

### The Tiny Folk

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

Susan and Irene had had a busy day. Irene had shown her cousin all over the barn. They had watched snowflake and Quacker. Irene's two ducks, having their breakfast. They had had a wonderful time playing with the three kittens on the barn floor. Later they had watched Uncle Bob, Irene's father, chop turnips for the cows. It was all new and very wonderful to Susan, for though she lived in a little country village, she had no animals at home.

All afternoon the two girls played house with their dolls, Margie Lou, along with her. But somehow it didn't seem to be as much fun playing today as it had been yesterday when Irene had been at her house. She wished David were there too. What would he be doing now? Would Mommy be baking? Would David be wanting to play? She wondered if Laurie were out playing today. She began to wish that she were back home again.

Uncle Bob came in from the barn. "Well, Susan," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "would you like to go home? Or perhaps you'll stay all week?"

"Oh, no," said Susan, "I'd like to go home now. I'm having a good time, but you see, David has nobody to play with. Mommy will be needing me to help with the work."

"Oh, I see," Uncle Bob smiled.

"In that case we'd better take you back now. It would never do to let your work pile up."

Susan felt that Uncle Bob was teasing, but she didn't care. She flew to get her little brown bag and her doll. They all got in the car and away they went. She wished Uncle Bob would hurry. The car seemed to be going so slowly.

Eagerly she watched ahead. She could see the pavement stretching along, with bits of snow along its sides. Up the hills and down again, around the curves and straight ahead, they must be getting near now. At last she saw the steeple of the white church. Then they were passing the little store. Farther on was the service station. There was Laurie's house and there he was outside the window to wave. And here was her own house at last!

She jumped out and ran to throw her arms around her mother in the doorway. She hugged David who came running to meet her.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" her mother asked.

"Yes, yes, I did," she answered. "I have so much to tell you. I saw so many new things. But do you know what? The best thing of all was coming home again."

Her mother hugged her back as she said, "I'm glad you think home is best after all. We all missed you, and I know Laurie did too."

Susan started to take off her coat. "I'm back again on play-time Lane," she said. "Now we can all be happy together."



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

#### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE

Politeness may or may not pay. But nothing's ever lost that way. —Old Mother Nature.

Mother Porky had begun a journey to another part of the Green Forest. Prickles, her white-coated snail son, was with her. It was because of him that she was seeking a new location. That white coat of his had drawn attention. He had been seen in that part of the Green Forest. The journey was made by easy stages. It was no great distance, but the porcupine folk are slow in everything they do. To them nothing requires hurry. So Mother Porky and Prickles stopped to eat when they were hungry and to sleep when they were tired. Now they had reached the shore of a small pond, and Mother Porky decided to stay there a while. There were willow trees and alders around the pond. There were poplar trees also. All of these had catkins, for it was spring. Mrs. Porky is very fond of these catkins. Prickles was finding them much to his liking too. He was very well pleased that they were staying there for awhile. They were being left very much to themselves, they hadn't yet been discovered in their new location.

almost to that old log. In fact, he did not see him until a somewhat sharp voice said, "Who are you?" It seemed to come from the water. The young porcupine looked down. There in the water just in front of him, was a brown head. The stranger was floating in the water. He floated in a little nearer. Prickles could see that he wore a brown coat all over, and



"Who are you?" repeated the Stranger.

Early one evening Prickles walked out on a short stout log, the end of which was in the water. Now, porcupine eyes are not very good seeing eyes. They cannot see clearly at a distance. Prickles did not see a brown-coated swimmer start out from the opposite shore. He did not see him until he was

he had a broad tail, a broad black tail. Prickles had a rather flat and broad tail, but this tail was flatter and broader. "Who are you?" repeated the stranger.

"My name is Prickles," replied the young porcupine. "Who are you?"

Instead of replying, the stranger swam ashore. He walked along the shore, and a little back from it. There was a fallen aspen tree there. He cut off a branch and dragged it down to the water. At the edge of the water he began gnawing the bark from his branch.

"I like bark too," said the young porcupine. "Is that good bark?"

"It's the best bark that grows," replied the young beaver.

"Do you climb trees to get it?" asked Prickles.

"No," replied the new acquaintance. "We beavers cut down trees to get the bark."

"Why don't you climb? It must be a lot of work to cut a tree," said the young porcupine.

"We can't climb," replied the young beaver. "As for work, anything worth having is worth working for."

"I hope you'll always remember that," said another voice. The young beaver's mother had come unseen.

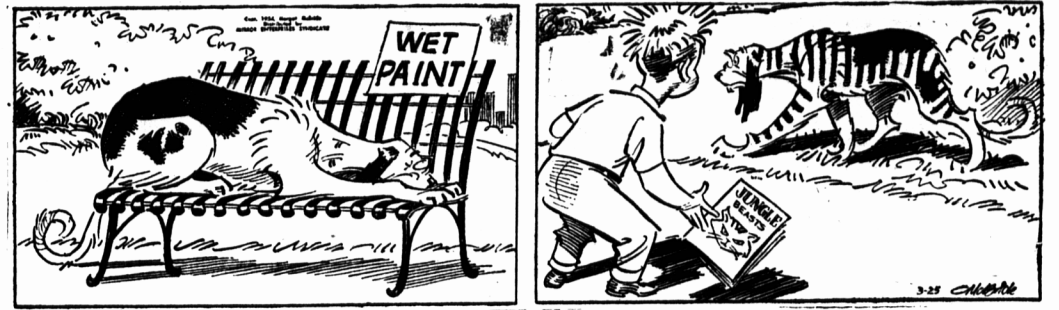
### Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



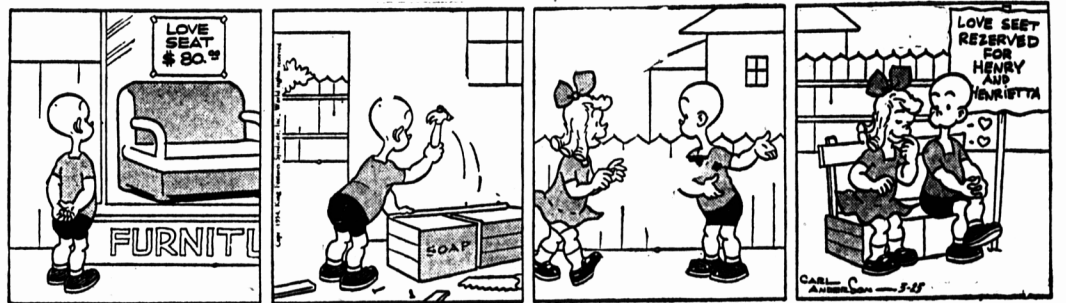
### Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



### Henry

By Carl Anderson



### 999

By Walt Kelly



## SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION SHORT COURSES

Sponsored by the Department of Education for School Trustees, Secretaries, Parents and all interested in Better Schools.

The purpose of the Course is to assist citizens in the management of the local school and the conduct of the annual school meeting; to discuss possible improvements in our schools and other matters relating to school administration.

The Courses will be held as follows:

- Mt. Stewart—St. Andrew's Hall, Thursday, Mar. 25.
- Vernon River—C.M.B.A. Hall, Friday, March 26.
- Hunter River—Orange Hall, Tuesday, March 30.
- Alberton—Women's Institute Hall, Wed., Mar. 31.
- Kensington—King George Hall, Thursday, April 1.

Each Course will consist of two sessions starting at 2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. All are welcome. Competent instructors including the Director and Assistant Director of Education will be present at all meetings.

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