BY AUNT JUNE

Our Boys and Girls Corner

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DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

My Dear Boys and Girls:—

We have not had a story for a week or two about any of our animal friends. How would you like to hear about my third little dog friend? I think his name must be:

ROVER.

Rover lives in a city close near the lake and his master has an office in some big warehouses which are on a street leading down to the water front. For several summers the family in which Rover lives, used to go across the lake by ferry boat to a cottage situated on an island and Rover's master when he went into the city some days to work would take his dog with him.

Rover seemed to enjoy this trip on the boat very much and soon become friends with the captain and the man who ran the engine, so much so that some days when his master left him at home on the island, Rover would run down to meet the afternoon boat and when the men saw him coming they would let him on board and take him across the water, where he would very quickly find his way up the side streets to his master's office and there sit waiting for him until it was time for him to go home.

One summer after three years had passed, the family decided to stay in the city, so on the day that they generally moved away Rover could be seen tearing wildly through all the rooms and sniffing at the furniture as if he wished to say good-bye. Then he went out to the front door and sat waiting for the summons to leave the house. This he did for several days and although his mistress and master talked to him and told him that they were not going to take him to the island, poor Rover seemed very troubled and could not understand why he did not have his daily trip. He used, however, to sometimes go down with his master to the office when he would lie under his desk or walk around the warehouse making friends with the men.

The men down on the boat who had been used to seeing him every year, were beginning to wonder, too, where Rover was, when one day, what do you think he did? This doggie made up his mind that he would go down to the water all by himself, so he went down to the boat, and there was the captain and the engineman and they whistled to him just as they used to do, and called him "Good Doggie" and Rover wagged his tail with delight, and then just as the boat was going to start, he jumped on board. How he enjoyed that trip across the water again, and when the boat reached the other side, the men who thought perhaps they should not have let him go over, went to hold him until all the people had got off, but Rover was too quick; he just gave one jump onto the shore and then tore away across the island to the little cottage.

The people who lived there were very much surprised to see the big brown doggie (did I tell you he was brown and curly?) and when he curled up on the verandah in such a homelike way, they were rather pleased; they felt sure someone from another cottage would come and claim him. However night came on and no one called and Rover still stayed.

I think he had got it into his doggie head that if the family would not move over, he would, and that if he went first and stayed over they would be sure to come too. So for three days Rover stayed at the cottage and made some new friends with the people who lived there, but every day he raced down once or twice to meet the boat, and see if his master had come, and on the third day his master did come, and what do you think had happened in town? When Rover's master found that the dog ws gone he was very much upset, for he thought someone had stolen him and did not for a long time think of the island and then on the morning of the third day Rover's mistress said, "Do you know I think Rover was pining for the island? I wonder if he can have gone over there by himself?"

Straight away his master went down to the water side, and there he saw the captain of the boat who told him about Rover's trip and how he was waiting over there every day.

Rover's new friends were so kind to him they told his master he could make a visit whenever he liked, so all that summer the people on the island were amused to see this doggie coming over two or three times every week to stay for a few hours, when he would go back again and call for his master.

Don't you think he was rather a clever dog? This is quite a true story, and Rover is still living in the big city by the lake side, but I think he is really going to the island again to live this summer.

This story has taken up so much of my letter to you that we have not any room to talk about the birds this week, but I will give you a pretty piece of poetry about Spring.

You will see the names of several birds mentioned in it.

The Call of Spring.

March! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last:
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under the shadows that fall fast;
Butter cups, violets, roses;
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

—Lucy Larcom.

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 .....

RIDDLES.

Answers to Last Week's Riddles.

R.—Why is a person suffering from rheumatism like a window?

A.—Because they are full of panes (pains).

R.—At what time of day was Adam created?

A.—A little before Eve.

R.—What is it you cannot hold for ten minutes although it is as light as a feather?

A.—Your breath.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLES.

R.—When has a boy four hands?

R.—Where can one always find happiness?

Our letter box will really have to wait until next week.

Someone promised me a story about his pets. Who was the Helper? I shall look out for this letter.

All Helpers please remember that you are being very real Helpers when you feed the little birds and look after them. Until the berries come out on the trees and the little insects begin to stir, which birds depend upon for their food, our little Spring friends will have a hard time unless you remember them. Will you see that they get some crumbs and scraps from the table?

Lots of loving wishes to all good Helpers. Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

UNCLE JIM'S STORY.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

One summer morning a long time ago, when water nixes lived at the bottom of rivers and wells, and before either your grandfather or my grandfather was alive, a little brother and sister, playing by the side of the well, tumbled right into it!

How they did drop, drop, drop, till they were sure they were falling to the other side of the world.

Plump! They hit the bottom; but, funny, it did not seem to hurt them a bit. They were a lot more scared than hurt, for a long-nosed water nix grabbed hold of them.

"Now I've caught you," she screamed. "Come on with me, for I've lots of work for you to do."

So away the children ran with her, as fast as their little fat legs would carry them. When it began to get dark and they came to a tumbledown looking house the water nix handed the girl a bucket with a hole in it.

"Fetch me water," she said. "And don't be all night about it."

She gave the boy a broken axe and told him to cut down a huge tree.

Then for supper she gave them a dumpling, which was a hard as a stone and promised them both a good whipping if they had not done everything she said by the time she came back.

The little boy and girl looked at each other.

"We might as well run away," said the boy. "If we don't she will surely starve us to death. We can't live on stones."

So they started to run. Oh, how fast they ran, faster, faster, and as they ran they saw that a little gray mouse was running beside them.

All at once the little girl cried: "She is following us—that dreadful water nix."

"Throw your comb behind you," squeaked the little mouse.

And when the little girl did as the mouse said, though she was surprised to hear a mouse say anything, an immense hill of thorns and bristles with thousands and thousands of spikes ran up and it took the water nix a long time to get over the hill.

The children had got a long way ahead before she did, but she finally almost caught up with them.

"Throw that little looking glass you have in your pocket back of you," squeaked the mouse again.

The girl obeyed, and instantly a huge hill of glass and mirrors rose behind her. This was so slippery that the water nix could not possibly climb it.

"I'll go back and get my axe and break the hill," she shrieked; but by the time she did the brother and sister had come to a ladder rising right up in front of them.

"Climb that ladder," squeaked the mouse, "and when you get to the top pull it up after you. And remember—look where you are playing after this and don't go falling in any more wells."

The children scrambled up that ladder. And they were just in time, too. When they reached the top they looked back down the hole and could hear the heavy steps of the water nix just catching up with them. In a flash the little boy grabbed the ladder and pulled it up after them.

"Where are we?" asked sister, in a trembling voice. For she was so frightened after all she had been through that she wanted to sit down and cry.

"We're home," cried the brother. "Look, there is our house, and there are papa and mama on the steps looking up and down the road for us."

CANADA

EAST AND WEST

Anyone at all familiar with the geography of the Dominion of Canada knows that the land adjacent to the city of Montreal is usually spoken of as the "Eastern Townships." This part of the province is almost exclusively English-speaking, although in the more recent years many French-Canadian families have purchased farms in the very fertile area.

Very shortly after the division of the two provinces into Upper and Lower Canada proclamations were issued in the two provinces inviting settlers from the United States to take up their abode in Canada. Those who accepted the invitation of the Lower Province settled in what they called the Eastern Townships. From 1790 it was the practice of the government to grant a large area of land, called a township, to a leader who brought in a number of settlers. Ofter in this way a large grant of the land came into the possession of one man—a thing that in later years made the settlement of the district and its development more difficult.

After the war of 1812 when Sir Gordon Drummond desired to reward those who had taken part in the war for their services he discovered that huge territories were held by a few individuals in the Eastern Townships. So an endeavor was made to guard against that occurring in the future.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

A Goldwyn Eminent Auth

Creator of The Goldwyn, Booth Tarkington "Edgar-Comedies" which the press of the country heralds as "the dawn of a new day for the photoplay." The second "Edgar" release will be "Edgar's Hamlet."

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH."

Edward Dillon has been engaged by Metro to direct Viola Dana in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the Al Woods farce that will be her next Metro-Screen Classics picture. Mr. Dillon, now on the Pacific coast, went from New York especially to direct this production.

HELP THE TEACHERS.

Believing that the American public is in general sympathy with the movement for higher wages for teachers, and encouraged by the thousands of letters of approval which have been received on "Topics of the Day" favoring better pay for teachers, the Literary Digest will support a nation-wide campaign through the Topics on behalf of the teachers. The campaign opened at Cleveland, where a convention of teachers was held and it met with great popular favor.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson VI. May 9.

ELI AND HIS SONS.

Lesson—1 Sam. 2: 12-17; 4: 1-18.
Printed Text—1 Sam. 4: 5-18.

(May be used with temperance applications.)

Golden Text—"The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6: 23).

Time—1142 B. C. Place.—Shiloh.

The Lesson Text.

5. And when the ark of the covenant of Jehovah came into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again.

6. And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout they said, What meaneth the noise of this great shout in the camp of the Hebrews? And they understood that the ark of Jehovar was come into the camp.

7. And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore.

8. Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty gods? these are the gods that smote the Egyptians with all manner of plagues in the wilderness.

9. Be strong and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you; quit yourselves like men, and fight.

10. And the Philistines fought and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man to his tent; and there was a very great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen.

11. And the ark of God was taken and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain.

12. And there ran a man of Benjamin out of the army, and came to Shiloh the same day, with his clothes rent and with earth upon his head.

13. And when he came, lo, Eli was sitting upon his seat by the wayside watching; for his heart trembled for the ark of God. And when the man came into the city, and told it, all the city cried out.

14. And when Eli heard the noise of the crying, he said, What meaneth the noise of this tumult? And the man hasted and came and told Eli.

15. Now Eli was ninety and eight years old; and his eyes were set, so that he could not see.

16. And the man said unto Eli, I am he that came out of the army, and I fled today out of the army. And he said, How went the matter, my son?

17. And he that brought the tidings answered and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas are dead, and the ark of God is taken.

18. And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that Eli fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate; and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy. And he had judged Israel forty years.

Comments.

Verse 5. The awful doom in store for the house of Eli, as revealed to Samuel (1 Sam. 3: 10-14), was not fulfilled for twenty years, but it began at once. Eli's two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, were profligate and godless, and profaned the sanctuary of Jehovah (1 Sam. 2: 12-17, 29). "This was probably the first time since the settlement of Israel in Canaan that the ark had been brought into the camp."

Verse 6. Instead of depending upon righteousness, the Hebrews looked to the ark for their salvation. They thought formal observances would answer the purpose of faith.

Verse 7. "Whatever was joy to Israel was a cause of fear to the Philistines." They did not know Israel was weak through sin.

Verse 8. The Philistines were polytheists, and supposed that the Hebrews, like themselves, had many gods. The Hebrew of this word "plagues" means smiting, and refers to the Red Sea disaster where the shores were a "wilderness."

Verse 9. By the realization of danger, the Philistines were nerved for victory.

Verse 10. The presence of the ark did not help the Hebrews in the absence of reliance upon God.

Verse 11. Losing the ark was a crushing blow; and the destruction of the two sons of Eli meant that the whole of God's terrible judgment would be carried out.

Verses 12, 13. A Hebrew runner in distressful agitation set out to find Eli. He was anxious both for the sacred ark and for his people.

Verses 14-16. The ears of the blind old man were keenly attuned to the news of failure.

Verse 17. Here is a climax of trouble. Each blow is heavier than the one before—the rout of the army, the slaughter of the people the death of his sons, the loss of the ark.

Verse 18. To Eli the loss of the ark meant that God had forsaken his people. It was more than the old man could bear.

Illustrated Truth.

It is a woeful thing when the people of God do not come up even to the expectations of the wicked (vs. 6, 7).

Illustration—In a small city where a wet and dry fight was on, it was arranged that the churches should unite in a series of prayer meetings for a fortnight before the election. The fact was reported to the liquor men, with the result that they were greatly disturbed. They made an estimate of the number of church people among the voters, and saw themselves badly beaten at the start. They were giving a good many men credit for virtue they did not possess, for, when the votes were counted, it was found that the liquor interests had won.

IF AIRMEN FLY AT 600 MILES AN HOUR—

"To grow younger," Maj. H. L. Wimferis told the Royal Society of Arts, "use an airship."

"If airmen increased their speed to 600 miles an hour—would appear to stand still in the sky, and if they went faster and started on Monday they would find themselves back on Sunday.

"This," he said, "would not matter much so far as grownups were concerned, but the children would get younger and younger until they came to nothing, and then what would happen?"

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

Registered According to the Copyright Act

Dear Rosalind:—

Please send us a list of plays suitable for beginners between the ages of 12 and 17.

Hoping to see our letter soon in print and some good advice on this matter, we are, EIGHT CHUMS.

Dear Grls: I am sorry I cannot give there is anything in your town library. answering letters I have not time to look up a catalogue for you. See if there is any town library. Failing that, write ot Elinor Murray, care of this paper, and I'm sure she would give you some advice. That is more in her line than mine, you know.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

I am a member of the sterner sex, but enjoy very much reading your column for girls, and thus hope you will pardon this intrusion.

My reward for following you is not particularly the sane advice you give, but rather the appearance and matter of some of the letters sent in to your column.

Take the one signed "Unpopular Maiden," for instance. She finds fault with the boys of today because they do not seem to seek sensible and practical girls, but prefer silly, fluffy butterflies.

I feel sorry that the "returns" do not at present take to the qualities possessed by this writer, but she and others similar to her should remember the mode of welcome these soldiers received in France at the hands of the French girls, who look upon them—and all British soldiers—as the saviours of that country—and acted accordingly.

But the men will change, and the demand for girls of the "Unpopular Maiden's" type will be far greater than the supply. Then will come their chance—as now those who "do not know if they should be squeezed" are popular today.

Because a young man does not keep company with girls does not of necessity place him among the woman haters. On the contrary, he may have higher ideals than those who are almost constantly with the fair sex. The reason he does not mix, is, of course, his own business, but you will find his reasons almost similar to my own, which are: lack of time, deficient education and timidity. Perhaps, also, financial difficulties—very little cash. These should in time vanish. Time will come when present studies are rewarded, giving more time to enjoy the financial benefits one may reasonably expect.

Do not give up hope, girls. Follow Rosalind's advice, if possible, for she is doing her "bit" toward a better generation. She deserves both thanks and credit.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love and purer will
And nobler heights of living.

—(N. W. Howe.)

A BACHELOR OF TWENTY.

Dear Bachelor Boy:—

Methinks you vastly wise for your age, young man, and would there were more like you! I agree with you that "Unpopular Maiden," who is not at all unpopular, but only thinks she is, will surely come into her own.

The boys may like to play and flutter with the butterflies for awhile, but when it comes to choosing a helpmate a man is going a select a sensible and practical little girl who knows how to meet the high cost of everything. Sensible girls are just as pretty—and twice as nice as the silly gushy, spoony ones.

ROSALIND.

BOMBARDING MOON WITH CANNON SOON

French 121-Mile Gun Brings Up New Hope.

That we should soon be able to bombard the moon and other heavenly planets is the prediction in the French scientific press apropos of the new long range gun just invented by a Frenchman, the signaling of Mars and other recent scientific developments.

"Who would dare deny that we are every day getting closer to the realization of all of Jules Verne's one-time fantastic imaginings," says a prominent scientist who asks why further experiments with M. de la Maremaze's principle should not yield more startling results than have been achieved already.

Already Can Fire 121 Miles.

He does not deal with the secret of the long-range gun's construction, inasmuch as that belongs to the government and is considered of paramount importance to national defense, but he examines the principles by which it is hoped inventors will be able to overcome the projectile's chief adversary, namely, the air resistance.

The new gun is said to have a range of 121 miles.

Merely a Matter of Aim.

"The whole problem," says the writer, "is one of initial velocity. Calculations show that an initial speed of 10,000 meters a second still would give an elliptic trajectory; but if we should reach or surpass an initial speed of 11,180 meters a second the curve would be an ellipse, but would become a parabola, and we never would see that shell again. It would be thrown into the infinity of space.

"The bombardment of the moon, of Mars or the other planets then would be purely a matter of good aim."

The maiden of—er—forty or so was much upset. Quoth she to a younger friend:

"Kate talks so outrageously. Yesterday she actually told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid.

"That's pretty frank" exclaimed the friend.

"Yes, wasn't it unladylike of her?"

"It certainly was rude," agreed the other. "Still, it's better than having her telling lies about you."

Mother called little Susie to her, when she returned from school.

"Just imagine, dear," she said, "Aunt Ethel has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle and you are her little cousin."

"Well," cried Susie, in amazement, "wasn't that all arranged quick?"

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
A worse cat for gadding never was seen.
I think your behavior is not at all nice—
Why don't you stay home and rid us of mice?

Find two other persons. Upper side down, on apron, upper side down, on apron bow