

L. O. A. L. O. B. A.

The R. W. Grand Orange Lodge of P. E. Island will meet in annual session in Prince Arthur Lodgeroom, Crapaud, Wednesday, May 11th, 1949, at 10:30 A.M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of the L. O. B. A. of P. E. Island, will meet in the Masonic Hall, Crapaud, Wednesday, May 11th, 1949, at 10:30 A.M.

J. A. MURRAY,
Grand Secretary, L. O. A.
MRS. ANNIE DARRACH,
Grand Secretary, L. O. B. A.

SHORTHORN ASSOCIATION MEETING

The annual meeting will be held on Saturday, May 7th, at 8 P.M. in the City Building at Charlottetown. All members and others interested in the Breed are asked to be present. Plans will be finalized concerning the holding of a Regional Show, the purchase of sires, bonuses to new breeders, aid to Calf Clubs, and the program for 1949.

R. R. BELL, K.C. President
STIRLING WOOD, Secretary

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Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

The Connecting Link Between
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA
will open on Sunday, May 1st, 1949—STANDARD TIME
Schedule for the present:—

"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands	8 A.M.	1 P.M.
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou	11 A.M.	5 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou	8 A.M.	1 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands	11 A.M.	5 P.M.

For daily information, listen to CFCY at 8 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY—STANDARD TIME

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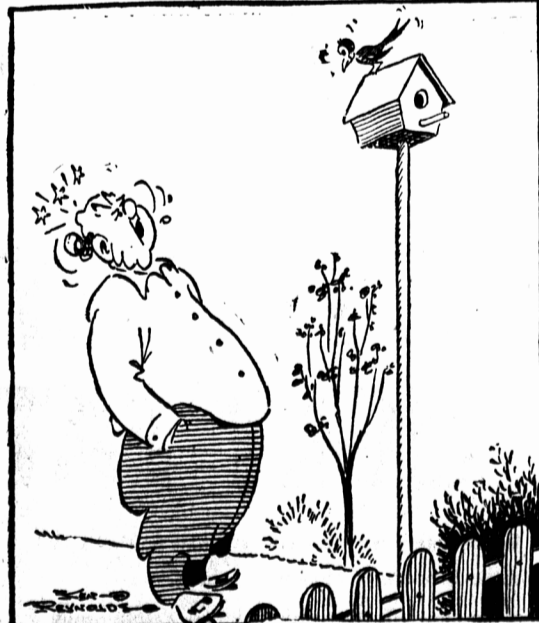
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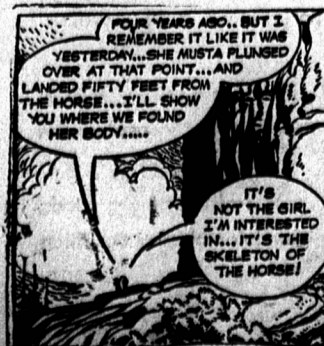
Fennell & Chandler Ltd. Charlottetown
McGuigan & Boyle Hunter River
Keuben Tuplin Co. Kensington
Wm. Burns Malpeque

QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS



"Do you happen to know the 'little bird' that told my wife about the secretary I hired with a Guardian Want Ad?"

RIP KIRBY



BY Alex Raymond

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Sometimes a father's in the way. At least that's what some mothers say. — Peter Rabbit.

"If Mrs. Timmy is living in that old house of Drummer the Woodpecker don't you ever visit her there?" asked Peter Rabbit. Little Timmy the Flying Squirrel shook his head. "No," said he in the most matter of fact tone. It was the evening after Peter had by accident found out where Mrs. Timmy was living.

"Why not? Don't you visit her at all?" persisted Peter.

"Why should I? She doesn't want me. To the last time I tried it she drove me away. She doesn't want me around. And I don't want to go where I'm not wanted. It always is that way when she has babies to look after. I guess fathers don't count much when babies are little. But that suits me. I can do as I please as long as I keep away and don't bother the babies and their mother," explained Timmy.

"How many?" asked Peter.

"How many what?" asked Timmy. He was thinking of something else, wondering if in a certain nest he knew of there were any eggs yet. Like his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Timmy the Flying Squirrel has a liking for eggs. It is a taste that all Squirrels, Rats and Mice share. But so do humans, so we cannot blame them, can we?

"Babies," replied Peter. "How many babies has Mrs. Timmy?"

"How should I know? I've never seen them," retorted Timmy. He didn't sound as if he was even interested in knowing how many babies there were.

"Are you telling me that you don't know how many babies you have?" cried Peter.

Timmy chuckled. It was a rather squeaky chuckle. "I haven't any. Mrs. Timmy has them," said



"What kind of a father are you, anyway?" cried Peter

"You know what I mean. You are their father. The idea of not knowing how many babies you have. What kind of a father are you, anyway?" cried Peter.

"The same kind as you, Peter, and a lot of other fathers we know. When Mrs. Peter has babies do you ever know how many there are?" retorted Timmy.

Peter hesitated. He looked as if he felt a little foolish. "I do when they begin to run about," said he.

"I should hope so. I'll know how many I have when they are old enough and big enough to come out. But you don't know how many you have until they are out of their nest, do you?" replied Timmy.

Peter was honest. "No, I don't," he admitted.

"And my guess is that you don't even know where they are," added the pretty little Squirrel with the big eyes and soft fur.

"I guess I could find them if I wanted to look for them," declared Peter. He didn't want to admit that he never yet had found them.

"Well, I know where mine are, but I am just as well pleased that I'm not wanted around. I'll be on hand to show the youngsters some tricks in jumping and gliding when they are big enough to take lessons. But I don't want anything to do with them now. I would hate to be tied down the way their mother is. She leaves them hardly long enough to get enough to eat. I couldn't stand it. No, sir, I couldn't stand it. So I keep away. Their mother can do the work of taking care of them and the worrying. I can do as I please and do," said Timmy.

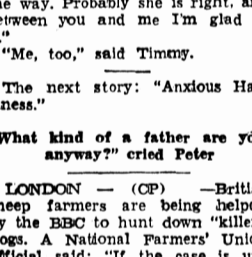
That sounds selfish, doesn't it? But it didn't sound that way to Peter. You see he felt just the same way. "The care of little babies is their mother's affair. I guess old Mother Nature meant it to be that way, and it suits me," said he. "Mrs. Peter says I would be in the way. Probably she is right, and between you and me I'm glad of it."

"Me, too," said Timmy.

The next story: "Anxious Happiness."

"What kind of a father are you, anyway?" cried Peter

LONDON — (CP) — British sheep farmers are being helped by the BBC to hunt down "killer" dogs. A National Farmers' Union official said: "If the case is urgent, programs will be interrupted to send warnings to farmers in the district that there is a 'killer' abroad."



Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., third son of the late president, is shown at his New York office. First of the family to seek elective office, he will be a candidate to succeed the late Rep. Sol Bloom who died recently. Now 35 years old, F. D. R., Jr., is regarded as natural political timber by observers because of his name and his resemblance to his father. He is not a resident of Mr. Bloom's district, but under state law, may run there as long as his residence is in the state.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



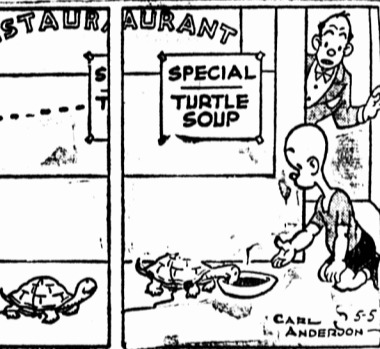
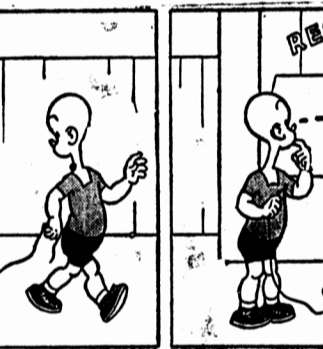
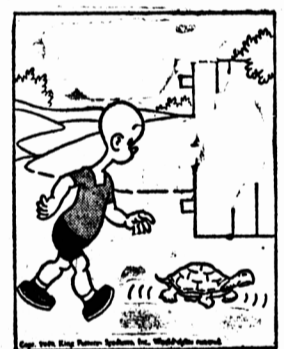
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



L'I' ABNER



PENNY



By Harry Hoehnigen