

The Tiny Folk

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

Ginger is a teddy bear. But he is not an ordinary teddy bear. Oh my! No! He is a very, very special teddy bear who lives with Laurie Page on Playtime Lane. What is different about him? Just wait and you will hear.

First, there is his name Ginger. Laurie calls him that because the teddy is exactly the color of his favorite cookies, the big crisp golden brown ginger cookies that his mother bakes every Saturday. His chest is just the color of a soda biscuit, so you see, when Ginger was very new, he looked almost food enough to eat.

Then there are his eyes. When Laurie was little, he tried to pick Ginger's shining glass eyes. So Mommy took out the eyes, and instead made pretty big dark blue ones with yarn. Not every teddy has special eyes, so Ginger feels very proud of his.

But the most important thing that makes Ginger very special is that something you'd never dream of seeing inside his ears! Yes, real bells that tinkle and jingle every time he moves. You see, Laurie got Ginger when he was only a year old and then he might have tried to swallow the bells if they had been fastened on the teddy bear's neck. Now isn't that a good idea, to put the bells inside the big, round, furry ears of the teddy?

As you can guess, Laurie loves Ginger very, very much. When Laurie goes to visit Grandmother, Ginger goes too. When Laurie goes driving with his Daddy, he tucks Ginger under his arm. When Laurie went on a long holiday trip, Ginger went along too. And one afternoon Ginger even visited with Laurie, but Dr. Kindly said he just couldn't seem to find Ginger's teeth that day.

Every evening at bedtime Laurie takes Ginger in his arms as he starts off for bed. He tucks Ginger in carefully, for he might get cold if he were not covered properly.

But one night a dreadful thing happened. Mother called Laurie to

bed but Ginger was nowhere to be found. Mother looked all over the living room, Laurie looked in his toy box, and inside the cupboard doors. Daddy looked under the couch in the kitchen, and in the hall closet. Even Frisky, Laurie's little dog, looked too. He looked under the stove and by the wood box. But Ginger was gone! Where could he be?

Laurie started to cry. He just couldn't go to bed without his teddy! Mommy and Daddy looked again, but with no luck. At last, Laurie went up the stairs, but no matter how tightly he squeezed his eyes shut, the big tears leaked out on to his cheeks. He was so lonesome for Ginger!

Mr. Page settled down on the couch to read the paper. Suddenly he thought he heard a faint tinkle. Quickly he lifted the cushions of the couch, but still he couldn't see anything. Then he heard the jingle again. There inside the back of one of the couch cushions was Ginger. He had slipped in, and no one noticed the lump at the back of the cushion.

Mr. Page ran up the stairs to Laurie's room. Laurie sprang up in his bed, grabbed the big teddy and hugged him and hugged him. Then he curled down on his pillow, with Ginger clasped tightly in his arms. Mother tucked them in. You couldn't count ten before Laurie was asleep, for he was now the happiest little boy on Playtime Lane. And I know Ginger was just as happy in his own teddy bear way.

LADY FANE W. I.

The members of the Lady Fane W. I. were entertained at the home of Mrs. Park Francis on Feb. 5. Mrs. Lewis presided.

Roll call was responded to by six members. Committees gave their reports and new ones appointed are as follows: school—Mrs. John Francis; sick—Mrs. Stanley Mayhew; prog.—Phyllis Cairns and Mrs. John Francis.

It was agreed that \$2 be sent to the March of Dimes.

Mrs. Lewis Francis invited members to meet at her home for the next meeting when the lunch committee will be Mrs. Gordon Cotton and Miss Elsie Francis.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BITTER DAYS
As sunny days give way to bad, So bitter days in time are glad. —Old Mother Nature.

These were bitter days and they were lovely days. For folks who were warmly housed, warmly clothed, and with plenty to eat, these were lovely winter days. Snow covered everything. It hid all ugliness. It had been a deep snow to start with, and a soft snow. That had made getting about very difficult, except for those who had wings. It meant that only the winged hunters like Hooty the Owl, Terror the Goshawk, and Whitey the Snowy Owl could do any real hunting. Even for them these were bitter days; for the ones they hunted, and on whom they depended for their food, were not moving about.

So, though the sun shone brightly and everybody knew that winter would soon be over, these were the bitterest days of the whole year. Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy were snowbound. So was Yowler the Bobcat, and Old Man Coyote, and most of the other Green Forest folk. Each day became a little more bitter than the one before, because each day they were in greater need of food.

To some, being snowbound was not too bad. It wasn't easy for the Squirrel folk to get about. But they didn't have to get about much. They had food stored away where they could get to it easily. This was also true of some of the Mouse folk. In fact, to the latter, these were not bitter days at all. They really were the best days of the whole winter. Being so small and light, they could get about on the snow; they didn't even have to come out on the snow unless they wanted to, for they could dig little tunnels under it and get around without ever being in danger.

These were not bitter days for

Paddy the Beaver, or Jerry Muskrat. The snow didn't bother these folks at all. They had plenty of food where they could get it without coming out of water. Their houses out in the water were even warmer, and so more comfortable, because of the snow that covered them so deeply.

Little Joe Otter liked the snow, and Billy Mink didn't mind it. Juniper the Hare, whose big hairy



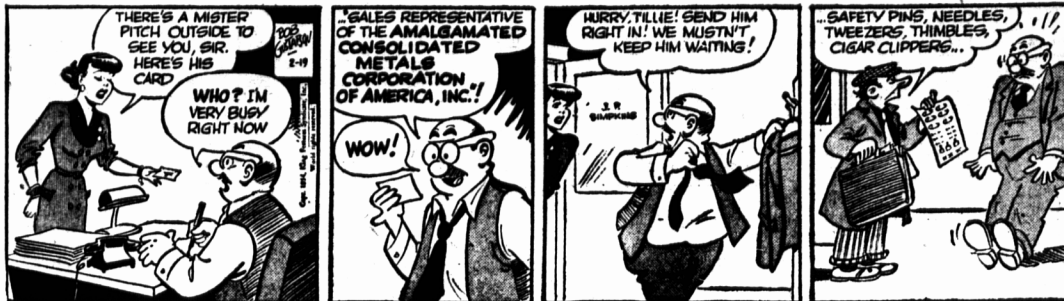
Blacky the Crow was finding it a bitter time.

feet acted like snowshoes and kept him from sinking in too deeply, got about without much trouble. Like his cousin, Peter Rabbit, he lived on bark and tender twigs; and these he could find without too much trouble. The very fact that the snow kept some of those he feared most snowbound, made it all the better for him. The only ones he really had to watch out for were Hooty the Great Horned Owl, Whitey the Snowy Owl, and Terror the Goshawk. The latter two were down from the Far North.

Blacky the Crow was finding it a bitter time. There were days when he wished he had flown to the Sunny South as so many of the other feathered folk had before winter came. With this hateful snow covering everything, finding food to keep him alive was a problem. Somehow or other he managed to do it, but he never knew what it was to have enough to eat at one time. He got just enough to keep him alive, and give him strength enough to fly and search for anything that he could eat. Every night he went to sleep hungry and tired. Every morning he awoke still hungry. These were bitter days indeed.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



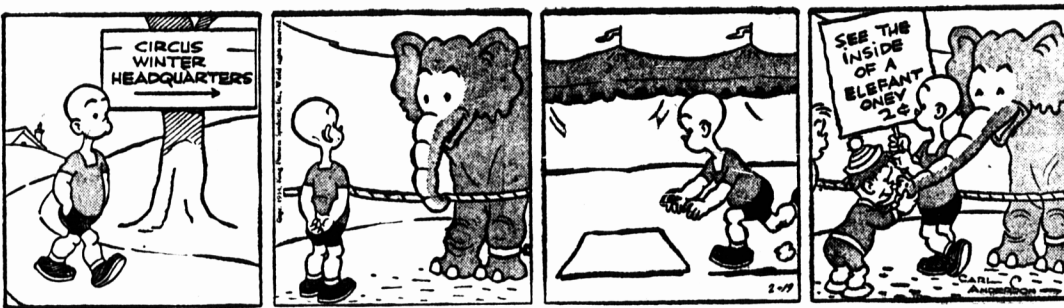
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



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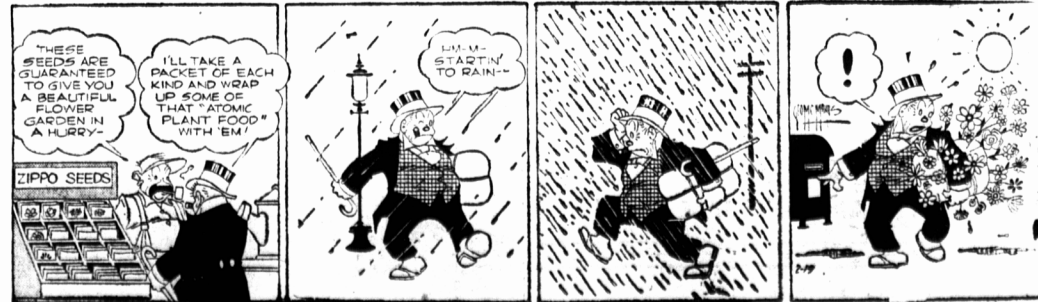
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoensgen

