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:—

Did you miss your riddles last week? The talk upon helping in my letter took up so much room that I could only squeeze in the little story for you, so I shall have to give you a few more riddles this week. I hope that we shall have many hundreds of new helpers join our Service League. There must be several hundred members living in different parts of Canada, a great many in Ontario alone already pledged to service, so that if every one would write in some news of their doings, we should have lots of letters.

Some years ago when our Helpers' League, as it was then called, was first started, I discovered a little poem entitled, "What Can a Little Chap Do?" This little poem, although it talked about what a boy can do, so exactly describes what I think all Helpers should try to be, whether they are boys or girls, men or women, that I am going to print it again for you in your corner to-day. I wish that every member of the Service League would cut this out.

**What Can a Little Chap Do?**

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you,
What can a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all thru;
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a knight
For the truth and the right;
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within:
That's another good thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base.
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face;
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
Which is good in God's sight;
Those are great things he can do.

Though his years are but few,
If he keeps himself true
He can march in the ranks
Of the good and the great,
Who baffled with fate
And won through;
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And in each little thing
He can follow the King—
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
He can follow the Christ, the King.

**PLEDGE.**
**For Young Helpers' League of Service.**

"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 .....

**Work of the New Helpers.**

I have three letters from new Helpers here, who have been reading our weekly letter and have decided to join the Service League. I am very delighted to hear from these Helpers, and wish all a very hearty welcome. Norman Reid writes:

"Dear Aunt June:—I would very much like to join the Helpers' League of Service. During the war I helped the Red Cross by collecting waste material. This we did at our school, too. Then I have had a garden ever since 1916. This year I think with the H. C. L. that my garden will be more useful than ever. I like to read about the birds every week. I am trying to study them and find out more about their colors and habits. With best wishes to all other Helpers, your sincerely, Norman Reid."

Letter from Joan Dixon:

"Dear Aunt June:—Please enroll me as a member of the Service League. I have signed the pledge. I think it is a splendid idea that you have all boys and girls who are Helpers belong to one League. Does it mean that any boy or girl in Canada can join? I have a cousin living in the West, and would like to tell him about it, so I am going to send him a paper. The most way I can help at present will be doing things for mother around the house. I wonder if you will print my letter. I shall look out for it next week. Yours lovingly, Joan Dixon."

My dear Joan, helping mother around the house is the very best kind of helping you can do. Whenever you have to do anything for mother always remember that she has done everything for you, and that nothing you can do in return which will help her should be too much trouble. A little girl who starts by helping mother will, I am sure, prove to be a good member of our Service League. You ask if the League is for boys and girls all over Canada. Yes, indeed, all are welcome, every boy and girl, no matter where they live, are welcome to join the Service League and to write a letter to Aunt Jane. I WANT TO HEAR FROM EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA. Dear me, wouldn't the postman be surprised if I had such a lot of letters? I am afraid it would take him all his time to deliver them. Don't you think so?

Arthur Mason is a Boy Scout, so that he automatically becomes a member of our League.

You will notice there is a little change made in your pledge.

**New Members Please Note.**

Boys and Girls, who wish to join the Service League must note the following rules:

Fill in pledge and send to Aunt June, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto. Only those who send in an account of an act of service every day for a week are eligible for a badge. This means to receive a Helper's service badge you must prove your service by helping some one every day for a full week, then write a letter to Aunt June telling her about it, enclose the pledge and a 3-cent stamp, postage of badge.

WHEN YOU HAVE RECEIVED THE BADGE I want every Helper to wear it and to remember that he has pledged himself, or she has pledged herself, by joining the Service League, to lose no opportunity of helping others.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts have only to send in the pledge and stamps for a badge, as all Guides and Scouts are already pledged to service for their country.

**RIDDLES.**

**Who Can Guess These Riddles?**

R.—Why should we never sleep on a railroad?

R.—Why is "A" like 12 o'clock?

R.—When does a boat resemble snow?

Not many of our boys and girls send in answers to riddles. Two of these are very easy, so put on your thinking caps and see if you can guess them this week.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE YOUR LETTER IN THE PAPER?**

Then please write soon and tell all the news about your gardens, etc., to

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

WHEN Grandma was a little girl
She wore the queerest clothes,
And carried a wee parasol
To shade her pretty nose,
But as they were the fashion then
She thought them fine, I s'pose.

Find two other old-fashioned persons. Upper side down, along shoulder; upper side down, along shoulder and hat

# POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Charles Mackay was born at Perth in 1814. He was editor of the Glasgow "Argus" from 1844 to 1847 and later editor of the London "Illustrated News." During the Civil War he was the New York correspondent for the London "Times." Several of his writings are "Voices from the Crowd", "Voices from the Mountains" and "History of the Mormons." He died in London in 1889.

**A DEED AND A WORD.**

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And save a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

# UNCLE JIM'S STORY

**THE DRAGON AND HIS THREE PRINCESSES.**

Once on a time, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, there was a great war between two kings. And one king gathered all his people around him and said: "We must all start running and not stop till we come to the mountains, where we can hide. If we don't we shall all be killed."

So they all started running, men and women, and little and big girls and boys. But there were three little boys who could not keep up with the rest, and they were left behind. One was lame and couldn't run, and one was blind and couldn't see and the other was deaf and couldn't hear.

"What shall we do?" sobbed the little boy who was blind. "We will starve to death alone in the fields."

"Yes, we will have to die," wailed the little boy who was lame.

"I want some food," said the little boy who was deaf, but only the west wind, which was bringing night on its back, answered the little boys.

Suddenly a great black bird appeared in the sky over their head. It was bigger and blacker than anything you have ever seen, and it flew right down close over their heads.

"What are you doing down there?" it croaked.

The little boy who was lame told the great black bird their troubles.

"Come with me," croaked the bird. "I am lonesome and want company. You shall have all you want to eat and horses to ride, and I will let you bathe in the fountain under my castle."

"And what will that do for us?" asked the little blind boy.

"It will make you see as well as I," answered the great black dragon bird.

"And will it cure me of lameness?" asked the second little boy.

"Yes, and it will make your deaf friend hear," answered the dragon.

So the three little boys said they would go.

"All right, get on my back," cried the dragon bird; and so they climbed on his back and away they flew through the air.

They flew and flew till they came to a great castle of shining glass at the edge of a lake.

"Jump off my back," cried the dragon bird. "Go inside the castle. My grandmother will meet you and take you down under ground, where you can bathe in my fountain."

The three little boys scrambled off his back and rushed into the castle.

"Heity, tighty to," cried a little old lady in the hallway. "What do you want?"

"We want to bathe in the fountain," cried the little boys.

So she took them down below, and what do you think happened? The minute they had plunged in the water the little blind boy could see, and the little lame boy could walk, and the little deaf boy could hear!

"Now you are well and you belong to my son the dragon," cried the old lady. "To-night when he comes into supper he will ask qou a question. If you can answer it you shall go free and be rich men when you grow up and live happily for years. But if you can't answer it you will become his slaves and have to work and toil for him as long as you live."

The little boys grew very much afraid. How could they answer any question? They knew so little.

The three little boys were much worried over what the old grandmother told them. "How will we ever answer his question?" they thought. "And if we don't we will have to stay down here all our lives and work hard for him from morning till night."

They had walked down to the silver lake and were just about to dip down into it when a little brown frog jumped up on the bank. It was a very pretty little frog, much prettier than frogs generally are.

"I am a friend of yours," croaked the frog, but somehow the voice was much softer than frogs' voices usually are. "I will help you if you will help me."

"O, we will do anything," cried the three little boys at once, for they felt that they were badly in need of a friend.

"The dragon who brought you here is a wicked fiend," said the frog. "He brought me here, and my two sisters, years ago and changed us into frogs. He will change you into toads tonight unless you can answer his question."

"Well, tell us the question," begged the three little boys.

"Wait a minute," cried the frog, hopping around and keeping one eye on the shining glass castle behind them. I must be careful no one sees me out of the water."

"Hurry," implored the boys.

"Listen," said the frog. "Tonight the dragon will ask: 'What do I keep in my silver lake yonder?' and you must say: 'You keep three frogs who once were beautiful and rich princesses. You stole their money and made them prisoners. But now that your secret is out, let them go free.'"

Presto—without another word—into the silver lake disappeared the little green frog.

The boys did just as they were told, and after the dragon had finished supper that night and asked them what he kept in the silver lake, they all spoke at once and answered him, just as the frog had told them to.

The dragon jumped up with a loud shriek. His power was gone, and, quick as lightning, he grabbed up his grandmother and rushed out of the castle forever.

Immediately three of the most beautiful princesses you could imagine, with jewels in their hair, stood before the three boys.

"You have freed us all," they cried. "Our kingdom and all we have are yours, for we were stolen so long ago that all our friends and parents have been dead these hundred years."

So they all made themselves at home in the castle of shining glass and lived happily the rest of their lives, with all their wishes come true and everything they could possibly want around them.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson I. July 4.

**DAVID IN CAMP AND COURT.**

**Lesson—1 Sam. 17: 1-18: 9. Printed Text—1 Sam. 17: 40-49; 18: 5-9.**

Golden Text.—"David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and Jehovah was with him" (1 Sam. 18: 14).

**Historical Setting.**

Time.—1073 B. C. Place.—Valley of Elah.

**Daily Readings.**

Monday, June 28.—Israel Challenged (1 Sam. 17: 1-11). Tuesday, June 29.—A Lad of Israel (1 Sam. 17: 12-19). Wednesday, June 30.—David in Camp (1 Sam. 17: 20-31). Thursday, July 1.—The Challenge Accepted (1 Sam. 17: 32-40). Friday, July 2.—David Slays Goliath (1 Sam. 17: 41-54. Saturday, July 3.—Friends and an Enemy at Court (1 Sam. 17: 55-18: 9). Sunday, July 4.—Thanksgiving for Deliverance (Ps. 18: 25-36).

**Comments.**

Verse 40. Between this lesson and the last occurred the war with the Philistines, Goliath's challenge and David's acceptance. Read 17: 1-39. Being unable to wear Saul's armor, David prepared to meet the giant in his own way. The sling has always been a favorite weapon of the shepherds of Syria.

Verse 41. Assyrian warriors were preceded by a man with protecting shields.

Verse 42. The heavily armored giant considered it an insult to be approached by a mere lad who was apparently unarmed.

Verse 43. In the East the dog is a despised animal, and a scavenger.

Verse 44. Because of his size and strength the giant was a contemptuous, boastful braggart.

Verses 45, 46. David regarded the combat as a battle between the despised idolatry of the Philistines and the exalted religion of Jehovah, the God of Israel. For this reason he felt no fear as to the outcome.

Verse 47. Note the contrast between David and Goliath. Goliath trusted in himself, while David forgot himself in enthusiasm for a great cause.

Verse 48. Goliath was backed by his army; David by his faith in Jehovah.

Verse 49. We do not know why the giant's forehead was unprotected. It may be that the stone penetrated the helmet.

18: 5. The first verses omitted tell of the beginning of the fine friendship between David and Jonathan, and David's adoption in the heart of Saul. To a degree possibly unknown to himself, David was being prepared for the kingship.

Verses 6, 7. David's youth, courage and beauty made him at once the idol of the people.

Verse 8. Saul's overbearing narrow-mindedness made him jealous at once. One of the commonest traits of human nature is envy at sight of the success of others.

Verse 9. Saul "eyed David" with green eyes. He may or may not have known that Samuel had anointed him.

**Topics of Research and Discussion.**

I. David Despised by Goliath (vs. 40-44). 1. What occurred between this lesson and the last? 2. Why did not David wear armor when attacking the giant? 3. Describe the sling used by David. 4. How was the shield usually used, and why did not David carry one? 5. How was David looked upon by the giant? 6. Who was this giant?

II. Goliath Slain by David (vs. 45-49). 7. How did David look upon this combat? 8. Where did David get his religious ideals? 9. What was the backing of each of these two combatants?

III. Saul Jealous of David (vs. 5-9). 10. How was David's experience fitting him for his coming kingship? 11. What personal characteristics were favorable to David?

## Faith Healing in Toronto

A tremendous sensation has been caused in church and medical circles in Toronto by the decision of the rector of St. James to bring a faith healer to cure the sick in his church. For two days the invalids are to gather and have hands laid on them by the healer, while a priest says a prayer to make it regular. One doctor writes to object that it is a violation of the church's canon as the healer is unconsecrated and not in the apostolic succession, and another doctor writes that the whole thing is impossible, and unscientific, and a hoax and delusion. An editor quotes St. Paul on the possession of gifts of healing by true Christians, and the main point is largely lost sight of. People certainly want to be cured, and if the healer in question has the power he will have ample opportunity to show his skill. But will the fact of his cures, if there should be any, make any difference to the world at large? How many people will believe in them? How many medical men will take up the quest of such healing? How far will religion benefit? History shows that gifts of healing have been more or less common in all ages, and though the dominant religion usually lays claim to a monopoly of the cures, it is clear that they are not confined to any religion or sect nor to any particular race. In the east such healers are common today. Yet the world at large remains incredulous and is likely to remain so. The greatest healers have only used their powers as an adjunct or to call attention to their teachings.

# Facts About Canada

On the 27th of March, 1885, Major General Middleton, who was head of the Canadian troops, arrived in Winnipeg from the East for the task of putting down the rebellion then beginning in the Northwest Territories under Louis Riel. As soon as word of the actual start of hostilities had been received at Ottawa he had been ordered by the Minister of Militia, Sir Adolphe Caron, to proceed to the West and take charge of the campaign. He went by way of Chicago, as the Canadian Pacific Railway was not then in operation. After a trip of three days and three nights he reached Winnipeg at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of March. Then he learned for the first time of the outbreak at Duck Lake, in which the half-breeds were victorious after killing a dozen of the police and volunteers. At once the General decided to move farther west and take with him the Winnipeg militia, which had been called out already. It consisted of a battery of artillery, a small troop of cavalry, and the 90th Battalion of Winnipeg Rifles. Orders were given at once for an inspection, and as everything was found in fairly good condition the force prepared to move that night to Qu'Appelle. At 6 o'clock that night the general left for the new scene of activities, reaching his destination early the next morning. He went into consultation with the governor of the Territories, and after he had heard the story of conditions, as he knew them, General Middleton decided to move the next day 243 miles northward to Batoche, where the revolt seemed to have its headquarters and to be most dangerous. But for such a trip he had to make elaborate arrangements; these were rushed as fast as possible and the army got away on April 2.

**Minced Veal With Poached Eggs.**

Mince cold roast or boiled veal finely, fry small onion in plenty of butter till it is a light straw color, add to this a large pinch of flour, a little stock, and lastly the minced meat, little chopped parsley, pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste, mix well, add more stock, if needed. Let mince gradually get hot by side of fire; remove, stir in yolk of egg, juice of a lemon strained and beaten up together. Serve with bread fried in butter to a nice brown, with three or four eggs, poached on top.

**Stewed Pork and Potatoes.**

Divide one pound of salt pork into convenient sized pieces, mince one large onion, and cut three pounds of potatoes into thick slices. Put all in a pan with one large cupful of water and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for about one hour, until the pork is quite tender. Just before serving stir in one dessert spoonful of finely chopped parsley.

# Helps for the Housewife

To test the purity of coffee, sprinkle a small quantity of it on the surface of a tumberful of water. If pure, the coffee will float; if adulterated, it will sink to the bottom and discolor the water.

Table knives are not always well treated at the hands of the dish water. One special point about washing them is to keep the handles out of the water or they will become loosened from the blade. Wipe the soiled knives clean on a damp cloth, after wiping them on paper, then stand them with the blades downward in a jug of hot water in which a little baking soda has been dissolved.

Did you ever know that you could test an oven's right heat for cooking certain eatables with a simple piece of white paper? If the pape rturns a light yellow, scarcely perceptible, it is ready for cookies or sponge cake; if it turns a nearly decided yellow, it is ready for pies, pound cake and mince pies; if a deep yellow it is ready for bread. If it blackens the paper, cool the oven right off.

Did you ever know that if you wanted anything cooled quickly that by placing its dish in a pan of heavily salted cold water you could get results as quickly as if it were set on ice?

If paraffin is used on top of jellies and jams when it is removed from the jar, wash it, melt it, and strain it through coarse cotton, such as a salt bag. It is then ready for use again.

Some of the printed Summer bedspreads that are so delightfully artistic, are handwork as far as their coloring is concerned, being printed by the band-block process. They come in pink, blue, green or a combination of several tints, on white.

As much garbage as possible should be burned in the range when a coal fire is going, unless there are animals to eat it. Cremation is the most sanitary way of disposing of kitchen waste. If there is a vegetable garden the garbage may be buried. Dig a deep hole, leave a small spade near and cover the garbage with a little earth each time it is deposited, and occasionally a shake of lime.

**An Onion Soup.**

An Italian recipe says: Mince and cook two onions in two tablespoonfuls of butter until light brown; add one quart of chicken or veal stock, highly seasoned. Make squares of "oven toast" 'thin bread buttered, browned and crisped in a good oven), lay one in each soup plate, pour soup over and serve at once, passing grated cheese with it.

**Cheese Drops.**

Sift together one cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in with the finger tips a tablespoonful of shortening and wet to a drop batter with rich cold milk. Beat in two tablespoonfuls of finely grated cheese and drop from the tip of a spoon on to a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

**Rice, Cabbage and Bacon.**

Chop fine two thin slices of bacon, add to half a raw medium sized cabbage, finely chopped. Cover and cook slowly thirty minutes. Add a quarter cup of boiled rice, half a teaspoon chopped parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with half a cup of white sauce and cook fifteen minutes.

**Strawberry Shortcake.**

Mix two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, half a teaspoon salt and two teaspoons sugar, sift twice, work in with tips of fingers a quarter of a cup of butter, and add gradually three quarters of a cup of milk. Toss on floured board and divide in two parts. Pat, roll out, and bake twelve minutes in a hot oven in round layer cake tins. Split, and spread with butter. Sweeten strawberries to taste, place on back of stove until warmed, crush slightly and put between and on top of cakes. Cover with whipped cream and decorate with large strawberries.