

CHILDREN'S DANCE REVUE OF 1950

WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL
TUESDAY, JULY 25th, 8:15 P.M.

A panorama of loveliness and color set to
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Directed by

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British Fleet To Stay Neutral

LONDON, July 22. — (AP). — Britain has ordered her Far Eastern fleet to remain neutral if Chinese Reds attack Formosa. An

informant with official status said Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, Britain's Far Eastern commander, has been ordered to keep British ships out of any conflict which might flare up if Chinese Communists get involved with the U. S. fleet guarding Formosa. Britain has extended recognition to Communist China; the United States has not.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Oh, how nice! They just love dolls—and they'll find time to play with them someday, too!"

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

LITTLE JIM EARNS HIS KEEP

Who freely gives will in return. Both thanks and compensation earn. —Old Mother Nature.

Little Jim, small son of Jimmy Skunk, was a willing little prisoner of Farmer Brown's boy. Farmer Brown's boy didn't think of him as a prisoner, but as a pet. Probably Little Jim didn't think of himself as a prisoner either, although he was kept in a pen from which he could not get out himself. It had become home, not a prison.

Farmer Brown's boy was showing Little Jim to a friend. "Of course you have had his little bag of scent removed," remarked the friend.

"Of course I have done nothing of the sort," replied Farmer Brown's boy. "It wouldn't be fair to him."

"What do you mean, it wouldn't be fair to him?" asked the other. "He hasn't any use for it here and he might make it mighty unpleasant for somebody."

"He won't," replied Farmer Brown's boy, confidently. "That is, he won't unless some one tries to



When the latter walked too fast, Little Jim galloped.

hurt him. When he is fully grown, I'll let him go. That is why it wouldn't be fair to him to take away from him his little bag of scent. That is his only means of defense.

He put Little Jim down on the ground and started to walk off. At once the little Skunk followed, his nose to the ground. He was following with his nose, not his eyes. He was following just as a Dog might. He did his best to keep up with Farmer Brown's boy. When the latter walked too fast, Little Jim galloped. If he got too far behind he cried. It really was a funny sight.

"Where are you taking him," asked the friend.

Farmer Brown's boy chuckled. "I'm taking him to earn his keep," said he.

There was a funny look on his friend's face. "This is the first time I've ever heard of a Skunk earning his keep," said he.

By this time they had reached the edge of the Green Meadows. The grass had been cut. In the stubble were Grasshoppers. Little Jim began catching them. There is nothing that a Skunk likes better than a Grasshopper. Little Jim would pounce on one, then eat it with relish. He was surprisingly quick. Once he had one in his mouth and one under each little black paw. He had caught 26 when he finally stopped trying to catch them. That was his breakfast. Farmer Brown's boy laughed. "Last evening he had 28 for supper," said he. "Now you know what I meant when I said that I was taking him out to earn his keep. If a Skunk as small as Little Jim can catch that many Grasshoppers for a meal, what must a full-grown do? If there is any more useful animal on a farm than a Skunk, I don't know who it is."

He picked up Little Jim and took him back to his pen. Little Jim was perfectly willing to go. He was sleepy now. He was ready for a nap.

"Skunks are stupid," said the friend.

"Why do you say that? You don't know what you're talking about, retorted Farmer Brown's boy.

"Then why are so many killed by automobiles? If they are not stupid—they would get out of the way," replied the other.

"It isn't that they are stupid. It is that they have not yet learned that there is anybody or anything that will not get out of their way. Then, too, it is at night that most of them are killed. The bright lights confuse them. The glare of bright lights is confusing to any one no matter how smart."

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, Leicestershire, England — (CP)—Mannequins modelled old clothes for sale at a charity fete.

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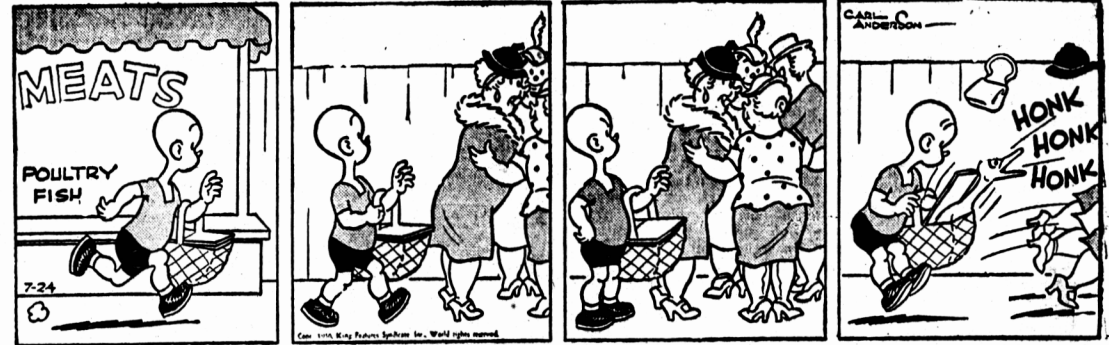
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