

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

The men whose task was building began by placing notched logs on top of the other, forming a rectangular enclosure as you do when you build a house of sticks. The back wall stood higher than the front so that the roof might have the proper slant. One door and a couple of small windows were cut out with a saw. As the wall rose in height the men filled the spaces between the logs with mud, moss and birch bark. When the whole dried the log cabin was fairly free from draughts and so quite comfortable for use. The roof was thatched with overlapping strips of bark and often held in place with green withes. Nails then cost about 25 cents per dozen and were hard to come by even if the settler had the price.

The children often took a hand in getting the large flat stones which were used to build the fireplace. These were laid on top of each other and held together with mud. The first chimneys were made of hardwood plastered with mud; this contraption often took fire and was a constant source of worry.

The beds were built with the house. Two long poles which reached right across the building were woven across with bark and twigs. On top of this were placed sacks filled with hay or straw. The pillows were sometimes made of hops or the buds of weeds. Most settlers were lacking of all trades. They had to be. They made their own tables, chairs, cupboards, etc. crude furniture, to say the least, but it served their age quite well.

It didn't take long to build a new home in those days, two weeks at most, for with the help of kind neighbors the task went forward rapidly and thus another Island family rejoiced to find themselves established in their new home.

Those of us who have occasion to travel to and from the Garden of the Gulf to-day do so by plane or ferry, and we give little if any thought of the hardship encountered by those who were obliged to travel the same route in canoes.

became marooned for 20 as a result of making the winter crossing in an ice boat.

Warburton, in his history of the Island, tells us that the first winter mail service was effected by means of a canoe. The date was February, 1775. The crossing was made between Wood Islands and Nova Scotia. Thus Patterson is entitled to the credit of inaugurating the first winter mail service between the Island and the mainland.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

ONE BAD BID DEMANDS ANOTHER

PARADOXICAL though it may seem, it is usually better to make two bad bids than to make only one and then retire. This is the sort of thing I mean:

East dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.
East-West 70 on score.

1032
542
82
QJ1087

AKQJ9
73
10874
3
93

N
W
E
S

AKJ9
QJ5
K6542

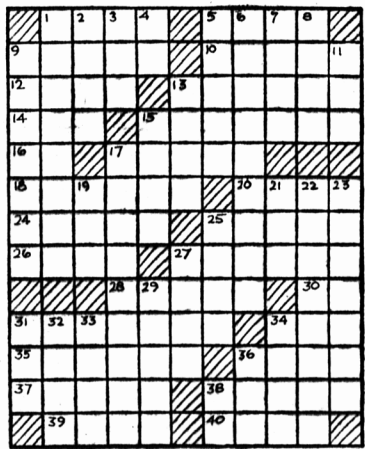
A8764
Q1066
AK9
A

The bidding:
East South West North
1 ♠ 1 ♣ 2 ♣ (?)
Dble. 2 ♠ Dble. Pass
Pass 2NT Pass Pass
Dble. Pass Pass Pass

Beyond doubt, it was East-West's part-score and the fact that they were about to "grab the rubber" that induced North to put in the truly desperate two-club bid, and it was doubtless his sense of guilt that made him keep quiet thereafter. This sort of bridge crime, however, cannot be mitigated by follow-up passing.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Successes (slang)
 - Membership charges
 - Girl's name
 - Shove recess
 - Spoken
 - Hunting expedition
 - Receptacle for coffee
 - Renters
 - Chinese river
 - Ostrich-like birds
 - Regard highly
 - Rip
 - Str up
 - The edge or rim
 - Small cut
 - Door joints
 - Fencing swords
 - Northeast (abbr.)
 - American grape
 - One-spot
 - Diminished
 - Dry
 - Headed bolt
 - Adhesive mixtures
 - Spreads grass to dry
 - Trees
- DOWN**
- A U.S. President
 - Persia
 - Sesame
 - Samarium (sym.)
 - Goddess of the hunt
 - Urn
 - Desert (epithet)
 - Cats that catch mice
 - It is (contracted)
 - Appear
 - Objective case of "what"
 - Archangel
 - Held in esteem
 - The hub
 - Person
 - Unit of work
 - Commercial bureau
 - Seeds
 - Contended
 - Flock
 - Bards
 - Vehicle
 - Death
 - Germanium (sym.)
 - Genus of cuckoo
 - Entire
 - Amount
 - Germanium (sym.)



A Cryptogram Quotation

F D S A U O I A A P K A N Y I K Q ; K O J
U O A S B W K B K A I K F K O F K S
A Q Y K U O B R S Y Q I A Z - A W K M I A X I K Y I .

Yesterday's Cryptogram: THOUGH BY AMBITION FAR MISLED, THOU ART A NOBLE KNIGHT—SCOTT.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE SUDDEN STORM

In time of stress that's hard to bear
A storm will often clear the air.
—Old Mother Nature.

There had been no real rain, only the very lightest of light showers for a long time. The grass was very, very dry. The grass was brown. Leaves hung limply on the trees. Only those little people who love the water, and delighted to be in it, were at all comfortable. The lack of rain did not bother them at all, because of it, the water in their favorite places grew less and less.

Jerry Muskrat and Mrs. Jerry and Grandfather Frog and others living in the Smiling Pool were badly worried. The water was lower each day. There was almost none at all coming in from Laughing Brook. At first they had thought it was wholly because of the weather. Then Little Joe Otter had stopped at the Smiling Pool on his way down to the Big River. He told them that it wasn't altogether because there had been no rain that Laughing Brook had dried up. He told them that three young Beavers had built a dam across Laughing Brook way up in the Green Forest. This had stopped the water from coming down.

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Mrs. Jerry.
"What can we do about it?" retorted Jerry.
"Why don't you go up there and bear down their dam? Chug-a-rum! If I were as big as you that's what I'd do," said Grandfather Frog.



Jerry pretended not to hear him. He knew Grandfather Frog would do nothing of the kind. Jerry and Mrs. Jerry were big and strong, and good fighters, but they were not big enough, and strong enough, and good enough fighters to fight with those Beavers.

"If something doesn't happen soon we'll have to go down to the Big River to live and I don't want to do that," said Jerry.
"It's thunder!" cried Jerry.
"There is going to be a storm!"
It was thunder. Already great masses of clouds were rapidly climbing up in the blue, blue sky, for behind them was a great wind.

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They hid the face of jolly bright Mr. Sun. It grew darker and darker. A few drops of rain fell, but only a few. There was wind, a great wind. Jerry and Mrs. Jerry went into their house. They didn't like being out in the wind even though they were in the water. The wind tore at the roof of their house. You know that the roof was made of dead withes for the most part. The wind was so great that it tore that roof open. Jerry and Mrs. Jerry dived into the water and made their way to another home they had which was in the bank of Laughing Brook a little way above the Smiling Pool. Meanwhile, far up on the Great Mountain where Laughing Brook has its beginning, the rain fell as if the great storm clouds were trying to empty all the water out of them at one time. The thirsty earth couldn't begin to drink it up as fast as it fell. It ran down all the hillsides, and formed small streams down every little gully. These in turn poured into Laughing Brook. That storm was almost what is called a cloudburst.

WIDELY USED

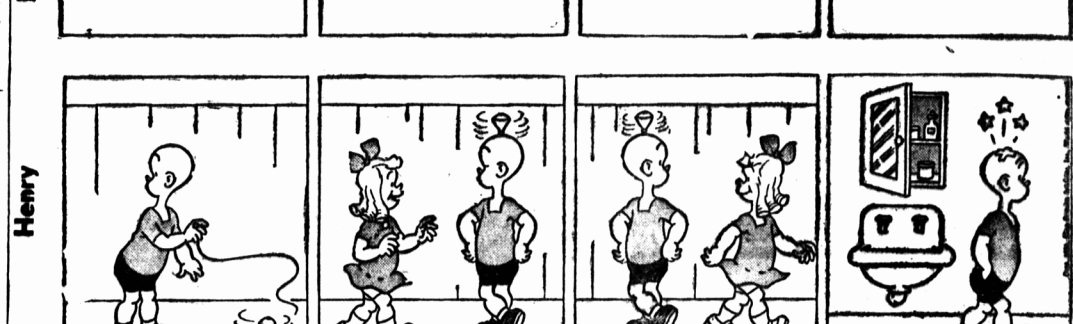
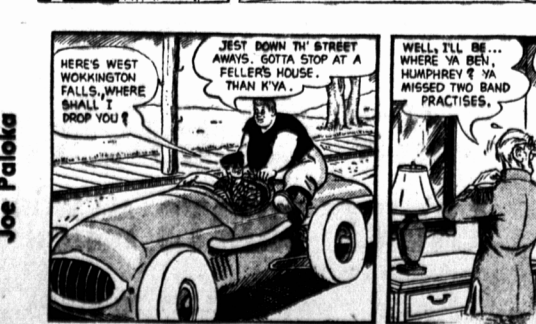
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