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IT IS THE LIVESTOCK THAT IS SHIPPED OFF THE ISLAND THAT SUSTAINS THE PRICE ON THE ISLAND.

Swift Canadian Co. Limited

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

REDDY TELLS THEM

A home and food is each one's right;
They justify the will to fight.
—Reddy Fox.

Reddy Fox and Gray Fox are cousins. Excepting that Reddy wears a red coat and his cousin wears a gray coat they are in many way much alike. They live on the same kind of food, so of course in hunting they are rivals. Cousin Gray is more fond of the Green Forest and of swamps than is Reddy, who prefers the Old Pasture and the Green Meadows. Reddy is a little bit bigger than Cousin Gray, and some folks think he is considerably smarter. But perhaps this is just a matter of opinion. Both are smart.

Reddy and Mrs. Reddy had lived in the Old Pasture a long time. Then Cousin Gray appeared in the neighborhood.. He seemed to be alone and, while he wasn't welcome, they paid little attention to him as long as he didn't interfere with them. But of late Cousin Gray had been poking around in the Old Pasture. He acted as if he were doing what so very many people all over the world are doing these days—looking for a home. Could it

Reddy grinned. "What will we do about it?" he asked.

be that there was a Mrs. Gray whom they hadn't seen?

"If there is," said Mrs. Reddy, "they can just go somewhere else to live. We don't want them here, and what is more, we won't have them."

Reddy grinned. "What will we do about it?" he asked.

"We'll tell them to get out, and I think they'll go," said Mrs. Reddy, trying to look fierce.

"If you look like that I think they will," chuckled Reddy, then added, "Perhaps there isn't any Mrs. Gray."

But there was. Reddy was a little late in starting out to hunt. First he headed for the Green Meadows. It was moonlight, a good night for hunting Meadow Mice. He slipped under the fence and headed straight for a certain place where he nearly always had good hunting. He hunted as he moved along, for Reddy is not one to miss opportunity through carelessness. He was halfway to that favorite place before he looked over at it. When he did he stood perfectly still and stared. Not only was another hunter there before him, but unless he was seeing double there were two hunters! Could his eyes be fooling him? He blinked, but he couldn't blink one away. No, sir, he couldn't. He wasn't seeing double. There were two Foxes so intent on hunting that they hadn't even glanced his way. One was Cousin Gray. The other was a stranger. Reddy guessed that Cousin Gray had a mate and this was Mrs. Gray.

Reddy forgot all about hunting now. The hair along his back and neck began to rise. He moved forward some what stiff-legged as you have seen a Dog walk when approaching another Dog to pick a quarrel. Presently Cousin Gray saw him and turned to face him. His hair began to rise. He became stiff-legged too. He drew back his lips a little to show what good sharp teeth he had, and he growled a low growl. It caused Mrs. Gray to turn and at once she did just what he was doing.

Reddy didn't stop. He came straight on until he was only a few feet from them. He was showing his teeth now. "What are you doing here?" he growled.

"Minding our owu business," Gray Fox growled back. "Why don't you mind yours?"

"I am" growled Reddy, and his voice sounded a little uglier. "This is my hunting ground and the sooner you get off it the better it will be for you."

"Hunting is free and we'll hunt where we please," snarled Cousin Gray. He was trying to show Mrs. Gray that he wasn't afraid even if Reddy was just a little bigger.

"Get off the Green Meadows and stay off. Find hunting grounds of your own," snarled Reddy. He made a sudden dash at Gray Fox, who leaped aside.

Just then Mrs. Reddy barked from a little way off. "Perhaps we better go," said Mrs. Gray. She was young and somewhat timid.

"You said something!" snarled Reddy, turning as if to attack her.

"I guess you are right this time, my dear," said his cousin to Mrs. Gray. "Let's go." And they went.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE LOST "TOP"

East's failure to interpret his partner's clear message cost his side a "top" on the following deal, played at match-point duplicate.

3-10 A

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ 6 4 ♥ 3 2 ♦ A Q J 9 5 3 ♣ 8 6 3	
♠ A 10 ♥ A 8 ♦ 10 8 7 6 4 ♣ J 9 5 2	N W E S	♠ K 9 7 5 ♥ 3 2 ♦ Q 7 6 4 ♣ K 7 4
	♠ Q J 8 ♥ K J 10 9 5 ♦ K 2 ♣ A Q 10	

At several tables of this duplicate game East-West bid and made two spades, for a plus score of 110 points (60 below the line, and 50 above for fulfilling a less-than-game contract).

At one table, however, South became declarer at two hearts, and so it was vital for that particular East-West pair to defeat the contract two tricks, or to suffer by comparison. The bidding at this table went:

3-10 B

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opened the spade ace, then shifted to the deuce of clubs. South captured East's king and led a low diamond to the jack. East ruffed, laid down the spade king and played a third round of spades. West ruffed declarer's spade queen with the heart eight (dummy discarding a club), and then West carefully cashed the ace of hearts before leading another diamond.

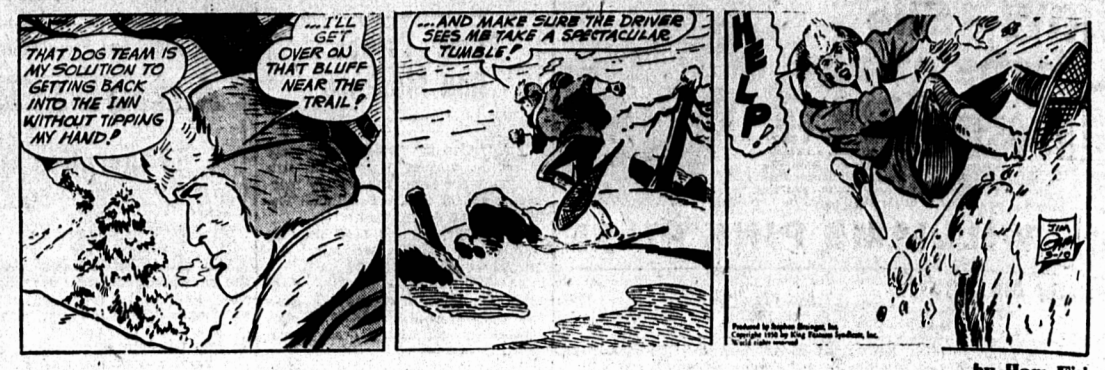
When East ruffed this diamond, he should have realized that West would not have cashed the heart ace without a definite purpose. That purpose could only be to inform East that declarer was now out of diamonds and could not reach dummy's suit if East could take out the one low trump still remaining in dummy. East, however, failed to read this clear message. After ruffing the diamond, he returned a club, thus permitting South to win with the queen and ruff his losing club in dummy.

If East, after ruffing the second diamond, had properly returned the heart queen, South would have had to lose a club trick. This would have given East-West a 200-point penalty, and "top on the board."

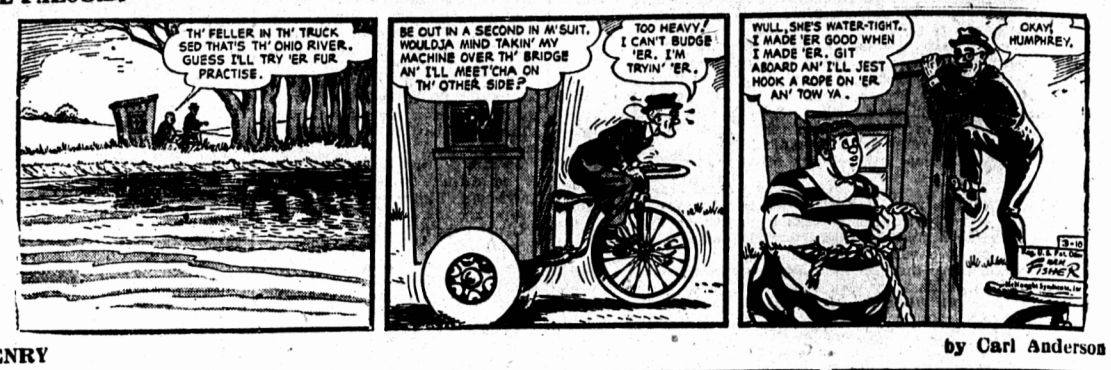
LOBSTER CATCHES DECLINE

RIVERPORT, N. S. — (CP) — Lobster fishermen in this district have been hauling their traps and beaching them until early sprig Though early-season catches were large in October, lobstermen reported as few as 25 lobsters per boat on recent trips.

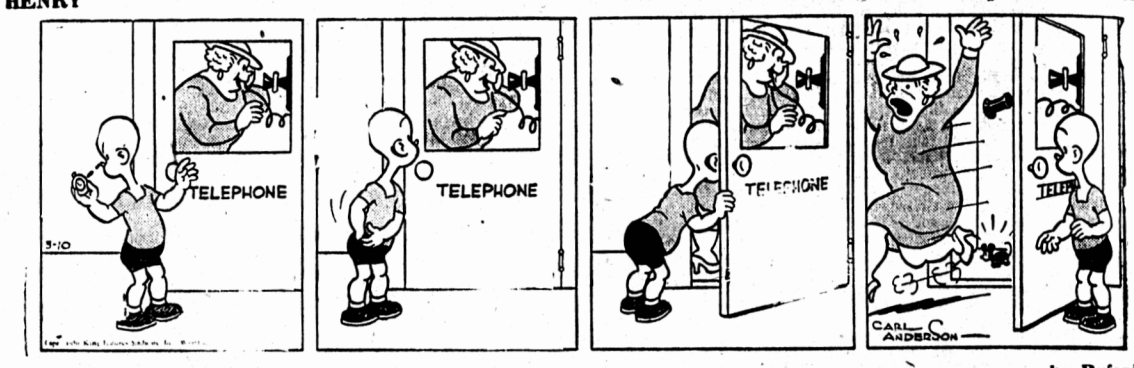
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — by Zane Grey



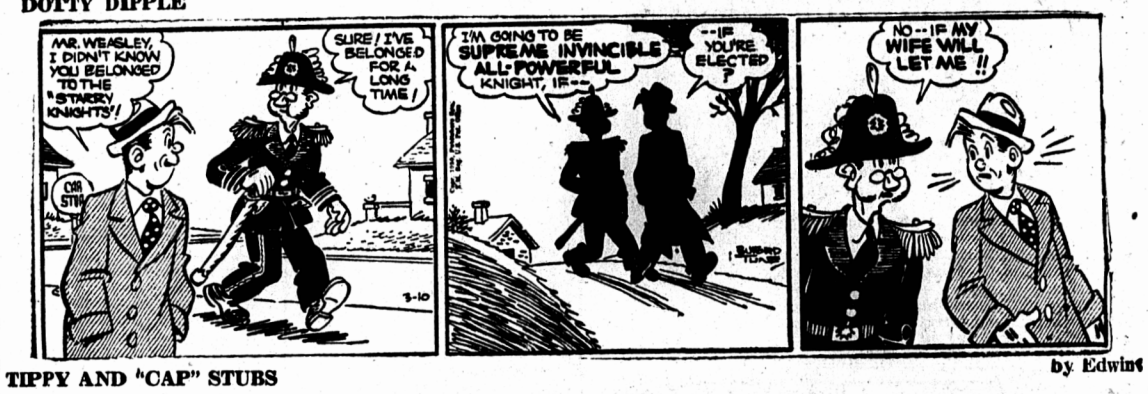
JOE PALOOKA — by Ham Fisher



HENRY — by Carl Anderson

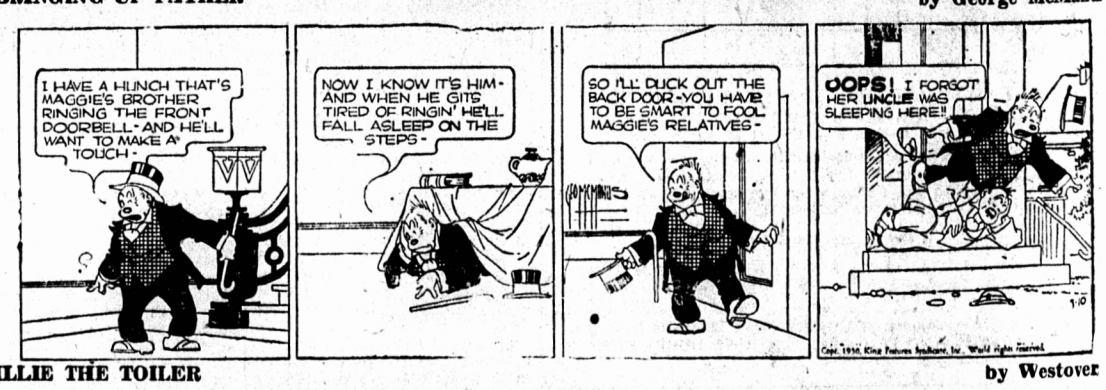


DOTTY DIPPLE — by Buford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — by Edwina

BRINGING UP FATHER — by George McManus



TILLIE THE TOILER — by Westover

LI'L ABNER — by Al Capp

RIP KIRBY — by Alex Raymond

PENNY — by Merry Maenigsen