

# NOTICE

As in previous years for Old Home Week, Fitzroy St. from Weymouth East to Hawthorne Ave., will be ONE WAY STREET 12:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.

CHTOWN POLICE DEPT.

# BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall  
TONIGHT  
8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

## St. Augustine's Convent

SOUTH RUSTICO  
Country Boarding School for Girls

Beautifully situated near water. Small classes, Grades I to X, under accredited teachers.

Supervised study, music, singing, sewing, French, seasonal outdoor athletics.  
Address:  
**SISTER SUPERIOR**

### PUBS' ORIGINS

Many English taverns trace their origin to monasteries, because monks built rest houses for pilgrims on their way to shrines such as Canterbury and Rochester.

# DANCE TONIGHT

AND EVERY NIGHT  
MONDAY TO FRIDAY

WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL

Modern and Oldtime  
Marvin Burgess and His Boston Orchestra  
11 - 2 A.M. 50c

# CLOVER CLUB

SPECIAL DANCE

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16TH AT 9:30 P.M.

Al Blanchard and Clover Club Band

Red Howatt, Vocalist

Admission 75 Cents

For Reservations Phone 1222 or 478-L

# OLD HOME WEEK VISITORS

If you are in need of a room and a Cab to take you there, call CHECKER CAB. As a service to our patrons we have a listing of rooms for fair week.

When attending the Races use CHECKER CAB—good dependable drivers and luxurious cars.

Don't Take a CHANCE — Take a CHECKER

PHONE 277 or 103

# CAVENDISH BUS SERVICE

## For Old Home Week

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, as follows:

2 trips daily: Leaving Cavendish Corner Green Gables, 8:45 a.m., arriving Charlottetown 10:10 a.m. In the evening Cavendish Corner 8:45 p.m., arriving Charlottetown 8 p.m.

# Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

The Connecting Link Between  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA  
daily including Sunday—STANDARD TIME  
Schedule for June 28 to Sept. 30 inclusive—  
Making 6 Round Trips Daily

Schedule for the present—  
"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands 7 A.M. 11 A.M. 5 P.M.  
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou 9 A.M. 1 P.M. 5 P.M.  
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou 7 A.M. 11 A.M. 5 P.M.  
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands 9 A.M. 1 P.M. 5 P.M.

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

Northumberland Ferries Limited

HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P.E.I.

L'I'L ABNEB

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Be Babies big or be they small,  
No single rule will govern all.  
—Old Mother Nature.

While Thunderbolt the Eagle was hunting over the Great Prairie Mrs. Thunderbolt was sailing in the sky above the High Mountains on a cliff of which she and Thunderbolt made their home. In one direction much farther than even her wonderful eyes could see from high in the blue, blue sky the High Mountains lifted their heads above the clouds. The valleys between and the lower slopes were green in many shades. Higher up were mighty cliffs of bare rock and the tops of some mountains were capped with snow. The other way, the way Thunderbolt had gone, the Great Prairie stretched a flat vast plain to where earth and sky seemed to meet far, far beyond.

It was the time of babies with many who lived on and among the High Mountains and with others who lived on the Great Prairie. In woodland retreats were baby Deer, called fawns, and Elk babies and Moose babies. These are always called calves. Out on the Great Prairie were baby Antelopes. These are called kids, as are all Goat babies. It was the



On a high, rocky point she saw a spot of white.

hope of catching one of these for dinner that had taken Thunderbolt hunting out over the broad plains that day. He had almost succeeded. But almost is never success, and finally he had flown back to the home cliff disappointed and still hungry. Perhaps Mrs. Thunderbolt had caught more than she could eat and had brought some home for him, or had left some for him where she had found it.

She too had gone hunting kids, but not the same kind of kids. The kids she went looking for were the babies of Mountain Goats. So while Thunderbolt was a speck in the sky above the Great Prairie watching below for Mrs. Pronghorn the Antelope and her two kids Mrs. Thunderbolt was circling high above the bare rocky slopes of the mountains. Her keen eyes were searching among rocks and boulders instead of in grass and weeds and among bushes as were the eyes looking for the Pronghorn kids.

On a high, rocky point she saw a spot of white. There were many spots of white scattered about, patches of snow, but to her keen eyes this was different. She flew in

"I thought as much," said she as she circled high above that spot of white on a point of rock at the very edge of a great cliff. "I was sure I wasn't mistaken. It is Billy Surefoot the Mountain Goat. How that fellow does love high places. I guess he loves to be way up where he can look down on the Great World, just as I do. Now, if only I can find Nanny Surefoot I'll have some idea where to look for a kid. I am sure there is one or Nanny would be in sight, probably with Billy. And I'm just as sure that she isn't very far away."

So Mrs. Thunderbolt continued to circle high above, looking down among the rocks for a telltale spot of white that might be the white coat of Nanny. Mountain Goats dress all in white the year round. Several times the big Golden Eagle dropped low above the rocks to find that white, but it was just a white coat of Nanny. Mountain Goats dress all in white the year round. Several times the big Golden Eagle dropped low above the rocks to find that white, but it was just a white coat of Nanny. Mountain Goats dress all in white the year round.

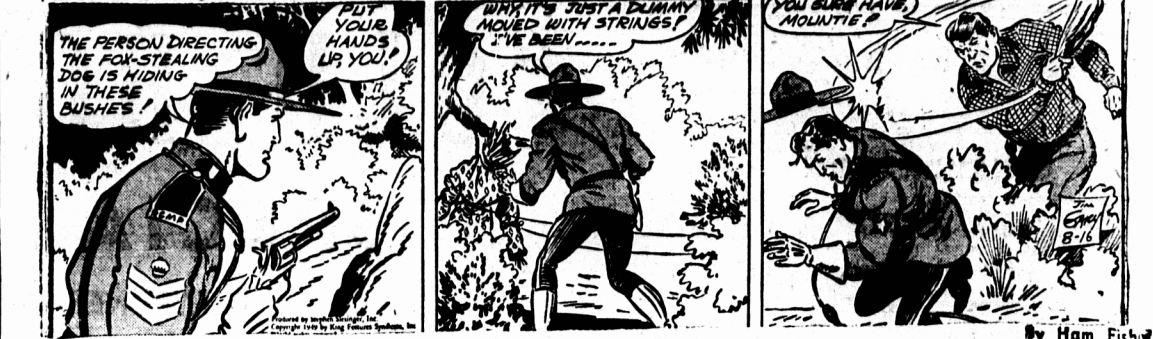
She is right around here somewhere," Mrs. Thunderbolt insisted to herself and kept on looking. She was right. Nanny Surefoot was there not very far from where Billy Surefoot stood looking out over the Great World, or at least a large part of it, quite as if he had nothing else to do. Nanny was sure she was the happiest mother in all the Great World. Also, the most contented one. Little Billy Surefoot had been born this very morning. Within an hour after he had first opened his eyes on his bleak bare surroundings he had been up on his small feet and bounding about in the stiff-legged manner of his father and mother.

If only the darling would keep still like other babies when they are very young," sighed his mother, Nanny Surefoot.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**  
**L. S. STEVENSON**  
BRANCH MANAGER  
140 RICHMOND ST.  
A MUTUAL COMPANY

By AL CAPP

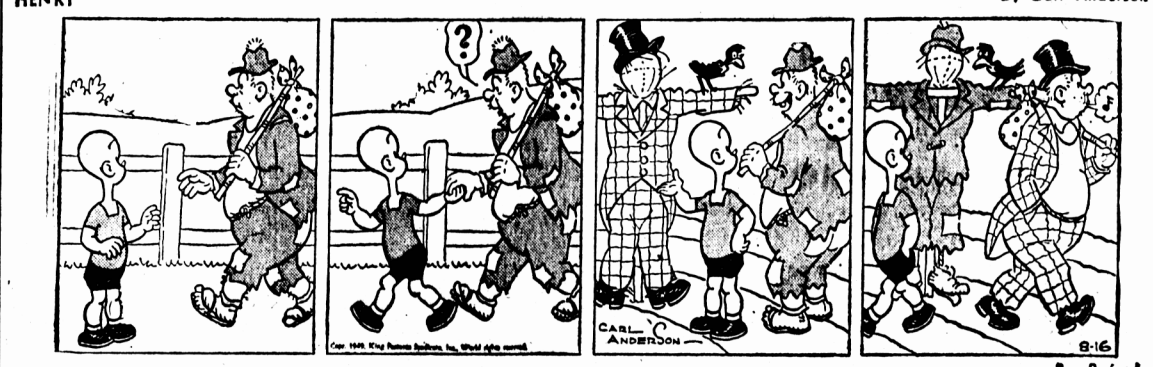
# King of The Royal Mounted



By Ham Fish



By Carl Anderson



By Buford



By Edwina



By George McManus



By Westcott



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



PENNY



By Harryhausen