

# The Tiny Folk

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

Spring time is housecleaning time, and on Playtime Lane every woman was busy washing ceilings, putting on new paper, doing painting, cleaning out closets, and doing the hundred and one jobs that are all part of cleaning house.

Laurie's mother was no exception. She was busy doing the upstairs, and of course Laurie was right at her heels. He liked to feel that he was housecleaning too. His mother let him clean and polish the mirrors and the windows. He felt so proud when she looked at them and said, "That is a real good job. There are no streaks and you have them clean and shining. What a big help you are to your mother! I'd never get the cleaning done so fast if I did not have you to help me."

This was a very special morning, and Laurie could scarcely wait for his mother to start cleaning. Guess where they were going this day? Why, right up to the attic! That attic was the most wonderful place in the world to Laurie for it had mysterious box and queer shaped bundles in it.

"All right, I'm ready," said Mrs. Page. "I'll take the broom and dust pan and you can bring your non ami and cloth." Laurie started for the stairs, closely followed by his mother.

The golden morning sun streamed in through the attic window. It felt warm and cozy up there, for there was a bit of heat from the chimney. Laurie looked eagerly around. There wasn't much to be seen after all, for his mother did not believe in piling too many things away.

"I know what is in this box," he grinned, pointing to a very large carton tied with Christmas ribbon. "These are the decorations of our Christmas tree, for I helped you pack them."

"Yes, you are quite right," said his mother. "I must see what is in this box. I'm sure there must be some things I can throw out."

Laurie was right there to help her open it. The box was so big there must be a lot in it.

"There wasn't much need of saving these old overshoes," said Mrs. Page. "I'll take them down to burn them right away. This old coat can go down too. I'll rip it up to send it away with my woollens. Then this box can be burned."

"Look what I found! Look what I found! Whose is it?" asked Laurie excitedly.

Mrs. Page looked, then smiled. "Those two dolls were mine when I was a little girl. I kept them all these years. When baby Linda gets older, she may have them to play with."

"I found some pots and pans too," added Laurie.

"Those are some aluminum dishes I got for Christmas when I was your age," answered Mrs. Page. "See how well I kept my playthings."

"Whose big hat is this? Can I wear it?" Piped up Laurie from the corner.

"That was Grandma's hat she wears when she goes picking berries. But she has another one now, so you can have that one," said Mrs. Page.

"These old rolls of wallpaper are

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## BILLY PLAYS SAFE

Having what you want is nice. If you do not mind the price. —Old Mother Nature.

Billy Mink, of the rich brown coat that women envy him and trappers try to take away from him, is one of the smartest of the four-footed folk in the Green Forest and along all brooks and the Big River. Billy is both a fisherman and a hunter. He is especially fond of fish, and is a master fisherman. But he likes meat too, and for a change finds eggs much to his liking.



He peeked in. He couldn't see far.

Billy had found the nest of Rattles the Kingfisher and Mrs. Rattles. Perhaps it would be more exact to say he had found the entrance to the home of the kingfisher. It was high in a bank by the Big River. It wasn't the kind of a bank that Mr. and Mrs. Kingfisher usually made their home in. As a rule they find a bank of sand

no longer of any use. Out they go too, she said as she tossed them into the box. "These two bags have mat rags for hooking if I ever get around to it, and I know these have cotton pieces for quilts." That is all, so you clean the windows while I sweep the floor and the stairs."

She turned to Laurie, then laughed aloud. He had put on the high old overshoes which were four times too big for him. The big straw hat flopped down over his eyes as he shuffled along the floor.

"If Mrs. Blair looks out and sees you standing in the attic window she'll be sure there are ghosts up here," Mrs. Page said.

Laurie giggled as he cleaned the windows. Then his mother hung up clean starched little curtains. Together they looked around at the tidy attic Laurie sighed.

"Well, I guess we'll have to go down for we are all done up here. But I think an attic is the best room in the whole house. It is a great place for secrets and surprises." Then he climped carefully down the stairs in his big overshoes and floppy hat.

with a steep face, and dig their hole in high in this. That kind of a bank Billy Mink can't climb. But he was sure he could climb this bank, and his mouth watered as he thought of the eggs he was sure were in that nest. He was sure there were eggs because he had kept watch, and he knew that Mrs. Rattles was spending most of her time in that nest. That must mean she was sitting on eggs.

He watched until there came a time when he knew no one was at home. Usually when Mrs. Rattles was away, Rattles took her place. This time Rattles had left before Mrs. Rattles returned.

"Those eggs are as good as mine right now," thought Billy Mink, then started to climb up the bank. It wasn't too hard a climb, and he reached the doorway. There he hesitated. He peeked in. He couldn't see far. That tunnel, or hallway straight in for a little way and then slanted up a bit. How he wished he knew how long that hall was. If it went in only a little way so that he could get out in a hurry if he had to, he wouldn't hesitate to go in after those eggs.

Billy ventured inside. That was the only way he could find out whether the hall leading to the bedroom and nest was short or long. He went in two or three feet, then stopped. This was a long hall. He didn't mind going in even if it went very far in. What he was concerned about was getting out again should one of the owners return. This was no place to fight. Faintly there came to him the rattling voice of one of those kingfishers. In there he couldn't tell how near it was.

## THE FOUR LADS

Rollaway Club

Wednesday, June 2nd

Sponsored by—

"The Boosters"

Tuesday, May 18, 1954

"Better be safe than sorry," thought Billy, and hastily backed out for there wasn't room to turn around. He was not too soon. Mrs. Rattles was returning. Billy raced down the bank and in among some stones where he couldn't be seen. He hoped that Mrs. Rattles hadn't seen him, but he couldn't be sure of that. If he couldn't get those eggs now, later when they had hatched he might be able to get some of the young birds. They would be even better than the eggs. And he would have a better chance of getting them because father and mother would be away fishing for food for them much of the time.

## GREENFIELD SCHOOL (April Report)

- Grade X-1. Bernadette Power; 2. Mary Power.
  - Grade VIII-1. John Power; 2. Kenneth Sullivan.
  - Grade VI-1. Leah Ennis, Rose Marie Power (equal).
  - Grade IV-1. Joyce Power; 2. Arling O'Halloran; 3. Louis Cairns, Gerard Brothers (equal).
  - Grade III-1. Anne Power; 2. Carl Ennis.
  - Grade II-Lorne Power.
  - Grade I (A)-John Ennis; (B) 1. Charles O'Halloran; 2. Francis Brothers; 3. George Gallant.
- Best attendance: Leah Ennis, John Ennis.

## WOOD ISLANDS-CARIBOU FERRY SERVICE

(Sailings May 1st to June 11th Inclusive)  
Daily including Sundays—Standard Time.  
From Each Terminal.

8 a.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.  
RESERVATIONS: May be made for a limited number of vehicles by contacting Head Office in Charlottetown, at least 48 hours in advance for—

- (1)—First and Second sailings from each terminal each morning.
- (2)—For perishables and/or Live-stock in truck loads on any sailing.
- (3)—For all sailings on Saturday and Sunday until June 12th.

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NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

## NOTICE OF POLL SCHOOL UNIT No. 1

TO ALL PERSONS QUALIFIED TO VOTE AT SCHOOL MEETINGS

Take notice that for the purpose of electing TWO TRUSTEES for School Unit No. 1—One Trustee to each Polling Division—a poll will be held on Wednesday, the ninth day of June, 1954 from 12 o'clock noon to 9 P.M.

POLLING DIVISION NO. 1 is defined as that portion of School Unit No. 1, formerly known as the school districts of Spring Park and Parkdale.

POLLING DIVISION NO. 2 is defined as that portion of School Unit No. 1 outside the former school districts of Spring Park and Parkdale.

Nominations of candidates for election to the Board of Trustees shall be filed with the Secretary at any time up until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of May 31, 1954. Each nomination shall be signed by at least two sponsors who are ratepayers in the Unit. The candidate must be a ratepayer resident in the DIVISION and, unless such candidate is a parent ratepayer his or her nomination paper must be signed by at least one parent ratepayer.

GORDON M. RICE, Secretary of School Unit No. 1



Tilly The Toiler

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dimple

Bringing Up Father

Penny

By Ham Fisher

By Li'l Abner



## TAXES - SCHOOL UNIT No. 1

All unpaid taxes in School Unit No. 1 are now due and payable. Settlement should be made before June 9, 1954.

The trustees have decided to enforce the recent legislation re school taxes. Lists of delinquent taxpayers may be published in the local papers and interest on unpaid accounts will be charged at the rate of 6% per annum.

By Order of the Trustees.

Office—Parkdale School. Phone: 4208.



By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoentzner

By Al Capp