the place, plenty frightened, you may be sure. When the story spread, the settlers and Indians alike made it so hot for Isaac that he left the island, never to return.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1. Jog
 - 5. Large bundle
 - 9. Metal mounting of scabbard
 - 10. Harangue
 - 12. Flower
 - 13. Money
 - 14. Writing (Am. Ind.) implement
 - 15. Moral
 - 16. Little girl
 - 17. Exclamation
 - 18. A coarse, strong-scented herb
 - 20. Anesthetist
 - 22. Send forth
 - 26. Pyrexia
 - 27. Purple
 - 28. Thin, brittle cookie
 - 29. Famous Biblical river
 - 30. Volcanic tuff
 - 31. Nickel (sym.)
 - 33. Lower part of face
 - 34. Skill
 - 37. Definite article
 - 38. Foreigners
 - 40. Movable barrier
 - 41. Reserve
 - 42. Customs
 - 43. Varying weights (Ind.)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41

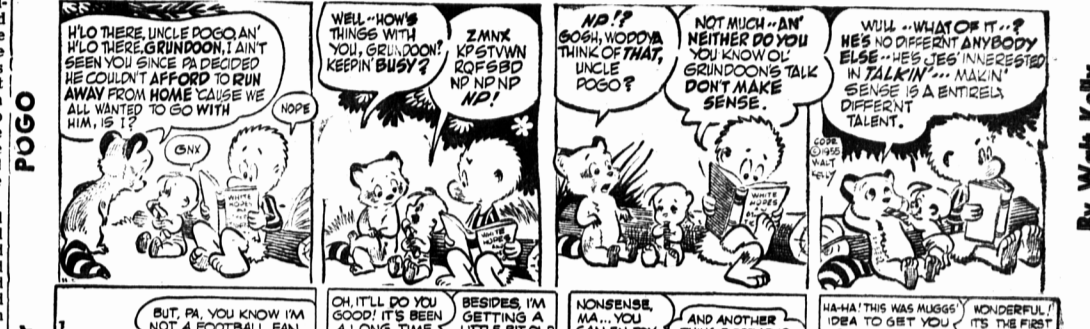
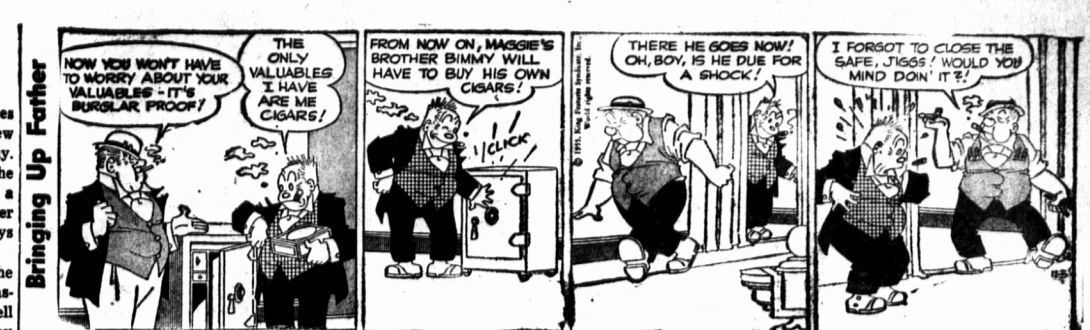
41 42 43 44 45

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y Z L B A X R
I S L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
Y B K A Z B P N. J Z W S X M J X N W W J ;
J X C P J Z W S G Z X J A W S M K P J Z W S
G B F J — K Z X C P K T P X M P

Yesterday's Cryptogram: IS SHE NOT MORE THAN PAINTING CAN EXPRESS, OR YOUTHFUL POETS FANCY WHEN THEY LOVE? — ROWE.



By George McManis
By Bob Gustafson
By Walt Kelly
By Watly Bishop
By Carl Anderson
By Paul Robinson
By Charles Kuhn
By Walt Disney
By Mel Graff
By Al Capp
By Joe Palooka
By Ham Fisher