

# Save Money on Meals!

**5¢**  
Buys **FOUR**  
Delicious  
**AUNT JENIMA**  
Pancakes!

Try This Grand  
**LUNCH or SUPPER**  
**TREAT!**

PANCAKES OR BUCKWHEATS  
Regular Size or 3 1/2 lb. ECONOMY Bag

Good for You... DIGESTIBLE AS TOAST!

# Meyers Studios

COAST TO COAST

## SPECIAL Christmas Portrait Offer

This year do your shopping this easy way and give the gift that only YOU can give—YOUR PORTRAIT.

We are pleased to announce that we have a special offer on all re-orders of Portraits taken in our studio during the past year. This offer entitles you to a

**BEAUTIFUL "8x10" PORTRAIT FREE**

with every order of a half dozen or more photographs.

You may have your order finished from two different proofs without extra charge, providing they are from the same sitting.

We request that you place your orders early.

**BEAUTIFUL "8 x 10" PORTRAIT FREE  
WITH EVERY ORDER OF A HALF DOZEN OR  
MORE PHOTOGRAPHS**

### MEYERS STUDIOS

# Vocational School

Those young people of the Province who have applied for the course in Bricklaying and Plastering are hereby notified that this course will begin on Thursday, December 1st.

There is still room in this course for others who may be interested. Applications should be sent without delay to the Director of the Vocational School since the number of students in this course will be limited to 10.

Also beginning on December 1st, will be a course in Practical Electricity. This course will include Electrical theory, house wiring, motor wiring and other practical elements. This course will be of six month's duration. Students taking the above course can be granted two year's credit on their electrical apprenticeship. Applications should be made as soon as possible to Ralph MacLean, Director of the Vocational School.

## Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

NOV. 1st to NOV. 30th

Leave Wood Islands—	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning		
Leave Caribou—	8 a.m.	1 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Prince Nova		

L'I'L ABNER

THAT'S A VARIETY SUPPLY O' LAND IN THIS LAD—NOT 'T MENSUN! OH, SHE—SHE DON'T WANTA WOO ME— SHE WANTA 'T CHEW ME!"

AH, COVES COMFORT MORE N' ANYTHING!

OH, SHE—SHE DON'T WANTA WOO ME— SHE WANTA 'T CHEW ME!"

RIP KIRBY

FOR ASSAULTIN' A CITIZEN AND REFUSIN' TO TELL WHY THIS COURT SENTENCES YOU, JOE BOWDY, TO....

COME BACK HERE, KID! GRAB 'ER, SOMEBODY!

ANOTHER INTERFERIN' FEMALE! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOIN' TO TELL ME YOURS, TEACHER, AND YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS CASE!

OH, NO, SIR! I'W TOO YOUNG TO BE A TEACHER YET... BUT I DO KNOW EVERYTHIN' ABOUT THIS CASE BECAUSE I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE IT ALL HAPPENED BECAUSE OF ME!

By Alex Raymond

## King of The Royal Mounted

by Zane Grey

WHOOA, BOY!

MEGGS! ARE YOU THERE?

I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER, MEGGS!

KING-KING! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! D-DOCK HIM, TE WAVE GOIN' TO KILL ME!

JOE PALOOKA

THE HEARING IS HELD IN THE JUDGE'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS. ARGUMENTS HAVE BEEN HEARD FOR AN HOUR, AND SUDDENLY THE NICELY SILENT INTERRUPT.

HE'S A PSYCHOPATHIC CASE! HE HAS NO RIGHT TO THAT POOR DEAR CHILD!

UGH!

G'WAN...YER, BOTH NUTS?

IF THERE IS ANY MORE TALKING OUT OF TURN I'LL HOLD YOU IN CONTEMPT OF COURT! PROCEED, MR. WEGMAN.

YOUR HONOR, I AGAN MAKE A MOTION FOR AN ADJOURNMENT.

THIS HEARING WILL BE ADJOURNED PENDING AN INVESTIGATION WHICH I SHALL NOW DIRECT TO BE MADE.

By Mam Fish

HENRY

C'MON - HENRY - DIVVY UP!

ICE CREAM

By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DRIPPLE

COULD YOU SPARE A HUNGRY MAN SOME BREAKFAST?

I GUESS SO-- COME IN!

HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT?

I DON'T SEE WHAT GOT HIM SO MAD-- A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE BREAKFAST IN BED!

By Buford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB

TWO DOLLARS? WILL THAT COVER OVERHEAD MATERIALS EVERYTHING TO LAUNCH YOUR NEW BUSINESS??

YESSIR!

DON'T LOOK AT ME!! I WILL NOT GIVE ANY TWO DOLLARS--

FOR SUCH NONSENSE!

HUMMM!

WELL, YOU COULD, PERHAPS, NEGOTIATE A LOAN!!-- HAVE YOU ANY COLLATERAL FOR SECURITY?

HUH?

By Edwii

BRINGING UP FATHER

YES--MY BROTHER BRAWN IS HERE-- BUT HE CAN'T BE DISTURBED-- HE IS TAKING A SIE--STA-- THE DARLING BOY--

SO THAT LOAFER'S IN THE HOUSE AGAIN-- WELL-- I'LL ATTEND TO HIM!

I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE! DON'T YOU DARE!

I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE A CONSCIENCE!

By George McManis

TILLIE THE TOILER

HOW MANY SPIRIT BOARDS HAVE YOU GOT IN STOCK?

OH, ABOUT 250.

WELL, WE'LL TAKE THEM ALL-- DELIVER THEM TO SIMPKINS & CO.

O.K., LADY, IF YOU SAY SO! BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT ANYBODY WOULD WANT WITH 250 SPIRIT BOARDS!

I CAN THINK OF LOTS OF THINGS TO DO WITH THEM!

By Westvye

PENNY

NO WONDER YOU FEEL SO AWFUL, EDORA...

YOU REALLY SHOULD SIMPLY NEVER TREAT YOUR FATHER SO BADLY!

AROUND HERE WE ALWAYS MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT....

IS MAKE FATHER FEEL JUST LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY?

By Harry Hoanigen

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Bob White's Thanksgiving  
For just the day if nothing more there's something to be thankful for.  
—Bob White.

Bob White and Mrs. Bob believe in large families and they believe that a family should be kept together as long as possible. In fact they differ from most of their neighbors. From the time the babies can leave the nest, which is almost as soon as they are hatched, through the long summer, through the long fall, through the longer winter until in the spring they are fully grown and ready and eager to have families of their own, they stay together with father and mother. The family is called a flock.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Bob and their flock were feeding on a farm next to the farm of Farmer Brown who allowed no shooting on his land. All the wild folk, especially those whom gunners hunt, know that they are safe there. How do they know? Perhaps because they have found it out by experience themselves or perhaps by seeing others safe there.

But hunting was allowed on that

next farm where Bob White and his flock were feeding. So when Bob discovered a hunter and his dog coming their way he gave the alarm before the hunter was near enough to shoot. With a roar of many swift wings the flock was in the air and scattering widely as they had long since learned to do, but every one was headed for some part of Farmer Brown's land. So it was that Bob White had reached the Old Briar-patch alone. He didn't know where any of the others were and none of them knew where any one else was.

Twice a dreadful gun went bang! bang! The sound came from near where the flock had been feeding. Could it be that some hadn't flown in the right direction? Or hadn't flown far enough? Peter Rabbit wondered. Mrs. Peter wondered. If he did he didn't show it. After what seemed a very long time to Peter, Bob whistled. He didn't whistle his name as he sometimes does. This was a special whistle, a call. After he had whistled, Peter and Mrs. Peter listened too. In a moment there was an answering whistle.

"That's Mrs. Bob. She is up in the Old Pasture. I thought she went that way," said Bob. He whistled again. His call was answered from another part of the Old Pasture and at the same time from over in Farmer Brown's cornfield where some of the corn was standing in brown shocks.

The next time Bob whistled three more replies came from as many directions. It was clear that the family was widely scattered. Peter said so.

"They should be. They were taught that from the time they began to fly," said Bob White, then added, "Here comes Mrs. Bob now."

Sure enough, coming on swift wings from the Old Pasture was a plump, brown bird who lighted in the grass just outside the Old Briar-patch. It was Mrs. Bob. A soft cluck from Bob told her where he was, and she slipped in under the brambles to join him.

Bob's special call was what is called the rally call. To rally means to gather together. One by one the scattered members of the flock appeared at the edge of the Old Briar-patch, clucking softly in answer to the soft clucks of Bob and Mrs. Bob, then creeping in to join them. Mrs. Bob fussed around among them making sure that all were there. Of course she had heard that gun back where they had all been feeding and she was making sure that none of her family had been hurt. None had, and she must have been some other Quail that we didn't know of," said Bob. That was a good guess. There had been another flock not far from where they had been, a small flock. It was at some of this flock the hunter with the dreadful gun had shot.

"We're all safe," said Mrs. Bob with a little sigh of relief. "I'm thankful for that," said Bob. They all were.

## Junior League Dance

AT CLOVER CLUB  
FRIDAY, NOV. 25

Tickets may be obtained from Junior League members. No tickets sold at door.

By AL CAPP