

The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children)

Heather and Cheryl were all excited. There was going to be something very special at the rink. The big notice in the store said:

Big Carnival Tomorrow Night at the Happy Rink.

Prizes for the best costumes. Special prizes for those under 12.

Since Heather and Cheryl could not read all the big words on the notice, they asked Cheryl's older sister, Anna, to read them. She explained to them that a carnival was really a big party where the children went all dressed up as they did at Halloween. They would have fun skating, then someone would decide who had the prettiest costume, and that one would get a prize.

"What shall I wear?" Heather wondered. "I had a Bo Peep dress for Halloween, but it is all torn now."

"I don't know what I'll wear, but Mommy will have an idea. Let's go to ask her," Cheryl decided. Up the road they went to talk it over with Cheryl's mother.

"Mommy, there's going to be a big party at the rink. May I go?" Cheryl said as she burst in the kitchen door.

"And there will be prizes. Mrs. Ladd" piped up Heather, following close behind her friend.

"What can I wear? I'd like to be Red Riding Hood. No, I think I'll be Cinderella. No, not that either," said Cheryl, her cheeks all

pink with excitement. Mrs. Ladd laughed at the two little girls. "We'll have to put on our thinking caps," she said. "You'll have fun with the new white skates you got for Christmas. Aren't you pleased that you both learned to skate so quickly? But I'll have to get something ready for Anna and Brenda too."

A short time later the two older girls came in from school. All the talk was about the carnival, and what they would wear. They thought and thought. They talked and talked. Then they got out their new coloring book and looked through it.

"That's what I want to be," cried Cheryl. "See that dear little fairy. What does it say? Fr-o-s-t. That spells frost, doesn't it? She must be the Frost fairy. Could I be one, please, Mommy?"

"We can try to see how we get along," said her mother. "I'm going right home to talk to my mother," said Heather. "I'm going to ask her if I can wear my Scotch outfit." And off she went.

Anna and Brenda thought about theirs. They whispered together, then talked it over with their mother. Soon there was a scurry and a bustle as the scrap bag was emptied out, old dresses ripped up, and scissors, needle, and thread hunted out.

That night three tired little girls went to bed, pleased that their costumes were ready, yet so sleepy they couldn't talk about the next night.

Now they were gathered at the rink. No one would ever know Anna. She was a very round, very white snowman. Big black buttons were on the front of her coat. A

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

REDDY'S SUDDEN CHANGE OF MIND

Temptation I will promptly spurn, Thus freedom from regret I'll earn. —Reddy Fox

Reddy Fox is smart. Everybody knows this. He is one of the smartest of all the people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest who dress in fur. Long ago Reddy learned that temptation is

one of the hardest things to resist, and also if not resisted is one of the surest ways of getting into trouble. Reddy has to fight temptation almost every day of his life. This is especially true in hard times, when food is scarce and the need for it is great.

It is because he long ago learned to resist temptation that he still wears that handsome red coat of his. Often he has sat with his mouth watering, looking at some tempting food that he could get simply by reaching for it. Time and again this has happened when his stomach was so empty that he was very near to starv-

ing. The temptation to pick up that food has been such that only one of strong mind and will could resist it. It is because he has resisted temptation at such times that he has kept out of traps, and so has kept that handsome red coat of his.

This bleak March morning Reddy was as usual very, very hungry. He had hunted much of the night without much success, just one or two small mice that were hardly a bite. He was over in the Green Forest. It was near

when he caught mice around those rocks. He was still some distance from them, but still could see them. Something white was moving close to them. Could it be Jumper the Hare in his white coat? In his usual crafty manner, Reddy moved toward it, keeping under cover of logs and brush so as not to be seen. The nearer he got to that moving white thing the more puzzled he became. It certainly was not Jumper the Hare in his white coat. In fact, Reddy never had seen anyone just like this small person and he didn't know what to make of it.

That this small stranger was really got her wish.



He no longer tried to keep under cover.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



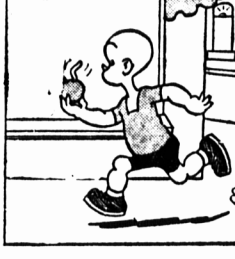
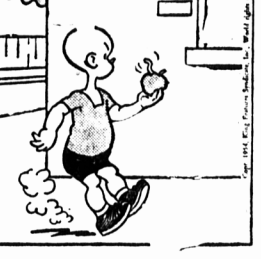
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Dotty Dripple

By Bufora



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwine



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoehnigen



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