

STOP
 AT BLUE HAVEN
 RESTAURANT
 SUNDAY, OCT. 22
 FOR
 GOOSE DINNER

ANNUAL BAZAAR
 ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
 SUMMERSIDE
 Wednesday and Thursday
 OCTOBER 25th & 26th
 Suppers served from 4:00 on
 Each Day.
 Sale Fancy Work
 Bingo and other attractions.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

SECOND QUEEN'S
 Convention to nominate two Conservative Candidates in this district will be held in
CLYDE RIVER HALL ON TUESDAY, OCT. 24, 1950
 AT 8 P.M.
 Poll chairmen are asked to have five delegates appointed.
ANDREW DOLLAR, President.
LLOYD MacPHAIL, Secretary.

NOTICE

OLD TIME FIDDLE & STEP-DANCING CONTEST
 IN HOLY NAME HALL, ST. PETER'S BAY
 WEDNESDAY NIGHT, OCT. 25th
 DOORS OPEN AT 7:30 P.M.
 Admission 50c & 35c. Excellent Prizes
 Send entries to—
ROY MacKINNON or HUBERT McISAAC

**PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE
 CONCERT SERIES**

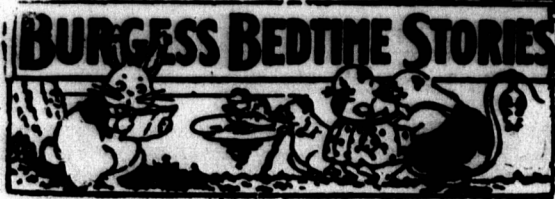
A series of three concerts will be presented this season at the Prince of Wales College Auditorium for both students and the general public.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6 at 8:30
 Raoul Raymond, bass
 and
 William Keith Rogers, pianist
THURSDAY, JANUARY 18 at 8:30
 Margaret Ann Ireland
 Celebrated young Toronto pianist.
MARCH
 The Prince of Wales College Glee Club
 Under the direction of Frank Johnston, A.T.C.L.

Popular Prices:—
 General Public 50 cents
 Students 25 cents

Tickets for the first concert may be purchased at Hughes Drug Company or ordered by writing or telephoning the Concert Secretary at Prince of Wales College, Phone Number 2800. The price is low and the seating is limited; secure yours now.

**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**



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

APPLE PIE AND CHANGE OF HEART

There's little that is really new; 'Tis mostly change in point of view.
 —Old Mother Nature.

Such a breakfast party as that was in the kitchen of Aunt Sally's old house! Never in more than a hundred years since it was built had the old house known such a breakfast party. First there was Aunt Sally herself, eighty-nine and a sweetly independent a hostess as ever served apple pie for breakfast. In the olden days, and the days of Aunt Sally's childhood, no New England breakfast was complete or at all what it should be without apple pie or doughnuts, or maybe both.

Her guest of honor was a hunter who thought of himself as a sportsman and was most indignant when Aunt Sally wondered how he could so love to kill. "I don't love to kill," he protested. "It is the hunt, not the kill, that I love; the being afield and trying to be smarter than those I hunt. It is a sort of game, an exciting game."

"But you don't feel that you have won unless in the end you kill the one you are hunting, and you are disappointed if you don't. If you didn't like to kill as well



The Pie didn't last long

as hunt you wouldn't shoot Woodchucks. You don't eat them. You don't use their fur. Dead they are of no earthly use to you. But you try to kill them just the same. Why?" said Aunt Sally. "They are a nuisance to farmers. They ruin gardens," said the hunter.

"Let the farmers and garden owners whose crops are ruined take care of the Chucks who do the mischief. Folks in mischief have to be punished. But these friends of mine who eat breakfast with me almost every morning, and drop in at other times during a day if they happen to be hungry, have been in no mischief. On the other hand they have given me and others a great deal of pleasure. Yet only yesterday you would have shot them had you had the chance." Aunt Sally looked at her guest reproachfully.

Then she looked down at the other breakfast guest and her face softened. There were three of them now, Old Mother Chuck, her handsome daughter of the golden coat, and a brother who was just a plain Chuck. They were contentedly and happily eating bread. They always preferred bread to any green things Aunt Sally had ever offered them. She cut a big wedge of apple pie and passed it to her guest of honor. "You see, I'm old New England," said she. "When I was a girl we always had apple pie for breakfast. I hope you are New England too."

Her guest smiled. "I am when there is apple pie like this," said he.

Aunt Sally chuckled. It was a soft contagious sort of a chuckle. "Those Chucks are New England too," said she. "They like apple pie for breakfast."

She had spread newspapers on the floor; now she put down a plate with three pieces of apple pie. The pie didn't last long. No, sir, it didn't last long. There was no doubt that those Woodchucks thoroughly approved of the old New England breakfast-dish.

"May I have a second piece of pie?" asked the hunter. "You certainly may on one condition," said Aunt Sally. "I hope it isn't too difficult," said the hunter. "The condition is that you promise never to shoot any of my Woodchucks," said she. "That is not a condition at all," replied her guest, and there was a twinkle in his own eyes. "Your Woodchucks are perfectly safe from me, and so are all other Chucks from now on, unless they are in real mischief. I'll never shoot another Chuck for sport. Now do I get that piece of pie?"

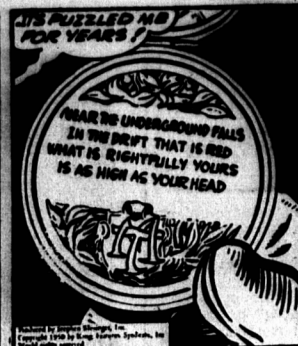
He got it. Mother Chuck, Goldie and her brother each got a cookie. Last of all was given a chocolate cream.

"This said the hunter, "has been the best breakfast party I have ever attended."



By AL CAPP.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



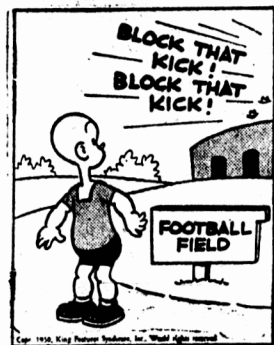
By Gene Grey

JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Ruford

TIPPY AND "OAP" STUBS



By EDWINA

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManis

TILLY THE TOILER



By Westover

PENNY



By Harry Neidiger



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

