



By Thornton W. Burgess

YOUNG MR. KNOW-IT-ALL Youth knows all where e'er it goes. Age has learned it little knows. —Old Mother Nature.

Grandfather Frog was sitting on his favorite big lilypad for the last time before going to bed for the winter. There was a chill in the air, and Grandfather Frog felt it. He knew that it was time to go to bed to sleep until spring. On another lilypad near him sat a young Frog. As a matter of fact he was one of Grandfather Frog's many great-grandsons. He didn't know this. Neither did Grandfather Frog.

With this Grandfather Frog made a long, clean dive into the water. He swam straight down to the deepest part. When he reached the bottom he didn't stop. The bottom was soft mud. Grandfather Frog kept right on down until he had arrived some months later. He would sleep all that time.

His great-grandson had watched Grandfather Frog in the water. He reached bottom and stirred up the mud so he couldn't be seen. "Silly old thing," said the young Frog scornfully. "Silly old thing to go to bed so early. There is no need to go to bed yet. In fact, I don't believe there is any need of going to bed at all. Down in the mud one knows nothing of what is going on above. I want to know what is going on. I want to see things, and hear things. The old fellow is probably afraid. I'm not afraid. No one is going to catch me. I know how to take care of myself. I know too much to be caught by anybody."

So young Mr. Know-it-all left his lilypad and swam over toward the shore. He had decided to go a little way out on the Green Meadows and hunt for a few Grasshoppers. It was a long time since he had done this, and he didn't know that there were few Grasshoppers around now. You see, this was his first fall, and thought he thought he knew it all he really knew very little.

Now that very day Young Reddy Fox had taken it into his head to go hunting Mice on the Green Meadows. He knew that Grasshoppers had been getting more and more scarce as the weather had been getting cooler. If he surprised one now and then and caught it, so much the better. But it was Mice, not Grasshoppers, he was hunting. He was a smart young Fox, a son Reddy Fox could well be proud of. He wasn't like the

SOUTH MILTON SCHOOL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

- Grade IX: 1, Louise MacNeill; 2, Wesley Curtis. Grade VII: 1, Leslie Poole. Grade VI: 1, Alba MacQuarrie; 2, Estella Ramsay; 3, Eileen Biso. Grade V: 1, Margaret White; 2, John MacNeill; 3, Millar MacQuarrie; 4, Orville Curtis; 5, Edward Ramsay; 6, Arnold Biso. Grade III: 1, Eleanor Ramsay; 2, Irma Ramsay. Grade II, Sr.: 1, Dean MacQuarrie. Grade II, Jr.: 1, Beverley Ramsay. Grade I: 1, Allan Gillespie; 2, Terry MacNeill; 3, Pauline Donceel. Most Stars: Alba MacQuarrie and Marvyn MacNeill. Perfect Attendance: John and Marvyn MacNeill and Irma Ramsay. Teacher: Leah I. Moore.

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STRANGE BUT TRUE Pioneer Days In P.E.I.

By F. H. MacArthur

It was now September and the expedition's first concern was the preparation of suitable winter quarters. The sailors got busy landing the stores while the colonists set to work felling the timber. An open space was chosen in sight of the harbor and here a group of log-houses were erected. Once the humble dwellings were finished, a rough but stout little fort was thrown up and mounted by eight cannon to protect the place against any surprise attack. Towards Lighthouse Point (probably Brighton) a cross was nailed to a tall tree. Near this spot the workers erected a tiny chapel under the direction of Father Breslav.

The walls were made of rough logs, the ceiling bark, the floor Mother Earth. There were only a few cows, and not half the people could get in at one time, which meant that the service had to be conducted over and over again. With his own hands the priest built the altar and covered it with white cloth; above the altar hung a picture of Christ and His beloved Mother. Prayers and confessions were heard during the week with Sunday mornings having Mass said by the priest. Came November, the harbor and strait was full of drift ice so that no ship in those days dared venture out of anchorage. Beautiful Port La Joy lay slumbering and perhaps dreaming of the countless birch-bark canoes that the savage Indian paddled across its bosom when summer crowned the trees with green leaves and when the water rippled and sang with the passing breeze. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the fishing village explored the island, trapped, and fished through the ice. All in all, they passed a pleasant winter and the future looked promising.

But alas! the first winter was the best. When the founding was finished, the French were at a loss what to do next. Being for the most part fishermen and trappers, they had little heart for the back-breaking toil so necessary for the farms to support a settlement for the forts to defend. One by one they deserted the site to go where fancy called them. There was nothing wrong with the fishing, but dissatisfaction arose among them until the little colony went back to the Crown. The loss of the fort mattered not at all as there was nothing left to defend, and for many years

SOUTH MILTON W. I.

The September meeting of South Milton W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Stanley Proutie. Following the usual opening, the roll call was answered by ten members paying a penny for each size of shoe worn.

Mrs. Russell Coles reported a very satisfactory sum was realized from the Home Cooking Sale. Reports were given by the following committees: Sick, Red Cross and School. Red Cross convenor mentioned that capsules would be on hand for the October meeting. Several thank-you notes were read, all literature pertaining to Institute work was read and dealt with.

It was decided to send a donation of money to The League of Mercy tea. It was also decided that the district be canvassed for the Cancer Fund by the school pupils. Neill MacNeill kindly invited the members to her home for the October meeting. The roll call will be answered by a "hint on saving pennies". The lunch committee will be: Mrs. W. H. Horne, Miss Addie Moore, Mrs. Stanley Curtis and Mrs. Howard Corbett.

Following a delicious lunch and a social chat the meeting closed. Those who entertained the South Milton W. I. during the summer months were as follows: June — Mrs. Cyrus MacNeill; July — Mrs. Roy Coles; August — Mrs. Irvin Corbett. Afterward the Mimacs passed the ghost settlement, happy because the palafates were gone.

FEARLESS FOSDICK BY AL CAPP. I'M PICKING THE CRIMINAL HYMNIST!! FOSDICK!! WE'RE BOTH BIRDS—RIGHT? RIGHT!! THEN CHUCKLE FLY SOUTH!!

NOT TILL YOU COME YOUR MESSY FEATHERS!!—SLOOPY BIRDS LIKE YOU GIVE ALL OF US A BAD NAME!! SMART LOVE TOOLS

DON'T BE A CHEEP-DEEP SKATE!!—GET WILDROOT CREAM OIL, CANADA'S FAVORITE! KEEPS HAIR 'TIL NEAR BUT NOT GREASY!!

CONTAINS—CHIRP! BUT THAT WOULD BE ILL-EGAL!! MY NAME IS PALD!! LANTLIN REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF!! GET WILDROOT CREAM OIL CHARLIE!! ONLY CREAM-OIL GROOMS AND CONDITIONS HAIR THE NATURAL WAY

JERRY HAS A NEW "NICK." HE CARRIES A RADIO WHICH HE CALLS "HOMAN." IT PLAYS IT ALL THE TIME. HE REGARDS IT AS A PAL. HA HA. HE'S SUCH A LOVABLE FELLOW. HE'LL NEVER GROW UP.

HOMAN... YOU AN' ME IS GONNA HAVE A DAY! THAT GORJUSS BABE I MEET 'T' OTHER NITE'S TAKIN' US ON A PRIG IN HER CAR. HERE SHE COMES.

NOT AGAIN! TWO'S COMPANY... THREE'S A CROWD... YOU SAID WE'D BE ALONE!! GOODBYE!

AWRI... AWRI... I HOD JA... I'LL WAIT.

SO SHE THINKS SHE CAN COME BETWEEN US, HOMAN. WELL... THERE AN'T NO BABE GONNA COME BETWEEN US... BUT NEVER!! ROCK ROLL!! ROCK CRASH

GUESS WELL DROP IN ON JOE. MEN'S 'T' BEST PALS ANYWAYS. RACING FANS... HERE ARE THE LATEST RESULTS

I-I SAID JOE AN'T COME IN YET... ARE YA DEEF... AWRI... AWRI... I HOD JA... I'LL WAIT.

L-LOOK!—SMOKE COMIN' OUTA TH' CASTLE!! SNIFF!—SMELLS LIKE BACON FRVIN'—WHMM... I MEAN SOB!!

DON'T BOTHER WITH THEM!!—THERE ARE PLENTY O' HILLBILLIES—BUT ONLY ONE HAMMUS—BUT ONLY ONE HAMMUS!!

WHERE'S THE HAMMUS ALABAMMUS? The Ugly Stepmother and his two Ugly Daughters have her in the Giant's Castle!!

—and those three bums are gonna eat her!!

UNNOTICED BY THE QUARRLING HUMANS THE LIONHEARTED LITTLE RAT SLIPS INTO THE MOAT

C'MON!—LET'S YOU FELLAS SWIM ACROSS AND SAVE "ALOMEY!!" RIGHT!!—I'LL GLADLY SACRIFICE MY LIFE FOR HER!!

HAVE ANY HELL GLADLY SACRIFICE YORE LIFE, TOO!! GULP!! I JUST REMEMBERED! I PROMISED MY M-MOTHER I WOULDN'T GET WET!!

I'VE TRIED TO TELL YOU, I'M NOT THE DOCTOR! YOUR FALS TOOK THE WRONG MAN!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE NOW GET TO WORK ON MY WOUND!

DO ALL DOCTORS PACK GUNS? I RECKON SO. THEY NEED 'EM FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SAVAGE DOGS.

THE OUTLAWS DON'T SUSPECT THAT THE MAN THEY'VE CAPTURED IS THE LONE RANGER IN DISGUISE.

TAKE CARE OF THE BOSS'S WOUND OR YOU DON'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

HE MUST BE THE DOCTOR, FUZZ! WE PICKED HIM UP AS HE CAME OUT OF HIS HOUSE!

CHARLES FAUBER'S

HE'S LYIN' ABOUT IT BECAUSE HE RESISTS BEIN' CAPTURED AN' DON'T WANT TO TREAT YOUR WOUND!

WILDA MUST HAVE SEEN THAT NARL-SKA MOSS! EVEN SO, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE SKIPPED OFF IF SHE HADN'T BEEN UNDER NERVOUS STRAIN—

I TOLD HER NOT TO DO ANY WRITING WHILE WE WERE ON VACATION! HER NEW NOVEL!

Bringing Up Father

HOME COOKING UGH! THIS IS AWFUL! UGH! THIS IS AWFUL! UGH! THIS IS AWFUL! UGH! THIS IS AWFUL!

Tilly The Toiler

OH DEAR! JUST WHEN I GOT COMFORTABLE BRINGING UP... HONDY! I'M GELLING A FINE LINE OF CLEANING BRUSHES... THANK YOU!

POGO

NOBODY APPRECIATES US HERE... HUH-HUH—I BEG YOUR INDULGENCE JUST FOR A MOMENT—PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT—IT'S SEEMING TO ME IN A HEED YOU SPEAK OF LEAVING AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME—

Muggs and Skeeter

SO YOU WENT TO THE ZOO TODAY, EH, SAMMY? YEH! WELL, TELL ME... WHAT DID YOU SEE? ...A OYSTERTITCH! ...A WHAT? ...A OYSTERTITCH! ...AND A EF-PELLANT! ...AND... TWO DAVEY-CROCODILES!

Henry

WHY NOT JOIN A BOYS' CLUB? HAPPY HOUR BOYS CLUB

Erta Kent

OKAY—TELL ME IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS—BUT WHO'S THE GIRL YOU'RE TORCHING FOR? IT'S ALL OVER AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

Grandma

GEE, CHEER UP, GRANDMA! YOU HAVE ALL YOUR WINTERS FUEL IN... STORM WINDOWS UP... GREENS STORED, CLEANING DONE AN' YOUR HEAVY COAT IS ALL REPAIRED.

Mickey Mouse

NOW STOP CLOWNING WITH THE MAILMAN, PLUTO! GRRR! RRRROW! HELLO, PLUTO! GEE.. ISN'T SHE THE PRETTIEST THING YOU EVER SAW?

Secret Agent X9

Phil discovers the note that Wilda has left on the dresser. Dear Henry: The baby and I have gone home. We are all right. But I must have time to think things over. I love you very much. I'll be in touch with you soon. Wilda

WELL, I FEEL BETTER ABOUT THINGS NOW—AT LEAST I KNOW THAT MY TWO ARE OKAY! WILDA MUST HAVE SEEN THAT NARL-SKA MOSS! EVEN SO, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE SKIPPED OFF IF SHE HADN'T BEEN UNDER NERVOUS STRAIN—