

The Tiny Folk

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

There was hurrying and scurrying around the Page house this Tuesday morning, for all the family were going in to town with Mr. Page.

"No, Frisky, you can't come with us," said Mr. Page as he shoved the little dog away from the car. Frisky sadly walked over to crawl under the lilac in the shade.

The family were ready, and they were off. Baby Linda was much excited, and laughed and prattled as they drove along. "See all those cows in that field, Linda," said Laurie pointing. "They are eating grass so they can give a lot of milk to make butter for us. Mommy, do cows sleep of course they do. If it is hot, they often lie down for a nap in the daytime. Then they usually sleep most of the night."

"What is that big thing by the fence?" asked Laurie, pointing again. "That's a piece of machinery that the farmer uses. It is called a hay loader. It picks up the hay off the field as it goes along and piles it on the wagon where the nan packs it in place."

"I wish we could wait here to see it working," sighed Laurie. "That would not do to day," laughed his father. "I have business in town so we must hurry."

"Yes, and Linda and I must get our new shoes," added Laurie. "Oh, Daddy, drive slowly here," said Mother. "See the mother horse and baby foal, Laurie. Look at the horse, Linda."

"Gee, oh, oh oh!" said Linda, patting her hands against the car window. "Isn't he a darling, Mommy?" said Laurie. "See his long legs. Look at the pretty white heart on his forehead. I think he wants to come with us. He's trotting along the fence looking at us."

"He's likely a pet. Perhaps a little boy lives there too, and plays with him. That's why he's looking for attention."

By that time the mother horse and foal were out of sight. On a side road a road machine was scraping a lump and ruts off the road. They passed a schoolhouse where the children were busy playing ball.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

A ROOF BUT NO BED

Who is with simple things content, Avoids a lot of worryment. —O! Mistah Buzzard

O! Mistah Buzzard is absolutely right about that. The more things one has, the more things one has to worry about. O! Mistah Buzzard and Mrs. Buzzard live the simple life. They eat food that other folks wouldn't touch, so they don't have to worry about catching it as so many others do. They are satisfied with things that other folks have thrown aside.

They do not bother to build nests, so they do not have to worry about where a nest shall be built, how it should be built, what it should be built of, or how it shall be hidden. Mrs. Buzzard just lays her eggs in some handy place which she finds without too much trouble.

"It must be recess time," Laurie said.

"I'm sure this must be their last day of school too," said Mrs. Page. "Then they have a long holiday ahead of them."

"Just beyond the next farmhouse Laurie saw several big geese. "Oh, see the baby geese, Mommy. Look, Linda!"

"Those are called goslings," his mother explained. "They don't look like their mothers. They are sort of grey and yellow," said Laurie.

"That is their baby clothing," his mother said. "Their little downy bodies are like the baby chickens, but their real feathers will be white, and their wings grey."

"They play in that little pond," added Laurie.

"Yes, they like the water, but hens don't. So you see, each person or animal or bird likes something different from the other," was his mother's explanation.

"I see town now. See all the houses, Linda. You are going to get new shoes, dear. Will she like that Mommy?"

"I hope so," replied his mother. "What about you? Do you like new shoes?"

"Oh yes, I like to get new things. I want to see if there are any new toys too. I just love to come to town for a little while. But do you know what, Mommy?"

"I like the car drive best of all, for there are so many in-tr-sting things to see."

His mother and father smiled. "Well, see how many interesting things there are to see in town. Here we are."

Sometimes it is a sheltered place on the bare ground. Sometimes she finds a hollow stump or a hollow log. This year the two eggs were laid on the bare floor of a small cave in a rocky ledge. There was a little shelf of rock in front of the little cave. It was a handy place to sit and take a sunbath.

There was not so much as a straw beneath those two eggs. There just wasn't any bed at all. But overhead there was a roof, a roof of stone. It was not a big cave. In fact, it was only a little bigger than was necessary for comfort. It didn't go in too far. Mrs. Buzzard, sitting on the eggs, could look out and watch what was going on in the Green Forest down below. And all the time, no matter what the weather was, she was dry. The rain couldn't get in there. This meant, that when the babies hatched out, they would not be subject to dampness. They never would get wet as babies in outside nests often do.

At first O! Mistah Buzzard hadn't known just what to think about Mrs. Buzzard's choice of a home for the babies to be. They had never before used a cave. Mrs. Buzzard insisted that this was no reason they shouldn't use one now. She had heard of members of the family using caves. If a hollow log on the ground was good, why not a cave? O! Mistah Buzzard was sure it was the best place for a home they had ever had. It didn't trouble him at all, nor did it trouble Mrs. Buzzard that the babies had to lie on hard rock. "It is good for them," said O! Mistah Buzzard. "Some babies have things too soft and easy. A little roughness doesn't hurt anybody, it makes for toughness. And children going out into the Great World need to be tough."

So it was that in the little cave in the ledge of rock two young Buzzards grew up until they were big enough to take their first lessons in flying. And they were as

strong and healthy young birds as any that ever were hatched in downy beds. For a long time no one knew of that small cave, or if they knew of it no one suspected anyone was living in it. True, some of the Green Forest folk saw Mrs. Buzzard from time to time taking the air and a sunbath on the little shelf in front of the cave, but thought nothing of it. They didn't suspect that behind her were first two eggs, and then two husky young birds. It was a secret well kept.

"We'll do it again next year," said Mrs. Buzzard to O! Mistah Buzzard. And he agreed.

CANADIAN EXPORTS SLUMP

OTTAWA (CP) — Canada's exports fell by \$22,000,000 in May as sales of wheat and other grains slumped. Total exports declined to \$358,335,000, down 5.8 per cent from \$380,368,000 in May last year, the bureau of statistics reported Friday. Volume dropped by 3.6 per cent; prices by 2.3.

GREGOR'S TURKEY TEA ROOM

CORNWALL
Serving meals daily 1:00 to 7:00 p.m., preferably by appointment.
PHONE 7666

IONA PARISH PICNIC

Tue., July 27th

NOTICE

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DAIRY FARMERS

In May, notice was given that 1c per pound would be deducted from your June milk or cream cheques—unless you advised to the contrary—as a contribution to the National Fund for advertising.

The response to this program both by farmers and plant operators has been excellent, indicating that Dairy-men appreciate the importance of advertising, promotion and public relations. On behalf of the Dairy Farmers of Canada, the P. E. I. Dairymen's Association congratulates you on your co-operation and thanks you for the contribution to the expansion and prosperity of the Dairy Industry.

P. E. I. DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION

BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK



Enjoy good chewing
Want to feel happier?
Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum!
Gives you a nice little lift.
Helps time pass pleasantly.

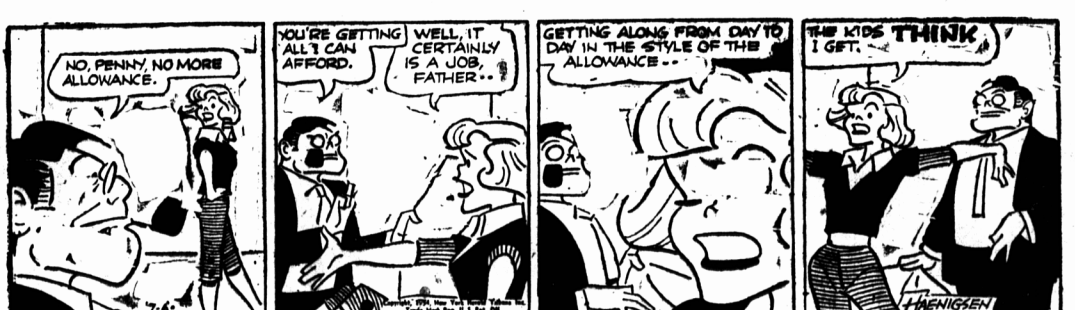
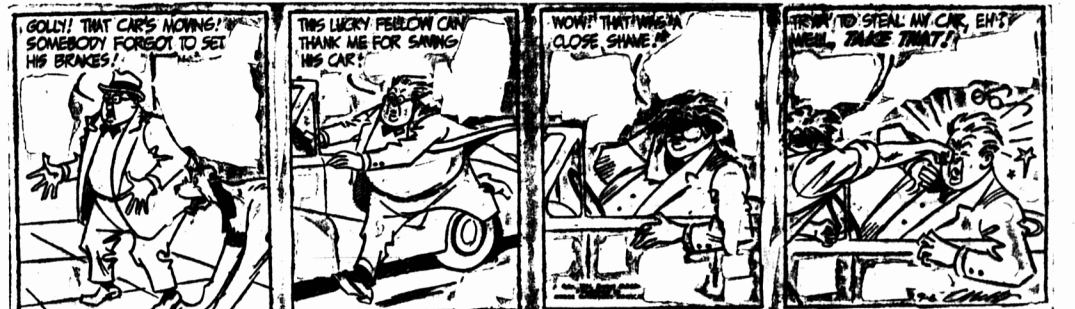
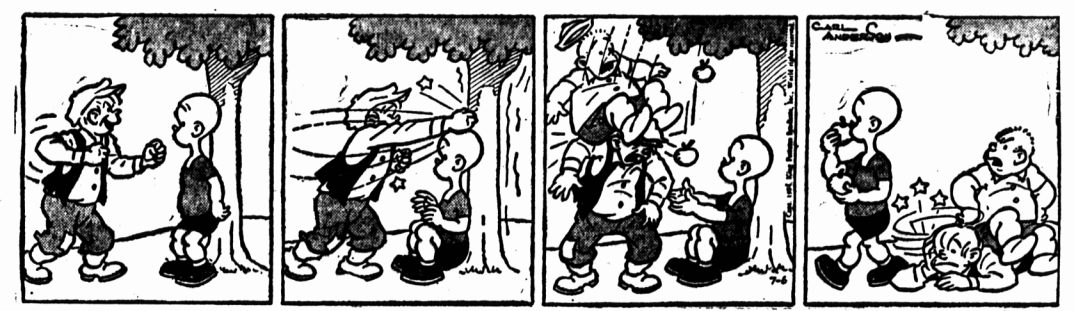
Keep a package handy in purse or pocket
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
Refreshing • Delicious



Rip Kirby

The Lone Ranger

Joe Palooka



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Henry

Pogo

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Alex Raymond Penny

Tilly The Toiler

Fran Striker Bringing Up Father

Ham Fisher L'il Abner

By Edwina

By Buford

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Harry Hoeningen

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Al Capp