



By Thornton W. Burgess

WHY LITTLE FRIEND WAS NOT AFRAID

Only knowledge makes it clear. Whom and what and when to fear. —Old Mother Nature

Bandy, the big watersnake who lives in the Smiling Pool, had just glistened past Little Friend the song Sparrow, and Little Friend hadn't so much as lifted a wing to fly away. Bandy had paid no attention to the little Sparrow, and it was perfectly plain to the two little Wood Mice, Snowfoot and his pretty mate Tinkle Mouse, that Little Friend had not been in the least afraid. Yet they knew that was very much afraid of Bandy's cousin Mr. Blacksnake.

As soon as Little Friend came near enough Snowfoot had a question ready. "Why weren't you afraid of that fellow?" he squeaked. Because, replied Little Friend, "there was nothing to fear. Here comes Bandy back again. Just watch him. Perhaps you will learn why it is that I am not afraid of him, and that you don't need to be afraid of him."

"Perhaps we don't, but just the same we'll keep out of sight," squeaked Snowfoot, and this the two little mice did.

The big snake stopped on the bank at the edge of the water right in front of where they were hiding in the grass. For what seemed like a long time Bandy didn't move. Neither did they. Then Bandy



He had started to swallow that fish head first.

He lifted his head slightly. He did it very slowly. He seemed to be staring down in the water. It was very still. Not a single Merry Little Breeze was around, so there was not the tiniest ripple on the water. From where they were the young mice could see into the water. What they saw made them forget that big snake for the moment. There was a fish in the water very near the shore. It was a bigger fish than the minnows whom they had seen Grandfather Frog watching for, and rattles the King-fisher diving for. It wasn't a big fish, but it was big to the little mice. Then something happened so quickly they didn't see how it happened. That fish was caught, and the one who caught it was the big snake whom they had been watching.

Snowfoot and Tinkle Mouse watched in open-mouthed wonder as the big snake began to swallow that fish. It just didn't look possible. How in the world could he open his mouth wide enough to

swallow that fish whole? Yet that was just what he was doing. He had started to swallow that fish head-first.

Just then Little Friend dropped down in the grass beside them. "Now you see why I am not afraid," said he.

"No, I don't," replied Snowfoot. "It is because he likes fish, and he never bothers birds," explained Little Friend. "Mr. Blacksnake catches birds, but doesn't bother fish. Bandy is a fisherman, and Mr. Blacksnake is a hunter."

"Just the same I wouldn't trust that fellow," said Snowfoot in his funny squeaky little voice. "I wouldn't want to be near him if he were hungry and there weren't a fish where he could catch it."

"There wouldn't be a thing for you to be afraid of," declared Little Friend. "He doesn't like folks in feathers and fur."

KINGSTON (CP) — The Royal Military College, oldest of Canada's three tri-service academies, today opens its doors to the vanguard of the largest class in its history. Forty cadet officers will check in for a week of training prior to the arrival of 108 first-year men Sept. 7. The remaining 250 students will arrive Sept. 15.

No doubt you have often wondered how so many persons, crowded together in such a small space, managed to prepare their meals. The Captain of the "Polly" had prepared for just such an emergency. Cooking grates had been set up outside the steerage quarters where from sunrise to sunset, weather permitting, steerage passengers were permitted to cook in turns. Sometimes the womenfolk used giant iron pots into which went enough potatoes to serve several families. This saved time and labor and worked out to their mutual advantage.

Under such conditions, Jean and her husband sailed to the Garden of the Gulf. In calm seas and in rough, this young woman's courage never faltered. She bolstered up those whose courage was ebbing at the length and dreariness of the voyage. Indeed, she kept herself so busy that she had no time left to worry. There were children who needed a bit of extra care; sick folk who required nursing, and had it not been for Jean Macdonald's tact and courage, it is doubtful whether the voyagers would have made the crossing without getting embroiled in family quarrels.

One day, when the "Polly" ran into a storm and the hatches had to be battened down to keep out the sea which went right over her deck, Jean still kept a staunch

Pioneer Days In P. E. I.

By F. H. MacArthur

When Jean Macdonald came to Belfast in the "Polly", she was about twenty-five years old. It was because of her persistent urging, her husband, a carpenter by trade, consented to make the journey to Prince Edward Island, and begin a new life.

The "Polly" was badly overcrowded on that memorable voyage, for the ship's passenger list revealed that there were more persons aboard than the law of that day permitted. The cabin passengers were few because there were not many cabins, so nearly everyone had to travel steerage.

Two rows of shelves, on either side of the steerage quarters, were used as bunks. They were divided into eight foot apartments, each of which was occupied by six travelers. Now how would you like to travel across the broad Atlantic in a slow sailing vessel with not more than two feet of space in which to sleep?

There was little space for the immigrants' luggage. Foul air and confusion added to the discomfort, but these courageous people did little complaining. They had set out with the purpose of hitching their wagon to the star of the New World — P. E. I. — not greatly concerned with the present, but ever looking to the future when they would own homes of their own and be monarchs of all they surveyed.

One thing is sure—South certainly did not hold back in this bidding! However, the opening lead he received gave him considerable satisfaction and sustenance.

West opened the club ten—and that lead, in effect, solidified South's suit. (South knew that West would not have led away from the queen.)

Winning the first trick with the club jack, declarer led a diamond toward dummy. East felt that he could always take his ace, so he ducked, hoping to give declarer some sort of problem—but things did not work out that way. After getting the diamond trick South took the marked finesse against the club queen and cashed his remaining cards in that suit, discarding dummy's low diamond.

West found himself in trouble when he had to discard on the fourth club. Whether he gave up a spade, a heart, or the diamond ace, he was caught in a progressive squeeze, and merely by keeping an eagle eye on West's discard, South could win every trick.

Table with 4 columns: South, West, North, East. Rows show card plays and results like 'Pass', '1 ♠', '2 ♣', etc.

Our Boarding House Major Hoople. WELL, HOOPLE! I OUGHT TO SUE YOU FOR PLINY! A COUPLE OF THOSE CUCKOOS YOU ENTERTAINED LAST NIGHT WANDERED INTO MY YARD AND HELD A SQUABBLE! RIGHT USING THE FLOWERS OF MY HYDRANGEA BUSH!

EGAD, BAXTER! HOW REGRETTABLE! I DIDN'T REALIZE ANY OF MY GUESTS WERE SO EXUBERANT! — BUT DON'T FRET, YOU'LL BE HANDSOMELY REIMBURSED WITH A COUPON FOR TWENTY BUSHES OF THE GORGEOUS SAXIFRAGA UMBROSA FAMILY FROM A LONDON FLORIST TO GRACE YOUR LAWN!

BY AIR EXPRESS, OF COURSE. I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET YOU! I'M TARNAL GLAD TO SEE YUH!

HANDSOM NEW HEADPIECE YUH GOT THAR! MADE IT QUTEN THUH PELT OF A CATERPILLAR I TRAPPED T'OTHER DAY!

JIMINY CROCKETT! TWA CRITTER WHAT DON'T KNOW FEAR!

IT'S NO NIGHTMARE! UNCA MICKY! I HEAR IT, TOO!

heart. Picture, if you can, that awful day on the wild Atlantic with the gloom and shadow of their narrow confines! Only a few candles cast their feeble light in the steerage quarters. There they huddled together, while the noise of the ocean rose above the cries of the frightened little ones and the "Polly" staggered like a drunkard to keep her feet on the waves.

"Why don't ye get your pipes," Jean said to her husband. "Then we can have a little music to accompany the spounds o' the sea."

Thus encouraged, other pipers took up the cue and soon the soothing effects of the pipes brought cheer to the hearts of the brightest immigrants.

After dreary weeks, the Atlantic voyage came to an end but even when Belfast and the New World were a reality, Jean Macdonald did not cease to exercise a mighty influence over her shipmates and those who arrived later.

By her untiring efforts and dauntless courage in the face of great odds, Mrs. Macdonald proved to other women, yes and men too, that every dark cloud has a silver lining. Her only reward for her heroism was the knowledge that her faith and good deeds would inspire other pioneers to plant their roots deep in the fertile soil of this Island.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

A DOUBLE SLAM CONTRACT. SINCE the North-South hands below contained only 31 high-cards and no long suits—usually, not a sufficient count for a small-slam at notrump—one might think that the average pair would be satisfied with a game contract. Yet, four out of the six North-South partnerships in a duplicate match bid the slam; all made it, and one enterprise declared took 18 tricks.

Neither side vulnerable. ♠ AKQ5 ♥ Q98 ♦ KQT ♣ 763

♠ J873 ♥ 10652 ♦ AJ9 ♣ 105

This was the bidding at the table where South garnered all the tricks: South West North East 1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♣ Pass 2 ♣ Pass 4 NT Pass 4 ♠ Pass 5 NT Pass 6 NT Pass Pass Pass

I DO HOPE BRUCE DOESN'T GET SERIOUS ABOUT ETTA. YOU KNOW HOW PICKLE SHE IS!

HELLO, BLOOMER! HOW'S BUSINESS IN YOUR NEW SPECIALTY SHOP?

HEY, MUGGS! GRANDMA WANTS YOU TO GO TO THE STORE!

HEY, MUGGS! GRANDMA WANTS YOU TO GO TO THE STORE!

GOING TO LOOK LIKE MAGGIE'S GON AWAY ON A LONG TRIP— SHE'S TAKIN' EVERY STITCH OF CLOTHES SHE OWNS!

WELL, GRANDMA, LOOKS LIKE YOUR FIFTY CENTS IS GONE. WE NEVER WILL BE ABLE T' RECOVER IT!

JIMINY CROCKETT! TWA CRITTER WHAT DON'T KNOW FEAR!

IT'S NO NIGHTMARE! UNCA MICKY! I HEAR IT, TOO!

IT'S PROBABLY THAT PRINCE TIGRANA CHARACTER!

DIS IS NARELSKA MOSS, AN OLD FLAME OF YOUR HUSBAND'S! WE COME GAW A VISIT LATHR!

WELL, GEE! DON'T ACT LIKE I ROBBED A BANK OR—OR SOMETHING!

FAT LADY'S SHOP

WELL, INSTEAD OF TELLING HIM HE HAS TO RUN AN ERRAND, WHY DON'T YOU USE STRATEGY?

GRANDMA IS BAKING COOKIES TODAY, AND I WANT TO KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE KITCHEN!

NO, SHE'S NOT COMING BACK! I'M JUST SENDIN' A FEW OF MY OLD THINGS TO MY SISTER!

SHUCKS! THAT MAKES ME MAD! I JUST GET A GOOD START ON MY FIRST MILLION...

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7UP advertisement with 'NOW IN THE GIANT FAMILY SIZE' and a bottle illustration.

IT AIN'T YOU WHAT'S MY BEST FRIEND, IT'S ME! ME WHAT'S YOURN IN THE NOBLEST OBILGE TRADITION OF THE NOBLE POG.

IF I AIN'T YOURN YOU CAN'T BE MINE. YOU INSULT A HEREDITABLE LIFE-LONG CHAIN OF NOBILITY.

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER AN' A KNOCK HEAD LIKE YOU COULDN'T NEVER BE MY MOTHER.

DON'T TELL ME I AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR MOTHER... I GOT A LOVIN' DISPOSITION ON ME WHAT COULD WIN A PRIZE IN ANY MOTHER'S DAY PARADE.

STOP! WE'RE TRAPPED! SAY SOMETHING!

WHAT'S THE BIG TROUBLE CAUSIN' ME? I CAUGHT 'EM FOR YOU.

WE WAS JUST PLAYIN' A GAME, ID A HOPE WE WUZNT A BOTHER.

TRACKS OF SILVER GO THIS WAY! THERE'S SILVER!

GITTUM UR SCOUTI! HE'S WEAKENING, SIM! I'LL GET HIM!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CABIN.

HUMAN, HERE COME A BORT!

MISSUS CAWNGAN! WELCOME BACK TO KANDA LAKE! WHEAR IS YOUR HUSBAND?

HEAR YE!! HEAR YE!! BRUCE ASKED ME TO GO STEADY!

I OFFER TOP MERCHANDISE AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES IN THE BEST LOCATION IN TOWN. STILL NO CUSTOMERS!

I KNOW HE WONT!

TABLE TENNIS ANYONE?

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TABLE TENNIS ANYONE?

TABLE TENNIS ANYONE?

BRUCE AND I AREN'T CHILDREN. WE'RE OLD ENOUGH TO SOLVE OUR OWN PROBLEMS!

YES! I GUESS YOU ARE!

HE'S TAKIN' EVERY STITCH OF CLOTHES SHE OWNS!

NO, SHE'S NOT COMING BACK! I'M JUST SENDIN' A FEW OF MY OLD THINGS TO MY SISTER!

SHUCKS! THAT MAKES ME MAD! I JUST GET A GOOD START ON MY FIRST MILLION...

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Tilly The Toiler

Etta Kent

Mugs and Skeeter

Henry

Bringing Up Father

Grandma

Mickey Mouse

By Ham Fisher

By L'il Abner

By Fran Striker

FOR 25c PLUS DEPOSIT

By Mel Graft