

WHOLESALE

GROCERS; CONFECTIONERS; STATIONERS

Closing
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY,
FRIDAY

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON OF
OLD HOME WEEK

LIVE POULTRY

LOADING HEAVY LIVE
CHICKEN and CAPONS
FOR U. S. A. MARKET
MONDAY, AUG. 15th

For Trucking Service, contact D. A. McDonald, Glenfinnan, or Smith Bros., Pownal, Phone No. 1.

ISLAND CHICK HATCHERY

BOX 192 PHONE 780-J

ATTENTION SHEEPMEN!

TO OBTAIN HIGHEST RETURNS MARKET YOUR LAMBS WHILE THE TOURIST SEASON IS ON. DESIRABLE HOME WEIGHTS ARE 85 TO 100 LBS.

PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENTS OF AGRICULTURE PAY WORTHWHILE PREMIUMS FOR A1 AND B1 EWES AND WETHER LAMBS SOLD "RAIL GRADE"

For further information consult your Agricultural Representative.

This Ad. inserted by
THE MARITIME LIVESTOCK MARKETING
COMMITTEE
P. O. BOX 310, MONCTON, N. B.

ISLAND MOTOR TRANSPORT LTD. BUS SCHEDULES

FOR OLD HOME WEEK
AUGUST 16th - 19th 1949

All regular schedules will be operated during this week; also North Shore Beach.

NORTH SHORE BEACH:
Lv. Charlottetown 1:15 p.m. and 6:15 p.m.
Lv. Summerside 1:00 p.m. and 6:15 p.m.

LAST WESTERN TRIP:
Lv. Charlottetown at 9:15 p.m.—this trip will operate to Summerside and Tignish from Tuesday to Saturday.

LAST EASTERN TRIP:
Lv. Charlottetown at 9:15 p.m.—this trip will operate to Elmira and North Lake from Tuesday to Saturday.

WOOD ISLANDS:
5:00 p.m. trip to Wood Islands, Murray Harbour and Murray River held over until 6:15 p.m. from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive.

BORDEN via BONSHAW:
3:15 p.m. trip via Bonshaw to Borden and Summerside held over until 6:30 p.m. from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

It never seems when skies are clear a thunderbolt may still be near. Mrs. Pronghorn. That is because thunderbolts come so swiftly, so wholly unexpected, that it often seems as if they come from a clear sky. Of course they never do. Thunderbolt the Golden Eagle, owl cousin the King Eagle, he of the white head and the white tail, got his name from the sudden and unexpected way in which he often seemingly falls from a clear sky to catch some heedless or careless furred or feathered person who has forgotten to watch above for danger. A thunderbolt is, as you know, a bolt of lightning with a clap of thunder at the same time. Thunderbolt the Golden Eagle is like this in the suddenness of his appearance. The sound of his great wings as he checks himself just before he would strike the ground must be as fresh as the thunder to a frightened mouse or other small person he is after.

Thunderbolt lives on the High Mountain beyond the Great Prairie in the West. It is higher, much higher, than the Big Mountain of the East where his cousin King Eagle, makes his home. In his way of life the two cousins

are much alike. They are eaters of meat, but they are not fussy about what they eat. They are mighty hunters, but they kill only for food. If they can find meat some one else has killed and not eaten they are just as well satisfied, perhaps a little better.

It saves them a lot of trouble. But Thunderbolt had found no food of this kind lately and was obliged to hunt if he would live, and of course he wanted to do it the easy way. He and Mrs. Thunderbolt had to hunt for and catch all they ate. Sometimes they had plenty and sometimes they went hungry more than was comfortable.

Now all Eagles have wonderful far-seeing eyes. It is as if they have twin telescopes for eyes. They can see things clearly at great distances than most other folks can.

From his favorite perch on a cliff of the High Mountain Thunderbolt looked far out over the Great Prairie. He was trying to make up his mind which way to go to look for a dinner. He was hungry. Far, far away on the Great Prairie where it and the sky seemed to meet, so far that had you or I been in his place we wouldn't have seen it at all, he saw clearly a white flash. Then he saw another and still another.

"Antelope," said Thunderbolt to Mrs. Thunderbolt. "What of it? We see them every day," replied Mrs. Thunderbolt without interest. She didn't even look in that direction.

Thunderbolt sat a little straighter if that were possible. In his usually fierce-looking eyes was a sudden look of interest. "Look, my dear! Do you see what I see?" he exclaimed.

"How should I know what you see?" Mrs. Thunderbolt retorted somewhat crossly. Hunger often makes folks cross. She was hungry and she would find something to eat.

"There are some teeny weeny flashes with those big ones. You know what that means, my dear. Of course you do," said Thunderbolt. Now Mrs. Thunderbolt looked. She looked as eagerly as he did. Sure enough there were some large white flashes and some very small ones. "Babes!" exclaimed Mrs. Thunderbolt. "Baby Antelopes as I live!"

"Right, my dear! Quite right! Do you know of any better dinner than a young Antelope?" replied Thunderbolt.

"You've got one there," replied Mrs. Thunderbolt. "What makes you so sure of that?" asked Thunderbolt. He lifted his wings a little, making ready to take off.

"There are two many mothers there," replied Mrs. Thunderbolt, shaking her head. "Where are you going just to look them over?" replied Thunderbolt, beginning to circle. He went up and up and up until he was but a speck in the sky again. Mrs. Thunderbolt shook her head. "It won't do him any good," she muttered.

SOUTHAMPTON, Eng.—(CP)—Southampton Council and the Civil Aviation Ministry, which is buying Southampton Airport, have agreed on the selling price. The figure is thought to be approximately £200,000 (\$800,000).

BORROWED TIMEPIECE
The Greeks adopted the use of the sun-dial from the Babylonians.

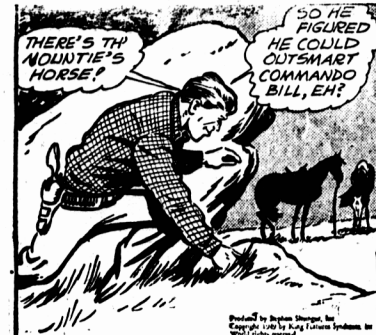
REGULAR DANCE
WINSLOW STATION HALL
FRIDAY, AUG. 12th

Eastern Rhythm Boys Orchestra
Dancing 9:30 to 12:30

ADMISSION 50c
Canteen Service
Bus Leaves I.M.T. 9:15 & 10

By AL CAPP

King of The Royal Mounted



JOE PALOOKA



JOE PALOOKA



JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



HENRY



HENRY



DOTTY DRIPPLE



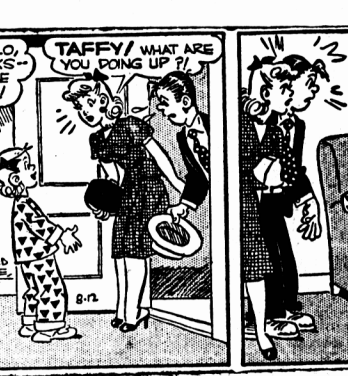
DOTTY DRIPPLE



DOTTY DRIPPLE



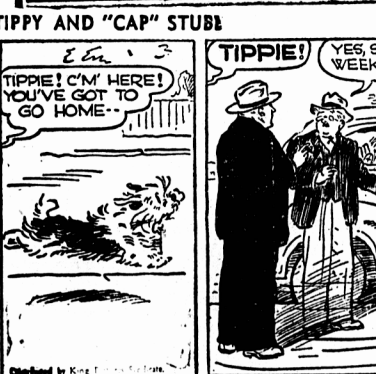
TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBB



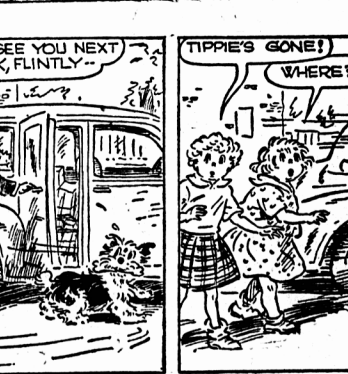
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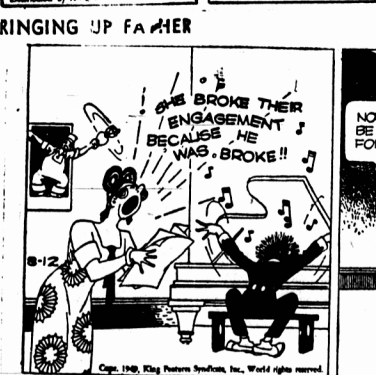
BRINGING UP FATHER



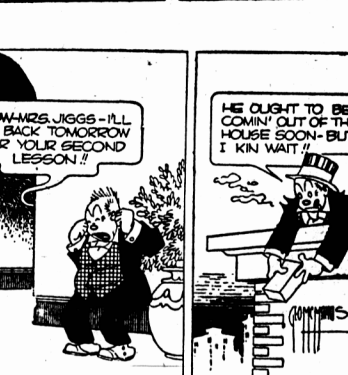
BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLIE THE TOILER



TILLIE THE TOILER



TILLIE THE TOILER



RIP KIRBY



RIP KIRBY



RIP KIRBY



PENNY



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