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Two trains are now being operated between Moncton and Charlottetown, daily except Sunday.

From Moncton Train No. 40 leaves there at 11:10 a.m., arriving Charlottetown 6:10 p.m. (Summerside 5:50 p.m.), and Train No. 42 leaves Moncton at 4:40 p.m., arriving Charlottetown 10:30 p.m. (Summerside 10:15 p.m.)

In the opposite direction Train No. 39 leaves Charlottetown at 7:00 a.m. (Summerside 7:15 a.m.), arriving Moncton 1:25 p.m., and Train No. 41 leaves Charlottetown at 2:10 p.m. (Summerside 1:45 p.m.), arriving Moncton 8:25 p.m.

A through sleeping car is in operation between Montreal and Charlottetown, leaving Montreal on "The Scotian," Train No. 60, at 8:15 p.m. (Moncton, Train No. 45, at 4:40 p.m.), and leaving Charlottetown on Train No. 39 at 7:00 a.m. (Moncton, on "The Scotian," Train No. 59, at 2:15 p.m.)

(All Times Atlantic Standard)

CANADIAN NATIONAL

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Love almost always means a change to ways that are completely strange. — Old Mother Nature.

There is no doubt whatever that what Old Mother Nature says about love is true. She has seen it happen over and over again. Love never leaves things just as they are, but changes them in many and often strange ways. Nothing is ever just the same.

Young Coyote was finding this out. He had fallen in love with a young Prairie Wolf of about his own age. It had been love at first sight on the part of both of them. She was smaller than he, as trim and dainty a young Coyote as ever chased a Jack Rabbit on the Great prairie. She had been called Swiftly ever since she began running about because her slim legs took her over the ground so fast. Like Young Coyote she had started out alone to find a place for herself in the Great World, and him singing to the stars she had been completely satisfied to be alone just as he had been. Now in a single night all had changed. Neither wanted to be alone. They would go through life together and even before, Young Coyote had never given thought of anyone but himself. He had been completely selfish. When he had started out in the Great World he had been alone. There was no one to think of him and no one but himself for him to think of. He went where he pleased, when he pleased. He asked no favors of anyone. He was satisfied with his way of life and completely happy, or so he thought.

It was much the same with Miss Swiftly after she left home. She was quite capable of looking out for herself and did so. She asked no favors of anyone and received none. She came and went as she pleased. She did what she pleased. She was independent and completely satisfied with her way of living.

Now all this was completely changed for both of them. Neither wanted to be alone any more. Where one went the other went. They romped and raced and played together, for they were young and filled with the joy of living. They hunted together. Life for both was very different from what it had been.

Young Coyote was no longer wholly selfish, thinking only of himself. He became as unselfish as he had been selfish. The food he found or caught he shared with her, or gave all of it to her if she had been unsuccessful in hunting. He did it because he wanted to. He liked doing it.

Swiftly on her part liked it too. She who had been so independent liked such attention. She liked having food brought to her. It wasn't that she had become lazy. She hadn't. She was a good hunter, a smart one, and most of the time she caught her own food. But now and then there would be times when food was scarce and she had no success in finding a good dinner. Then it was wonderfully nice to have something brought to her. It was nice to be thought of. It always is with everybody.

So together they wandered over the Great Prairie, hunting when they were hungry, curling up side by side for naps, taking sun baths and dust baths together. All the time they were doing something they didn't know they were doing. They were looking for just the right place to make a home, a place where they could settle down with good hunting that they would not have to share with other Coyotes.

In time they found an old Badger hole. The hunting in that neighborhood was good. They decided to stay there for a while. They dug the old Badger hole larger and longer. Without knowing it they had found the home they had been looking for without knowing they were lucky. Life sometime is like that. Life was different, very different, for both of them from what it had been before Swiftly had listened to Young Coyote singing to the stars. They called it singing anyway, and probably it was though in some ears it might sound like howling. Both had lost some of their independence, yet both were happier for it. Love is like that. It changes life completely and usually for the better.

The next story: "Swiftly's Smart Trick."

King of The Royal Mounted
 by Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA

HENRY
 By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DRIPPLE
 By Bufon

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB
 By Edwin

BRINGING UP FATHER
 By George McManus

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QUICKIES BY KEN EYNOLDS

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