

This is **NATIONAL HEALTH WEEK**

PREVENT DENTAL DECAY BY CUTTING DOWN ON SWEETS

Do you know that—
 1 6 oz. bottle of "pop" contains 4 teaspoons of sugar.
 1 average serving of pie contains 5-10 teaspoons of sugar.
 1 tablespoon jam or marmalade contains 3 teaspoons of sugar.
 1 rounded scoop of ice cream contains 3½ teaspoons of sugar.
 chewing gum and chocolate bars from 1-3 - 4 1-2 teaspoons of sugar.

Give your child—
MILK instead of soft drinks
PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES instead of candy bars
CRACKERS AND CHEESE instead of gum
FRUIT instead of cake
 —for his after-school snacks.

Public Health Nursing Division
 Department of Health and Welfare

E.R. Brow & Son

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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
 1. More rational
 6. Without
 10. A species of the myrtle
 11. Attractive
 12. Rascal
 13. Marshal
 14. Sandalwood tree
 15. Central line of a body
 16. Metamorphic rock
 17. Nobleman
 18. Tastes slightly
 23. An age
 24. Opposite of day
 27. Small bunches
 29. One-spot card
 30. Observes
 32. Gasp for breath
 34. Stay
 38. Disease of eye
 40. Fetish (Afr.)
 41. Three goddesses of vengeance (Myth.)
 42. Scottish-Gaelic
 44. Day's march
 45. Apportion
 46. Principality, S.W. Great Britain
 17. Persia

DOWN
 1. Disdain
 2. Seaweeds
 3. Feed
 4. Night before holiday
 5. Music note
 6. Bitter
 7. Chases
 8. South American
 9. Ruler of Tunis
 12. Large roof-slate
 13. Hewing tool
 15. Viper
 17. Perches
 18. A hill (Taal)
 20. Half ems
 22. A confection
 24. Short sleep
 25. River (So. Am.)
 26. Widespread
 28. Doctrine
 31. God of love (Gr.)
 33. Worthless stuff (slang)
 35. Large artery of heart
 36. Norwegian writer
 39. Turns to the right
 41. Not many
 42. Eye: in symbolism
 43. Ever (poet.)
 45. Music note

Yesterday's Answers
 39. Turns to the right
 41. Not many
 42. Eye: in symbolism
 43. Ever (poet.)
 45. Music note

South dealer, North-South vulnerable

♠ 9 4 3 3
 ♥ A Q 8 3
 ♦ 7 5 2
 ♣ 8 4 3 2

♠ J 7 5 3
 ♥ 9 4 2
 ♦ K Q 10
 ♣ K 7

♠ J 10 7 5
 ♥ A 8 6 4
 ♦ 3
 ♣ A K 6

The bidding:
 South West North East
 1 ♠ Pass 1 NT Pass
 4 ♠ Pass Pass Pass

South bid correctly when he jumped straight to four spades over North's no-notrump response. Almost anything that North might put down figured to give South the slight help he needed for ten tricks.

West's opening lead was the diamond king, followed by the diamond queen. South ruffed and cashed two high trumps. He was a little annoyed when East "faded", but continued with the third high trump, then cashed three rounds of hearts, discarding the club nine.

Now South led a club from dummy and, when East played low, thought for a long time over whether to play the queen or the ten. Obviously, if South had chosen the lower card, it would have forced out the king and put him on safe ground; but this was a guess, and when South actually tried the single finesse to the queen, the contract was lost. West won with the king, cashed his good trump, then led another diamond. This forced South's last trump and left him with another club loser.

If South had done his thinking a little earlier, he might have realized that a club discard on dummy's heart was useless! The far better idea was to overtake both the king and six of hearts in dummy, thus getting two entries to that hand, so that two successive club finesses could be taken! The odds were 3 to 1 that one of these club finesses would succeed, and thus South would lose only one spade, one diamond and one club.

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
 AXYDLBAAXR
 LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
 AHGV NHT BVHWW KAH'S VFB CZT
 BFT ZFMVCPM JCPKM—NCSSFB.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: A NEEDY, HOLLOW-EYED, SHARP-LOOKING WRETCH; A LIVING DEAD MAN—SHAKE-SPEARE.

LIL' ABNER

THANK YOU FO' SHOWIN' ME YORE KNEES, LADY. AH LIL' NEVAM FO' GIT 'EM—BUT THEY JEST HAIN'T TH' KIND AH GOES OVERBOARD FO'!

CHANCES ARE, AH'M GONNA DROP IN ON 'EM FOLKS—GULP?

IS YO' FOLKS 'OR HAD AH HATED IN ON A MESS O' APES?

RIP KIRBY

THAT SNOW SHOULD DO IT... YES! HE'S STIRRED! HE'S COMING TO!

RIP!

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER, I WAS UPSTAIRS IN THE CLUB, FOLLOWING A MAN NAMED MORAY...

IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS, IF YOU COULD FEEL THE LUMP ON MY HEAD AND SMELL WHAT I SMELL, I W'LD BE DRUGGED AND CHLOROFORMED!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A DOUBLE PLUNGE

A seeming trifle good for naught
 May be with vast importance fraught.
 —Mrs. Grouse.

A feather, a rather small feather, was blowing along over the snow in the Old Pasture. The Merry Little Breezes were playing with it. Sometimes it went up in the air a little way as small feathers have a way of doing. Sometimes it was rolled along on the snow. Now and then it was caught in a bush and held until a Merry Little Breeze succeeded in blowing it free. It drifted across the bare flat rock beside the home of Reddy Fox. A Merry Little Breeze got under it and blew it up in the air several feet, then dropped it. Lazily it floated down and caught in a little clump of bushes and vines a little way in front of Reddy's doorway.

Reddy didn't notice it. Usually little escapes his notice. Long ago he learned the importance of little things. Now he was too intent watching two feathered folk in that little clump to notice such a trifle as a lone little feather. Even if he had noticed it he wouldn't have given it a second thought. He was so used to seeing feathers blowing about that this would have meant nothing. It would have been of no importance.

The two feather folk in under those bushes and vines were "Thunderer" the Grouse and Mrs. Grouse. Mrs. Grouse saw that feather when it first began to float down. A feather couldn't hurt anyone. She reached up and picked a dried berry on a vine above her head, still keeping an eye on that feather. She saw it catch in a bush. There for the first time she had a good look at it. She dropped a berry she had just picked and looked hard at that feather. A startled look was in her eyes.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Thunderer.

"Do you see that feather?" asked Mrs. Grouse.

"Yes," replied Thunderer. "What of it? It is just a feather."

"It is gray," said Mrs. Grouse. "That feather is gray." She spoke in a low tone and her bright eyes were darting quick glances all around.

"I would expect to see feathers over here in the Old Pasture where those Foxes live all sorts of feathers, black and brown and white, so why not gray?" replied Thunderer.

"Reddy and Mrs. Reddy had nothing to do with that feather or else I don't know my feathers, and I think I do. That feather was dropped from the last person in all the Great World that I want to see around here," declared Mrs. Grouse. She was looking really anxious now.

"Who?" demanded Thunderer.

"Who dropped that feather?" "Terrible the Goshawk," replied Mrs. Grouse. There was fright in her voice.

It was Thunderer's turn to look startled and to hastily glance around in all directions. "I don't see him," said he.

"Just hope that he doesn't see us," replied Mrs. Grouse. "He must have come down from his northern home to spend the winter, and if that isn't bad news I don't know what bad news is."

"Are you sure about that feather? Sure it is one of his?" asked Thunderer.

"Sure enough to want to get back to the Green Forest and quick. It is too open here. And we won't walk back. We can't get back there too soon to suit me. Come on!" cried Mrs. Grouse.

With a loud whir of stout wings she shot into the air and headed straight for the Green Forest. Thunderer was right behind her. Reddy Fox, watching from his doorway, saw them go and sighed with disappointment. "There go two good dinners," thought he.

Suddenly, seemingly appearing from nowhere, Terror the Goshawk was behind them. Fast as they were flying Terror was flying faster. Would they be able to reach the Green Forest before he could catch one of them? Could they? They couldn't. Reddy was sure they could. Then he saw the snow fly in two places near together and in the air was only one fly-er. It was the big savage visitor from the north. Thunderer and Mrs. had made a double plunge into the deep snow.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE VALUE OF AN ENTRY

There are times when an entry is worth more than an actual trick. Observe the following deal:

♠ 9 4 3 3
 ♥ A Q 8 3
 ♦ 7 5 2
 ♣ 8 4 3 2

♠ J 7 5 3
 ♥ 9 4 2
 ♦ K Q 10
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 ♣ A K 6

The bidding:
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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Zane Grey

GRAB HIS GUN, POST!

HE'S HEADIN' FOR TH' DOOR!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, KING!

I WON'T HAVE TO, SPICER... THE WEATHER WILL!

JOE PALOOKA

WHEAH WE GOIN' I'D LOVE SOME CHOW MEN AN' DANCIN'!

NOPE... GUESS AGAIN.

EL N'ROCCO? I'VE HOID ALL THE SWELLS GO THEAH!

NAW?

WHAT'S THIS OH A PARTY? THEY CAN'T BE HAVIN' MUCH FUN, NO NOISE AT ALL.

HEY, BUTTERBALL... OPEN UP!

HENRY

CHATTER CHATTER

BR-R

FLY PAPER

DOTY DIPPLE

BILLS! BILLS!! DOTTY I'M PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN ON ALL THIS SPENDING!!!

LET ME SEE THEM, DEAR!

CUSTOM MADE BOWLING BALL... "JIFFY JIGSAW" - HUNTING "JACKET" - WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, DEAR?

NOTHING!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

ETHEL WANTED TO GO WITH US! WHERE'RE WE GOIN'??

TO THE DRAMA!

YOUR COMPLETE LACK OF CONTACT WITH ANYTHING CULTURAL IS LITTLE LESS THAN ASTOUNDING, SO...

YEH-I WONDER WHERE ETHEL'N GRAN'MA ARE GOIN'?

OH-!!

NO DOUBT!!

WELL, ANYHOW, I'M GLAD I'M U GOIN' SOMEWHERE - STEADY LISTENIN' TO A LECTURE OVER TH' RADIO WITH MRS. WHIFFLE'N TH' RADIO WITH MRS. WHIFFLE'N MRS. KELKS!

BRINGING UP FATHER

BUT-MZ JIGGS - THERE'S NO ONE ON THE PHONE!

DO AS I SAY! GO IN AND TELL MY WIFE'S BROTHER HE'S WANTED ON THE PHONE!!

WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!! YOU'RE WANTED ON TH' PHONE!!

AH!

TILLIE THE TOILER

DAT'S THE TRUTH, FOLKS—EVERY TIME MY WIFE SEES PRETTY DRESSES IN A STORE WINDOW SHE MAKES ME STEAL THEM!

THAT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU, TILLIE, WHAT A SWELL LINE OF DRESSES WE CARRY NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A MALE BUYER!

SO YOUR WIFE FOUND OUR DRESSES IRRESISTIBLE?

NO-IT ISN'T THAT!

BECAUSE SHE NEVER WEARS A DRESS... SHE ALWAYS WEARS SLACKS!

PENNY

HE'S SIMPLY THE MOST SELF-CENTERED PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN, PENNY.

OH, I DON'T THINK HE'S SO BAD, MYRTLE.

HOW CAN YOU SAY A THING LIKE THAT?

ALL HE DOES IS TALK ABOUT HIMSELF.

I KNOW, BUT HE'S SO UTTERLY BUSY AT IT...

HE NEVER NOTICES YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.

HENRY

CHATTER CHATTER

BR-R

FLY PAPER

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