By Thornton W. Burgess

THE GENTLE GIANT

What is, not could be, is what counts.
All else to nothing e'er amounts.
—Old Mother Nature.

Little Toad was the most frightened Hop-toad in all the Great World. Anyway, there was none more frightened. He was in the middle of a tub of water set in the ground in Farmer Brown's henyard. It was no place for a little Toad to be. He was there because he had been too venturesome. Folks who are too venturesome almost always get in trouble.

Around that tub of water were gathered a dozen Hens. All were cackling and eyeing Little Toad in a way that was enough to scare any one as small as he was. The fact is, they were looking at him very much as you have seen a Robin look at a worm he has just pulled out of the ground.

Little Toad was so small that he would have made hardly a mouthful for one of those Hens, and Hens have a liking for tiny Toads. Every now and then one of them would reach as far as she could without tumbling into the water, but Little Toad was just out of reach. It was lucky for him that those were Hens, not the Ducks for whom the tub of water had been put there.

Little Toad was so frightened that he couldn't even think. Perhaps this was just as well. As long as he couldn't think, he did nothing. And doing nothing probably was the best thing for him. It kept him right in one place in the middle of that tub and just out of reach of those Hens.

How was he even going to get out of there? If only those Hens would go away, he could scramble out, and it was only a very little way to the garden fence. Once under that fence, he would be safe.

But those Hens didn't go away. There was always a circle of those big, noisy, feathered folk staring at him hungrily. It was a good thing for Little Toad that he was at home in the water. It would have been just too bad had he not been. Having been born in the water, of course he wasn't afraid of it, and he could swim. But he couldn't stay there forever, and it seemed to him that that was just what those Hens intended he should do. He was in despair. Oh, how he wished he had heeded Old Mr. Toad who had warned him to stay in the garden! The very size of those big feathered folk frightened him. They made him feel very, very small indeed.

But big as they were, they were nothing compared to the great giant who suddenly appeared, and sent those Hens scurrying away. Little Toad was sure now that the worst was about to happen. Yes, sir, he was so.

"Well, well, well!" said Farmer Brown's Boy. "How in the world did you get in there, Little Toad? I guess it is a lucky thing for you that I came to see what those Hens were making a fuss about. It is a wonder that you were not caught and gobbled up before you got into the water, and it is a good thing for you that the Ducks are not here."

He reached out and lifted Little Toad out of the water. Little Toad was too frightened to move. He was almost too frightened to breathe. Farmer Brown's Boy held him gently, stroking him lighty as he looked him over. Somehow the touch of those gentle fingers made Little Toad feel better.

Farmer Brown's Boy carried Little Toad into the garden. Little Toad couldn't see where he was being carried, so when he was very gently put down on the ground, he had lovely surprise. There right in front of him, in the shadiest corner of the garden, was the wide board under which he and Old Mr. Toad had been living. Little Toad moved surprisingly fast for such a little Toad. He didn't stop to say "thank you" or "good-by". He was under that board in a jiffy.

"Well, young fellow, where have you been?" said a familiar voice. It was the voice of Old Mr. Toad.

"I don't know," confessed Little Toad, then he told Old Mr. Toad all about what had happened to him.

"The trouble with young folks is, that they seldom heed warning," muttered Old Mr. Toad talking to himself.

NOTICE

TO PATRONS

Due to a late start, and the difficulty getting the necessary help, the sale of Flower plants will not start until Saturday, June 7th. The supply on hand this year is not as big as usual and also there is a cut in the number of varieties to choose from, but a good supply of snapdragon, Petunias, Dwarf Lobelia, and Alyssum will be available. Prices are as follows: Double Petunias, box of 4 doz. $1.55, Single Petunias, Snapdragon and some others in boxes of 4 doz. $1.35, Alyssum, 3 1/2 doz. in box $1.15. Dwarf Lobelia same price as Alyssum.

Orders accepted on day of delivery only, but a few days' notice may be necessary for orders larger than average. (Do not come for Plants before above date, as there would be no chance at all of being waited on.) Plants sold at Greenhouse only, and will be closed on Sunday.

PERCY BURKE, West Royalty.

NOTICE

All persons indebted to the estate of Samuel Leigh Boulter, late of Charlottetown, electrical contractor, make immediate payment at the office of Allison M. Gillis, Solicitor, 130 Richmond St., Charlottetown.

G. ALBERT RAMSAY,
Executor.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO INTERFERENCE

East's overcall in the following hand was meant as an "interference bid," but it had quite the opposite effect!

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.
Match-point scoring.

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

This deal occurred at match-point duplicate, and although five clubs was obviously the right contract for the North-South hands, most of the pairs sitting in that direction ended up at three notrump and were defeated when West opened a spade.

One North-South wisely chose the five-club contract on their own account, but another pair had East to thank for warning them away from notrump. This was the bidding at the table in reference:

6-3 E

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♦	1 ♠ (!)
3 ♣	3 ♠	4 ♣	Pass
5 ♣	Pass	Pass	Pass

There is quite a lot of "justice" at contract bridge, and East's inexcusably weak overcall of one diamond got exactly what it deserved: it pointed out the best contract to the enemy.

What's more, even though East happened to find his partner with excellent spade support, he could not use his own overcall as a springboard for a profitable sacrifice; although greatly favored by the vulnerability conditions, East could not afford to outbid the five-club contract. So there was simply no value in the bid.

It is true that North-South should have avoided notrump even without a warning from the enemy, but it must be borne in mind that match-point players often gamble for the extra points which accrue to notrump contracts.

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ASTHMA RELIEF
A Product of Northrop & Lyman

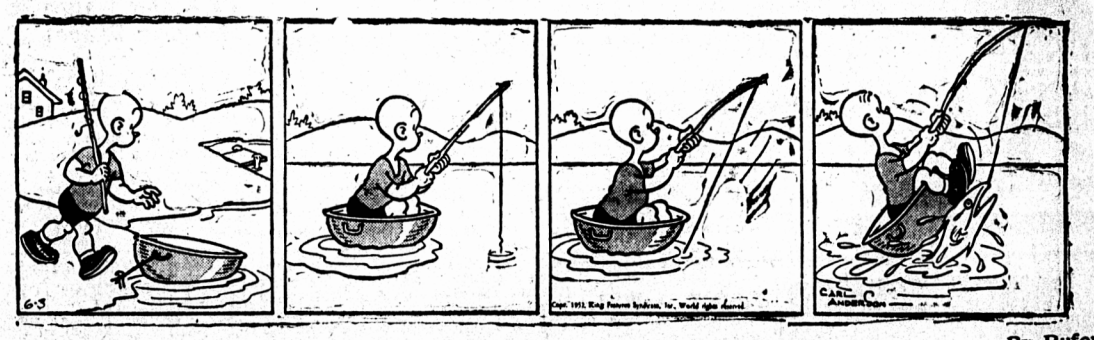
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Edwins

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By George McManus

POGO

By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER

By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen