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EASIER TO USE... BETTER RESULTS



BLOSSOM
OF CANADA
FLOUR

ISLAND GROWN APPLES
Unexcelled in Beauty and Quality
On Display At Your Local Grocer
MOST POPULAR VARIETIES
Buy Them By The Hamper
When You Buy Island Grown Apples
You Help An Island Industry.

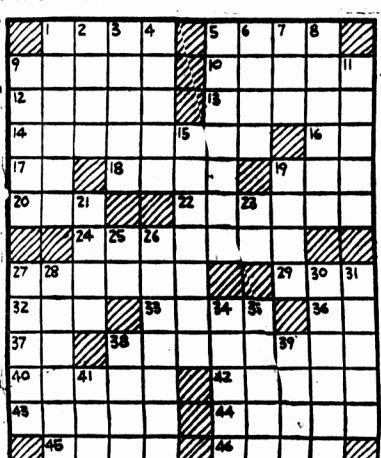
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Serpent
2. Lizard
3. Cease
4. Earn
5. Signal systems
6. Silk scarf
7. Mountain
8. Rugged
9. Mountain
10. Out-of-date
11. Music note
12. River
13. Charval
14. Lair
15. Consume
16. Riddle
17. Escorted to seat
18. Body of water
19. Tuber
20. (So Am.)
21. Metal
22. Mature
23. Aloft
24. Land-measure
25. Venerable
26. A thin, cotton fabric
27. Banal
28. Old Norse
29. Ages
30. Prong
31. Period of time
32. Former kingdom (SE Eur.)

DOWN
1. Former kingdom (SE Eur.)

2. Epochs
3. A helmsman
4. Upright sculptured slab
5. Broadcast
6. Ripped
7. Poem
8. Caressed
9. Antlered animal
10. Fish
11. Net
12. Indigenous
13. Queen
14. Carriage
15. Revolve
16. Music note
17. Selenium (sym.)
18. Equipment for a draft
19. Platform
20. Declamatory outpouring
21. Small, one-horse sleigh
22. Projecting ends of churches
23. Full of pits
24. Weird
25. Mohammedan call to prayer
26. Girl's name
27. Japanese shrub

Yesterday's Answers
38. Mohammedan call to prayer
39. Girl's name
41. Japanese shrub



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A K R
L O N G F E L L O W

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

A Cryptogram Quotation
Y M X L D R P K D X R M P Z D X L E Z D Y
K Y M T Y E A J X K M L Y E D C M Q T Y D J U Z
W E S F E S T P X L S E S X Z X C E D Z Q

Yesterday's Cryptogram: I FEEL MY FEEBLE HANDS UNCLASP AND SINK DISCOURAGED INTO NIGHT-LONG-YELLOW.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate

Makes Bathubs Sparkling White



Snowflake
AMMONIA
Cleans REFRESHINGLY Clean
A World of Cleanliness in Every Package

LIL' ARNER



THOSE KICK-LOVING KIMMIES WILL ABSORB ALL THE PUNISHMENT THAT USUALLY INFLECTS ON HIS FELLOW-MAN?—IT'S THE END OF TROUBLE—IT'S THE END OF WARR?—TAKE MY CAR?—I'M GOING TO WASHINGTON??

WHUT FO? FLASH MANGLEBULE?

TO SEE THE RIGHT PEOPLE? WE NEED A BIG PLACE TO SHIP KIMMIES OUT TO THE TROUBLE SPOTS OF THE WORLD?—I'LL HAVE THOSE GLOWPOCKETS EVICTED FROM THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS.

THEY'VE POOLED AROUND LONG ENOUGH—THESE KIMMIES WILL REALLY BRING SPACE-RAIDERS TO MAKE BILLIONS?

BUT—MANGLEBULE—WE NEVAH INTENDED TO

RIP KIRBY



I WAS SURPRISED MR. STONE WHEN I WENT TO MISS PAIN'S SCHOOL TO FIND THAT MISS PAIN CANNOT RECEIVE VISITORS... WHY?

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHY! I AM AFRAID OF THIS MISSING MOTHER OF MINE!

MR. STONE... LONG DISTANCE... THE SCHOOL... MISS PAIN HAS DISAPPEARED.

THERE! I KNEW IT! THAT WOMAN HAS KIDNAPPED ME!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Sometimes it pays to merely bluff. More often that is not enough. —Old Mother West Wind.

To bluff is to pretend that you are what you are not, or that you can do something you cannot do, and make folks believe that it is so. Buster Bear is a great bluffer. He delights in making people think he is very much more savage and dangerous than he really is. He tries to make folks afraid of him when the truth is he is afraid of them. That is bluff.

Buster had been boasting. Bluffers very often are boasters. He had boasted that he was not afraid of any one in all the Great Forest, but that all were afraid of him. Now he wished he had held his tongue. Yes, sir, he wished he hadn't boasted. He had broken up a happy party of Green Forest folk feasting on sweet little bechnuts the Merry Little Breezes had shaken from their burrs to the ground. Selfishly he had driven all of them away that he might have these nuts for himself. Before he had had time to more than taste them he had discovered he was being watched by the last person to meet. It was Flathorns the Moose, known among his neighbors as the "Mighty One."

He pretended not to see Flathorns standing back among the trees. "I won't let him know I know he is about. I will just pretend I don't want any of these nuts and will quietly leave this place. I won't hurry, not until I'm out of his sight," thought Buster. He whistled and hoped Flathorns was thinking of him running away, that I am afraid of him," thought Buster.

Just then Flathorns snorted. It made Buster jump. He knew that it was a warning that he didn't know Flathorns was there. That snort said plainly that Flathorns was ready to fight. Buster perhaps Flathorns was just bluffing, pretending he wanted to fight. The last time he had seen Flathorns was early in the spring, and then he was in no condition to fight anybody. He had lost his great antlers. Though new ones were growing on his homely head, they were soft and tender, worse than none at all for fighting. Buster hadn't been afraid of him then. Perhaps there was no reason now to be afraid.

"He may be bluffing, so I will bluff a little myself," thought Buster. He whistled and hoped Flathorns was thinking of him running away, that I am afraid of him," thought Buster.

He was big, was Buster, and standing up that way he looked even bigger than he really was. As he snarled and growled his lips were drawn back to show all his teeth. He wasn't a pleasant sight. Indeed, he was rather a frightful sight. That was just the way he was trying to look. By his snarling and growling and his fierce looks, he hoped to make Flathorns want to avoid a fight.

So Buster made himself appear as big and fierce and dangerous as he could. He hoped Flathorns mightly that the "Mighty One" would not feel too mighty. He didn't know that Flathorns was feeling so big and so strong, and so proud of his great new antlers, that he actually was looking for some one to fight. The fiercer Buster Bear made himself look the more eager Flathorns was to fight him. Buster's bluff failed completely. Yes, sir, it did so. With another grunt Flathorns came charging out, his head down with the points of his antlers set straight at Buster. For the first time Buster had a good look at those great antlers. One look was enough. He dropped down to all four feet and

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Cuberton

A Tricky Position
There is one defensive position that comes up rather frequently, but which is consistently mishandled by almost all players. Let's look at a typical deal:

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ J 3
♥ A 7
♦ Q J 10 9 5 2
♣ K 8

♠ A 9 5 5
♥ N
♦ Q 6 2
♣ 9 5

♠ Q 7 2
♥ J 8 5 3
♦ K 6
♣ Q J 7 4

♠ K 10 6
♥ K 10 9
♦ 8 4
♣ A 10 6 3 2

The bidding:
North—East—South—West
1♣—Pass—3NT—Pass
Pass—Pass—3NT—Pass

North thought for a long time about going to five diamonds, and had he done so, there would be no analysis necessary. However, North felt that he might be off three tricks at the minor-suit contract and so allowed his partner to play three notrump.

West made his normal opening, the five of spades. Dummy played low. East put up the queen, and declarer took the trick with the king. A diamond finesse, which lost to East, cleared the seven-card suit in dummy and successful defense simply did not exist. East's spade return was taken by West with the ace, but South still had the spade ten to stop the suit.

Now observe the vast difference if East, at the first trick, had played the spade seven instead of the queen! South could do no better than win the spade ten, and now, when he loses the diamond finesse, the hand would figuratively "blow up in his face." East would lay down the queen of spades to cover dummy's now-blank jack — and as he knew the queen with the king or not, as he chose, but he could not keep West from running off four spade tricks.

The unfortunate part of East's defensive position in a hand of this sort is that the hold-out of this honor is not always correct! It depends largely on the rest of the hand, outside of the led suit. In a case of this sort, however, East should reason that if South has the ace and two other spades, successful defense is out of the question, and therefore the best thing to do is play high for the king-ten and one spade, which necessitates the hold-out of the queen to the second round.

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King of The Royal Mounted
By Lane Grey



WILL WOODS EVER CEASE?—
—OLD MAN FLINT IS GOING TO FEED THAT TEARD.

OKAY, YOUR MAN, BRING THE HOOD INTO THE KITCHEN AND YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING TO EAT THEM.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE LIKE THIS!
—WHAT DO YOU SAY KING? LET'S HIT THE HAY!

JOE PALOOKA
By Ham Fishel



THAT'LL BE THREE TIMES SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER HOUR—THAT'S JUST A MINUTE WHILE I FIGURE. LOTS A WOP PEOPLE GIVE ME AN EXTRA SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER HOUR.

NACHERLY, OH THANK YOU. I DON'T MEAN TO SUGGEST IT, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I FINISHED TALKIN' TO YOU?

YES I WOULD.

JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU WANT ME AGAIN.

WILL YOU, FER GOSH SAKES SHUDDUP! GOOD NITE.

LIBBER, C'ELLA, IF YOU THINK ALL I DO...

HENRY
By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE
By Buford




TAFKY, I'VE ASKED CONNIE TO GIVE YOU YOUR COUGH SYRUP EVERY TWO HOURS.

HERE'S OUR BITTER NOW, DOTTY—LET'S GO!

UH—WHY THE NURSE'S UNIFORM CONNIE?

I HAVE AN EYE FOR BUSINESS, AND ALL BUSINESS GETS MORE MONEY THAN SITTERS!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB
By Edwin



YOU'D THINK SHE'D GIVE US ONE TEENY WEENY LIL' PIECE OF CANDY?

WHY HE WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HER ANY IF WE HADN'T TOLD HIM HOW WEALTHY SHE WAS.

"MIND—UH, IF I SMOKE??"

OH, DO! I JUST LOVE THE AROMA OF...

UH—NICE WEATHER WERE HAVIN'—UH!—OH, HELLO!

MERCY! THAT DOG IT TIPPY GET OUT!

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus



UH—IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO COME HOME WITHOUT RUNNING INTO ONE OF MAGGIE'S RELATIVES—BESPECIALLY THIS ONE!

WELL—I'VE GOT TO GET RED OF THIS—SO I'LL TAKE A SP OF THE MIRACLE MEDICINE—THY POWER BUILDER—

I FEEL ME STRENGTH COMIN' ON—NOW FOR MAGGIE'S BROTHER!

LILLIE THE TOILET
By Westover



MR. MANLEY, NO ONE HERE COULD GIVE ME A SHOWER! DON'T WORRY, I WANTED FRESH BLOMP, I CAN

THIS SPIRIT BOARD WILL WRITE A MESSAGE FOR YOU

I LOVE MR. MANLEY THOUGH I RESENT HIM

you suffer from what psychiatrists call normalcy

you suffer from what psychiatrists call normalcy

PENNY
By Henry Houghton



DINNER IS ALMOST READY, FATHER!

GOOD, WHAT ARE WE HAVING?

GOOD!

OH SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE.

WE'RE HAVING BEANES AU GRATIN CASSEROLE—

I'M DROOLING!

—OF LEFTOVER HASH!