

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:-

Just in front of me as I write to you there is a little boy busily building a castle on the sands.

Yesterday I was looking at another castle, not a sand castle, but a very real one built of solid strong stone, a wonderful old place that is over eight hundred years old.

One of the most interesting things about this real castle is that like the play one being built upon the sands, it is owned by a little boy. The boy who owns the castle and five other estates, is the Duke of Norfolk.

I wonder if you know what a port-cullis is. It is a kind of sliding door which is drawn up over a gateway and let down by means of stout chains to close the entrance in case of a sudden attack.

There is also a drawbridge over the moat, which is pulled up in the same way. Inside the castle, which visitors are allowed to go over several times in the year, there are many beautiful rooms, large and magnificently furnished.

Outside this grand castle, there is a very beautiful park, stretching for many acres past the River Arun.

The little boy who has inherited this us still at school, but he is not very strong and has to have a great deal of care to keep him well, so as I am watching the happy, healthy little boy with his castle on the sands, I wonder who is really the best off, the little rich Duke or the little care-free boy. Which would you rather be? I wonder.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS. This is the Road to Happiness, Start now, from where you are;

Along the Path of Willing Feet, And over Heartsease Hill, Across the Fields of Sweet Content, The Stream of Glad Good Will.

Then through the Lane of Loving Heart, The Gate that's call'd To-day, and down the steps to Little Things, Into the Common Way.

And take the Cloak of Charity, The Staff of Wise Employ, A loaf of Bread of Daily Grace, A flask well filled with Joy.

A word of cheer, a helping hand, Some good to give or share, A bit of song, a high resolve, A hope, a smile, a prayer.

And in the Place of Duty Done, Beside the Door of Home, You'll find the House of Happiness, For Happiness does not roam.

So we see by reading this that the road to happiness is really the old called "Service." I am sure all who have written to me during the past five years that we have had a "Helpers' League" must be very happy.

HOW TO JOIN THE LEAGUE OF SERVICE. Every boy or girl who wishes to become a member of the Service League must first of all sign the Helpers' Pledge, which will be found on this page.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY. Helpers who are not Scouts or Guides, must fulfil certain conditions before they can receive a badge.

Well, Aunt June, I am pleased with my button. This is my little brother's letter. Thanks for the badge.

PLEDGE. For Young Helpers' League of Service. Do a little kindness to someone every day.

enclose the pledge and the three-cent stamp for postage of badge.

WELCOME TO NEW HELPERS. New members continue to tumble into our corner. Would you ever dream that there were so many helpers in the world.

All our Helpers are happy now, because the badges they have been waiting for for such a long time have arrived, and every member who joined our League before they arrived has got one by now.

One little Helper didn't get her badge. She is Ruth Dingwall of Hope-well, Ont. We sent one to her at that address, but it was returned by the postoffice, asking for better direction.

We have received several more letters. Of course, all the letters we get are not published every week, because we haven't got room enough in the paper.

Dear Aunt June:- I want to join your Helpers' League. I help my uncle every day. Please send me a badge.

Dear Aunt June:- I have been reading your columns and I want to join the League, because I want to win a badge.

Dear Aunt June:- I wish to receive a badge, please. I am a small boy, six years old. I go for the cows every evening and help dad do a lot of chores.

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to see you helping your little brother. We will send him a badge, too.

Now, that's all the letters we have room for this week. We are glad the Helpers like their badges. But don't lose them. You must keep them fastened tightly to your dresses and coats, and never lose them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson XII. September 19

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE. Printed Text-Prov. 23: 19-21, 29-35.

Monday, September 13-Intemperance and Poverty (Prov. 23: 19-25). Tuesday, September 14-Intemperance and War (Prov. 23: 29-35).

Verse 19. Solomon reigned from 1012 to 930 B.C., according to Beecher. The Book of Proverbs is a collection of practical maxims in poetic measure.

Verse 20. "Wine-bibbers" have always gathered in clusters. The modern place of gathering has been the saloon. It will soon be no more.

Verse 21. Both the drunkard and the glutton are intemperate, but drunkenness leads to poverty and crime with far-reaching results, while gluttony is chiefly injurious to the glutton himself.

Verse 23. Besides these results considered by the author of Proverbs, a certain per cent. of the maintenance of well-known institutions is directly incurred because of the drink habit.

Verse 32, 33. No one who starts to drink expects to become a drunkard. It is "at the last" that the bite and the sting come. In the present day we are curing by prevention. We are stopping the leak instead of bailing out the boat.

Verse 34. The drunkard is benumbed so that he sees not his danger. The burden of intemperance rests most heavily upon laboring people, yet they have failed to see it.

Verse 35. The author of Proverbs said, "When shall I awake?" Our own beloved nation is getting awake, and we believe that we are arousing the rest of the world.

Topic for Research and Discussion. The Drunkard Warned (vs. 19-21). 1. What was the length of Solomon's reign? 2. Describe the Book of Proverbs.

II. The Evils of Wine (vs. 29-32). 8. Name and explain some of the items of cost of the liquor traffic. 9. What does the poor man get in return for the money spent for liquor?

III. Effects of Intemperance (vs. 33-35). 13. Upon whom does the chief burden of intemperance fall? 14. What struggles are ahead of us before we can make national prohibition really effective?



Rain, rain, go away. Can't you see it's picnic day? There's a lunch packed in my basket. Rain, please stop because I ask it.

POEMS.

Alfred Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire in 1809. He went to Trinity College, where he met his friend, Arthur Hallam, upon whose death he wrote "In Memoriam."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

O, well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play! O, well for the sailor lad That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on, To the haven under the hill; But O, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.

Helps Housewife

CINNAMON BUN 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of water, 1 cupful of sugar, 2 eggs, 3/4 cupful of butter and lard, 1 yeast cake, 1 level teaspoonful salt.

Scald the milk and while it is hot pour it over the shortening and the sugar, add the water, and when lukewarm stir in the yeast cake that has been well dissolved in half a cupful of warm water.

On the second day boil ten minutes and stand away overnight. On the third day to one pint of pulp add a pound of sugar and boil an hour and fifteen minutes.

HEAD-CHEESE The entire head, often with the ears and tongue, is boiled until so tender that the meat will fall from the bones.

The seasoned meat should then be pressed into a cylindrical mold, a stone jar or butter crock is good, and pressed down very firm with a weighted dinner plate over each cheese to hold the meat firm in place.

BRONN BETTY. 2 cupfuls of stale bread crumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 3 cupfuls of chopped apples, 1/2 cupful of sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful of nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1/2 lemon, juice and rind, 1/2 cupful of water.

Crumb the bread by grating or rubbing to the melted butter. Butter a pudding dish. Cover bottom of dish with one-fourth the amount of crumbs, and add a layer of chopped apples. Sprinkle with half the amount of sugar and spices, which have all been mixed together. Add another one-fourth the amount of crumbs, then the remaining apples and spices. Pour over this the

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

Dear Rosalind:- Will you please give me your "recipe of true love" at your earliest convenience? CUTIE.

Cutie: This recipe, to be digestible, must be compounded for each lover separately. "What is one man's meat is another's poison" is truer about the recipe you seek than any other I know.

Dear Rosalind:- I have received several letters from a boy I have never met. I have always answered them, except the last one. I don't think I should be writing to him. Would it be very impolite not to answer? I am 17 years old. Please advise me what to do. BROWNIE.

Brownie: No, my dear. I don't think it would be impolite. I think it would be quite the best thing for you to do. If you did not ask him to write you it is no fault of yours that he persists, you know.

Dear Rosalind:- I am 25 years of age, and in love with a man 40 years of age. He is a widower with one child. He seems to love me, and I think I could be happy with him. What would you advise me to do-keep on going with him or stop right where I am. I want your advice. BLACK EYES.

Black Eyes: If you love the man and he loves you and you think you can be happy together and you wish to take the responsibility of caring for the child then go ahead. You might be very happy. It all depends on you two. ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind: I am a reader of the paper in which I see your letters weekly, and also where you answer them, and I really think it is a splendid idea when anyone can ask for advice. I am asking advice from you, but you may think it a queer one, but it says in the paper to ask for anything when you want advice.

So please, Rosalind, give me your best advice in any way that I can get a bicycle, and hoping to see your answer in the paper next week. MARIE.

Marie Dear: I don't believe for one minute that you just wanted to pass because of the good times you might have "on it."

Dear Girls:- Such a doleful letter-not for publication-as I got from one of you the other day, so discouraged and blue and lonely and why? Just because the writer was self-centred and without vision.

Does your work drag? Then put on your far-sighted glasses and get a view of the beyond. Seek a hobby. An outdoor hobby is most desirable, but get one of some kind, something to add zest to your daily routine. Get ready now and plan a garden for next year, flowers and vegetables, too. Now is a good time because you can look at other people's gardens and benefit from ripper experience.

Indoor hobbies are music, reading, needlework, a favorite club or a pet charity. If I can advise you about them I shall be glad indeed. Write Rosalind, 615 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Dear Rosalind: My question is not quite the same as most of those you are asked, but it is very important to me, and I am asking your advice on any subject that bothers me. What can I do to keep my hands and nails in nice condition? I do all the housework and my hands get so red and rough? POLLY.

Dear Polly:- The hardest thing to remember about the care of your hands is to dry them thoroughly after every washing. Rub each finger quite dry and push back the cuticle at the base of each nail every time you dry your hands. I know it is not always easy to take time to do this when cooking or hurrying with housework, but it will pay you to remember. Never throw away a lemon skin until it has served its turn in keeping the nails white and removing soap from the hands spots upon which soap and water have no effect. Wear old gloves at night. Cut them in places for ventilation. Turn them inside out and smear the inside thickly with cold cream. You can prevent your nails from cracking and breaking

The Orchard

Fruit has been the country since handled. That wrong with our economy when in the orchards as is going to waste and apples in the to ten cents apiece do not get the Paris, for example sprayed fruit, only \$1.50 to \$2 a barrel.

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