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 quite forgot to tell you, when speaking of the birds last week about the little birds that followed the ship out to sea. One tiny mite not much bigger than a sparrow actually lived upon the ship all the way over having built a nest in one of the masts, on the side of a projecting piece of wood high above all the decks and on fine days we could see him flying a little way out over the sea and returning again. Often he would perch on top of the Captain's bridge, the place where the Captain looks out to sea and directs the course of the ship. Seagulls followed the ship all the way down the St. Lawrence River, others joined the party at Newfoundland and followed for several hours afterwards circling over the decks and dipping into the waves, but after we had been at sea, out in the full ocean for a half a day, and well out of sight of land, they disappeared and probably went back closer to the shores or to follow some other ship back to Canada.

We knew when we were nearer land again on this side by the gulls. The sight of the first sea gull made everyone on board exclaim, "Oh did you see the bird, we must be getting near land," and so we were. Tory Island was the first little piece of land seen. This is one of the many little islands off the coast of Ireland and as the day went on we began to make out the coast of Ireland itself. But long before this time we had passed another exciting thing, a floating iceberg. It was not a very big one but quite interesting, being about as large as a good sized barn. During the time the ship was passing the air was pretty cold, then other ships passed us, one fairly near. Passenger ships, coal ships and ships carrying provisions and freight of all kinds or cargo boats.

There was a lady on board who had been across the sea 45 times. She knew a number of our Helpers personally, and was telling me the splendid work they had done for the wounded soldiers during the war, and speaking of the war and wounded soldiers we must not forget them whenever an opportunity arises that we can do something. Make a mental note of this when you think of service, won't you?

RIDDLES.

Answers to last week's riddles:

R. What is the best thing to do in a hurry?

A. Nothing.

R. Why are guns like trees?

A. Because people plant them and they shoot.

R. What smells most in a chemist's shop?

A. Your nose.

And the answer to Arthur Mason's riddle:

R. Why is a star in the heavens like a window in the roof.

A. Because it is a sky-light.

The last helper's letters that I received telling about wild flowers found in the woods and fields reminds me of some of the pretty fields I saw coming down in the train from Liverpool to London. It is a sight that I have never seen in Canada. Scarlet poppies among the corn. Do you remember the Victory Loan poster we had 3 years ago entitled "In Flanders Fields" after the beautiful poem? You will remember the soldier was standing in a field of poppies. Here the poppies are growing up with the corn. At present it is green and as it waves in the wind rows and rows of scarlet poppies show between the green. A beautiful picture which I wish you could all see. Later when the corn turns to a golden brown it will be even more beautiful. Some of you I know have poppies growing in your garden, but nowhere I think do they grow so prettily as in the fields of England.

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 .....

Instead of the three meals a day which you are used to they have four meals over here, sometimes indeed five.

In London there are the jolly buses and tramcars with open tops, that is seats all along the top, and one can go for long, long rides and see all the sights so splendidly.

The first day I arrived I was riding on one of these in the evening and I saw a big crowd of people on a street corner. They all appeared to be most interested in something that was going on, and what do you think it was? It was a little boy about 7 years of age who was giving an imitation in the middle of the street of a Vaudeville show. He was dancing and singing and acting the part of two or three people all by himself, and he was not in the least bit shy about it. It was quite funny. I notice that he got quite a lot of pennies and big heavy things they are to carry. The English penny is about twice the size of our Canadian cent, and when you get a pocketful you feel quite heavy on that side, and it isn't at all the time for you to go and get weighed I can tell you; that is if you don't want to sound as though you are too fat.

Young helpers may like to hear the story of:

TOM TOODLES, The Kitten.

Little Tommy Toodles was not very good
Did what he should not
Never what he should
Tore his clothes to tatters
Got a dirty face
Morning, noon and evening
Was in sad disgrace.
Talked instead of sleeping,
Got up late each day,
Thought the longest school road was the shortest way.
Would not learn his lessons
Played all day instead
Laughed at all his teachers
Cared not what they said.
All the other Kittens when he came in sight
One and all together
Quickly took their flight
Naughtiness is catching, we won't play with you,
Little Tom was lonesome, hadn't much to do.
Every day young Tommy had alone to play
Not one of his comrades dared with him to stay,
So more dull and duller
Tommy found his lot
Till his naughty habits he at last forgot.
Went to sleep at bedtime
Got up when he ought
Washed his face quite nicely
Did what he was taught
Now a better kitten never could be found
Search the shores of catland
Everywhere around.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLES.

R. Why is a book like a king?

R. Why are printers liable to take cold?

R. Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed?

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS.

Gordon Lane sent the best description of a Swamp Sparrow. You will remember that there were three birds to be described.

The Swamp Sparrow is a very funny little chap as Gordon seems to have discovered. He loves best to hide under low grasses and weeds, where he creeps around very much like a little mouse. He is always to be found in swampy places as the name implies and enjoys mud as much as any small boy. Gordon's description is as follows:

"Dark on the upper parts with black and brown forehead and medium grey stripes on the side of his head. He builds his nest of grasses."

The Fox Sparrow is a larger bird then the Swamp Sparrow but he also is rather fond of damp marshy places. He has a better song than his brother, however. His markings are reddish brown, mixed with grey. His tail is entirely of a reddy-brown tint and he has the same markings on his waistcoat. The eggs of this little bird are spotted with the same reddish brown colour on a blue-green shell.

The vesper sparrow gets his name from his habit of singing most when evening time comes on, entirely unlike the others, this little fellow is rather fond of dry places, and you will always find his home built away from swamps and damp. He can be very clearly distinguished from the others by his tail which has two white outer feathers on each side. His colouring is reddy brown with blotches.

Any Helpers who see new birds, and the summer holidays will give you plenty of opportunity for studying them, should send in an account for our Corner. Name will be given to all birds of which descriptions are sent in, that is, if you find a bird that is quite new to you, write in a full description and we will talk about him in The Corner and print his name.

I hope all my Helpers are still enjoying a very happy holiday.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JANE.

Letters have been received from Irene Weese, Cordova Mines; Anne Mills, Tottenham; Robert Thomas, Cordova Mines; Wilhelmina Wray, Tottenham, and many others. But Aunt Jane wrote so much about the birds and her holiday in England that we must wait till next week to print letters.

YOU shall have an apple—
I picked them up myself.
There'll soon be rows an' rows
of pies
Upon the pantry Shelf.

Find two other apple gatherers. Upper left corner down, in the leaves

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

"You must have a reference, you see; you must be—well, very neat and workmanlike, and have other accomplishments besides French and elementary music; in fact, I am afraid you really are not suitable to be a governess."

Francesca went out into the gray street with a certain light in her eyes.

"I'm not done," she told herself; I'll go in a shop if I can't do anything else."

All the afternoon went in listening to Mrs. Bagg's reminiscences of the old days. Vague, inert memories of the tiny flat in Paris, of her people, came to Francesca as she listened to Mrs. Baggs, who became, as she talked, "Nana" once more.

"Haven't I any relations?" Francesca broke in once.

"There's only one, your father's brother; he's an ambassador in Paris, they say. I've heard Captain Trent speak of 'im. Henry, I think, 'e—he he called him."

An unknown uncle in Paris did not seem much help.

She counted her money that evening, forty pounds seventeen shillings and some coppers. It was a good deal, she decided; she might as well wait a while longer and look round for some work and not just take the first thing that offered.

She dressed in the white dinner frock she had worn on the Orava. The last time she had had it on had been that last evening when Kit had kissed her good-by.

It came back to her with a stab of agony as she combed down the little straight fringe on her forehead. "I suppose people do forget," she said pitifully to the small face in the mirror. "I suppose some time one gets used to remembering, and it doesn't hurt."

Kit had been so wonderful, she had adored him; he had seemed real, too, in earnest, and yet all the time had had been simply amusing himself.

A flamelike color filled her face.

She had been just that, a cheap amusement.

Hastily she powdered her face, and putting it on too thickly, caught up her cloak and ran down to Danvers.

"Very nutty, by Jove," he said, surveying her.

He had changed into a dinner jacket with which he wore a soft plaited shirt and a stand-up collar with a black butterfly tie.

The Empire was quite near.

To the end of her life Francesca never quite forgot her first sight of a real theatre. She never again lost the sense of oneness between herself and the unseen and yet distinctly felt life of the theatre.

The warm, enervated air which enveloped her, the lights, the blare of the orchestra, all seemed to claim her as one who understood.

Even she wondered at her own lack of astonishment in all she saw; yet she felt none. She was familiar with the very atmosphere, although she had never entered it before.

Her mood was one of intense, keyed-up excitement and pleasure. This was life, this was living, and experiencing. Entranced, she listened to each song, however strident the voice and plain the singer.

Miss Millie Melton was billed as No. 7.

"All the stars came far down on the programme," Danvers explained with an air of careless patronage.

From time to time he looked at Francesca.

"Fetching little thing," he decided, studying her delicate profile and shining hair; "not pretty, but 'one of 'em' all right.

He wondered if she could really sing. She looked too small and fragile, singularly unlike Miss Melton, who tripped on gaily attired in golden chiffon and black velvet and a multitude of diamond (or otherwise) stars and collars and bracelets.

She was tall and dark and abundant, with flashing eyes and teeth, and a good-humored, much "helped" face.

"Rather a corker, what?" Danvers said.

"Rather," Frankie answered absently, waiting expectantly for the song. Almost unconsciously she had somehow decided that this girl's voice was a test for her; if she sang well it would give her, Frankie, some proportionate idea of her own chance of success; if badly, a more clearly defined one.

She knew she could sing. A certain eager delight on Paul's part when she had sung to him, of indolent but real joy on Phrynette's, and, most or all, of pleasure and appreciation on Kit Wynton's, all helped her to believe in herself.

Miss Melton smiled largely at the audience while the orchestra played over the first bars of a popular song, then after a small but impressive pause she began to sing.

The song was "The Beautiful Garden of Roses."

Francesca listened eagerly, the voice was ordinarily good, with rather high forced notes. She could sing better than that, she knew it, felt it, was sure of it. The big theater was humming the chorus—finally it began to sing it.

"That's only done with real favorites," Danvers whispered proudly.

Francesca joined in the refrain, trying her voice. It was an exceptionally easy song, she decided, to sing. She looked round at all the people, the youths and girls sitting hand in hand and gazing at one another while they sang the song sentimentally.

At the end Miss Melton received a vociferous encore.

Francesca found herself trembling at the sound of the beating hands and the big roaring voice which cried "Encore," so insistently.

To be able to wake all this enthusiasm—it must be divine, amazing, wonderful!

Her breath came quickly, her pale cheeks flamed rose color. The creative force which was in her stirred and trembled. The rest of the program she scarcely heard. She was caught up, held by their own dreams, by the intoxication of her own belief in herself.

(To be continued.)

GIVES PORTABLE TOWN TO FRANCE.

Tourists visiting the war zone in France this summer will be surprised to find, outside the war-torn city of Lens, a quaint Dutch village. The stranger will learn that the village is a gift from the people of Holland to the returning citizens of Lens. The houses, all of wood and of an ingenious, knockdown construction, are now awaiting shipment from the Netherlands, where the parts were sawed and fitted. Assembled, they will shelter in comfort 500 refugees. When all the dwellings are occupied, the Dutch Government will send landscape gardeners to lay out flower beds and shrubbery in harmony with the buildings.

The ancient history of Assyria shows that they had poets in those days of a very high order. Passages are preperved which are not excelled in beauty and power by either Milton or Dante. Nineveh was the capital. See Genesis 10, 11; also Jonah 3, 3, and 4, 11.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson VIII. August 22

A PRAYER FOR PARDON

Printed Text—Ps. 51: 1-17

Golden Text,—

"Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin."
—Ps. 51:2.

Ristorical Setting

Time.—1034 B. C.

Daily Readings

Monday, August 16.—A prayer for Pardon (Ps.). Tuesday, August 17—The blessing of Forgiviness (Ps. 32), Wednesday, August 18.—Forgive and Be Forgiven (Matt. 6: 5-15). Thursday, August 10.—Humility and Forgiveness (Luke 18: 1-14.) Friday, August 20.—Seventy Times Seven (Matt. 18: 15-22). Saturday, August 21.—A Call to Pardon and Peace (Isa. 55: 1-13). Sunday, August 22.—The Joy of Salvation (Isa. 12: 1-16).

Comments

Verses 1, 2. This Psalm grew out of David's own personal experience. It is the confession of a penitent soul and hence its language is the language of the human heart. We have achieved courage when we purposely stand face to face with God.

Verses 3, 4. David has such an insight into the true nature of sin that he was led to open confession. Sin injures one's fellow-men, but in the last analysis all sin is against God.

Verses 5, 6. This does not mean total depravity—it means that weaknesses are inherent in physical nature Nothing but spiritual warfare can overcome them.

Verses 7, 8. Lepers were ceremonially purified with hyssop. Sin is moral leprosy.

Verses 9, 12. Does David here anticipate the demands of the gospel of Jesus Christ?

Verses 13, 15. Surely out of one's own experience one may best be able to lead others from sin to righteousness. David seems to have felt that his sins put the blood of others upon his head.

Verses 16, 17. There was no ceremonial sacrifice that covered such crimes punishable by death. God himself, however, could forgive and wipe them out. Humbled and contrite, David seeks reconciliation with God. There are no regrets so humiliating as those caused by a misspent life.

It has been contended by those who are unfriendly to the religion of the Bible that David's life was not such as to enable him to consistently produce literature for the spiritual guidance of others.

To say nothing of his special, divine qualifications, it must be borne in mind that is was a penitent David who wrote these lines, with the memory of his folly as a background.

Illustrated Truth

The man who can stand the test of divine scrutiny need not fear any other test (v.6).

Illustration.—In most things we desire a slightly exterior, while we realize that real values are to be had when there is excellence all the way through. A concern that manufactures furniture carries with its advertisements the picture of a piece of furniture being sawed in two, showing there is no outside layer for appearance' sake. Beneath the picture are these words, "It stands the the saw test." Of course, no one resorts to the saw to find out whether or not the claim is valid, but the maker knows. So God knows how you and I would stand the "saw test."

Forgiviness

A member of a family that had the habit of asking forgiveness says: "It binds us together in a sweeter and truer fellowship than we could have if we made no effort to atone for our misdeeds and to soothe the wounded feelings of our dear ones."

Topics for Research and Discussion

I. Praying for Mercy (vs. 1-16. 1. of what is this Psalm an expression? 2. Why did David have occasion to be penitent? 3. Which requires the more courage— to confess wrong-doing or to keep still about it? 4. What is the effect of sin upon human character? 5. How does sin affect God?

II. Praying for a clean heart (vs. 7-12). 6. Why does the bible compare leprosy with sin? 7. What are the striking points of similarity between leprosy and sin? 8. How do David's words seem to anticipate the demands of the gospel.

III. Praying for Restored Joy (vs. 13-17). 9. What is the value of experience in leading others from sin to righteousness? 10. Upon whom was David depending for forgiveness?

INVENTOR MAKES NEW LIGHT WHICH RIVALS SUNSHINE

A light which far surpasses any existing arrangement of artificial light and is the closest approximation to actual daylight ever accomplished is understood by the American chamber of commerce in London to have been perfected there.

The apparatus consists of a high-power electric light bulb, fitted with a cup-shaped opaque reflector, the silvered inner side of which reflects the light against a parasol-shaped screen placed above the light. The screen is lined with small patches of different colors, arranged according to a formula worked out by Mr. Sheringham, the inventor, and carefully tested and perfected in the Imperial College of Science and Tecnology.

The light thrown down from the screen is said to show colors almost as well as in full daylight.

Young bamboo shoots are eaten by the Chinese and Japanese as we eat asparagus. They have the taste and flavor of Brussels sprouts.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

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Rosalind welcomes letters from young women readers of this paper—and young men, also—asking for advice. Address all letters to Rosalind, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto, and write on one side of the paper only. Replies will be published in this paper about three weeks after letters are received.

Dear Rosalind:

Reading over the "Advice to Girls" in the paper, it makes my heart ache when you see those dear girls asking your advice about getting married and early engagements. Those poor dears to not think it is a life-time, not a dey or a week. Such good times they can have if they only look at the right side. Hope you will give them good advice, which I see you have done.

MRS. J. H.

Dear Mrs. J. H.:—

I am glad you agree with me when I tell the girls to wait awhile. For I am afraid some of them think I don't understand at all. Perhaps when they read your letter they will stop to consider that it is not just for a day or a week, but really for a serious life-time.

—ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I have become deeply interested in reading the letters and answers which are issued in the paper weekly and I thought that I, too, would write and ask you a few questions on a subject which has troubled me very much. I am a young girl 18 years old and have been in the employ of a man 40 years old, married for some time, and with a family of five children. This man insists on hugging and kissing me and says there is no harm in it, as he doesn't mean anything by it, and when he was a young man he wouldn't keep company with a young girl unless she allowed him to caress her. Do you think this is proper? or does he respect the girl? Should a girl going with a young fellow who is not married allow him to kiss her?

DOWNHEARTED.

My Dear Girl:

Have you ever told your mother how your employer acts? I do not think you should remain in such a place. Men who are worthy of the name do not treat girls so familiarly. With regard to your second query, I must say most emphatically, as I have said many times before: NO!

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I am a girl 19 years of age and I have been going out with a friend of 17. He evidently is very shy and will not call on me unless the old folks are away or he has someone to accompany him to the house. I would be glad if you would explain to me how I am going to get him to be a little more thoughtful of me and not be afraid of letting people see him calling on me.

BIRD.

Dear Bird:

Ask the boy to come to see you when other young people are present. Let him see that you are a jolly good sport, and that you like a crowd. He may be afraid that you intend to monopolize him entirely. When you return from an outing with him, invite him to come in and join your family group for a little while, just as you would have a girl friend do.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I have followed your advice to girls till now and as I am worrying over a question, I am now turning to you for an answer.

I am promised to a boy who asked me to go to his home to visit his parents. It will be the first time I have seen them. Should I, when going home, kiss his mother or what? Would it be remarkable if I embraced her or would it be polite? Should a girl close the door between the parlor and the living room while she is entertaining her boy friend, and at what age can a girl marry without the consent of her parents? I shall now close, thanking you and hoping to find my answer soon.

ALICE.

Dear Alice:

It is not considered good form for a girl to visit her fiance's people unless his mother has written, asking her to do so. When you meet his mother just shake hands cordially. If, when you are leaving you want to kiss her good-bye, do so. It all depends on how well you have learned to like each other. Be natural. Most girls like to be alone when they entertain the man to whom they are engaged—only don't make it too evident. You can arrange the matter I am sure, without making the family feel it.

Eighteen, some places; twenty-one, in others. Better wait awhile. You may agree with Dad after all.

ROSALIND.

Frenchy, Mabel, A. E. M., and Jack.:—No answers because full names and addresses were not given. I do not publish these, but I expect them to be given me in every letter. Write again.

ROSALIND.

FACTORY NINE MILES LONG.

In the little village of Gretna Green, on the border of Scotland—the same haven to which so many eloping couples used to flee to have the ceremony performed which made them one—a factory nine miles long and one mile wide was built and turning out cordite by the ton in one year from the time the first sod was turned. In June, 1915, it was started, and in September the following year was working full blast, employing thirty thousand people. Within the building are eighty miles of standard-gauge railway track and one hundred miles of narrow-gauge. Think of the immense quantity of material handled, and the speed with which it was moulded when it kept eighty miles of railway busy!

In 1812 an earthquake destroyed two-thirds of the city of Venezuela, and at the same time crushed over 12,000 of the population. The federal palace of this city contains a splendid picture gallery; according to Hon. Thomas Russell, "one of the finest in the world."

The Japanese place the lock upon the jamb instead of upon the door.