



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE BIG SPLASH

Those at all times well prepared. Seidom will be badly scared.

One of Paddy the Beaver's children, named Slaptail, had discovered at the edge of his home pond, a visitor whom he had never seen before. It was Prickles, the young son of Prickles Porky the Porcupine. He had arrived at that pond with Mother Porky only a short time before. Slaptail swam across the little pond to get acquainted with the stranger.

stick of aspen from a tree which he had cut down the night before. He dragged it to the water's edge very near the log on which Prickles was sitting. Then he began gnawing off the bark and eating it. "I like that kind of bark too," Prickles had said.



"I like that kind of bark, too," Prickles had said.

wasn't really afraid. He swam in until he was very near. Prickles paid no attention to him. He just kept right on eating the bark from that aspen stick. Suddenly there was a sharp sound from the upper end of the pond. Instantly, Slaptail turned and dived under water. As he did so, he lifted his thick flat tail and brought it down on the water with a hard slap. He brought it down so hard that he sent a shower of water all over the young porcupine and sent him scuttling back up on the shore. He hadn't been prepared for anything like that, and it had frightened him badly. You see, he didn't know anything about beavers, and how they warn each other by slapping the water with their tails.

feet and a white chest. She was Irene's special pet and spent most of her time in the house. Today the kittens were playing about in the box. They rolled over each other, making little meowing sounds. Then they climbed up on her back and bit at her ears. When they got too rough, she curfed them gently on the ears with her soft paws.

The door opened and Irene came in. Darky stood up, waving her tail straight in the air, for this was her way of saying "Hello." Irene patted her, then bent to pick up the smoky gray kitten. Then she turned and walked out of the barn.

Darky was troubled. What did that mean? Why did Irene take the kitten? What was she going to do with it? Just then Grandma Puss came down from the loft. "You stay here with my babies," mewed Darky. "I'm going to see where Irene went with Smoky." Darky squeezed out under the partly open barn door, and ran across the barn yard, along the path and up to the kitchen door. There was Irene in the back porch. Then she saw her kitten. Irene had put it down by a saucer of warm milk and was trying to teach it to drink.

Like a flash Darky ran over to her baby. She meowed softly and smelled it all over. She gave it a few quick licks then picked it up by the back of the neck, for that is the way mother cats carry their kittens. There is loose skin at the back of the kitten's neck, and Darky grasped this firmly in her teeth, though she was not biting. Then holding her head high, she started off to the barn with the kitten.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



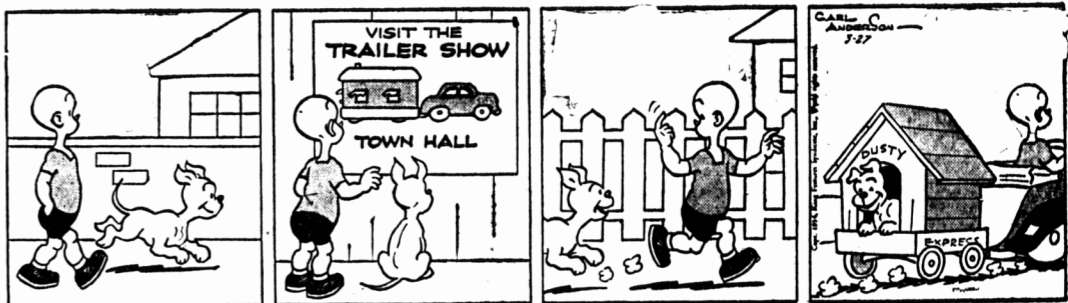
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



2go

By Walt Kelly



REFRIGERATION Household, also meat counters, walk-in coolers, display cases, etc. We service and repair any make of electrical refrigeration equipment.

WIRING CONTRACTORS Contact us for any wiring job from installing a switch to wiring your home. Motors, Washers and Appliances - we repair them all.

Storey Electric PHONE 2387 175 Grafton Street

The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children) Grandma Puss was very old and very wise. She was the big grey cat that lived at Uncle Bob's farm. Her fur was as soft and warm as the fur on a coal collar, and it was just the color of ashes or pale grey smoke. Her eyes were green and so wise looking. She had lived on the farm for eight years now so knew about all there was for cats to know.

Darky, the mother of the kittens, was her daughter. Darky was shiny black with four white spots on her chest. She was a very pretty cat. She was curled up under the arm of her mother's chair. You mother will watch To keep you from harm.

Sleep, sleep, little kittens Curled under my arm Your mother will watch To keep you from harm.

DANCING CLOVER CLUB

Charlottetown's Finest Dance Hall EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT All new Legionairs Orchestra

Reservations accepted by phone only between four and eight each Saturday evening—Dial 6022. "Reservations for couples accepted only" Meet your friends at the Clover Club \$2.00 per couple

HIGHLY MEDICATED

That's why Buckley's Mixture has been praised by millions for

BRONCHITIS ASTHMA-COUGH

From the first sign you'll find a world of difference between BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE and SIMPLE SYRUPS. Buckley's Mixture brings swift relief from coughing, choking, wheezing because its highly medicated ingredients—

- 1. Loosen stubborn phlegm. 2. Soothe and lubricate your irritated throat and bronchial tubes. 3. Help restore normal alkalinity required to combat bronchial coughs.

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE 50¢ Everywhere — Double Size 85¢

Two Killed In Crossing Accident

MONTREAL, (CP)—Two persons were killed Thursday when their truck ran into the side of a Canadian National Railway train at a level crossing at Charlemagne, near the eastern end of Montreal Island. The dead: Ovila David, 73, of Montreal East, and Romeo Bleau, 62, of Riviere des Prairies. The train was en route from Riviere A Pierre to Montreal.

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManu



PENNY

By Harry Hoegen

