

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

THE HOUSE HUNTERS

For Man or Elephant or Mouse, A home demands some kind of house.

—Old Mother Nature.

This doesn't mean that a house necessarily is a home, but it is true that there can be no true home unless it is in a house of some kind. A nest is a form of house. Sometimes it has a roof, sometimes it doesn't.

Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome had returned early from the Sunny South. They had not been very far down in the Sunny South. Old Man Winter had hardly left when they arrived. In fact, they came so much earlier than usual that Peter Rabbit hadn't yet begun to watch for them.

Then early one morning Peter heard a soft whistle that seemed to come from nowhere in particular, and everywhere in general. Peter kicked up his long heels joyfully. "Winsome Bluebird!" he cried, and ran out of the dear Old Briar-patch to look for Winsome. He looked eagerly this way and that way. He didn't see Winsome, but he heard him. That soft, sweet, plaintive whistle came to him from far away. Or did it? Peter knew by experience that Winsome Bluebird sometimes made his whistle sound far away when he was really very near.

Peter looked eagerly in all the trees within sight. He looked in vain. Someone very near at hand had asked, "Are you looking for anybody?" There sat Winsome Bluebird on a fencepost just a little way from the dear Old Briar-patch.

"My, but it's good to see you! Welcome back!" cried Peter. "Where is Mrs. Winsome?"

"Over in the Old Orchard I guess," replied Winsome Bluebird. His spring coat was lovely. It was as blue as if it were cut from the bluest part of the sky. It always is one of the loveliest coats of the early spring. It is a deeper, richer blue than Sammy Jay's coat.

"I hope you are here to stay!" cried Peter.

"I am if we have any luck in finding a house in which to make a home," replied Winsome Bluebird in his soft sweet voice.

"I guess you won't find any trouble in doing that," said Peter, who never had been house-hunting in his whole life.

"I don't know," said Winsome Bluebird. "Mrs. Winsome and I have looked around quite a bit already, and we haven't found a house to suit us yet."

"You must be hard to suit," said Peter.

"It isn't that," replied Winsome. "The trouble is it is hard to find

The Tiny Folk

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

The cold east wind blew gusts of rain against the window pane. Laurie looked sadly out at it, then sighed. "I guess I'll have to stay in today, for we can't play out in this." He turned away from the kitchen window and wandered around from room to room. He didn't know just what to do.

Baby Linda was busy playing with her doll as she sat on a blanket on the floor. She talked and gurgled and cooed, for the rain did not bother her one little bit.

Laurie came into the kitchen again. This time there was a little smile on his face as he bustled around with Ginger tucked under one arm.

"May I use your pots and pans, Mommy?" he asked.

"I suppose so," answered his mother. "Put them back when you're done."

Laurie took out four saucepans and covers. Then he got out a cookie sheet, three muffins tins, coat.

"Do you have to have a house with walls? Welcome Robin doesn't have such a house. Neither do most of the other feathered folk. Can't you make a nest outside instead of inside?" asked Peter.

"I suppose we could, but we wouldn't be happy. And what is a home without happiness?" replied Winsome.

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a frying pan, the bright yellow and red measuring spoon. He stirred and measured and stirred again. Ginger sat on a chair beside him, his big blue eyes looking very wise indeed. One kitchen chair was Laurie's table. Another one, with its saucepans and frying pan, was his stove. By all the fuss and rush this promised to be a most wonderful dinner.

"I'm making hot muffins for dinner," Laurie told his mother as his mixing spoon stirred round and round. "Then I think I'll make some chocolate cookies for supper. Ginger told me he would like some. I just put the potatoes and carrots on now." He went over to his stove, lifted the cover off the red and white saucepan, and looked in. "No, they haven't started to boil yet," he said. "I do wish they'd hurry for Ginger is getting hungry." He rattled the covers, and moved the pans around on his stove.

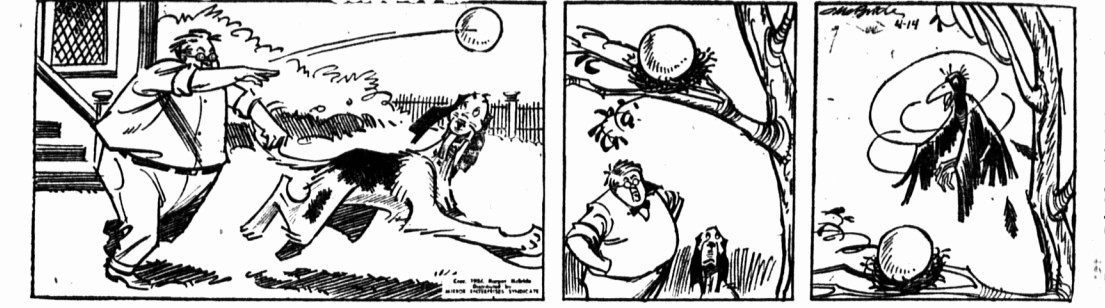
"Mommy," he called, "you watch that Ginger doesn't take the cover off this, will you? He

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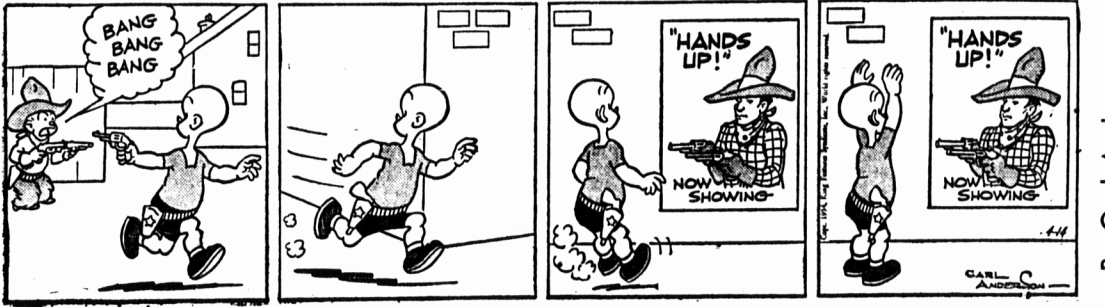
Zest for ALL palates!
Barbour's
PREPARED
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By Bob Gustafson



By Clifford McBride



By Carl Anderson



By Walt Kelly



By Buford



By Edwina



By George McManus



By Harry Hoeningsten



By Al Capp

WOOL MARKETING

Wool will be received at the Reid warehouse at the foot of Prince Street, Charlottetown, after May 15th. Wool shipped by rail or truck should be carefully tagged and addressed to the Wool Grading Station, Charlottetown, "freight collect". Payment of freight by truck will be on the basis of rail rates only. Truckers must present a proper warehouse receipt before truckage will be paid. An advance payment will be made promptly on receipt of wool and a final payment as soon as wool is graded.

In shipping, each fleece should be tied separately with paper string and packed in old, but clean sacking. Use one large sack if at all possible, as this aids in checking. A number of old, clean sacks sewed together will suffice. Large sacks may be secured from the Sheep-Breeders' Association, Charlottetown, for lots of over twelve fleeces. EACH SACK SHOULD BE TAGGED WITH THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE OWNER WRITTEN IN CLEAR LETTERING WITH INK. ONE TAG TO BE SECURELY ATTACHED TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE SACK AND ANOTHER PLACED ON THE INSIDE. No responsibility will be accepted for sacks without tags. A deduction of one cent per pound will be made for wool tied with binder twine or other unsatisfactory string. Shipping tags and proper twine are available at the Provincial Department of Agriculture free of charge.

It is in your interest to see that wool is properly prepared for market. Growers should:

1. Remove all tags and dung locks before tying each fleece.
2. Any burry, chaffy, or strawy portions of wool should also be removed and shipped separately.
3. Sheep should be shorn when dry, and wool should be stored in a place free from dampness.
4. If there are any black fleeces mark it on shipping tags.

All wool should be shipped between May 15th and July 15th. Do not sacrifice your wool and market it carelessly through unreliable sources. Market it through Canada's finest Co-operative Wool Producer Association, the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, whose representative is the P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association. Do not forget that patrons selling wool through these Associations have always received the top of the market. Furthermore these Associations are working in your interests in supplying sheep producers with equipment, parasite remedies, and services at reduced prices. Some of these materials such as Phenothiazine for internal parasites, and Cooper's Sheep Dip for external treatment, are now being distributed at reduced rates at our Sheep Field Days, and direct from the Department of Agriculture. In addition the Association is doing everything possible in the purchase and distribution of rams to assist the industry.

Co-operate with your Association and support it by marketing your wool co-operatively this year. Remember we pay the freight and you get the most out of your product.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
Charlottetown

W. R. Shaw, Secretary.

Canada's Favorite
Bran Flakes
BEST CATCH EVER!
FRESHER, CRISPIER, TASTIER
AS ONLY **Kellogg's** CAN MAKE 'EM



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