By Thornton W. Burgess

THE ANT HILL

Your loss may be another's gain,
Your pleasure give another pain.
—Old Mother Nature.

Mother Bear, with her two small cubs, Totty Bear and Taddy Bear, at her heels was hunting a breakfast in the Green Forest. Although they didn't know it, the two little scamps were getting a lesson in finding food. Unlike boys and girls, little Bears do not have food ready and waiting for them at mealtime. They must first find the food before they can eat it.

They had learned how good fresh fish can be, and how much better they tasted when caught by themselves. Fishing is fun and, because of this, the fish caught always taste better.

But this morning Mother Bear wasn't taking them fishing. They were nowhere near the brook. Mother Bear was looking for something else. Once she stopped at an old rotted stump. She dug her great claws into it and pulled. Mother Bear is very strong. She pulled that stump right over. Under it were some beetles and some grubs. The cubs pounced on these.

Once Mother Bear pulled an old log open. It was a hollow log, not much more than a wooden shell. When she broke it open, three Mice ran out. For a moment there was a lovely time. Mother Bear can be surprisingly quick with her paws. One of those big paws landed on one of those Mice before it had really started to run. The cubs were not quite so quick. They had to chase those Mice, but they each caught one. Perhaps the excitement of the chase made them taste all the better.

At long last, they came to a big mound of sand. It was sand that had been brought up from down below. The cubs hardly gave it a look, but Mother Bear stopped. She grinned as she looked at it.

"Ants," said she.

"What are ants?" asked Taddy Bear.

"They are something very good to eat," said Mother Bear.

Taddy Bear looked all around. He saw two or three ants on that pile of sand, but he didn't know they were ants. He had never seen an before. "I don't see anything to eat," said he.

"You will in a minute," replied Mother Bear.

Then, while the cubs looked on, Mother Bear dug into that mound of sand with her big forepaws. Out poured ants, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of ants. For down in that mound of sand was a city of ants. They came pouring out now to see what was happening and ready to fight for their homes.

What do you think Mother Bear did? She stretched herself out on the ground with her forepaws resting on that disturbed mound of sand. At once, the ants began crawling over her paws. In almost no time at all, they almost covered those big paws of hers.

"Ants," said she.

Had you or I been in her place, and our hands covered as her paws were with angry ants, we would have been badly bitten. But Mother Bear's paws, covered with hair were protected by the hair. Then, too, her skin was thick and though. If she was bitten at all, she didn't know it.

The cubs, looking on in wonder, saw Mother's long tongue come out and lick those ants off her paws. Then she waited for more ants to crawl up on her paws and again licked them off. It was plain to see that she liked those ants for her breakfast. She liked them very much. Now and then she stirred up the anthill to bring more ants out.

Taddy Bear and Totty Bear crowded up close. They found some of those ants on their small paws. Because they were so small the hair on their paws was short, and the skin was tender. Those ants could bite and did bite.

The two little Bears backed away in a hurry with little squeals. But they licked some of those ants off their paws and decided that they liked them. They had found a new kind of food. From now on they would always keep their eyes open for anthills.

When the ants no longer came swarming out when Mother Bear stirred up that hill of sand, she got to her feet, stretched, then led the way to look for somethig more for breakfast. Bears are not fussy; almost anything that can be eaten, is good eating to a hungry Bear.

Every day the cubs learned of something new to eat. They were growing fast and they just couldn't afford to be fussy about their food. Few of the Green Forest and Green Meadow folk can afford to be fussy.

Notice Re Wood Islands—Carbou Ferry Service

In order to make adjustments on new steam valves installed during winter overhaul, the S.S CHARLES A. DUNNING will go to Pictou at the close of work Sunday, May 24th, and will be off duty Monday 25th. We expect she can be back on her run sometime on Tuesday, May 26th.

During her absence heavy trucks cannot be carried, but light trucks and autos may book reservations, for the Prince Nova, which will make extra crossings, by contacting Head Office at Charlottetown at least 48 hours in advance.

Listen to CFCY at 7:30 a.m. Standard Time each week day for daily report.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

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Freight will be accepted up till noon Monday, May 25th, for next sailing of M. V. Blue Prince to St. John's, Newfoundland. For space reservation and rates, apply:—

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WHAT PRICE EXPERTNESS?

Just as a fumble on the football field can turn out as a boon to the fumbler, so a technically bad bid can reward a player instead of punishing him. Consider this case:

5-19

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	3 ♥	Pass
4 ♥	Pass	Pass	Dbl.
Pass	Pass	Redbl.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

It didn't matter what West opened — South was sure to win 11 tricks for a huge score.

Before getting around to the previously mentioned bidding error, it is worth observing that North's one-spade response to one heart had much to do with the outcome. (This was not a bad bid.) True, North couldn't possibly foresee what was going to happen; his selection was made simply to avoid the underbid of a single heart raise or the overbid of a double raise. The immediate result was to make East stand aside, waiting in ambush.

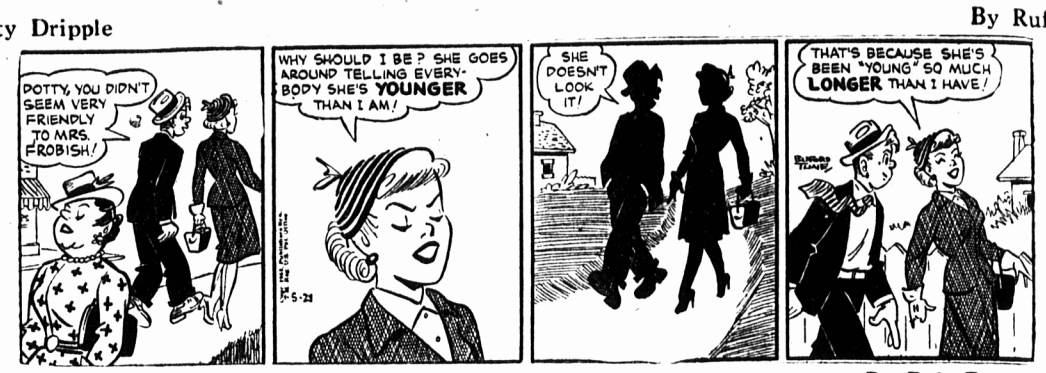
It was South's **incorrect** rebid of two hearts which really set the stage for the final double and redouble which proved so profitable to North-South. The vast majority of experts would bid two **diamonds** over the one spade. But observe the effect of this technically correct two-diamond bid. North would then have to jump to three hearts to show that he wasn't giving a mere preference, and in the face of this strong bidding East would have to be very optimistic indeed to double South's following four-heart bid. Even on the actual bidding, East took a decided risk in doubling.

Thus, the conclusion is clear that if South had been an expert, he would have come out with 780 points less on the hand; there would be no double and consequently no redouble.

PAINT A ROOM WITH Kem-Tone FOR THE PRICE OF TWO PAIRS OF NYLONS

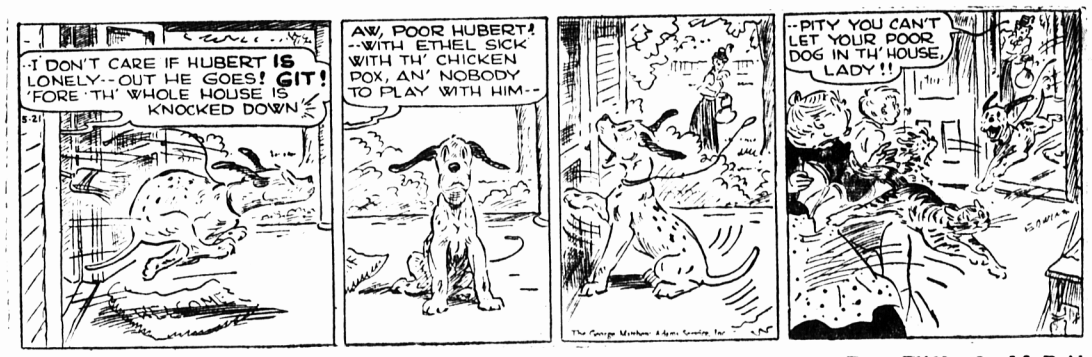
Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Dotty Dripple — By Ruford

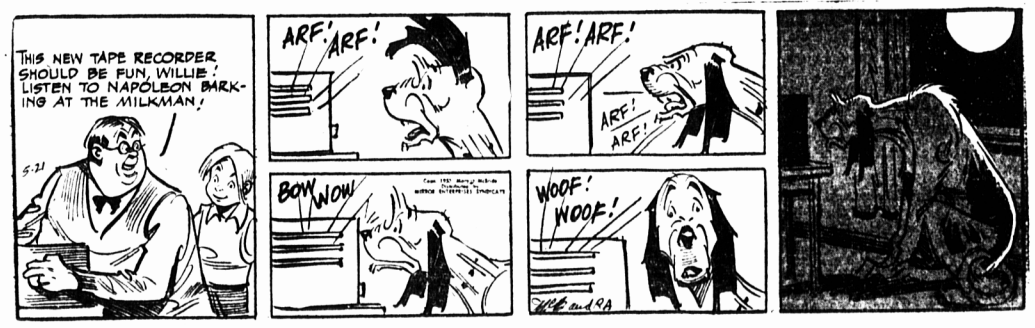


Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

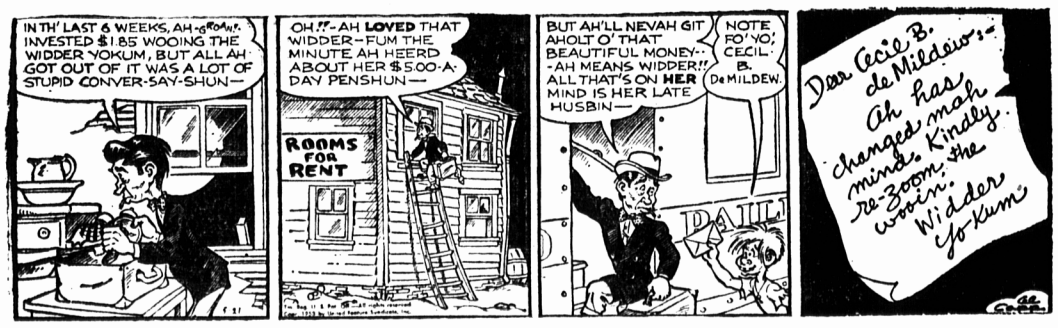


Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

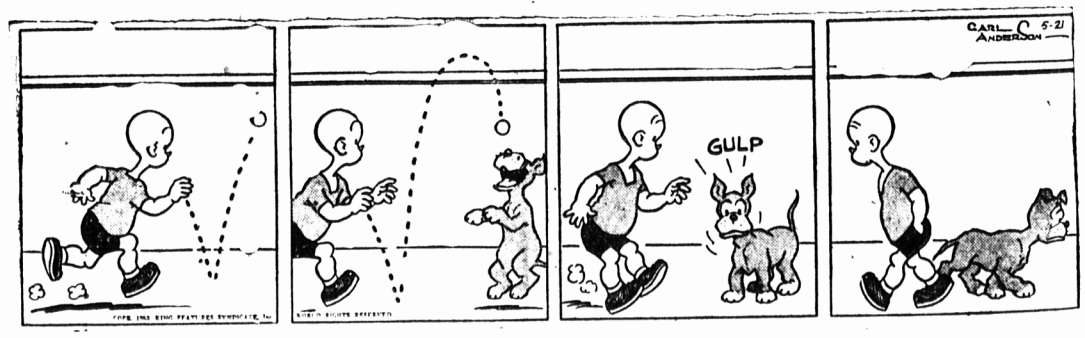


Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp



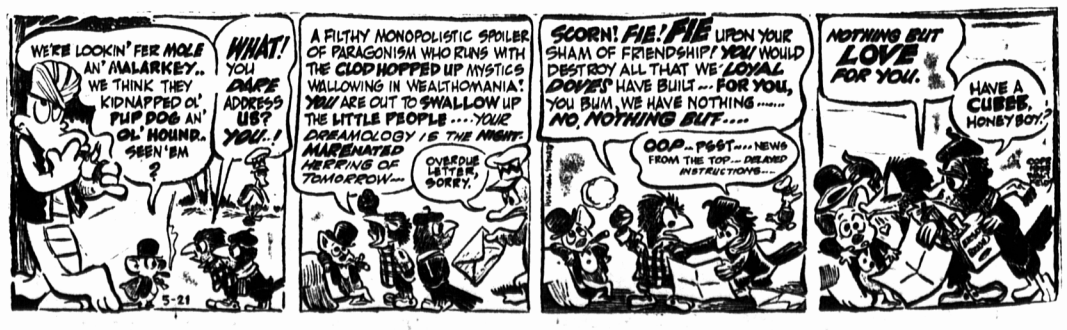
Henry — By Carl Anderson



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Pogo — By Walt Kelly



PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen