

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 have been thinking of our country members in these days, going through the fields on their way to school, and of the pretty fall flowers they will see. You could tell me a great deal more about them than I know, I fully expect.

There are no flowers of the fall quite as pretty in coloring I think, as the wild asters and golden rods.

There are several varieties of each of these flowers—the tiny purple blue aster sometimes called Michaelmas daisy, the New England aster, a deep purple with a redder tinge and larger flowers, and the panicled aster, which is of a pale blue shade, not unlike the color of chrysanthemum.

There are about eight or nine varieties of these flowers to be found in Canada. It is quite interesting to see how many different kinds one can discover near home.

Members who find more than one variety are invited to describe them and I will print the letters in our corner.

Golden rod also grows in several varieties, some of which I will tell you about next week.

You all know the pretty blue-eyed chrysanthemum flower, of course. It is one of the most common flowers in the lanes at this time of year. It is a flower to beware of when picking, as I expect you have long ago learnt, for the sharp edged stems cut into fingers if one is not careful.

I promised to tell you a story about a little London dog this week. His name is—

TIBBS.

How he got this name, I do not know, but I know that he has had many adventures in his young doggy life. Twice he was out in air raids, when the enemy was bombing London. Once he saved a little girl from drowning at the sea-side.

Tibbs is a rough coated Irish terrier with an impudent little tail and faithful brown eyes.

In his puppy days Tibbs belonged to a young English officer. When his master went to the front, poor Tibbs was very lonely, for he was not allowed to go, but on the two occasions when his master got leave, he was wildly excited, and had many a lovely scamper with him. Then came the news that his master had been wounded. When he was brought back to England, Tibbs was taken to visit him in the hospital. He made several visits and always seemed much interested in the doctors and nurses.

After a time, when Tibbs' master was well again, he had to travel away from his home and finding it impossible for him to take Tibbs with him, he gave him in charge of a soldier friend, with whom after a time Tibbs settled down happily for he lived in the quarters with other soldiers. Tibbs quite a fuss of him and took it in turn to take him for rambles into the country.

One day, however, Tibbs, riding on the back of a motor lorry, with four soldier friends had an accident, a bar of iron which secured the end board of the lorry, dropped on his paw crushing it rather badly. Tibbs, who had lived for so long among the soldiers, had learnt to be very brave, however, and did not struggle or make much noise while his foot was being examined. His friends decided that he must have his paw properly treated, so they took him to the animals dispensary in East London.

This is a most wonderful place, fitted up like a little hospital for sick animals. Birds, cats, donkeys, dogs, horses, rabbits and all kinds of animals are sent here to be treated and made well. Doctors examine them and nurses dress their wounds. When Tibbs got inside, he sniffed the air and looked at the doctors as though he felt quite at home. He remembered indirectly the smell of the other hospital where his old master was, and probably in his little doggy mind, he thought, "Oh, this must be a good place, they were kind to my master in one of these places, so I shall be all right."

His paw was soon fixed up and then Tibbs had to go back for several visits to have it dressed. When his master had been twice with him, he thought Tibbs should know the way, so he sent him alone the third time, and after that Tibbs always went by himself. Now, I am coming to the most wonderful part of his story.

One day when Tibbs arrived at the dispensary, he behaved in a very strange way. Instead of sitting quietly to await his turn, with the other dogs, for there were always a number of patients, he jumped at the doctor and pulled his coat several times, and then ran towards the door, barking loudly. When he had done this several times and would not sit still, one of the helpers at the dispensary said: "I think he must want to show us something outside." So they followed him to the door, and there was nothing to

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

be seen except that Tibbs raced off down the street. So they went back again.

Soon in came Tibbs more excited than ever, rushed up to the doctor, and repeated his performance.

This time the doctor said, "I shall follow him to the corner and see what is wrong."

When the doctor got round the corner of the next street, he found Tibbs standing by the side of a cart drawn by a poor old donkey, and as he looked at the donkey he saw that one of his hind legs and his back was bleeding and sore.

This seems almost too wonderful to be true, but Tibbs had evidently made friends with the donkey on his way up the street and noticing that he was suffering, wanted to get him the same kind treatment.

You may be sure the doctor looked after the little dog well.

He waited until the owner came up with him and invited him to take the donkey to the dispensary, which the man was very glad to do, for he did not know there was such a place. He had only just bought the donkey from another man who had treated it very cruelly and he wanted to get it cured.

Don't you think Tibbs is a clever dog? I visited the little dispensary last week and saw a number of patients, a number of them were pet cats.

Welcome to New Members.

I am very pleased to welcome more new members. Do not forget our motto is to help one another by acts of service. This is the whole aim of the "Young Helpers' League" of Service in a few words.

Helpers who have new riddles may send them in and they will be printed with the names of the members.

I hope all are having a jolly time at school.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

We are still waiting to hear again from Ruth Dingwall, who joined our League; but did not send in her correct address. We have a button in an envelope all ready to send her.

Letters from Helpers.

Cobden, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I have cut out the pledge and am sending it to you. I have been helping get the meals, making the beds, digging the potatoes for dinner and baking cakes this week. I hope soon to see my letter in print and to get a badge.

LILLIAN BURWELL.

Hasn't it been fine to dig up potatoes and find a dozen or so to each hill? We all are glad we have so many potatoes, and I think the city people will be glad too, because there are so many that they won't be so dear as they were last winter. We sent you your badge Lillian, and hope you will write again.

Blytheswood.

Dear Aunt June:

I received my badge and just love it. It has been pouring rain here all day. I am sending you some riddles. We have a great time catching butterflies and moths and insects. I am very busy these days.

If a hen laid an orange what would her chickens say? Ans.—See the orange marmalade.

Why is a horse like a stick of candy? Ans.—The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

Of what trade is the sun? Ans.—A tanner.

An old woman with a red cloak was passing a field in which a goat was feeding. What strange formation suddenly took place? Ans.—The goat turned to butter and the woman into a scarlet runner.

FRANCES FUREY.

Glad to receive the riddles Frances. Perhaps some other boys and girls will send us in some more. Sorry we had your name spelled wrong; but we

do make mistakes sometimes. We hope to hear from you often.

Tottenham.

Dear Aunt June:

I received my button and was very glad to get it. I have had a week and two days holidays. I'm glad to hear you are having a good time. I went down to York County to visit my friends for a week and had a splendid time. I passed into the junior fourth this year. We mostly play baseball at school. It's nice to have holidays; know; but it's nice to get back to school again. I have seen some of the letters from around here this week. The dear little birds will soon be trying to find a warmer spot than this I guess. Thanks very much for the badge.

MEARL GODSON.

I guess the birds will be going away by this time Mearl. Your letter should have been in the paper before. We are glad to hear from you any time. Tell us how you get along in your new class at school.

Bobcaygeon.

Dear Aunt June:

Thank you for your pin. It is very pretty. Joe wants one. My Aunt Annie lives in Rochester. She is married and brought me a dress and a pair of pearl beads. The year she wasn't married she brought me a gold bracelet. I have some balsam flowers, white, in bloom now. I had a big flower garden and they are all in seed now. Joe is going to write this week.

ANNE LAURA HUNTER.

We will be glad to hear from Joe any time. Your aunt must be very kind to give you such nice presents. Keep the seeds from your garden so you can plant them next year and have another.

Boys and girls wishing to join the Young Helpers' League must fill their names, addresses and ages in the pledge, and send it to Aunt June, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto, enclosing a three cent stamp to cover cost of postage on the button. Write a little note also, telling us of some good deed you have done, or some service that you have performed, and your letters will be published in the paper.

Just Books

The Voice of the Pack, by Edison Marshall. Published by The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

It is the wolf pack that is meant, and in Southern Oregon, which is here described with a vividness and sympathy that proclaim an abiding love of that picturesque region on the part of the writer, the voice of the wolf is the key note of its great wildernesses.

There are indications that the book is largely autobiographical, for not only was the author's father a frontiersman, like the hero of the story, Dan Failing, but the intimate and detailed knowledge of the life of the woodsman and mountaineer revealed in every chapter could hardly have been acquired by one who had not actually lived for years and months in the great solitudes of nature.

Dan Failing has been told by his doctor that he will die within six months of tuberculosis. He comes into the mountain home of his forefathers to spend his last days—but he does not die!

On the contrary, he gradually acquires health and outdoor strength. What is more, he wins the regard of Lennox's beautiful mountain-reared daughter, whom they call "Snowbird."

He finds, because it is to them that the author always comes back, even when he does wander away into dramatic action for a page or two. The story in the main is merely a woodsman's idyl, rich in poetic fancy—although stern in its fidelity to the truth as that woodsman sees it—and throbbing with reverent love for a Nature which is unspeakably wonderful both in its majesty and its all-pervading hospitality.

The voice of the Pack promises to become one of the popular gift books this season. If you should not be able to obtain a copy in your town, write directly to the publishers, The Ryerson Press, Queen and John Streets, Toronto. The price is \$2.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Washley

She looked at him gaily, her little face all laughing.

"See, here you are!" She fumbled in her shabby bag and produced an envelope and laid it on the table gently.

"And now, good-bye. I suppose you're too busy to be able even to have people come to tea!"

"Look here!" Sir Charles said. "You're being quite absurd, Miss Trent. That tasteful envelope is going back in the hand-bag. Don't you know I'm so terribly wealthy that I never have fees now?"

He actually blushed.

"Well, hardly ever; perhaps from a few old millionaires you know; never from prospective great singers."

He picked up the envelope. "Now, then, this goes back."

"Oh, no," Frankie pleaded; "you don't understand. When people are good to me I've simply got to give them something. Every bit of this I've saved up so—so happily. I couldn't let you give me all the healing and kindness, and not have anything to give you back."

She was out of the room, out of the house even, before he had reached the door.

CHAPTER XV.

For Mrs. Schubert Kain.

"Lessons," Frankie told herself, "that's the next thing, German—Italian—that's it, that old dear's quite right—and so on; not a few, and then proper concert agents; no more halls for me, thank you!"

She raced back to the Coal Box on the fleet wings of hope.

Everything seemed heavenly that day. It was September; the streets were crammed with people still in summer things. Frankie herself was gaily attired in a frock the dirndl had run up for her at Chittihy last year, a primrose muslin thing with a wide, turn-down collar.

She looked fresh and odd and rather sweet as she almost ran along.

The Coal Box was buzzing with electric fans, and iced drinks were the order of the day. Frankie changed into pink and flew down to serve, very conscious of the tired looks of the others.

Tips were pretty good that afternoon and Frankie did sums in her head all that time.

If lessons cost four shillings each, that was half the ten gone already, and she generally only made nine shillings or so in tips, and most of that was Mrs. Baggs's for lodgings and one decent meal a day.

Phrynette, in a flash, could only believe a moment of kindly madness—had sent, some months previously, a check for ten pounds, which money Frankie had promptly paid over its entirety to Mrs. Baggs, thereby assuring, for twenty weeks lodging right away, the extra tips made up her full weekly payment.

After she had left the Coal Box for the day, she went as swiftly as she could to the Bechstein Hall. She had noticed it on her way once to the specialist's.

A concert was billed for that evening, and men and women in evening clothes were standing about in the hall. Frankie walked straight to the ticket-office.

"Do you have people who teach singing?" she asked.

The man stared at her.

"I want a master—the best master there is."

"There's Signor Faltini," the man said cautiously.

"What does he charge a lesson?" Frankie asked.

The man was hunting for a paper; he found it at last and handed it to Frankie.

"There you are; here's a prospectus. Charge? Oh, two guineas or so a lesson, I suppose. It's the usual fee for a maestro. Good evening."

"Two guineas!"

"Oh, why only two?" Frankie murmured with bitter irony. "Two guineas is so little."

She went home in a very different spirit to the one in which she had started. She was always either very piano or in the clouds, and this evening the mood had reached the depths.

The other boarders, who all liked her, tried to cheer her up. Mrs. Baggs even came up to her room.

"Is it money, deary? Miss Frankie mean?" she asked in her comfortable old voice. "Because if so, I'll try you and gladly. I never did hold with you parin' pay, as you have, as well you know; and there's that check

of Mr. Paul's—I mean the captain's as was—wife's still in the bank, and—"

"No, thank you," Frankie said, her face set like a flint. "I couldn't, Baggy deary; you've been a lamb to me. And do you think I don't know that you could let this room again and again for twenty-five, and some weeks all you get is thirteen from me. And here I am all Sunday earning heavy meals."

"Not 'alf, n'alf enough," Mrs. Baggs said abruptly. "No more you cat than 'ud keep a sparrer healthy, I declare, and that's a fact."

"I can't be helped," Frankie said. "I'm not that sort. I have to fight things out alone. Perhaps I'll find a way like sentimental Tommy, and if I don't I'll stick on till I do."

"Of course I don't pay you enough!" she said suddenly, swerving off into a fresh thought. "Think of all the baths I have—two a day—and baths are extra really."

"How you can was was you do, deary; I often wonder if it's good for you."

Frankie laughed a little.

"I couldn't live if I didn't," she said. "Baths and nice, fluffy towels and a bit of cheap powder for my nose, and I can just get along."

Wednesday was always a heavy day at the Coal Box, for some reason, and the Wednesday after the Bechstein blow was specially long and hard.

Frankie was really feeling rather done and was matching a few minutes' peace in the kitchen, having, as she thought, satisfied the wants of all her customers, when Daisy put her head round the door and announced that table 5 had left and new people taken in.

"Oh, dash!" said Frankie, rising instantly.

Number 5 had been taken by a woman and a youth. Frankie received an impression of great width when she looked at the lady's back; then she went forward and asked for the order.

The woman was bending over the card. She was beautifully scented, Frankie noticed, and her hands were lovely; at least, the ungloved one was, white and pink and ringed. Width seemed to be rather a prevailing feature in the front of the lady as well.

The youth had a bush of hair like a Kaffir girl's, and big, serious eyes. And then the lady looked up.

"Two coffees, cafe creme," she ordered in a strongly accented voice, "and tongue sandwiches." She pronounced sandwiches as if the word had two t's in it.

Frankie did not move; mechanical. "Yes, madam."

But her mind was slowly, slowly circling round some dark point. When, then? The woman looked at her again, a look of surprise—Frankie's mind leaped at it—surprise, that same look again—light flashed out at last.

The woman was the singer Frankie had seen so long ago, that first day in London, in the car, studying "Parsifal." She darted away to the kitchen, and, clearly, like a picture, her memory of that first glimpse came back to her.

Her taxicab had halted beside a big car, a car lined with fawn stuff, and with pink roses in a silver vase, and with the dark lady in a fur coat open at the throat showing a string of pearls and the lady had been studying a music score.

Frankie chose the very best tongue sandwiches and did not dilute the cream and hurried so as not to keep the real live singer waiting.

The real live singer was talking animatedly with a great deal of gesture to the shock-headed youth, who gazed at her adoringly and said, "Ja, ja," at intervals.

Frankie put down the coffee and took another long look. At the next table a man had come in whom she knew. He was a habitué of the place, and rather pleasant. He was on the Stock Exchange.

He said "Good afternoon" to Frankie, and "Same as usual, please."

And then, turning in his chair so that he could see better, said: "Hello, I didn't know the Coal Box catered to celebrities!"

"You mean the dark lady," Frankie said eagerly. "Who is she? Please tell me."

"Don't you know? You must have seen her face scores of times all over town. It's Mrs. Schubert Kain, the great opera singer."

"Are you sure?" Frankie persisted. The man laughed.

"I have a box at the opera for

PLENTY OF BUTTONS FOR MILADY'S COAT



One feature of Milady's autumn cloak will be the buttons. We have rows and rows of pretty buttons that have no purpose in life other than decoration. The outstanding features of this coat are the beautiful deep shawl collar and the equally large pockets.

Every night she sings," he said. "I think I ought to know."

Frankie went back to the kitchen.

Schubert Kain, the world's greatest singer! Her blood seemed to pound in her veins. If she could get an introduction and speak to her! The chance of a whole life was before her, and she did not know how to take it. She glanced fearfully at table 5; their coffee was nearly finished.

"A little more coffee!" she ventured to ask.

"No; it is a vile stuff," Mrs. Schubert Kain said stolidly. "Vile! This is no country for coffee." Then a flow of German eloquence to the youth, who wagged his head and said, "Ja, ja."

The great singer asked for her bill and rose to go. The youth went upstairs to signal to the car.

Frankie stared almost desperately at the prima donna arranging her veil before the glass; the face was a pleasant one and full of power.

Suddenly the great woman turned.

"Na, why do you stare so?" she asked quite good humoredly.

Frankie felt as a drowning man must feel when he sees within his grasp a raft floating.

"You are the famous opera singer," she gasped. "Once, a year ago, not quite, I saw you. My taxicab stopped beside your car. You were studying 'Parsifal.'"

"Ahl!" Mrs. Kain said, staring hard at Frankie.

"And you looked up and smiled. I know you are wonderful—right up to the heights—and I'm no one, but I can sing. Will you hear me? I'm too poor for lessons, but I swear if you'd help me by telling me things later on I'd pay you back."

"What, what is it the child says, means?" the singer ejaculated. "Himmel, how she talks!"

"Listen just for a little," Frankie implored frantically. Her big eyes looked gigantic, her slender form was shaking visibly; the man at the table had turned round and was staring.

"Come, then, to the stairway," Mrs. Kain said, "and I will listen, but I hurry and you must be brief."

Frankie poured out the most untellable story possible; but her utter absorption in it, her intense appeal, interested the diva.

"You say you sing," she said, her tiny form blocking the doorway.

"How do I tell? I reply."

To this day the story is told of Frankie's rendering of Tosti's "Good-bye" in the middle of the afternoon, in the heart of the city, at the door of a tea-shop.

She began it without sense or thought of place or surroundings; she was carried away by the song as she sang. The great singer stood and stared at her—stared and murmured a few German words.

(To be continued.)

POEMS

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-96) was an English soldier and poet and a favorite for some time with Queen Elizabeth. He served as a volunteer under Prince Maurice, and at Zutphen received a wound from which he died. He was also a close friend of Edmund Spenser.

The

Public Council

A resolution was

submitted to the

members of the

Public Council

on the subject of

the proposed

amendment to the

constitution of the

Public Council

was adopted by a

majority of the

members present.

The resolution

was passed on

the 15th inst.