PROMPT ATTENTION TO SMALL INJURIES IN TIRES IS SAVING

Owner Will Do Well to Mend All Cuts Before Trouble Spreads

There are little things that happen to tires on the road that do not interfere immediately with their running but may, and very often do, develop into greater troubles that lead to the repair shop and thence to the owner's purse.

Stone bruises and cuts are much alike, the difference being that a cut is simply a gash, while in a stone bruise rubber is gouged out and even the fabric may be broken. Rim-cutting, resulting from running with the tires insufficiently inflated, can easily be avoided. Cuts and stone bruises sometimes allow sand or dust to work in between the tread and the fabric, causing sand blisters. A blowout may carry away part of the tire or it may simply leave a hole. A puncture is simply a small hole and does not involve the cutting away of the rubber, as does a stone bruise.

It pays to mend up all injuries to the tire tread. Materials for filling in stone bruises and for closing up cuts are easily obtained, and it is only necessary to follow carefully directions for using. The cuts and bruises may not be much in themselves, but they often lead to worse things. A puncture may occur where the rubber has been already weakened, when it would be warded off if the rubber were all there, and the same is true, in its way, of sand blisters. If a tire happens to have a weakness on the inside which, however, will not show up until the outside is injured, it may let go and cause a blowout.

A cause of blowouts that is by no means uncommon is the wearing of the walls of tires by allowing them to scrape against curbs. This hits the tire at its weakest point. All that can be said is, "Don't do it."—H. W. Slauson, M. E., in Leslie's.

BOOK REVIEWS

BY ELINOR MURRAY.

Every town, village and hamlet should have its reading club. There may be only two or three members, and in the busy season the weekly meetings may be interrupted, but the benefit of a course of reading will last a lifetime. I would like nothing better than that this review column should become literary headquarters for the reading clubs, literary and dramatic societies of Ontario. This may not be the season for farm folk to plan a reading course, but just to give you an idea of how the column will help, I publish to-day a list of thirty books of the best fiction. These are not new books, they have stood the test of years, and may well be introduced into my club programme along with the best of this year's books.

The best and most complete expression of the ideals and tendencies of any people at any time is to be found in their literature. This expression is to be found most often and most fully in great story-books. Without an acquaintance with some of these bocks of fiction it is impossible to know the inner life—the real life—of the peoples of whom such a knowledge is most worth while. Any reading of history, travel or science should be supplemented by some reading of the writings of masters of fiction.

1. "Adam Bede." George Eliot.
2. "Arabian Nights."
3. "A Modern Instance." William Dean Howells.
4. "Clarissa Harlowe." Samuel Richardson.
5. "David Copperfield." Charles Dickens.
6. "Guy Mannering." Sir Walter Scott.
7. "History of Henry Esmond." William M. Thackeray.
8. "Ivanhoe." Sir Walter Scott.
9. "Joseph Vance." William F. de Morgan.
10. "Kidnapped." Robert Louis Stevenson.
11. "Lorna Doone." R. D. Blackmore.
12. "Luck of Roaring Camp." Bret Harte.
13. "Ordeal of Richard Feverel." George Meredith.
14. "Pilgrim's Progress." John Bunyan.
15. "Pride and Prejudice." Jane Austen.
16. "Robinson Crusoe." Daniel Defoe.
17. "Romola." George Eliot.
18. "Tale of Two Cities." Charles Dickens.
19. "The Cloister and the Hearth." Charles Reade.
20. "Vanity Fair." William M. Thackeray.
21. "Vicar of Wakefield." Oliver Goldsmith.
22. "Last of the Mohicans." J. Fenimore Cooper.
23. "Scarlet Letter." Nathaniel Hawthorne.
24. "The Pilot." J. Fenimore Cooper.
25. "Les Miserables." Victor Hugo.
26. "The Three Musketeers." Alexander Dumas.
27. "Pere Goriot." Honore de Balzac.
28. "Anna Garenina." Count Leo Tolstoi.
29. "With Fire and Sword." Henryk Sienkiewicz.
30. "Treasure Island." Robert Louis Stevenson.

Books received to be reviewed shortly:

"The Black Drop," by Alice Brown; "The Man of the Forest," by Zane Grey; "Uneasy Street," by Arthur Somers Roche.

BY AUNT JUNE — Our Boys and Girls Corner — DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

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My Dear Boys and Girls:—

Last wek I told you a story of Jack and Spot, two little dogs.

To-day I want to tell you about a cat, who made his name in the War.

This pussy was born in Germany and when quite a tiny kitten he was taken by some German sailors on board one of their big ships. The name of this ship was called the Imperator. The Imperator is supposed to be one of the biggest liners in the world.

Pussy lived aboard the ship and travelled across the ocean, dodging submarines, and often gun fire, but coming safely with his sailor companions through all, until the day came when the Germans were beaten, and then they were told to hand all their ships to the Allies. So one day the Imperator, with other big ships, steamed over to England, and all the German sailors and officers who were on board, had to get off and hand the ship over to the British Government, and what do you think Master Puss did? I think he must have heard the sailors talking about what was going to happen, and whether Puss thought anything in his little head abcut the rights of the War or not, he made up his mind that he was going to stay with the ship. There would be no turning him out of his home, even if he was a German cat, so he crept away right down inside the hold of the ship until every officer and man of the Germans had gone, and not until the British sailors had been quite a long time on board, did he come out and show his face, but when he did so, the British Jack Tars promptly adopted him as their mascot, and now he lives on the Imperator as a British subject, and no one is ever going to remember again that he was once a German Pussy Cat.

This Pussy has a white face with black ears, and a black mark on the top of his head. This is all that can be seen of his beauty from the photograph that was sent over from England in one of the English papers.

What About the Birds?

What have you to tell me about our little friends the birds this week? Have you discovered any building their nests?

Next week I shall have something more to tell you about these little folks.

A Game for You.

How many of you know "The Whirling Game?" It is great fun.

The players form a ring, standing about two feet apart, one to be chosen as "It". "It" must stand in the middle, provided with a long piece of string. To the end of the string, tie a flat piece of wood, an empty card board box or something equally light, but square and flat. The player in the centre is to whirl the string around the circle. Each time the object on the end of the string passes near the feet of the other players, they must be ready to jump over it.

The object of the game is for each player to see that their feet are not touched by the whirling object. The one who is first touched, must take his place in the centre.

Do you know the tea-party story about: "The Dearest Dolls."

Miss Winnifred Evelyn Constance McGee
Invited our dolls to an afternoon tea,
"But don't bring them all,
For my table is small,
Just each little girl bring her 'dearest'," said she.

I felt in my heart it would not be polite
To take my poor Rosa—she's grown such a fright!
She's blind in one eye,
And her wig's all awry,
For she sleeps in my bed with me all through the night.

I explained to dear Rosa just why she must stay,
And I dressed Bonnibelle in her finest array;
And then, do you know,
When the time came to go,
I snatched up my Rosa and ran all the way!

And—what do you think—of the six dolls that came
There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame!
And each little mother
Explained to some other,
"She's old, but I love her the best just the same."

—Youth's Companion.

Don't Forget that You Are a Helper!

Who have you been helping this week? I hope that the list of good deeds done by our Helpers is growing every week? Do not forget that there is not any day in the week when some one is not needing help.

It may not be a big thing you will have to do, but it is the little things which sometimes help most, so don't forget to be willing to do the little things. If you will try to learn the little pledge off by heart, I am sure you will never miss an opportunity to do something for others.

Riddles.

Last week's riddle was, "Why is a little man like a good book?" Here is the answer: "Because he is often looked over."

Do you think you can guess another riddle this week? I will give you three:

Riddle—When are we all artists?

What is the difference between a soldier and a bomb?

What precious stone is like a door?

I wonder who will be the first to guess these?

I am still looking for the postman for more letters from some of the nephews and nieces who have not yet written. Are you going to write this week? Just address your letter to "Aunt June," care of this paper, and I shall get it. You must have a lot to tell me about the jolly times you have had over the holiday.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

PLEDGE FOR HELPERS.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day.
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK, wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN.

Date .....

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

ONE little Indian dressed in leather,
Holding up an arrow tipped with a feather.
Perhaps a foe is coming---quick---he'll draw the bow,
And speedy as the lightning his sure dart will go.

Find two foes. Upper left corner down, in feather; lower right corner down, in feather.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLE.

"Why did Adam bite the apple which Eve gave him?"

Because he had no knife.

UNCLE JIM'S STORY.

KIMBO SAVES A BUNNY'S LIFE.

Kimbo grew very well acquainted with all the animals in the Greatest Street Fair Ever Seen. It was summer time and every one was glad to see Kimbo come hopping along in his green trousers and vest and little red cap tilted over one ear. Even Squoncer, the bull dog of whom I'll tell you more later, never growled when Kimbo jumped on his back, for although from his looks you would have named Squoncer "Fighting Bob," a milder mannered dog never snorted when he breathed.

One nice warm morning Kimbo felt restless and anxious to slip away from all the noise and hubbub of the street fair. So he opened the door of his little cage and looked up and down the street cautiously. No one was in sight that he need be afraid of, he decided, so with one bound he sprang to the ground, and away he went. Past the cage of Fourfoot, the yellow tiger; past King Roaring Lion; past Kanny, the Kangaroo, and Prince Limpopo, the elephant.

By this time he had reached the corner of the street, and all he had to do was to make one long jump and he was in the tall grasses of the countryside.

Pretty soon Kimbo came to what seemed a large white farmhouse. There was a tall white fence all around it, but it only took Kimbo a minute to jump on that fence and peer curiously over on the other side. For I am sorry to say one of Kimbo's greatest faults was his curiosity. He wanted to be everywhere at once and see everything at one time. Of course, I've known some little boys and some girls, too, who had this same curiosity—but I'm not mentioning any names right now.

At what he saw Kimbo grew very straight and very still. He saw a dog. He was nearly as big as Squoncer, except that he was much more awkward, Kimbo thought, and had webbed feet like a duck. (He was a Newfoundland dog, though Kimbo didn't know it, and his feet were webbed that way so that he could swim like a duck and save children and even men and women from drowning if he had to.)

But he was not saving any one now. No indeed. To Kimbo's horror he was crouched low behind a bush, and what do you suppose he was watching? A dear little white bunny who was nibbling innocently at a cabbage leaf, not dreaming that in another moment or two he would surely be a dead bunny.

Now, our Kimbo wasn't afraid of any animal living except a snake. He had been brought up with animals in the circus, you know, and there just wasn't such a thing as fear in his little monkey heart. He felt so sorry for poor bunny that he would have squeezed out one tear anyway, but he knew he hadn't any time.

So without thinking a thing about what might happen to him if the big dog grew angry, Kimbo swung himself down on the other side of the fence and caught Bunny up in his two little front feet.

Then he scrambled back to the fence, grumbling and scolding and shaking his head at the astonished Newfoundland in a manner that he meant to be quite ferocious.

What might have happened after this I'm sure I don't know if a little boy had not come running out into the yard.

"Help, help," screamed the little boy, for he was sure that Kimbo was going to eat Bunny up right before him.

Kimbo gave the little boy one look and decided he did not like him. So he dropped Bunny at his feet and quicker than lightning scurried up over the fence and out into the street, where he made for the street fair as fast as he could go.

I haven't a doubt either that the little boy is telling all his friends even to-day how that dreadful monkey in a green suit tried to steal his bunny. It surely is true we don't know half the nice things that animals are always trying to do for us.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

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Dear Rosalind:

Having been a reader of your column for advice to boys and girls, I now come for your advice myself. I am a returned soldier, having enlisted in the C. M. R. While on a route march to G. town I met a young lady whom I have kept company with ever since. She now lives in the city with her sister. Her sister has no use for me, and I have none for her, so she is trying to persuade L. not to keep company with me, and the lady of the house will not let a fellow go to the house. I see her about once every two weeks. I keep company only with a boy chum. I would do anything for her. I know you will understand. please tell me what to do to win her sister's friendship and the lady of the house.

LONELY E.

Dear Lonely E.:

What does L. say about it? It seems to me she can help you better than any one. I suppose you have talked it over with her? Tell her you are going to call to see her on a certain night, and surely she will fix things, so that she can receive you. Then talk to her sister, as if you were the best of friends possible. Don't get sore, no matter what she says.

It might be a good plan to ask both sisters to go to a moving picture show with you. If you can just get a chance to prove to the Big Sister that you are a steady, nice chap, who is really worth knowing, the rest is easy. The proof is up to you.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

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Dear E. M. M.:

I would not write again, unless you receive an answer to your first letter. If you do get a letter, then you might write a short pleasant little note saying you are going to the city and telling where you will be staying, and that you will be glad to see them. When boys go away from home to school, they do like a chance to call on an old friend.

ROSALIND.

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ROSALIND.

THOUGHTS and THINGS

The business of living, when boiled down to its clearest essence and all the froth skimmed off, is just a matter of thinking.

Each of us is continually thinking ideas of our own and swapping them for the ideas of others. If there is a famine of outside ideas we shrivel up ourselves. Children with "nobody to play with" are unhappy and unmanageable.

From thinking with our heads to doing with our hands is but a little step and then our thoughts become things.

It is because men and women of Canada are so unfettered in their thinking and doing that this country is such a fine place to live in. It is also because these thoughts are freely radiated and spread broadcast, in the distribution of manufactured things and in the distribution of the facts about them (advertising), that this country is such a fine place to live in.

The originator of an idea is not much better off than before he originated it till he gets some one else to absorb it and enjoy it and benefit by it.

The man or woman surrounded by better thoughts and things but who pays not the slightest attention to them is not much better off than the one with "nobody to play with."

Advertisements are thoughts — telling you about the ideas that other men and women have thought out for your happiness. Read the ads. They are the voices from hundreds of thousands of looms, shops, foundries, studios, laboratories, where millions of minds are turning pleasant thoughts into worth while things for your comfort.