

Canadian Legion Clover Club Dance

EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band
 Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12.00
 For reservations Phone 1222
 Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

ANNOUNCEMENTS

MR. ROY J. STRANG

ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF THE

WINDMILL LODGE

LOCATED IN DUNSTAFFNAGE ON ROUTE 6

A LA CARTE

Specializing in his

or

Famous

FULL COURSE DINNERS

STEAK DINNERS

PERSONALIZING PARTY SERVICE AT ALL TIMES
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AND ALSO WISHES TO ANNOUNCE
 THE PURCHASE OF

"THE WINDMILL BAR"

Located on 61 Grafton Street, Charlottetown, by

MR. & MRS. HARRY BENJAMIN

who has been employed until today by R. T. Holman Ltd., and will devote his full time in maintaining the high standard of meals and service that has been the by-word of this establishment since its inception.

OUTDOOR SHOW AT NEW HAVEN

11 MILES FROM CHARLOTTETOWN
 SHOW EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT 9:00
 DOUBLE FEATURE ON MONDAY, JULY 31st

"TODAY I HANG" and "BRAND OF THE DEVIL"

BOTH ACTION FILLED

Ample Parking Space — Easy To See And Hear
 Hot Dogs, Sandwiches, Soft Drinks and Ice Cream Sold.

Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

The Connecting Link Between

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA

Schedule for June 24 to September 24:

"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 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. 3 p.m.
 "Charles A. Dunning"—L.V. Wood Islands 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.

For Daily Information, Listen to CFZY at 7:55 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY — STANDARD TIME

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 Catch An Early Sailing and Avoid Disappointment

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?
 JUST RUB IN
MINARD'S
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SCRAP IRON WANTED

Also all kinds of Brass, Copper, Car Batteries, Radiators, Lead. Special Price for Horse Hair Write P. O. Box 403 or Phone 768 For Highest Market Prices Scrapyard at Charlottetown Auto Salvage

ABIE BLOK

Grafton Street East

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

UNC' BILLY POSSUM BUTTS IN Not until all facts are in. Should you judge, or even begin. —Old Mother Nature.

Above the heads of Peter Rabbit and his big cousin, Jumper the Hare, clinging to the trunk of a tree in true Woodpecker fashion, was Logcock the Pileated Woodpecker. With his bright red pointed cap, the white lines on his face and neck, and the white spots on his black wings, the big black Woodpecker was some one to stare at. Anyway Peter and Jumper thought so and they had started from the moment Logcock had arrived. They were still staring. It wasn't polite, but they didn't think about that. It wasn't just his size and his looks; it was more than that. He had shown them one of the oddest, most remarkable tongues they ever had seen, and had shown them how he used it. They were still staring up at him when he suddenly cocked his head to one side. He was listening. Peter listened too. So did



"Unc' Billy Possum!" exclaimed Jumper, "where did you come from?"

Jumper. Somewhere deeper in the Green Forest another Woodpecker was pounding on a tree. There was no mistaking that sound. Logcock looked down at them.

"Mrs. Logcock has found another Ant tree," said he in the most matter of fact tone.

"How do you know she has?" asked Peter.

"Don't you hear her?" asked Logcock. "Is something wrong with your ears?"

"Nothing is the matter with my ears. I hear some one drumming. Of course I hear them," replied Peter testily.

"Not drumming. She isn't drumming," retorted Logcock. "As I told you, she has found another tree full of Ants and she is opening it up. Good by!" Without another word, Logcock spread his wings and disappeared among the trees.

Peter looked up at the great hole and the smaller holes that were still large in the trunk of the tree. Then he looked at the pile of chips and splinters on the ground. He shook his head sadly. "What a looking tree!" said he. "And now Mrs. Logcock is ruining another tree and in a few minutes he will be helping her. I guess folks like them do a lot more harm than good."

"Ah reckon yo' is a po' guesser. Yes, suh, ah reckons yo' is a right po' guesser," said a whining voice. Peter and Jumper turned quickly. Peering over a moss-covered old log was a sharp face they both knew. It was grinning at them now.

"Unc' Billy Possum!" exclaimed Jumper. "Where did you come from?"

"That, Brer Jumper, is mah business and none of yours," whined Unc' Billy, but he still grinned. "And what I guess about those big Woodpeckers is my business and not yours," said Peter Rabbit somewhat testily.

"How right yo' are," replied Unc' Billy good-naturedly. "Ah didn't mean to butt in what Ah have no business. Ah couldn't help overhearing what yo' all said about friends of mine. Yo' was showing your ignorance, Brer Rabbit, and Ah didn't like to hear it on their account and on your own."

Now ignorance is rather a big word for small folks, but all it means is not knowing. It was Unc' Billy's way of telling Peter that he was guessing about something he really didn't know anything about. Guessing is often like that. It is a bad habit, guessing is. It leads to all sorts of bad mistakes.

"So you think I'm a know-nothing," said Peter crossly. He didn't like that word ignorance. No one does.

Unc' Billy shook his head, grinning more broadly than ever. "No suh," said he. "Ah reckons yo' knows a lot, perhaps mo' than Ah do, but yo' don't know mah friends, those big Woodpeckers. Yo' just guesses and yo' guesses all wrong." "I suppose you mean Mr. and Mrs. Logcock," said Peter. "Yo' supposes rightly, Brer Rabbit. They may make a mess of things here and there, but they have their place. Yes, suh, they have their place," whined Unc' Billy Possum. He always whined. It is just his way.

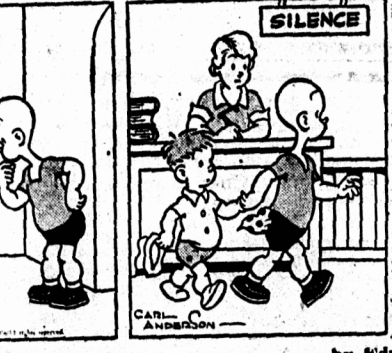
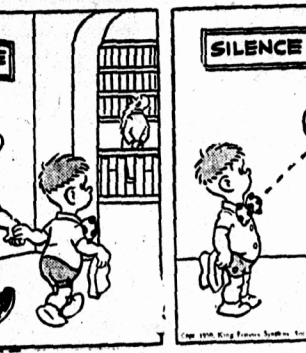
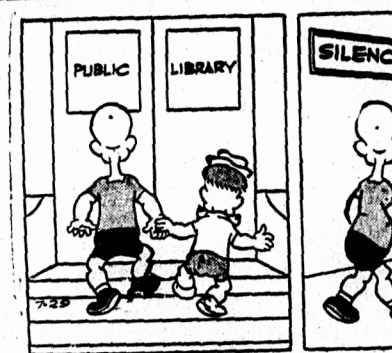
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



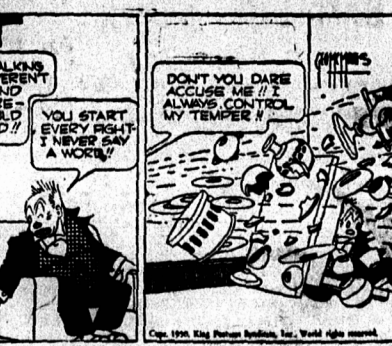
TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS



DOTTY DIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



STRANGAIRE!—YOUNG ROMANTIC STRANGAIRE!—COME OUT!
 WHAT COMES LA PALOMA WEETH A LOG?
 EEN AN HOUR, WE CAN BATTER THE DOOR DOWN—AN HE WEL GET HEEM, AN' YOU KNOW WHAT THAT DOES?
 OH, HOW I KNOW!
 DON'T WORRY, EEN AN HOUR, YOU WEL BE PERFECTLY SAFE. THE CLIMATE GET YOU—AN' YOU WEL BE A DEAD DUCK LIKE US!
 AH DON'T HAFTA WAIL NO HOUR, AH IS A NATCHURAL DAID DUCK.
 YOU COME TO TH' RIGHT PLACE, ANIGO. HE IS OUR GUEST HERE—UNTEEL DOWN, THEN, HE HANGS BY FINE FANDANGO, FELLA, FELIX.

RIP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
 MY MEN ARE IMBECILES, SIGNOR KIRBY! THEY LET FRISCO FRITZ ESCAPE!
 THIS WAY, ANCOI! THOSE PIGS OF POLICE WILL NEVER CATCH YOU!

WHAT'S UP?
 I'LL BE BACK!
 LET ME HELP YOU DO THE Dishes, MOTHER?

WHAT MADE YOU FAINT, MAC?
 YOU MUST HAVE GOT AN AWFUL SHOCK!
 READ THE LETTER, TILLIE!
 A LEGACY OF \$500,000!
 WHY?
 THAT'S ENOUGH TO PUT THIS FIRM ON ITS FEET AND BUY A NEW CAR AND A YACHT AND A COUNTRY PLACE AND...
 I'M NOTHIN'! I'M JUST THE OWNER OF ALL THAT DOUGH!