

How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?



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He Is Not For Sale
He Is FREE

Yes, Kiddies, come down and see the nice little Beagle Puppy in our window. He eats Ken-L Ration, the world's top-selling Dog Food, which is now available in Canada, and at Zakem's Groceria. He may be your doggie next Saturday night. To win, write your name and address on any KEN-L Box Top or Label and place in our contest box.

LUCKY NAME WILL BE DRAWN SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 18th.

Carnation MILK
6 cans
89c

Shinola WAX
1 lb. can
39c

Sunlight SOAP
10 bars
99c

ORANGES
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98c

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\$1.50

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Ave. 5 lbs.
1 lb. 49c

BACON
49c

Jewel SHORTENING
4 lbs.
99c

AEROWAX
1 lb. can
39c

GIANT
Robin Hood Oats
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Ken-L MEAL

The complete dog food in appetizing meaty meal form. Costs only pennies a serving. **2 for 31c**

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By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE LONE CHICK GETS A LESSON

What to do; what not to do. Would, alas, we always knew. —All of us.

Mistakes are the cause of much of the trouble in the Great World. And mistakes are made for lack of knowing what to do and what not to do. Folks in trouble often are excused, and called innocent, because they did things they shouldn't have done not knowing that they shouldn't have done them. Innocence is the wrong word. The right word is ignorance. Innocence and ignorance should not be confused, but they are confused all too often.

Boys and girls, and all the children of the Green Meadow and the Green Forest folk, when starting out for themselves in the Great World, must learn many things. Most important of all these are what to do and what not to do. Who always knows these things never has to worry very much.

Over in the Green Forest, a small and very young member of the family of Mrs. Grouse was wishing she knew what to do, or what not to do. She was sitting on a low bough of an evergreen tree. She had been frightened into flying up there. It was the very first time she had used her wings to fly. She hadn't known she could fly. Finding it out was a wonderful discovery. But now she didn't know how to fly down again. She was worrying about this when Reddy Fox appeared down below.

This was the first time that Little Lone Chick had seen Reddy Fox. There was no one at hand to tell her that Reddy was one of those for whom she must always be watching out. Somehow she knew it without being told. Perhaps it was a glimpse of his long white teeth. She forgot all about wanting to fly down. She clung more tightly than ever to that bough, and was oh, so glad that she was up there.

Reddy hadn't discovered her up there. You see, he wasn't looking for any one in a tree. He was looking for some one on the ground, any one who would make him a good dinner. Little Lone Chick watched Reddy. At first she didn't understand what he was doing. He moved about softly, taking great care not so much as to rustle a dry leaf, or snap a dry twig.

Every few steps he stopped to listen. She knew he was listening by the way his pointed ears were set to catch every little sound, and by the way in which he quickly turned his head in the direction of any little sound, whether distant or near.

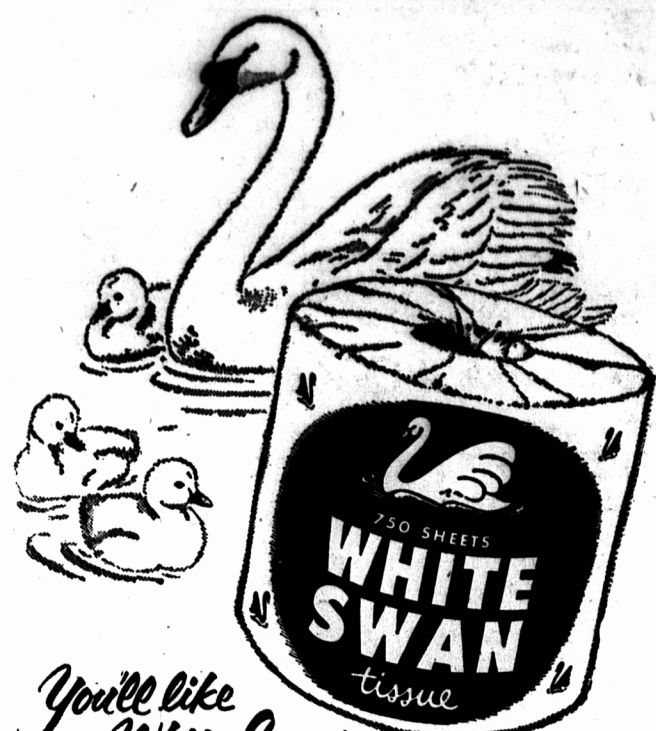
While Reddy moved softly, he moved quickly. With his keen nose he tested every Merry Little Breeze that wandered his way, hoping that it would bring to him the scent of some one he might try to catch. Almost at the foot of the tree in which Little Lone Chick was perched, Reddy stood perfectly still for the longest time. She guessed that he had heard some little sound, and was listening to hear it repeated. She listened, too. Presently she heard a very small sound, so small she wasn't quite sure she heard it. It was a very faint squeak, yet somehow she knew it was a voice.

Of course, Reddy Fox heard it. She saw him turn his head in the direction from which that tiny squeak had seemed to come. Then he crouched low and began to creep in that direction. Anyway, it looked like creeping. He moved so close to the ground. He moved very, very slowly. He put each foot down very, very carefully. Every few steps he stopped to look and listen. For a while that faint squeak was not repeated. Reddy stopped, and kept perfectly still until it was repeated. Then he moved on in that same careful way. Again he stopped and waited before moving on. This was repeated two or three times.

A little way off was an old mossy stump. It was toward this that Reddy was creeping. What could it mean? He crept up behind that old stump, and there he, crouched waiting.

"What can he be waiting for?" thought Little Lone Chick. A moment later she found out. A small person in a brownish-gray coat ran out from a hole under that stump. Like a flash Reddy Fox sprang! There was a faint squeak, and then Reddy came trotting back past the tree in which the Little Grouse was perched. In

(Continued on Page 13)



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