

The Tiny Folk

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

Velvet sat on the windowsill in the warm afternoon sun, his paws held neatly under him, and his head down. His big, round, yellow eyes, which looked for all the world like two golden full moons, were closed, for he was fast asleep. His glossy black fur glistened in the sunbeams. While he slept, his ears were waiting for the sound of Janice's footsteps coming home from school. He had been her very own kitten every since he was a wee tiny bit of a kitten, and he loved her dearly.

How did he get his name? When Janice patted him, his fur felt so soft and warm it was just like velvet. When he played with her fingers, he was as careful to keep his claws pulled well back into the cushions of his little black feet. He was so gentle that the name Velvet really suited him.

He yawned, stretched himself, and stood up. Gracious! that sun was getting too warm on his back. He got down from the window, and went looking for the rubber mouse he had got for Christmas.

He found the mouse under the rocking chair, and pushed it out with his paw. He gave a little grin and pushed it under the waxed floor. He pushed it under the waxed floor. He pushed it under the waxed floor. He pushed it under the waxed floor.

Down it fell, and away he went after it. What fun he had for a while.

chasing that mouse under the table, behind the chairs, and around the floor!

Still Janice didn't come. He knew it was time for her to be home, for he heard Alan and Phil going by on their way from school. "I'll just go to meet her," he thought, and meowed at the door till Mrs. Page let him out.

He walked out the driveway, stepping carefully around the puddles, for like all cats, he hated to get his feet wet. He knew just which way to go for he had often seen Janice coming down the road from that direction. He had never been that far away from the house before, but he was getting to be a big kitten now. What was there to be afraid of? So off he went.

The snow plow had made big banks along the sides of the road, but Velvet found lots of room to walk just by the edge of the snow. He was walking along, watching every step, for he did want to keep his feet dry.

Just then — bow-wow, bow-wow sounded right ahead. Out of the Page gateway came Frisky, Laurie's little dog, and his little dog friend, Tommy, who often played with him. The two dogs were playing tag with each other, and barking in their fun.

Poor Velvet! His heart seemed to freeze inside him. Wildly he looked around. Where could he go? The dogs had seen him and were tearing towards him, barking in great glee. He dashed up the snowbank and saw the telephone post. Like a flash of black, he streaked for the pole, and on he went, while the dogs barked down below. He was afraid to go higher. He dug in his claws and hung on for dear life.

(Continued Tomorrow)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FRETFUL NEIGHBOR

By fretting nothing is attained. Not even sympathy is gained. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Hooty the Great Horned Owl looked down from her nest halfway up in a tall hemlock tree and watched Prickly Porky the Porcupine trying to make up his mind whether to climb up in that tree. Prickly Porky is slow in everything he does. He is as slow in making up his mind as he is in doing other things. All the time he was whining and complaining, and doing it right out loud.

"I hope that fellow won't climb up in this tree," said Mrs. Hooty to herself, but not aloud. "If I could know that he would stay only a short time, I wouldn't care. But if he should climb up and like the tree, there is no knowing how long he might stay. He might stay for days, and I don't want any such fretful neighbor as he would be."

After what seemed to Mrs. Hooty an endless time, Prickly Porky did make up his mind. He started to climb that tree. Mrs. Hooty decided it was time for her to say something. She leaned over the edge of her nest, hissed and snapped her bill. "You can't come up in this tree," she said.

Prickly Porky paused to look up. He hasn't very good eyes. He couldn't see clearly now who was talking, but he knew that voice. "Who says I can't?" he whined.

"I do!" hissed Mrs. Hooty. "This tree belongs to Hooty and me. No neighbors are wanted."

"You don't say," grumbled Prickly Porky.

"I do say!" retorted Mrs. Hooty, and stood up on the edge of her nest. She was snapping her bill angrily.

Prickly Porky said nothing more. He climbed a little higher. He walked out on one of the big spreading limbs part way up. He reached out and pulled to him a

small branch with twigs covered with the little green needles which really are the leaves of a hemlock tree. He began eating them. They tasted good. They tasted very good. He had been eating bark for several days. He had had nothing green, so these tasted extra good.

He paid no attention whatever to Mrs. Hooty up above. She flew down to a branch just above him. She leaned over and glared at him, her big yellow eyes making her look very fierce indeed.

"I told you you can't stay in this tree!" she hissed.

Prickly Porky stopped chewing those green needles and tender twigs long enough to look up at her and ask what she was going to do about it. "Just try and put me out of this tree," he concluded, and reached out for another spray of the green hemlock.

Mrs. Hooty was helpless, and she knew it. She didn't dare touch Prickly Porky. She knew all about the thousand little spears carried on his coat and on his tail, she didn't want any of those sticking in her and she knew that she couldn't touch him without getting hurt to a lot of them. She went back to her nest. She had a feeling that she was going to have a fretful neighbor for some time, and all she could do was make the best of it.

Anonymous \$50,000 Gifts To The Blind

TORONTO, (CP)—Three anonymous gifts of \$50,000 each from Toronto corporations have been received by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the Institute announced today.

The donations were the first to be sent to the Institute's building fund headquarters here in its current \$3,150,000 campaign.

The CNIB plans to build a service and rehabilitation centre in the Toronto area.

SPRING PARK VILLAGE

Meeting for men interested in becoming members of Fire Brigade, Friday, March 5, 7:30 p.m., Spring Park Hall.

The Provincial Fire Marshall will be in attendance.

Signed: FIRE PROTECTION COMMITTEE.

COMPLETE V. U. M. REFRACTION AND ANALYSIS

G. F. HUTCHINSON & SON

Optometrists

53 Grafton Street

BARON SOLEMACHER'S LARGE FRUITED STRAWBERRY FROM SEED

First Time Offered in Canada

From the Baron Solemacher plant breeders in Western Germany comes this valuable Large Fruited Strawberry (grown from seed), a strain entirely new to Canadian gardeners, and for which we have been appointed exclusive licensee. Now in any way to be confused with ordinary Baron Solemacher types but a vastly superior large and round strawberry with fruit averaging one inch, juicy, luscious, with unique spicy wild flavor and aroma. Bears early and heavily all season long. Plants are hardy, compact, bushy, runnerless, perennial, easily grown. Order now. Supply limited. Originator's Seed in two varieties, Red or Yellow. Pkt. \$1.00, 3 Pkts. \$3.50, postage paid.

FREE BIG 164 PAGE SEED AND NURSERY BOOK FOR 1954

DOMINION SEED HOUSE

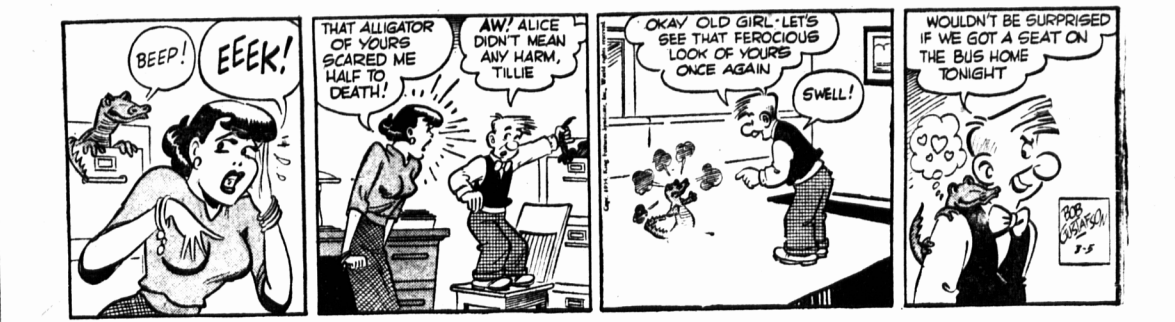
CHAMPION Cable Type Tire Chains

Extra long wear. Noiseless. Lightweight. Smooth riding. Reasonably priced.

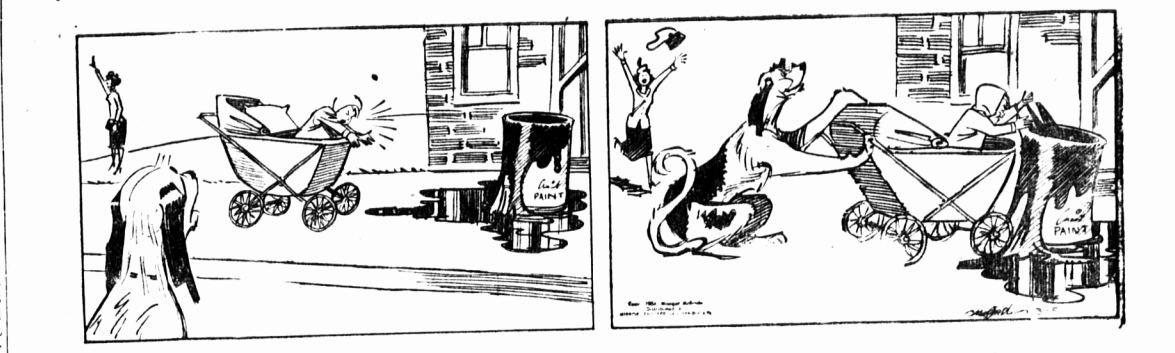
The finest anti-skid you ever used.

F. A. S. JONES, 129 Kent St. Phone 3188

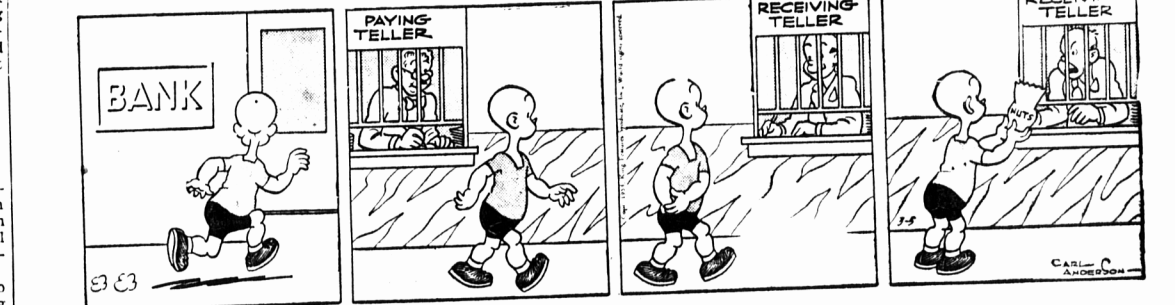
Tilly The Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Logo



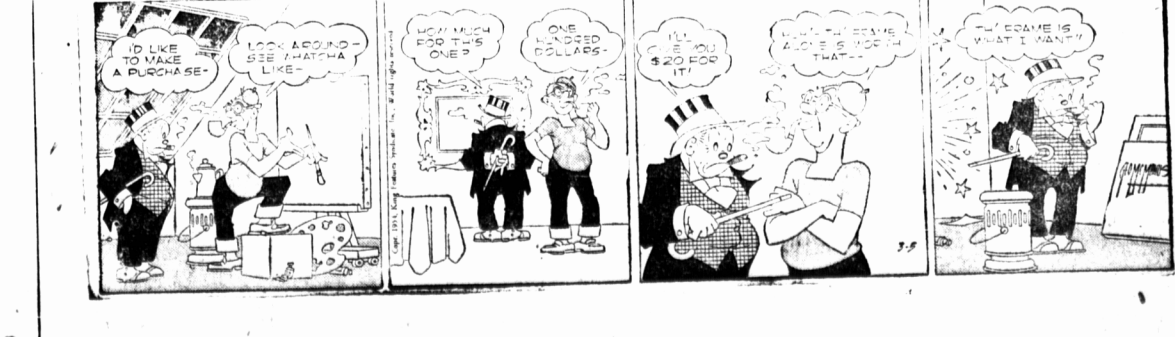
Dotty Dripple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Bringing Up Father



L'il Abner



Rip Kirby



The Lone Ranger



Joe Palooka



Penny



Penney

