

Fresh as the day it was packed!

SALADA COFFEE

FRAGRANCE IS SEALED IN VACUUM

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE HAIR THAT HURT

Who meddles will but little gain. Aside from trouble, woe and pain. —Old Mother Nature.

Even the smart may be foolish. It happens over and over again. All of the children of Reddy Fox were smart, but one was a little smarter than the others. So it was that he was the first one to start out in the Great World on his own. He hadn't really left home; he was just venturing a little farther than he had been before. He was over in the Green Forest on the Crooked Little Path, and because he had never been there before, and because he knew that none of his brothers and sisters had been there, he felt very big and very brave. So it was that when he met little Porcky, young son of Prickly Porcky the Porcupine, coming down the Crooked Little Path, he wasn't inclined to step aside. It is always wise to step aside from things you know nothing about, or from people who are total strangers. But of course the young Fox hadn't



The young fox had never seen anyone like him.

learned this yet. So when little Porcky told him to get out of his way the young Fox promptly ordered the little Porcupine to get out of his way. You see they were very near of a size. Because of his longer legs, the young Fox looked to be bigger, and he felt bigger. It was curious how big a small person sometimes feels. It sometimes seems as if feeling has more to do with size than just mere bigness. Little Porcky just kept right on shuffling along. The young Fox had never seen any one like him. All the little Quills, which are the sharp pointed little spears he carries, were standing on end. The small Fox didn't know what to make of them. He thought they were hair, a queer kind of hair. Little Porcky came right along just as if the young Fox wasn't in the path in front of him. He growled. He tried to make it sound very ugly and threatening. Little Porcky paid no attention. He was whining and grunting to himself, just as if there was nobody around. The small Fox tried to be very bold. This time he didn't back up as he had before. Then a strange thing happened. At least it was a strange thing to the small Fox. This funny looking little stranger turned around in the Crooked Little Path and began to back up, all the time swinging his funny-looking little tail from side to side. The small Fox didn't know what to make of it. This was something new. He had never heard of any one fighting with his tail. But this is what it looked like on the part of the small stranger.

Because he didn't know how to fight one who fought backwards, the small Fox stepped aside. He was lucky. The little Porcky turned around and went shuffling off down the little path just as if nothing had happened. The small Fox watched him out of sight, all the time wondering who it was and what made his hair look so queer. Then he turned to go on his path. As he did so he saw something odd lying in the path. It was one of those queer hairs from the little stranger who had made him step aside. It was a quill, which is the name of those queer little spears that porcupines carry. The small Fox stood looking at it. Then cautiously he put his nose down to smell of it. You know, most of the little people of the Green Forest learn more through their noses than they do any other way. Then the small Fox put out a small paw to feel of it. That was a mistake. It was a very great mistake. It is always a mistake to meddle with things you know nothing about. That queer hair bit him. Anyway, he thought it did. It hurt. He pulled his paw back in a hurry. The hair that hurt came with it. You see, the point of that quill, that little spear, was sticking in that small paw just as a thorn he might have stepped on would have done.

"Ouch!" cried the small Fox, and shook his little black paw.

West dealer: Both sides vulnerable. North-South 40 on score.

♠	K 5 3	♥	A 4
♦	A 7 4	♣	Q J 10 7
♠	A Q 4	♥	A 8 5 2
♦	K Q J 7	♣	A 9 5 4 3
♠	A 8 6 5	♥	10 9 8 6 2
♦	2	♣	10 9 8 3
♠	K 10 2	♥	K

The bidding:
West North East South
1♠ 1♥ Pass 1♣
2♠ 2♥ Pass Pass

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



DOTTY DIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLY THE TOILER



PENNY



PAID THE PIPER

NORTH BATTLEFORD, Sask. (CP) — Lawrence Lone Singer, 29-year-old treaty Indian from Sweet Grass Reserve, wanted to go to the fair, Monday he stole a cow and sold it for \$169. Next day he shot the works at the fair. Thursday he appeared in court for stealing the cow and by Friday he was headed for Prince Albert jail for a year.

Consult
H. J. A. BROWN D. P.
Orthopedic
Chiropodist
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
For Foot Ailment

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

REGULAR DANCE
WINSLOE STATION HALL
TONIGHT
EASTERN RHYTHM BOYS ORCHESTRA
Admission 50c. Canteen Service
Dancing 9:30 to 12:30
Bus Leaves I. M. T. 9:45

SOURIS HOSPITAL DANCE
LAST DANCE OF SEASON
MATTHEW & McLEAN'S WAREHOUSE
WEDNESDAY 13th
Canteen Admission 50c.
Modern and Old Time Music by Vagabond and Chaisson Orchestra.

ATTENTION SWINE BREEDERS

All breeders who have purebred tattooed pigs born between April 15th and May 15th, 1950, and who may have them at shipping weight about November 1st, 1950, should notify the undersigned before September 16th, in order that an early selection may be made for the exhibit for the Brethour Trophy and other market classes at the 1950 Toronto Royal Show.

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"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"—Lv. Wood Islands 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.

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

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Catch An Early Sailing and Avoid Disappointment

L'L, ABNER

AS FAR AS AH IS CONCERNED, SURPRISIN' SMITH PASSED TH' TEST. BUT—P?—TH' SURPRISIN' THING IS, THET, ALTHO AH KNEW HIS ARMS WAS FOLDED, AH FELT LIKE AH WAS BEIN' HUGGED.

YO' HANDLES TH' NEXT-OR BLOODY PART O' TH' TEST, SLOBBERLIPS.

AH INJOYS BLOOD.

AH IS PROUD 'T STATE THET YO' KIN-NOT HAVE HER—YO' SLOPPY BEAST.

GIT LOST?—OR AH'LL SNAP YO'RE SOME WASH IN CHIT'LL.

CAN' HHE HAVIT' POOLIN' CHIT'LL SURPRISIN' ME. EF SURPRISIN' SMITH PASSES TH' TEST?

RIP KIRBY

COME, MR. KIRBY! LET'S RUN DOWN THIS MURDEROUS MANSION!

HOLD ON, COUNT, DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES. BUT OTHER THINGS, HERE DO...

THOSE GARDEN TOOLS WERE STOLEN FOR A PURPOSE... TO DIG THIS HOLE. THE MANSION AND PRINCE FRITZ KNEW WHAT WAS BURIED HERE. THEY PROBABLY KNEW WHEN THEY SHIPPED ABOARD THE "VESUVIA"...

...WHATEVER BROUGHT THAT PAIR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, FRIZING ARREST AND WILLING TO MURDER, WAS SOMETHING OF GREAT VALUE!

DRINK
Coca-Cola
SHOP REFRESHED

By AL CAPP

by Alex Raymond

By Gene Gira

By Earl Fishon

by Carl Anderson

By EDWINA

by Rufort

by George McH...

By Westover

By Harry Hoerger