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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

ALTOGETHER NEW

Strange though it seems you'll find true
The oldest things at times are new.
—Old Mother Nature.

One end of Farmer Brown's garden is only a little way from the edge of the Green Forest. There was a narrow open strip of grass, a fence with bushes along both sides, an old road, and then the Green Forest. Polly Chuck left the garden, and ran across the open strip in among the bushes along the fence. Johnny Chuck limped after her as fast as he could. He was lame and very sore for he had been in a fight.



"Where are you going, my dear?" he asked anxiously.
"Home," repeated Polly. She slipped under the fence, through the bushes on the other side of the edge of the road. She looked up the road. She looked down the road. She ran across, and she ran fast. In the edge of the Green Forest she stopped and turned to see if Johnny was following her.
He was. He did just what she had done. He looked up the road. He looked down the road. Then he

limped across surprisingly fast. "Wh—wh—where you going?" he panted just as if he hadn't heard her before.
"Home," repeated Polly Chuck. "But—but—" began Johnny and stopped.
"But what?" asked Polly. She spoke a little sharply.
"This is the Green Forest," protested Johnny.
"What of it?" demanded Polly. "You are going home," replied Johnny.
"So I am," retorted Polly. "You—you mean you are living in the Green Forest?" exclaimed Johnny.
Polly nodded. "Of course. What else could I mean?" said she. "But you can't be!" cried Johnny.

"What's the reason I can't? I lived over here all winter," retorted Polly Chuck.
That reminded Johnny how ever since he had awakened from his long winter sleep he had hunted everywhere for Polly and until this morning hadn't found a trace of her. He had gone to bed in the fall before she did and when she got ready to go to sleep for the winter she hadn't join him in his home on the Green Meadows but had dug a new home for herself he didn't know where. He had looked everywhere but in the Green Forest. It hadn't entered his head to look in the Green Forest. He never had been beyond the edge of the Green Forest. The Green Meadows, the Old Pasture or the Old Orchard were all right for a Woodchuck, but not the Green Forest. Anyway that is how he felt about it.

Polly Chuck started on. Of course Johnny followed. She didn't go far. Just a little way in was a great rock, a very great rock partly buried in the ground. It was flat on top. Close to it on one side were three or four other stones. They were much smaller, but still big. Between these, and leading down under the great rock, was the entrance to Polly Chuck's home.

"Here we are. What do you think of it?" cried Polly.
Johnny admitted that it looked good. The truth is, it was one of the best homes he ever had laid eyes on. No one bigger than a Chuck could possibly get through that doorway. It just couldn't be done. What is more, no one could dig it any bigger because of those big stones. Not even great big Buster Bear could pull those stones away.
"Well, what do you think of it?" repeatedly, Polly Chuck a bit impatiently.
"I don't know," confessed Johnny Chuck. And he didn't. A home in the Green Forest was so altogether new to him that he really didn't know what he thought of it.

West's four-spade bid was inexcusable, particularly since East had opened with a preemptive bid in diamonds, but, as it happened, this same spade bid might have had an excellent result, because East's double of six hearts was intended as a demand for a spade lead. West, however, could not read the message—it was certainly obscure—and actually opened his singleton diamond.

South took the first trick with the diamond ace—and he was not "happy". Even if he could establish dummy's club suit with one ruff, how could he get back to cash the good clubs?

A few moments' thought, however, put a different face on the matter, and South then proceeded to give the opponents a lesson in technique! He drew the outstanding trumps, discarding two diamonds and one club from dummy, then led to the club king and cashed the club ace. It was South's discard on this latter trick which put the enemy to rout: He threw off the spade king! Now he ruffed a club, and to his pleasure, found that the suit had broken 3-3. With the stage perfectly set, and the position of the cards all around the table virtually marked by the bidding, South now cashed the spade ace and led the spade four toward dummy's jack-six!

It is easy to see that West could not have saved himself! After he had taken the trick with the spade queen, he had nothing but spades to return, and dummy's jack became the entry to the established clubs.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

LOOK TWICE!

At first glance, South's slam contract in the following deal seems hopeless—but readers are invited to take a second look! Contract: six hearts doubled; opening lead by West: diamond six.

East Dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ J 6 5
♥ 4
♦ A K 6 5 4 2
♣ 10 9 8 8

♠ 10 9 7 5
♥ 5 2
♦ 6
♣ J 9 8

West Dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ A K 4
♥ A K Q J 8 6
♦ A 9 2
♣ 7

The bidding:
East 3♣ South 4♣ West 4♠ North 5♣
Pass 6♣ Pass Pass
Dblc. Pass Pass Pass

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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Bind tightly (naut.)
- Agreement
- Strength
- Conscious
- Illuminates
- One who lies
- King of Bashan (Bib.)
- Engrave with acid
- Narrow inlet (geol.)
- A wit
- Hollies
- Kind of boy's jacket
- Honey-gathering insect
- To tie again
- A bondsman
- Tablet
- Material for supplying a fire
- A wooden golf club
- Isthmus in Asia
- Not strict
- Sallors
- Note in the scale
- Among
- Glossy surfaced cotton fabric
- Flower
- Potato (dial.)
- Plant ovule
- Verbal

DOWN

- Fast, three-masted war vessel
- Large roofing slate
- Dull pain
- Trifling
- Father
- Hole-piercing tool
- Capital (Egypt.)
- Retinue
- Device to produce air currents
- Epochs
- Crust on a wound
- Shades of colors
- Obtained
- Stolen property
- Pinches
- The Orient
- Extinct diving bird
- Gilded metal
- "The lily maid of Astolat"
- Portuguese navigator
- Beat like a kid
- Crust on a branch (Biol.)
- Belonging to the axis
- Muse of lyric poetry
- Asterisk
- Perish
- Greek letter
- Faid (abbr.)

Yesterday's Answer

37. Belonging to the axis
38. Muse of lyric poetry
42. Asterisk
45. Perish
47. Greek letter
49. Faid (abbr.)

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
I S 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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

M S D E S D U L D J D H V W D E M N E B D G T
V G K L E S X B G J C N A H V G K L E S V S N K D
- K N E N L B N C

Yesterday's Cryptogram: OR RATHER LET ME LOVE THAN BE IN LOVE—OVERBURY.

LFL ABNER

THIS ORRIBLE GLUE, WHICH I UGH—GOT ON ME AND MYKES ME GRIP ON THE ATPIN ALL THE FIRMER, H'INSPECTOR!!

IT WASN'T SYFE TO DO YOU IN BACK OME, H'INSPECTOR—AND SO I'M DOING YOU IN ERE—AND NOW!!

WHILE THEM LOVEBIRDS IS MAKIN' BOOTIFUL MOOSIC TOGETHER IN TH' NEXT ROOM, AM I GOT ANOTHER PEECE O' TH' PITCHER O' TH' KNEECAP AH LOVES!! SIGH!!

AM I KIN ALMOST FEEL CUPID'S ARROW PLUGGIN' INTO MAH HEART—OUCH!!

RIP KIRBY

AMAZING! WHY DOES AN INTELLECTUAL WEEKLY PUBLISH SUCH TRIPES AS A LONELY HEARTS COLUMN?

CH—IT'S AMUSING TO READ... AND I SUPPOSE IT DOES NO REAL HARM...

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, HENRY! THIS SORT OF THING CAN LEAD TO BROKEN HEARTS, BROKEN HOMES, BLACKMAIL—AND EVEN WORSE!

READ YOUR NEWSPAPER! ONLY RECENTLY ANOTHER "LONELY HEARTS" WAS CONTACTED OF THESE MURDERS! ALL WERE WELL-TO-DO WOMEN LURED THROUGH LONELY HEARTS CORRESPONDENCE!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Zane Grey

QUICK... REACH KING'S GUN!

THIS TIME WE SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE GIVES US MORE TROUBLE!

HERE IT IS, BLAQUARD!

LET US OUT OF HERE, VANDA. THAT FEND IS GONNA MURDER KING!

C... CAN'T REACH... LOCK...

JOH PALOOKA

by Ham Fisher

THAN K'VA VURRY MUCH, I'LL HAF TA BE GOIN' NOW.

HOWRE VA FEELIN' MISTER LEEZY?

ME HEADS BUSTIN' WIDE OPEN. LE'S GO HOME.

I SEEN MISTER HERBERT. HE GAVE ME A LOTTA NFERMASHUN. HE'S A FURRINER, BUT I UNDERSTOOD IM VERY FRIENDLY AN' ENTERTAININ' TOO.

THAT'S GOOD. ON BOY, WOTTA HEADACHE I GOT FROM BUMPIN' THAT SCENERY!

HENRY

by Carl Anderson

BOP!

DOTTY DIPPLE

by Buford

WORSE! I'LL WASH THE DISHES TONIGHT—HERE'S YOUR PIPE AND CLIPPERS!

I WANT YOU TO JUST SIT AND RELAX!

GULP—DOTTY'S BIRTHDAY IS A LONG WAY OFF—SO IS OUR ANNIVERSARY—WONDER WHAT I'VE SLIPPED UP ON?!

JUST SIT AND RELAX, SHE SAYS!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

by Edwina

WE'D BETTER TAKE MRS. KELKES' MAIL TOO—SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP AN' GET IN TH' DINING ROOM ON TIME—

OUR FRIEND WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE.

MY LAND! A LETTER FROM MARY AN' CAP AN' MR. BUDGE!

I'VE BEEN WORRIED 'BOUT HOW THEY GOT HOME AFTER LEAVIN' US—SUCH A LONG RIDE—HELLO, GIRLS—HERE I AM!

BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManus

I HAVEN'T SEEN CASEY IN MONTHS—WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

OH! YOU KNOW—NO ONE LIKES HIM—SO HE DOESN'T COME AROUND—NO ONE IN HIS BLOCK EVEN SPEAKS TO HIM—HE HASN'T A FRIEND—I GUESS—

POOR OLD GUY—I'LL CALL ON HIM—HE CAN'T BE THAT BAD—I USED TO LIKE HIM!

WHAT'S GON' ON IN CASEY'S HOUSE? IS IT A FIGHT?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? HE JUST WON A TELEVISION SET—THE ONLY ONE IN THE BLOCK!

I WANNA SEE COWBOYS!

TILLIE THE TOILER

by Westover

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO DO IT, TILLIE, WE'LL HAVE TO ASK MAC NILES AND CUMMINGS TO COME BACK TO WORK.

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD, MR SIMPKINS. THEY DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT.

I KNOW HOW TO SOLVE THAT—I'LL WORK THEM SO HARD THEY WON'T HAVE TIME TO FIGHT.

WHAT IF THEY FIGHT SO HARD THEY WON'T HAVE TIME TO WORK?

PENNY

by Merry Robinson

BETTER HANG UP, PENNY, YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL.

HEAVENS, MOTHER, I'M NOT A MERE CHILD!

IT'S GETTING LATE—ARE YOU KEEPING TRACK OF THE TIME?

OF COURSE I'M KEEPING TRACK OF THE TIME I MEAN, NATURALLY.

UH—WHAT TIME IS IT?