



By Thornton W. Burgess

CRAFTY MRS. GROUSE

At times in life's embittered race some craft and guile may have a place.

Old Mother Nature

There she began to run about on the ground, rustling the leaves. Thunder the Grouse, he who has the rich black ruff around his neck, and Mrs. Grouse, are smart. Here it not so they would not be living in the Green Forest. They would not be living at all. There are too many hunters looking for them, for them to make any stupid mistakes. What they don't know about four-footed hunters, about feathered hunters, about the hunters with dreadful guns, is hardly worth knowing. Of the two Mrs. Grouse is perhaps a wee bit smarter. That is because each year she had not only to look out for her own safety, but for the big family of children.

So it is that Mrs. Grouse has learned to be crafty. She has learned how to fool those who hunt her, and she does it in many ways. Just now she was leaning a hunter away from a thicket where one of her children had been hot but not found by that hunter. He didn't know if the young grouse was alive or dead. The first thing to do was to get the hunter away from that thicket. Then she would go back to find it.

When the hunter had shot that young Grouse, Mrs. Grouse and several other young Grouse had taken to their wings with a startling roar. Mrs. Grouse had flown almost in the face of that hunter. He had startled and confused him. He had shot again but seemed to have missed. Anyway he didn't see any other bird fall. The young grouse had scattered in all directions. Mrs. Grouse had flown down into another thicket not far away. From this she had watched as the hunter looked for the young grouse who had fallen. After a while he gave up. He headed north straight for the thicket where Mrs. Grouse was. She ran back but it was too late. There she began to run about on the ground rustling the leaves. The hunter heard her. He wanted him to hear her.

"I must have hit that bird shot at the second time," said the hunter to himself, and began to make his way carefully into the thicket, his gun in readiness to shoot quickly should a bird fly out.



Presently he saw Mrs. Grouse crouching about on the ground. He seemed quite helpless. He flew about. He ran forward to catch her. Just as he stooped to pick her up she whirred away with a startling roar of her stout wings. Of course he knew then that she was unhurt, that this was a trick. He guessed that there might be young Grouse hurt there and that Mother Grouse had pretended that she was the one that was hurt. So he began a careful search of that thicket. There wasn't a Grouse here. Finally he gave up and started on.

As he drew near a big tangle of briars he heard Mrs. Grouse chuckling. He guessed that she was chuckling to some of the young grouse who were hiding there. He tried to force his way into the tangle. From the far side of Mrs. Grouse suddenly took to her wings, keeping a young tree between the hunter and herself. He couldn't shoot but he couldn't

LONG STAY

Chester, the county seat of Cheshire in England, was headquarters of a Roman legion for three centuries.

GETS NEW TRIAL

OTTAWA (CP) — The Supreme Court of Canada Wednesday ordered a new trial for Donald Keith Cathro on a charge of murdering a Chinese shopkeeper in Vancouver. It dismissed, however, an appeal by Chow Baw against his murder conviction for the same slaying. Both Vancouver men had been found guilty in B.C. courts of murdering Ah Wing who died of strangulation during an attempted robbery in his store last Jan. 6.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

Among the inhabitants of Prince County, P. E. I., persists the story of the ghost of Dunk River, described as a beautiful young woman in white. Many claims to have seen her walking barefooted along the banks of the stream, there voicing a long cry as she vanished.

A current story is that the woman in white did, in pioneer days, haunt the stream as well as those who spent the night in the vicinity. Even the flocks of sheep and dogs took fright at the sight and sound of something out of this world.

The story of the beautiful woman in white dates back to a century. In 1850 a band of travelers camped beside the Dunk. They were attacked by wild beasts and killed - that is all but one, a girl of 20, who somehow managed to escape. The following morning her scuffed at O'Donnell's story and rode ever, she was attacked and killed.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

ON DRAWING TRUMPS

Ancient whimsies can do more harm than good. Consider the one that goes: "Many a man is walking barefoot through the streets of London, simply because he forgot to draw trumps." Well, there may have been many men in this horrid predicament, but the chances are that at least half of them lost their shoes by drawing trumps too early or too often.

South dealer. East-West vulnerable. ♠ K 9 5 3 ♣ A Q 10 9 ♢ J 8 7 4 ♠ 8 2 ♡ 8 7 6 4 3 ♣ A Q 5 ♢ J 10 7 6 ♠ 4 ♡ Q J 10 6 ♢ K 10 ♣ A 8 5 3 2

The bidding: South West North East ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass ♣ Pass 3 ♣ Pass ♢ Pass Pass Pass

Here's a case in point: North's jump-raise of spades on

the second round was something of a stretch, but there was nothing wrong with the final contract. West decided to lead the five of hearts through North's heart bid. South won with the king and led the trump queen. West won and shifted to a low club. East covering dummy's queen and South winning with the ace.

Declarer now cashed two more rounds of trumps, ending in dummy, and then led a low diamond to his own ten. West won with the queen and laid down the club jack, forcing dummy to ruff with its last trump.

The contract was now hopeless. South could discard two losers on dummy's hearts but he could not prevent West from taking the diamond ace and a club trick, or the equivalent.

South went a little too far with his trump-drawing. He should not have led the third round. The right plan, after his own club ace was ruffed, was to lead a trump to dummy, but then to forget about the one trump still outstanding and return a diamond toward the closed hand. Now dummy would have two trumps instead of one, and West could not do anything with his high clubs.

On a dark misty night in late spring. That night he saw a woman in white walk down to the water and heard her utter a horrible scream as she plunged beneath its surface. His horse stumbled, threw him, and broke his neck.

With the passing of years the strange story has been kept alive by men who, fishing in the river, have seen livestock stampeded and otherwise fearless dogs take to their heels as if pursued by some dreadful thing.

Out Our Way

By J R Williams



Our Boarding House Major Hoopie



DAILY CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes a 'Yesterday's Answer' section.

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE

Here's how to work it: AXYDLBAAXE is LONGFELLOW. One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

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Grand Barbour's STABILIZED PEANUT BUTTER advertisement.

Have Your Clothes DRY CLEANED PRESSED ONLY at RITE-WAY CLEANERS Dial 7387 advertisement.

Tired Feet with MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement.

Bringing Up Father



Tilly the Toiler



Joe Palooka



The Lone Ranger



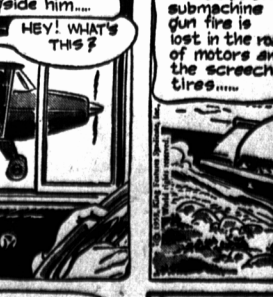
Secret Agent X9



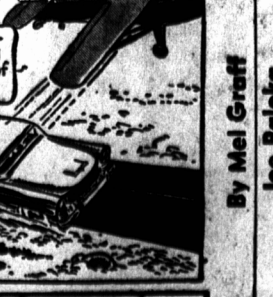
Mugs and Skeeter



Ernie Kent



Grandma



L'il Abner



Mickey Mouse



By Charles Kuhn



By Walt Disney

