

BY AUNT JUNE

Our Boys and Girls Corner

DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

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My dear Boys and Girls:— Most certainly gathering berries is "Service". Because you enjoy doing a service for others, it does not mean that you are not "helping".

Welcome to New Members. I am so delighted to welcome the many new members who are joining our Service League every week.

NAMES Anna Laura Hunter, Bobcaygeon. Emma Thorp, Penetang. Warren Giles, Lanark. Archie Ball, Fletcher. Mary Russell, Dundalk. Clarence Neithert, Truax, Sask.

Animal Day. Today is Animal Day in the town where I am staying. The tags are little puppies and black kittens painted on a round piece of card.

This day is being held by the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and a great many pets are taking part. A little grey donkey is drawing a cart which is very gaily decorated with purple rosettes.

A black retriever, who has saved five persons from death in his short life, is running up and down with a basket of tags in his mouth, and a collecting box strapped to his collar.

Nearly everyone who has a pet has made them look smart with ribbons and bows. The money that is collected, will go to help the cause of all animals.

"If you want to amuse a party of companions, ask one of them to catch hold of his nose with his right hand, and of his left ear with his left hand.

Tell him to repeat the operation rapidly several times, and the more often he does it the more amusement does he afford the company, since he has to search for his nose and ears in nearly every place but where he should search.

The Beginning of a Butterfly. Chas. Roan has found a pretty caterpillar and he wants to know what kind of butterfly it will grow into.

Well, Charley, the name of the butterfly which hatches out from such a caterpillar is the "tortoiseshell" but your question has reminded me that this is a very good time of year to look out for pretty specimens.

Have you ever seen the eggs of this butterfly? They are like tiny brown seeds or grains of brown sugar, and cling to the underside of low growing leaves.

When they first hatch out, the caterpillars are small, but each tiny one has such a big appetite, that he grows very quickly. They soon nibble up the leaves upon which their shells were found, and even the shells, and they go on travelling and eating their way around all the time, growing bigger and fatter—until their clothes are too small for them.

Then, what do you think Mr. Caterpillar does? He just steps out of his coat and appears in a brand new one, exactly the same. Then he gobbles up the old one. Mr. Caterpillar has several new coats, as he grows, for he is such a big eater that he grows very quickly, and each time he eats up his old coat.

Soon he will stop eating, and then he will begin to spin the cocoon of silk which later will wrap up the chrysalis. This is the last time Mr. Caterpillar changes his coat, after he has spun the little ball of silk. When he comes out, not in the pretty bright colours but as a dry withered looking brown stick.

It is out of this curious looking case that the beautiful butterfly will come. But if you wish to see the complete change from a caterpillar to a butterfly, you must have plenty of patience to wait for the many changes, and be sure if you try to keep a caterpillar, to put him in a box with plenty of hole punched in it for air, and fresh green leaves for him 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.

feed upon, or he will die before he is ready to spin the cocoon. So many write in for the rules of the Service League that I think we must print the "Notice" again.

By the way the only real "rule" we have is to serve, or help others and make the very best we can of ourselves, everywhere.

Notice for New Members. Boys and Girls who wish to join the Service League, must note the following rules:— Fill in pledge and send to Aunt June, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

When you have received the badge, I want every helper to wear it and to remember that he has pledged himself, or she has pledged herself, by joining the Service League, to lose no opportunity of helping others.

Dear Aunt June:— I have been reading your pledge and would like to join your club. I have signed the pledge and will look for my letter in the paper. I have been helping to get ready to thrash and hoeing potatoes this week.

It's some job to get ready for the threshers isn't it Archie. Have you got lots of potatoes? We have a great big field and will get a lot of spuds; but they will be so cheap that I'm wondering whether farmers will make any money out of them, especially those who had to pay big prices for seed.

I would like very much to become a Boy Scout and receive a badge. I have been trying for a week to be a helper. On Monday I helped papa with his work. On Tuesday I watered the colts. On Wednesday I helped mama. On Thursday I saved a little

ONE OF THE LATEST FALL SWEATERS



This dainty sweater is developed in a green and gold mixture that is very attractive. The fringe at the bottom of the neckline is a new feature.

bird's life. On Friday and Saturday I helped papa by building the loads. On Sunday I tried to be good all day. You're a good boy Warren, and I'm sure your papa and mama know this and you should try to be good all the time. You did a kind act by saving a little bird's life. Write again and tell us how you are getting along.

Dear Aunt June:— Mama and I have been stooking the cats. Joe didn't stook, but went along the fence picking raspberries. I am seven years old and Joe is four.

Did you have a good crop of oats Anna? All grain is pretty good this year and the farmers will have lots of feed for their cattle and other stock this winter.

Roberta Thomas, from Cordova Mines, has written in again, and has been helping a whole lot, as she always does. She wants her badge. Now we have written to the factory where these badges are being made, to tell them to hurry up, because all our boys and girls are waiting for them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. Lesson XI, September 12. THE GLORY OF SOLOMON'S REIGN. Printed Text—1 Kings 10: 1-13. Golden Text:— Blessed is every one that feareth Jehovah, that walketh in his ways.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Monday, September 6.—God's Covenant with Solomon (1 Kings 9: 1-9). Tuesday, September 7.—The Visit of the Queen of Sheba (1 Kings 10: 1-13). Wednesday, September 8.—Magnificence of Solomon (1 Kings 10: 18-25). Friday, September 10.—A Greater than Solomon (Matt. 12: 38-45). Saturday, September 11.—Solomon's Practical Judgment (1 Kings 3: 16-23). Sunday, September 12.—True Riches (Matt. 6: 25-34).

Verse 1. During the sixteen years since the last lesson, Solomon's own magnificent palace was completed (1 Kings 9: 10; 2 Chron. 8: 1), and his splendid reign began to degenerate in luxury and idolatry (1 Kings 9: 11; 2 Chron. 8: 10). The home of the Queen of Sheba was in the southern part of Arabia.

Verse 2. Most travellers and adventurers aim to take wisdom when they seek gold. The Queen of Sheba took gold and sought wisdom.

Verse 3. Solomon answered her questions without exception. The Proverbs show his varied and penetrating knowledge.

Verse 4. Solomon's palace was 175 feet long, containing a vast hall for public business, lined with cedar pillars.

Verse 5. The magnificence of things overwhelmed the queen. The passage from the palace to the temple was a ravine over 100 feet deep between Zion and the temple hill.

Verse 6. Evidently the queen had hoped to cope with Solomon, but she gave it up.

Verse 7, 8. The queen placed first value upon Solomon's wealth. She was unacquainted with the teaching of Jesus (Luke 12: 15), although she appreciated Solomon's wisdom.

Verse 9. The queen somehow knew that Solomon's wisdom was the gift of God.

Verse 10. According to the best authorities, this sum would reach \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000.

Verse 11. Hiram was king of Tyre. Verses 12, 13. It was customary in the Orient to ask for and receive presents.

FIRST POLISH MINISTER TO U. S.



Prince Casimir Lubomirski who has arrived at Washington. He comes from one of Poland's old families and has been connected with politics in his native country for many years.

News of the Movies

Bryant Washburn has arrived in England and already begun work on his first independent production, "The Road to London," which will be made on the actual scenes of the story.

Happening to make out a list of her parts in her last six pictures the other day, Fritzie Brunette noticed that the first letters of the six names spelled her own. They were Fay, Rita, Isabel, Teresa, Zaida and Inez.

A grand-daughter of Henry Ward Beecher—Margaret, age 19, will appear in the first Heimer production, soon to be released.

The third trial of the case of Cora C. Wilkenning against Mary Pickford, claiming \$100,000 commissions, will come up September 20. Each of the litigants has won a verdict.

May Allison, Metro Star, after begging for months for the appointment of Edward Sloman as her director, has suddenly lost a great deal of her enthusiasm for him. The first thing that Mr. Sloman decreed was that on the first location trip May was to be seated in a mountain stream in a canoe and swept over the falls.

Howard Hickman, husband and director of most of Bessie Barriscale's features, has become director for Ben Hampton. His first story will be "The Killer," by Stewart Edward White.

Mildred Davis is going back to school! That is, she is going to take up the study of French, music and dancing again. This ambitious undertaking, however, is not going to interfere with her studio work.

Another playwright of the stage, Charles Kinkaid, author of the Harvard prize play, "Common Clay," has yielded to the seductions of the movie money fount.

"Lavender and Old Lace" will be the first of Murtle Reed's novels to be filmed by the Renco company, just formed for the purpose.

Some folks seem to have the idea when they start to raise poultry that they must have a lot of fancy equipment, but my experience has shown that some of the good old-fashioned plans that your grandmother and uncle are still good and they are usually less expensive.

Another good plan for getting better results from the use of a barrel is to dig a hole where the barrel is to be placed. This hole, of course, is not deep, just deep enough to allow placing about an inch of soil inside the barrel, this soil being just about level with the ground outside.

It is the custom in Siam for every man to enter the priesthood once in his lifetime for a period which varies from a few months to as many years.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadale

CHAPTER I. The Decency of Danvers.

Tears on the Embankment on a bitterly cold night can hardly be regarded as a restorative to excited nerves, or as a protection to a very slender body clad in very thin garments—garments which had seen useful service in India, but were hardly the clothes to choose for a bleak month in England.

When Francesca had finished crying and had speculatively watched the Frank water washing below, she was very conscious of the exceeding coldness of herself and the night.

She clutched Danvers' hand; tears were in her eyes. She understood in that lightning flash of intuition which very highly strung people possess the spirit in which Danvers had made his offer.

She looked at his ordinary, rather perturbed face, with the sleek hair brushed back so tightly from his brow, and suddenly she bent her head and kissed his hand.

"So we'll just be pals always," she said, releasing his hand and lying back rather faintly on her pillows.

The night was a time of terror; even a hot bottle and the cup of tea with a teaspoonful of brandy in it did not make Frankie warm, and the shivering pain grew worse.

In the morning Mrs. Baggs sent for the doctor, an elderly and rather worried practitioner, who spoke firmly to Frankie on the subject of dressing for winter in England as she had dressed for summer in India.

"Sheer madness," he said testily. "There is such a thing as cause and effect," Frankie croaked hoarsely back at him. "If you haven't got banknotes you can't buy Paquin winter models, can you?"

She was ill for weeks, every part of her small person seemed to ache at once, and her cough was appalling; but, as she seemed to do most things, she succeeded in getting through.

When she had reached that state of convalescence in which the patient is really getting better and is impatient all the while because the improvement is so slow, she sat up in bed and took a pencil and an old envelope and began to do sums.

"Well, I'm blowed!" she said when the envelope was covered with scratchy figures. She put down the paper which represented a bank note and pass book combined and took up Phrynette's last letter; it was all about herself and her new dresses and hats, and the closing sentence added hastily that she "was beastly hard up as usual."

"No good sending to her," Frankie decided aloud; "besides, it would take a blue moon to get the money. No, I think it's work again, and pretty soon, too; because really four pounds odd doesn't seem anything like adequate to 'live'!"

She took up a mirror and examined herself. In a moment of temporary insanity Mrs. Baggs had cut her hair short. "Your head was so 'ot, deary," she explained anxiously to Frankie.

Frankie surveyed the damage with a candid eye. She had grown very thin, and her face looked white and her eyes larger than ever, and the short hair looked like a boy's exactly.

Frankie jumped out of bed and found it would have been better if she had crept, and tottered over to the dressing table for a brush. She parted the thick, short hair well on one side.

"Rather fetching," said Frankie when she had finished, "rather French and devilish, I think. I'll ask Reginald his opinion this evening."

Reginald was Danvers's newspaper dandy who had become a friend and who was allowed to visit Frankie each evening for half an hour, with the bedroom door wide for the sake of propriety.

"Not of your unconventionalities for me," Mrs. Baggs said firmly. Reginald arrived punctually to the minute, a penny bunch of violets in his buttonhole. He transferred the flowers, with a bow, to Frankie, and produced from a pocket a bag with some cheap grapes in it.

He liked clothes that looked smart and cigars that looked big, and he dearly loved to "tick 'em off" during his two weeks' stay at Clifton or Ramsgate in August, and "swank" upon the Parade. All these joys would have to go to it.

He fingered his cheap necktie with its imitation diamond pin and coughed; then he looked almost guiltily at Frankie, smiling so youthfully at him from his pillows; her little white face and cropped head somehow hurt him.

"I say, Frankie," he said, huskily—"dash it all, I can't express it a bit; but look here, this is what I mean, 'd'you see Don't bother about the money and all that; let me take care of you."

"Frankie, without the darling, don't you think, old thing?" Frankie suggested.

"Righto," he said again, smiling. He had made his offer, done the right thing, and he felt infinitely glad somehow and relieved, since he was, after all, very young, that the right thing had received appreciation without encouragement.

"I've got to do something," Frankie began. "I simply must. 'D'you think I could get a chance on the halls?" Danvers deliberated. He did not like to tell Frankie that Millie Melton, now touring the provinces successfully, had warned him against advising Frankie to apply to the halls again. Nathan was too powerful; he had damaged her name irrevocably in town.

"Wait till you're really better, don't temporize, 'and then we'll see. Millie's away, you know." "Still all right?" Frankie questioned.

"Rather," Danvers answered enthusiastically. "I should say so. Your standing down to give her your job made her, I believe, Nathan's given her a three years' contract."

"He's a beast," Frankie said dispassionately; "I'm glad he's that much decentness about him." (Continued Next Week.)

DYES FROM CORNOBS. Every field of corn produces as many bushels of cobs as it does of grain. During the last few months chemists in the department of agriculture have discovered that the entire content of corn cobs can be converted into highly useful products. Heretofore the corn cob has been an absolute waste, except for making pipe bowls. Commercial plants are now being equipped to manufacture half a dozen products from it.

One of these products is an adhesive of exceptionally high quality, said to be better for a number of important uses than any adhesive previously known.

Another is cellulose, suitable for use in the manufacture of dynamite and various other things. Acetate of lime is another product which the government chemists discovered a very valuable byproduct—furfural.

Up to this time furfural had been so rare that it has sold as high as \$20 a pound. Every ton of corn cobs will yield about 30 pounds of furfural as a byproduct, and the specialists estimate that it can be manufactured in this way for less than 20 cents a pound.

Furfural is what chemists call a basic intermediary in dyeing. It means that you may make about as many kinds of dye out of furfural as a cook can make kinds of things to eat out of flour. There are at least a dozen different shades of cloth dyed with furfural.

STERILIZING DAIRY PRODUCTS. This is the time of the year when the dairyman should make special effort to keep the bacterial content of his milk down to a minimum, for, during the summer, bacteria, once in the milk, multiply very rapidly.

A sterilizer is indispensable to the production of first-quality milk. A steam under pressure sterilizer, such as is used in a laboratory, would, of course, be ideal, but the expense is too great to be practicable for the great mass of dairymen. However, a sterilizer may be built at moderate cost which in twenty minutes will destroy almost all the micro-organisms.

This sterilizer is built of galvanized sheet steel, with doors tight-fitting, though not steam-tight, and it is provided with strips of angle iron on the side which serve as cabinet supports as well as braces for the cabinet. It may be built in any size to suit the needs of the individual dairymen. One four feet by three feet, with doors that open all the way across the front, will hold all the utensils necessary to a dairy farm of forty cows, and can be built by any sheet metal worker at a cost of about thirty dollars.

This is to be connected with the boiler. After the utensils are washed and there is no further use for the steam, it is turned into the sterilizer and allowed to run for twenty minutes or until exhausted. The utensils will be sterile for all practical purposes, and should be left in the sterilizer until they are wanted at the next milking. L. W. B.

An English writer describes America as "motor-mad." Whenever he went, it is stated, he found motors, motors all the way, motor cars swarming like ants everywhere, and of all varieties from the millionaire's limousine to the workman's divver.

In a remote district of Cambridge-shire, England, there is a well-known little inn by the waterside which bears this inscription: "Five miles from anywhere—no hurry."