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:—

I have just come across a little poem which reminds me of the sun upon these lovely bright days, and when I start to think about the sun, that makes me think next of all of the boys and girls who have promised to be Helpers and to scatter "rays of sunshine," for in order to scatter anything so bright as the sunshine, we must ourselves be bright and cheerful.

You know that these little lines really mean that we should do everything we can for others that will help them and do everything we do in the very happiest way possible.

Just think if you only go round with a happy smiling face all the day long, from the time you get out of your bed in the morning until the time comes for you to be tucked up at night, you will be helping somebody. The boy or girl who is happy and cheerful simply cannot help being a "HELPER."

Here are two little verses which made me think of the sunshine:

II.—SMILES.

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along.
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her—
Quick the dame will fly.
Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns,and smiles are blossoms
Oft for weary feet.
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face;
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

A GAME FOR YOU.

Do you know the game of "Bounce-about?"

It is played with stones or pebbles, and can be played by any number of players. Each person must choose a nice smooth pebble, One player is to throw his pebble down in the centre and the game is to see who can get the most marks by shooting their pebbles at the one in the centre.

For instance, the first player hitting the pebble once, gains ten marks, when he has the right to throw again from the spot where his pebble has stopped. He may keep on throwing until he makes a miss and it is then the turn of the next player. A certain number should be fixed upon as the winning number before the game starts. The player who first reaches this will have won the game. Fifty or one hundred marks would be about the number to choose.

BIRDS SEEN BY OUR HELPERS.

The bird described by Eric Day seems to belong to the Warbler family.

There are a great many varieties of warblers. If you get a chance, Eric, to go close enough to your friend's nest, you may be able to complete the proof later on by a sight of the eggs, which are a kind of muddy white covered with reddish brown spots or splashes.

For other Helpers who may see this bird, I will give a description of him.

His name is the black-throated warbler. He has a greyish blue back, and a black face. His whistle is rather harsh, almost as though the note was strangled as he sings. He is fond of building in low-lying bushes.

Who would like to guess the name of a bird seen by Alice Morris.

Here is the description, as given in this Helper's letter:—"a bird with scarlet or red head and breast, black and white wings, and a black back, end of wings and tail."

Iam afraid from your description, Alice, that this bird is one belonging to a rather mischievous family. However, we will see if some other Helpers can guess his name before I tell you. One week to guess.

RIDDLES.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES.

R.—If a young woman fell into a well, why could not her brother help her out?

A.—Because he could not be her brother and assist her. (A sister).

R.—Why is modesty the strongest characteristic of a watch?

A.—Because it always keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

R.—What is the difference between an old nickel and a new quarter?

A.—Twenty cents.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLES.

R.—If a man has a suit, what is the best way to make his coat last?

R.—What net is a bird with a sweet-toned voice?

R.—Why is a dead hen better than a live one?

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 .....

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson XI. **June 13**

A SHEPHERD BOY CHOSEN KING.

Lesson—1 Sam. 16: 1-3. Printed Text —1 Sam. 16: 4-13.

Golden Text. — "The Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon David from that day forward." (1 Sam. 16: 13).

Historical Setting.

Time.—1077 B. C. Place.—Ramah.

Daily Readings

Monday, June 7.—A Shepherd Boy Chosen King (1 Sam. 16: 1-13). Tuesday, June 8.—David in Saul's Court (1 Sam. 16: 14-23). Wednesday, June 9.—Serving God in Youth (Eccl. 11: 7-12: 7). Thursday, June 10.—Taught from Childhood (2 Tim. 3: 14-17). Friday, June 11.—All for Christ (Phil. 3 1-14). Saturday, June 12.—"Kings and priests unto God" (Rev. 1:1-8). Sunday, June 13.—The Great King (Ps. 2).

The Lesson Text.

4 And Samuel did that which Jehovah spake, and came to Bethlehem. And the elders of the city came to meet him trembling, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5 And he said, Peaceably; I am come to sacrifice unto Jehovah; sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice.

6 And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely Jehovah's anointed is before him.

7 But Jehovah said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him: for Jehovah seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart.

8 Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel. And he said, Neither hath Jehovah chosen this.

9 Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath Jehovah chosen this.

10 And Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Jehovah hath not chosen these.

11 And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all they children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he is keeping the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him; for we will not sit down till he come hither.

12 And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon. And Jehovah said, Arise, anoint him; this is he.

13 Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up, and went to Ramah.

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Comments.

Verse 4. Immediately after the last lesson Samuel indignantly wrested the kingdom from Saul and went into mourning. The old prophet was disappointed in his king. Jehovah came to Samuel and directed him toward the new king, a son of Jesse. Historic Bethlehem is just six miles south of Jerusalem. The city fathers were between two fires. They wanted to please both Saul and Samuel.

Verse 5. Before any sacred act the Israelite "sanctified himself" by ceremonial ablutions. At this time Jesse was an old man. He was a descendant of Ruth and Boaz. Samuel also ceremonially set apart Jesse and his sons.

Verse 6. The eldest son was strong and athletic, every inch a king in appearance.

Verse 7. Samuel himself is about to receive a lesson as to the difference between human and divine estimation of true manhood.

Verse 8. After the eldest was rejected, Jesse had no means of knowing which of the other would be chosen. How Jehovah communicated his choice to Samuel is not stated.

Verse 9. As the sons of Jesse passed before him, Samuel was obliged to say that Jehovah had not chosen any one of them.

Verse 10. There were seven of the sons that passed in review—all the sons whom Jesse thought to be eligible.

Verse 11. Samuel was puzzled. Jesse, like most parents, had failed to realize that his youngest was more than a child. He had not thought of him as even approaching manhood. Especially he could not have thought of him as the coming king.

Verse 12. The word "ruddy" may refer to the redness of his cheeks, or to red hair, or to both. Among people whose hair was generally black, red hair was considered a mark of beauty. Jehovah permitted Samuel to be no longer in doubt.

Verse 13. The prophet poured the oil of anointing upon David's head. It is possible that Jesse and the other sons looked upon the ceremony as simply the setting apart of David to be trained in Samuel's school. David was a stripling of fifteen years of age. Samuel's mission at Bethlehem was accomplished, and he returned to his home.

Illustrated Truth

The godlike vision takes into consideration not only what man is, but also what he is capable of becoming (v. 12).

Illustration.—A rich man who was about to build for himself a mansion, went with the contractor to select the wood for inside work. The latter spied a lot of samples of unfinished wood, and began to turn them over, tossing aside some and keeping hold of others. His companian looked disappointed. "I think this is the best thing here," he said, holding up a piece of highly polished wood. The contractor laughed. "Why, that is nothing but soft pine," he explained. "All there is to it is on the outside. Now, here is a piece of mahogany. It doesn't look well to you, but I see it as it will look when the polishers have done their work."

Topics for Research and Discussion.

I. Seeking a King (vs. 4-6). 1. Why did Samuel wrest the kingdom from Saul? 2. How was Saul a disappointment to Samuel? 3. What was the feeling of the people toward Saul and Samuel? 4. Under whose direction did Samuel seek a successor to Saul?

II. Seeming Failure (vs. 7-10). 5. What is the difference between God's and man's estimate of true manhood? 6. What was Samuel's state of mind after the eldest son of Jesse was rejected? 7. How did Jehovah communicate with Samuel?

III. David Chosen (vs. 11-13). 8. How had David been omitted in this test? 9. How do parents usually regard their youngest? 10. Describe David. 11. How did Jesse and his other sons look upon this setting apart of David? 12. How old was David at this time?

MINNESOTA INDIAN IS NOW 129 YEARS OLD

At Cass Lake, Minn., lives Ka-Be-Nah-Gwey-Wence, or John Smith, native American Indian, but now converted to white man's clothes, as the silk 'tile" shows. He has records to show that he is 129 years old—born in 1791.

Facts About Canada

On the 28th of March, 1795, in the presence of British and Spanish officers the flag of England was hoisted over Fort Nootka from which the Spanish flag had been hauled down. Without a shot fired in anger the Empire had come into possession of the great Pacific coast after several years of conflict with the Dons. They had claimed when the first British explorers came, that all the coast was theirs by right of discovery, and the buildings at Fort Nootka had been burned and the vessels there taken prize by the Spanish on one occasion.

A convention was called by the two nations, meeting in Madrid on January 11, 1794, to consider the Nootka troubles. The agreement reached was that officers of the two countries were to repair as soon as possible to Fort Nootka and at the spot where the fires had occurred, the British flag was to be unfurled with all ceremonies, after which the officers of the two nations were to withdraw with their followers. The delegates of the races sailed on one ship from Monterey for the Pacific. Upon their arrival the Spaniards at once set to work to dismantle the fort and to load all the guns on the vessel they had arrived upon. By the 28th of March that task was completed. Then the representatives of Britain and Spain met in the appointed place, exchanged declarations and counter-declarations and ran up to the top of a flag staff erected for the occasion the flag of the British. Then the Spaniard gave orders for all his troops to quit the coast. In this simple act Spain gave up all her extravagant claims to all the lands in the West.

It takes 2,300 silkworms to produce two pounds of silk.

Canal boats form the homes of more than 25,000 people in England.

MOTION PICTURES

Clara Kimball Young is at work on Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "Mid-Channel," which Ethel Barrymore played on the stage.

Lillian Gish is said to be not unfavorably impressed with a proposition she has received to appear on the stage in the fall.

The Goldwyn Company has strengthened its staff of directors greatly during the past year. The latest addition is Albert Green, who will for the present direct Jack Pickford. Green was chosen by Marshall Neilan to assist in the making of "In Od Kentucky," one of the most successful pictures of recent years, and he was Colin Campbell's assistant in the filming of "The Spoilers," "The Garden of Allah" and "The Crisis."

Buster Keaton, who has been engaged to play with Bertie, the Lamb, in the Metro production of "The New Henrietta," to be supervised in person by Winchell Smith, has signed another contract covering a term of years by which he will make 8 two-reel comedies a year for Joseph M. Schenck. The pictures are to be made at Metro studios in Hollywood, California, and will be released by Metro. They will be produced under the direction of Lou Anger.

"Harriet, the Piper," will be the first story to be filmed by Mildred Harris Chaplin under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham, who was secured by her at the conclusion of his contract with Thomas H. Ince, where he directed several of the Douglas MacLean and Doris May features. Mr. Ingraham is now putting the script of the story in shape and production details will be taken up this week .

The part of the soldier hero in "Civilian Clothes," which Paramount has begun to produce, will be played by Thomas Meighan. In Los Angeles this comedy ran as a stage play for over thirty weeks, breaking all western records.

Pauline Frederick has invested in a new home at Beverly Hills, California, valued at $75,000. She took possession last week and is so enthusiastic over her estate that it is said by members of her company that no conversation can be edged in because of the alternate boasting of the star and her director, Frank Lloyd, who owns one of the finest improved ranches in the San Fernando Valley, above Los Angeles.

The veteran star, William H. Crane, has begun work with the Shurtleff Company in his original part in the filming of Winchell Smith's comedy, "The New Henrietta."

Claire DuBrey, the talented young player formerly with Charles Ray, has been engaged by Robert Brunton to support J. Warren eKrrigan in his latest production, "The House of Whispers." Margery Wilson has also been added to the cast.

Frank Borzage's second picture for Cosmopolitan Films has been held up by the illness of his star, Kitty Gordon, and the severe weather conditions in the east, where the picture is being made. Letters from the director say that the difficulties of movie makers during the recent blizzards along the Atlantic slope have been innumerable and have made the producers and workers cast many a longing eye toward sunny California. Borzage first Cosmopolitan production, "Humoresque," which is to be released, is said to be wonderfully picturesque upon its realistic side.

"What Happened to Jones" will be Bryant Washburn's next. Twenty years ago this farce, one of the first written by George Broadhurst, was a reigning success, and it has since been played continuously by stock companies.

Blanche Sweet's next, which will be made under the guidance of Henry King, will be considerable of a novelty. It will be an aeroplane story, with many of its scenes made in the air. The Jesse D. Hampden corporation, by whom the picture will be put out, have sent Mr. King and his company to Santa Catalina Island, the nationally famous resort off the coast of Southern California, for the early season.

Readers of "The Hippopotamus Parade" in its magazine form will be interested in knowing that it is to be made into a film-comedy with Wallace Reid as the star, under the title "What's Your Hurry?"

One of the last acts of the famous actor, David Warfield, before he went to a Los Angeles hospital with a broken leg, after being hit by an auto-truck, was to call on Mitchell Lewis, who is working at the Metro studio under Edward Sloman's direction as star of the Jack London story, "Burning Daylight." The eminent actor and Lewis are old-time friends.

May Allison is back at the Metro studios in Hollywood after spending a week on her third trip to Santa Barbara, for "The Cheater," by Henry Arthur Jones. This production is practically finished, as only a few interior settings remain. Henry Otto is the director. "Fine Feathers," a play from the pen of Eugene Walter, will be Miss Allison's next picture.

Hokus—"Is it true that bleaching hair causes insanity?"

Pokus—"Well, I know many a follow who is simply crazy over a blonde."

What's become of the old-fashioned man that used to drive up the alley and offer to throw a load of wood over the back fence for $1.25.

IN A FRENCH CHATEAU

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

(Author of "From an Islington Window," "Hearts of Alsace," etc.)

Two months later an ancient Schloss of Southern Germany was en fete. The heir of what until 1870—1, had been an independent princedom was expected home for a brief rest, also for the ceremony of betrothal. The hero of the noble exploits just recorded was to-day Lieutenant-Colonel, and on his breast he proudly wore the Iron Cross. Fittingly, trerefore, waved a Prussian flag with that of his own house from the ancestral chateau, and in his honour all the villagers kept holiday.

A very unpoetic old building was that glass that pawnbrokers use when valuof sky-blue flax, Indian corn and tobacco, the flatness broken by orchards. Square and gaunt it rose abruptly from a wooded hill, its enormous height enhanced by a low roof, having a small uointed turret at each corner, and by its bare grey walls, only a narrow window visible here and there. But the great loftiness and thickness of the walls, the battered escutcheons, engraved over the portico bespoke mediaeval grandeur. The Schloss indeed had once been a castle, the portal replaced a portcullis, and fruit trees and verdure filled a feudal moat. Modernization, however, was the order of the day in the front of the building. Here was a small but well-kept terraced garden, stone steps leading from one sapee to the other, below a little fountain trickling pleasantly on the lawn. And around and above, apple and pear trees hemmed in the precincts. Three persons were to day enjoying the warm sunshine and surprise upon surprise on the upper terrace.

The first was a benevolent, homely-looking woman advanced in years, and whose speech, demeanour and air of authority proclaimed the aunt, chaperone, or guardian. By her side, over an open deal case knelt a typical Teutonic beauty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and the personification of sturdy healthfulness.

"Ac, Gott, Prince," said the duenna, wiping away a contented tear. "How good to good to have you here! As I always say, nothing cheers us women so much as to see a pair of trousers about the place!"

"Well, Countess, I can only say that the rustle of a frock is equally cheering to us poor fellows. But, my little Ottilie, what is her opinion?"

His little Ottilie was at that moment taking out treasures from the case—now a collar of finest Valenciennes lace, now a sable muff, now a large black lace shawl from famous Chantilly looms. "The very thing for you, Aunte, dear!" she exclaimed, and jumping up, carefully adjusted it to the elder lady's shoulders.

"And the very thing I wanted," said the old Grafin. "Lieber Gott! How many years is it since I bought my old black lace shawl? Nigh on forty I do believe. I rememb r the purchase so well, for I always had a first peep at our late Queen's left-offs. My maid knew the good woman who hawked them round, only to especial customers of course. She used to carry the lot in a basket on her head, and no one was supposed to know what it contained. And with my old lace shawl I bought the very stomacher of Italian guipure I have on at this moment. My! Ottiliechen, your trousseau won t cost you much now. Did one ever see such silk stockings and such shifts!—trimmed with Honiton, and of lawn so fine that you can almost see through it!"

Whilst the worthy matron chatted on, complacently smoking a cigarette from an embossed silver case, an item of his recent loot, the wearer of the iron cross watched his bride elect. From time to time he answered an ecstatic burst of thanks by a pressure of her hand, receiving in return just a touch of full rosy lips. Never had the untravelled young Highness seen such a display of French lingerie, tissues and trinkets, Lyons silk petticoats, hand-painted fans, gold-stoppered scent bottles, dainty reticules, all these had been thought of by her chivalrous lover.

"How good of you, Cousin!" she said, rising as an old man-of-all-work in shabby livery appeared with a tea-tray. "But what did you keep for yourself?"

A look, not of shame, rather of momentary embarrassment, passed over the young man's countenance, as he gave the Countess his arm, and all three followed the tea-tray.

At the further end of the terraced garden a steep ascent led to a large wooden pavilion, reached by a spiral staircase, the lower part of which was open, thus being adapted for use in summer. The upper was walled and plastered, so that it could be enjoyed on cool autumn days.

"Ah! the heavenly view, how glad I am to behold it once more—"

"You may well say that, Fritzchen! What frights we have endured on your account!"

All three gazed for a few minutes on the vast prospect, beyond the thickly massed foliage of the Schloss, a sunlit river threading orchards and cornfields, far, very far away, just discernible in clear weather the spires and hoary old fortress of the little Capital, outlined against the horizon.

"I will now answer your question, my little cousin," began the Lieutenant-Colonel, as they sat down to tea and the old man-servant had left them. "You must know Gnadige Frau," he added, turning to the Countess, "the bulk of confiscated property, the prize-money of war, goes to the State, we who carry out orders are only supposed to retain a keepsake, some trifling memento of our achievements. For you, my Aunt, I retained this vinaigrette in embossed silver. I remembered your headaches. For my darlin gfiancee, this amethyst bracelet, and for myself a ring—a man's ring," he added with the look of compunction he had shown just before. Was it because on second thoughts he had coveted the crowning treasure of the casket?

"Dear little Fritz, I must embrace you. A French viniagrette, and my poor head aches oftener than ever!"

Rapturously she sniffed the invigorating perfume again and again. As rapturously, Ottilie clasped the giver's hand, then fastened the slender string of gold and amethysts round her more than plump arm.

"And now let us see your ring," said the elder lady.

"When Kurt has cleared away the tea-things you shall be obeyed," said the officer, as he took a third cigarette from a chased silver case, another item of the great loot. "Ah! those cursed Frenchmen know what good tobacco is like. All the better luck for us that they always provide themselves with the very best of everything."

The edge of the ladies' exuberance over their treasure-trove was now somewhat taken off, and they followed his long, acquisitive, claw-like fingers with eager eyes.

But here imagination had been unequal to the calls upon it. When their hero produced his impearled box with the triumphant slowness of a necromancer about to show off his last and greatest coup, both aunt and niece were dumfounded. With held breath and dilated eyes they gazed upon the flashing emerald, for awhile, unable to utter a word.

"Got in Himmel, Fritzchen!" at last broke out the old Grafin. "Sell it to a Rothschild, boy. You would get the wherewithal to make the Schloss worthy of your ancestors!"

"Nay, my aunt, let the Schloss be. Better to keep a jewel of which perhaps there is not the like in all Germany—"

"All the more reason for getting rid of it, Fritz, and the sooner the better. Jealousy lurks in high places, as you know. Anyhow no one must ever learn how you came by such a thing—a small fortune in itself."

"There is something in what you say, Gnadige Frau. We will think about it. Up to the present moment I have been discretion itself, not once either by night or by day has this precious little case been out of my waistcoat pocket. I have never indeed as yet tried it on."

"Well, as we are all safe from observation here, do so now," Ottilie said, dying with curiosity to know whether or no this superb ring would fit him, and if not, whether she could not by blandishments secure it for herself.

"Yes, let us see how it looks on your finger, Prince," added the Grafin, and both ladies moved nearer to the little jewel case.

But vainly the young man's muscular, sinewy, white fingers cauld raise the lid. Again and again he essayed, again and again he searched for the sign of a spring.

Then he took out the kind of eye-had found invaluable in more than one raid.

"No, curse the thing! Ring and box seem all of a piece, but we'll baffle the contrivers anyhow—"

"You will never smash the glass, why you might injure the stone," put in the girl.

"Of what mortal use is it here? But don't be afraid, darling, I'm not so inexpert in these matters as you suppose,"

So saying he brought out a pair of minute glass-cutters' tools, and very dexterously without injuring either pearled frame or glass. No accomplished hous breaker could have done the job more neatly.

"My! How grand it will make you look!" cried the younger Grafin. "I only wish it had been small enough for me," she added as she watched her lover place it on the little finger of his left hand.

"I am not so sure about that, it is a tight fit—"

As he spoke he pressed down the ring, a second later falling back with a piercing shriek. He had touched a secret spring, with sharp incision setting free the dark metallic poison concealed in the bezel and which now trickled down his fingers. Far and near resounded that frenzied cry, but before even serving-folks could reach the pavilion the deadly venom had done its work. Their young master, a quarter of an hour before full of life, self exaltation and greedy ambition, now hideous to behold, had paid his scot to the outraged gods. Could the most pitiful here resent Pandora's gift?

(To be contined.)

The Distant Hills

Like filmy curtains spread along the distant horizon, the jagged crags and peaks of the great range seem to hang from the skies, draped with darkened shadows, shining like glistering silk where the sun touches their snowy folds. It was early in the afternoon. We had passed over the great shuddering trestle at the huge horseshoe bend in the river near Bickerdike on the Canadian National. It makes one gasp to gaze from its height. One lady took a peep and then lay down in a quiet faint till we reached the other side. Then, lifting our eyes, we saw serene and far, those eternal hills, measuring the majestic peace of the infinite. Behind them lies unfathomable mystery. They curtain off our little time-world with its crawling wheels, from unknown life. He who would pass beyond those bounds must transcend the experiences of ordinary humanity. So it has seemed to mankind in every age, as when the Psalmist said: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help." Coleridge alone seems to have given adequate expression in his hymn in "the Valley of Chamounix" to the emotions stirred by the unapproachable sublimity of great mountains. Robson, Logan, Shasta, Hood, Baker, Tacoma, and such peaks leave an indelible impression. Like the ocean and the sky, no familiarity tames their grandeur.