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Friends from Fairyland



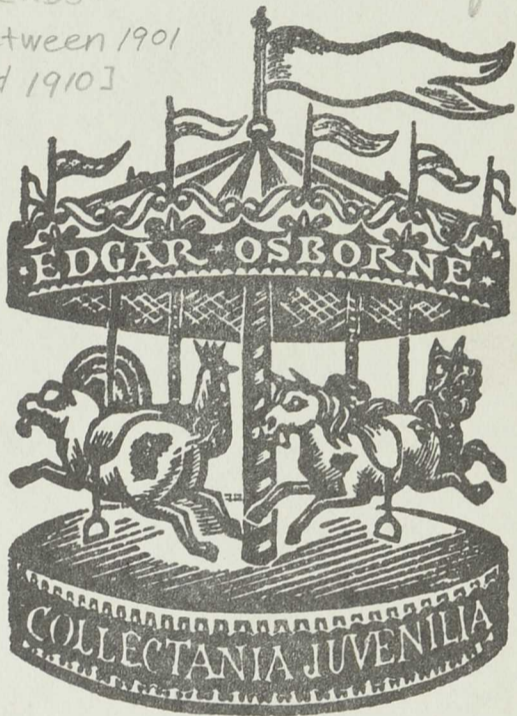
Father Tuck's
"EVER WELCOME"
Series

100 (FT)

FRIENDS ...

[between 1901
and 1910]

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To Margaret Rutha
with love
From Aunt Elizabeth

FRIENDS FROM FAIRY LAND



WITH TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES
IN FULL COLOUR.



Designed in England
Printed in Germany.

No. 255.

Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.
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Publishers to Their Majesties The King & Queen,
and to C.R.F. The Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Sleeping Beauty.



Once long, long ago there lived a King and Queen.

This King and Queen had a splendid Palace, beautiful parks, and gardens, very much money, and all kinds of jewels, many horses, dogs, and everything that could make them happy, except one thing, but that one thing they wanted more than all the others put together. Just a little daughter was

what they longed for, and at last a kind fairy had pity on them and brought a dear little baby girl.

Oh, how happy they were!

There was a big dinner party at the christening of the little baby Princess, and twelve good fairies were asked to be godmothers, and all of these brought beautiful gifts to give their god-daughter. One gave her beauty, another loveliness, another wit, and so on, but before the twelfth godmother could give her gift, a wicked fairy pushed her on one side.





Here we see the baby Princess looking frightened as the wicked fairy comes towards her, saying that if she ever pricks her finger she will die. Of course the baby does not understand what is said, but she knows that something naughty is near her.



So all the needles and all things that could prick were taken away from the Palace, but one day the Princess wandering through the passages, comes to a staircase she has never seen before.



ME

The Princess finds her way up to a little room where sits the wicked fairy, in disguise, spinning. The Princess wishes to try to spin, but, directly she does so, she pricks her finger. Then she and all in the Palace fall asleep.



After a hundred years, a Prince comes to the Palace. He is much surprised to find everybody fast asleep. He wanders on till he comes to the room where lies the lovely Princess — The Sleeping Beauty.



She looks so beautiful that the Prince cannot help kissing her, and then she awakes. And everybody in the Palace wakes up too. And the Prince marries the Princess and everybody is very happy.

The Three Little Pigs.

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who set out to seek their fortune.

They met three men on their way, one carrying straw, another wood, and the third bricks and mortar.



The eldest little Pig chose the straw, the second the wood, and the third the bricks and mortar. And each little Pig built a house.

Here is the eldest little Pig in his house of straw. The old Wolf comes along. "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in," says the Wolf. "No, No, by the hairs on my chinny, chin, chin," says the Little Pig.



"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," cries the Wolf. And he huffs and puffs and the little Pig's house tumbles down, and the little Pig is eaten up.

Here is the second Pig in his house of wood. "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in," says old Wolf. "No, No, by the hairs on my chinny, chin, chin," answers the second little Pig.



"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," growls the Wolf. And he huffs and puffs a great deal, and at last the house is blown down and the little Pig eaten up.

Here is the third little Pig in the house of bricks and mortar. Old Wolf comes by "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in," says he.



"No, no, by the hairs on my chinny, chin, chin," squeaks the little Pig. "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." And the Wolf huffs and puffs until he has no breath left to huff with, but he cannot blow down the house and eat up the little Pig.

Well, old Wolf is very angry indeed, but he pretends to be friendly, and tells the little Pig of a fine apple orchard, and a turnip field, and a Market Fair, and wants the little Pig to go with him.



But each time the little Pig gets up earlier than old Wolf, and goes out and gets home safely. Then the Wolf says he will come down the chimney, and he comes down the chimney and tumbles into the saucepan. And that's the end of him, and a good job too!

Little Red Riding Hood.



This is little Red Riding Hood saying good-bye to her mother, before setting out to visit her grandmother. "Don't loiter by the way," says mother



In the wood little Red Riding Hood meets a Wolf. The Wolf speaks very politely and asks little Red Riding Hood where she is going. So little Red Riding Hood tells him.



“That’s strange,” said the Wolf, “for I am going there myself. You take the shorter path and I will take the longer, and we will see who gets there first”.



But little Red Riding Hood lingers on her way. And by the time she gets to the cottage, the Wolf has eaten up her grannie and got into the bed. "But Grannie, what big teeth you have," said little Red Riding Hood.



It is quite certain that the little girl would have been eaten up by that dreadful old Wolf, if her father had not come just in time. He killed the Wolf and took Red Riding Hood home. Here she is telling her mother all about it.

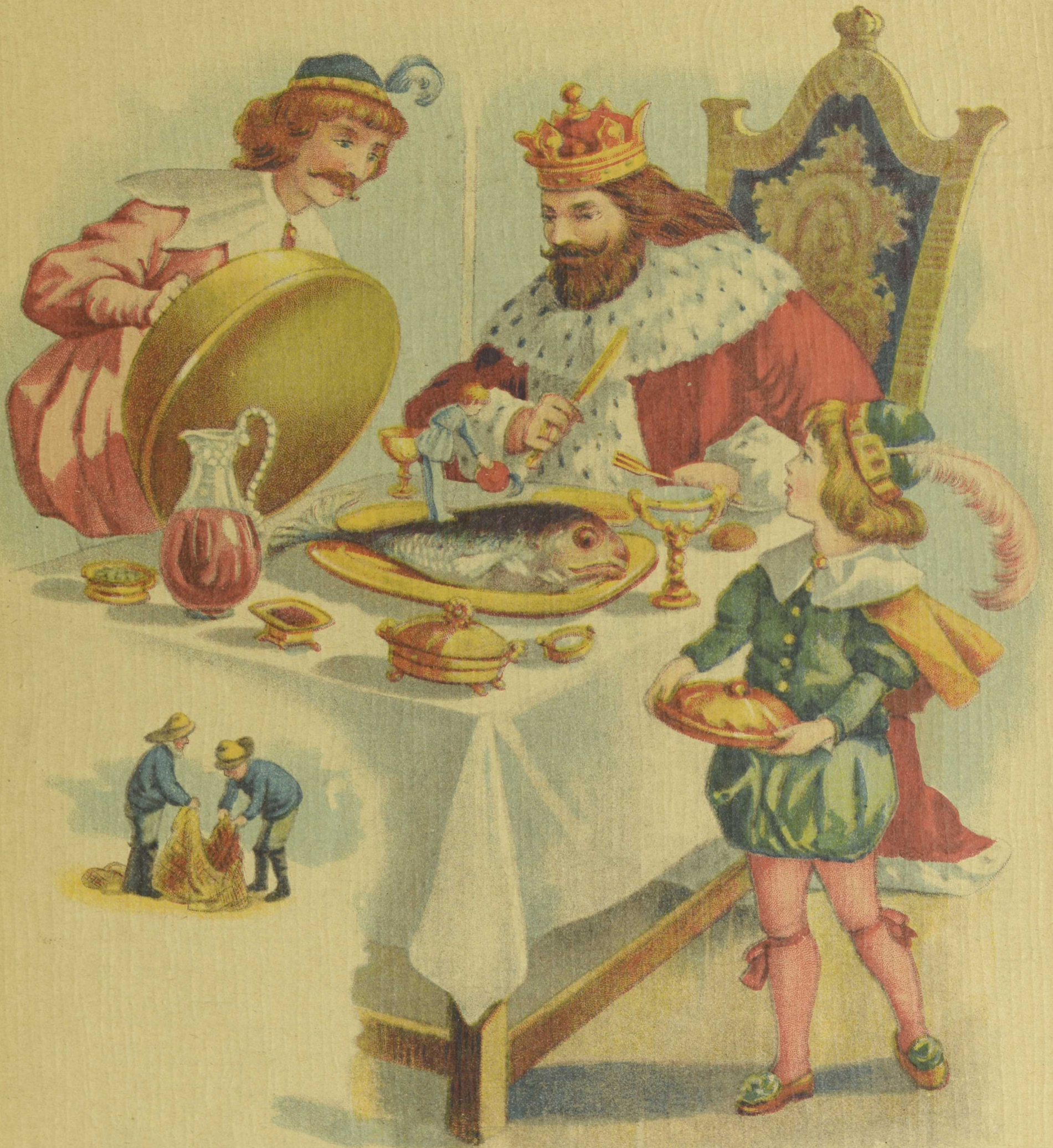
The Babes in the Wood.

Here are the poor little children when they are alone in the wood, left there by their cruel Uncle.



They go wandering all about trying to find their way home, and at last, quite tired out, they lie down on the ground. Then some dear little robins cover them over with leaves.

Tom Thumb.



Tom Thumb was, you know, a very tiny little fellow, only as big as his father's thumb. One day he was swallowed by a fish. The fish was served up on the King's table, and here we see Tom bowing to his Majesty.

Goldenlocks and the Three Bears.



Here we see little Goldenlocks who has come into the Bears' hut, and is just about to taste their porridge. She finds that of the Little Bear so good that she eats it all up. Then she sits on his chair till it breaks, and afterwards goes and lies down on his bed.



Here are the Three Bears who have come home and found the empty porridge bowl and the broken chair, and now they find Goldenlocks in the little Bear's bed. She wakes up in a great fright, jumps out of the window, and runs home just as fast as she can.



There were only Three Bears when Goldenlocks visited their cottage, but after a while came two more little bears, Twins, brothers to the smallest of the Three Bears. We see them in the next picture.



They were sweet things those Twins, and they loved sweet things such as sweets and honey. But bees are very much annoyed if you steal their honey, and the twin bears remember the bees' annoyance till this day.



Here we see the little Bears getting at the jam cupboard. And here is their mother coming with a stick. They won't have much more fun to-day we think.



The tricks those Bears played! You would have been shocked. They were always getting into mischief. We feel certain that this upset of the tea table is that little Bear's fault, although he looks so quiet!



Now this way down, then oh so high, middle Bear nearly hits the sky. What is the reason? You can see, one Big Bear weighs more than three!



Mother Bear's Washing Day.

This is Mother's washing day,
This is how her children play.
Little Bears get very wet,
Little Bears have more to get.
More to get, as I have said,
And they get it when in bed.
Little Bears are very sore,
Won't be naughty — never more!
Master Bruin gets some too,
Thinks of leaving for the Zoo!
Where Bears feed on buns all day —
Are not beaten when they play!

Bed-Time.

No matter then how very wrong
Their conduct was the whole day long.
Mother always kissed "good-night,"
When she took away the light.
Father too would come and peep
At his baby bears asleep —
Bless each little eye and nose,
Wish the babies sweet repose.



It was quite a relief to get those Twins upstairs to the nursery and to give them their tub and put them into bed, and when Master Bruin was also in bed and asleep, then peace reigned in the Bears' house.



No. 255.

Designed at the Studios in England
and Printed at the Fine Art Works in Germany

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.
London-Paris-Berlin-New York-Montreal.

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