

### The Tiny Folk

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

"Mummy, just listen!" whispered Laurie, as the clear silver notes on a robin's song floated in through the open window. "Is that a robin? What is he saying?"

Mrs. Page came to stand at the window where the bright warm morning sun poured in across the sill. She and Laurie looked out for the maker of that sweet song.

"There he is! See! Right on the clothes line post," exclaimed Laurie. "Doesn't he sound happy? Is he singing because it is fine?"

"Well, I suppose that is part of it," smiled his mother. "But he sings too, just before a shower. He is singing about spring, and blue skies and green grass growing. He is telling everyone how happy he is. His wife is likely nearby somewhere, for they'll be looking for a place to build their nest."

"There's a robin down in the garden where Daddy dug for worms last night," Laurie cried, pointing. "But that robin looks just like the one on the post. What does a mother robin look like?"

"She looks much like the father bird," explained Mrs. Page. "But the mother isn't as bright colored. Her back is more grey than the father's, and her breast is really a pale brown. When you see them together you'll be able to tell the difference."

"There he flies down, too," said Laurie. "Yes, he looks fatter, and his breast is bright. Look, they both have found worms. Will they eat them? I wouldn't eat worms."

"I should hope not," laughed his mother. "You aren't a robin, though. Robins think worms taste as good as candy does to you. Let's watch them from the other window. I have an idea they are the same pair that nested over at Mrs. Blair's last spring."

"Why don't they make their nest in our cherry tree?" asked Laurie.

"Robins like to go back to the same place each year, if they can," said Mrs. Page. "Mrs. Blair has no dog to bark at them, no cat to climb up after their nest, and no children to make a noise and disturb them."

"Look, there she is in the honey suckle vine," said Laurie. He and his mother watched as Mrs. Robin hopped about on the thick vines. Then she flew across to the maple tree by the end of the house. Starting at the lowest branch, she kept hopping up on to the next one above until she reached the top.

"She's looking much all over," explained Mrs. Page. Away the robin flew to the tall electric light pole nearby. "That's where she built her nest last year," said Mrs. Page. "That pole has a piece of wide board on the cross arm and it makes a little shelf. That box up there makes a shelter from the wind."

"I don't think it is nearly as nice or as comfortable as our trees," said Laurie, sounding a bit cross. "Why can't they live at our orchard?"

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

**COUSIN BANKER**  
Of mud or stone, or what you will,  
Your house may be love's haven still.

—Old Mother Nature.

It isn't what a house is built of, but the spirit within it that makes a real home. Skimmer the Tree Swallow had a house of wood. His cousin, Forktail the Barn Swallow, had a foundation of mud. Another cousin, the Eaves Swallow, had walls of clay. But there was another cousin still, and this one scorned wood, and mud and clay, and would have none of these things. It was Banker, smallest of the swallows, and the walls and roof of his house were of sand. That means that Banker and Mrs. Banker made their home in the ground. They lived at the end of a tunnel, and they dug this tunnel themselves.

A lot of gossiping went on among the other cousins when they got together on the roof of Farmer Brown's barn.



"Are you nesting yet, Cousin Banker?" asked Muddy.

"Have you seen Cousin Banker?" asked Skimmer.

"No," replied Forktail. "That is, I saw him on the way up from the Sunny South, but I haven't seen him since we got here."

"Robins are just like people, dear. They have minds of their own, and not all people like the same houses or the same places. I'm sure you wouldn't like living in an ice house like the Eskimo. However, Mrs. Robin has flown away so she must be still trying to make up her mind where to build her nest. She may come back to our cherry tree after all."

"I hope so," said Laurie. "I'm going out to play and if I see her, I'll tell her I want her to live in our orchard. I'm sure she would if I said please."

"Do that," smiled Mrs. Page. "Have a good time," and away he went to play.

### Fire Destroys Covered Bridge

CHATHAM, N.B. (CP)—Fire of unknown origin early Sunday destroyed a 75-foot covered bridge at Black River, 12 miles from Chatham. It was built about 130 years ago and renovated in 1912.

The bridge was near a school. Most of the pupils live on the other side of the river and the loss will necessitate a detour for them as well as for mail delivery and other traffic.

Ten days ago another covered bridge in Northumberland county, a 1,038-foot span at Red Bank, collapsed into the Miramichi river after fire consumed supporting timbers.

"Mrs. Muddy and I are even safer than you are in our home," declared Muddy.

"I don't see how," retorted Skimmer.

"There are some who could climb up in the houses you mention, but no one can climb up to our nest up under the eaves," replied Muddy. "We don't have to even think of Mr. Blacksnake, or Black Pussy the Cat, or any of the squirrel folk."

"I really don't see how those small cousins of ours, the Bankers, can dig out the homes they do. It must be an awful job. Their feet are small just like our own. So are their bills. Their feet and their bills are all they have to work with. Can you imagine yourselves digging way, way into a bank? I can't. Yet, those Bankers do it, and never complain about it," said Forktail.

"Let's go see if we can find them," proposed Muddy.

So, Muddy and Forktail and Skimmer started over to the Big River. Being all of them swift of wing it didn't take them long to get there. Muddy remembered a certain bank where their small cousins had nested the year before. They were not there this time. So, the three cousins circled and circled, and finally Skimmer flew across the Big River to the other shore, and there he discovered a whole colony of his smaller cousins.

### May 2 - Mental Health Week - May 8

#### TAKE PART IN THIS WEEK'S PROGRAM

Read: Local papers for Mental Health Series—Local and National.  
Listen: National To CFCY for spot announcements, and broadcasts.

Local Standard Time  
Monday—May 3rd, 7:30 P.M. Hon. B. Earle MacDonald, Minister of Health & Welfare.  
Tuesday—May 6th, 7:30 P.M. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, O.B.E., Member of the Legislature.  
Saturday—May 8th, 6:00 P.M. Dr. A. J. Murchison, Director, Division of Mental Health.

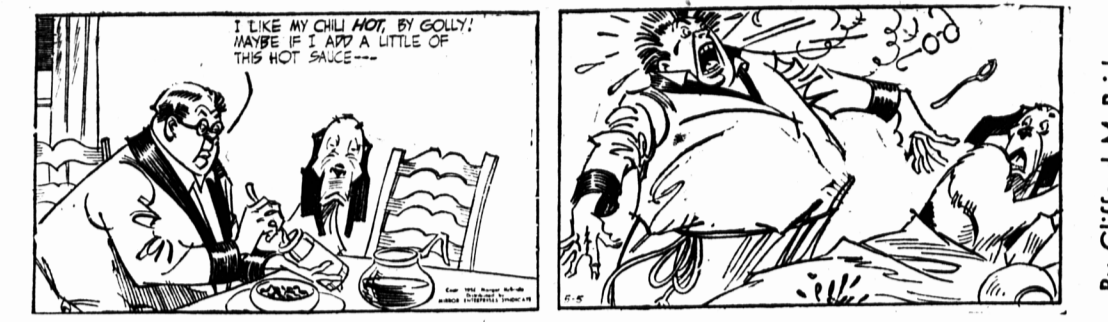
Visit: Mental Health Clinic, Palmer Building, 100 Fitzroy Street, opening Monday afternoon, May 3, 3:30.

Tuesday and Wednesday 2:00 - 4:00 Mornings — 10:00 - 12:00  
Occupational Therapy Building, Falconwood Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 2-4, light refreshments. Bus service from Bus terminal leaving at 1:15, 2:15, 3:30, returning at 1:30, 2:30, 4:30.

See: Display at Mental Health Clinic, City Occupational Therapy Centre and Auditorium, Falconwood.  
Display of patients work—Recreational activities. Posters and display showing the various activities of the Division of Mental Health—Films relating to Mental Hygiene in Hospital Auditorium.



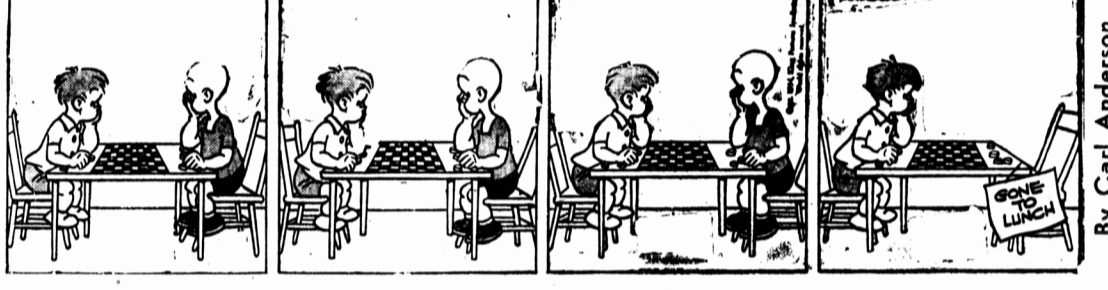
By Bob Gustafson



By Clifford McBride



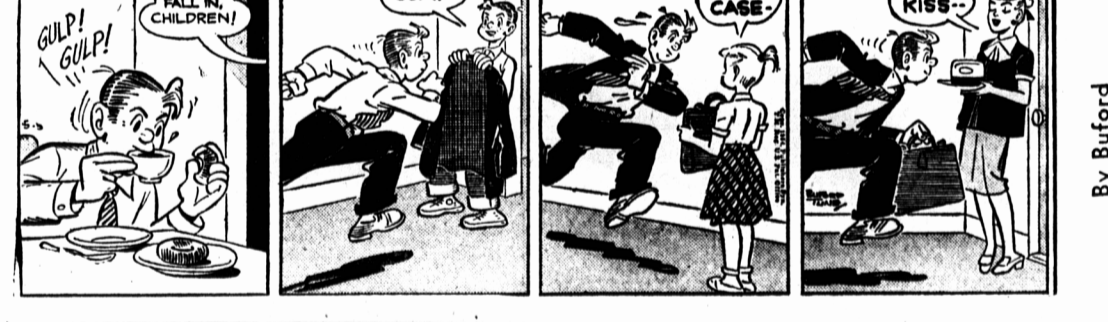
By Walt Kelly



By Carl Anderson



By Edwina



By Buford



By George McManus



By Harry Hoening



By Al Capp

### KINDERGARTEN ENROLMENT FOR SEPTEMBER 1954 CHARLOTTETOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Enrollments for Kindergarten will be received during the coming week. Pupils must be age five by next December 30th.

The Board of School Trustees will give consideration to the opening of an additional Kindergarten class at Prince Street School if there are sufficient applications.

Parents are urged to make immediate application at the office of the School Superintendent, 140 Richmond Street or phone 6837.



By Fran Striker



By Alex Raymond



By Ham Fisher

The Lone Ranger

Rip Kirby

Joe Palooka

Tilly The Toilet

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Bringing Up Father

Penny

L'il Abner