By Thorton W. Burgess

WORKING HARD BUT HAPPY

Pity those with naught to do,
I don't envy them, do you?
—Banker the Swallow.

If there is a lazy feather on Banker the Bank Swallow, no one has ever seen it. The bank swallows are the smallest of the swallow cousins, but small as they are they are workers. Banker and Mrs. Banker had spent the winter way down in South America, just as their cousins had. It had been a long journey down there, and a long journey back again. But now that they were back they gave no thought to anything but home-building.

"It is perfect," declared Banker.

They flew straight to a bank on the big River where they had nested the year before. They planned to dig a new home there. But when they got there that bank wasn't as it had been the year before. There had been flood waters in the early spring, and that bank had been badly washed. There was no trace of the home they had so carefully dug the year previous, nor of any of the homes their friends had dug. They flew back and forth, back and forth, looking the face of that bank all over.

"I'm afraid it won't do," twittered Banker.

"I know it won't do," replied Mrs. Banker. "We are just wasting our time here. We must look for another bank. Some of our friends will be here within a day or two, and they won't use this bank either. They'll go looking for another bank. If we are smart, we will find one and have first choice of where to dig."

Banker agreed. So they flew down the Big River for quite a distance. They didn't find a bank to suit them on that side. They turned, and flew back up the river for quite a distance. There was no good bank anywhere along the way.

Then they flew across the Big River. Almost directly across from the bank where they had lived last year they found another bank that set them to twittering excitedly. It was a high bank of sand packed very firmly. They fluttered up and down close to the bank, looking it over with the greatest of care.

"It is perfect," declared Banker.

Mrs. Banker agreed. "It is one of the best banks we've ever found," said she. "Im sure we won't find a better one anywhere along the Big River."

They not only looked the face of the bank over closely, but they skimmed low over the ground above just to make sure of how things were. The more they looked the better they liked it. Grass was growing close to the edge of the bank. That meant that the roots of the grass would hold the sand from slipping at the top. If they placed their home just right, it would mean a good roof of sod above them.

It was late in the afternoon. While they were impatient to get to work, they decided to wait until the next morning. But they did choose just the place where they would begin digging. The next morning they began work just as soon as they were through breakfast. It was a hard job ahead of them, but they were happy. They long ago had discovered that useful work is the key to happy living.

STANHOPE W.M.S.

The Easter meeting of Stanhope W.M.S., was held on April 20th, at the home of Mrs. Horace Marshall. The meeting was opened with the Theme and Call to worship, followed by singing "O Word of God Incarnate" and repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. The President led us in meditation on that great assignment given to us all by our Lord "Go ye, and teach all nations," followed by prayer. Four members participated in a discussion on "Relief for Korea." Mrs. William Youland presented a reading on Christian Stewardship and Mrs. Warren Marshall on Community Friendship. A reading on Communism was prepared by Mrs. Lloyd Shaw from the Study Book. Mrs. Malcolm MacLauchlan read from the Bible Genesis 4: 1 to 18, and the corresponding chapter in Hurlbuts Bible Stories was read by Mrs. Ray Carr.

Mrs Lloyd Bell invited the members to her home for the next meeting to be held May 7th. Roll call word will be "Worship" and the opening Hymn "O Worship the King." Mrs. Keith Douglas and Mrs. Reg Ross will read the stories.

The meeting closed by singing "God be with you till we meet again."

NORTHERN COAL

The Spitzbergen islands nearly 400 miles north of Norway produce about 470,000 tons of coal annually.

The Tiny Folk

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

The evening sun was throwing long shadows across the lawn as the children on Palytime Lane began to gather up their play things for the night. Some of the bigger children were playing ball in the open field while the smaller ones, like Susan, David, Laurie, Allan and Peter were playing with their tricycles and wagons. The fathers were busy raking up the grass, clearing out the corners, and doing some spring cleaning out of doors.

Mrs. Dale called David to come in, for he was younger than the others and needed to go to bed earlier. "You'll have to come soon too, Susan," she added, as she closed the back door.

Susan and Laurie were very busy just then. Mr. Dale was raking up the old grass and putting it into the wheelbarrow. The two children were very busy and felt so important, because they were helping too.

"Here are a few sticks we had for fishing rods. I guess we can throw them away too," said Laurie, as he picked them up.

"I don't know where these pieces of old board come from," spoke up Susan, "but they are just being a bother so we'll throw them away too."

Mr. Dale wheeled the very big load over to an empty space in the garden. He dumped it on top of what was already there, and it made a very high heap indeed.

"I think we'll set fire to this now," said Mr. Dale. "The wind is not blowing so there will be no danger of sparks catching into the house or garage. Now you two stay away from the fire, for it may blaze up quickly."

Mr. Dale carefully struck a match and lit a small piece of paper. This he pushed in under the dry grass, and in an instant there was a roaring, crackling sound as the fire swept through the grass and twigs. The children stood back, but kept their eyes glued to the flames that blazed high into the still air. In a few minutes the older children had left their ball game and gathered around for they dearly loved a bonfire.

"Aren't the flames beautiful?" asked Helen.

"The little spark fly up like little flies," added Paul.

"Doesn't it feel hot on your face?" spoke up Alan as he moved back a bit. Susan and Laurie stood shyly away from the others, for, to tell the truth, they were a bit afraid of the fire.

Just then Peter came running over to the fire with the old dead Christmas tree. "Here," he said as he threw it on the fire, "this will keep it going for a while yet. It is almost out."

With a sudden roar, the flames swept over the dry tree sending tongues of fire high in the air and a shower of sparks all around. The children yelled and ran back.

"Now that's enough of that," said Mr. Dale sternly. "Peter, you are old enough to know better than that. Fire is never a plaything, not even for grown ups. It can cause danger and harm so very suddenly. Those sparks might get into your eyes, or the flames catch your clothing. You'll have to go home now because you were naughty."

The older children left then, and just that minute Mr. Page called Laurie. Saying goodnight to Susan and Mr. Dale, he ran along the path to his own home. He told his father all about the fire, then added. "I'll never go near fire, Daddy, I know it is dangerous. Those children were not being careful, were they?"

"No," said Mr. Page. "Always remember, fire and matches are to be left alone. They can be very useful sometimes, but they can be very harmful too."

And Laurie kept that in his mind, always to be remembered.

L. O. A. L. O. B. A.

The annual session of the L. O. A. will meet in Berthelier Lodgeroom, Green St., Summerside, Wednesday, May 12th at 10 o'clock a.m.

The annual session of the L. O. B. A. will meet in St. Mary's Hall, Summer Street, Summerside, Wednesday, May 12th at 10 o'clock a.m.

J. A. MURRAY,
Grand Secretary, L.O.A.

MRS. MAY KING,
Grand Secretary, L.O.B.A.

KINDERGARTEN ENROLLMENT FOR SEPTEMBER 1954

CHARLOTTETOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

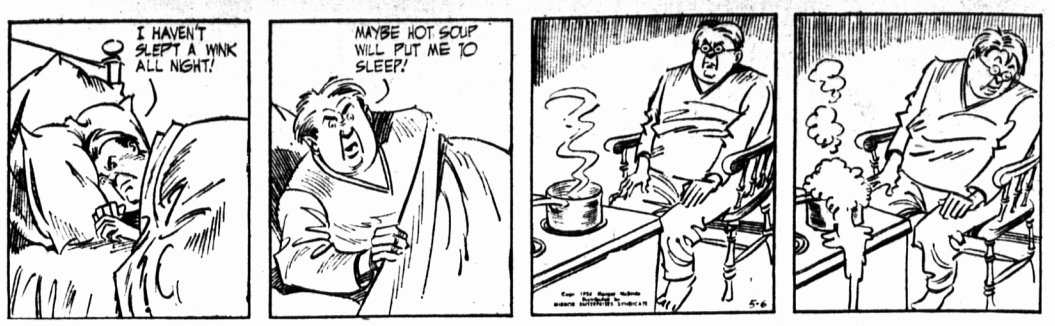
Enrollments for Kindergarten will be received during the coming week. Pupils must be age five by next December 30th.

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.

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

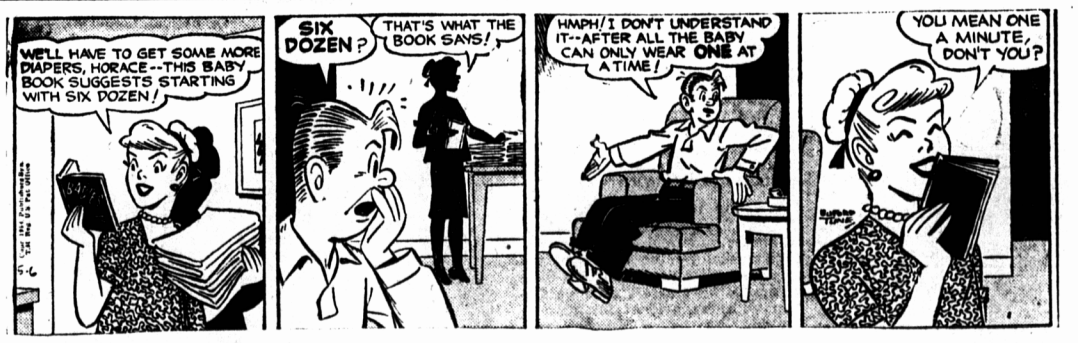


Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Henry — By Carl Anderson

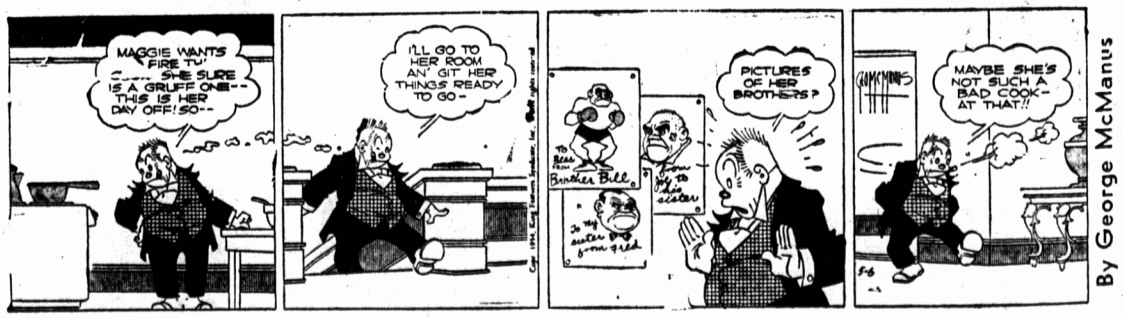
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Dolly Dipple — By Buford

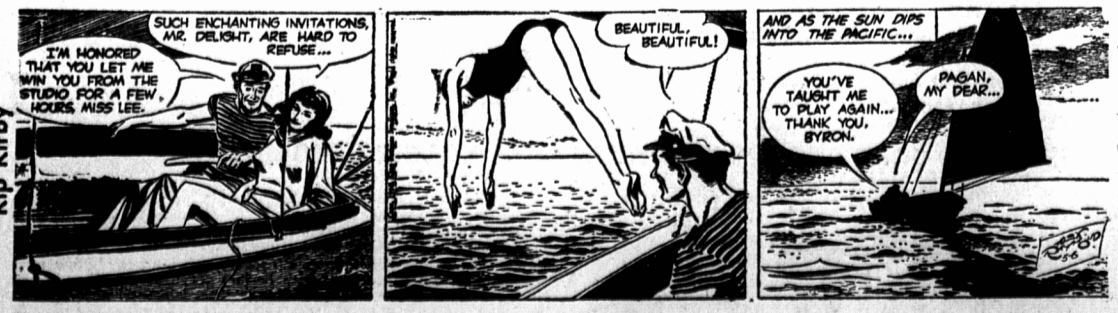


The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

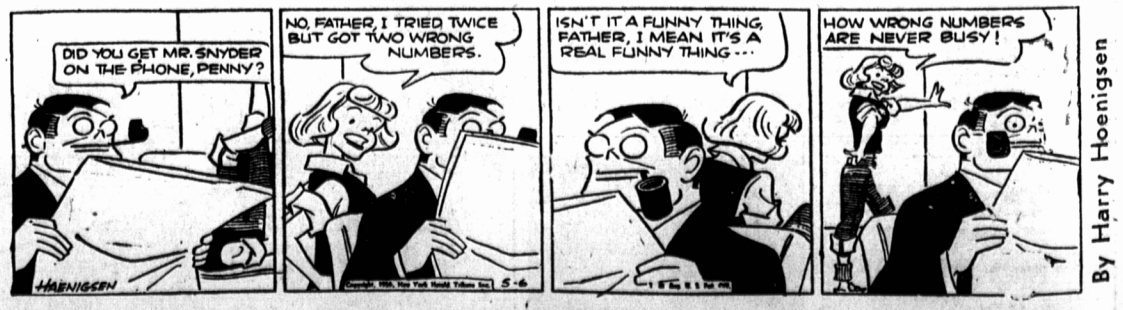
Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond



Penny — By Harry Hoenigsen



Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp