OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

By Aunt June

Registered According to the Copyright Act

DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

Dear Boys and Girls:

Don't forget I have changed my address and am waiting to hear from you at my new home. A good many of my little helpers have sent letters here, but I am waiting for more, so that I may tell you all about our preparations for the real good time we are going to have this winter in our cozy corner. Just address all my letters to

AUNT JUNE,
34 King William Street,
Hamilton — — Ontario.

My dear Boys and Girls:—

How I love to take you all in thought with me to the many historic and interesting places that I am visiting just now!

Last week it was to the old tea shop in the Strand. This week I have been to see a dear sleepy little village, just a few miles out of London.

You have all, I expect, heard of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, who wrote of conditions in old England. Perhaps you have already enjoyed some of his stories.

One of the famous stories he wrote was called "Barnaby Rudge." In this story, he told of a certain little village near London, which had an Inn called "The Maypole." Dickens tells a good many things about this Inn and the description he gives of the rooms and building were taken from real life. "The King's Head" Inn at Chigwell, Essex, only a few miles from the bustling streets of London, was really the Inn he had in mind when writing, and Chigwell Church and village was the real home of Barnaby Rudge.

To-day the "King's Head" Inn still stands in Chigwell village, with the pretty little church opposite its doors, and the village is very little changed from the time that Charles Dickens wrote of it and visited there.

The dining room where Dickens entertained his friends is still in use. It has dark oak beams and panelled walls, and old fashioned windows with diamond lattice panes of glass.

Many of the old carved chairs are preserved in this room which were used by famous visitors over a century ago. On one wall is the framed copy of a menu of the dinner given at the "King's Head," to celebrate the glorious victory of the Battle of Trafalgar." There is also a picture of Dickens and of "Barnaby."

At the back of the Inn the quaintest old fashioned kitchens, with huge fireplaces, and bright with shining copper pots and pans, open into a beautiful old garden. This garden has a great many little shelters where tea is served, a lawn and lovely flowers growing all round. When I visited it, there was an abundance of roses and playing on the grass, what I am sure you would all have loved, a cat and a dear black and white kitten.

As I passed down the garden, a voice quite near said, "Hello, who are you?" but no person was to be seen, so I just went on, but on the way up the garden again, I saw a parrot in a cage. Friends who were with me said to the parrot, "Hello Polly!" You can imagine our amusement when the saucy bird called out, "Go away, you're a German. Evidently Polly has not forgotten about the war yet.

On the day I visited the Inn, tea was served in the quaint old room I described, with its windows at each end, some looking over the pretty garden and some looking into the churchyard, and here I came across another very interesting thing. The head waiter, who brought in the tea so nicely, was telling us about the house (when I said that I felt sure you would be interested far away in Canada to hear of it), and then he told us that he has two daughters living in Canada, in Alberta, and that some day he may come out to visit them. Don't you think that was a very interesting day?

Now that Aunt June is telling you about her interesting days, I hope many more of our members will write of our members will write accounts of the adventures they have for our corner. Will you all send in one?

Yesterday was "blackberry Sunday" here, and many people were eating blackberry pies, Hazel nuts are beginning to ripen in the English hedges.

I expect you are just now enjoying apple and pumpkin pies. All of these signs mean that winter will soon be here, but it will bring its store of jolly fun too, and lots of letters in our corner, I hope,

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.
Eganville.

Dear Aunt June:—

Just a line to say I have wrote to your league. My name is Gladys Stuart, address, Eganville, Ontario, my age is 12 years.

I now must write some of my good deeds. I go to school every day and am in the junior fourth book. I wash the dishes night and morning myself. I dug some potatoes Saturday and had a good time. After dinner I went away. Well I shall close my letter now as I will try and do what is said to do.

—Gladys Stuart.

Dear Gladys:—

Your badge is going forward by this mail. How big were your potatoes. Uncle Jim had the biggest potatoes I ever saw. One was almost enough to feed two people if they weren't too hungry.

Truax, Sask

Dear Aunt June:—

I received my badge and saw my letter in the paper. I have a dog. He is black and white. One day I went out to the creek. I caught a young crow. I fed it and it became tame. I called it Jack. One day we could not find it. We looked in a big can of water and there was my lost pet. I felt as if I had lost a friend. I have two brothers. Ted is eleven and Carl is six. I think Ted will join the club too.

—Clarence Neithercut.

Dear Clarence:—

I know just how you felt about your poor crow. Once when I was a little girl we had an owl in the barn and used to catch mice to feed it. One day we had no mice and I took it a piece of ham, which was all I could find. When I told my mother what I had done she said it would kill the owl as salt is not good for birds. And so it did. So we buried the owl and made a nice little grave all covered with moss and flowers, but our old co-bossy on her way home to supper stepped on it and that was the end of that story.

Bobcaygeon.

Dear Aunt June:—

Annie wrote you a letter just before her birthday. This is Annie that is writing this letter as I am not old enough. I am 4 years old. I would like to receive a badge soon so does Annie. She lost hers. She is going to send you a verse about a kitten if you would like one about her flowers. She is going to send you some flower seeds. She is very fond of flowers. She has a big flower garden. I like flowers too. Annie said next year I could have a garden of my own. Will send you some poppy seed. The yellow flowers are nice lovely flowers. She hadn't red balsom this year. She had white ones. I hope you like me joining your club and Annie too. I take care of my little brother John. He will join your club when he is big enough to write. I went after the cows the days before yesterday. Annie and I hope to receive a badge.

—Joseph Stuart Hunter, aged 4.

Dear Joe:—

I'm sending you a badge with one for Annie. Now you be ever so careful and don't lost it like Annie did. Did you help her look for it? Maybe she lost it among her flowers. I lost a nice ring picking nasturtiums once upon a time.

Bobcaygeon.

My Dear Aunt June,—

I lost my pin. I hope to get another. Would you please send me one. I am 8 years old now. Joe has written to you, too. Then I thought if Joe wrote I could write, too. I saw my letter in the paper. Mama says she is going to send it over to her aunt in England. I am going over to England to see you and my aunts. I would just love to be there. I am going to send you a verse about my flowers. I know you like flowers, so I am going to send you some seed, of poppie seed. And seed of the yellow flowers. I don't know the names of them all. I could tell you the colors, brown, white, pink, yellow, red. I milk the cows, give the cows salt, wash the dishes, learn my lessons, help Joe with them, too.

I have all kinds of flowers,
Poppies, Ballsoms, shady bowers.
Yellow flowers, brown flowers,
Flowers of every name.
I do not think there will be any game
Fluffy poppies, all clad in white,
They say good-night, good-night;
They were all in sheds,
They were as pretty as silver beads.
That's right, said the flowers, that's right,
And hope to meet another night.
My flowers are as pretty as gold,
But they never scold.

Do you like this better than the verse about the kitten? I will send you a three-cent stamp for the badge, as I forgot to tell you it in the letter. I am sending the pledge, too. I know the badge costs you a lot of money.

Miss Annie Laura Hunter, aged 8.

Dear Annie,—

I think a little girl who loves flowers so much that she writes poetry about them must be an awfully nice little girl. You did not send me the verse about the kitten, so I don't know which I like best. And so you are coming to England. Such pretty flowers as you will see here. But, by the time you get here I will be back in Canada again, and I guess Jack Frost will have gathered all the flowers by that time. I am sending you another badge with one for Joe. I wish I could print little flowers around your letter like those you drew on your letter.

RIDE, baby, ride,
On Dapple's back astride,
Galloping over the nursery floor,
Making a terrible rumble and roar,
Waving your whip with a proper pride,
Ride, baby, ride!

Find two other riders. Right side down, along horse; upper right corner down, along big.

SWISS P. O's WAR SERVICE.

During the war the Swiss post office acted as a clearing house for letters, parcels, and other postal matter despatched to and from prisoners of war and civilians interned in the various belligerent countries, and the magnitude of the service thus gratuitously rendered by the department is indicated in a report recently issued by the Federal Government. The total number of letters and postcards which passed through Berne and Basle was 535,876,831, of which nearly 202,000,000 went to Germany, and over 210,000,000 to France and her colonies. Close on 26,000,000 small parcels and just under 94,000,000 parcels up to 12 pounds were handled. From the beginning of the war up to the end of 1918 parcels of bread weighing in all about 27,500,000 pounds were posted in Switzerland to prisoners of war in Germany. International money orders payable to prisoners of war and internees in the belligerent countries which were converted and forwarded by the Swiss postal authorities numbered 10,712,032, and were of the aggregate value of 159,731,206 francs at the normal rate of exchange of £6,389,248. The final total of the postal matter transported by the Swiss postees amounted to 714,536,627 despatches of all sort all made free of charge. Had the whole of this work been conducted at the usual international rates, Switzerland's share of the postal receipts would have been about 61,802,000 francs, (normally $12,000,000).

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

Old Age Deferred

BY DR. LEE H. SMITH.

Business men who must speed up the works and make business boom during these days—after the war—must recognize the necessity of keeping fit. When mind is befogged, when you have dull headaches or feel logy, when not "up to snuff," keep the bowels free with a mild laxative. In the morning take a tepid sponge bath (cold water may be used if it does not chill), follow with a brisk rub down; a sufficient "setting up" exercise in good air until you are in a warm glow. Have you tried it lately?

Don't let the poisons accumulate in the intestines either, but try a dose of castor oil the first thing on arising, or a pleasant laxative occasionally, such as one made up of May-apple, aloin and jalap, rolled into a tiny sugar-coated pill, and sold in every drug store as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Then a cup of hot water before breakfast, and you'll feel better than a king! If you continue in life thus, you can pass a Life Insurance examination at sixty.

If you wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if you want to increase your chances for a long life, you should drink plenty of soft (rain) or distilled water daily between meals. Then procure at the drug store Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid). This "Anuric" drives the uric acid out and relieves backache and rheumatism, as well as kidney trouble. Anuric dissolves uric acid. Try it *now!*

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN

By Elinor Murray

Registered according to Copyright Act

THE AVERAGE BABY.

Your baby is very much like every other healthy baby. He grows and develops just like all well babies have grown and developed for generations. And it is well that this is so, for it makes it possible for us to devise a standard whereby we can judge whether a baby comes up to the requirements of the normal baby. There are children who are thin and flabby, there are others who cry a great deal, and others still with various signs of ill-health, which the mother may not have observed, or, if she has, may have put it down to just babyhood and consoled herself that he would grow out of it.

Every child of any age should have the proper amount of restful sleep, should cry very little, should have a good appetite, should show constant gain in weight, solid flesh and well-shaped bones, should have a clear skin and good color, should have regular bowel movements, should have no vomiting or gas, should show a progressive development of the normal acts of life.

Baby doesn't notice much of anything the first three months of his life. Loud noises disturb him, so we know that he hears. A strong light makes him blink or close his eyes, so we know he has some sight. He is three or four months old before he discovers his hands, and begins to play with them. About this time, too, he learns to smile. He holds his head up at four months and sits alone, with a pillow at his back, at six months. At this age he is supposed to show recognition of his mother, and a dislike for strangers. This is according to the normal standard, but it is my private opinion that he knows his mother a good long time, before this. Perhaps the difference is that before six months it is just an instinctive recognition. Now, he holds things in his hands and puts them to his mouth; and, wonderful event, his first tooth appears. At eight or nine months he sits upon the floor alone and learns to creep around.

I hear a proud mother say: "My baby crept long before that," and another, "Our baby laughed and played with her hands at six weeks." Sure they do and will, and others may wait until after the standard time, but if they are well and happy, they will perform these natural activities pretty close to the schedule.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

May Pass the Critical Period Safely and Comfortably by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"I was going through Change of Life and suffered for two years with headache, nervousness, sleepless nights and general weakness. Some days I felt tired and unfit to do my work. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and found good results, and I also find it a very helpful Spring tonic and useful for constipation from which I suffer much. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to several friends, and am willing you should publish this."—Mrs. MARTHA W. LINDSAY, 810 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.

If you have warning symptoms such as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backache, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin taking the medicine at once. We know it will help you as it did Mrs. Lindsay.

CUTICURA HEALED ITCHING ECZEMA

On Little Boy's Face. In Blisters. Lost Sleep.

"My little boy had eczema on his face, and it caused itching and loss of sleep. The trouble began with red blotches, and his face got red, almost like raw beef, and then it broke out in blisters. The blisters broke and caused his face to become sore.

"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In a short time all traces of the eczema were gone." (Signed) Mrs. Z. Alexander, Box 35, Trout Creek, Mont., January 21, 1919.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Appendicitis Prevented Life Lengthened Health Maintained

Thousands Finding Wonderful Benefit in a Simple Home Remedy That Costs But a Quarter.

Doctors says if people kept their bowels in proper order there would be no such disease on record as appendicitis. It is due solely to neglect, and is therefore preventable.

If you have constipation, bad breath or headaches you need medicine right away.

The moment you suspect your bowels are clogged you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regulator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effect. But you can get the action just the same. Taken at night you wake up next morning, clear-headed, hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you spend a quarter to day and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lacking in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never an ache or a pain—feel good all the time simply because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

PASTURE FOR HOGS.

Recent experience has shown that a good pasture is one of the cheapest sources of food for hogs, says Andrew Boss, of the Minnesota Experiment Station. Brood sows and their litters should have green feed of some kind. Green clover is best. Oats and peas are a good substitute. Oats and dwarf Essex rape or any clover are also satisfactory pasture crops.

A mixture of oats one and one-half bushels, peas one bushel, and rape two pounds an acre will give a splendid pasture that will furnish feed until about the first of August. A field of corn in which three pounds of rape has been sown broadcast at the last cultivation can very well supplement the oats and pea pasture. Such pastures will greatly reduce the grain feed and lessen the expense in the production of pork. It is very unwise to try to make pork on grain feed alone, as cheap forage is a large factor in pork production.

Minard's Liniment For Garget In Cows.

Sunday Supper Deliciousness.

For next Sunday supper try these delicious little balls. They may be made of any cooked meat or fish:

Put through the meat-grinder enough meat or fish to yield one cupful, add to this one-quarter cupful of your best salad dressing, one grate each of onion and nutmeg, mix thoroughly, form into small balls, roll each one in finely-minced sweet peppers and parsley; serve on lettuce leaves just to make them attractive.

Graham or entire wheat bread is a satisfactory accompaniment.

If your dressing is not highly seasoned use a little more salt and pepper while mixing.

Minard's Liniment For Distemper.

The Royal Humane Society's medal is given to those who risk their own lives to save those of others. The society was founded to teach the correct method of reviving those who seemed to be drowned.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN OR light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Mfg. Co., Montreal.

MISCELLANEOUS

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—SWEDENBORG'S great work on "Heaven and Hell," and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages, only 25c prepaid. H. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto 46-51

BUY YOUR OUT-OF-TOWN SUPplies with Dominion Express Money Orders. Five Dollars costs three cents.

POTATOES—ANY QUANTITY, SEND me your best price. D. Gordon, Cor. Mary and MacAuley Sts. Hamilton, Ont.

BE A REGISTERED NURSE—THE Cooper Hospital of Camden, N.J., offers a three (3) years training (Theoretical and Practical) to young women who wish to enter the nursing profession. A high school education is required. This course admits young women to one of the many positions demanding the trained nurse of to-day. For further particulars write: The Superintendent of Nurses, Cooper Hospital, Camden, N.J.

KNITTING YARNS—LOVELY COLORS, pure wool, but very moderate prices. Sample shades free. Georgetown Woollen Mills, Georgetown, Ontario.

Raphael, the great painter, was only thirty-seven years old when he died. He was born at Urbino, in Italy, in 1483. For more than four centuries his works have lived, and artists still look upon him as a master.

15 years Standard for Delayed and Painful Menstruation sealed Tin package only, all Druggists or direct by Mail Price $2.00. Knickerbocker Remedy Co., 71 E. Front St., Toronto, Canada.

Liberia, the negro republic on the western coast of Africa, was founded in 1822 by the American Colonization Company. It was decared independent in 1847. It contains more than a million people.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Save nice pieces of wax-paper. When melting chocolate, cut onto wax-paper, place on pie-tin, set it in the oven or on warming-shelf until melted. With a knife one can very easily remove chocolate from paper and with much less waste than when melted in a dish.

For ocean travelers a new suit case can be emptied and inflated with an air pump with which it is equipped to serve as a life preserver.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES is Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing. Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "3 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

An association of French oil manufacturers will send two agricultural experts to the United States to study the production of peanuts.

Minard's Liniment For Diphtheria.