# AUCTION SALE

**AT NEWTOWN CROSS**

I am instructed by Neil G. McPherson to sell by public auction on Saturday, August 2 at 1:30 o'clock, his farming implements consisting of 1 binder, F&W; 1 hay mower, F&W; 1 hay rake steel; 1 disc harrow; 1 iron harrow; 1 potato scuffler; 1 sprayer; 1 truck waggon; 1 box sleigh; 1 driving sleigh; and other articles not mentioned.

**NEIL G. McPHERSON, Owner.**

**J. H. MacDonald, Auctioneer.**

## By Thornton W. Burgess

**THE INDEPENDENT STRANGER**

To strangers always be polite;
'Tis wise as well as being right.
—Old Mother Nature.

* * *

Little Too-Smart, the bright young son of Reddy Fox, was really out in the Great World. Yes, sir, he was so. He was finding it out every minute he was awake. Everything was new. Being new, everything was strange. There was no one to tell him what to do or not to do. He had to find out for himself. And there was such a lot to find out!

**One of the very first things he had to learn, and one of the most important, was how to find and get enough to eat.** Little Too-Smart was hungry most of the time. It was one thing to have father and mother continually bringing in all sorts of good things to eat, and another thing altogether to have to try to find those good things for himself. Many many times he wished he hadn't left home.

But he was learning, and learning fast. Necessity is one of the most wonderful teachers in all the world. Necessity and experience work together. They are the teachers who make life possible for the furred and feathered folk of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Little Too-Smart had to find and get every mouthful he ate. That was necessity. Every time he found something he could eat, or caught it, he learned something about where to look for such things, and how to catch them. This was experience. He learned not only what to do, but what not to do.

For a while every one whom he met was a stranger. Of course, he didn't know which ones were friendly or which ones might be enemies, or at least dangerous. He soon discovered that he could not always tell which was which. The biggest and most terrible looking might prove to be the most harmless. The most harmless looking things might be just the opposite.

Just take the case of Prickly Porky's quills, the little spears he always carries with him. The small Fox had found some lying on the ground. To him they looked like nothing more than odd little sticks all just alike. He smelled them, touching them with his little black nose. He wished he hadn't. When he lifted it three of them were sticking in that little black nose. This was because he had touched their sharp points. Somehow, he had managed to get rid of them by rubbing his nose on the ground. He was lucky, but he didn't know it. He thought he was unlucky, for he had a sore nose.

He was still thinking of this as he followed a little path. It wound among the trees and bushes at the edge of the Green Forest. As he came around a big rock he found himself face to face with a stranger. He was dressed in black and white. The little stranger stopped. He stood stock still right in the middle of the path. Little Too-Smart stopped also. He stared at the little stranger in black and white who was not more than half his own size. Little Too-Smart felt very big and very important. "Get out of my way," he growled. Anyway, he tried to make it a growl.

The little stranger said nothing. He merely stared with black, rather dull shoe-button eyes. He lifted a bushy little tail with a white tip. Then he lifted both little front feet off the ground altogether, and stamped them down on the ground with a little thump. He did this three times. Otherwise, he didn't move. He didn't step aside. He didn't seem in the least afraid.

Once again the little Fox ordered the little stranger to get out of his way. And once again the small person in the black and white coat stamped with his front feet, lifting them together, and bringing them down hard. There was something about those little thumps made by those small feet that was disturbing. Little Too-Smart had a feeling that he was

Continued on page 14

## Contract Bridge

**By Josephine Culbertson**

**A CLASSIC CASE**

Whenever bridge-club conversation gets around to the subject of "weird contracts"—as it so often does—I think about the hand which Life Master 'Arthur Glatt of Chicago tells about with heartfelt chuckles. To wit:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | ♠ 4 3 2<br>♥ K<br>♦ A K Q 6 5 2<br>♣ A Q J | |
| ♠ K<br>♥ 9 6 5<br>♦ J 10 9 8<br>♣ 7 4 3 | N<br>W E<br>S | ♠ Q 10 8 5<br>♥ 8 7 4 3 2<br>♦ —<br>♣ 9 8 6 5 |
| | ♠ A J 9 7 6<br>♥ A Q J 10<br>♦ —<br>♣ K 10 4 2 | |

According to Mr. Glatt, this deal occurred in the ancient days of contract when a grand slam carried a bonus of 2250 points, vulnerable, and 1500 points, not vulnerable. Beguiled by such pots of gold, slam bidding was fast and furious in those days, and in this case (as in many others) the extremely unsound contract of seven spades was reached, with South the declarer.

It goes without saying that few contemporary experts would care to be saddled with such a contract, in view of the trump situation, but to prove that anything can happen at the bridge table, this is what happened here:

West opened the diamond jack. The queen was put in, and East joyfully ruffed with the five-spot. South over-ruffed with the six.

Declarer led a club to the ace and returned the ace of diamonds. East was nothing if not dogged—he ruffed again, with the eight of spades. South gratefully over-ruffed with the nine.

Now dummy was reentered with a heart to the king and the diamond king was offered to East as bait. Once more East was obliging. This time he ruffed with the ten-spot—he might at least have chosen the **queen!**—and South over-ruffed with the jack.

Now, having received all this cooperation from East, South laid down the ace of trumps, and when the blank king fell from the West hand and the blank queen from the East, the remarkable grand-slam contract was in the bag.


# City Properties For Sale

**EXCELLENT INVESTMENTS**

(1)—Three apartment house situate at 53 Bayfield Street, presently all rented and bringing in monthly rental of $175.00. Lot approximately 50 x 80 ft. Double garage. Hot water heating. Possession of Ground Floor Apartment in 30 days.

(2)—Duplex situate at 51 Bayfield Street, presently all rented and bringing in monthly rental of $92.00. Nice sized lot. Garage. Hot water heating.

For further particulars, apply—

**A. W. GAUDET, LL.B., Solicitor**

111 Grafton Street Charlottetown

# FOR SALE

Single dwelling situated in a residential section of the City containing nine rooms. Lot forty two feet frontage by eighty four feet in depth.

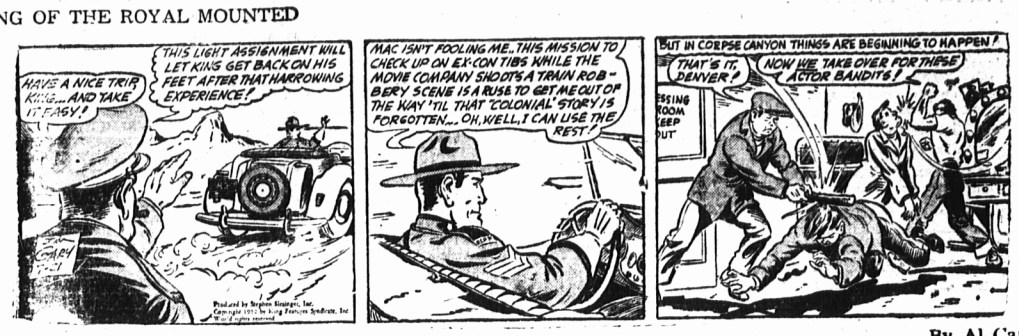
For further particulars
Apply

**The EASTERN TRUST Company**

154 Richmond Street

DRINK Coca-Cola ICE COLD 7¢


KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED




By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER

By Ruford

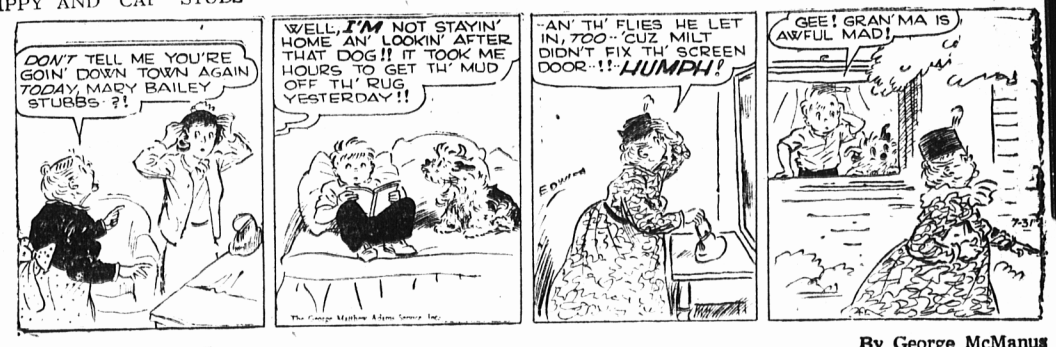
DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER

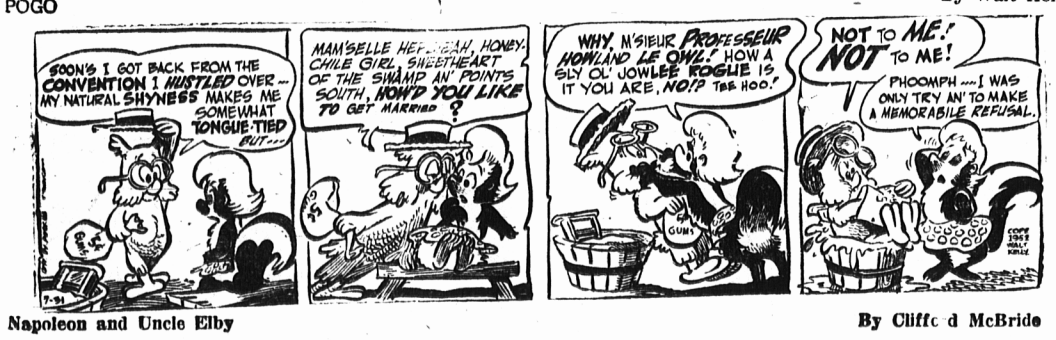
By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS




By George McManus

POGO




Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



RIP KIRBY

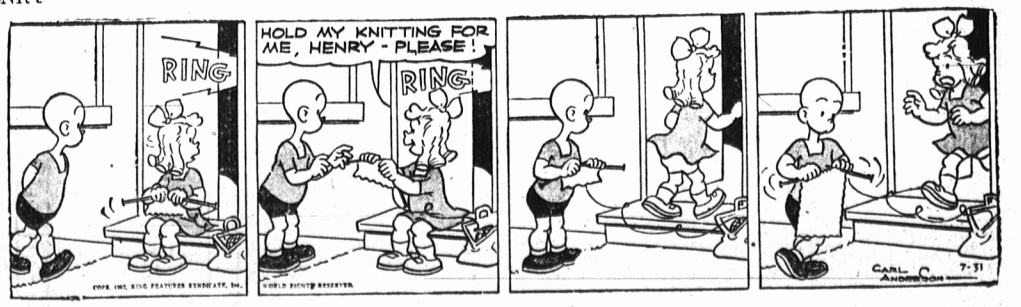
By Alex Raymond

JENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

HENRY

By Carl Anderson




JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

BRINGING UP FATHER