

# The Tiny Folk

A real story of real children for very young children

Every one seemed to be in a hurry this morning. Mrs. Page was getting her dishes done up quickly, Laurie was tearing a round and straightening the chairs and gathering up his toys, and even baby Linda seemed excited.

"Are Helen and Janice going too?" inquired Laurie.

"Yes, all the school children are going," answered his mother. "This is the day they sing."

"Is Susan going?" was Laurie's next question.

"Not today," Mrs. Page replied. "She and her mother planned on going in yesterday. Her cousin Irene sang then and she wanted to hear her."

"Is David going?" asked Laurie.

"No, dear, he is too little to go yet," said Mrs. Page.

"Oh! Only big boys go. That's why I'm going," Laurie laughed happily.

"Yes, of course. You're such a big boy. You've already had three birthdays, so you must be getting old," teased his mother.

"May we take baby Linda?" Laurie inquired.

"Certainly not. What would a little baby do at the Music Festival? No, she's going to stay home with Grandma. Now, come along till I get you dressed."

Laurie's face was scrubbed until it was pink and shining, and for once he didn't complain about getting his ears washed. His mother put on his white shirt and bright red plaid bow tie. Then Laurie pulled on his new grey flannels. He was so proud of those, for they had real deep pockets, just like his Daddy's. Then his mother slipped his arms into his new navy blazer with its brass buttons.

"Now for your hair," said his mother, as she got busy with the brush and comb.

When she finished, Laurie looked at himself in the mirror. His eyes sparkled as he saw himself in his new clothes.

"The robins won't know me, I imagine," he said proudly.

"I'm sure they won't," laughed Mrs. Page. "Now let's run along down. Here's Grandma now. And here's Blair brought her over, and we're going with him to the festival."

Soon they were on their way. Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Page talked about housecleaning and gardens, new clothes and the church supper. Laurie's mind was busy wondering just what the Music Festival would be like.

Then his mother said, "Well, here we are. Let's go to right away so we can get a good seat."

Laurie thought he had never seen so many children before. The hall seemed packed with them. He could not see anyone he knew.

"Sh-sh," whispered his mother. "You must not talk or wriggle when the children are singing. There goes a group now."

Laurie's eyes watched every move of the little children as they lined up on the stage. He heard a tiny bell tinkle, then the music of the piano. The children opened their mouths, and out rang a song about a robin on the lawn. Laurie listened and never missed a word. When it was finished, he clapped so. Then he leaned close to his mother.

"Was that my robin they were singing about? That's what he does," Mrs. Page smiled and whispered back. "It could be about any robin. Now you sit still and listen so you'll be able to tell Daddy all about it at supper time."

By then another group was on the stage, and they were singing about that same robin. Laurie said nothing, but after the next one and the next and the next sang the same thing, he wriggled a bit and said, "I think I'd rather go out and watch the robins. Mommy. They say the same thing over and over."

But all she said was, "Sh-sh, that is what you expect at the festival."

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE NEW HOME IS ROBBED

The one who will not heed advice, will often pay a heavy price. —Old Mother Nature.

Two young swallows had made their home just below the roots of the grass in a bank along the Big River. The bank was almost straight up and down and high. Banker and Mrs. Banker had been there first to find the bank and dig a hole in it. When the young couple began digging Banker flew over and advised them not to make their home so near the top. However, they did not heed his advice. It was their first home, and they wanted no advice as to where they should make it, or how they should make it. It was nobody's business but their own. That is the way they felt about it, and they went right ahead.



The young snake drew his tail in, and a moment later he thrust his head out.

This being their first home, and their first attempt at digging, they were content to dig a very short tunnel before digging the little bedroom that held their nest. In due time there were four little white eggs in the nest, and their happiness was complete.

One morning while both of the young swallows were out hunting breakfast an egg-stealer happened along. It was a young blacksnake. Like all members of his family he

had a liking for eggs. From a short distance away he had noticed the flock of swallows darting and diving, and dancing in the air above the bank and over the Big River. Cautiously he glided through the grass to the top of the bank, and looked over the edge. Swallows were going in and out of the many doorways in the face of the bank. He knew that there must be many eggs in those homes. The question was, how could he get them. He crept along the edge looking for a doorway that he could get into. None of them could he reach until he knew something was wrong. Something was hanging out of that doorway. It was the tail of the snake. Frantically they flew back and forth right in front of that doorway crying pitifully. At once, all the other swallows came to see what the trouble was. The older ones knew right away.

"I warned you," said Banker to Mrs. Banker. "I told them what might happen, but they wouldn't listen to me."

The young snake drew his tail in, and a moment later he thrust his head out. Such a frantic screaming there was then. The air was full of wheeling, darting, screaming swallows. They swooped down at him almost in his very face, but they were so small to hurt him at all. They could only threaten. He paid no attention to them. He crawled out, and up on the bank. No sooner was he out than one of the young swallows went in to that nest. It was empty. Yes, sir, all of the four white little eggs had disappeared. Their first home was ruined.

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## ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL

April Report

Grade IX — 1. Mary MacDonald.

Grade VIII — 1. Dorothy MacDonald; 2. Arnold MacDonald; 3. Mary Montgomery.

Grade VII — 1. Elizabeth MacCormac.

Grade VI — 1. Marion MacCormac; 2. Eileen MacCormac.

Grade V — 1. Bernard MacCormac; 2. Rita MacDonald; 3. Francis Montgomery.

Grade IV — 1. Arnold MacCormac.

Grade III (Sr.) — 1. Mary Deagle; 2. Charles Feehan; 3. Augustine MacDonald.

Grade III Jr. — 1. Colin and Gerald MacCormac (equal); 2. Gary MacDonald; 3. Charles Gillis.

Grade II — 1. Bernadette Feehan; 2. Mary Gillis; 3. Bernard MacDonald.

Grade I Sr. — 1. Claire MacCormac; 2. Clifford MacCormac.

Grade I Jr. — 1. Terry MacCormac; 2. Gerardine Feehan.

Teacher, Freda Mullen.

## TAIL-TWISTER

DUBLIN, (CP)—Charles Coughlin, 35, pinned to the bars by a caged lion, was saved when a passerby reached through and twisted the animal's tail until it let go.

## WOOD ISLANDS-CARIBOU FERRY SERVICE

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- (1)—First and second sailings from each terminal each morning.
- (2)—For perishables and/or Live-stock in truck loads on any sailing.
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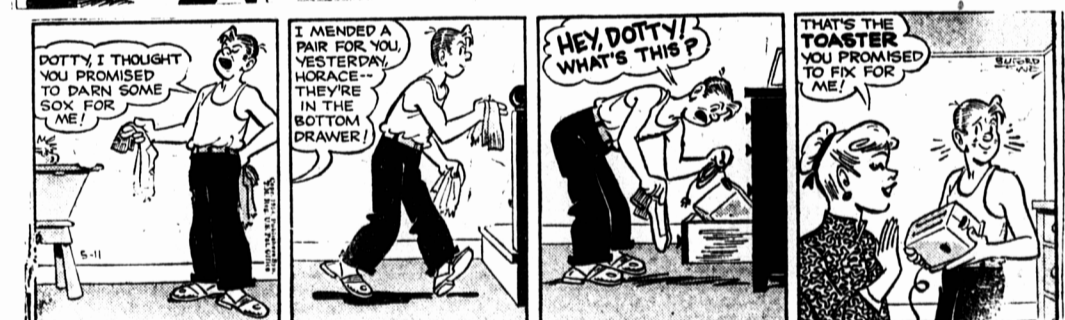
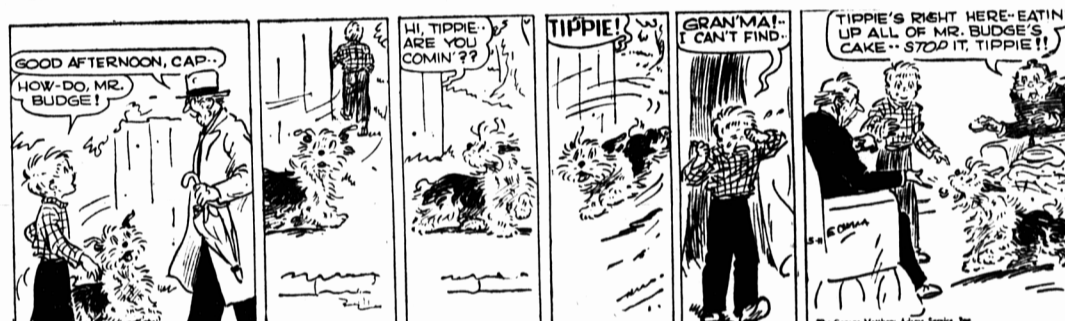
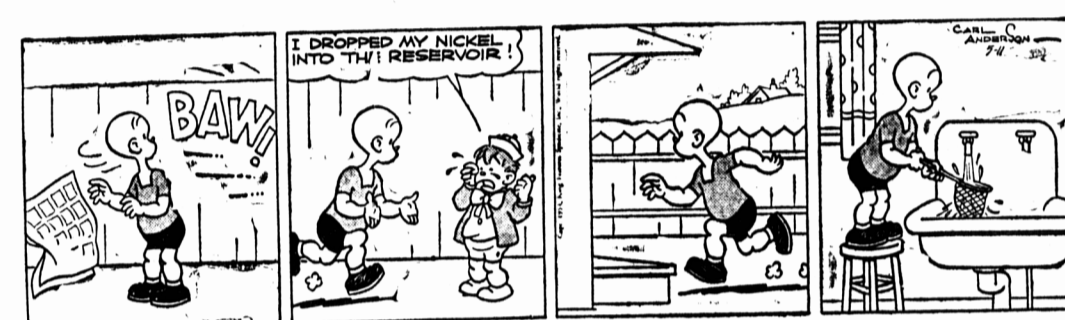
# BEST YEAST CONTESTS END

The third and last of a very successful series of letter-writing contests, conducted by Maritime made BEST YEAST, closed last week with 40 Bulova watches going out to winners all over the Maritimes, making a total of 120 watches for all three Contests.

The large number of entries received was most gratifying and showed BEST YEAST, Fresh or Dry, as premier yeast in many localities. Some of the winners were old fans of BEST while others had just discovered its benefits. But new users or old, it's a pretty safe bet that BEST will be a welcome guest in their homes for many years to come.

A list of Contest No. 3 winners is given below. To those who were not included, Best Yeast sends its thanks and a hope for "Better luck next time."

- Miss Gertrude L. Adams, 6a Victoria St., Campbellton, N. B.; Mrs. Alexander Albert, Caraquet, N.B.; Mrs. Emile Beaulieu, Grand Falls, N.B.; Mrs. L. D. Behan, Port Wallis, Hfx. Co., N.S.; Miss Alfreda Boudreau, Sainte Rose, Glou. Co., N.B.; Mrs. Clyde Boutillier, Hfx. Co., N.S.; Miss Alfreda Boudreau, Sainte Rose, Glou. Co., N.B.; Mrs. J. Box 36, Hantsport, N.S.; Mrs. William Clarke, 25 Douglas Ave., Glace Bay, N.S.; Mrs. J. Albert Comeau, St. Martin de Clare, Digby Co., N.S.; Mrs. Philippe Cote, Drummond, R.R. No. 5, Vic. Co., N.B.; Mrs. Pierre Cote, Price, Matane Co., P.Q.; Mrs. Calvin Craswell, Flat Lands, Rest. Co., N.B.; Mrs. Daniel Currie, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Mrs. Alphee Daigle, Point du Milieu, Kent Co., N.B.; Mrs. W. L. Delaney, Kensington, P. E. I.; Mrs. Frances Digout, River Bourgeois, Rich. Co., N.S.; Mrs. James Dobson, R.R. No. 1, Pictou, N.S.; Mrs. Carl E. Estey, Zealand Station, N.B.; Mrs. E. C. Clawson, Port Medway, Queens Co., N.S.; Mrs. Percy Hamilton, Kempville, Yarmouth Co., N.S.; Mrs. Helen Hanna, Upper Water St., Chatham, N.B.; Mrs. H. C. Higgins, Middle Musquodobit, N.S.; Mr. Archie Huntington, Glen Levit, N.B.; Mrs. Frank Inness, Beech Hill Farms, Queens Co., N.S.; Mr. John G. Jeng-nex, Oyster Pond, Jeddore, Hfx. Co., N.S.; Mrs. Gerald Joudrey, Box 6, Mahone Bay, N.S.; Miss Maria Langlois, Sainte-Flavie, Route Rurale, Matane Co., P.Q.; Mrs. Alice M. Lantz, Bramber, Hants Co., N.S.; Miss Erma Lutz, 3 Willow Lane, Kentville, N.S.; Mrs. Karl Lynds, 220 Robt St., Truro, N.S.; Mrs. Harry McCrea, Salisbury, N.B.; Mrs. A. J. MacDonald, James River Stn., Antig. Co., N.S.; Mrs. Malcolm MacKenzie, Victoria Cross, P.E.I.; Mrs. H. A. McLeod, Penobscus, N.B.; Mrs. Victoria L. Morrison, 10 Marconi St., North Sydney, N.S.; Miss Janet Mount, Box 249, Digby, N.S.; Mrs. J. B. Perry, 126 Saunders St., Fredericton, N.B.; Mrs. Charles Richards, River Hebert, Cumb. Co., N.S.; Mrs. C. I. Spurr, Box 37, Deep Brook, Annap. Co., N.S.; Mrs. Ashley Swim, Doaktown, N.B.; Miss Darline Wallace, Coldstream, Car. Co., N.B.



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  
Bringing Up Father By George McManus  
Penny By Harry Hoenigsen  
L'il Abner By Al Capp

