

Do You Like to Dance?

IF SO VISIT THE

BLUEMOON CLUB

The most Modern and up-to-date Dance Hall in the Maritimes.
Music by the "MODERNAIRES"
Regular Dance WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
Dancing Until 1 A.M.

Continuous Restaurant Service
Special Bus returning after Dance

BINGO

at
THE SPORTING CLUB
TONIGHT
In Aid Of
L. P. U. BURIAL FUND
8:30 Admission 30 Cents

announced blithely, adding to Bing. "I'm really frightfully annoyed at you, Bing, Ricky and I have been positively leaning over the parapets since you wired you were coming by sea. What do you mean by changing your plans that way?" Bing made no comment. Lucille expected none. She added as she glanced at her cards, "By the way, there's a telegram for you around somewhere."

Bing supposed it was from his father. He looked around for it as Lucille returned to bridge. Ricky stood behind her and watched the bidding for a moment when, stifling a little yawn, her eyes sought Bing.

He had found the telegram and he held it open in his hands. Ricky gave him one swift glance and then crossed to him. "You must try to cultivate a poker face," she whispered. "If Lucille had been looking, she'd be asking you forty questions by now."

"Read that," retorted Bing, still looking dazed.

"Let's go into the library," she suggested. There she read the wire. She could not believe her eyes the first time, so she read it again:

PLEASE BE CAREFUL STOP
THERE IS A MAN WHO MAY
DO YOU HARM STOP HE
MIGHT DO ANYTHING STOP
LOOK OUT FOR A BIG IT-
ALIAN STOP

DANCE TONIGHT

THE DINE & DANCE CLUB

Make reservations early
PHONE 1198

DANCING with ORCHESTRA
EVERY WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY and SATURDAY
Admission 50 Cents

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Calbertson

DETERMINING FACTORS

Declarer's best line of play for a contract depends not only on the cards in his own hand and the dummy but also on such factors as the bidding and even the number of tricks called for in his contract. Today's hand is a rather remarkable illustration:

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.
Match-point duplicate.

♠ K 7
♥ A 7 5
♦ J 9 8 3
♣ A K 4

♠ 5 3 2
♥ 7 4
♦ 10 8 6
♣ 3 2

♠ 6 4
♥ K Q J 10 9
♦ K Q 2
♣ 9 8 5

♠ A Q 10 9 8
♥ 8 6 3
♦ 10 5
♣ 7

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

"Ain't he sweet," said Maggie. "He's certainly taking no chance on your being puzzled as to who it's from. That his card in the envelope?"

Jonesey danced at the basket, surprised. "He never bothered with a card before," she murmured as she opened the envelope.

"This is just a little present from your Tony," she read. "You just cut it and get well and strong and don't worry about that other guy—you know who I mean, I find him and fix him up good end plenty as he never bother you again."

Jonesey's lovely mouth opened as wide as her eyes. "I've got to see Tony at once," she gasped.

"He certainly must be some letter writer," Maggie commented. "But don't be in such a hurry. You won't see Tony — not today. He was checking out when I caught him. Going somewhere on important business."

Jonesey, lovely in her dismay, stared at Maggie aghast. "You mean he's already gone? You... you didn't really mean what you said about his ever killing anybody, did you?"

"You should be exceedingly glad that he's gone," she protested. "You should be exceedingly glad that he's gone."

Maggie stared at her for a second. Then, "You mean you're afraid Tony's gone away to kill somebody?"

"I don't know," moaned Jonesey. "He sent this note." She picked it up and thrust it feverishly at Maggie. "Read that."

Maggie read it swiftly. "Who is the other guy?" she asked breathlessly. "Was it—was it Good-looking?" Jonesey could only nod dumbly. "But how can I warn him?" she asked.

"Send him a telegram. You know his address, don't you?"

"I'm not sure, but I think Bar Harbor might reach him."

Maggie's ears perked up at that. "What's his name?" she demanded.

Jonesey hesitated, then divulged the name.

"What?" echoed Maggie, astounded. "Gee whiz, Jonesey, you don't mean—? she grabbed up the telegram. "I'll see that this is sent right off. Say, I'd better put your address on so you can get an answer."

"My address?" echoed Jonesey. "Heaven's no! Promise me you won't put it on."

Maggie promised regretfully. But consoling herself with the thought, "Well, if anything does happen it will be in the papers, anyway. Gosh, William Bingham McAdams 3rd!" Of course she hoped for Jonesey's sake nothing would happen. But if anything did—well, Maggie was human.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Drop
- Dance
- Ontment
- Expression of sorrow
- Vinegar
- Wattle
- A hit in fencing
- Equip
- Sewing implement
- Part of "to be"
- Girl at co-educational school
- Big
- famous Lon-
- don clock
- Kind of freerack
- Rude house
- Metallie rock
- Flaccous tree
- Mischivous person
- County
- England
- Epoch
- The third power
- Massium (syn.)
- To retreat
- Warp-yarn
- A dwarf of the mines (myth.)
- Folded part of coat
- Precelates
- River (Fr.)
- Perch
- Cushion

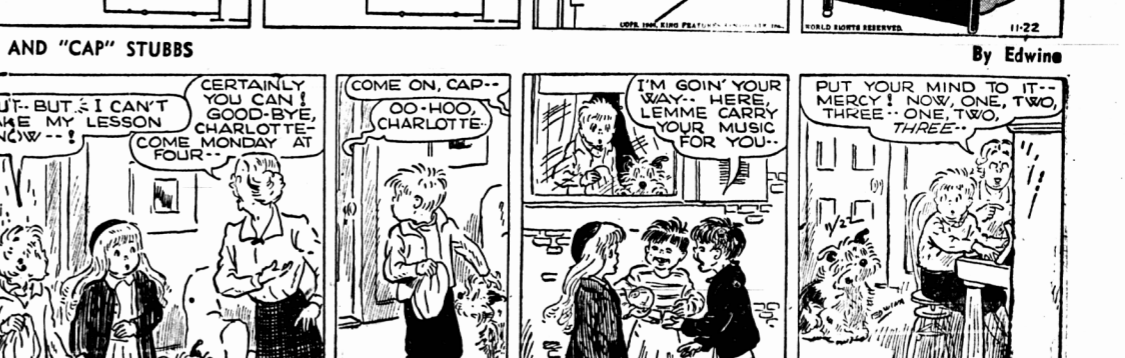
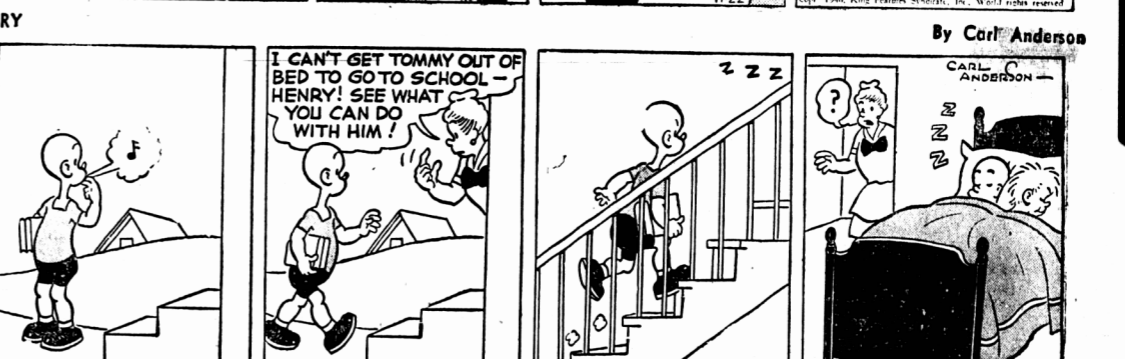
DOWN

- Old-type bullet
- Hall
- Obtain
- Covered with asphalt
- Toward the lee
- Pernicious weeds
- Piece of paper
- Fractional money
- Issue
- Small, flat facet of a gem
- Sharp
- Man's nickname
- Fish
- Coils (Sved.)
- Love-apples
- Employ
- Watch pocket
- Goddess of peace
- Owing
- Burning coal
- Piece of furniture
- Units of work
- Top of a wave
- Body of water
- Kamf
- Warriors
- Mimicked
- Part of the mouth
- Judah

Yesterday's Answer

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation
VDN MAVD AB S ISVRAI SLN VDN
VLFJVNNI AB GAJVNLYRM-URLSNPR.
Yesterday's Cryptogram: BLEST IS THE BRIDE ON WHOM THE SUN DOTH SHINE—HERRICK.
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