

The Tiny Folk

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

Mr. and Mrs. Page had taken Laurie and Linda down to the beach. Of course, Linda could just toddle along in the sand, but Laurie was eager to get into the water. He had raced out into the shallow right away. The water was so pleasantly warm that he felt he'd like to stay right there.

The whole family had walked along the beach to see what was new. Laurie was most interested in the high rocky shores. He was just dying to climb up, but they were too straight. His mother had said it would not be safe anyway. He had found a wonderful cave that was just like a little room under the rocks. The sandy floor



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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER HAS A WARNING

A warning that is greatly needed. Is wasted effort unless heeded. —Johnny Chuck.

Runtly Chuck was no longer a runt. He was no longer the smallest of the big family of Johnny and Polly Chuck. In fact, he now was the biggest and the strongest, and his mother had changed his name

was wet and cool, and Laurie found it rather cold in there after being in the hot sun, so he didn't stay long. A little spring was bubbling out of the rocks, but Laurie found that water was as cold as ice.

"Look ahead of us," shouted Laurie. "See that tiny brown bird with the long legs? Is he wading too?"

"No, that is his place to walk," answered his mother. "He is looking for food in the wet sand along the water's edge. Just see how close he walks, yet manages to keep away from the little waves that curl along the sand. He is called a sandpiper. Do you hear the little 'peep, peep, peep he is making'?"

"It sounds as if he was crying. Is he lonesome?" Laurie asked, with a shade of sadness in his voice.

"I don't think so, dear. That is just the way he talks."

"Look, Daddy! See the big blue shell I found! What is it?"

"It is a mussel shell. There are two parts that fit together to make a house. A little shellfish, some think like a clam, lives inside it."

"I found another. I'll bet this fits," he said when he tried them. Laurie found one much larger than the other. "No, it doesn't. I guess I have parts of two houses. Here, Linda, you can have this one."

"I've a large white shell that you may have," said his mother. "A snail lives in this once upon a time. See how round it is, with a point at the end. Here is the doorway that leads into the hall," and she showed him the opening into the shell.

"I must take these home to show Daddy and Susan," said Laurie, grasping his treasures tightly into his fist.

"Now we must all start back for we've been here quite a long while," said his daddy, turning back.

Laurie ran ahead of them, stopping to shout into the caves, on to hide and pop out at Linda. When he came to the long stretch of smooth sand, he raced along it like the wind. He stopped, out of breath, and laughed. "Just look at my tracks. See the marks my bare feet made. They were chasing me across the sand."

He started again, but this time he ran close to the water's edge, just beside the little lapping waves. "I'm the sandpiper, Daddy," he called. "I can run along the edge and keep clear of the water. It can't catch—"

"Splash! while he waited a little wavelet sneaked closer and closer until it could splash itself right over his little brown feet. "That was a joke on you," teased

Continued on page 14

to Buster. However, the name Runtly still stuck to him. Names have a way of doing that.

You know Buster means big. He had grown from a runt to a buster in a surprisingly short time, and all because he had found the perfect food and plenty of it; food that his brothers and sisters had not known about. It was bread that Aunt Sally had kept him supplied with at her back door. The others never had ventured down there.

Now that he was so big and so strong he felt very independent. Even his biggest brother didn't try to push him around now. Because he felt so independent, so able to take care of himself, he was inclined to think there was nothing and no one to be afraid of. You see, he knew nothing at all about the Great World. But he thought he knew all about it. He never yet had had to run for his life. He never yet had been frightened by unseen danger. What he really knew about life, and how a woodchuck must at all times be watching for enemies, was practically nothing. He still had almost everything to learn.

He was now living in the Old Pasture in a home dug by his grandfather a long time ago. He had cleaned it out, and had done a little digging so that it would

suit him better. In doing this he had pushed out a lot of yellow sand on his doorstep. It made a little mound there. He liked to sit up on it because from it he could look for some distance around. He was doing this one morning when his father, Johnny Chuck, came along.

Johnny had seen Buster from quite a distance and had gone over to give him a warning. He had noticed that the young Chuck seemed to be paying little attention to anything. As a matter of fact he was taking a sun bath, and he wasn't using his eyes. Johnny Chuck whistled sharply. That was a danger warning. Buster paid no attention to it. He was day dreaming. Johnny Chuck whistled again. This time Buster looked in Johnny's direction, but that was all.

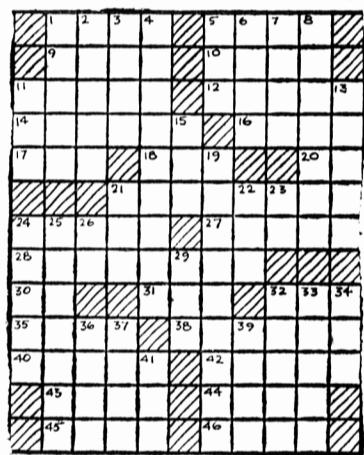
Now Johnny Chuck was not one to whistle a warning for nothing. He wasn't whistling for fun. Down below the Old Pasture was a road. Between it and the Old Pasture was a stone wall. Johnny Chuck's sharp eyes had seen something moving back of that stone wall. He couldn't see what it was, but instantly he was suspicious. Being suspicious he had whistled that warning, the danger signal. At the same time he had flattened himself down in the grass, his eyes fixed on the old stone wall at the edge of the road. There might not be any danger; on the other hand there might be great danger. So he had warned the young chuck.

NEW AMBASSADOR

OTTAWA (CP)—Dr. Cyró Giambruno, Wednesday presented his credentials as ambassador of Uruguay to Canada. The letter of credence was presented to Mr. Justice J. W. Estey of the Supreme Court of Canada, deputy governor-general.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1. Property (Theat.) | 1. Location (Fort.) |
| 2. Talks irrationally | 2. Primary color |
| 3. At one time | 3. At home |
| 4. Musical instrument | 4. Noble women |
| 5. Narrow roadway | 5. Head covering |
| 6. Culture | 6. Location (Fort.) |
| 7. Dull red marble (Belg.) | 7. Shower |
| 8. Groups of three | 8. Complaint |
| 9. Burial | 9. Fear |
| 10. Poker stake | 10. Searches for |
| 11. Foot-like organ | 11. Perched |
| 12. Organ of hearing | 12. Veneration |
| 13. Electrical engineer (abbr.) | 13. Emmet |
| 14. Star | 14. Pen point |
| 15. Whirls | 15. Cubic meter |
| 16. Small apertures | 16. This insect carrier yellow fever |
| 17. Hurried | 17. Arid |
| 18. Gold (Hebr.) | 18. Terrible |
| 19. Baronet's title | 19. City (Okla.) |
| 20. Unhappy | 20. A hard wood (E.I.) |
| 21. Walk through water | 21. Half ems |
| 22. To improve | |
| 23. Backbone | |
| 24. Poverty-stricken | |
| 25. Ireland | |
| 26. Anxiety | |
| 27. Man's nickname (poss.) | |
| 28. Pieces out | |
| 29. Smoothing tool | |



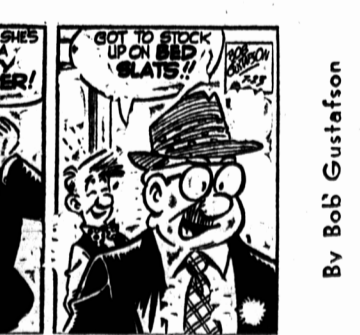
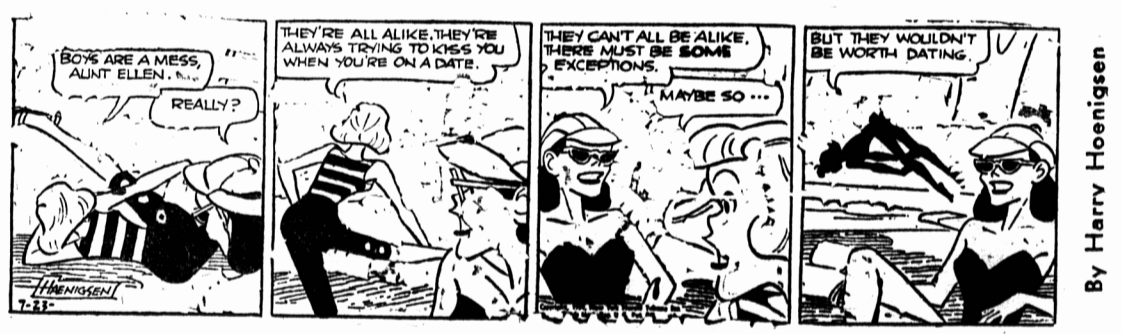
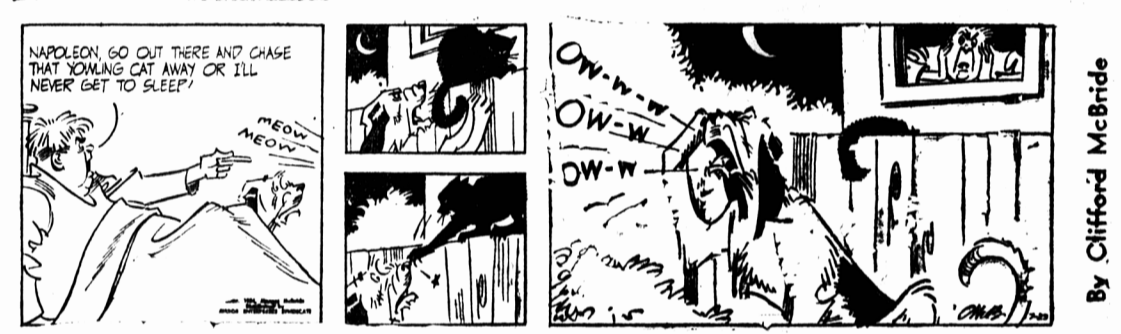
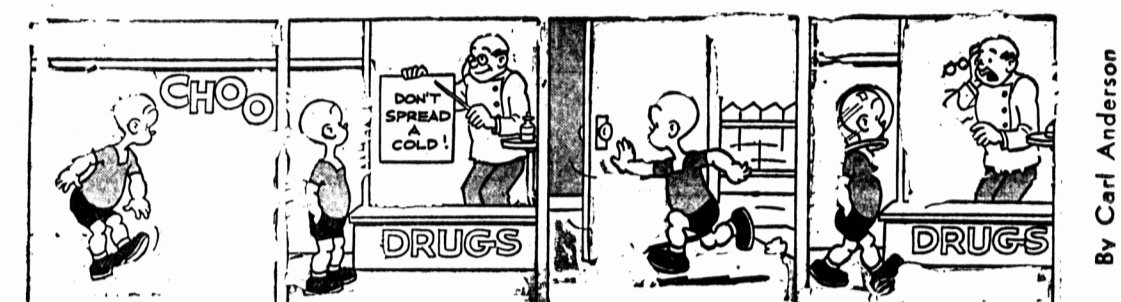
DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: AX YDLBAAXR LONG FELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

FBBCFA OBSVEM KNMBKJ YVCBTH, FBBCFA MQYMBTKOCM BOBKMMB BOBKMMB HQQ-TOSPMBH.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: **ALL TRUE HEARTED TARS LOVE THEIR SHIPS AND THEIR WIVES—DIBDIN.**



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs
Dotty Dripple
Henry
Pogo
Napoleon and Uncle Elby
Penn
Alex Raymond
Fran Striker
Ham Fisher
L'il Abner
By Edwina
By Buford Tume
By Carl Anderson
By Walt Kelly
By Clifford McBride
By Harry Hoenigsen
By Bob Gustafson
By George McManus
By Al Capp