

"ENO'S is a Household Word"
Start the day right with
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
MILD ANTACID • GENTLE LAXATIVE

ATTENDING PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION
MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 27—On their way to Ottawa to the Progressive Conservative Convention, a large group of delegates from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick left here yesterday by Canadian National Railway. It is expected that nearly 200 persons will represent the Maritime for the three day session which begins on Thursday. Included in the group who stopped off at the C. N. R. station here were H. T. MacKenzie, provincial organizer for Nova Scotia; Cyril Hays and Patrick Healey, the latter a delegate representing labor of Halifax. Others were R. D. Duchemin, managing editor, Sydney Post-Record; Sydney, N. S., Graham Murray, Dartmouth, A. R. McNeil, also a labor delegate, of Inverside, and J. M. Macdonald, of North Sydney, who was a candidate in Cape Breton North Victoria constituency in the last Federal election.

1948 SAILING SCHEDULE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE
NORTNUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED
(Daily Including Sunday) Standard Time
SEPTEMBER 27th to OCTOBER 31st

Leave Wood Islands—	Prince Nova	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	4 p.m.	
Leave Caribou—	Charles A. Dunning	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	4 p.m.	

LISTEN IN TO CFXY AT 7.30 A.M. (Standard Time) FOR LATEST NEWS and INFORMATION

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Bulging earthen jar
- Kind of bear
- Moved with a pole
- Rub out
- Enitira
- Craze
- Centimeter (abbr.)
- Platform
- Excitement
- Swiss river
- Female deer
- American commodity
- Ladle
- Goddes of discord
- Storage place
- Ornamental devices for shoes
- Public notice
- Hebrew measure
- Hewing tool
- Jewish month
- Comma
- Reptile
- Stop! (naul.)
- Happy
- Slight depression

DOWN

- Rounded, convex molding
- Reclines lazily
- Falsehood
- Annex
- Glow
- Spikenard
- Turkish
- Annual
- Armadillo
- Corrective
- Animal's pelt
- Sailors (colloq.)
- Beam
- Placous tree
- Quantity of yarn
- Nuts
- Eating away
- Free
- Muscle spasm
- Prickly envelope of a fruit
- Removed, as bones
- Goods sunk at sea
- Not good with buoy
- Live
- Dispatched (poet.)

Yesterday's Answer

- New Zealand parrot
- Salt (chem.)
- Not good
- Evening

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 O W
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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
F B K L U B T K U O P A C W K Y M W J V P G J
C D W B X U B C U A P K H Y M W J V P G J
O W X V W B X — U Y B P A C

Yesterday's Cryptogram: IF E'ER WE MEET HEREAFTER, WE SHALL MEET IN HAPPIER CLIMES, AND ON A SAFER SHORE—ADDISON.

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KIP KIRBY

ST... YOU WIN AGAIN, MISS... YOU'RE BRINGING ME LUCK, CAPTAIN! STICK AROUND!
SORRY, MY DEAR... I MUST TAKE CARE OF MY GUESTS.
YOU'RE LOOKING CLUM, BERTIE... LOSE!
IT ISN'T THAT... I'M FRIGHTFULLY OUT OF ABOUT ROOSE WINTERBROOK.
CARLOT... WHAT ABOUT WHAT?

TILLIE THE TOILER

EAT SOME FOOD AND YOU'LL SOON BE STRONG ENOUGH TO PADDLE BACK TO THE MAINLAND.
YOU'LL HAVE TO FEED ME WITH A SPOON.
YOU'LL HAVE TO PRY MY MOUTH OPEN WITH ONE.
IF YOU TELL SHE'S COME ON TO THE MAINLAND, SHE'LL SEARCH FOR TILLIE.
YOU CAN GET HER A NEW JOB EASIER THAN I COULD GET ME A NEW DAUGHTER.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)
THE RACE FOR LIFE

With life at stake the slow are fleet.
For fear lends speed to wings and feet.
—Old Mother Nature

"Run, Run!" screamed King Eagle, high in the air, just as if those he was watching far below could hear him, which, of course they couldn't. They were in no need of being urged to run. Fear so great that it was terror was making them run far faster than any of them ever had run before. They were Mrs. Lightfoot the Deer and her two fawns, now big enough to be swift for short distances, and Mother Bear and two cubs, now good-sized young Bears, for they had been born the year before and were big enough to shift for themselves and shortly would if well. If they won this race for life, behind them roared and snapped a great fire, the Red Terror of all the forest folk.

The fear in the eyes of Mrs. Lightfoot was no greater than the fear in the eyes of big lumbering Mrs. Bear. It didn't seem possible that one so big and heavy, who looked so clumsy could keep with one with such long slender legs that seemed made for speed, but Mrs. Bear was keeping up with Mrs. Lightfoot. For a while the fawns and the cubs kept right at the heels of their mothers. Now they couldn't keep up and were dropping back little by little. They were whimpering.

For a time there had been no thought in the minds of the two mothers but to run — run away from the Red Terror. Now they knew they couldn't; that run as they might the Red Terror would catch them, and it would catch the children first. It was then that Mrs. Lightfoot remembered something.

"Paddy the Beaver!" she panted as she left the old woodland in which they were running and headed in another direction.

Mrs. Bear understood what she meant. "Of course," she gasped, as she turned also. The despair that had filled her gave way to a little hope. Of course, the fawns and the cubs followed. Somehow they managed not to fall farther behind. Perhaps without knowing why, they also felt a little hope.

King Eagle, watching from high above saw and understood. He could see the ponds of Paddy the Beaver and it was for the largest of these that Mrs. Lightfoot was heading with the others close behind. Would they make it! Could they make it! Those crackling, snapping roaring flames were gaining slowly but surely.

"Run, Oh run!" screamed King Eagle, and again he didn't know that he did so.

Around this pond the trees had been cut for some distances back from the water. Into this opening dashed Mrs. Lightfoot with the other close behind. It was easiest running there. It was well that it was so for the flames were so near that the hot breath of them singed the coats of the two who were last.

Splash! splash! splash! splash! splash! Three Deer and three Bears landed in the water and waded out until only their heads were above the surface. They were none too soon, for the angry flames came racing through the dry leaves and brush right to the water's edge. Then the fire went roaring away around the Great Mountain.

King Eagle hadn't been able to see the end of that race for life. Just as the runners had reached the opening around the pond a cloud of smoke had settled over it and the pond. It hid everything from view. Anxious King Eagle circled and circled high above waiting for that smoke to lift. It seemed to him that it never would. Had all of them reached the water in time? He would not let himself think of the dreadfulness of

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

Sound Inferences
Sound and shrewd—placing from the bidding lead South to the winning play in today's deal.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

10 5 2	4 6 3
A Q	A K J 7
Q 10 6	Q 10 6

♠ A Q 9 7
♥ K J 10 5
♦ 8 3
♣ 7 2

♠ K J 8
♥ 8
♦ 9 6 4
♣ A K J 9 8 3

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	1 ♠	2 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	5 ♠	Pass

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
By Zane Grey

ALL RIGHT, DOLLY, START TALKING!
IT SOUNDS SILLY NOW... EVERYONE KNOWS 'CYCLOPS' IS SUCH A SWELL GUY... WHY HE EVEN HELPED ME IN THAT RACE!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE LIKE HIM... BUT I WAS AFRAID... I HATED BILL 'CAUSE HE MADE WINNING LOOK SO EASY!
THEN THERE WAS CAR... SHE COULDN'T SEE ANYONE BUT 'CYCLOPS'... I WAS IN LOVE WITH HER... I WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE WOULDN'T HAVE HER!

WHAT ABOUT 'SPEEDY' LASS? WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
I'D DIDN'T INTEND TO KILL 'SPEEDY'... I ONLY WANTED HIM OUT OF THE WAY SO I COULD DRIVE HIS CAR!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
OH, DADDY, WE'VE WON! HOW CAN I GO ON MANAGING YOUR RACE CARS NOW?
WHO EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LEAVING THEM FROM YOUR HAND, YOU'VE DONE A SPLENDID JOB, MY DEAR!

JOE PALOOKA
By Ham Fisher

NO MRS. WALSH HERE... NO ONE OF THAT DESCRIPTION... NOT HERE... YES, WE'LL LET YOU KNOW.
QUICK! HOSPITAL!
WE HAVE NO MRS. WALSH.
D-DID I FIND 'ER? MY LITTLE WIFE... THEY HEAR ANYTHING... NOT YET, KNOWS... GEE, WE COULDN'T SMELL THEM FROM OUR LUNCH.

JULY DRIPPLE
By DUDOU

HORACE, WILL YOU HELP ME WITH THESE DISHES?
HM—NO ANSWER.
HORACE DRIPPLE, ARE YOU SPRAWLED OUT ON THAT COUCH?
NO, DOTTY—I'M WORKING OUT A PROBLEM IN ATOMIC RESEARCH!
ASK A SILLY QUESTION AND YOU GET A SILLY ANSWER!

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus

CALL ME AT SEVEN A.M.—JUPITER—I AM TO GET THE MORNING TRAIN WITH MRS. DE RAL... WE ARE GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS FOR A WEEK.
ANY DON'T YOU PERISH IT?
NEXT MORNING... AH—NINE O'CLOCK! MRS. DE RAL MUST BE WELL ON HER WAY TO THE MOUNTAINS! AH—H—H—H!
WHAT?? DON'T YOU GO?
JUPITER DIDN'T CALL ME—HOW I WON'T GO—I FIRED HIM! BOO—HO—HO!
YES—JUPITER LIKES TO FIRE HIS WIFE THIS MORNING!
I KNOW—BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM FOR A MOMENT!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
By Edwin

WHY, MILT, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
SIMPLY STRAIGHT THINKING!
WE NEED A NEW DAVENPORT TOO—JASPER'S TORN OURS APART... AND A NEW LAMP!
WAIT A MINUTE! OUR CREDIT ISN'T SO DAMAGED WE HAVE TO BUY OUT THE WHOLE TOWN!
WE'LL START OUT FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING—MILT'LL HAVE TO GO LONG AN' BRING HIS CHECKBOOK.
I'M GOIN', TOO!

HENRY
By Carl Anderson

IT ISN'T THAT... I'M FRIGHTFULLY OUT OF ABOUT ROOSE WINTERBROOK.

PENNY
By Harry Hoenigsen

THEY JUST PUT A NEW SUPER COLOSSAL DICTIONARY IN OUR CLASS ROOM, AUNT ELLIE!
IT CERTAINLY IS GETTING A LI LIT WORSE—YOU ACTUALLY HAVE TO STAND IN LINE.
YOU DON'T SAY.
MISS FERULE OUR TEACHER, IS TICKLED PINK.
SHE SHOULD BE.
THIS ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT LETS YOU LEAVE NOTES IN IT FOR THREE OR FOUR PEOPLE AT A TIME.