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:—

My thoughts this week have been very much of gardens, and I have been wondering how the many little patches are progressing that have been planted by my helpers in all parts of Canada. I have been visiting so many beautiful gardens myself during the past few days. Two days ago I was in a beautiful old English garden—you will remember my telling you about the one near the big river, with all the lovely little animals and birds running about. This garden had only birds and flowers. There was a very beautiful lawn, so smooth and soft and green, with lovely flower beds on either side. In them were growing hollyhocks, sweet peas of many colors, lovely roses, pink, crimson and white, sweet williams, four o'clocks, pinks (somewhat like a small variety of carnation), foxgloves and large white daisies. Here and there were lovely ferns. Now, do you not think this was a pretty garden? In one corner there was a large bush of something which I do not think you very often see growing in Canada, and this was sweet lavender. Already the mauve blossom was fully out, and the scent of it was very fragrant. In the centre of this garden there is an old, old apple tree—older than the eldest person who is living in the house. The branches are very thick, and bowed down in some places with age; but, although it does not bear much fruit, it makes a most delightful home for many birds. Reading on the lawn, I would hear the chirp or twitter, every now and again, of some little fellow who came to explore the pathway and the flowerbeds in search of grubs. Sparrows, of course, were the most plentiful; but during the few days I saw a thrush, a linnet, a starling, and what looked rather like our white-throated sparrow; but this latter visitor did not stay long enough to be observed closely. On my way back from the garden, traveling in the train between Oxford and London, I saw another pretty sight in the fields—something which I am quite sure you would like liked. Just for a moment I had forgotten that, in England, little rabbits run wild in the field and hedgerow; and, as the train flew along, I was attracted by the sight of little bobbing brown and white forms; they were baby rabbits. One field was literally covered with them, and for a second they appeared almost as motionless, as the train was slowing down, their ears stuck up straight, just as you have seen them in the funny pictures of Old Brer Rabbit. The next instant they would scamper off. Every one of them appeared to be just a baby.

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 .....

RIDDLES.

Answers to Last Week's Riddles

R. Why is a book like a king?
A. Because it has many pages.
R. Why are printers liable to take cold?
A. Because they always use damp sheets.
R. Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed?
A. Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a sure horse.

To-morrow is mail day, the day when mail will come out to you; and next morning it will be mail day again—this time, for my letters; so you can picture me, every week, very eagerly looking in my bag for the letters from Helpers, with news of all your doings. I hope you are still having sunshiny weather.

A Story for You.

I heard a story the other day of a clever dog, who belonged to the post-office department in the United States. This little fellow, whose name was Owney, was a Scotch terrier. Owney is reported to have travelled nearly round the world entirely by himself; and, when last heard of, he had, dangling from his collar no less than 190 brass tags, souvenirs of his many trips. For ten years he travelled with the mail clerks—the men who handled mail on the trains, his headquarters being in the city of Chicago. One day, a newspaperman, who heard of Owney's travels in the United States, thought he would give the dog a chance to see more of the world; so he had a tag made, which was fastened to Owney's collar, reading as follows:

"To all who may meet this dog. Owney is his name. He is the pet of 100,000 postal employes of the United States of America. He starts to-day, August 19th, on a trip around the world. Please treat him kindly and speed him on his journey across ocean and land, to Yokohama, Hong Kong and back to New York. From New York send him to Tacoma, and who knows but from there he may compass the earth and beat other records?

Owney was treated in very grand style on board the ship which carried him to Yokohama. He traveled by way of San Francisco upon a Pacific Mail Steamship. When he got there he gained distinction for himself—so they say—by teaching the Japanese dogs how to bite; although it is said of him that he never had a quarrel without cause. He was given a passport (something quite unheard of in dog land before), the passport reading: "This passport is granted to the dog Owney of the United States, whose name appears below, by the Hiogo Kem-Cho, for travel in the interior of Japan. This dog is expressly cautioned to observe in every particular the directions of the Japanese dogs, printed in Japanese characters on the back of this passport, and he is expected and required to conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner toward the Japanese authorities and people. Signed by James T. Connelley, Consul for the United States at Hiogo (Kobel)."

During his travels in Japan, Owney was obliged to conform to some of the following directions printed on his passport: "The bearer must obey all local regulations while traveling in the interior. He will not be permitted to trade, make contracts, rent houses, or reside in the interior. He will not discharge firearms, or hunt game outside the Treaty limits. He is forbidden to attend fires on horseback, or to neglect to pay ferry or bridge tolls."

I must tell you in conclusion about Owney, that while on board the Pacific Mail steamer he killed more than 200 rats that were pestering the seamen, so I think this little dog made some payment towards his passage. I am afraid there is no room today to tell you more about his travels—you may look out for another story next week. Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

MARY, MARY, quite contrary,
How trimly your garden grows;
But have a care,
Or the maidens there,
Will someday elope with their beaus.

Find the sweethearts of the girls in the flowers. Answer: Along lower edge of apron. Upside down in the clouds, upper right hand corner. Edge of hair ribbon. Bottom of dress, in front.

POEMS

[This is one of the songs which, as Longfellow said, gush from the heart of "some humbler poet." In this country, at least, it has been extremely popular, having been set to music and sung in innumerable households. Elizabeth Akers Allen was born in 1832. She lived the greater part of her life at Tuckahoe, N. Y. She wrote poetry from the age of fifteen and has published many volumes. This poem was published first in 1859.]

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between!
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er the heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep mother—rock me to sleep.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

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Hopeville.

Dear Aunt June:—

I think I shall feel quite at home in your Helpers' League. Our mother always helps us a lot with our school work and with everything we try to do, and as it keeps her very busy we try to help her all we can. I often wipe dishes for her and sometimes wash them, too. I picked raspberries one day last week. One day I pulled weeds and another day I drove while the men took in two loads of hay. It is holidays now, and I help mother some every day.

We caught a little wild rabbit. Our daddy made a coop for it, and we fed it milk and clover and lettuce. It got away one night after we had it 42 days. We didn't see it for two days. Then one night it came to the door and started to lick the dog's dish. We chased it and caught it, and he looked thinner than when he went away. The next day the dog caught a little one and we took it away from him. He had hurt it and we thought it was going to die; but it got better. A few days ago the big one got away again; but we still have the little one.

I write to a little girl in Australia. I am eight years old and have two brothers and one sister. I must quit now for my sheet is full.

RUTH ISABEL DINGWALL.

Dear Aunt June:—

I have been reading the boys' and girls' page and think the letters the boys and girls write are fine. I will be 12 years old in September. I passed my entrance this mid-summer. I would like to join your league, so am sending the pledge which I have signed, and the stamps for a badge which I hope to receive as soon as possible. I help each day with the household duties, and take care of my little baby brother, who is four months old. I also feed and water the hens and gather the eggs. Any spare time I have I am busy crocheting a yoke for my little cousin. Wishing the club the best of success.

LAURA CLIFFORD.

I guess you don't have much time to put on that yoke, do you, Laura? It's kind of you to make things for other people. Let us know when it is finished and what your cousin thinks about it.

Within twenty miles of New York city hall there reside more Jews than in all America beside.

ABOUT CANADA

On the 13th of April, 1825, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, destined to become one of the leaders of Canada and to die in Ottawa by an assassin's bullet, was born in Ireland. He grew into young manhood in the stirring years when the great O'Connell was at the pinnacle of his fame. In 1842 he quitted Ireland for the new world. He made his way to Boston then famed as one of the chief literary centres of the continent. For the next three years he made his home in that city, continuing his studies. There are many evidences that during his time there books were his chief recreation and pleasure. His literary style developed rapidly and his writings were much enjoyed. In 1845 he returned to Ireland, where he was at once associated with prominent Irish papers and joined the Young Ireland Revolutionary party.

Three years later came the disastrous revolt in Dublin, where in a few hours the hopes of the party died. McGee was one of those who escaped and made their way to New York. Once more he was back on the editorial staff of an American paper—a position he was to occupy with great brilliancy.

In 1857 he left the United States and came to the province of Quebec. In Montreal he founded a newspaper, "The New Era," and the following year he was elected to Parliament. That seat he held until his death. He became associated very intimately with Sir John Macdonald and with him he continued until his tragic death. In the House and in the Cabinet he was considered one of the greatest orators and most brilliant statesmen of the day. On the 7th of April, 1868, he was shot to death on his doorstep in the Capital.

BURGLAR' RUSE.

The truth of the following story is vouched for by a correspondent: The other day a lady and her daughter, who live in an apartment in town, received by post two seats for a theatre, an accompanying note running: "Perhaps you will not guess from whom these come. Hope you will have a pleasant evening." They used the tickets enjoyed the play extremely, and returning home, found their apartment ransacked by burblars. And awaiting them was another note: "Perhaps you can guess who sent the tickets."

It has been advised that France is no place for automobiling this summer. Gasoline costs 90 cents a gallon, lubricant oil two dollars, and spare parts cannot be purchased except in Paris.

As part of a course in automotive engineering, alterations are being made in one of the public schools in Philadelphia, Pa., for a runway to be constructed so that students can "dissect" a motor car or truck.

Helps for the Housewife

Smoking Meat.

Many farmers now use liquid smoke, a commercial preparation, because it is cheap and easy to apply. However, liquid smoke applied to hams and bacon with a brush is a little like the sample, but not the "real goods." Like the cheap shoe, it does not wear well. Where there is no regular smokehouse some farmers claim that they successfully use a box or hogshead elevated on stakes four or five feet high.

Pieces of meat are suspended from poles or slats, across the top of the barrel, or box, and covered with boards, old carpet or bagging.

An old stove with elbow or joint of pipe extending under the elevated box or barrel furnishes the smoke, when sufficient draft can be procured.

Where a stove is used for smoking meat, either indoors or outdoors, the door and drafts must be kept closed, to induce maximum smoking and minimum blazing.

Only a small amount of fuel is added at a time.

Use mostly green wood, and keep the fire spread out and low. Hardwood such as oak, hickory, maple and ash are good, and cobs, also.

Do not use trash containing rags or feathers, or anything of animal origin. Pine and similar woods are not good.

The pieces of pork are done when they have a nice nut-brown color, and the fine aroma that you like so well with your best ham or bacon.

A Prize Pie Crust.

The following recipe for pie crust took first prize recently in a recipe contest in the U. S.:

Three cups of flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift three times, then work in 1 cup cold water (ice water preferred) and roll out. Wet with butter and milk or cold water the top crust. This recipe makes three small pieces or two large ones. It is certainly a delicious pie crust.

Ways of Drying Vegetables.

Sun drying.—Sun drying is the least expensive method, and, when weather conditions permit, it is the most successful. Sun drying requires bright, hot days and a breeze. Once or twice a day the product should be turned and the dry pieces removed.

The vegetables may be spread on sheets of plain paper, pieces of cotton, or on a wire screen. Cheese cloth should be tacked to a frame and used as a covering, so that dust and insects may be excluded without interfering with the circulation of air. The cheese cloth should not rest directly on the food.

Care must be taken to remove the trays indoors before sunset and during rain storms.

Drying by artificial heat.—Vegetables may be dried in the oven, on the top of the stove, in trays suspended over the top of the range, or in a commercial or home-made drier. In this way the heat of the oven or stove is utilized.

In utilizing artificial heat the drying should be started at a comparatively low temperature and gradually increased; for this reason it is necessary to use a thermometer. The temperature at which most vegetables should begin drying is from 110 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature may be gradually increased to 145 or 150 degrees. When the temperature is too high at first, or until ready to wash out.

THE SALAD.

While the Englishman has his roast beef, the German his soup, the Italian his spaghetti and the American his "roasting ears," the French excel every other nation in the making of salads, never making the mistake of having the dressing too sour or the mayonnaise flavorless. A French cook can make a salad of almost anything or almost nothing. At this time of year an all-lettuce salad is rather expensive if the family is large, but a head of lettuce with its crisp leaves, served one for each person, with something else served with it, is not only inexpensive, but the salad is a great aid to digestion.

The word salad came originally from the Latin word which means "salted," because uncooked vegetables were served with a sprinkling of salt. Mustard, cress, endive lettuce, were first used for the so-called salads, and from the simple salting of these vegetables the French evolved the olive oil dressing and later the egg and olive oil or mayonnaise dressing. Men are as a general thing, more expert in the making of salads than women, and the gentlemen of a century ago made something of a rite of the preparation of a salad, from the moment the bowl was rubbed with the cut garlic berry until the French dressing was thoroughly mixed with the vegetables by means of a wooden spoon. Nowadays the salad is generally prepared long before dinner.

LEMON JUICE IN PASTRY.

When making pastry, if a little lemon juice is added to the water it will make the pastry lighter and remove all taste of fat or lard.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X. September 5.

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

Lesson—1 Kings 5: 1-8: 66. Printed Text—1 Kings 8: 1-11.

Golden Text.—"My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples" (Isa. 56: 7).

Historical Setting

Time.—1011 B. C.. Place.—Jerusalem.

Daily Readings.

Monday, August 30.—Hiram, King of Tyre (1. Kings 5: 1-12). Tuesday, August 31.—The Building of the Temple (1 Kings 6: 1-10). Wednesday, September 1.—The Temple Building Completed (1 Kings 6: 11-22). Thursday, September 2.—The Temple Adorned (1. Kings 6: 23-25). Friday, September 23.—The Temple Dedicated (1 Kings 8: 1-11). Saturday, September 4.—Solomon's Prayer (1 Kings 8: 22-30). Sunday, September 5.—The Temple of God (1 Cor. 3: 9-17).

Comments.

Verse 1. Since the last lesson the temple was founded and seven and one-half years spent in building (1 Kings 5-7; 2 Chron. 1-4). At this time Jerusalem occupied only the summit of Mt. Zion. The temple was on Mt. Moriah, outside the city. The entire dedication is in three acts; First, the removal of the ark and other furniture of the old sanctuary to the new temple (vs. 1-21); second, the great prayer of Solomon (vs. 22-61); third, the dedicatory sacrifices (vs. 62-66).

Verse 2. Every male Israelite was obliged to be present at the feast (Deut. 16: 6). The month here mentioned falls in our September and October. Eleven months elapsed between the completion and the dedication of the temple.

Verse 3. The whole priestly order of the tribe of Levi was in attendance.

Verse 4. The tent of meeting, or the tabernacle of the wilderness, which was at Gibeon, hereafter disappears from history. The holy vessels were probably the brazen altar, the altar of incense, the table of showbread, the candlestick and the brazen serpent.

Verse 5. The terms describing the number of sacrifices are designed to express great quantity.

Verse 6. There had been cherubim fixed upon the ark originally (Ex. 27: 7-9). These remained, and "the great cherubim of Solomon extended their wings over all."

Verse 7. The law of God was symbolically under the shelter of His wings and guarded by His presence.

Verse 8 The rods through the rings of the ark were evidently so long that they extended at one end through the curtain dividing the Holy of Holies from the Holy Place, thus showing to the priests that the ark was in its place.

Verse 9. These tables of stone must have perished or disappeared with the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

Verses 10, 11. This was the cloud which guided them in the wilderness as the visible token of the divine presence. The temple arose terrace upon terrace until it towered high above the city within an enclosure of marble cloisters—a mass of snow and gold glittering in the sunlight against the green of Olivet. The joy and pride of the faithful in Zion are not hard to understand.

Illustrated Trutu.

Only the best things are fit to offer unto the Lord (v. 5).

Illustration. — Under divine orders only the best of material was used in constructing the house that was to be given to God. The reason for this is obvious. It was to be an expression of the genuineness of the love of the givers. Not long ago the world broke into a knowing grin when it was discovered that the golden prizes the late ruler of Germany had bestowed with grand airs of condencension upon the objects of his supposed favor, were not gold at all, but the very basest of imitations. The prizes seemed to be a true expression of the lack of sincerity behind them.

Topics for Research and Discussion.

I. The Ark Put into the Temple (vs. 1-6). 1. What has happened since the last lesson? 2. How was Jerusalem located at this time? 3. Where was the temple? 4. What is the order of events in the program of dedication? 5. Who were obliged to be present at the feast? 6. At what time of the year did this dedication take place? 7. How long between the completion of the temple and its dedication?

II. The Ark Described (vs. 7-11). 8. Give a detailed description of the ark. 9. How did the people regard the ark? 10. What has become of the tables of stone that were kept in the ark? 11. What was the cloud mentioned in verse 10? 12. Why was the temple of Solomon built upon such a magnificent scale? 13. Is there any reason for objecting to the lavish display shown in the building of our modern churches?

A pretty overskirt made of fringe is knotted at the top to make a tight-fitting yoke.

Add one teaspoonful of Epsom salts to each pail of water in which colored clothes are rinsed, and even the most delicate shades will not fade or the colors run.

If you wish to place a dish of food directly on the ice in the refrigerator, put a folded paper napkin or rubber ring from a preserve jar under it to prevent its slipping.

When in sewing your thread becomes knotted, pull it toward the needle and it will usually unravel without any further trouble.

The water in which beef has been washed before cooking makes an excellent tonic for roses and geraniums.