

Strange But True

Why was the name Jackass given to the blackfooted penguins of South Africa? The name "Jackass" was given because the noise made by the birds has a remarkable resemblance to the bray of a donkey.

Libya has puritan ideals far surpassing anything known to the Quakers. The people of Libya just work, eat and sleep. Five times every day every adult prays in the open. A curfew drum orders everyone indoors at sunset. Their motto is: Man is born to fight, women to work. Man carries the gun - woman the child and the sickle.

Another strange and curious fact about the llama is that no amount of persuasion can make them travel more than 9 or 10 miles a day; when this has been reached he immediately lies down and calls it a day.

Yet another peculiarity is that the llama will only work half a month. Sounds like some sort of union, and strange but true, all llamas belong to it.

Too much radio and too much strutting about his home by his wife, caused Richard Price of Bethel, Maine, to leave home and head for the wide open spaces - the American prairies.

It was not till the reign of Henry IV that farmers and mechanics were permitted by law to send their children to school; and long after that they cared not educate a boy for the church without a license from the lord.

The last slaves in England were emancipated during the reign of queen Elizabeth, but slavery still existed in Scotland at the end of the 18th century. Before then, miners and salters were considered a part of the soil. They were bought and sold with it.

Those that complain about the slow progress of social improvement should remember that it took four centuries of persecutions and martyrdoms to enthroned Christianity and two centuries of civil wars to bring about the Reformation.

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

CHAPTER III

Johnny stood up, walked over to the Great Dane, bent down and rubbed his ears. He looked up at the girl. "What about that book or something she was supposed to be writing?"

"None of us ever knew anything about the book mother was writing," said Kay. "We haven't been able even to find it."

"People with a real story, they want to get down on paper, are like that," he explained. "It's sort of a personal thing they don't want people prying into."

Johnny said, "Who was that young fellow who was on the beach with you?"

"Oh, him?" She smiled. "That's Ralph Dunkirk. He lives over in Northport. I've known him for a long time," she said.

"He works in his father's garage over in town," and the brief smile swept from her face.

"Anything wrong in that?" asked Johnny. Her change in manner puzzled him.

Kay said stiffly, "That's where they took father's car after the accident. It's there now."

"Of course. He held a lighter for her cigarette. 'Is Northport far?'"

"It's quicker going right across the harbor. We have a speedboat. Use it any time you like." She inhaled deeply, and reached down to pat Michael's head as the dog stood up and nuzzled against her slim figure.

"Kay..." Johnny delayed a moment, and the girl turned, looking at him. "Kay, there's one thing... Your mother and father... they got along all right together?"

He thought her unusual green eyes flickered. "Mother loved father intensely. It was always that way."

when he located the room. It was at the rear of the left wing of the mansion. The hallway ended at a screened doorway but led out to a balcony. Glancing out, Johnny could see numerous bedrooms facing on this balcony.

Johnny closed the hall door behind him and went into the bathroom. Moe was beneath the shower, his round, cherubic body red from the cold needle spray.

Eyes closed, he had his face pushed up into the cold blast and was slapping his chest like a baboon. Each slap was accompanied with a yip. "A deaf mute could find this room," called out Johnny.

Grinning, Moe stepped out of the tub and yanked a heavy Turkish towel from a rack. "This sure is a swell place to work," he said with pleasure.

He rubbed himself vigorously. Though round and pudgy looking, he was solidly built. He nodded beyond Johnny. "Have a drink."

On a bench in the large, tiled room was a round silver tray containing bottles and glasses. There was a tall square bottle and several bottles of beer.

"Homer brought it up," explained Moe as Johnny poured himself a glass of beer. "You sure get service around here."

Moe wrapped the large towel around his midriff and led the way back into the bedroom. "They've got everything in this house," he told Johnny. "All you have to do is flick the right switch."

He pointed to a boxlike affair built into the front of a table between twin beds.

The gadget was like the inter-office speaker systems used in business houses. "Handy, huh?" said Moe. "Some day we'll install one at the office. It must be nice to have money."

Johnny stirred himself, shaking off drowsiness. "What do you mean - act?"

"Of course not," said Johnny. "Then she's really got amnesia?" asked his partner, coming out of the closet.

"What did Irene tell you?" "Nothing. She doesn't know what it's all about. It's almost like a person walking in their sleep... but talking at the same time."

"Then she doesn't remember a thing about her husband being shot?" Moe carried some more clothes into the closet and hung

P. W. C. Students



Absentees from regular class photos: Front Row (left to right): Jane Mallard, T. Training; Mary Gillis, Division I; Roma McCloskey, Division III; Barbara England, Division VI; Marjorie MacLeod, Section IIA; Minnie MacKenzie, Section IIB; Elizabeth Smith, Section IIB.

them up. He came back, noted the whiskey which filled the bottom of the tumbler in Johnny's hand, and helped himself to a similar drink from the tray. "Doesn't she know that her husband was murdered that night?"

"She doesn't even know she had a husband," he said. Moe stared. "In fact" - a smile flickered across Johnny's face - "she thinks I'm someone named Bart."

AUGUSTINE COVE SCHOOL

Report for the Primary Department of Augustine Cove for the month of April. Grade V Sr. - 1. Ralph Dawson. 2. Vernon Peters. 3. Ruby Clark. Grade V Jr. - 1. Brenda Mur-

SOUTHPORT SCHOOLS

March. Grade X - 1. Janet Reardon, 2. Ira Finlayson, Ralph Smallwood. Grade IX (a) - 1. Billy Stewart. Grade IX (b) - 1. Russell Mutch, 2. Shirley Smallwood, 3. Muriel Martirano. Grade VIII - 1. Betty Roberts, 2. Jean Macdonald and Theresa Galant, 3. Barbara Duffy and Billie MacFarlane. Grade VII - 1. Joyce MacKie and Michael Reardon, 2. Betty Aylward, 3. Patsy Cooper. Grade VI - 1. Barry Cooper, 2. Irene Genge. Grade V - 1. Frankie Hayley, 2. Margaret Annear, 3. Jackie Reddin and Arlene Smallwood. Grade IV - 1. Judy Reardon and Betty Muise, 2. Frankie Martirano, 3. Joe Rodgeron. Grade III - 1. Margaret Dawn Matheson, 2. Marilyn Robertson, 3. Catherine Genge. Grade II - 1. Cyril Cooper, 2. Wilma MacFarlane, 3. Walter Burke. Grade I - No tests. Principal, Bertha Doyle. Vice Principal, D. MacBeath. Primary, Jeanette Ladner.

phy. 2. Lois Peters. Grade IV - 1. Esther Carruthers, 2. Jean MacWilliams, 3. Justin Murray. Grade III Sr. - 1. Carol Cutcliffe, 2. Alberta Grigg, 3. David Howatt. Grade III Int. - 1. Bobby Grigg, 2. Willis Peters. Grade III Jr. - 1. Juanita MacKenzie, 2. John Robinson, 3. Elmer MacDonald. Grade II Sr. - 1. Jean MacNeil, Grade II Jr. - 1. Jean Dawson, 2. Buddy Peters, 3. Preston Cameron. Grade I Sr. - 1. Connie Clark, Grade I Jr. - 1. Delbert Clark, 2. Geroge MacWilliams. Teacher - Margaret Murphy.

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