



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A LAST LOOK AROUND

Good bye is always hard to say. Perhaps 'tis best it is that way. —Old Mother Nature.

Skimmer the Swallow and his flock had spent a whole day skimming back and forth over the Smiling Pool and the Green Meadows and the Big River. They were saying good bye. Now they were gone, and the air seemed empty and lonesome. You know they are such lively folk that they are greatly missed when they leave. Now they were on their way to the Sunny South. They were not making the journey in a hurry as some feathered folks do. They would make it in easy stages, stopping over wherever there was plenty to eat until such time as food became scarce. But they would be sure to keep ahead of Jack Frost. Jack Frost could, in a single night, starve them to death by killing all the flying insects.

Over in the Smiling Pool Grandfather Frog had been gradually making up his mind. It sometimes takes some folks a long time to make up their minds. It was that way with Grandfather Frog. For days he had been thinking of going to bed for the winter. Each day he had said to himself "I'll go to bed tomorrow." But when tomorrow became today he still climbed out of his big green lily pad and decided it wasn't yet time.

But now that the swallows had gone Grandfather Frog had a queer feeling of lonesomeness. The very fact that they were on their way south gave him the uneasy feeling that Old Man Winter must have started from way up in the Far North. Grandfather Frog didn't want to be sitting around when Old Man Winter arrived.

Grandfather Frog was sitting on his big lily pad but it was a sad looking lily pad. It was old as all lily pads are in the fall. He looked over at the cattails at the head of the Smiling Pond. They were brown and ripe. That meant that the seeds were ready.

He looked over at the rushes. They were beginning to turn brown, and many of the tips broken over. Some of the rushes were even broken down. He looked at the alders. The leaves looked old and ready to drop. They would drop as soon as Jack Frost arrived.

He looked over at Jerry Muskrat's house out in the water. Jerry and Mrs. Jerry were very busy about the house. They were fixing up the roof, getting it ready for winter. He looked over at the hole in the bank which had been the home of Rattles the Kingfisher. Rattles was still around, but he wasn't using that home. Nor was Mrs. Rattles. He looked at the Hickory Tree. All over it were leaves that had begun to turn yellow. He looked at the lily pads all about him. There were no lilies in bloom. He couldn't see even a single bud. He looked over at a big fern on the shore which was a great favorite with Peter Rabbit. Peter loved to sit under it where he couldn't be seen but where he could look out and see all that was going on. It was a sad looking fern. The tips were all brown. It was partly green and partly yellow. Peter wasn't sitting there now.

"Chuga-rum!" said Grandfather Frog. Chuga-rum! Then he sighed. He looked all about for a foolish green fly that he could swallow. But not a single foolish green fly was to be seen. He looked down in the water. He rolled his big goggly eyes up at the sky. Then once more he looked down in the water.

"Chuga-rum!" said Grandfather Frog. He made a long clean dive. He disappeared in the mud down at the bottom of the Smiling Pool. He stirred the mud up so that it clouded the water. When the water cleared again Grandfather Frog was nowhere to be seen. He wouldn't be seen again until spring. Grandfather Frog had gone to bed.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Lane Gray

OH, DEAR! YOU'RE A MOUNTIE!

B-BUT WHAT BECAME OF THE RUFFIAN WHO BLEW UP MY AVIATION'S CABIN?

D-DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

HOLD ON! I THOUGHT YOU KILLED JOSH McTAVISH!

THEN I'M DEAD—OH, DEAR!

HE CERTAINLY IS—AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION!

by Fleer Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

TRANSLATION—

HE TRIED SABOTAGE WITH THE PRISON GUARD—THE OTHER GUARDS HEARD IT TOO... HE IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS...

GO ON, GO ON! DON'T BORE ME WITH UNNECESSARY CHATTER!

HE DESCRIBED HIS LUNCH IN AMERICA... A LARGE CANTALOUPE, CHICKEN SOUP, ROAST BEEF, (SMACK) HALF A TURKEY FILLED WITH CHESNUT DRESSING, SWEET POTATOES... CANDIED Y-SMACK-S; LETTUCE CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD... APPLE PIE A LA MODE; SMACK-S; AND THREE QUARTS—

SHUT UP, GET OUT, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A LIE!

OH, OH! IF I COULD ONLY JUST HAVE EVEN THE SALAD FOR A MEAL... OH, OH!

NO... IT'S A VICIOUS CAPITALIST LIE!

by Carl Anderson

HENRY

SNIFF

CHOO

By EDWINA

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

HERE IT IS, GRAN'MA—I GOT IT—I REMEMBERED—

OH, JUST ROUND—

WELL, I SHOULD THINK SO!! WHERE'RE YOU GOIN' NOW??

YOU COME BACK HERE! WHY DO YOU SPOSE I WANTED THIS FURNITURE POLISH?

I THOUGHT MRS. SWIFFLE—

MY LAND SHE CAN'T DO EVERYTHING! WE'VE ALL GOT TO HELP GET T'Y HOUSE READY TO ENTERTAIN T'Y CHUBBS WHEN THEY COME? HERE!!

By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE

HORACE, DO YOU REMEMBER ALL THE PROMISES YOU MADE TO ME BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED?

YOU PROMISED ME THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE STARS!

I CAN'T EXPECT YOU TO GIVE ME THOSE THINGS, OF COURSE...

ALL I WANT IS A NEW FUR COAT!

By George Bir

BRINGING UP FATHER

IF YOU WANT TO TAKE THAT DEBITAGE IN TO MY BROTHER—WANT HIM TO GET USED TO ALL THE WAYS OF THE SOCIAL NET?

DON'T YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKIN' A MISTAKE—MAGGIE?

IT'S GONNA TAKE A LONG TIME TO GET HIM OUT OF THE HABIT OF DRINKIN' OUT OF A SAUCER!

MAGGIE!!

YOUR BROTHER SWALLOWED THE CLIP!

GREAT HEAVENS! THAT BEGGING UP MY FINE SET OF DEBITASSE CLIPS!

By Westover

WITNESS BURNS FINGERS

VANCOUVER — (CP)—Buddhist Eng Yew burned his fingers while taking the oath at a coroner's inquest. He lit a piece of paper on which he had written his name and held it while the coroner intoned the oath. The paper burned down to his fingers before the coroner had finished. The oath, recognized by the criminal code of Canada, reads: "You must tell the truth or your soul shall burn in hell as this paper is burning away."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN EXCEPTIONAL THROW-IN PLAY

Most throw-in plays, unlike squeezes, are easy to execute. In the following hand, however, the declarer had to be very careful and farsighted in respect to entries.

West dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

♠ QJ ♣ AKJ43 ♣ A842 ♣ 73

♠ A7 ♠ 932 ♠ 10 ♠ 98 ♠ K10 ♠ 86 ♠ 92

West North East South
1♦ Dble. Pass 2♣
2♣ 3♣ Pass 4♣
Pass Pass Pass

The ace won, and the spade queen was led. West won and led two more high diamonds. East discarded a low club, and South ruffed. The contract now depended on South's next play—and he rose to the normal temptation to lead low to dummy's trump jack; instead, he deliberately took the risk of laying down the spade king. He then drew East's last trump and cashed his other trumps, keeping one club, one diamond and the A-K-J of hearts in dummy.

West held on to the 10-5 of diamonds and the K-J-10 of clubs, but when declarer now cashed the two top hearts, West was in trouble! He knew that if he kept the two diamonds and blanked the club king, South would easily guess the situation, so West chose to hold the K-J of clubs and reduce to the diamond ten. That was no better, however, because declarer promptly led the last diamond from dummy, discarding his own heart, and West had to return a club up to declarer's A-Q.

It should be observed that if South, after knocking out the spade ace and ruffing the third diamond, had then played a low trump to dummy's jack, he would have destroyed the end-play. He could not have gotten out of dummy without cashing the top hearts and ruffing a heart, or ruffing the diamond that was needed for the throw-in play, or taking out his own club entry, and any one of these plays would have had a fatal effect on the contract.

ANNOUNCEMENT

BIBLE SOCIETY

ANNUAL AND JUBILEE OFFERING STARTS

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23rd

"BIBLE SUNDAY" OCTOBER 22nd

All Ministers, Officers of Branches, Collectors and Contributors are requested to co-operate to make this a most successful year in its offerings for the P. E. I. Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

YOUNG PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL MEETING

To Be Held At THE CANADIAN LEGION CLOVER CLUB

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1950.

Registration to Commence at 7:00 P.M. All persons between the ages of 16 and 35 invited to attend.

Special Speakers will be in attendance

ANNUAL MEETING & CONVENTION

The annual meeting of The Liberal Association for The Second District of Queen's will be held in Kingston Hall, Thursday, Sept. 21st, at 8 P.M.

Immediately following annual meeting business balloting will take place for the nomination of 2 candidates to represent the Liberal Party for Second Queen's in the next Provincial election.

Poll chairmen kindly arrange to have five delegates present.

Signed: P. R. BOYLE, President. P. J. NOY, Secretary.

RELIEVE

ACHES & PAINS

BY RUBBING IN

1946

MINARD'S PAIN LINIMENT

35¢

L'L ABNER

SOMETIMES, BROTHER, AH WISHES WE WAREN'T IN THIS HORRIBLE PARTNERSHIP! ONE DAY WE'RE ME—TOTHER DAY WE'RE YOU! IT ALL DEPENDS WHO'S ON TOP!

IT'S TH' ONLY WAY T'GIT ALONG, ONE BIG GUY GETS TWICE AS MUCH RESPECT AS TWO LITTLE GUYS!

NOBODY LOOKS UP T' MIZZIBLE L'L RUPTS LIKE US! THEY LOOKS DOWN ON US. THAR'S NO OTHER WAY T'LOOK, EF THEY WANTS T' SEE US AT ALL!

NEITHER OF US COULD EVER HOPE T'GIT A BIG BOOTIFUL GAL—SEPARATELY!!

TRUE!!—AN! NOW WE HAS DAISY MAE, TOGETHER!! T'GIT A BIG BOOTIFUL GAL—TOGETHER!!

by Alex Raymond

TILLY THE TOILER

I THINK A STORE WEDDING YES, SO WILL BE SO WILL THE EXCITING CUSTOMERS

MR. SWANKLEY, I'M WELL GOING TO HOLD ER— YOU TO YOUR AGREEMENT

WHAT AGREEMENT?

WILFRED AND I WERE TO BE MARRIED IN THE STORE AT HIS EXPENSE

HMM

COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T CARE TO BE MARRIED AS A GOOD ADVERTISING STUNT!

ETTA!

by Westover

RIP KIRBY

I DON'T KNOW...ANYWAY THE BOAT STOPPED!

THE BARRAGE JEWELS! TO ROW THE STYX TO RECOVER THEM!

IT'S RISKY BUSINESS, COUNT. HE MAY BE ONLY WAITING TILL HE SEES THE WHITES OF OUR EYES!

NO MANSER HERE... AND NO BLOOD... I MUST HAVE HIT THE BAG TANK, THEN HE SWAM FOR IT!

BUT MY JEWELS! WHERE ARE THEY? NO MAN COULD SWIM UNDER THAT HEAVY CHEST!

by Alex Raymond

PENNY

WE COULD GATHER AUTUMN LEAVES TO DECORATE THE SYM.

AHEM! I'LL ONLY BE A FEW MINUTES MORE, FATHER! ELSA AND I ARE PLANNING THE SORORITY HOP.

HAVE SOME IMPORTANT CALLS TO MAKE. CAN'T YOU MEET HER SOMEWHERE?

THAT WOULD BE SILLY AND IMPRACTICAL.

HOLY CRIMS, SHE ONLY LIVES RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET!

I'VE ONLY GOT ONE MORE CALL TO MAKE. CAN'T YOU MEET HER SOMEWHERE?

THAT WOULD BE SILLY AND IMPRACTICAL.

by Harry Hoanigan