

The Tiny Folk

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

When Laurie went to visit Grandfather he passed along the shore where some children and grown-ups were swimming. He had wanted to stop then but they didn't have time. However, his mother promised that the very next day, if it were fine, she would take Laurie down to the beach.

The moment Laurie's eyes opened the next morning, he raced to the window to see if it were fine. It was! The morning sun made long long shadows from the barn, and from the tall spruce trees along the fence. The cattle were busy nibbling grass in the nearby pasture, and across the fence two black horses stood side by side. Yes! it was fine and it looked as if it would be hot. Just the very best kind of a day to go to the beach. Laurie hustled into his clothes.

Mrs. Page kept her word. About ten o'clock they all started off to the beach. Laurie was holding Laurie's hand when they came to the beach. How warm these felt under his feet!

"Why are they so smooth, Mommy?" They are just like steps!" he said. "They used to be part of a very high bank once, but the water broke it away and wore these smooth!" Mrs. Page explained. Laurie stopped and looked up.

Then they decided to walk farther along the beach. Laurie still stayed in his boat, holding Laurie's hand when they came to the beach. How warm these felt under his feet!

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

RUNTY HAS HIS NAME CHANGED

Having all the good things he could eat whenever he wanted it, Runty grew fast. Yes, sir, Runty grew fast. Although he didn't know it, he was catching up with his brothers and sisters. They were growing too, but Runty was growing faster. Then one day Runty wandered up to the top of the bank and there he came face to face with his biggest brother. This was the one who had pushed him around most when he was very small. This was the one who, because he was the biggest and the strongest, had always been selfish and had crowded his brothers and sisters from the sweet clover and the sweet grass.

Runty growled and held his place in the path. His big brother stopped. He didn't know that this was Runty. He didn't like the sound of that growl. He hastily stepped aside to let Runty pass. Runty growled again. With every growl he seemed to be bigger. The truth is, he was bigger than his brother. Not only was he bigger, but he was stronger. He was better looking, for he had a finer coat. In fact, he was the biggest, the strongest, the best looking and the smartest of Johnny Chuck's eight children. Now no one offered to push him around No, sir, no one thought of anything of that

kind. You see, he was no longer a runt. In fact he was almost as big as his father, Johnny Chuck; and Johnny had long been the biggest chuck in all that neighborhood.

Now Johnny Chuck had not seen his smallest son for a long time. "Which one of the children is that?" he asked Polly Chuck. "That is Runty," replied Polly Chuck. "Runty!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "There is no runt about him."

"Just the same, that is Runty," replied his mother. "What's he doing to grow like this?" asked Johnny Chuck. "Eating the kind of food that makes one grow," replied Polly Chuck. Johnny stared long and hard at Runty. Slowly he shook his head. "That name won't do," said he. "He's not a runt at all, but a buster."

Polly Chuck chuckled. It was a deep throaty chuckle. "I guess," said she, "that is what it shall have to be." Johnny Chuck looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?" he demanded. "His name," replied Polly Chuck. "From now on we'll call him Buster instead of Runty."

And that is how Runty Chuck became Buster Chuck.

NO MORE HONKING
PARIS (AP)—The police Tuesday dealt Paris motorists the cruellest blow since the spotlight was invented. In the city whose honking horns inspired George Gershwin's "An American in Paris," the prefect of police said it had gone too far. He said: No honking of horns, except to avoid serious accidents.

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He hastily stepped aside to let Runty pass.

Those banks are awful high, aren't they, Mommy? They are great big, big rocks. I guess I couldn't climb up there, could I? Most certainly not, answered his mother. "You must not walk too near the edge at the top either. It might crumble and you'd get hurt in the fall. You would not be able to climb them when they are straight up like that. But I may find a spot later on that you could go up."

"Laurie, come here," called his daddy. "See this little stream of water coming out of the rock?" "Where does it come from?" Laurie asked.

"That is a little spring. The water is bubbling up out of the ground there, then running down across the sand. Put your toes in it."

"Ow! It's as cold as ice!" ex-

(Continued on page 16)

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1. Dutch port.
- 5. A try
- 9. A canal connecting Albany and Buffalo
- 10. A stout, man-shaped jug
- 11. Kind of fance
- 12. Fitches
- 13. Sits carelessly
- 15. Except
- 17. Mineral
- 18. Audience
- 21. Exclamation of sorrow
- 23. Put to severe test
- 25. Ruthenium (sym.)
- 26. Vapor
- 28. Tropical fruits
- 30. Land measure
- 31. Young dog
- 33. Gasp
- 34. Laboratory (abbr.)
- 36. Egyptian god
- 38. A song
- 39. Reservoir for ink
- 42. Sullen (Scott.)
- 43. Scoff
- 45. Wheaten flour (Indis.)
- 46. Egyptian god
- 47. Gone by
- 48. Negative votes

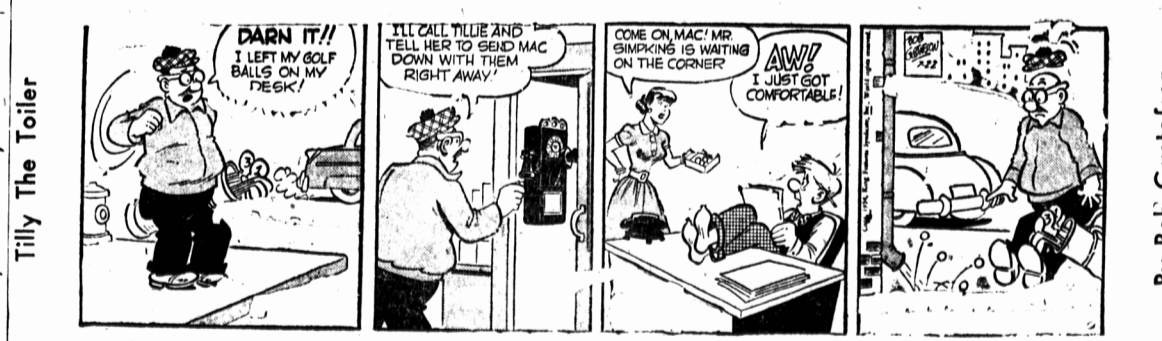
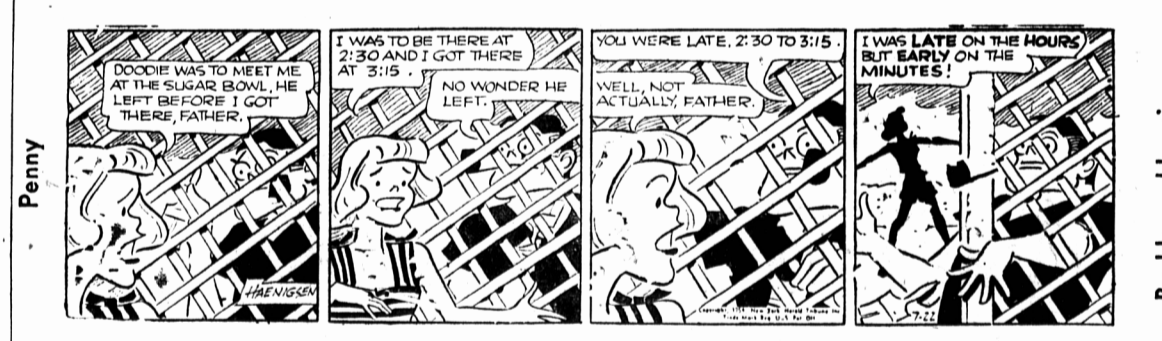
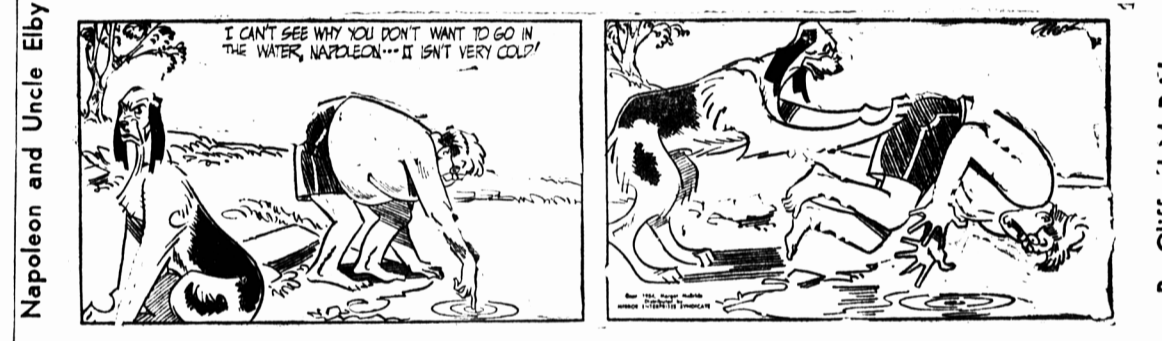
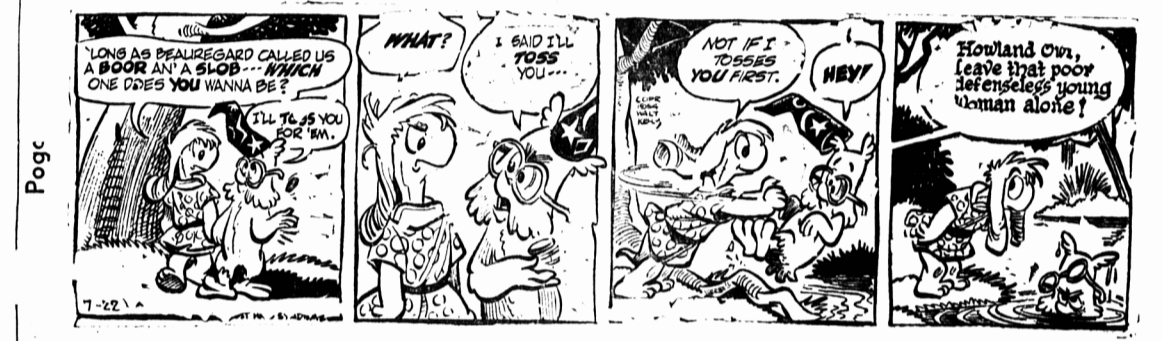
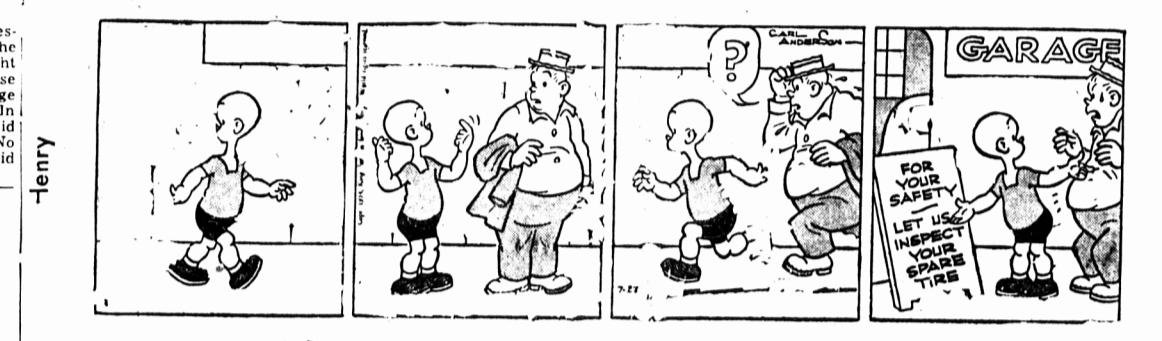
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A XYDLBAAXE is LONGFELLOW
One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
LCC BKAF-VFLKBFY BLKQ CSHF
BVFJK QVJQ LPY BVFJK IJHFQ
YJNYJP.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: EACH SEEMED TO ACT THE PART HE CAME TO SEE—DENHAM.



Feel defeated?
You can beat it!

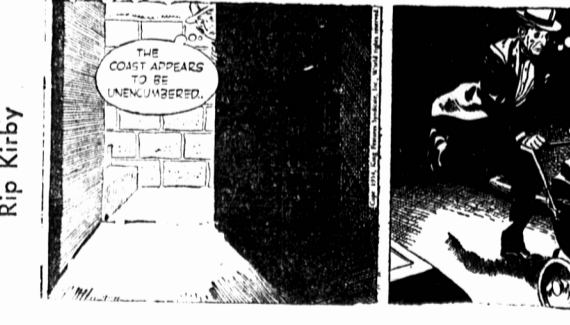
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

The lively delicious flavour refreshes you and you'll find the good smooth chewing makes most things you do seem easier. Enjoy chewing refreshing, delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum every day.

BLUE PETER STEAMSHIPS LTD.
M-V BLUE PRINCE

Freight will be accepted, until noon Monday, July 26, for next sailing M/V Blue Prince to St. John's, Newfoundland.

For space reservations and rates apply to:—
NEWFOUNDLAND SHIPPING SERVICE
P. O. Box 65 Dial 8787



By Edwina
By Buford Tunn
By Carl Anderson
By Walt Kelly
By Clifford McBride
By Harry Hoenigsen
By Bob Gustafson
By George McManus
By Al Capp