BY AUNT JUNE

Our Boys and Girls Corner

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DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

Young Helpers League of Service.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Your Aunt Jane has been travelling around like the little pig that went to market. First of all she gallivanted off to Eastern Canada and poked around in Nova Scotia as I think I told you in my letter of two weeks ago, enjoying the beautiful sea air and watching the tumbling waves and then, oh then what do you think she did next? Why, went back towards Montreal, where the big ships sail out to England and climbed on board one. Yes, my helpers all, I actually did. I got on that ship and went to sleep on her and when I woke up in the morning I was almost out of sight of land, having travelled down the St. Lawrence River beyond Quebec and with our noses set towards the open sea and so here I am in old England, and very nice it is indeed.

I wonder how many of you know England. It is a good many years since I was here, and there are so many lovely places to visit, and so much to hear and talk about, but all the time in the back of my mind I am thinking of you all and of the work you are doing and the lovely holidays you are having and what the weather is like in Canada. I hope, as I write, that you are having more sunny skies than here. When I wake up in the morning to see the rain pelting down as it has been doing for the past three days, I think of the smiling sky of Canada and wish that I could have carried a little bit over with me just to show my friends what we can do in the way of weather when we like, but if the weather is not very kind just now I can assure you that England itself is very kind indeed. It is a most exciting place to visit, London especially, where I am at the present time. Yesterday I was at Brighton by the sea. You will perhaps think I had enough of the sea after being on it for a whole week, but no, I had to trot away and see some more of it yesterday. Quite 30, probably more, of my boys and girls have lived in England, so many of you may know Brighton. It is a very pretty place with a long beach of pebbles and piers running out into the sea. On the beach there are all kinds of entertainments going on at different times of the day. Nigger minstrel shows, pierrots, people singing funny songs, dancing and all kinds of other amusements. On the beach, too, there are donkeys, numbers of them, in charge of boys and men, where children may get rides. At one end of the town is the place where all the fishermen set out in the early morning in little sailing boats to get lovely fresh fish, most of which is sent up to London to be sold, but visitors can always buy some of it for breakfast or tea.

About the Birds.

It seems a very long time since you had any bird news. I am looking eagerly for my letters that will be s nt on and hope that in our next we shall be able to publish the letters of the helpers who sent in an account of the Vesper sparrow, the Swamp sparrow and the Fox sparrow. Full descriptions will be given in next week's letter.

A Story for You.

Last week I promised to tell you the story of a prince, and as we were just talking about birds, I think this will be a good place to tell it. It is a fairy story called "The Prince Who Loved the Birds."

There was once a little prince who lost his father when he was only ten years old, and as he was the only son it came to pass of course that he should be made the King, but he had a wicked uncle who coveted the crown and who locked the little prince up in a stone tower far away from the inhabited part of the Royal Castle. For many months his courtiers sought the prince and his people looked in vain. The wicked uncle gave out that the prince was ill and had had to go away and therefore he must be king for the present in his stead. The uncle hoped that the prince would die.

Locked in the tower the prince was fed on bread and water and the summer days went by and winter came with snow and ice, freezing up all the land. The little prince used to go to the window of his stone tower and look out over the country, and as he was looking one day he saw a number of birds flying around vainly trying to find some food. This little prince loved the birds, so he eagerly broke up his bread and scattered some of the crumbs on the shelf of the window. The birds came flying in. How grateful they were. Every day the Prince broke up some bread and every day more and more came and the Prince, who had been very lonely was so delighted and made fast friends with them.

Now the bread which they gave him was a very small piece indeed, for the uncle did not intend him to grow fat, in fact he would have liked to have starved him outright, but a very wonderful thing happened, although the unselfish little prince was thinking of the small birds when he broke up his bread, and not the least of himself, for as they increased in number he finally had to break up the whole piece in order to have enough for them. Lo! and behold, when he turned again to his room there was a white loaf of bread, a full loaf in place of the scrappy little piece he had been given, and the pitcher of water had been turned into a pitcher of delicious milk. This went on every day. No matter how much bread the prince gave to the birds, he always had enough to eat himself, and more wonderful than that has increased in strength and grew more beautiful every day.

The uncle who was looking for his death could not understand it, and then another wonderful thing happened. People down in the town who had been watching the royal castle were surprised at the big flights of birds which came over every day to one particular spot. After a time someone followed the birds, and, watching them alight at a certain window, they saw the boy's hand stretched out to feed them. Then commenced a hubbub of excitement. The courtiers met together and resolved to find out who was in the secret stone tower. They had begun to suspect the wicked uncle and moreover they were most anxious still to find the lost prince. Finally they found him and released him from his prison. But, said the prince, I must, till the winter has quite gone, still feed my birds. So he was brought out into his own place and the wicked old uncle was sent about his business and vanished from that part of the world. But, alas for the poor little prince, his troubles were not over. When he came to take his own place it was discovered that the usurper king had spent all the money and the coffers were empty of silver and gold, so they told the prince that he was so poor that it would be better almost if he were just the son of a working man, as he had no money to improve the affairs of his kingdom. "Never mind," said the prince, still throwing crumbs to his birds, "so that I have a loaf of bread to share with my feathered friends." Just about that time the sun was melting the last few patches of snow and the birds rose up in one big flock and flew away straight in the direction of the sun. When they reached the spot where the sun rises and sets, each bird dipped his beak into the treasure which makes the sunlight cast a golden ray, and picked out a piece of pure gold as large as a crumb of bread. With this in their beaks they flew swiftly back to the palace and dropping it at the foot of the prince, every bird's contribution made a heap together, so large that there was enough gold to last the prince for nearly a year. This the birds did every day for as many days as the prince had fed them with crumbs, until at last the prince had so much gold he was known as the richest prince in any kingdom, and he afterwards became a great and good king.

Don't you think that is rather a pretty story? I am sure all the helpers who fed our little friends the birds last winter will be interested in this, and although it is only in fairy stories that little birds are able to give wonderful rewards to their helpers, I am quite sure that every one who loves and helps the birds does get a reward in some way or other.

Now I am afraid my letter has been so long with this story we shall have to leave the riddles until next week. So look out for your answers and new ones then.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

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 .....

Letters from Helpers.

Hello, Boys and Girls:—

Now you know where Aunt June has gone for her holidays. Don't some of you just wish you could go to England? I day. Perhaps if you all are good and do good deeds, when you grow up you will have a chance to go to England for a holiday, too.

There are a lot of letters for Aunt June, but I just know you don't want to wait till they all go to England to be answered, so your Uncle Jim will answer a few again this week. Here are some of them:

Eganville, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:—

I have been reading your page and like it well. You didn't say to write to you when we were filling in the pledge, but I thought I would write and tell you that I hope to get a badge.

Muriel Hunt,
Ten years old.

That was very nice of you to write, Muriel, and we are glod to hear from you. You will get your badge all right. Write again.

Blythewood, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:—

I have been reading your columns. I am nine years old and would like to join your club, because I wish to win a badge. Now I am going to tell you what I have been doing this week. I have been washing dishes, hoeing the garden, hoeing tobacco, sweeping the floor, dusting the rooms, washing the windows, feeding the calf, feeding the chickens, hunting the eggs, working in the hay, making beds, picking cherries, canning berries, picking currents, getting the cows, helping get the meals and many other things, and I carry the water and wood too.

Frances Turcy.

You certainly must be a busy little Helper, Frances, to do all those things. Isn't it nice to be able to do such a lot to help? Didn't the weeds just too fast for anything this year? They did on my farm. But then if weeds grow so fast, everyt.ng else is growing fast, too, and it looks as if there is going to be a good crop of everything. I had a fine big crop of grain, but the rain of a week or so ago knocked a good deal of it down and we'll have to cut it with a mower. But the turnips and potatoes are doing well. We don't grow any tobacco on our farm, and some day you must write again and tell us all about growing tobacco. Isn't it fun to go looking for eggs when the hens go away and lay them somewhere they think you wouldn't find them? We lost track of one of our hens and thought it must have been eaten, when all of a sudden one morning she walked out with 14 little baby chickens. We had another hen that killed all her baby chicks, but she was a wicked old thing and as soon as she got fat we killed her and ate her for dinner. Be sure to write again and tell us how your tobacco crop turns out, and all about your farm.

Feversham, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:—

I have been reading your pledge and would like to join your club. I have signed the pledge and will look for my letter in the paper. I have been helping with the hay and pulling weeds this week, so I will close now.

Herbert McMullen.

Herby, Old Scout, we're glad to hear from you and will welcome other letters any time you want to write. Did you feel tired after helping with the hay? I pitched hay for two days, with the help of two other men, and believe me I was good and tired when we got it all in. We had it all cut and cocked, ready to draw in, when the rain came and soaked it. So we had to throw it all out again to dry; but it was a dandy warm day, and the sun and wind soon fixed Mr. Hay and then we hustled and got it all into the barn. I tried to see how much I could throw on the wagon in each forkful, and am afraid I did too much; but we had to get it in. But I got over it all right, and will be starting to harvest the grain pretty soon now. I hoe a lot of weeds, too, but we keep them down all right, and the kitchen garden and berry patch and turnip, mangel and potato fields look fine. Let's know how yours are.

Harvey Branton, who lives at Brentwood, has asked for a badge, because he belongs to the Lone Scouts of America. You'll get a badge, Harry, and I'm sending you back your scout certificate.

NOW, her's something for all Helpers, because I know you are all just waiting and watching for the rural mail man every day to see when those badges are coming. They aren't made yet, but the factory that is making them reports that they soon will be ready. You see, before a badge is made it has to be drawn on paper to get the design, and then they have to make metal casts and do a lot of other things, so that it takes quite a while. But they will soon be ready, and as soon as they are we will send them to every Helper. We have all the envelopes addressed and stamped with your stamps, ready to post them as soon as they arrive. Don't be discouraged or disappointed, because we will send out the badges just the very day they arrive.

FACTS ABOUT CANADA

There are in Prince Edward Island 14,500 farms.

The area of Prince Edward Island is 1,250,000 acres.

Prince Edward Island is the most densely peopled Province, there being an average of 43 persons to every square mile of territory.

Last year there were 1,875,036 pounds of butter produced in Prince Edward Island, having a value of $1,000,000. Sixty-five per cent of this butter was sold in Newfoundland.

Prince Edward Island's cheese output last year amounted to 2,502,449 pounds, having a value of $650,636. Fully 90 per cent of this cheese was sold in Great Britain or in Montreal for export.

The production of eggs in Prince Edward island last year amounted to three million dozen, valued at $1,380,000. Eighty-four per cent of these eggs is sold outside the Province.

According to statistics compiled in 1917, the capital then invested in manufacturing in Canada amounted to $2,786,649,727. The employees numbered 692,067; and the goods manufactured had a value of $3,015,577,940, being ten times the value of the goods produced in 1881.

In 1878 the total bank deposits in Canada averaged $16.52 for each man, woman and child of the population. The average last year was $204 per head.

I SING, I sing,
From morn till night,
I'm happy as a lark;
Today's my birthday,
I'm to have
A party in the park.
I'm going to light
These lanterns up
As soon as it grows dark.

Find three guests. Lower left corner down, along dress; upper side down, along arm; upper side down, on dress.

POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Coventry Patmore was born in England in 1823 and died in 1896. In his early days he contributed to many of the leading reviews and also to the "Germ," being identified with the pre-Raphaelite movement. His fame, however, rests on "The Angel in the House."

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine;
How can'st thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months and months to lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen Fate goeth, too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

—Coventry Patmore.

Helps for the Housewife

A Baking Cooler.

Have a board of oak, ash or maple—do not use pine—cut thirteen inches wide and forty inches long; let it be smoothly dressed on each side, then have it bored rather full of holes, using a three-quarters-of-an-inch auger. It is best to bore the holes irregularly, so as to miss the grain of the wood, to avoid splitting. Nail a two-inch strip under each end of the board, to raise it above the table.

When ready to use for bread or other baking, spread a cloth over the board, place the bread on this and cover it well to prevent drying out; let it remain so until cold. If pies are properly baked and cooled on a board of this kind they will not be soggy. A hot pie should never be put on a plate, unless it is to be cut and eaten at once. The passage of air under the board and through the holes prevents sweating. When not in use the board can be hung on a stout nail against the pantry wall.

Filling the Flour Bin.

When emptying a sack of flour into the bin I turn the top of the sack up over the bottom gradually in such a manner that when the flour is all out the sack is wrong side out. Shake slightly and you have all the flour with very little dust, and what dirt might have adhered to the sack is not in the flour. After a few trials it works like magic.—Mrs. J. E. J.

Wheelbarrow on Wash Day.

Most farms have wheelbarrows. On wash day, instead of hanging out a few clothes at a time, I fill my basket full and place it on the wheelbarrow and push it along as needed. I have my clothes all out in short order with no stooping or lifting. I do the same in taking the clothes off the line.

Oiling the Floors.

A good floor oil can be made by using three parts pure boiled linseed oil to one part turpentine. If you cannot get the boiled oil take four parts raw oil, one part turpentine and one part drier. Stir frequently while using and rub well into the wood with a strong brush.—G. R. W.

A Handy Wood Supply.

To those who use wood as fuel in the kitchen range I should like to suggest a plan which I find very useful in avoiding the dirt and litter which the wood usually makes in the kitchen.

Just at the corner of the range—at the end where the firebox is—I have a door two feet wide and two and one-half feet high in the outside wall. The door opens inward. Under the porch and just below the door is a shelf where the fuel for the day is corded within easy reach.—R. R. J.

Protecting a Padlock.

A padlock on the outside of a building often rusts, and in winter sometimes freezes, when rain or snow falls on it. This may be remedied by taking an old piece of leather slightly wider than the lock and tacking it directly over the staple, then letting it drop over the lock as a cover. The leather, if soft, will not be in the way and will prevent both rusting and freezing.—H. M. P.

To Fasten Chain-Stitch Thread.

When sewing on a chain- stitch machine, instead of breaking the thread at the end of the stitching and fastening it with a sewing needle, save time by raising the foot of the machine and making five or six stitches into the last hole; then break the thread. This will form a chain on the wrong side and will fasten the thread securely.—E. M. D.

A Use for Soap Wrappers.

Save your soap wrappers and use the insides to smooth your irons on. They are nearly as good as wax.—L. G. C.

The Carpet Sweeper.

Kerosene sprinkled sparingly on the brush of a carpet sweeper will brighten the carpet it sweeps.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

BURMESE MARRIAGE RULES.

A curious idea among the Burmese is that people born on the same day of the week must not marry, and that if they defy the fates their union will be marked by much ill luck. To prevent these disastrous marriages every girl carries a record of her birthday in her name, each day of the week having a letter belonging to it, and all children are called by a name that begins with that letter.

TYROL SUPERSTITIONS.

A Vienna newspaper prints a story to the effect that among the superstitious peasantry of the Tyrol the belief has taken root that President Wilson is none other than the Crown Prince Rudolph, son of the late Emperor Francis Joseph. The Crown Prince, so the myth runs, was not killed in the famous tragedy of the castle of Meyerling, back in 1889, but merely kidnapped by his enemies and a dummy was buried in his stead. Later, as the story goes, he succeeded in escaping to America, where he assumed the name of Woodrow Wilson and rose eventually to the presidency.

INDIA INFANT MARRIAGES.

Infant marriages are still prevalent in India. Official figures show that in 1911 there were 151,518 "married men" under 5 years of age and 302,525 "married women" of the same tender age. Of "husbands" between the ages of 5 and 10 there were nearly 1,000,000, while "wives" between these ages number well over 2,000,000.

MUSK HOLDS WEIGHT.

Musk which has given off its well-known odor for 10 days, has been found to have retained its full weight.

A centipede at the London Zoo of unusual size feeds on mice.

Amber is a fossil gum and is found largely on the Baltic coast.

MAKE FABRIC LIKE SILK.

A fabric closely resembling silk is now being manufactured from trees that are natives of the tropical regions of Asia, Africa and South America.

BELVA LOCKWOOD, ATTORNEY.

It is just 40 years since the first woman—Mrs. Belva Lockwood — was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

DEEPEST PARTS OF SEA.

It is a remarkable fact that the deepest parts of the sea are in all cases very near land.

COAL MINES IN COUNTRY.

There are about 6,000 coal mines in this country.

USING THE RAZOR.

It is said that of men who shave themselves not one in 50 can use the ordinary razor with both hands.

JAPAN LEGISLATOR'S SALARY.

Japan pays its members of Parliament $1,000 for each session, with traveling expenses.

London consumes about 15,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

ONE OF THE BENEFITS.

Not only does ownership of an automobile enable you to live away from the congested part of the city and in a nearby small town, thus giving you the advantage of the open air, but it also eliminates traveling on the street cars, thereby taking about six different nationalities off your feet.

IMPROVE THE ROADS.

God made the country, expecting that man would have brains enough to supply good roads.

OLDEST MAP IN WORLD.

The oldest map in existence is a piece of mosiac in the Byzantine church at Malaba, in Palestine. It represents part of the Holy Land, and is 1,700 years old.

COAL BUILT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The intimate connection between coal and the cathedral of St. Paul's in London, may not be widely known, but it is a fact that the present cathedral was practically built on coal, or, to speak more correctly, on the proceeds of the sale of coal. The original cathedral is said to have been formed about the year 604 and to have been entirely demolished by fire in the year 1087. The next church was built of stone obtained from Normandy and was finished in the year 1222. In the year 1666 the church was destroyed during the great London fire. Being short of money for the rebuilding, an act of parliament was passed laying a duty of 2s (normally 48 cents) a chaldron on all coal brought into London for seven years from 1670 to 1677, and a duty of 3s (normally 72 cents) a chaldron for the next ten years, from 1677 to 1687. Of this sum three-fourths were to be expended upon rebuilding the London churches, and one-fourth of the sum devoted to the churches of London was to be expended on the rebuilding of St. Paul's. Three kings—Charles II., James II. and William III.—and one queen, Anne, reigned during the progress of the building. Westminster Abbey may be thought to be more beautiful and more full of historic incident, but the abbey is not in London proper. It is the ancient city of London which has, from the early times, been the birthplace of English trade and enterprise as it is today, and St. Paul's cathedral is its greatest building.

A simple appliance, easily attached, has been invented for preventing telephone cords twisting.

Motorcycle side cars are coming into general use in England for carrying mails in rural districts.