



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE HOPELESS ONE

You can with hope disaster beat. Without it enters grim despair. —Old Mother Nature.

In a small bramble-tangle, close to a fence between the Old Pasture of Farmer Brown's and the adjoining land of a young Grouse, Peter Rabbit had seen him the way into that bramble-tangle. Now Peter sat looking at him with troubled thoughts. That young Grouse was in a bad way; he had been shot. One leg was hurt so that he could not get up. One wing was hurt so that he could not fly. They were the best field the hunter had shot him in was a bramble-tangle for him



"You're safe here," said Peter consolingly.

when the young Grouse had started out looking for his breakfast. Two or three of his brothers and sisters had been with him. They had known nothing about two-legged hunters with dreadful guns. They were fully grown, quite as big as father and mother, but this was their first hunting season and they knew nothing at all about fire-sticks that killed at a distance. A hunter and his dog had found them and when they had taken to their stout wings the young Grouse had heard a dreadful noise behind him, there had been a sharp pain in one wing and it had suddenly become helpless so that he fell in a tangle of thick brush and vines. Though his leg was hurt, he scrambled to his feet and

at once fell over again. One leg he could not put to the ground and use. And it hurt.

For a couple of minutes he lay there in pain and feeling helpless, then fear became greater than the pain. He crept, somehow, through that tangle and out on the other side. Then he got to his feet again, or rather to one foot, and on this he hopped away stopping often to rest. It was his good fortune rather than his knowing where he was going that he headed for the Old Pasture. Meanwhile, the hunter who had seen him fall, hunted and hunted for him in that tangle of brush and vines. He suspected that the Young Grouse might be wounded only, not killed, and might be hiding there. He was not a man to leave a wounded bird to suffer if he could help it. So he hunted and hunted there, while the young Grouse hopped and hopped away and at last slipped under the fence in the Old Pasture and into that bramble-tangle.

He didn't understand what had happened. It is bad enough to suffer pain without knowing the cause of it, or why it should be. For then there is fight with the pain. That is the way it was with the young Grouse. For the first time in his short life almost completely helpless. Yes, sir, that is that is just he felt. That hurt wing and hurt leg were growing stiff. It was bad enough before, but it was worse now. Would he ever be able to fly again? Would he ever be able to run again? How could he get away from those who were always looking for a Grouse dinner? Supposing Reddy Fox should get him? Suppose Shadow the Weasel should happen to visit that bramble-tangle? If he couldn't fly and he couldn't walk how could he ever get anything to eat? He felt quite hopeless and he was sadly bewildered. Why had this thing happened to him? What if that hunter should come over here? He said this aloud. "He won't," said Peter Rabbit confidently, but young Grouse wasn't comforted. Folks without hope cannot be comforted.

West refused to guess among the unbid suits and so opened his singleton trump. On this first trick, East signalled emphatically with the nine of diamonds.

The declarer was not slow to capitalize the opportunity presented. It was very obvious that he could not hope to make the contract without taking some risk—straight-out play would result in the loss of a heart and a diamond—so he maneuvered as follows:

He cashed the spade king, and finessed to dummy's jack. The finesse succeeding, he discarded a diamond on the spade ace, then ruffed a spade. Now he led his remaining diamond, and what he hoped for came to pass. East, on lead with the diamond ace, had to concede the contract by returning a heart from the king or another diamond which would permit South to ruff while discarding a heart from dummy.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SALVAGING A SLAM

A "waiting" opening lead in the following deal gave the declarer the chance for a successful coup.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A J 7 5	♠ 9 8 3
♥ Q 8	♥ K 10 6 1
♦ K	♦ A J 9 8
♣ K J 10 6 4 3	♣ 5 3

♠ N
 ♥ W
 ♦ E
 ♣ S

♠ K 4
 ♥ A 7 5
 ♦ 10 6
 ♣ A Q 9 7 2

The bidding:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 5 ♠ Pass
6 ♠ Pass Pass Pass

South said later that he had not bid the slam with too much confidence, but had figured that his club length and the fact that he held a king over a minimum warranted the speculation.

If West had hit upon a heart or a diamond opening lead the defense would have got the jump and put declarer into a hopeless position (assuming correct defense thereafter) but, as it happened,

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



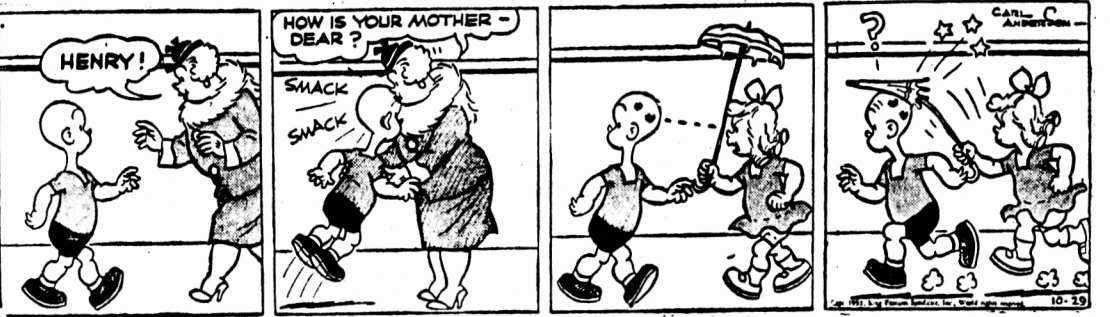
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Ruford

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



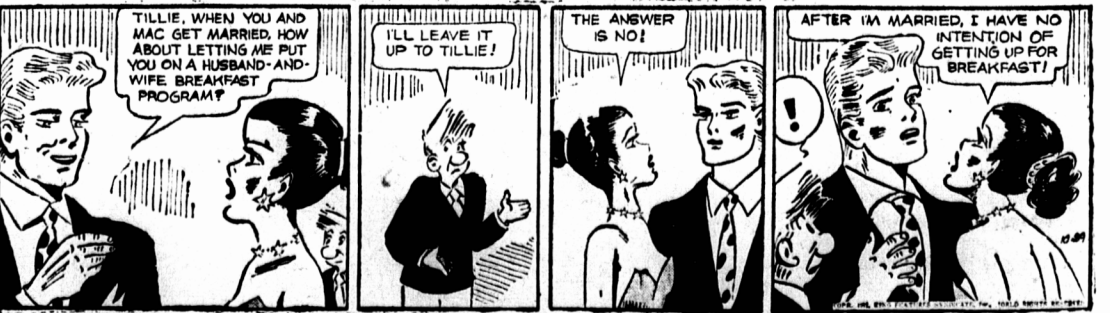
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Westover

TILLY THE TOLLER



By Harry Heenigen

PENNY



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

AND HOW HE GOT GOOD-LOOKING FEELING IN WINTER?

THIS IS ALL SORTS OF GIRLS...

HOW DO YOU DO?

WELL, THAT WAS COOL AND QUICK!

LATER...

WHY WOULD I?

HOW ABOUT LUNCH LADIES?

LOVE TO.

NOBODY LIKES A MOP ON TOP!—USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND BE SAFE!

WILDROOT CREAM OIL

REMOVES HAIR BELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE HAIR

NOBODY LIKES A MOP ON TOP!—USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND BE SAFE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN!

WELL, THAT WAS COOL AND QUICK!

LOVE TO.

NOBODY LIKES A MOP ON TOP!—USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND BE SAFE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN!

By WALT KELLY

POGO

EVERYBODY SAYS YOU'RE GUILTY OF MAIL BOOTLEGGERY! CAUSE YOU WRITTED ALL THE LETTERS WE GET.

SOMEBODY GOTTA SUPPLY THE DUCK WITH STUFF TO DELIVER.

I KNOWS Y'CKER... GIT LANTERN.

HANGIN' IS TOO GOOD FOR THAT TURTLE!

AM THERE? IS CAPN' CHICKEN AT HOME?

NOBODY'S HERE BUT I'M CHICKEN. WHY DON'T YOU TWO BE FINE TO OL' TURTLES?

POGO IS RIGHT! ABOVE ALL HE MUST BE FINE! HE MUST BE FINE! HE MUST BE FINE!

A BOW ALL!

By Al Capp

CIT ARNER

YES, SON—SADIE HAWKINS DAY IS NOVEMBER 17TH. CHOMP AWAY AT TH' DOGPATCH HAMB AN' FOGIT YORE TROUBLES!

WHO KIN FOGIT SADIE HAWKINS DAY? IT'S TH' WORST TROUBLE A BACHELOR LIKE ME KIN BE IN!

WHY DOES "SADIE HAWKINS DAY" INSPIRE SUCH TERROR? FOR NEW READERS, WE REPRINT THE FOLLOWING HISTORICAL DATA.

SADIE HAWKINS WAS THE DAUGHTER OF HENKERRIAH HAWKINS THE MAYOR OF DOGPATCH. SHE WAS THE HOMELIEST GAL IN ALL THEM HILLS.

PAPPY—AH IS TWENTY Y'ARS OLD, TODAY! EV'RY OTHER GAL IN DOGPATCH, MAH AGE, IS MARRIED UP. HOW COME AM HAIN'T?

HAVE PATIENCE, DOTTER!—Y'LL PROBABLY BE GITTIN' A OFFER, ANY DAY, NOW!

75 YEARS LATER—

PAPPY—AH HAIN'T GOT A OFFER, YET! YO' GOTTA GIT ME A HUSBAND, OR Y'LL HAVE ME ON YORE HANDS FO' TH' REST O' YORE NATCHERAL LIFE.

THAT WOULD BE AWFUL!—AH! GIT Y' A HUSBAND, T' MORRY! AH GOT A PLAN!—

By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

WHERE WE ARE AT CANNES, M'SIEU KIRBY! THERE IS THE KINGDOM OF THE SHEIK EL KAZAR IN THE REMOTE FRENCH SUDAN... AND HERE ARE POSSIBLE PORTS OF CALL FOR THE SHEIK'S YACHT...

CABANLANCA ALGERIA LIBY

FRENCH WEST AFRICA SUDAN

IN THE OFFICE OF "THE NEW YORK DAILY SPHERE"

A CABLE FROM RIP KIRBY! HE BELIEVES OUR BUSY LITTLE BIJOU IS SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF NORTH AFRICA... HE'S PLYING TO TUNIS!

I. O. O. F.

All Oddfellows and Rebekahs members are requested to attend St. Lawrence Lodge MONDAY, OCTOBER 29th at 8:30 o'clock.

OLD TIME FIDDLING

OLD TIME FIDDLING, STEP-DANCING AND SINGING CONTEST (Singing for Adults Only)

KINKORA HALL, MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 5th — 8:00 O'CLOCK

Good Cash Prizes.

Entries to be sent to Mrs. Sabinus Johnston, Kinkora or Phone 9001.

SPECIAL DANCE

ROLLAWAY BALLROOM

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29

Dancing 9.30 to 1 Admision 75c

Islanders Hockey Club Special Guests