

The Tiny Folk

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

Susan had gone to spend the night with her cousin Irene, but had found it lonely without her mother, father and baby brother David. It was her first time away from home and it wasn't as much fun as she thought it would be. Aunt Beth had tucked them in for the night, but it seemed as if the Sandman just wouldn't come. She could not get to sleep.

Then she heard Aunt Beth at the piano playing "Brahm's Lullaby." It reminded her of soft sleepy sounds and she listened, she floated off to dreamland. Bright morning sun streaming into the room awakened her, and quickly she and Irene dressed. There was so much to see.

Bert and Gordon were reading on their jackets, getting ready for school. "Come to the window and watch them go," said Irene. "They take Queenie, our horse, to drive to school. It is too far to walk when its cold."

Susan watched the boys bring

Queenie out of stable and hitch her in the low box sled. Queenie stood so still, waiting until the boys were settled, and Bert chirped, "Get-up," and then she trotted off. Susan said, "It must be fun to go to school like that, I have never had a drive in a horse and sleigh, for my daddy doesn't have a horse. I think I would be afraid."

"Come out to see what is in the barn," said Irene. "I have something to show you."

Out the two girls went, holding hands as they walked along the path. Irene went first to the hen house.

"Look Susan, at the big white duck. She is Snowflake. This is Quacker here, the brown duck. They sleep in that barrel on its side over there. They are my very own ducks. This spring when Snowflake lays eggs, she'll keep them in her nest. Then she'll have baby ducks. That is how I got her and Quacker. Last year Miss Trudy gave me two duck eggs that I put under a hen, and these are the grown up ducks that were babies last year."

Susan watched the ducks waddle over to the pan and drink the clean water that Irene poured in.

Continued on page 12

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

A GREAT DISCOVERY

Abilities we have not known, Through chance we sometimes find our own. —Prickly Porky.

Prickles, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Prickly Porky, was a frightened young porcupine. Yes, sir, he was so. He was scared almost out of his slow wits. By way of an old log, he had climbed out on a big rock in Laughing Brook. That big rock had been worn very smooth on one side by the running water through years and years. Prickles had slipped. There was nothing to get his little claws into. There was nothing to hold onto. Down over the smooth

slippery side of that rock splash into a deep pool said the little porcupine!

Now Prickles knew nothing about water excepting that it was good to drink, and quite necessary. He had seen some very small puddles visit a rain. This was his first visit to Laughing Brook, and he just didn't know what to make of so much water, and running water at that. He had done no more than wet his feet before climbing out



Prickles had slipped.

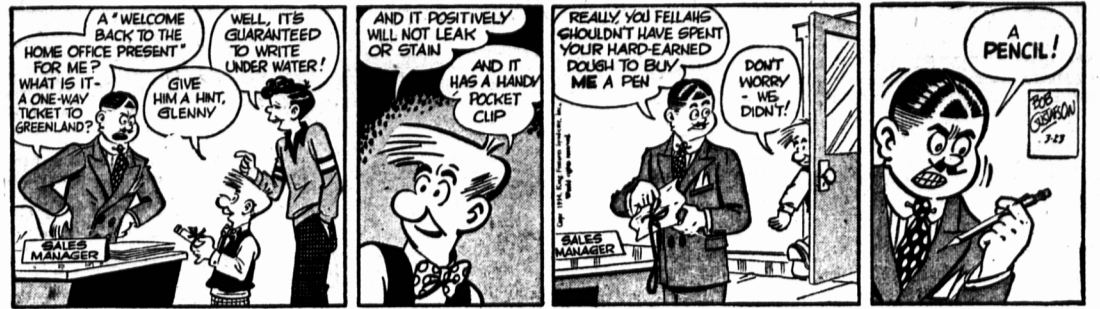
on that big rock. Now, he was too frightened to know what he was doing. Never before had he been where he couldn't put his feet on something solid.

While the pool wasn't very deep, it was too deep for him to touch bottom by putting his legs down. Of course, water got in his mouth and up his nose and in his eyes. He coughed and choked and spluttered. And, of course, he kicked with hind feet an thrashed about with his arms. All this was at first. Then he quieted down a little and made a wonderful discovery. That water didn't hurt him a bit. He was floating in it, and it was a queer feeling. He stopped struggling. He let his hind legs stretch out behind him. He floated quite high out of water. There was a reason for this. There is always a reason for whatever happens. In this case the thousand little spears, called quills, carried in the coat of young Prickles, were really a thousand little floats. Those quills were hollow, and filled with air. In a way they were a thousand little life-savers.

Presently he began to kick his legs again, only he didn't do it frantically now. He made a great discovery. Yes, sir, it was a wonderful discovery. He was moving through the water! Of course, what

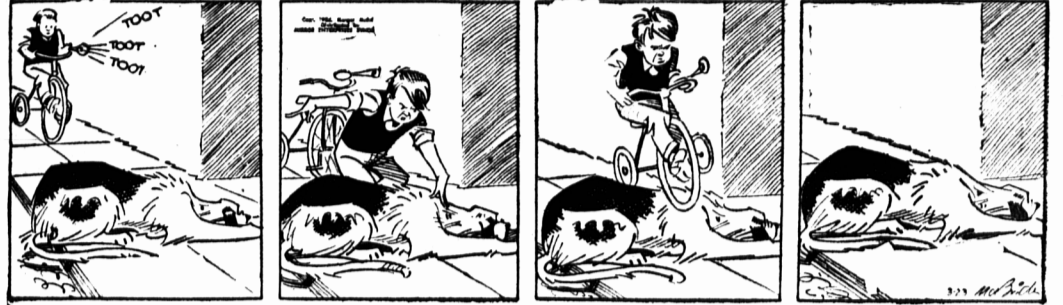
Continued on page 12

Tilly The Toiler



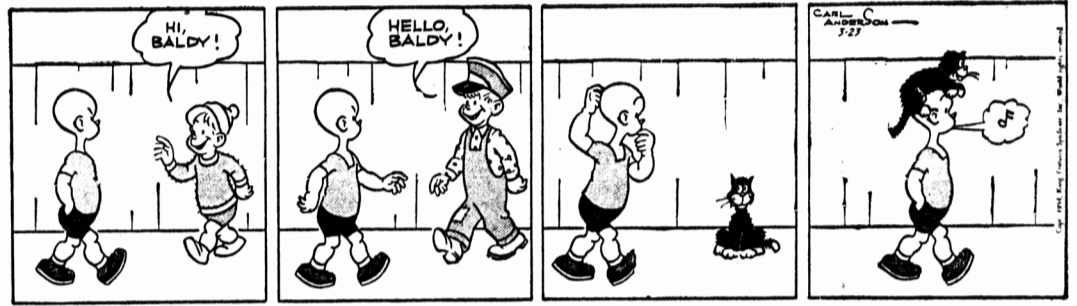
By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



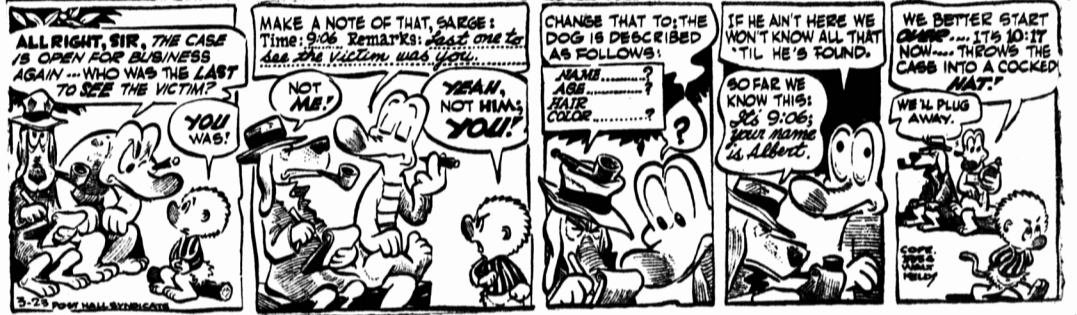
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Henry



By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

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3. PRINT your name and address clearly on each entry. Mail to BEST YEAST CONTEST Box 1653, Halifax, N. S.
4. There will be THREE monthly contests ending respectively February 27th, March 31st, April 30th. Entries received after each closing date will be entered in next date except the final.
5. All entries become the property of BEST YEAST LIMITED. None will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into. Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity of thought. Judges' decision will be final.
6. Winners will be notified by mail and a complete list published monthly in this paper.
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