

# The Tiny Folk

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

The Page family were spending Sunday with Laurie's Uncle Art and Aunt Mary on their farm in the country. Laurie was quite eager to find out all about the farm, but he was still afraid of the animals.

Uncle Art was getting on his overalls when Laurie piped up. "Where are you going, Uncle Art?"

"I'm going to let the horses out to water," said Uncle Art. "Do you want to come?"

"No, I guess not," replied Laurie. "Ellen, Alan, and Peggy always stay up here away from the barnyard when the horses are out, so I guess I will too."

"Come with me, Laurie, and I'll take you down," said his father. "When I was a little boy and lived here we used to have three horses. I helped to look after them."

Mr. Page, Uncle Art and Laurie went down to the barn, but Laurie did not want to go too near to the horses. He watched Uncle Art untie them and listened to the thump, thump, clump their feet made as they tramped heavily out of the barn.

"That is where I put their hay, right there before them in the manger," said Uncle Art. "This little box on the side holds their oats."

Laurie's bright eyes looked eagerly around. "Do you tie them with that rope?" he asked.

"Yes, so they can't get out of their stalls and wander around," explained Uncle Art.

"Look at this little cupboard," said Laurie's father. "Watch while I open the door. This is where we keep his brush and comb."

Laurie giggled at the idea of a horse having a bureau, but looked from all over. "What is that scraper for?" he wanted to know.

"That isn't a scraper," laughed his daddy. "This is called a curry comb. It has fine, short teeth for the horse has short hair. Then it has that kind of handle so that Uncle Art can hold it easily, like this."

"Have you a wagon?" Laurie asked, turning to his uncle. "In my story book there is a picture of a wagon."

"Come to the shed," said his uncle and away they went.

Laurie was fascinated with the wagon with its black leather seat, its little step on each side, and its shiny black wheels. Uncle Art lifted him up, and let him sit on the seat.

"What is that for?" Laurie asked, pointing to the dashboard at the front of the wagon.

"That keeps the mud from flying on you from the horse's feet," explained Uncle Art.

"Where does the horse go?" was Laurie's next question.

"We hitch him to the wagon between these two wooden poles called shafts," said Uncle Art.

"This isn't the kind of wagon the man uses to haul our coal," said Laurie. "His cart has just

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## DOWN THE LINE

With growing children worries grow.

All parents always find it so. —Old Mother Nature.

It is true. Mothers and fathers, especially mothers, worry over helpless babies. But those worries are nothing to the worries that are theirs when the children get big enough to run about, or fly about, as the case may be.

Rattles the Kingfisher and Mrs. Rattles had an unusually big family this season. They had eight children. Worries had begun with the laying of the first egg. They had increased when the eggs hatched. Growing babies must have plenty of food and mother busy keeping father and mother busy every waking moment, for the kingfisher folk live mostly on fish, and fish have to be caught. So, all the fine mother and father were out fishing, they worried less something happened to the babies at home.



"I'm glad you see it that way," replied Rattles.

Now those babies were not truly babies any longer. They were big enough and old enough to be starting out in the Great World to find places for themselves, and they

two big wheels," answered Uncle Art. "It depends what you are doing. Sometimes we use the cart, or the truck wagon. This wagon is just for driving, but we use it very very seldom, for everyone mostly uses their car."

"I think I'd like a ride in this wagon," said Laurie.

"Perhaps some day when you visit me again, I'll hitch up King and take you for a drive," promised Uncle Art.

Laurie's eyes danced with pleasure at the thought. Then he tore away to the house to tell his mother all about the wonderful wagon and the ride he would get some day.

actually were out in the Great World. They were sitting in a row by side on a limb of a dead tree that had been washed ashore a little way from their nest. They were gazing in big-eyed wonder at that part of the Great World in which they now found themselves. They had left their home never to go back to it. Father and mother were doing their best to feed those eight hungry mouths. At the same time they were worrying lest something happen to those young kingfishers who were now out there, any passing enemy might see them.

Rattles and Mrs. Rattles had a carefully selected line of fishing stations. These were trees and stumps along the shore. They looked water where small fishes liked to swim. Rattles would sit for awhile at one station, if he had no luck there, he would fly on to the next one, and so on down the line.

"It won't do for all these youngsters to keep together all the time," said Rattles.

"Quite right, my dear," replied Mrs. Rattles. "Of course, it won't do. Just as soon as they get a little more used to their wings so

that they can be sure of flying from one station to the next, we'll scatter them down the line. They can't all catch fish in one place. They can't all be taught in one place. But if we take them down the line so that there is only one or two at each station, they'll learn faster, and they'll catch more fish."

"I'm glad you see it that way," replied Rattles. "That is just my idea. The sooner they learn to do for themselves, the sooner we will get rid of a lot of worries and the sooner we can begin to think of ourselves."

It was Tousehead who had been the first one out of the nest. Now it was Tousehead who was the first one to be taken to the next station. It was his father who led the way. To the young kingfisher it seemed like a wonderful long flight. Really it was a short one, only a little longer than his first one had been. This time it was to the top of an old stump from which he could look down in shallow water over a sandy bottom. Rattles caught a small fish and gave it to Tousehead, then flew back to help Mrs. Rattles with the others.

## EVERYONE LIABLE

CANBERRA (AP) — Australia's national service minister, Harold Holt, announced that young men who are not British subjects but who are ordinarily resident in Australia must register for national service in the Citizens Military Force, as distinct from the regular army.

# GRADE XI EXAMINATIONS

First Year students of Prince of Wales College and any others who desire to write the examinations of the Atlantic Provinces Examining Board based on the P. E. I. course for Grade XI should apply to the Department of Education not later than June 1st. Applications should state the subject or subjects of examination desired, home address, and the centre at which the candidate wishes to write.

Examinations are offered in the following subjects: English Literature, English Composition, Science (one paper), Algebra, Geometry, French, Latin, German, and History. Consult the Grade XI teacher at your nearest high school or this Department regarding requirements for the examinations.

Time Tables will be mailed to each applicant. Fees, payable at examination centres, are at the rate of 50 cents per paper with a full charge of \$3.50 for six or more papers.

Centres at which examinations will be held are: Tignish, O'Leary, Summerside, Kinkora, North Rustico, Charlottetown, Souris and Montague, May 21, 1954.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

# IMUNIZATION CLINICS IN RURAL SCHOOLS

Are your young children protected against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus?

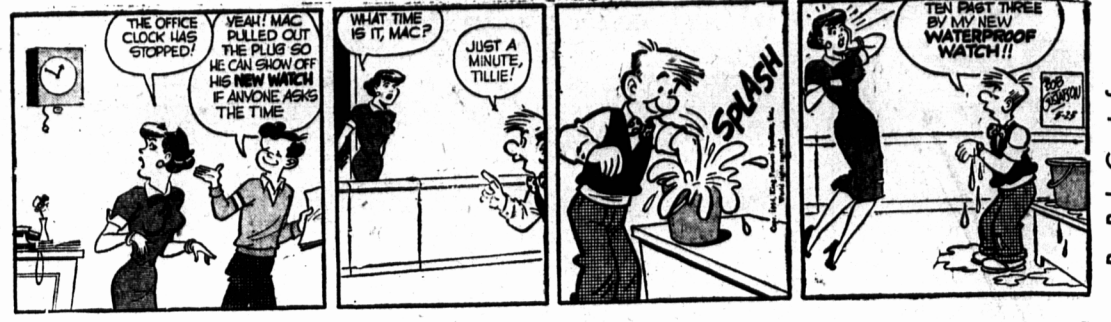
Are all your children successfully vaccinated against smallpox?

Protection against these can be secured at school clinics this spring.

Ask the teacher the date of the next clinic in your district.

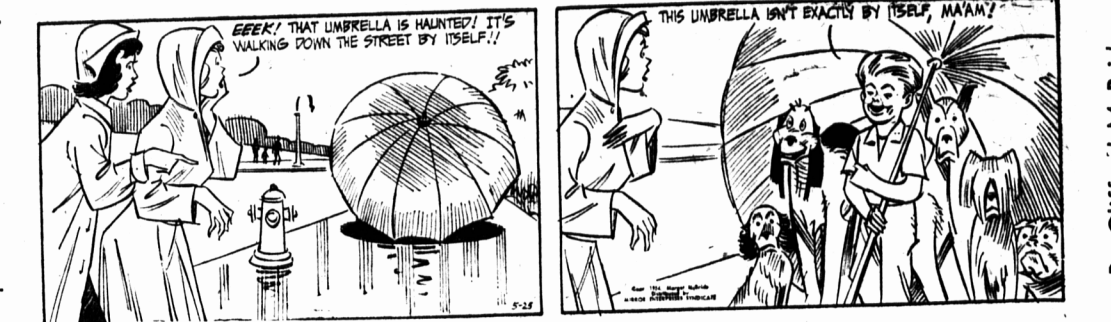
Remember that a re-inforcing inoculation is important for young children who have not received an inoculation for ONE YEAR and for school children who have not had one for three years.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE



Tilly the Toilet

By Bob Gustafson



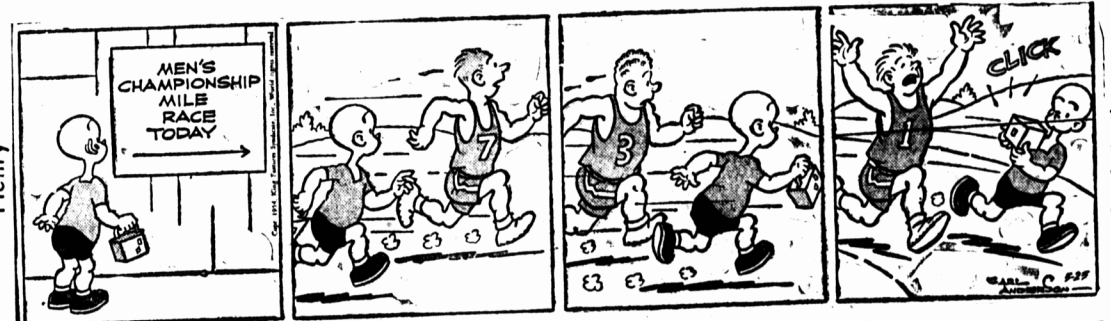
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



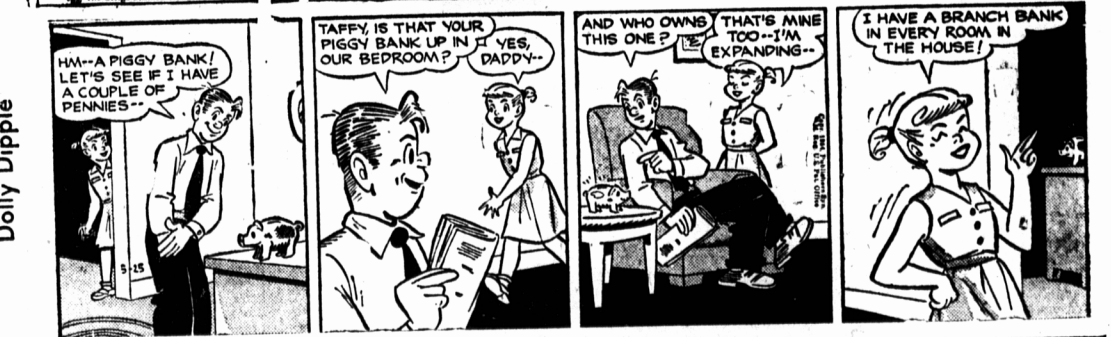
Henry

By Carl Anderson



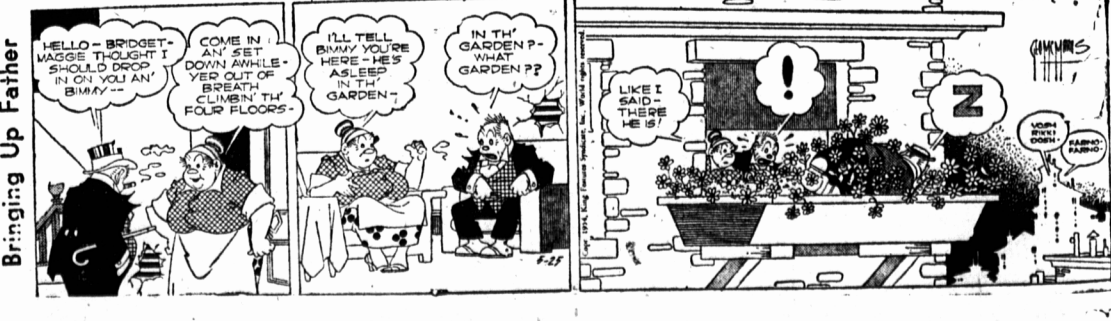
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Dolly Dimple

By Rufard



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Penny

By Alex Raymond



L'il Abner

By Al Capp

## OPENING DANCE

**CRAPAUD RINK**  
**WEDNESDAY, MAY 26**  
 Modern and Old Time  
**Dancing 9:30 to 12:30**  
**BURNS ORCHESTRA**  
 Admission 50c Canteen Service



The Lone Ranner

By Fran Striker



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By L'il Abner