

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE DREADFUL LOVELY DAYS
There is no place in Nature's plan. For cruelty of thoughtless man.

It was fall, lovely fall. The soft haze lay over the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. The pine trees, the spruce trees, the hemlock trees, and the cedar trees, were as green as ever. But all the other trees were clothed in gold or crimson dress, or perhaps rich brown. It was very still. The Merry Little Breezes were quiet. It was the stillness of peace, or was meant to be peace. There was a loveliness such as no other season in the year knows. There was the gladness of harvest time. Happy Jack Squirrel and his cousins were filling their store-houses. Up in the Green Forest, Faddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy were building their food pile for the winter.

Buster Bear, Lightfoot the Deer, Thunderer the Grouse, and others were feasting on the beechnuts hidden under the leaves on the ground. Everyone was well fed. It was the time of Thanksgiving, the time of rejoicing in plenty. Work and worry over bringing up children and starting them out for the great World were behind. Hard times were ahead. But just at this time it was Mother Nature's plan that there should be peace and joy and rejoicing.



Bobby Coon and Use, Billy Possum dared not come out until after dark.

Instead of this a great fear, a dreadful fear, ruled everywhere through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows, over the Old Pasture and around the Smiling Pool. And it was a fear that Mother Nature never had intended. Few there were among the furred and feathered folk who were not in constant dread. It was the man-made hunting season.

The furred and feathered folk couldn't understand it. All through the spring and summer Man had let them alone. Now for no reason that they knew, Man was the worst enemy of many of them. Only the smallest folk, like Danny Meadow mouse and his cousins, and the little feathered folk, had nothing to fear from dreadful guns. But even these were constantly frightened by the noise of the guns, and the Dogs that were aiding Man to find the folks he wanted to shoot.

So these lovely days were dreadful days. Thunderer the Grouse and Mrs. Grouse had lived through several seasons like this and they knew just what to do to avoid the hunters with the dreadful guns. But it was the first hunting season for the young members of their flock, and they saw dreadful things happen to some of these. They saw some killed and others wounded, unable to fly because of broken wings. It was the same way with Bob White and his flock. Over

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WHY HAVE SORE FEET?
JUST RUB IN MINARD'S FOOT POWDER

On the Big River Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their flock, down from the far north on their way to the Sunny South, feared to come near shore to get the food they needed. Lightfoot the Deer and Mrs. Lightfoot and the twins were in constant terror. Bobby Coon and Uncle Billy Possum dared not come out until after dark, and were hunted even then. Happy Jack Squirrel, of the gray coat and beautiful tail, hardly dared to finish gathering the nuts he would need through the winter.

So it was that these lovely days were turned into fearful days, sad days, days of dreadful frights and dreadful happenings. And it was all because of what Man calls sport.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. B. MacArthur

The story of the deserted habitation takes us back many years to a time when a party of Brudenell settlers started out for Charlotte town, then a mere village. It was late autumn. The route of travel lay nearly all through the forest, and there was only a blazed trail and the stars to guide them as they oiled the land, but as these animals were too slow on a journey, the trip was undertaken on foot.

The party consisted of the Wood brothers, Sam French, John Perry and Peter Black, with sufficient provisions to last them on the journey provided everything went along smoothly.

The second day of November saw the five men trudging along the forest path, the weather clear and calm with a light frost. At each step of their advance the fallen leaves rustled and turned this way and that, as if trying to avoid being trodden under the feet of the travelers.

The first day passed without important incident, and about sundown the party reached a tiny settlement to last them on the journey. Here they received a royal welcome and were put up for the night.

The following day they reached their destination in time to procure the goods and chattels needed. Next morning, Wednesday, they turned their faces homeward, and out dark, they reached the settlement where they had lodged on their way to Charlottetown, and here they put up for a second time.

Thursday morning the sky was overcast, portending a storm, with a fresh gale from the northeast. The settlers with whom they had spent the night urged them to stay until the next day; but the group, being anxious to get back to Brudenell, decided to press on even at the risk of being caught in a blizzard.

They had not proceeded far when a sleet storm descended upon them. The sleet gradually changed to a mixture of snow and rain, which soon drenched the party through to the skin, causing them to be most miserable.

By noon the wind was a howling tempest, the rain giving way to a blinding snowstorm caused the party to seek shelter in a thicket of low, dense spruce.

BLOOD SAVES LIFE

KITCHENER (CP)—Casper Dautner went home to his family Wednesday—thanks to a bumper gift of blood from the northeast. A thoracoplasty operation for tuberculosis in the Freeport sanatorium. A call was issued for volunteer donors in the rare RH "O" negative class and many responded immediately, including students from two colleges.

TV SETS AROUND

OTTAWA (CP)—Television sets, leading the parade in the steady increase of modern conveniences in Canadian households, now can be found in about four of every 10 homes. The bureau of statistics said Wednesday a September survey found 39 per cent of the country's households had television sets—1,485,000 of the total 3,872,000 households.

Canada's Imports Higher For August

OTTAWA (CP)—Canada's imports in August amounted to \$429,830,000, a record for that month and near the all-time monthly high of \$434,000,000 in May.

The bureau of statistics reported Tuesday that imports for the first eight months of this year totalled \$3,011,900,000 compared with \$2,726,600,000 for the corresponding period last year. For the eight months, Canada had an unfavorable trade balance—imports exceeding exports—of \$293,900,000. This compared with \$198,800,000. The figures cover commodities and exclude gold.

Imports from the United States during August rose to \$301,691,000 from \$238,937,000 a year earlier. Purchases of iron and steel products from the U. S. increased sharply to \$120,456,000 from \$83,631,000.

Imports from Britain advanced in the month to \$45,428,000 from \$31,146,000 with the non-ferrous metals and the iron and products groups showing the largest gains.

ANCIENT CHURCH
Holy Trinity church at Colchester in Essex county, England, dates from 1050.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culberison

TOO BRAVE

Excellent r u b e r-bridge players take liberties in doubling low as the couple cannot result in a game against them, but it is quite a different matter to be "brave" in the face of a redoubled. One spade (for example), doubled and made, costs the doubling side only 110 points, but one spade, redoubled and made, gives the enemy anywhere from 470 to 670 points, depending on the vulnerability conditions.

All of which is a generalized way of saying that East in the deal below was guilty of a very foolish action.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
South West North East
Pass Pass 1 ♠ Pass
1 NT Redbl. Pass Pass Dble. Pass

The opening lead was of no great significance—South could and did fulfill the redoubled contract against the defender's best efforts. The result was that North-South took the rubber game and scored 710 points by bidding and making only one-odd last month.

LAWSON BETTER

TORONTO (CP)—Condition of Hon. Ray Lawson, who suffered setback last week, was improved Wednesday, hospital authorities said. Mr. Lawson, former Canadian consul-general in New York and former lieutenant governor of Ontario, underwent major surgery

MONEY-SAVING MEALS

HEARTS Beef Lb. 23c
PORK HOCKS Lb. 19c
Roasting PORK Lb. 33c
LOIN TRIMMED
PORK CHOPS 53c
HADDOCK
FILLETS Lb. 29c
COD
FILLETS Lb. 25c

"Quality Groceries"

WHITE SUGAR 10 lbs. 79c

GRAVES "400" Fancy PEAS 2 1/2 OZ. TINS 43c

MARVIN'S MOLASSES Cookies, 1 lb. pkg. . . 39c
TALISMAN STRAWBERRY or Raspberry Jam, 24 oz. 45c
QUAKER — LARGE 12 Oz. Corn Flakes 21c

HAMILTON'S — LARGE Ko-Ko-Roons 49c
MAGIC Baking Powder, lb. . . 39c
TOILET Tissue, 3 rolls 25c

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AJ. ZAKEM'S THE BEST SHOP TO SHOP BEST!

Bringing in Father

F YOU CALL MY HOME AND A MAN ANSWERS, DON'T HANG UP IT'S MY UNCLE DUDLEY VISITING US.

OH! THAT'S NICE.

HERE! TAKE HIM ONE OF MY CIGARS, TILLIE!

MR. BRIDGES GIVE ME A CIGAR FOR UNCLE DUDLEY!

GIVE IT TO HIM AFTER DINNER SO HE WON'T DRIVE US OUT OF THE PARLOR WITH THAT OLD PIPE HE HASN'T CLEANED FOR YEARS!

Tilly the Toilet

THE NERVE OF THAT LOAFER!—DARING TO PUT HIS SHOES ON THE DAY BED I JUST HAD REUPHOLSTERED!

THAT WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA YOU GAVE ME, DINTY! NEVER HAD SUCH AN EASY TIME GETTING OUT!

GO GO GO

WOULD YOU COME TO BE IN CHARGE OF GRANDPAPA'S CLOCK, BUN?

I BOUGHT IT FROM A CH-CH-CH PARTY WHAT NEVER RING HIM? HE ONLY LOOKED AT IT ON CHRISTMAS.

WAS HE A GRANDFATHER?

NATURALLY— YOU GOTTA BE A BONA FIDE GRANDPA TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE THINGS— STATE LAW YOU KNOW.

DOES YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU IS A GRANDFATHER?

WILL—WHEN HE TURNED OVER THE KEYS TO THE CLOCK HE GAVE ME HIS FEELINGS, TOO.

TO BE A GRANDPA YOU GOTTA HAVE GRANDCHILDREN— DID THIS FELLA TURN OVER HIS GRANDCHILDREN TO YOU AS WELL?

YEP—BUT THEY WAS A LAZY LOT— HADN'T MOVED IN YEARS—WHEN HE TURNED 'EM OVER I GOT 'EM OUT FROM UNDER SO WE LEFT 'EM BE.

Maags and Skeeter

WOW! HERE THEY COME NOW! CAN'T MISS!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OH, DON'T LOOK SO SUPERIOR, JUNIOR! WHAT IF I DIDN'T GET ANY DUCKS?

...YOU'VE BEEN CHASING PIGEONS FOR YEARS AND YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP WITH ONE YET!

Henry

PAT PAT

DRUGS

HEADACHE PILLS

Ergo Kent

HI, MR. KETT! HOW'S THE NEW BIRTHDAY CHAIR?

GREAT!

HEY! IT'S THE MOST SHOW ZIGGY HOW FAR YOU CAN LEAN BACK— FARTHER! FARTHER!

HEY! ALL THE ALL CHANGE IS FALLING OUT OF MY POCKETS.

WOW! WHAT A HAUL!

SEE, MOM! WHAT'D I TELL YOU? THIS CHAIR'LL PAY FOR ITSELF IN NO TIME!

Grandma

MY WHAT A HEADACHE!

CLANG BOOM BOOM!

TOMMY, WILL YOU ASK TH' BOYS T' PLEASE NOT TO PLAY THEIR MUSIC QUITE SO LOUD?

MUSIC, EH? GOSH, WE MUST BE IMPROVING...

...GRANDMA USED T' CALL IT AN UNEARTHLY RACKET!

Mickey Mouse

GOSH... I'LL DAVY... YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT BEAR!

IT'S ALL RIGHT...

BUT...

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...

HE WON'T COST US A CENT! THUH ZOOO GIVE HIM A FREE... 'CAUSE HE KEER BEATING UP THAIR BIG GORILLA!

Secret Agent X9

STEADY, NOW! I KNEW YOU WERE AN F.B.I. AGENT!

HOW? IF YOU KNEW, WHY DID YOU LET ME GO ON THAT PARACHUTE JAUNT?

ANDERSON IN THE L.A. OFFICE TOLD ME!—I DIDN'T DARE INTERFERE WITH THAT 'CHAUTE PROP!

I SUPPOSE NOT... WELL, NOW THAT I'M KNOWN AROUND HERE I NEED YOUR HELP!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DO YOU MONITOR ALL TELEPHONE CALLS? IF YOU DO, CAN YOU ARRANGE A PRIVATE LINE TO L.A. FOR ME?

By Al Capp Joe Palooka

MY BACK'S WILLIN' TO BETTER AN' I'LL BE THRU.

IF BRENDA THERE'S A LOT OF NEWS IN A HOUSE... YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR.

HUH, I'M PISHED UP TWO HOURS EARLY, NO SENSE MY HANGIN' AROUND JUST PAY FOR THE FULL TIME, THAT'LL BE TEN DOLLARS.

RIGHT.

IF I WAS YOU I'D PRTY ARLE... US PUBLIC DON'T LIVE CHEER... CHAMPS, SPESHLY MY OLE MAN.

THANK YOU FOR THE ADVICE... YOUR BACK SEEMS TO BE IMPROVED.

The Lone Ranger

THO'S OF STAGE ROBBERS SO THAT MAY.

IT'LL BE HARD TO FOLLOW THEM ACROSS THE BADLANDS.

A LOT OF GOOD THAT AHEY'LL DO US' INSTEAD OF HIND' IT, WE SHOULD TAKE IT AN RIDE OUT OF THE TERRITORY!

SHUT UP!

WE'RE FOLLOWIN' THE BOSS'S ORDERS! HE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY OF TH' CHAP'N IF HE HADN'T TIPPED US OFF!

Lt. Abner

THAT TROUBLE-MAKIN' BALD IGGLE'S SCOOTED INTO THIS APPY OME-T-ELL RUM ITZ—BASTR ITZ—CAN'T GET ME FOOT OUT OF THIS STUCK LITTLE H'ENGLISH SPORTSCAR!

NO TIME TO SPARE! I'LL AVE TO TYKE IT WITH ME!

GIRL—I WISH TO MARRY YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER, BECAUSE— ??—THOSE BIG BROWN EYES!—I CAN'T GO ON WITH THIS FARGE IT!

By George McManis
By Bob Gustafson
By Walt Kelly
By Wally Bishop
By Carl Anderson
By Paul Robinson
By Charles Kahn
By Walt Disney
By Mel Craft
By Marn Fisher