OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

By Aunt June

Registered According to the Copyright Act

DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Merry Christmas, every one of you. I hope you had just the merriest, happiest, jolliest Christmas time that has ever been yet. That's the way Christmas should come to every true Helper.

In one of the Christmas books I used to love years and years ago, and still love, a book written for boys and girls, there was a quotation written by a man who loved children. His name was Charles Kingsley. Have you heard about him? I hope if you have that you have read the book he wrote called "Water Babies." It is a very pretty story. Among the things that Charles Kingsley wrote was these four little lines:

"Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

The same little book had in it some other lines of kindness. Now kindness and helpfulness go hand in hand. To be a really true Helper one must have the spirit of kindness in one's heart. This is Christmas time and you know what a wonderful spirit Christmas brings with it. Everyone seems so much kinder and more thoughtful at this season of the year. The spirit of kindness is everywhere, but what a pity it is if we do not keep the same Christmas spirit all through the year.

Why don't we do this? We can. The best way be can do it is to all be Helpers of one another. I am sure you would like to feel that you could always make every one you love just as happy and day in the year as they are at Christmas time, and this you can do.

Read what the little book said about kindness:

KINDNESS.

"Would you like to be able to truthfully say: 'I have done three hundred and sixty-five kind actions and said three hundred and sixty-five kind words.' If you would try every day to do just one kind action for somebody and to speak just one kind word to someone. One every day will amount to three hundred and sixty-five at the end of the year."

The end of the year comes soon after Christmas, doesn't it, and that is the time we start counting up the things we have done and making new resolves. I am going to give you a poem about it next week, but this week there must be a poem for the tiny ones. It is called:

DOLLY AND I.

Some people think I am lonely,
That perhaps I mope and sigh,
But indeed we are quite, quite happy,
Together my Dolly and I.

Of course we are always busy,
There are clothes to wash and dry,
For we both like to look neat and tidy,
So there's work for Dolly and I.

We are learning to do some cooking,
And I once made father a pie,
But he thought we had better eat it,
So we finished it, Dolly and I.

But we mean to learn about farming,
So we visit the pig in her sty,
And watch them doing the milking
For we love new milk, Dolly and I.

When our work is done, we are merry,
And to dance together we try,
But we find it not very easy,
To be graceful, Dolly and I.

But we're always busy and happy,
And we haven't the time to cry,
Perhaps that is why we are happy,
So three cheers for Dolly and I.

A GAME TO PLAY.

You had some games in your letter last week, but perhaps you would like to have one more. It is an old one and may be well-known by some of you.

This is a game to be played with paper and pencil. Each played must have a pencil and a slip of paper. Get a friend to place on a tray ten or twelve small articles. For example: an egg cup, a thimble, a spoon, a ball of wool, a clothes peg, a penholder, etc. The tray is then to be covered over with a piece of cloth and all players sit round with the tray in the centre of the table. When all are seated, the friend must lift up the cloth from the tray, and everyone is given about one minute or a minute and a half in which to look at the things on the tray. The tray is then covered over again and the players are given five minutes in which to write down a list of all the articles they can remember the most wins the game.

Note—Aunt June's new address is: Box 516, Station F., Toronto, Ont.

OUR LETTER BOX.

I am delighted to see so many letters coming in from boys and girls. Every week our membership lists grow larger. This week we have to welcome the following new members:

Edna, Walton, Ontario.
Marjorie Farrell, Missoula, Montana.
Margaret Mitchell.
Jennie MacNeill.

Walton, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I have been wanting to join your club for some time so I am now taking the pleasure and time to write you with my big kitten on my lap. He is black and white and we shall make a great pet of him. I have a dog called Barney. He is very faithful and does his work well. I had a pet rabbit for a year but I have not seen him for a long time. I am thirteen years old and I am trying my entrance this year. I take music lessons and I am gong to try an exam this winter. I do as much as I can to help my mother. Well I guess I will close and hope to receive a badge at once. I intend to write more letters to our corner and read the ones which are written by other boys and girls.

EDNA.

How lovely it must be to have so many pets, Edna. I would like to see Barney and the cat. Letters about pets always interest me very much. I am sure you must have a busy time and wish you success with the exams. Of course you should have a badge. I am very glad to welcome you and shall look for more letters.

Manitou, Man.

Dear Aunt June:

I have read the letters of the boys' and girls' for some time and I thought I would like to write to your page. I am enclosing a three-cent stamp and wish to get a badge. I go to school every day and I am in grade seven. I live on a farm five miles from Manitou. Well I will be a faithful member of your club if you will send me a badge. At night when I come home from school I have to watch my little brother and sister, wash the dishes and do several other things. This is all for this time, wishing your club every success. I am twelve years old.

MARGARET O. MITCHELL.

You have started your faithful helping well, Margaret, in helping mother so much. I am delighted to hear from you. I have been in Manitoba, but do not know the district in which you live. Perhaps you will write again some day and tell me about your farm and what kind of animals you have. I hope you will have a happy holiday.

Missoula, Montana.

Dear Aunt June:

I am a girl 12 years old. I live in the United States but my papa and mamma used to live in Canada. I went on a visit to Canada this summer with my grandpa and grandma. I like Canada very much. I have read some of the letters in the paper and I like them very much. We get the Pontiac paper so I read some of the letters. I would like to join your club. I would like to hear from you as soon as possible. Do I have to send anything to you before I join the club. Good-bye for now.

MARJORIE FARRELL.

P. S.—Please excuse mistakes as I am just learning to write on dady's typewriter.

Your letter, Marjorie, was very well done for a little girl who is just learning to use a typewriter. I am glad you like Canada. I am sure our other readers will think it very exciting to see a letter from someone in Montana. Yes, you do have to do one thing before you can really join our club. This I hope you will do and then I shall be able to send you a badge. This is a rule of the club. Write me a letter telling me all about the deeds of service that you do every day. Tell me what you do to help other people. You see this is a Helpers' League of Service and all members are pledged as you will see by our little Pledge Form on this page, to do their best for everyone. Please write again soon. I am delighted to hear from you and send you best wishes.

Okotoks, Alta.

Dear Aunt June:

I have been reading the boys' and girls' corner and thought I would like to join the Helpers' League of Service. I go to school every day, and help some of the children and do many other things. I am trying to get some more boys and girls to join it, but they are waiting to see me with my badge and I am sure I will get it. I am a girl guide and have already pledged myself to my country. Yours truly,

JENNIE MACNEILL.

The splendid service done by our Girl Guides is so well known Jennie that it is quite sufficient for me to see that you are a member of this organization to know that you have won a badge of the Helpers' League of Service. I am glad you will try to get new members for our League and would like to have a Guide letter one day telling about your particular troop and what work you are doing. Perhaps you would like to send in some regular news to our corner once a month. If you will do this I think it will interest many other girls to join.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating that famous pie;
He sent for his cooks
And said with fond looks;
"Pray, make me some more bye and bye."

Puzzle—Find the cooks. Answer—In the cream on the upper left hand side.

Advice to Girls

By Miss Rosalind

Registered according to the Copyright Act

Miss Rosalind welcomes letters from young women asking for advice on any subject. All you have to do is to address your letter to

MISS ROSALIND,
34 King William St., Hamilton, Ont

Dear Miss Rosalind:

Seeing your letter to girls in the paper I want to ask your advice: I am a girl of eighteen years old and have been keeping company with a young man all summer, he is a real gentleman and always acts as though he respected me; I think the world of him; I do not wish to be engaged. But I have learned to love him, I cannot love any other. He told me the other day he could not keep company with me any longer, although he says he has no illwill for me. I want your advice, will I invite him back and try and be friends with him again, or will I treat him coldly as I see him often and still love him above all others?

LILAS.

Dear Lilas:

I think I would pust leave matters as they are. You are too young yet to decide that you care more for this boy than any one else. You only think you do. If he thinks as much of you as you do of him, everything will turn out all right. If he does not care for you as you do for him it is better that he tell you so now. You can be good friends anyway.

ROSALIND.

Dear Madam:

I have been reading your advice to girls very carefully and think it is a splendid thing for girls to get such helpful advice, and would you please give me your assistance in the following matter:

I am a girl of sixteen and do not mean any love affairs whatever. I am only asking for your advice, as my parents are constantly worrying me about this question. I have been keeping company with a young man of eighteen for about three or four months. There is something about this young man I detest, in other words he thinks himself too smart. When we come home from shows, he will want me to stand on the verandah and talk with him. He will kiss me often. I have told him not to, but all in vain. He is thinking too much about love, and I am too young yet to be thinking of it. There are two girls who live across the road from him. He takes them out to shows quite often, and then comes to me and tells me all about it. I get so tired listening to him telling me. My parents think a great deal of this young man and they tell me to still keep company with him, and I don't want to. I have known him since I was four or five years old. There is another young man of nineteen I know quite well, and think him to be a very nice young man indeed. He is clean about his talk, and also is sensible. The other night he was going to take his sister and her husband and me to a show, but when we got to the theatre, it was full, so instead, we went for a car ride. He asked me if I would trust him to take me to a place which is twelve miles from here. I said I did not know, and he said I could trust him. My parents do not know this young man as well as I do, and they think I should not chum with him. Now, dear Rosalind I do not mean that I want to love him, but I think he is such a thoughtful boy, and I only want to chum with him, which I think is not more than right, as I am too young to love a fellow in any way My parents are always telling me to chum with this other boy. I do not care for him. They think so much of him, they think I should too, but I can't.

So dear Rosalind, please give me your advice, as I will value it highly.

SUNSHINE.

Dear Sunshine:

I shall have to call you Sunshine III. for there are two others already who claim that name. Indeed my dear, you are far, far too young to think about boys, except as chums and playmates. I am sure your mother does not seriously consider letting you keep company with young men. If you tell her how disgusting this boy's manner is, I feel positive she will be as angry about it as you are. Girls cannot be too careful about choosing boy friends; and about keeping themselves sweet and free for the Prince charming who will come when they are old enough to recognize him. Do not go out with boys your mother does not know; and when you go for a ride, take her with you.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I received your letter containing "Violet's" address. Thanks.

I have just finished writing to her, and now I am sending you a few lines. A short time after I wrote to you your column failed to appear in our paper, and so I missed the explanation of the delay of your answer. I do wish that your column would appear in our paper again. Do you know why it doesn't? I would love to have a few more correspondents in Ontario.

Would you mind asking the readers of your column if a few would write to me. Of course, do not word it as I have. Yours sincerely.

MICKEY.

Dear Mickey:

I couldn't say it a bit better than you do! We are awfully glad to hear from you again. I envy the folks who are going to get your nice, bright, newsy letters. Who'll be first?

ROSALIND.

A Woman Is As Old As She Looks

No woman wants to look old. Many in their effort to look youthful resort to the "beauty doctor." Their mistake is that they visit the wrong department in the drug store.

Beauty depends upon health.

Worry, sleepless nights, headaches, pains, disorders and weaknesses of a distinctly feminine character in a short time bring the dull eye, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders, and the faltering step.

To retain the appearance of youth you must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints, ask your druggist for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of these enemies of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only *look* younger but *feel* younger. It overcomes the weakness and builds you up.

Your druggist can supply you with liquid or tablets; or send ten one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a trial pkg. of the tablets will be mailed to you. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been in use 50 years.

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In Rash On Face And Limbs. Cuticura Heals.

"I had been troubled with eczema on my face which took the form of a rash. Later it broke out on my limbs and they itched very much, causing me to scratch them until they were bleeding. The rash would often keep me awake at night.

"I tried some remedies, which failed, and then thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It was not long till the rash began to disappear, and I used three cakes of Soap and four boxes of Ointment, which healed me." (Signed) W. M. Hymers, Paris, Ont., Sept. 12, 1919.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal.

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

A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Baby's Own Tablets are a regular joy giver to the little ones— they never fail to make the cross baby happy. When baby is cross and fretful the mother may be sure something is the matter for it is not baby's nature to be cross unless he is ailing. Mothers, if your baby is cross; if he cries a great deal and needs your constant attention day and night, give him a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which will quickly regulate the bowels and stomach and thus relieve constipation and indigestion, colds and simple fevers and and make baby happy—there surely is a smile in every dose of the Tablets. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

A CLEAN SEND-AWAY.

A country farmer lad was writing a letter to a city friend. Having no other envelope than a very dirty one that he had carried in his pocket for quite a while, he used it but annexed at the end of his letter:

"P. S.—Please excuse the envelope. It was clean when it left my hands."

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ISSUE NO. 1, 1921

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MISCELLANEOUS

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NO WASTED TEARS FOR HIM.

Mother—Poor boy, how did you hurt your finger so?
Little Son—With a hammer.
Mother—When?
Little Son—A good while ago.
Mother—I didn't hear you cry.
Little Son—I thought you were out.

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

HONK.

"Who was it that wrote the line: 'A little learning is a dangerous thing?'" asked the Old Fogy.

"Must have been some man who was trying to run an automobile for the first time," replied the Grouch.

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