

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 just been talking to a jolly little Scout named David. He is an English Scout, who is carrying out so well the big idea of "Service"—helping others.

David said: "Aunt June do you always feel like helping and doing the right thing all the time?" This question led us to have a chat about the two persons in every one of us. I felt bound to tell David that I did not always feel unselfish; for to be a helper and give service to others, one must be unselfish, and I think all of us know that there are times when we feel just a little bit selfish or when our other self wants to be the leader.

Did you ever think that there are two selves inside every one of us?—a very true, good, kind, gentle self that wants to be the very best boy or the very best girl and do splendid things for others, and another self which says, "Oh, don't bother."

Sometimes Mr. First Self is in charge and everything goes well. We get on with lessons at school, please those at home by acts of kindness, and make everyone think "what a pleasant, happy boy or girl that is!" and—then, Mr. First Self gets a little tired, perhaps, and thinks he will go to sleep, and this is where Mr. Second Self, who is selfish and slow and untidy, and careless, wakes up to take charge, and oh! what a change! The happy, helpful boy or girl that everyone was so proud of seems to have vanished.

Now, it is not only in boys and girls and just "Aunts" that this happens, but in all kinds of big men and women. Everyone has these two selves, but some have looked so sharply after Mr. Second Self that they have almost succeeded in keeping him asleep all the time, which is the best place for such a troublesome person, I think, don't you?

The people who make Mr. Second (selfish) Self go to sleep and keep quiet are those who grow up to fill the best positions in the world, positions of trust over others. No one, you see, could properly look after other people unless he could first look after himself. So here is something for us to remember, as Helpers. We must learn to make our best self obey us. We must say to the worst self in us, "No," when we feel that he wants to rule.

Will you think of this sometimes?

Our Fall Flowers

Last week I promised to tell you the names of some varieties of golden rod to be found in Canada.

Early golden rod is one of the most common. The flowers of this kind grow in long-shaped clusters, and the plant when fully grown is about four feet in height. You can tell it by the smooth pointed leaves, notched at the end of stem.

Rough stemmed golden rod grows to a much greater height, in some places being as tall as a man or over, that is as much as six or seven feet. The flowers are more spread than other varieties, and the leaves and stalks are hairy and rough to the touch as the name suggests.

Showy golden rod is somewhat like the Canada in shape, but larger. The leaves are quite different, being broad at the bottom of stem and narrower at the top.

Lance-leaved golden rod is entirely different to any of the other varieties. The flowers are smaller and not so vivid in coloring, being more yellow than golden and growing in tight bunches, round rather than long in shape.

So you see, here are five varieties, each of them having some different feature in shape of leaves, flowers, or stem to distinguish them. It would be an interesting plan for you to see how many of them you can find and name.

Our Mail

A big welcome to the following new members of our "League of Service": Bessie Burwell, Cobden; Adeline Somerville, Shawville; Ruby Lake, Maberly; Ila M. Batchelor, Proton.

Proton Station.

Dear Aunt June: I would like to join your Helpers' League of Service. I wash the dishes, sweep the floors, make the beds, wash the separator, help to feed the calves and gather eggs. I have signed the pledge. I am enclosing a three-cent stamp for a badge, which I would like to receive. I am 12 years old.

ILA M. BATCHELOR.

Ila, dear, a badge is going to you by the very first mail out of Toronto. You certainly are a real little helper. There was something you did not tell me in your letter but which I read between the lines, which is, that your school teacher has a good little helper. Now, how did I find that out? Because your letter was so well and

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.

Name
Age
Address

neatly written and so well punctuated. Perhaps some day you'll be writing stories for your paper.

Dundalk.

I was very much pleased when I got my badge. The school fair was on Thursday last. I got prizes, two second, two thirds and one fourth. I like my teacher. I wear my badge every day.

MARY E. RUSSELL.

What were your prizes for, Mary? You forget to tell us. You are a good Helper. Other little boys and girls will see your badge and will want one too. Tell them to write to Aunt June at 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto, enclosing the pledge in the paper, and we will send them a badge.

Maberly.

Dear Aunt June: I want to join your Helpers' League. I help my mother every day.

RUBY LAKE.

If every little Helper would just do as you do, Ruby, they would be fine. Every one should help his or her mother every day. Your badge was sent to you.

Fletcher.

Dear Aunt June: I thought I would write again and thank you for the badge, which I received about two weeks ago. I should have written sooner, but I suppose it is all right. I am going to school now. My potatoes are good. We only grow enough for our own use. We are plowing the ground for fall wheat. It soon will be time to pick the apples. We have spies and snows, russets, Baldwin and King apples.

ARCHIE BALL.

Your fall wheat is in and up by this time, Archie. I planted a lot and hope for a good crop next year. We grow Abundant. What kind do you? We also have lots of potatoes. We grew Green Mountain and Irish Cobbler. We have hundreds of bags of them to sell. And we are shipping turnips, too. We are picking our apples now and packing them in boxes. Isn't it great fun?

Shawville, Que.

Dear Aunt June: I wish to receive a badge, please. I go to school every day. When I come

home I go for the cows, gather eggs, and sometimes I milk. We always get one day off for the fair. I am 11 years old.

ADELINE SOMERVILLE.

You're a pretty smart girl to milk cows, Adeline. My Helpers just stand around and watch me milk; but they like to feed the cows and to call them by their pet names. We have some whose names are so long that the Helpers can't remember them, and they have to read the names on the registration papers. I'll tell you about them some day. You have your badge by this time.

Cobden.

Dear Aunt June: I would like to join your League. I have cut out the pledge, and am sending it along with a three-cent stamp. I am going to tell you what I did to help last week. I helped with the dishes, swept the floor, made the beds and milked.

BESSIE BURWELL.

Welcome to our League, Bessie. We are always glad to hear from new Helpers, and we want all our Helpers to keep writing to us. Let us know what you think of your badge, and all the news you can think of.

Cordova Mines.

Dear Aunt June: It is quite a while since I wrote to you. I have been very busy this last week. I fed the calf, fed the pig, fed the hens and chickens, picked up potatoes, picked apples, washed dishes, made beds, went after the cows, got the meals, watered the plants, swept the floors, went down to the store for mother, and went to Sunday school and church on Sunday. I received my badge and like it fine. I got George's too. He thinks a lot of it. He's very busy picking up corn for father. I pull weeds for the calf and carry water for the horse. I have a lame shoulder too. I got it cracked some time ago and it bothers me yet, so you see I don't have much time to play.

ROBERTA GRAHAM.

We're glad to hear from you again, Roberta. Don't do so much work that you will tire yourself out. Glad you liked your button and that George did, too. Tell us something about your Sunday school and your teacher.

We have a lot more letters, but they will have to wait till next week, because we haven't got room to put them all in. We are glad to hear from every one of our Helpers. Anyone wishing to join the Helpers' League must fill in his or her name and address and age in the pledge, cut it out and send it, with a three-cent stamp, to Aunt June, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto. You must remember to put in the stamp because we have to post the button back to you and have to pay for it as well. We welcome every boy and girl and want hundreds and hundreds of them. Some day we will start a plan by which the helpers will be able to write to each other as well as to us.

Please keep up your letters. I enjoy hearing from every one of you, and send loving greetings across the sea to every boy and girl.

AUNT JUNE.



"SHE loves me, she loves me not,"
That's what the daisies say;
But seems to me each one I try
Comes out a different way.
I've heard that daisies never tell,
That statement's true, I know quite well.
Find three other daisy pickers. Left side down, in trees; upper left corner down, along arm; upper side down, along leg.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JESUS BEGINS HIS MINISTRY.

Printed Text—Matt. 4: 12-25.

Golden Text—"Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. 4: 17).

Historical Setting.

Time.—A. D. 28. Place.—Capernaum.

Daily Readings.

Monday, October 11.—Teaching, Preaching, Healing (Matt. 4: 12-25).

Tuesday, October 12.—The Draught of Fishes (Luke 5: 1-11). Wednesday, October 13.—A New Teaching (Mark 1: 21-28). Thursday, October 14.—Follow me (Mark 10: 17-22). Friday, October 15.—Partakers of the Divine Nature (2 Pet. 1: 1-11). Saturday, October 16.—A Life of Service (1 Thess. 5: 12-24). Sunday, October 17.—Faith and Works (Jas. 2: 14-26).

Comments.

Verse 12. In Matthew this lesson immediately follows the last, but between the two occurred the events recorded by John in the first five chapters of the end (Matt. 16: 21-28). Verse 13. While preaching a sermon foretelling the salvation of the Gentiles, Jesus was driven from Nazareth by a mob. Capernaum was in its day an important city on the sea.

Verse 14. The whole of this prophecy is found in Isa. 8: 11-9: 6. Verse 15. The historical reference of the prophecy was the invasion of Tigris-Pileser, whom Ahaz called to assist him (2 Kings 15: 29). Prophetically, it referred to the Gentiles.

Verse 17. Matthew's record is arranged to follow three beginnings: the beginning of Jesus' earthly life (Matt. 1: 1); the beginning of His Galilean ministry (Matt. 4: 17); and the beginning of the end (Matt. 16: 21). Verse 18. Peter and Andrew had become disciples over a year before (John 1: 40-42), but had returned to their business of fishing.

Verse 19. This was a call to these disciples to leave their boats and go with Him as students and helpers in His ministry.

Verse 20. That they immediately dropped everything and followed Him shows that they had been more or less in touch with Him and had been thinking about it.

Verse 21. The apostles were linked up in pairs, and there seemed to have been three groups of four that were associated together. The mother of James and John was Salome (Mark 1: 20; John 19: 15; Matt. 27: 55, 56).

Verse 22. They did not leave their father unprovided for (Mark 1: 20). They probably left with his consent.

Verse 23. The Jewish synagogue furnished both a place and an audience for the new gospel. Healing diseased bodies brought Jesus into touch with diseased souls.

Verse 24. Galilee is connected with Damascus by trade, rather than Jerusalem, and the news would spread in that direction.

Verse 25. Decapolis was a region of ten cities in the northeastern part of Palestine.

It is not difficult to see the fact that, without seeking to be sensational, Jesus was pursuing the best possible course to give His cause wide publicity.

Illustrated Truth.

Christ preached repentance before he preached the Sermon on the Mount (v. 17).

Illustration.—The overseer of a small mine found that his new gang of workmen, made up mostly of foreigners, were hard to deal with, because he could not make himself understood. One morning he found them working away from the unworked vein instead of toward it. He sent for a man who could speak the language of the laborers and asked him to deal with them. "There are a number of things about mining they need to learn," he said, "but that can come later. The first thing to do is to call them off from the exhausted end of the mine and get them started in the right direction."

Topics for Research and Discussion. I. Jesus Goes to Capernaum (vs. 12-15). 1. What occurred between the last lesson and this? 2. Why had Jesus left Nazareth? 3. Describe Capernaum.

II. Jesus Calls Simon and Andrew (vs. 16-20). 4. Why did Jesus call such humble men? 5. What was His purpose in gathering these men about Him? 6. What did Jesus mean by "fishers of men"? 7. Why did the fishermen leave their nets so readily?

III. Jesus Calls James and John (vs. 21-25). 8. Who were these four men? 9. Why were the apostles grouping in pairs? 10. What was the general purpose of Jesus' miracles? 11. Why did the news spread?

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadley

The youth leaned against the door behind her, his serious eyes alert, his big mouth smiling; and Frankie sang on. A crowd had collected by the time she had finished. Mme. Kain waved them imperiously away with her white-gloved hand.

"You may go," she said kindly. "It is over." Then she turned to Frankie. "Wait I cannot now," she explained. "But you must come to me this evening at the Ritz Hotel. Any one will show you up. Say you are expected. Auf wiedersehen."

The car rolled off, and Frankie found herself staring at a bewildered way at the loafers staring back at her. She turned and fled downstairs. The whole tea shop, including Miss King, was assembled at the foot of the steps.

"Well, I am blown," Gladys said in a whisper. "I say, Frankie, you are going it!"

"I shall be soon," Frankie returned. "You wait."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Diva's Drawing Room.

The time seemed to drag by until Shepherd's Bush with the news, and necessary dressing, and the hasty swallowing of dinner took up more than an hour. It was past nine o'clock when a bus deposited Frankie at the marble steps of the Ritz.

She went up them, remembering as she did so the story of the hotel in Paris where Kit Wynton had shown her exactly how mean a man can be, and entered the hall.

Once again countless servants seemed to be waiting about and beautiful women were talking together; but this time Frankie felt no sense of miserable ostracism and forlornness. She went up to one of the silkstocked footmen and asked him to announce her to Mme. Schubert Kain.

He led her majestically to a seat, passed away, and returned with a page who held out a silver salver to Frankie.

"I haven't a card," she explained. "Please say Francesca Trent has called for appointment."

"Oh, appointment?" the page repeated. "Oh, I see, miss, please wait one moment."

He sped away and came back in a few minutes, breathing audibly, and requested Francesca "To step this way, please."

She stepped, and followed him into a noiseless elevator which rose one story, and then stopped.

"Madam's suite is to the right, miss," the page boy said. "This way, please."

A footman was standing outside a high carved door. At a murmur from the page he flung it open, walked through a small passage, knocked, and swung open a second door.

Miss Francesca Trent," he announced sonorously.

Frankie halted nervously by the door. The room looked immense and crammed with flowers and people. Then Mme. Schubert Kain came forward impressively, a very delectable vision in white and black chiffon and pearls.

Every one seemed to follow her with their eyes, and then the eyes, it seemed to Frankie, all seemed to fasten on her.

She began to be conscious of the best brook which was not evening at all, and not in its first youth either, and the hat, which if it looked smart, betrayed its Edgware Road origin at the same time.

Frankie dashed, and at that moment a kind, soft, warm hand took hers, and she saw the great singer really smile for the first time, the small, dark eyes twinkling gaily and the whole face softened.

"You say to yourself, 'What a menagerie!' is it not so? 'And I am a lamb in the midst of wolves!' But it is not so, we have all begun once, and I, whom you look at, was once burning charcoal in a forest in Bavaria."

She made the announcement in much the same way as an ordinary person might mention that the day is warm, or their cold better.

Frankie was drawn forward into the throng. Two men, both as she considered old, were very nice to her and talked to her about the diva. One wore a broad, blue ribbon across his shirt, she noticed, and the other had a sort of collection of things on bits of different colored ribbon hanging round his neck, and quite, in Frankie's opinion, spoiling the appearance of his tie and shirt.

Then a woman came up and began to talk. Frankie was not gauche, well; at least, she talked interestedly on any subject any one wanted to discuss with her. All the while she knew her moment was coming.

It came, however, quite unexpectedly. Someone, afterward Frankie saw it was the shock-headed youth, struck a sonorous chord on the piano, and in an instant the big, chattering room was silent, and the guests, by unspoken consent, faced their hostess.

Mme. Schubert Kain beamed on them.

"Later I sing," she announced in a deep tranquil voice. "For now, a new friend of mine will sing."

Frankie knew then that the moment had come; a pulse beat hard in her throat and her mouth felt dry.

"You all know the song," Mme. Kain went on, "but I do not think any of you have ever heard it sung quite as I heard it this afternoon." She laughed a little, and beckoned to Frankie, who went to her.

"Fritz will play for you," she said in a kindly voice. "Courage, forget all but that you sing."

Fritz stood up for an instant and said: "Tosti's 'Good-by.'" Then he sat down and played the opening notes. Frankie sang the first words, and

suddenly the big door opened and a tall man came in very quickly. He went straight to Mme. Schubert Kain and kissed her hand.

Frankie had flushed scarlet, the interruption was discourteous, almost, under the circumstances, brutal, she felt. She could hear the newcomer's voice say:

"I knew it wasn't you singing, Elena. I should have knelt on the doormat if it had been and have stopped breathing. But I know your voice among a thousand, and I wanted to see you, so I came straight in. Who was singing?"

He half turned and looked indifferently at Frankie. She saw his face; it was very virile, good-looking, and in some odd way compelling. She felt she hated him for that casual glance.

"Who was singing?" it seemed to ask. "Oh, no one, some new shabby little find of the diva's, no one to count. I can barge into her songs without dreaming of an apology."

"Leon, you are impossible, but such a dear one can't be angry with you," Mme. Kain said, patting the big man's arm. "Now be good and listen to my wonderful child."

"Another?" he questioned. She laid her gloved hand for a second against his lips and then made a sign to Fritz.

Frankie was so angry by this time that she wanted to refuse to sing, to be violently rude to the man, and to rush from the room. Instead, she sang, and sang with all the feeling and force she possessed.

The song was hackneyed, she was rather plain and a nonentity—but she held the room. No sound was heard as her voice, appealing, passionate, despairing, filled the vast place.

When she had finished there was absolute silence for a minute, then that real genuine clapping which means generous appreciation.

Impulsively the big man started forward. He towered over Frankie.

"By Jove, you are a wonderchild," he said, smiling down upon her.

"I suppose it was because you thought I was too young to matter now, by coming in as you did when I was singing," she blurted out.

He threw back his head and laughed. She saw his square chin and the glint of his white teeth beneath the small fair mustache.

"Dear elderly lady, I crave your forgiveness," he said.

Frankie, without answering him, deliberately turned her back upon him and began to talk to Fritz. His pale face was illumined by a stammering, incoherent outpouring of praise.

"A voice, such a voice, limpid, marvelous, wondrous, such depth, such clearness, so rein and doch tief—"

"I can't understand," Frankie said, but I do thank you. I can sing, can't I?"

Mme. Schubert Kain who had come up behind, heard the words.

"I will make you a great opera singer, wonderchild," she said quite seriously. "You must come to me."

Behind her the big fair man stood, smiling tolerantly at Frankie, as one smiles at a fractious child. She felt she loathed him.

"I don't understand," she faltered in reply to the singer. Mme. Kain drew her aside with generous gesture, and in quick, jerky sentences she explained Frankie's future.

"You come to me; money does not matter; if God gives you a voice, nothing matters but that voice. Your life belongs to me. You have a voice so good that I tremble for it, for the teaching, lest a single note should be lost."

"So you must be with me, that I can watch and see. Six months' training you must have in Paris, in Berlin, perhaps. When can you come?"

The true artistic temperament expects and claims things no sane being ever dreams of approaching. To Mme. Schubert Kain Francesca's possible refusal did not exist. Francesca had a voice, eh bien, it must be brought out to the world, and at its best; and since the best would need the tuition of a genius, it must be cultivated under her own immediate care.

That was all.

It was quite simple. She herself was the daughter of a charcoal burner, and Tenetris, greatest of tenors, had discovered her and exploited her.

(To Be Continued).

In Philadelphia the position of traffic policeman is open only to men who are six feet or more in height. Such positions are so much sought after that many applicants who fall short of the required height by only a small fraction of an inch are tempted to cheat a little by rising on their heels.

An ingenious application of electricity is now used to circumvent this trick, and any attempt to register a fraudulent measurement is disclosed at once. The applicant, as he stands on the platform under the slide rule, sets his feet upon two metal plates that are normally a trifle above the platform. They are just large enough to be covered by man's heels, and when the candidate stands with his heels on the floor the plates are so depressed that they make a contact and form a circuit that lights a lamp overhead. As long as the man stands with both heels on the ground the lamp stays lighted, but the moment he raises either heel the smallest part of an inch the contact is broken and the lamp goes out. So does he.

The motion picture industry is certain to feel the effects of the higher railroad rates, which will increase the cost of film shipments, possibly in the form of a slight increase of admission rates.

WANTED
Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request.
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