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 am very delighted with the letters that are coming in from new members. I have always felt quite sure that every boy and girl in Canada deep down in his or her heart, really wants to be a helper and to give some service to others; so I want to bid a very hearty welcome to all our new members and to each and every one I would say, "Well done!" If you have never seriously thought about "Service" before now is the best time to begin. And every time you help others you are helping yourself in the very best possible way, because you are growing bigger and better and braver and stronger with every good deed you do, so don't forget this part of it, will you? and above everything do not forget that Aunt June is thinking about you all. Wherever you live, whatever work you are doing, she is interested and as I read your letters and write this to you, I am sending out my thoughts to each and every helper, every member of our splendid League of Service.

A Very Hearty Welcome to the Following New Members:

Herbert McMullen, Feversham
Harvey Branton, Glenwood
Roberta Thomas, Cordova Mines
Irene Weese, Cordova Mines
Mabel Houghton, Cordova Mines
Mearl Godson, Tottenham
Frances Turey, Blytheswood
Muriel Hunt, Eganville
Ruth Isabel Dingwall, Hopeville
Laura Clifford, Wiarton
Wilhelmina Wray, Tottenham
Anne Mills, Tottenham

We are getting quite a number of Boy Scouts into our league. I am always glad to see a Scout because I know that his help means so much to any country. Our Girl Guides are doing splendidly. We have already nine members, but there is plenty of room for more, so squeeze in every one of you who read this corner and help to make our membership a big bumping one.

Did you like the little story of the Dog Traveler last week? I thought this week you might like to hear something about another friend of ours, Miss Pussycat. I heard a very strange thing about her a few days ago. Probably you have often heard it said that cats can see in the dark. My friend, who belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, tells me that this is not quite true. No animals, he said, can actually see when it is quite dark. There must be a faint light or their eyes are useless, but Miss Pussycat can go one better than us with her eyesight. She can see in a very feeble light, that is if the room is almost dark with only a few rays of light. Puss can see very well, the reason for this being that the inside of her eye has a very bright lining which reflects back every bit of light that falls on it. This lining is almost as good as the metal reflectors which you see behind some lamps, in the lamps of automobiles for instance. It is almost of the nature of a small looking glass. It is this shining background of Miss Pussycat's eyes which make them shine out so when you meet her in the dark. There is another funny thing also about our little friend, and it is in the nature of a riddle. Did you ever hear it? Why is a cat like a ship? The answer is because her tail acts as a rudder. You know how a ship is guided in its course by means of the rudder. Have you ever wondered how Miss Pussycat is able to jump down from such steep heights and yet always land upon her feet. Just watch her next time and see and you will find that she always keeps her tail stretched well out behind her. This helps her to keep her balance and land "right side up," as the saying is.

A FAIRY POEM FOR THE LITTLE ONES

When all the children in the land
Are put to bed at night,
A fairy waves her magic wand
And gives them magic sight.
To see with eyes, though closed in sleep
Far into dreamy land,
To hear the music soft and deep
Of mystic, fairy land.

And dreamy land is full of flowers
And giant waving trees,
And ferny nooks and cosy bowers
And wondrous bumble bees.
And butterflies as large as kites
And birds as big as you,
Oh! don't you wish the days were nights
And dreamy land was true.

I am not quite sure about the "Birds as big as you." I think they would be rather frightening to some tiny tots, don't you? Which reminds me that one of the acts of service which all helpers can give is to see that the tiny ones are not needlessly frightened; that is helping, is it not? Think how pleased you were upon the days when something scared you when you were a baby boy or girl, if some other big strong boy or girl came along and took hold of your hand, and said "Never mind!" Don't forget these small acts of service which are waiting to be done almost every day.

RIDDLES

Answers to last week's riddles:

R. Why do we look over a stone wall?

A. Because we cannot see through it.

R. When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

A. When he slept with his forefathers (four).

R. When is soffee like the soil?

A. When it is ground.

This week's riddles:

R. If a furnace, a shovel and a garbage pail cost 100 dollars, what will a ton of coals come to?

R. Wht goes all the way from Halifax to Vancouver without moving?

R. If a man mounts on the back of a horse where would he get down?

The last written is quite a funny one. Who will be the first to guess it?

Jolly greetings to all service members, new and old. Please send lots of news.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

That's all this week from Aunt June, but your old Uncle Jim is still on the job reading all the letters that come in for Aunt June, who is still in England and will be for a long time. If she doesn't hurry back soon I won't be able to attend to all these letters that are coming in. But we'll do our best.

Irene Weese and Roberta Graham, who live at Cordova Mines, have written another letter each, and we are very glad to hear from them again. Here is what Roberta says:

Dear Aunt June: I thought I would write and let you know what I have been doing this week. Now I am going to tell you all. I feed the calf, feed the pig, pick berries and keep the weeds out of the garden. I get the cow and water the plants, and get the meals ready and go down street. Irene Weese is my half sister and we have fun together. I hope to get my badge soon. I have had poison ivy, but am better now. I have a little brother whose name is George. He is four years old and is a worker for his age.

ROBERTA GRAHAM.

Your badge will be along all right, Roberta, but don't be impatient, because we have to wait till the factory turns them out. I had poison ivy and it came out on me every year for seven years, but it's nearly better now. Some day I'll tell you how I got it.

Irene Weese has had a busy week, too, washing dishes, helping with the housework, picking up the windfalls to feed to the pigs. We're glad to hear from you again, Irene, as well as from Roberta, and do tell us all about your little brother George.

Tottenham, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I would like very much to join your Helpers League of Service. These are some of the helpful things I do weekly, pick berries, sweep the floor, wash the dishes, sew, pull weeds out of the garden and bring in wood and water and many other things besides. I have a flower garden this year and it keeps me pretty busy watering and pulling weeds out of it, besides doing other work. I have sweet peas, carnations, asters and cosmos. In the evening when I get my work done I go for a spin on my wheel. Please find enclosed three cents for the badge.

ANNE MILLE.

You expected to see your answer before this, didn't you, Anne? But you see it takes about three weeks to answer letters, as they have to be printed in their turn, and if we get many more letters it will take longer, because we won't be able to answer them all at once. Your badge will come along as soon as we get them. You are a busy little girl. Write again some time.

Tottenham.

Dear Aunt June:—

I want to join your league, and have signed the pledge and sent it in. I am trying for the Helpers' badge. On Monday I stay at home and do all the housework, while my mother and sister pick berries. On Tuesday I help my father shock wheat. I always wash the dishes and turn the separator and feed the calves before I go to the field. On Wednesday I get the dinner, besides the work, while my mother goes to market. On Thursday I help anyone who wants me. On Friday I weed the garden in the morning and in the afternoon I go to Tottenham for my music lesson. On Saturday I scrubbed five rooms and got the meals, and dusted after I got my morning's work done.

GRACE WILHELMINA WRAY.

You must be a fine little worker, Grace, and a great help to your father and mother. You will get a button, and then everyone will know that you are a Helper and belong to the League.

What a charming letter, Ruth dear. We want every little boy and girl to feel just as much at home as you do, and to write us very often and tell us all about their pets and everything.

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 .....

You must have had a fine time with those rabbits. My two helpers tried to catch a young groundhog one day, but all they got was some hair off the end of its tail. I'll tell you some day about their dog. His name is Jiggs, and he kills groundhogs on our farm. He killed a skunk last week and was in disgrace and wasn't allowed near the house.

That's about all the letters and answers there is room for this week. Won't Aunt June just be as surprised as anything when she knows that I've been answering these letters. Goodbye for this week.

UNCLE JIM.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson IX. August 29
BEGINNINGS OF SOLOMON'S REIGN.

Lesson—1 Kings 1: 1-3: 15. Printed Text—1 Kings 3: 4-15.

Golden Text.—

"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; And to depart from evil is understanding."—Job 28: 28.

Historical Setting.

Time.—1022 B.C. Place.—Gibeon.

Daily Readings.

Monday, August 23. — David's Charge to Solomon (1 Kings 2: 1-11). Tuesday, August 24.—Solomon's Wise Choice (1 Kings 3: 4-15). Wednesday, August 25.—The Worth of Wisdom (Prov. 4: 1-15). Thursday, August 26.—A Wise Woman (Prov. 31: 10-20). Friday, August 27.—A Godly Woman (Prov. 31: 21-31). Saturday, August 28.—Youthful Choices (Eccl. 12: 1-14). Sunday, August 29.—God's Gift of Wisdom (Jas. 1: 5-17).

Comments

Verse 4. Gibeon was five or six miles northwest of Jerusalem. The tabernacle was there. The ark of the covenant was in a tent in Jerusalem. It was the custom in the Orient to select a lofty place for worship.

Verse 5. Solomon was about twenty years old. David had stepped aside, giving to the young monarch a loosely unified kingdom. For other instances of revelations in dreams, see Gen. 15: 1; 28: 12; 37: 5 and Matt. 2: 12.

Verse 6. According to our standards, David's life had not been altogether exemplary. Solomon's farfamed wisdom is here apparent in the beginning. How fortunate if all sons would and could thus honor their fathers.

Verse 7. An arrogant fool never uses such language of childlike humility.

Verses 8, 9. Solomon desired the wisdom and sagacity necessary to be king over a people having a divinely chosen mission. Solomon implies that right and wrong are not always easy to distinguish.

Verse 10. Solomon's speech pleased the Lord because it was humble, wise, thoughtful and considerate. 'Tis true that God appeared to Solomon in a dream, and "life is no dream, but life is nothing without its great dreams."

Verse 11. Because we ask, God answers. If the divine and human minds are nearly enough upon the same plane to admit of such communion, prayer becomes an understandable fact.

Verse 12. The wisdom here commended consisted in "keenness to perceive that which is not at first apparent."

Verse 13. What gifts, when rightly used, and when coming from right sources, are greater than these! Solomon's gifts were many and diversified. "He was wise as a judge, as an architect, as a statesman, and in literature and science."

Verse 14. While David failed to keep many of the commandments of Jehovah, he always recognized the rulership of God.

Verse 15. Though Solomon started out beautifully, his failures in old age give prophetic significance to the word "if" in verse 14.

Illustrated Truth.

The value of wisdom can not be better set forth than by the fact that without it every other thing is useless (v. 10).

Illustration.—Wisdom is a sort of safety clutch without which everything fails. The ascent to the hilltops that surround Cincinnati is, in several instances, achieved by means of a wire cage in which the car is carried. The machinery which operates the cage is so carefully constructed that the passenger rides smoothly upward, unable to tell from the motion of the car that anything unusual is taking place. However, without the little device that clutches the car and holds it until it is upon the level track, all of the mechanism and power would be worse than useless.

Topics for Research and Discussion.

I. Solomon Succeeds David (vs. 4-9). 1. When and where did the events of this lesson take place? 2. How old was Solomon? 3. Why had David stepped aside in Solomon's favor? 4. What evidences of wisdom did Solomon show from the beginning?

II. Prays for Understanding (vs. 10, 11). 5. What especial merit did God recognize in Solomon? 6. Is our own generation sufficiently a generation of prayer?

III. Prayer answered (vs. 12-15). 7. How did God answer Solomon's prayer?

MILADY'S SPORT HAT

This dainty little sport silk hat is very much in vogue at present and will be this fall. The figured silk in harmony with the color used on the under brim and the edge piped with the same material.

The History of Your Name

By Philip Francis Nowlan.

McDOUGALL.

Variations — M(a)cDougal, M(a)cDougald.
Racial Origin—Scottish and Irish.
Source—A given name.

There are many who hold there is a difference between names which begin with "Mc" and those which begin with "Mac," and that the proper pronunciation of them are "mic" and "mac," respectively. Such is not the case. "Mc" and "Mac" are the same, and the proper pronunciation of both is "mac." The prefixes both mean the same thing—"descendant of."

The only difference that does exist is due to the rather general modern custom among the Irish of abbreviating "Mac" to "Mc" in the spelling. So there is an inference, though not an infallible one, that the family which spells its name with an "Mc" is Irish, and the one that uses "Mac" is Scottish.

The family name of McDougall, in its various forms, probably is more common in Scotland than in Ireland, but it is far from being a rarity in the latter country.

It is, of course, a Celtic name, and like virtually all the family names which have developed under purely Gaelic influences, with interference of Anglo-Saxon or Norman influences, is derived from a given name. Unlike other races, the Gaels never took their family names from words denoting geographical location or personal characteristics. It is true, however, that the bulk of their given names, from which the family names were developed, were so founded on words denoting some personal peculiarity or attribute.

The given name Dugald, from which the various forms of McDougall originated, falls within this classification. It means "dark stranger."

London Houses Filled.

Ten years ago there were 50,000 houses empty in the county of London. Now there is virtually none vacant.

Hawaii's Famous Volcano.

The crater of Mauna Loa, Hawaii's famous volcano, is 20 miles in diameter. At times the stream of lava issuing from it is 50 miles long.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

The instant the show was over she turned to Danvers. "Please ask Miss Melton if she will see me just for a minute, will you? Please do."

"Anything to serve a lady," Danvers said gallantly; "and such a pretty little lady," he added, glancing admiringly at Francesca's flushed face and shining eyes. "You wait here, and I'll see if Millie had my note. Shan't be a sec."

Francesca stood and watched the tired looking attendants throwing gray dust sheets over everything, collecting the fallen papers, putting back the hired opera glasses in their cases.

The orchestra had gone instantly, and only the electric lights from the huge domed ceiling lit the place. A uniformed attendant came up to her and told her civilly that she must go."

"I am waiting for some one," she explained. "He's here, it's all right."

Danvers was coming quickly up the long flight of heavily carpeted steps.

"Done it," he exclaimed triumphantly. "We're to go round now. Come on."

He held out his hand to help Francesca, and led her down the stairs to a small door on the right of the orchestra marked "Private."

He pushed it open, went down a short passage, down a short flight of stairs, and then said:

"Now you're in it—right in the middle of all the theatrical world, as it were. There's Millie's dressing room. Barge right in."

He jocularily called out; "Ahoy there!"

"Come in, kid," a woman's voice answered.

Danvers opened the door and disclosed a small room brilliantly lit by electric light. In front of a five-winged mirror a woman was sitting. She wore a pink dressing-gown made of some filmy stuff, which was very decollete.

Another girl, still dressed in a spangled dancing frock, was brushing her hair.

She stared curiously at Frankie and winked at Danvers. She looked jolly and very pretty, and rather bizarre.

"So, kid, brought along your little pal?" Miss Melton inquired genially. "Hear you're thinkin' of joinin' the profess?" she added, smiling at Frankie, "and want me to help you.

"I'm sure I'm willing to do all I can to help any one who's any good. Wait half a tick till Dolly stops patting my head with the wrong side of the brush and we'll talk over things."

Francesca felt rather nervous and was devoured by curiosity.

The room seemed very, very small and dingy, the walls were whitewashed, and one entire side was taken up by a large deal cupboard: the open doors revealed a row of evening dresses.

Some flowers, two or three bottles of scent, and various jars of powder-puffs were on the dressing-table, and there was only one cane chair in the room beside the one upon which the actress was sitting.

Frankie noticed that her face was well made up.

"Bet it all seemed deuced queer to you, eh?" Miss Melton broke in.

She rose and threw aside the dressing gown, revealing a much be-ribboned camisole and satin underskirt.

"Where's me kit?" she demanded, rummaging in the cupboard. She found a black evening frock and Dolly fastened it up, and then raced off to change as well. In five minutes they were all four in a taxicab, driving to Miss Melton's flat.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Astute Mr. Nathan.

Frankie felt intensely excited, intensely gay and interested. She ate some excellent liver and bacon, and then Miss Melton, sauntering over to the little upright piano, said breezingly: "Now come on, and let's hear what you can do. What'll you sing?"

She reeled off a list of songs.

"'I Hear You Calling Me,'" Frankie said, choosing at random.

Dolly was lounging in an armchair. Danvers stood on the heart-rug, praying that Francesca was not going to make a fool of herself. His anxiety ceased with the first word of the song.

Francesca's voice, deep with a depth of beauty, clear and pure, filled the little crowded, over-furnished room.

She stood, small, pale, rather insignificant, and song without looking up. When she had finished, Millie Melton gave a big sigh.

"You've got the goods, me dear," she said simply. She looked at Frankie a little curiously with her big bistered-lashed eyes. "That's a cert," she said with conviction, looking at the other two.

"Good Lord, yes," Dolly agreed, and Danvers said, "Knew I was bringing you something good, Mill, old girl. Will you help her?"

"I'll take her to-morrow to Tubby Nathan and ask him what he thinks," Millie said generously.

She said again at the door, "You can sing."

(To be continued.)

There is an old superstition that the swan breaks into song at the approach of death. Hence the expression, "swan song" is often used to refer to a last poem or musical work written just before the composer's death. The expression has also been extended to apply to the last speech of a politician before being forced into obscurity.

The source of practically all the icebergs of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions is Greenland. Owing to the northward set of the West Greenland currents the bergs of this side are carried first to the north, and it is only at about the seventy-fourth or seventy-fifth parallel of latitude that they begin to make their way westward, to come down on the American side.

Artificial Cinnabar.

The Chinese made artificial cinnabar long before Europe was a civilized country, and to this day there are trade secrets in the vermilion industry which no European has yet been able to fathom.

Speed of Waterspouts.

Waterspouts spin with enormous speed. Their velocity at the sea level has been estimated at six miles a minute.

Things Change Rapidly in the Stores These Days

New things are coming in all the time.

To buy intelligently, you must know not only the goods, the styles, the varieties, the prices and the like, but you must know where the goods are to be had.

The one sure way to keep up with the times is to be a regular reader of the advertisements in your paper.

They are full of suggestions. Often your eye will catch the very article you need, at an advantageous price—or something new to you, something out of the ordinary that will be helpful to you.

If you don't buy today, you will tomorrow. You are not wasting your time when you are learning to know goods and how to talk knowingly to the clerks and salespeople.

Reading the advertisements makes you a posted buyer—an up-to-date buyer