DANCE
CRAPAUD HALL
THURSDAY, MAY 12
Music by
Don Messer's Orchestra
Sponsored by
Crapaud Athletic Club

DANCE
Sunnyside Ballroom
Every Mon., Wed., Sat.
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c
Meet your friends there tonight

ANNIVERSARY DANCE
For Dominion Civil Servants
THE CLOVER CLUB
MONDAY, MAY 16th
Dancing 9:30 to 1:00 Legionaire Band
For Reservations Phone 1995

NORTH RIVER POLL MEETING

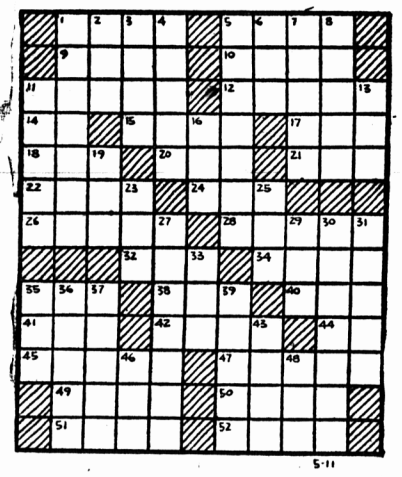
All Conservative supporters are cordially invited to a meeting of the North River Poll to be held at Charles Larter's, Hampshire, on Wednesday, May 11 at 8 p. m. for committee reorganization purposes.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. False
5. Of
9. River (N.E. Belgian Congo)
10. Capital (Peru)
11. Metal tag
12. Swiftly
14. King of Bashan (Bib.)
15. Dispatched
17. Garden tool
18. Twilled fabric
20. Decay
21. Feminine name
22. Same a czar
24. River bottom
26. Oil of roses petals
28. A competitor
32. One of Caroline Islands
34. Bestow
35. Distant
38. Seize
40. Witty saying
41. Wing
42. Mend, as a bone
44. Neuter pronoun
45. Sun
47. Bodies of water
49. Title of respect
50. Fencing sword
51. Garden amphibian
52. Feat

DOWN
1. Propose
2. Goddess of death (Norse)
3. Malt beverages
4. Measure of length
5. Praise unduly
6. Tear
7. City in Nebraska
8. City (Ga.)
11. Large artery of the heart
13. Even (poet.)
16. The head (slang)
19. Caress
23. Beam
25. Excavate
27. Irritated
29. Vitality
30. Shunned
31. People of Latvia
33. Kettle
35. Corpulent
36. Town (Belgium)
37. Proportion
39. Two-footed animal
43. A Buddhist shrine
46. Constellation
48. Born

Yesterday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L 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, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

'B N E F Z R D E R W N D Y F T W I P H D Q T P Z- J Z D P H G R F D E I Z Q B R D — I B O P T N.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES BLOW BETWEEN THE CROSSES, ROW ON ROW—McCRAE.

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(By Thornton W. Burgess)

The thoughtless all too often gain
Their ends by causing others pain.
—Old Mother Nature.

How many babies did the Little Brave One have? That is what Farmer Brown's boy called little Mrs. Timmy the Flying Squirrel because, although as frightened as it was possible for her to be, she still had dared to come so close to him that he could have touched her that she might rescue one of her precious babies from the home she felt was no longer safe for them. He knew she had taken three. She might have taken one or more before he had come along. He had moved away from the tall stub in which Mrs. Timmy had been living that she might not be so terrified as she had been when she had found him standing close to the tree and there was no other way for her to reach her babies.

He waited twice as long as he had had to wait before and still no sign of Mrs. Timmy. "She must have taken the last baby," he decided. "I would like to see what her nest is made of."

He went back to the tall stub and shinned up until he could reach the little doorway. It was too small for him to get his hand through, but the wood around it was rotted. With his knife he soon made it large enough. Then he thrust his hand in and pulled out the nest, a soft bed of inner bark shredded very fine. He dropped it to the ground and slid down after it. He started to pull the moss apart. His fingers touched something soft and warm and squirming.

"A baby Squirrel! There is another, after all!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy. "I must put it and the nest back in that hole. He picked the baby up and it cuddled in the warm hollow of his hand. Its eyes were not yet open but they would be in a day or two. It now was wearing the little fur coat without which it had been born. Gently Farmer Brown's boy stroked it with the tip of a finger. "I'll have to put it in my pocket while I climb back up to that hole," he thought. Then another thought came to him. What a lovely pet this little Squirrel would make! He looked for Mrs. Timmy but could see nothing of her.

"I guess your mother has forgotten you," said he, looking down at the baby. "She must have lost count or something. I've often wished I had a Flying Squirrel for a pet. I can feed you warm milk with a medicine dropped until you can eat solid food, and it won't be long before you can do that. You're almost big enough now. If your mother was anywhere around I would put you back up in that hole, but she isn't around and I can't put you back up there and leave you to perhaps starve to death. Perhaps your mother can't count and thinks she has all her babies. Or perhaps she was too frightened to come back."

Now all the time Farmer Brown's boy was planning what he would do with this wee Squirrel, and thinking that Mrs. Timmy had forgotten her last baby, she was the most worried little mother in all the Green Forest. She hadn't forgotten that baby. Nothing of the sort! She was tired, very, very tired. Three times she had made a long journey, each time carrying a baby weighing a fourth or more of her own weight. Supposing you had to climb a tree holding a baby by its clothes with your teeth and then from as high as you could get had to make a long jump to the foot of another tree and land on the trunk without hurting the baby, then had to do the same thing again before you could put that baby down. Just supposing that. Don't you think you would be tired? Well, that little Squirrel has done it three times, and she was tired, so tired that she just had to rest before going back for that last baby.

Then when she did start Redtail the Hawk spied her and swooped at her. She dodged around the trunk of a tree and clung there, flattening herself against the tree so that she seemed a part of it. Redtail perched in another tree and sat there a long time watching for her to move. And all the time she was thinking about that last baby and worrying about it. As long as Redtail sat watching she must stay just where she was. She was sure the three babies she had taken to a new home were safe, but what of that last baby all alone? You see she didn't know Farmer Brown's boy. To her he was a terrible two-legged giant. What was happening to that precious baby.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO SUSPICIOUS

Today's declarer lost his slam contract (which, incidentally, was somewhat optimistic) because he "looked a gift horse in the mouth."

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

North: ♠ A 10 5 ♥ A K 6 4 2 ♦ 7 2 ♣ Q 6 4
West: ♠ 6 ♥ J 9 7 5 ♦ J 8 4 3 ♣ 10 9 7 3
East: ♠ 8 7 2 ♥ Q 10 3 ♦ A K Q 10 6 5 ♣ K
South: ♠ K Q J 9 4 3 ♥ 8 ♦ 9 ♣ A J 8 5 2

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♥	3 ♦
4 ♣	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	5 ♦	6 ♠ (!)	Pass
Pass	Pass		

South was out of line when he bid four clubs over East's three diamonds. A rebid of the spade suit at this point would not have been open to criticism, considering South's excellent distribution, but the club bid announced greater top-card values than South could produce.

North deliberately took a very conservative course over partner's four clubs, but when West then showed a disposition to "save," North assumed, correctly, that the opponents had at least ten diamonds between them and that South, consequently, almost surely had a singleton or a void; hence, North now bid the slam.

West opened the diamond three. South ruffed the second round of the suit, cashed three trumps, ending in dummy, then led a low club. He took East's king, and, to find out whether East was "fooling," laid down the club jack. After that South was helpless—West simply had to discard properly to defeat the contract.

South was too suspicious about East's play of the club king! Actually, South should have maneuvered differently from the very start establishing dummy's heart suit by ruffs so that he could capitalize a favorable club position if it was present; but, even as the play went, South could have squeezed West out of the crucial trick by cashing two top hearts and ruffing a third round, then cashing the last trump. West would have to give up his club stopper or his heart stopper.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fur Breeders' Association will be held at Birch Court, Charlottetown, at 1:30 o'clock on Tuesday, May 31st. Full attendance of members is requested.

This meeting will recommend the appointment of Directors from this Province to the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association.

J. H. MacPHAIL, President. W. R. SHAW, Secretary.

LI'L ABNER — By AL CAPP

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

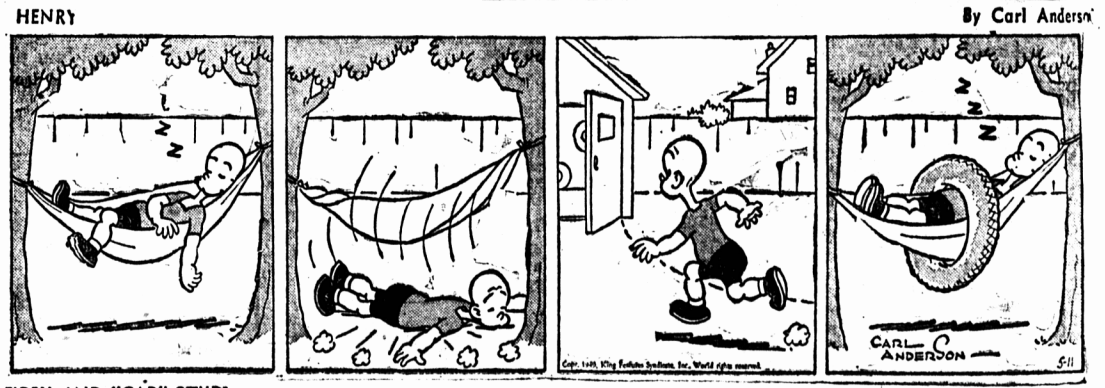
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBL — By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Westover

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen