

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A CHANGE OF MIND

The unexpected you may find, Will cause a sudden change of mind.

—Winsome Bluebird.

Sweet Mistress Spring was her loveliest. Every day the fast growing green leaves were a little bigger. Every day dainty little flowers were lifting delicate little faces, most of them white, a few pink, and fewer still blue. Every day more feathered folk arrived from the Sunny South where they had spent the winter. Gentle Sister South Wind carried their love notes over the Green Meadows and all through the Green Forest, and especially in the Old Orchard. It was the lovely season of home-seeking and home-making.



That head was the head of Mr. Blacksnake.

Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome had come early. They had expected to make their home in the house they had used last year, and the year before. They had found it occupied. They had at once started looking for another house. They were still looking. It seemed as if instead of being early they were too late. Others were ahead of them.

This morning Winsome remembered something he had forgotten all about. "My dear," said he, "there is an old house we haven't looked at. I had forgotten all about it."

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APRIL 21, AT 8:30

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and I guess you had. It isn't just where we would like to have it, but we used it once, and I guess we can again."

"I don't remember any such house," replied Mrs. Winsome. "We've done all our looking in the Old Orchard and the Green Forest. We haven't been down on the Green Meadows," replied Winsome.

"But —" began Mrs. Winsome, and stopped.

"That's it," said Winsome. "You remember the old fence post in which one of the woodpecker folk had cut a hole long ago. Shall we go look at it again?"

For answer, Mrs. Winsome spread her blue wings and headed straight for the Green Meadows. Along one side of it was a rail fence. In one of the posts was an old woodpecker's house just as Winsome had said.

Winsome perched on top of it. He was whistling softly. He was whistling love notes to Mrs. Winsome, and they were as lovely as the blue coat he wore. Mrs. Winsome perched on a top rail.

"It isn't too bad over here," said Winsome.

"It is better than no place at all," said Mrs. Winsome. "But I wish there were some trees close by," she added.

Winsome hopped to the edge of the post on which he was sitting and leaned over trying to peep into the hole a little below him. Of course, it was dark inside and he couldn't see anything. "If it is as good inside as it is outside I think it will do my dear," said he.

Mrs. Winsome had already made up her mind. "I'm tired of looking and looking. This place will do. We'll get busy right away and make our nest here." She lifted her blue wings and flew to the round

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The Tiny Folk

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

Susan was very happy with her new kitten. Each meal time she warmed some milk in a blue saucer and gave it to him. At breakfast she gave him some baby cereal, for her mother said it would make him healthy. At supper she gave him bits of brown bread soaked in the milk.

"I think your kitten is big enough to have some canned cat food," said Mrs. Dale one morning. "Let's open this can and give him a little."

"Come, Winkie, here is something new for your dinner," called Susan. "It is so good, and it will make you grow."

Winkie scampered across the floor. His little white paws made no noise on the linoleum, for he had little cushions on his feet that let him move without making a sound. His little yellow tail waved straight in the air as he ran to his saucer. Eagerly he stuck out his little pink tongue to lap up the milk. But there was no milk. What was this queer looking stuff in his saucer? He stood looking at it.

"Come on, Winkie, taste just a little. It's real good," coaxed Susan. She put a bit on her finger and held it out to Winkie. He gave it a little flick with his tongue. He stopped, tasted, then licked again. This was good! He had never eaten fish before, and he did not know what fish was, but something in his little kitten mind

doorway. She was just going to poke her head inside when another head was thrust out. She fell over backwards and caught herself on her wings with a scream of fright. That head was the head of Mr. Blacksnake. Right then and there, both Winsome and Mrs. Winsome had a sudden change of mind.

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seemed to tell him that this was good. Quickly his little tongue went out for more. He bit into the food in his saucer making little growls in his throat.

"Oh, Mommy, listen to Winkie! What funny growls he is making! He must think he is a dog," laughed Susan in high glee.

"He thinks you are going to take it away," said Mrs. Dale. "Kittens get funny ideas, you know. Just see him lick that saucer clean! He likes it now."

"That's all for this time," Susan said as she picked up the dish. Winkie looked all around to see if he could find another crumb. When he felt sure he had eaten every last bit, he sat down to wash his face. He licked one little white mitten, for that is what his paws looked like, then the other. Then he used the wet paw to wash the sides of his face and behind his ears. He licked and licked at his chest, for though he was still only young, he was quite proud of his white chest. Susan loved to watch him wash himself and said, "Be sure to wash your white Sunday vest, Winkie."

When he was finished, Susan picked him up, and carried him over to her doll carriage. She placed him in on the sheet, with his head on the pillow. He lay quite still, his big blue eyes looking up at her as he purred and purring to show he was happy. Then she covered him over with her little blue blanket, and wheeled him around and around the kitchen.

At last she stopped and peeped in under the hood. Winkie was sound asleep. Quietly she lifted over to the corner with him, left him there, and went to her mother.

"All right, Mommy. I think I'll go out to play now. My baby is sound asleep, and you be careful not to wake him."

But Winkie, who so busy sleeping he didn't even know she had gone. What a sleepyhead he is.

C.N.R. TRAIN SERVICES

L.V. CHARLOTTETOWN—
 For Summerside-Borden 7:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.
 For Murray Harbor 4:00 p.m. daily except Sunday. (Commencing May 1st will leave at 3:15 p.m.)
 For Souris 2:30 p.m. daily except Sunday; 7:30 a.m. Tues., Thur., Sat. (Cancelled effective May 16th)
 For Elmira (Lv. Souris) 6:45 p.m. Monday and Friday. (Monday only effective May 16th) 5:45 p.m., Tuesday and Thursday. (Tuesday only effective May 16th)
 For Georgetown 2:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.
 For Tignish 3:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

L.V. SUMMERSIDE—
 For Charlottetown 7:15 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 2:45 p.m. daily except Sunday.
 For Borden 7:15 a.m., 2:45 p.m. daily except Sunday.
 For Tignish 6:15 p.m. daily except Sunday.
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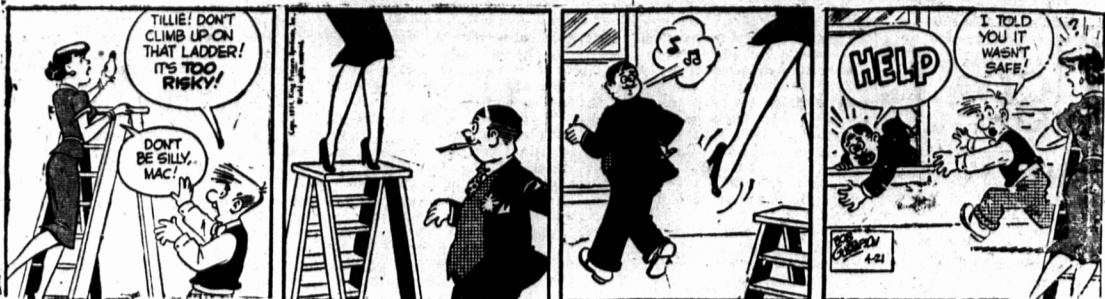
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Atlantic Standard Time

CANADIAN NATIONAL



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson

