



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

AN OLD FRIEND APPEARS

The thing most wonderful to me to you most commonplace may be. —Peter Rabbit.

Peter Rabbit had a funny feeling. It not only felt funny outside but it gave him a funny feeling inside. He was in Farmer Brown's garden. He was sitting up the way all Rabbits sit up when they want to look around. He was in the corner of the garden where the big green leaves of the rhubarb would one day be so big and grow so close that he could hide under them. Now they were small, just pushing above the ground for it was early spring. It seemed to Peter that the earth he was sitting on had moved under him. It had moved only a very little, but it had moved. He was sure of it. At least he



He kicked up his long heels.

thought he was sure of it, and it gave him that funny feeling. Would it not you have a funny feeling if the earth you were standing on sitting on suddenly moved for no reason at all that you could think of?

Peter looked down at his feet curiously. There was nothing but his own toes to see. The earth under and around him was perfectly still. Nothing moved. Peter waited keeping perfectly still himself. He waited and waited. He was just about to give up and go on his way, thinking he had been mistaken, when he felt the earth move again as if it was being stirred from

beneath. It sort of tickled the bottoms of his feet. This time he jumped to one side, then turned to stare at the place where he had been sitting. He stared and stared but nothing moved. The earth right there looked a little loose, but it looked that way in several places in the garden. Had it been himself moving his feet without knowing it?

"It must be I did it myself," thought Peter and felt a little foolish. Then just as he was about to turn away and hurry over to the Old Orchard in search of Jimmy Skunk he saw the loose earth begin to move. It was only in one place a very small place, so small that when he had been sitting there he had completely covered it. Peter stared so hard he was almost dizzy. The movement stopped. Peter waited. It began again. It stopped. Again it began. It was very much as if someone down in the ground was stirring that loose earth from below. But how could anyone be doing that? How could anyone be down in the ground where there was no hole.

"They couldn't," declared Peter, answering his own thought. "Nobody can be buried and stay alive. It just can't be done. No, sir, it can't be done. If I didn't know it I can't be. I would think that someone is digging his way up. But nobody is. Nobody can be."

That loose earth was being stirred more and more. Peter stared. His eyes fairly popped with excitement. He tried to sit still and couldn't. He fidgeted. Somebody was down in there digging his way up. He knew there couldn't be, but there was. Sitting so near his eyes couldn't possibly fool him. Presently the top of a head appeared and on top of that head so that they were what Peter really saw first of all were two bulging eyes. At first the eyes were closed. When they were opened Peter saw two of the loveliest golden eyes. Those eyes could belong to just one person, an old, old friend — Old Mr. Toad.

Peter was so excited and so glad to see his old friend that he jumped right up in the air. He kicked up his long heels. He hopped in a circle around Old Mr. Toad. With just his head above ground, Old Mr. Toad rested. After what seemed to Peter a very long time he began digging some more, digging his way up and out. Presently he was wholly out and the earth had fallen back in where he had been. "What in the world were you doing down in there, old friend?" cried Peter.

Old Mr. Toad rolled his beautiful golden eyes to look at Peter. "Nothing," replied Old Mr. Toad. "Just nothing at all." And the queer thing about it is that that is just what he was doing—nothing.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson
WASTED EFFORT
In the following deal East succeeded in pushing the opponents beyond their depth, but it didn't do him much good!

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.
K 6 5
K 10 8 7 3
Q 10 4
9 2
Q J 8
7 5 2
7 3
A K Q
N W E S
A 10 9 7 3
A Q 9 6 4
A
J 5

The bidding:
South West North East
1 2 2 4 3 6
Pass Pass 4 4 5 4
Dbl. Pass 5 3 Pass
Pass Pass

As it happened, five diamonds would have been a less costly sacrifice contract than five clubs, but East naturally had to fear a singleton diamond in his partner's hand.

Incidentally, North might well have accepted his partner's double of five clubs.

West opened the club king, and East followed suit with the seven-spot. Declarer false-carded with the jack, and West decided to shift to his ten diamond. Dummy played the ten. East covered with the jack, and South won with the ace. South drew the necessary three rounds of trumps, ending in dummy, then led a low spade and put in his own ten. West fell! In with the spade queen, he promptly returned his last diamond. He was shocked when South ruffed the trick, and even more shocked when South then ran the spade suit, getting rid of dummy's second club.

"How could I tell that you had seven diamonds?" West asked East. "I figured you might have five clubs, and that South would ruff a continuation of that suit." Aside from other considerations, West missed the salient point of the defense. East's seven of clubs had been a clear demand for continuation, since three lower clubs were missing from West's view. Surely, with five clubs in his own hand, East would not have suggested another round of that suit, since West's overall had marked him with at least five. So the right defense was a simple matter of trusting East's signal.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Grey



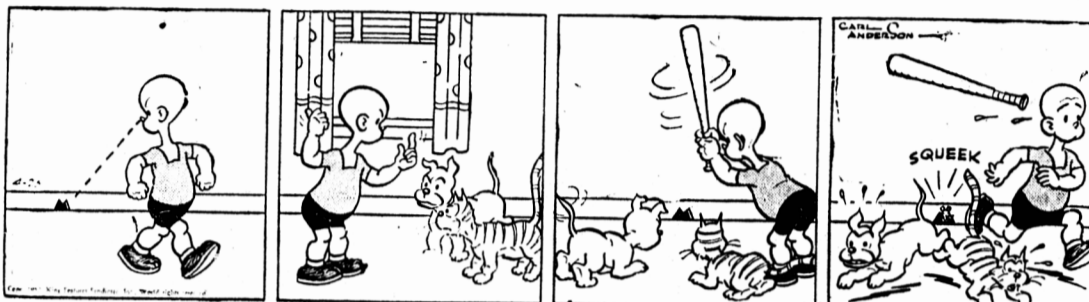
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



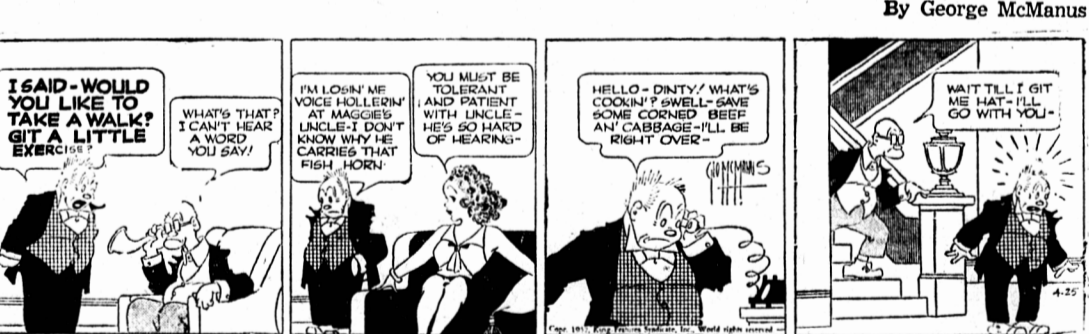
By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Hoegen

PENNY



ANNUAL MEETING
Of the Benevolent Irish Society will be held in the Canadian Legion Hall on Friday evening, April 25, commencing at 7:30 and not at 8:15 as stated in the notice to all members.

BUSINESS MEN OF CHARLOTTETOWN & VICINITY
You are cordially invited to attend the Reception and Dinner in honour of Lion Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence, to be held at the Charlottetown Hotel on Friday, April 25th, 1952, with the Reception at 5:30 P. M., and the Dinner at 6:30 P. M. — Price \$2.00.

KING COLE COFFEE Always Fresh
DRINK Coca-Cola you trust its quality

POGO
I SWEAR, MIZ STORK, YOU ESSS A BEEV! YOU WATCHED BY TWO DOVEY BIRDS. YOU GOT A FLIMMERY EYE AND A HONEY-ROT TONGUE, ALBERT. HEY, MR. TAMMANANNY, DID YOU FIND A CANDIDATE TO RUN FOR THE PRESIDENCY? THE JOB BEEN SOUNDIN' SO TIGHTLY LATELY, IT LOOK LIKE NOBODY IN THE SWAMP IS GO INNOCENT AN' NAIVE AS TO BE DUPE ENOUGH TO...

By Wait Kelly
OH, I DUNNO, MR. TIGER, OUR SWAMP GOT INNOCENCE ENOUGH FOR ANY JOB.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby
ALL RIGHT, MISTER! YOU WEIGH TWO FORTY SEVEN, AN' IF I'VE MISSED IT BY THREE POUNDS YOU WIN A PRIZE! LET ME GUESS YOUR WEIGHT!

By Clifford McBride

FEARLESS FOSDICK
YAWN-N-Y?? MRS. FOSDICK, DEAR—WHERE ARE YOU? EGAD??—THERE IS NO MRS. FOSDICK! I DIDN'T MARRY MY—UGH!—LOYAL FIANCEE, PRUDENCE DIMPLETOWN. THERE NEVER WAS A RULE THAT UNMARRIED DETECTIVES WOULD BE FIRED.

By Al Capp
IT WAS ALL A DREAM! I'M FREE—FREE!! THEN—SO IS AH!!

RIP KIRBY
WE'VE BEEN RIDING THESE HORRIBLE BACK ROADS FOR HOURS. I'M EXHAUSTED, DUDE! DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO STOP? THERE'S A LITTLE VILLAGE AHEAD... WE'LL PULL IN THERE... I WANT TO GET THAT FRONT FENDER PATCHED UP... EVERY COP IN THIS AREA IS LOOKING FOR A BUSTED SEDAN WITH A BUSTED FENDER! WE GOTTA GET IT FIXED! ARE YOU CRAZY? FOOLING AROUND WITH A BENT FENDER! WHAT DO YOU CARE HOW THE CAR LOOKS?

By Alex Raymond
YEAH... I CAN DO THE JOB FOR YOU, MISTER... BUT PAINT'S GOTTA DRY, YOU KNOW... IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS! A COUPLE OF DAYS!