



By Thorton W. Burgess

WINSOME AND MRS. WIN-SOME ARE WORRIED

Seldom will you find a life free of worries and of strife.

Worries and strife of some sort are a part of life for most people. They do not necessarily make for unhappiness.

Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome were house hunting. They had come back from the Sunny South, and they were anxious to have a home of their own as soon as possible.

Other feathered folk they felt that they could not be happy unless their nest was in a house of some sort. First they went straight to the Old Orchard. There were several houses in the Old Orchard.

Farmer Brown's Boy had made them and put them out for his feathered friends. They had used one of these houses last summer.

They had looked on this, and still did, as their own. But now they found someone living there. It was someone they didn't dare quarrel with.

They didn't dare try to put him out. Probably they couldn't have driven him out anyway, but they didn't dare try.

You see, Spooky, the Screech Owl had taken possession of that house. He had spent the winter in it. It really wasn't a bluebird house.

It had been put up in the first place for Goldenwing the Flicker. The entrance had been made much bigger than bluebirds needed. It was a new house last year, and Winsome and Mrs. Winsome had happened to be the first ones to look at it.

But the next house they looked at was also occupied. Bully the English Sparrow had moved in, and he told them in no uncertain manner that this house belonged to him and Mrs. Bully.

The two house hunters were glad to hurry away. They didn't want to be in the neighborhood of such a dirty, noisy pair.

"There is another house on the other side of the Old Orchard. It is a new house and it looks very good. I think we may find it just what we need. Let's go over and look at that, my dear," said Winsome.

"Haven't you looked at it already?" asked Mrs. Winsome.

"No," replied Winsome. "I waited for you to look at it with me. After all, you are the one who will decide the matter."

The Tiny Folk

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

The fat black hands of the blue kitchen clock pointed to almost eight as Laurie came patting down the steps. He came into the kitchen as baby Linda turned in her high chair to laugh and call to him, "Brubba, dee, da, uh."

"Hello, sister," laughed Laurie, as he ran over to kiss her. "You have most of your pabum on your face. Do you think that will make you grow faster?"

Linda giggled again, and reached out with her spoon to offer some porridge to Laurie. "Ba, ba, dee," she said again.

"No, thanks, you had better eat it yourself," said Laurie, as he went over to get his breakfast.

"There now, are you settled?" asked Mrs. Page, as she placed his bowl of porridge before him. He finished spooning out his orange, then began on his cereal.

"Where is Ginger this morning?" inquired Mrs. Page for Laurie usually brought his big teddy down with him when he came.

"Oh, Ginger isn't feeling well," was Laurie's reply. "He has a sore back and he has to stay in bed."

"Isn't that too bad," said his mother. "I do hope he'll be better soon."

"I think he will be, if he stays quietly in bed and keeps warm," Laurie answered. He finished his toast and jelly, drank the last drop of milk from his glass, and got down.

Over her ran to the cupboard and got out a small tray. He took a paper napkin and put it on the tray.

"Whatever are you doing with that?" asked his mother. "Poor Teddy has to stay in bed, so I'm going to take this tray up to him," answered Laurie.

Mrs. Page said nothing, but watched as Laurie put two small plastic measuring cups, his own silver spoon, a plastic bowl and a piece of toast on the tray and carried it off upstairs.

In a while he came down again. "How is Ginger now? Did he eat all his breakfast?" asked Mrs. Page.

"He's feeling a bit better, but he wants to lie down for a while," said Laurie. He cleared off the tray and put it away. Then he went over and got out the hot water bottle.

"Now I must give Ginger this hot water bottle," Laurie said as he wrapped a towel around it. Up the stairs he went again. He smoothed out the pillows, and placed Ginger comfortably on the wrapped hot water bottle.

He pulled up the sheet and blanket, then tucked them in around the big teddy. Ginger jingled his ears as if to say, "Thank you very much for taking such good care of me, Laurie."

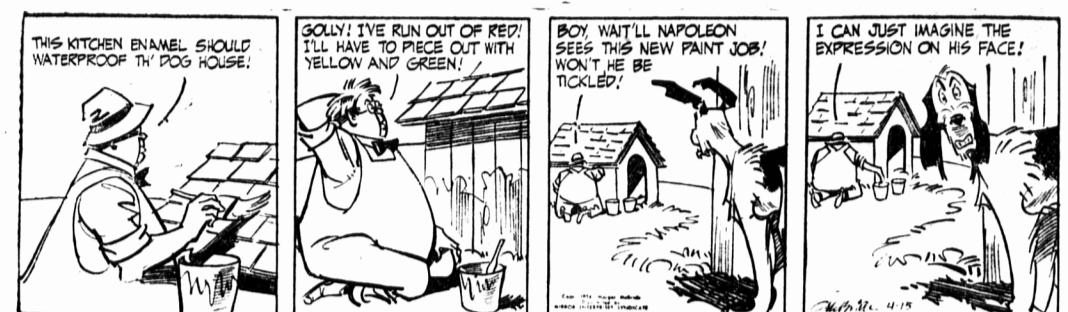
Laurie ran back down stairs again and gathered up his new story book, yellow plastic truck and a few blocks. He started back up the stairs, as his mother asked, "What are you going to do with those?"

"I'm taking them up to Ginger. He will need something to play with to pass the time away while I'm out playing with David and Susan."

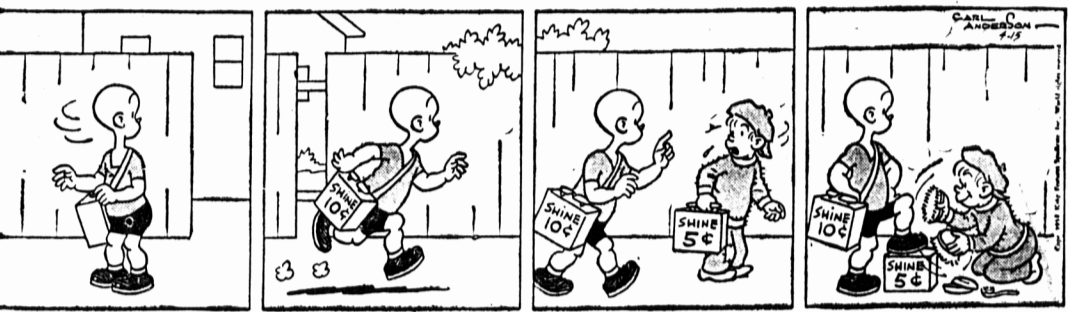
He put the toys by Ginger's hands then bent to hug and kiss his teddy. "Goodbye, Ginger. Rest quietly till I come back in from playing." He closed the bedroom door and tiptoed off downstairs.



Tilly The Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Pogo



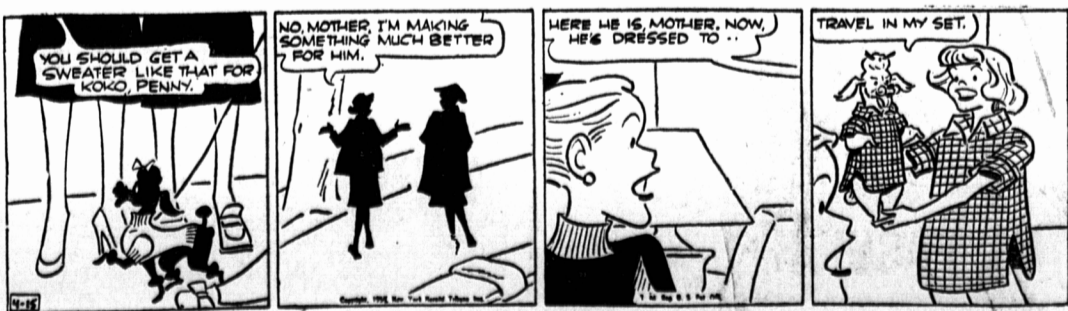
Dolly Dipple



Tippy and 'Cap' Stubs



Bringing Up Father



Penny



Li'l Abner

WOOL MARKETING

Wool will be received at the Reid warehouse at the foot of Prince Street, Charlottetown, after May 15th. Wool shipped by rail or truck should be carefully tagged and addressed to the Wool Grading Station, Charlottetown, "freight collect".

Truckers must present a proper warehouse receipt before truckage will be paid. An advance payment will be made promptly on receipt of wool and a final payment as soon as wool is graded.

In shipping, each fleece should be tied separately with paper string and packed in old, but clean sacking. Use one large sack if at all possible, as this aids in checking.

It is in your interest to see that wool is properly prepared for market. Growers should:

- 1. Remove all tags and dung locks before tying each fleece.
2. Any burry, chaffy, or strawy portions of wool should also be removed and shipped separately.
3. Sheep should be shorn when dry, and wool should be stored in a place free from dampness.
4. If there are any black fleeces mark it on shipping tags.

All wool should be shipped between May 15th and July 15th. Do not sacrifice your wool and market it carelessly through unreliable sources. Market it through Canada's finest Co-operative Producer Association, the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, whose representative is the P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association.

Co-operate with your Association and support it by marketing your wool co-operatively this year. Remember we pay the freight and you get the most out of your product:

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION Charlottetown

W. R. Shaw, Secretary.

NOTICE

P. E. I. FEDERATION OF AGRICULTURE SCHOOL DISTRICT MEETINGS MONDAY, APRIL 19th-8:00 P.M. IN THE SCHOOL Group Accident Insurance-\$5.00 per year Benefits up to \$100,000 YOU may be the next to have a costly accident. Attend the Meeting for more information.

NOTICE

A special meeting of the ratepayers of the Village of Parkdale, to be held in Parkdale Hall, Thursday, April 15th, 1954, at 8 p.m.

The purpose of this meeting is to consider the installation of a sewer and water system in the Village of Parkdale.

The estimate cost of such a system will be approximately \$200,000.00 and Mr. W. H. Crandall, the consulting engineer to the project will be in attendance to answer all questions regarding same.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE VILLAGE OF PARKDALE.

EASTER DANCE

CLOVER CLUB MONDAY APRIL 19th 9:30 P.M. - 1:30 A.M. Dress Informal \$2.00 Per Couple For Reservations phone 6022



Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher



By Harry Hoeningen



By Al Capp

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwina

By George McManus