

Robert Goodier



Star of Radio and Screen will be at the **KINSMAN CARNIVAL** Next Week **JUNE 2-3-4-5**

He has starred in the screen hit, **"MEET THE NAVY"** and his latest hit is **"SINS OF THE FATHERS"**

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

DREADFUL SUSPENSE

There are no moments quite so tense as those when waiting in suspense.

—Mrs. Lightfoot.

Blacky the Crow was cawing Mrs. Lightfoot listened. She had been lying down. Now she got to her feet. Her ears were set forward to catch every sound. Blacky was quite far away, for his voice was faint. But Mrs. Lightfoot could hear it plainly enough to know that Blacky was calling a warning to all within hearing who might listen.

"Blacky sees some one and it must be some one big to get him so excited," thought Mrs. Lightfoot. "It isn't any one he is afraid of himself or he would be holding his tongue. So it isn't any one other folks have reason to be afraid of, because when Blacky caws like that it is a danger signal. Whoever it is, I hope they won't come this way."

It was a vain hope. Blacky's voice grew louder. Of course that meant that he was coming nearer. Mrs. Lightfoot became anxious. The louder Blacky's voice sounded the more anxious she became. Blacky was following some one; there was no doubt about that. Who could it be? At last Blacky came in sight. He perched in the top of a tall tree. He was watching some one.

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed Blacky. "Caw, caw, ca-a-w!"

A dry stick broke with a sharp sound. It must have been a stick of good size to make such a noise. That meant that it must be some one big who had stepped on it.

"Buster Bear or Mrs. Bear," thought Mrs. Lightfoot, and it seemed as if her heart stopped beating for a moment. She wasn't afraid for herself, not in the least. No Bear could catch her in a chase. No Bear would even try to. So it wasn't for herself that she was now so frightened as she listened to various sounds that she knew no one but a Bear would make. Sure enough, in a few minutes Buster Bear shuffled into sight.

Mrs. Lightfoot seemed hardly to breathe as she watched from the thicket in which she was hidden from Buster's sight. Which way would Buster go now? Under a fallen treetop only a little way from where Buster was standing swinging his head from side to side as if trying to decide which way to go, were two little fawns, her babies. What if he should go over there and poke about under that treetop? Do you wonder that she could hardly breathe?

Buster grumbled to himself. He likes to grumble. He seemed not to know what to do with himself. He is like that. He starts to do something, then changes his mind and starts to do something else only to change his mind again. He started off as if he had made up his mind to go somewhere in particular, stopped abruptly sat up beside a tree and rubbed his back against it. He scratched himself lazily with the claws of one fore-foot as he sat there looking around.

Just outside the thicket in which Mrs. Lightfoot was, grew a lone tree. Buster shuffled over to it. He stood up beside it. He reached up as high as he could and dug a claw into it. No, he wasn't getting ready to climb. He was making his mark on that tree so that any other Bears happening that way might know that he had been there and how big he was. There were other Bear marks, old ones, on that tree, but none as high up as his.

He dug out a couple of roots and ate them. He sat down beside an ant hill and dug into it. Of course, the ants came swarming out and Buster licked them up. He saw a Mouse run under the roots of an old stump. He spent a lot of time trying to pull that old stump over. When at last he



"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed Blacky

succeeded the Mouse wasn't there. He started to climb a big tree, but backed down before he had climbed more than a few feet. All the time he did a lot of whining and grunting and grumbling.

Finally he shuffled over straight toward that tree-top nursery with those precious babies. Do you wonder that once again Mother Lightfoot almost stopped breathing? Should she make some noise that would bring him over to her there to find out who was there? If she did he might guess her precious secret. It was better that he shouldn't know she was anywhere about. Now he was close to that fallen tree-top. What if one of the babies should move? The suspense was dreadful. And there was nothing Mrs. Lightfoot could do about it.

The next story: "Buster Takes a Nap."

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTPFD



JOE PALOOKA



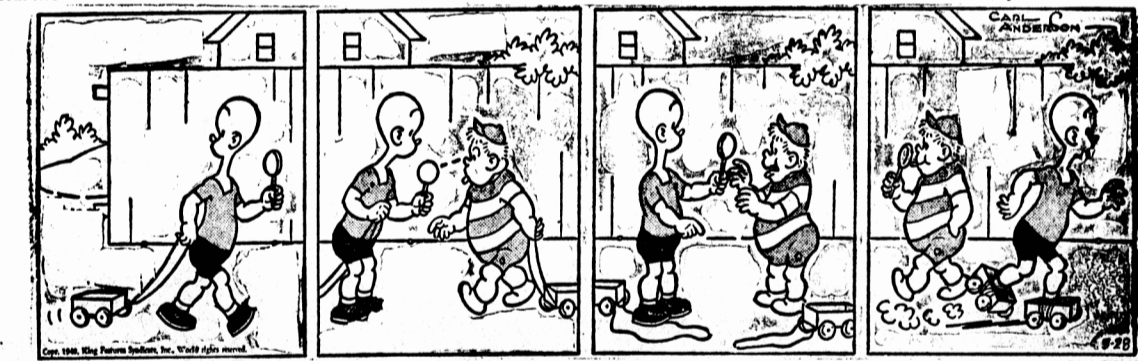
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



THE CHARLOTTETOWN FIRE DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL TAG DAY

SATURDAY MAY 29th

Don't forget the local volunteers who are at your service night and day. Meet the Tag Girls with a smile and show your appreciation of a great service.

GIVE GENEROUSLY

NOTICE

From Wednesday, May 26, until further notice the M. V. "Fairview" will not be operating on the Charlottetown-Rocky Point service.

During the period the "Fairview" is in Picou for the annual overhaul, a motor-boat will operate the service for the accommodation of foot passengers.

P. A. MURNAGHAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways. Charlottetown, P.E.I., May 21, 1948.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride



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RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond

