



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FRIENDLY RAIN

The sunshine's lovely, but again there's equal loveliness in rain. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Lightfoot the Deer was a worried mother. Most mothers are worried much of the time, but some have greater cause for worry than others. Mother Bear does not have a worry much over her babies because she is so big and strong that nobody dares meddle with her cubs if she is anywhere about. On the other hand, Mrs. Lightfoot worries from the time her babies are born until they are big enough to start out in the Great World for themselves. Not so far, at first her babies, her fawns, are helpless insofar as looking out for themselves is concerned. Mrs. Lightfoot herself is not armed for fighting. She has only the roots of her front feet to fight with. So, Mother Deer has to protect her babies by wit, rather than strength.

Her two fawns were only a few days old. She had hidden them in a thicket, but already their hiding place had been found by Old Man Coyote. She had rushed to their rescue when Old Man Coyote had entered the thicket. Before he could notice she had reared and struck down with those sharp little hoofs. They had hurt Mrs. Lightfoot had come a fighting fury, and Old Man Coyote was glad to get out of the thicket and limp away.

Mrs. Lightfoot watched him out of sight. "He'll come back," thought she. "He knows now where my earlocks are, and he'll come back. He won't come back today, but he'll come back just as soon as he gets over that limp I gave him. I've got to move those babies. I have got to hide them in another thicket. And somehow I must leave no scent!"

For a long time she stood guard. She would have liked to have led those little fawns to a new hiding place at once, but she was afraid that sharp eyes of some hungry enemy might see her. She would wait until dark. The Deer folk see very well at night, you know. Their big soft eyes are suited to darkness. As a matter of fact, they like to be abroad at night, better than by day.

Late that afternoon, while Mrs. Lightfoot was away from that precious thicket looking for another in which to hide her precious fawns, who should come along but Reddy Fox. Reddy isn't big enough to even try to kill Mrs. Lightfoot. He wouldn't ever think of such a thing as trying to. But he could get himself a very fine dinner if he should find those helpless little fawns. Mrs. Lightfoot watched him anxiously. He came to the place where Old Man Coyote had entered the thicket. Then he came to the place where she had driven Old Man Coyote out of that thicket. He stopped there, and looked all about. Those sharp eyes of his saw every little thing. He knew almost at once what had happened there.

"Mrs. Lightfoot has babies in there. Anyway, she did have," thought he. "Old Man Coyote went in there, and Mrs. Lightfoot drove him out. I wonder if he got one of those fawns. Perhaps he got both. I think I'll just slip in there and look around."

Before he did this he took care to look all about. He was looking for Mrs. Lightfoot. Perhaps she was in that thicket. He would have to be careful, very careful. He knew just what Mrs. Lightfoot could do with those sharp little hoofs of hers, and he had no desire to be struck by them. He looked. He listened. He



Mrs. Lightfoot watched him out of sight

He didn't enter. There was a sort of whistling sound, and the sound of rushing feet behind him. Reddy Fox didn't wait. He leaped to one side, and ran. After him dashed Mrs. Lightfoot, but only for a little way.

"Now Reddy knows I've got babies," thought she. "He'll be back when I am off getting something to eat. I've got to hide those babies. He'll watch his chance to sneak in somewhere else."

When the Black Shadows came creeping through the Green Forest, Mrs. Lightfoot led her precious babies out of that thicket. Their slender legs were a bit wobbly, but they could walk, and they followed mother to the new hiding place she had chosen. Just as they entered it the first raindrops of a heavy shower fell. Mother gave a little sigh of relief. That rain would wash out all scent.

Canada's Liquor Bill Higher Last Year

OTTAWA (CP)—Estimated total retail sales of alcoholic beverages in Canada—the consumers' liquor bill—amounted to \$741,000,000 for the year ending March, 1952, the Bureau of Statistics reported Thursday.

This was \$49,000,000 or seven per cent higher than the preceding year.

Both spirits and wine consumption decreased compared with 1951, while beer consumption rose about six per cent to a record total of 188,750,000 gallons from 178,271,000. Decline in spirits consumption was approximately five per cent.

Excise and import duties, validation fees and licences on spirits totalled \$82,097,000, as against \$82,218,000 in 1951.

EXPERT HUNTERS

NATAL, B. C. (CP)—For the second year in a row the same two youths shared the honors of bagging the first bear of the season in this area. Jackie DeLuca of Michel and Remmie Matt of Natal shot a black bear.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

STYLES OF BIDDING

A hand from an important tournament in England points up the vastly different bidding style of British and American experts.

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for North and South. North: ♠ Q 6, ♥ A Q J 10 9 7 3, ♦ A K 8 7, ♣ 9 8 7. South: ♠ 9 8 7, ♥ 6 4, ♦ J 10 5, ♣ J 9 5.

The deal occurred in a team match, and this was the bidding at Table 1:

Bidding table with columns for North, East, South, West. North: 2♥, 3♥, 4♥, 5♥. East: Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass. South: 2NT, 3NT, 4♠, 5♠. West: Pass, Dble., Pass, Pass.

West's double of four spades told East what to lead against the heart contract, and so North at five hearts. They would have been much better advised, however, to reach six clubs, played from the South position. Surely, the club suit might at least have been mentioned at some juncture by either South or North.

The two-heart opening used by North was not the "strong two" of our American style, but an intermediate call of the English "Acid System," demanding one response but not definitely forcing to game. Nonetheless, South's negative two-no-trump response looks highly questionable. It is true that neither of South's suits was very good, but the alternative of not showing one or both of these suits was even less inviting. Witness the fact that, having "suppressed" his genuine suits, South felt obliged to show his ace over North's heart rebid, thus forcing a higher contract than would necessarily have resulted from the announcement of both of South's suits.

Another questionable feature of the bidding was North's over-emphasis of his heart suit, to the neglect of his clubs. In their system, North had to jump his rebid or risk a pass on South's part, but surely North then could have mentioned clubs over South's four-spade cue bid.

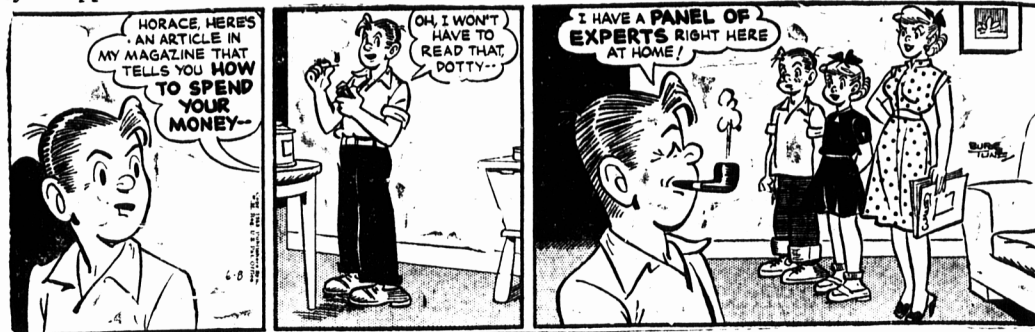
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



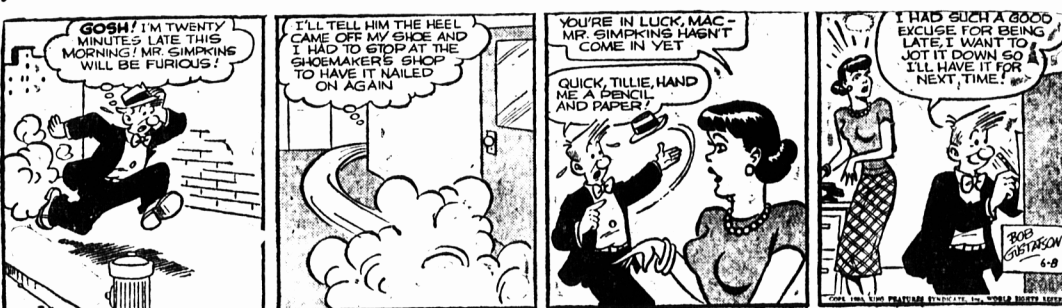
By Ruford

Dotty Dripple



By Bob Gustafson

Tilly The Toiler



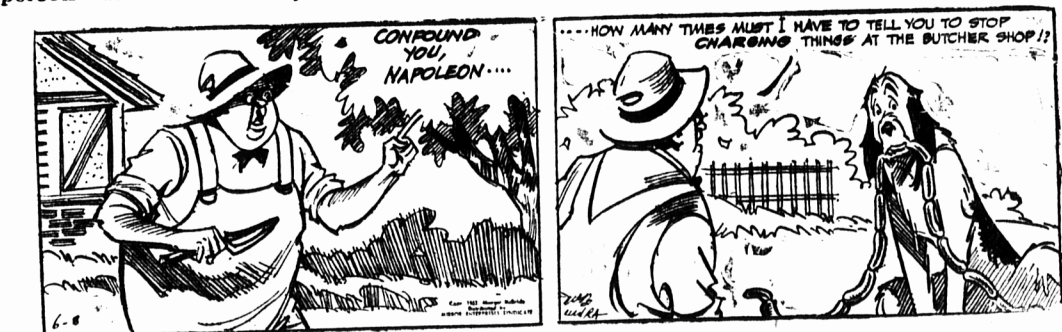
By Edwin

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



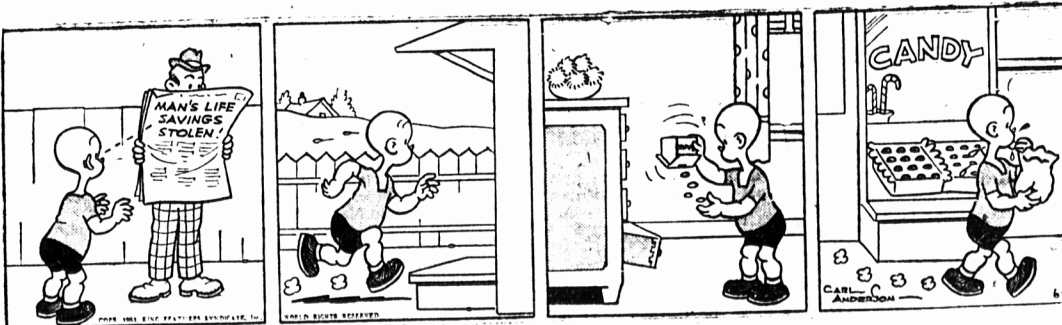
By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Carl Anderson

Henry



By Walt Kelly

Pogo



By Harry Hoening

Penny



CHARLOTTETOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS Enrollment For September 1953

Enrollments for Kindergarten, West Kent School, will be received during the coming week at the School Superintendent's Office, Telephone 1137. Pupils must be age five by next December. Only a limited number can be accommodated.

Parents who are sending their children to school next September for the first time in Grade I are requested to enroll them before June 25th with the Principal of the school to which they expect to attend. Pupils for Grade I must be at least six years of age by December 31st before they can be accepted.

Parents are also advised that vaccination and birth certificates must be presented when the pupil enrolls in September.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Lil Abner

By Al Capp



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

