

CROW SHOOTING CONTEST

CLOSES JULY 15th.

Legs must be turned in to the Royal Packing Co., Charlottetown, by July 17. Mail entries dated July 17 will be accepted. Competition will be judged on number of legs received by Royal Packing Co. To qualify be sure to join the Game Association by July 15th. Winners will be announced on July 24th.

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"—Leave Wood Islands 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.
For Daily Information, Listen to CFXY at 7:55 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY — STANDARD TIME

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

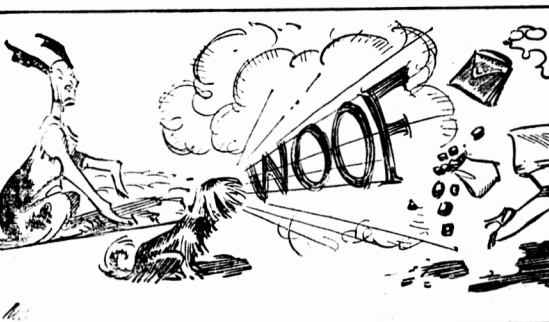
HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Catch An Early Sailing and Avoid Disappointment

Quickies by Ken Reynolds



"Who, may I ask, is offering OUR lawnmower for sale in the Guardian Want Ads?"

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride



LIL' ABNER



UP KIRBY



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

LITTLE JIM GETS LOST

The independent go their way Sufficient to themselves each day. —Jimmy Skunk.

Little Jim was a very small person. Yes, sir, he was a very small person. He was the son of Jimmy Skunk, and but for size he looked exactly like Jimmy. He was like his father in other ways too. He was independent. In fact he was too independent. He was so independent that he wanted to have his own way at all time, and no one can always do that and keep out of trouble.

Little Jim was in trouble now but he didn't know it. He was lost. He didn't know where he was. Neither did he know where Mother was or Father was, or his brothers and sisters. He was out in the great world by himself.

He had started out with six brothers and sisters and his Mother in the dusk of early evening. Mother had led the way. She had warned the Skunklets to follow her, not to turn aside, and not to fall to keep up. There was no excuse



He didn't know where he was.

for not keeping up for Mrs. Skunk never hurries. Perhaps I should say she seldom hurries. I suspect that if she should be out in the open and should hear Hooty the Great Horned Owl hooting, she would really hurry. Hooty is about the only one she and Jimmy are afraid of. You see he doesn't care they each carry, and he is about the only one in all the Great World who doesn't.

Now Little Jim, who was called that because he looked so much like his Father, was at the tail-end of the funny little procession that had started across the Green Meadows from the edge of the Old Pasture. All he had to do was to keep his eyes on the little brother just ahead of him, or if he couldn't do that he had only to look ahead to the white tip of the Mother's big tail. She held that high so that all the Skunklets behind her could see it in the dusk. There was no excuse for little Jimmy to get lost, but he did.

It happened this way. As he shuffled along at the end of the funny little procession he poked his inquisitive little nose in the grass, first on this side, then on that side. Perhaps he thought he might catch a fat beetle. He didn't, but he did find an interesting smell.

It was a smell that was quite new to him. It was in a tiny little path, a path so small that you or I probably wouldn't have seen it. He knew right away that smell had been left by somebody who had been along that little path shortly before. He sniffed at it. It smelled interesting. He went a few steps along that path and sniffed again. That smell was even more interesting. One sniff led to another sniff, and each sniff took him a little farther away from his brothers and sisters.

Can you guess who left that interesting smell in the little path? It was Danny Meadow Mouse. Yes, sir, it was Danny Meadow Mouse. Danny had run along that little path only a few minutes before and every time he had put a foot down it had left in the path a wee bit of that smell.

Had Reddy Fox happened along his sharp nose would have caught that smell right away and he would have been even more interested than Little Jim. You know he is particularly fond of Meadow Mice. The wonder is that Mrs. Skunk hadn't turned aside to follow that smell. Perhaps she thought that it would be useless. She too is fond of Mice, but she was taking her family out to hunt for beetles and grubs and such things: things not too big for the Skunklets to

Continued on page 12

CARDIGAN PICNIC

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19th

Meals Served From 4:30 to 8.

Lights on Grounds and Dancing Platform

by Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Lane Grey

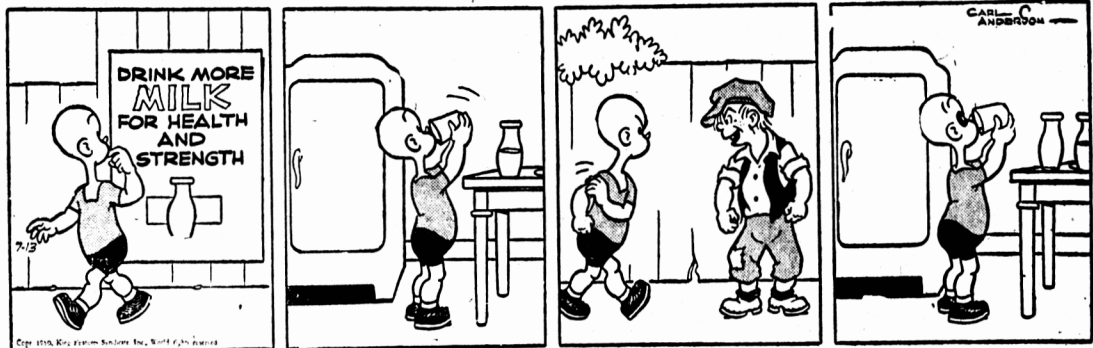


JOE PALOOKA



HENRY

by Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

by Edwin



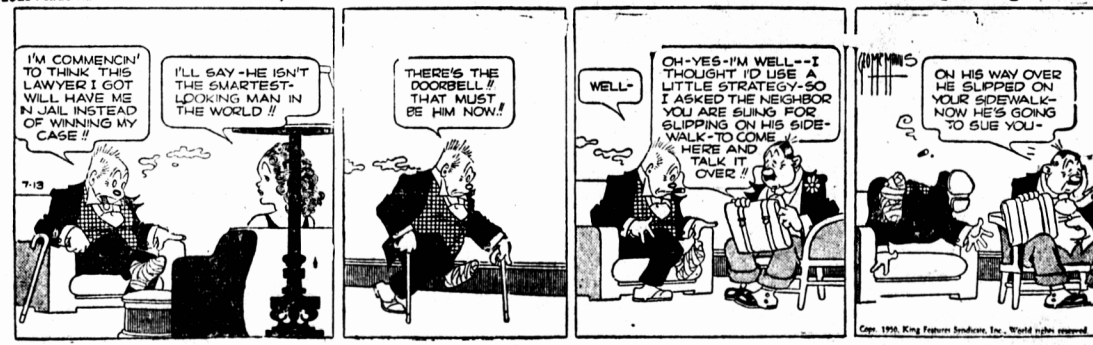
DOTTY DIPPLE

by Buford



BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManis



TILLIE THE TOILER

by Westover



PENNY

by Harry Hoanigan

