

### The Tiny Folk

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

The children, and grown ups too, on Playtime Lane had gone to bed with the bare ground quite wet and brown outside the windows. When they awakened the next morning, they looked out in great surprise. Everything was white, and snowflakes were still falling.

"I guess spring isn't here after all," said Mr. Dale as he got ready to go to work at the garage in the village.

"But I'm happy to see the snow back again," piped up Susan. "Laurie and David and I will have a great time today. There wasn't much fun playing in the mud."

Before long she and David were ready for outside, all snug and warm in their snowsuits. They were scarce too for the wind was blowing the snow a little, and their daddy had said it wasn't too warm outside. Just as they got out, they saw Laurie and Frisky coming along the path. It was hard to tell just where the path was, since the snow had covered it all, and Frisky was making a very crooked road across the field. Laurie tugged along behind his dog pulling his sleigh and carrying his shovel.

Susan and David ran in to get their sleighs and shovels, then came out to meet Laurie. Susan made sure the door was tightly closed behind her, for she didn't want to take any chances on Frisky getting in after her kittens.

There was great laughing and shouting as the children left their sleighs, and went wading through the deepest drift along back of the house. They fell down, rolled in it, and got up laughing in great glee. Then they took their shovels and filled the boxes on their sleighs.

"Let's put some of these big lumps on our load," said Laurie, pointing to the big snow lumps left by Mr. Dale by the garage door. They ran over to pick up a big piece.

David carry big load. David smart boy. Big man like Daddy," said David, his eyes shining as he lifted up a block of snow. Just as he stepped out, down he went landing right on top of the snow. Of course, it broke to pieces, because it was soft, and covered David's face and cap. But he got up laughing and Susan brushed the snow off him.

"I know. Let's have a cake sale," suggested Susan. "Last week Mommy made a cake for a sale at the church. We can make believe these are our cakes."

"Where shall we put them?" inquired Laurie. "That is a great idea."

"Right here on the doorstep," said Susan. "The steps can be our shelves."

"This is my cake," said Laurie, as he picked up a square piece of snow. Susan chose another, and the two carried their cakes over to the steps. David gathered his own, and back and forth the three went. It wasn't long before the steps were piled high with the snow cakes.

"This is going to be a great sale," laughed Susan, just as her father came in the yard, home for dinner.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "How do you expect me to get in through that door with all the snow piled against it? You'll have to take it all away again."

Susan and Laurie looked at each other. "We never thought of that," they said. "We were making a cake sale, but we forgot that we would need the steps to go into the house. We'll carry it all away."

It wasn't nearly as much fun cleaning up the snow as it had been putting it there. David was too little to be of much help, so Susan and Laurie had to do it alone. Their arms and legs were getting tired as they finished, and Laurie started off home for his dinner.

"Pantry sales are fun," said Susan, "but this one didn't turn out so well. I don't think it was a very good idea after all."

**MOSLEM REPUBLIC**  
Moslems form 93 per cent of the population of Indonesia

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**  
MONTHLY MEETING  
TONIGHT  
At 8:15

## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**LIVING HIGH**  
Each has some gift to put to use. For failure there is no excuse. —Old Mother Nature

"Just now you said something about feeding high. What do you mean by feeding high?" Jumper the Hare asked Flathorns the Moose.

Flathorns looked down at Jumper. You know, Jumper has long hind legs just as Peter Rabbit does. "You ought to know what feeding high means," said Flathorns. "Any one with such long hind legs as yours must feed high at times, I should think."

Jumper thought this over for a minute, then guessed what Flathorns meant. "I suppose," said he, "you mean that I must sometimes stand up and reach as high as I can to get something I want to eat."

Flathorns nodded his great, homely head. "That's the idea," said he. "I know you must get most of your food near the ground, but now and then you must feed high to get something you especially like that doesn't grow close to the ground."

"That is true," replied Jumper. "Sometimes there is little within easy reach, especially in winter. Then I stand up this way." He stood up on his long hind feet and stretched up as far as he could. It was surprising how far he could reach.

"I do the same thing," said Flathorns. "But I don't see why you should have to do more than stretch your head up as high as you can," said Jumper. Then he added, "I don't see how you can stand up on your hind legs, anyway."

"Would you like to see how I do it?" Flathorns asked. Flathorns walked over to a young maple tree. He reached as high as he could and bit off some tender twigs with the new leaves just breaking out on them. They were bitten off several feet above the ground. Then Flathorns suddenly reared up on his hind legs as you may have seen a horse rear up. At the same time, he stretched his neck and head up as far as he could. It seemed to Jumper that Flathorns bit off a

mouthful at least half way up that young tree. It wasn't quite that, but it was high up, perhaps twelve feet. Flathorns dropped down to all four feet again. "That," said he "is what I call feeding high."

"I should say so," exclaimed Jumper. "That really is high living. Do you do it often?" "In some winters I do," replied Flathorns. "Sometimes the snow is so deep it is hard to get around. Then it is good to be able to reach

feet again. That," said he "is what I call feeding high."

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"I should say so," exclaimed Jumper. "That really is high living. Do you do it often?" "In some winters I do," replied Flathorns. "Sometimes the snow is so deep it is hard to get around. Then it is good to be able to reach

food that at other times I wouldn't think of trying to get. Sometimes I just ride a tree down."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jumper.

"I'll show you," said Flathorns. He walked over to a tree of good size. He pushed against it and straddled it, pushing it over farther and farther. In this way he kept it bent under him while he reached out from side to side to strip the branches of tender twigs and young leaves.

"My, it must be wonderful to be so big and strong!" exclaimed Jumper.

**NEW ANNAN SCHOOL**  
(March report)

Grade IX — 1. Marjorie Wall, 2. Leonore MacNeill.

Grade VIII — 1. Doris Wall; 2. Harold Wright.

Grade VII — 1. Shirlene Wall; 2. Jean MacKay; 3. Pauline Mander-son.

Grade VI — 1. Lois MacNeill.

Grade V — 1. Robert Wall; 2. Jean MacKay; 3. Pauline Mander-son.

Grade IV (a) — 1. John Wall. Grade IV (b) — 1. Richard Dalzell.

Grade III (a) — 1. Rita MacKay; 2. Edgar MacKay.

Grade III (b) — 1. Joyce Rayner; 2. Wayne Wright.

Grade II — 1. Freddy Rayner; 2. Alan Wright; 3. Myra Schurman.

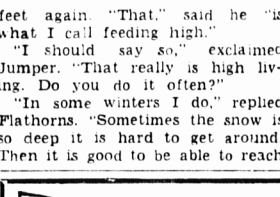
Grade I (a) — 1. Linda Rayner; 2. George Wall; 3. Nancy Tupin.

Grade I (b) — 1. Roy Wright.

Teacher, Shirley McGinn.



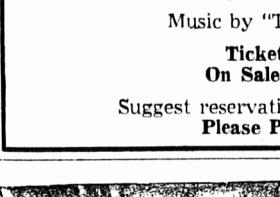
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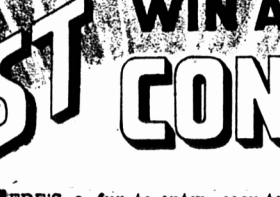
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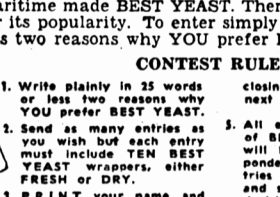
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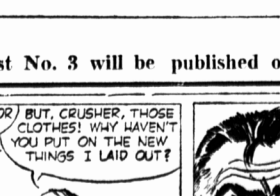
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**Easter MONDAY**  
BUFFET SUPPER DANCE  
CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL  
MONDAY, APRIL 19th  
Dancing 9:30 p.m. - 1 a.m.  
Music by "The Islanders"  
Tickets \$2.00  
On Sale at Hotel.  
Suggest reservations be made early.  
Please Phone 7371

**BEST YEAST CONTEST**  
WIN A WATCH  
HERE'S a fun-to-enter, easy-to-win Contest with Canada's best known watches as prizes — the Bulova "Director" for men or "Miss America" for ladies — and give yourself a baking treat in the bargain with Maritime made BEST YEAST. There are many reasons for its popularity. To enter simply give in 25 words or less two reasons why YOU prefer Best Yeast.

**CONTEST RULES**  
1. Write plainly in 25 words or less two reasons why YOU prefer BEST YEAST.  
2. Send as many entries as you wish but each entry must include TEN BEST YEAST wrappers, either FRESH or DRY.  
3. PRINT your name and address clearly on each entry. Mail to BEST YEAST CONTEST Box 1655, Halifax, N. S.  
4. There will be THREE monthly contests ending respectively February 27th, March 31st, April 30th. Entries received after each closing date will be entered in next Contest except the final.  
5. All entries become the property of BEST YEAST LIMITED. None will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into. Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity of thought. Judges' decision will be final.  
6. Winners will be notified by mail and a complete list published monthly in this paper.  
7. Contest open to anyone except employees of BEST YEAST LIMITED, their advertising agents, and their families.

The More Entries — the Easier to Win!  
**120 BULOVA WATCHES TO BE WON**  
40 EVERY MONTH.  
"No. 3 Contest Closes April 30"

The winners of Contest No. 3 will be published on this page May 11.

**Tilly the Toiler**  
"SHUCKS! I WANTED TO GO TO THE WRESTLING MATCH LAST NIGHT, BUT I HAD TO WORK! WONDER WHO WON IT?"  
"HMM! NOTHING IN THE PAPER ABOUT IT!"  
"ASK MR. SMURKINS - HE'S A RABID WRESTLING FAN - HE'LL KNOW!"  
"WHO WON THE BOUT LAST NIGHT, BOSS?"  
"THE WIFE!"  
"WITH A BODY SLAM AND A STRANGLE HOLD!!"

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby**  
"...AND THEN ADD A CLOVE OF GARLIC!"  
"GOOD HEAVENS! THE GARLIC WAS RIGHT HERE! IT'S GONE!"

**Henry**  
HENRY - YOU READ TOO RAPIDLY! TAKE MORE TIME TO GO THROUGH A BOOK!  
"LET'S READ!"  
"LET'S READ!"

**Pogo**  
EVERYBODY TAKE TURNS NOW... WHEN US GITS A VARMINT TO RIGHTS, SHAMP JUSTICE CAN'T BE STOPPED!  
"ALBERT!"  
"MOLE!"  
"UM..."

**Dolly Dipple**  
"MR. DRIPPLE, HERE'S THE QUART OF ICE CREAM YOUR WIFE PHONED TO HAVE YOU BRING HOME!"  
"THAT'LL BE 75 CENTS!"  
"75 CENTS?! I THOUGHT YOUR ICE CREAM WAS 45 CENTS!"  
"BUT THIS IS COFFEE ICE CREAM!"

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs**  
"YOU'LL GIVE HUBERT A BATH FOR NOTHING, ETHEL JONES!!"  
"I CAN'T - CLUZ CAP AN' ME ARE PARTNERS..."  
"OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! - WELL..."  
"I KNEW SHE WOULD - DID YOU COLLECT UP HIS ADVANCE?"  
"NO!! - HUBERT! COME BACK HERE! SEE! DO YOU S'POSE TH' DOGS HEARD US?"

**Bringing Up Father**  
"M-M-M-YUM! WATEVER'S COOKIN' SMELLS DELICIOUS..."  
"HILDA - WHAT'S COOKIN'?"  
"HILDA - ..."  
"WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH THAT MAD? I'LL GO SEE FOR MYSELF. IT SURE SMELLS GREAT!"  
"?"

**Penny**  
"I GAVE WOKO A BATH. MOTHER, HE'S DRYING IN THE BATHROOM."  
"MOTHER, LOOK HE'S ALL STIFF, HE LOOKS LIKE A PORCUPINE!"  
"HEAVENS, WHAT DID YOU WASH HIM WITH?"  
"THE STUFF IN THAT RED CAN."  
"STARCH!"

**Li'l Abner**  
INSIDE LOWEST SLOBBOVA - CONTINUED  
THE AGENT OF THE KRUMLIN STIRS UP THE MASSES -  
"WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE NOTHING, AND THE HEW HESS HAY HAVE EVERYTHING? - WHY SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE WHAT THEY GOT?"  
"SOUNDS FAIR - BUT, HOW WE GUNG CAT IT?"  
"BE CRUMMINISTS!! THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRUMMINISM IS, IF SOMEBODY ELSE GOT IT - YOU DESERVE IT!!"  
"NO, BOY!! - I LIKE THAT PHILOSOPHY BETTER THAN WORKING!!"  
"AND SO THE ONCE-HAPPY LAND OF LOWEST SLOBBOVA HAS GONE. CRUMMINISM - AND HATES AMERICA."  
-ABNER YOKUM, AMERICAN, ARRIVES TOMORROW-

**Rip Kirby**  
"DO YOU REALLY LIKE IT, HONEY? I HAD TO SHOP IN SUCH A HURRY..."  
"IT'S LOVELY, JENNY, AND SO ARE YOU. CLARENCE TWICKAM IS CERTAINLY A LUCKY MAN..."  
"I'M READY TO LEAVE FOR BUT, CRUSHER, THOSE CLOTHES! WHY HAVEN'T YOU PUT ON THE NEW THINGS I LAID OUT?"  
"BECAUSE I'M THROUGH WITH THAT NONSENSE, THAT'S WHY! THIS IS THE WAY I AM, AND THIS IS THE WAY I STAY!"

**Joe Palooka**  
"GOOD, WE'LL MEET HIM AT THE FIELD."  
"HUMPHREY'S ABOARD THE B.O.G. TRANSPORT, SIR."  
"WELL, HUMPHREY ESCAPED FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN (TWO YEARS AGO) - THE ARMED FORCES STAGED A HUGE WELCOME - (THE ACTUALITY HAD A HUGE G.I. PLAY THE PART OF HUMPHREY.)"  
"HELLO, HUMPHREY... WE'RE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN."  
"WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, HOW DID YOU GET SHORE NICE T'SEE YOU AGAIN."  
"WHAT'S ALL THEM FELLERS IN BACK DON'T REBBE IM IN THEIR WAY."  
"NOT AT ALL. IT'S A PARADE OF WELCOME TO YOU."

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Harry Hoehnigen

By Alex Raymond

By Ham Fisher

By Li'l Abner

By Al Capp