

The Tiny Folk

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

The rain rattled against the window panes of the Page home. The telephone wires were round with sleet. The trees in the orchard, too, wore a heavy ice coat. Even the bare spots were covered with the hard, crackly ice.

Laurie knelt on the couch by the kitchen window, looking out at the very wet outdoors. There would be no playing with his sled today.

His little dog, Frisky, came along the path to the house. He was holding his head to the side, for the wind was blowing into his ears, and pelting him with drops of frozen rain. Laurie laughed as the little dog slipped at the corner, and dug in his toenails to hold on.

Just then Laurie looked at the shrubs by the garden fence. In among their icy branches sat six very cold, wet sparrows. They shivered up their feathers, and drew in their necks, trying to get comfortable. One brave little fellow was hopping about on the ice, looking for food.

"Oh, Mommy," he called, "come here to see the little sparrows. They must be cold and wet. I feel so sorry for them. Where are their houses?"

Mrs. Page put down her dish-cloth and came over to stand beside him and watch out the window.

"They do not live in houses," she answered, "but they try to find shelter among the trees. Usually they stay in the spruce trees when it is snowing, or raining, but most of the trees around here are bare now. They must be cold."

"Would they be unhappy because they have no warm house?" Laurie asked. "Why couldn't I take them in here?"

"They would not be happy in here dear," his mother answered gently. "You see, they would not know if you meant to be kind, and they would be afraid. Besides, they like to be able to fly about as free as the wind. Their feathers are like sweaters to keep them warm."

"What are they trying to find on the ground?" Laurie inquired.

"Seeds, or tiny bits of food," his mother replied. "When the ice covers the ground, it covers up the food too, so that the little birds are often very hungry."

Laurie sat silently and watched the brown sparrows, his three year old mind very busy thinking things over. At last he said, "Mommy, could we throw out bread crumbs for the birds? Would they like that, or would it scare them away?"

"That would be a good idea," said his mother. "Here is the end of the loaf of bread. Break it up there by the trees."

Laurie did as he was told. Then he ran back to watch out the window. Soon the little sparrows were back busily picking up the crumbs. Suddenly Laurie laughed. "Come, Mommy, come, quickly. See the two sparrows with the one crust. Each one wants it. Aren't they funny? That's the way Susan and I sometimes fight over my tricycle. Oh, look, the one little bird took the crust and flew away with it. Now the other fellow will have to look for one for himself."

"That is what often happens," said his mother. "Now every day you can gather the crumbs and put them out for your little feathered friends. Then when summer comes, they will pay you back by eating the bugs in your garden."

"Then we are all happy," said Laurie, as he went to play with Frisky.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE PRICE OF GETTING EVEN

"It's better that a cause be lost than gained when at too great a cost."

—Old Mother Nature.

Blacky the Crow and his followers known in the Green Forest as the Black Gang, were having fun. Hooty the Owl was not having fun. Those black rascals were doing their utmost to make life miserable for Hooty. They were flying around him, all the time screaming at him. They flapped their wings in his face. Now and then the boldest of them darted in and pulled out a feather. They were threatening to kill him. Yes, sir, that is what they were doing. They didn't make Hooty one bit afraid, but they did make him most uncomfortable. He snapped his bill angrily. It was hard work to watch all his tormentors at once, but he could move his head around so fast and so far around that he managed to keep watch of all of them all the time.

Now some of those crows were young. The winter that was just ended was their first winter. They still had much to learn. So it was that some of these younger crows were the most daring. They were overbold. They were the ones that darted in closest. The older ones were content to fly about Hooty, screaming at him and threatening him, but always careful not to go too near.

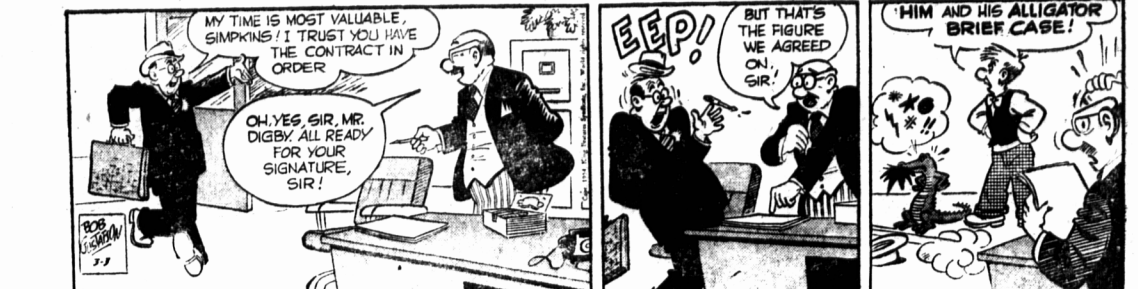
And during all this excitement Blacky sat keeping watch. He was in the top of a tree close at hand. But it was hard work to keep watch and at the same time to see what was going on around Hooty. So it was that he failed to see Mrs. Hooty until she was almost in the midst of that black cloud around Hooty.

Blacky was to be excused in part because Mrs. Hooty had come from behind some tall pines. The instant he did see her, he shrieked a warn-



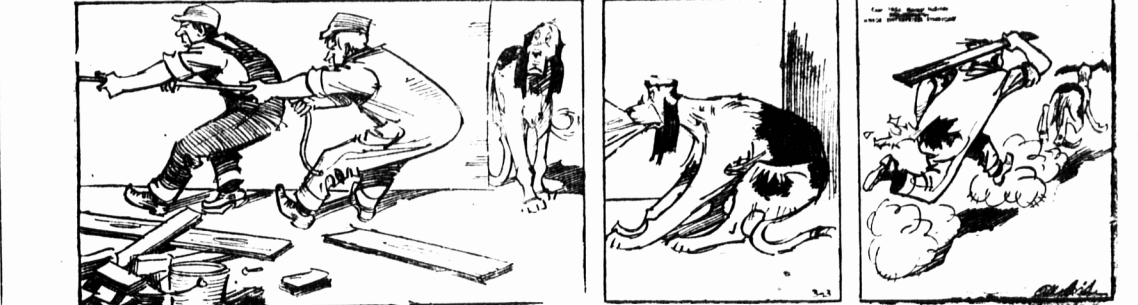
And during all this excitement Blacky sat keeping watch.

Tilly The Toiler



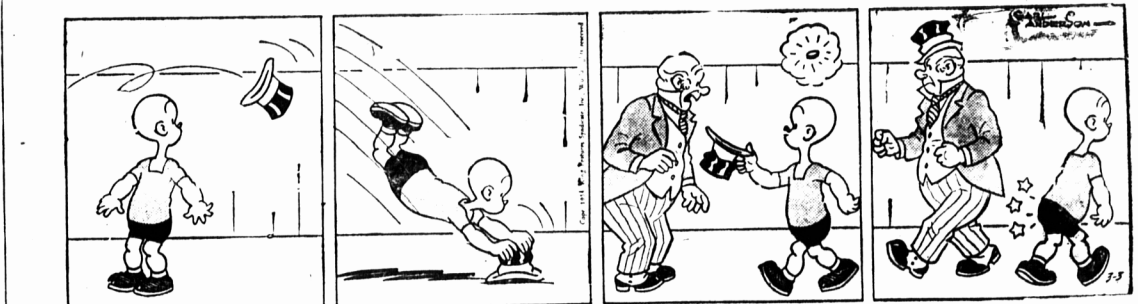
By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

Henry



By Carl Anderson

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Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of Fort Augustus Dairy Co-op Association Ltd., will be held in Parish Hall Thursday, March 4th at 2 p.m. If not fine, on Saturday.

HUGH TRAINER, Secretary.

OTTAWA, (CP)—Canada plans to contribute \$500,000 this year to the United Nations Children's Fund. The contribution subject to parliamentary approval. Since the fund's foundation in 1947, Canada has contributed \$8,375,000.

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger



By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka



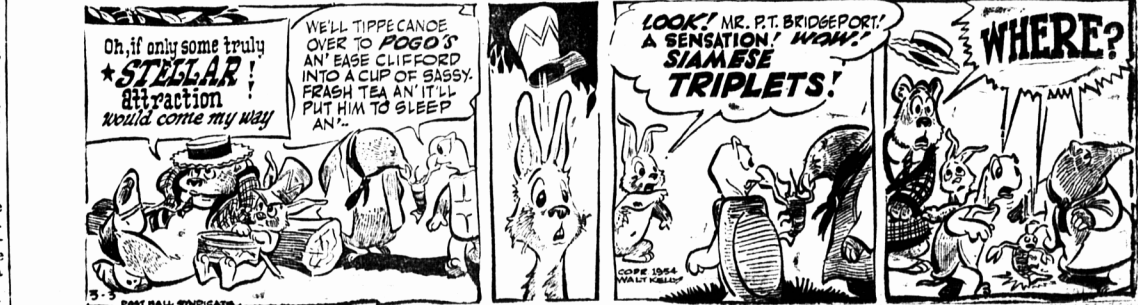
By Ham Fisher

L'il Abner



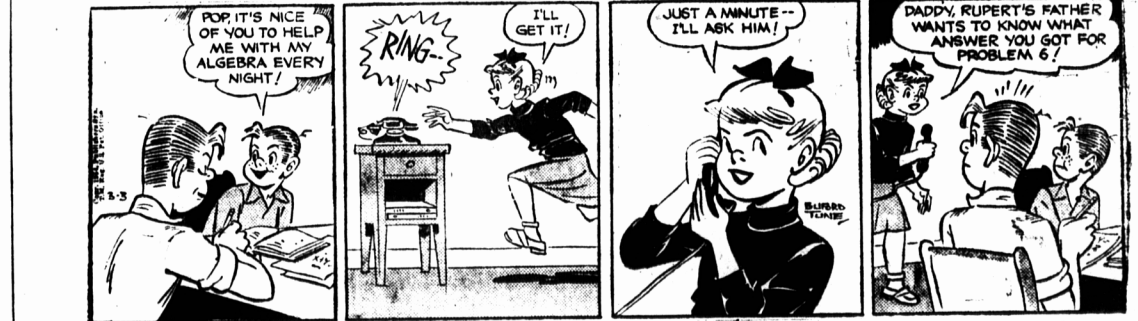
By Al Capp

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Dotty Dripple



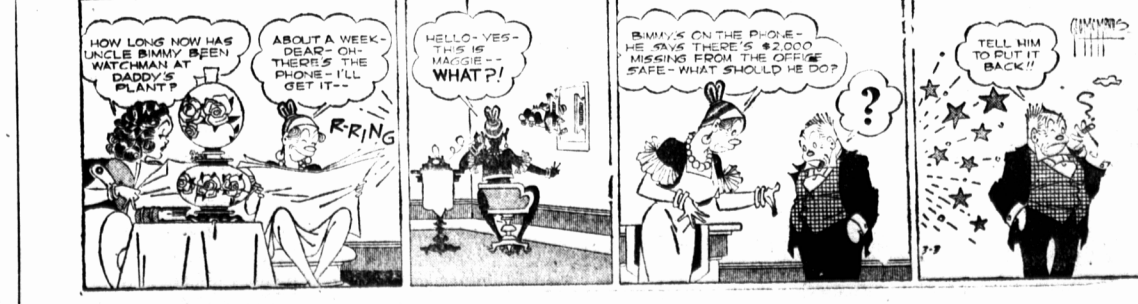
By Buford

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwin

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

PENNY

