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:

May the New Year that will have opened by the time you read my letter prove for every boy and girl in Canada the happiest, most helpful and jolliest year we have ever seen. Think what a lovely thing a New Year is, as every day is lovely when one wakens in the morning if only you think of it in the right way. It is just like having a new book to write in, or a new slate, or a clear, clean sheet of paper. There it is, for you to write whatever you will upon it, and if you will, nothing can get upon that sheet but what is happy, straight and beautiful, that is, upon your part of the sheet. Of course, I am not going to say that you cannot help having unhappy things happen sometimes. They come to all of us, but the big question for every helper is—what am I doing to make happiness or to make things go well for other people?

The poem that I told you about last week is about helping, and it is called:

"THE ARMY OF HELPERS."

He sat by the fireside reading,
When the others had gone away
To help in the festive decking,
For tomorrow was Christmas Day.

They had asked him to come and help them,
But Willie had cried 'Oh, dear!
Do leave me in peace to my reading;'
So they had left him there.

And alone with his books sat Willie,
But somehow he could not read,
For the words all ran together,
Whenever he bent his head.

And a mist rose up before him,—
He wondered what it meant,
And wished he'd gone with the others,
To join in their merriment.

Then out of the ruddy firelight,
He saw strange figures grow;
A long procession winding,
With robes like fallen snow.

And he heard a voice that called him,
A voice that brought no fear,
For it spoke in accents gentle:
'Child! I am the dying Year.

'And I have brought my army
To show you, this winter's night,
The children that have helped me
To make the world seem bright.

This is my Army of Helpers,
Each one has something to tell;
The tall ones and the children,
They all have served me well.

'Tell me your tales,' said Willie;
'Old Year, I am longing to hear
How all this army has helped you;
Do tell me, please, Old Year.

'For some are such tiny soldiers,
I don't see how they could fight;
And some are so bent and feeble,
They could not make anything bright!'

'Will you watch their faces, Willie?'
Said the Old Year, with a smile,
'And you will change your opinion,
I think, in a little while!'

As Willie stood still, gazing
At the figures clad in white,
On each face, young or olden,
There shone a strange, sweet light.

'Tell me the ways they've helped you;
Tell me, this Christmas night,
How all these people have served you,
And made the world seem bright!'

The Old Year signed to his army,
And a little girl stood there.
'This is my latest helper,
A child who is very dear.'

'Why, that's my baby sister,
Who always makes such a row!
I never thought you'd have chosen her
For one of your helpers now!'

'She has made the world seem better,
By her smiles and her loving ways;
She has brought a great deal of sunshine
Into many cloudy days.

'She has got the badge of my army,
And I shall keep her there;
For she is a precious helper,
And one that I could not spare.'

Then he summoned another soldier
From the ranks of shining white,
A cripple form that was sad to see,
With a face that was strangely bright.

'This boy, with his merry patience,
Has helped others along the road;
He has stopped to think of their ills and woes,
In spite of his own great load.'

'Why, that,' said Willie, 'is the hunchback,
Who sits at the factory door.'
Fancy his being a soldier now—
I always thought him so poor.

Then he called a merry sailor,
From the back of his army bright;
'He has fought a fight with stormy seas,
On many a fearful night!

'He has lost an arm in the battle,
With the dangers he had to brace;
But he never thought of the loss of that,
But the lives he had to save.'

So the tales of the cheerful helpers,
Were told on that Christmas night,
And as Willie heard their stories,
And looked at the stirring sight.

Of their white and shining garments,
And their faces fresh and gay,
He wished he had been a helper,
Ere the Old Year passed away!

And perhaps the Old Year wondered
Why his face so wistful grew,
For he said, 'I've still a week to live;
Will you be a Helper, too?'

Jeanettes Creek, Que.

Dear Aunt June:

It is the first time I write to you. I am going on twelve years, and I am in the third class. I go to school every day. I am the one that keeps the school clean and after I get done cleaning the school, I have to walk a mile and a half to get home, and I get home and eat my supper, wash the dishes and fetch in the wood. I am sending a three-cent stamp and would like a badge. I will write more next time.

GLADYS BRUSSEAU.

You are the only member I think Glads, so far who has the important position of being a school cleaner. If there are others, they have not told us about it. Who will be the next one, I wonder?

I think you deserve a Helpers' badge. By the time you see this letter in the paper, I hope you will be wearing it. I wonder what lessons you like best of all? Perhaps you will tell me in the long letter you have promised me.

Carstairs, Alta.

Dear Aunt June:

I have been reading the letters for a long time and thought I would like to get a badge. We are having a Christmas concert at our school and I am in quite a few things. I do almost every kind of work to help, but I will just mention a few things, such as, scrubbing, I do that every Saturday. I help wash. I help get the meals ready. I wash and wipe dishes, make the beds, and sweep up. I have enclosed a stamp, hoping to get a badge. I will close now, hoping this finds you well.

OLIVE McLAUGHLIN.

Well, Olive, your list of the "few" things you do to help make me think that you really deserve a Helpers' badge. What a useful girl you must be to be able to do a number of things in the house.

I hope the concert went off well. Perhaps you will tell me about it in your next letter.

PLEASED WITH BADGE.

Wheatly, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I received my badge and was very much pleased. Have been working at the same old jobs. I have not written to you for such a long time that I hardly know what to say. I have been going to school every day. My Christmas holidays will soon be here, bringing Santa Claus with tops for me and lots of other children. I suppose you are preparing for Christmas. I am going to have lots of fun. I guess this will be all I can tell you this time. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

Love from

TED DAWSON.

Thank you, Ted. I am pleased to have your greetings, and to know you like the badge. I hope you will always wear it to show you are a true Helper.

Huntingdon Que.

Dear Aunt June:

I thought I would write to you as I would like to get a button or a badge. I go to school every day and am in grade seven. I help to milk at night and sometimes in the mornings. I also help in the house. I have two cats and dolls that squeak. I have a sister teaching and one in grade nine. The snow is awful deep some places and the ice is good where I go to school.

Sincerely yours,

GLADYS THOMPSON.

Our Quebec membership is certainly growing. I am very pleased you, Gladys, among the number. How nice to have two sisters. I would like to see your pets. I am sure that in Quebec, at least, you have spent a Christmassy Christmas with so much snow. Some day I hope you will send an account of the place where you live. That will be interesting for so many of our other members in the west.

Tansley, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I like to read your letters in the paper. I think I will join your Club. I am going to school and am in the junior third class; am eleven years old. I mowed most of the hay this year, raked it and drew it in, and I stooked some of the Fall wheat. I would be very pleased if you would send me a badge. I enclose a three-cent stamp for postage. Yours truly,

JAMES C. NIXON.

Your letter, James, brought to me a picture of the lovely summer time, as I thought of you raking the hay with the sun shining over the fields. I wonder if you intend to be a farmer when you grow up. I am very proud indeed of all my farm helpers, both boys and girls, and shall look forward to another letter from you. You shall have a badge.

Tottenham, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:

I read your Boys' and Girls' paper every week and find it very interesting. I would like to join your Helpers' League of Service. I go to school every day and am in the fourth book. Every morning I get up and help to do the chores, and at night I help to do the chores, too. I am enclosing a three-cent stamp to cover postage for my badge, which I hope to receive. Yours truly,

FRANK MILLS.

You shall certainly have a badge, Frank. I am always so glad to welcome boy helpers into our Corner, and doing the chores is real helping. That little word so often includes lots of jobs that take a good deal of time. I shall like to hear more about your school one day.

There really is no room for one more remark or letter except just to send very loving greetings to every Helper for the best year you ever spent. Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

Box 516, Station F, Toronto.

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

Minard's Liniment For Garget in Cows

WORRY AND WRINKLES

Despondency is a thing of evil results. Worry produces nothing but wrinkles and wretchedness. Let the reader put a note on her bureau, on her desk, and at the head of her bed, just two words,

"Don't Worry"

Worry is the greatest foe to the happiness of any household. An anxious, despondent face, a fretful, complaining voice, will make every one uncomfortable.

A woman's nerves are more truly the cause of worry than outside troubles. The nerves are to a woman's body the telegraph system which surely warns her of any trouble in the feminine make-up. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the ideal woman's tonic for such conditions. When a woman complains of backache, dizziness or pain—when everything looks black before her eyes—a dragging feeling, or is troubled with nervousness, she should turn to this "temperance" herbal tonic, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can be obtained in almost every drug store in the land and the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper. Put up in tablets or liquid. Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N .Y., will send a trial size of "Favorite Prescription" tablets for 10c. Also write Dr. Pierce for confidential advice and you will receive the medical attention of a specialist, wholly without fee—no charge whatever.

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"My little girl's trouble started with small pimples on the back of her head and they spread down her back. The pimples were hard and red and they itched and burned terribly. She scratched and irritated them and they later developed into sore eruptions. Her hair fell out and became thin and dry, and scales fell off on her clothing.

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Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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 Rosalind:

Seeing others seeking good advice from you, I decided to try my luck.

I am seventeen years of age, and have been keeping company with a young man about nineteen for a short time. He has been calling frequently and the worst of it is, I do not like him, so how will I go about it to turn him down in such a way as not to offend either him or his people, as we have been acquainted from childhood up, and my family and his people have visited back and forth for a number of years. I do not know as I have anything terrible against him, but my principle fault is that he is very untidy in his appearance, and not at all dressy, and I do not care to go out with him. Perhaps I am a little too hasty in judging him, but anyway I would be pleased to have your advice with regard to this.

"PERPLEXED ONE."

My Dear Girl:

You know this young man so well that I do not think you will have a bit of trouble leading the conversation around to family friends, and from there to life-long friendship between boys and girls such as yours with him. You can talk it over quite frankly making him understand that you like him as a friend or as a brother and how you appreciate having just such a good pal to advise you and talk to you. When your friendship is on this footing it should not be hard for you very tactfully to advise him in sisterly fashion about his appearance. I am quite sure you can manage the affair beautifully.

ROSALIND.

Dear Miss Rosalind:

I have read the letters on your page for some time. I noticed in the paper last evening about "Violet."

I did not read Violet's letter so I am sending you a stamped self-addressed envelope, would you please send me her address and tell me something about her letter, I am sure I could cheer her up, as I get lonesome also. And Miss Rosalind, I have been going with a girl friend for about three months, but something has come between us. We are slowly drifting apart. She does not go with other girls, but she goes with a boy friend. She is seventeen and I am going on seventeen, but my parents will not let me go with a boy friend. I go with other girls which my friend does not think they are of our standing, but the girls are nice girls, but I like my friend better; I have no sister or brother so she is like a sister to me. So will you please answer and let me know just what to do to be close friends again. Yours.

TOOTLES.

Dear Tootles:

I have mailed you Violet's address and several others too. I hope among your letter friends you will find some to console you for the desertion of your chum. I am sorry your girl friend is so much taken up with a boy friend that she has no time for you. That kind of girl is not the best, Tootles, you can get a better chum I know. Cultivate the acquaintance of some of the other girls and you will find yourself quite happy. Have several girl friends, not just one. Write to me again and tell me what success you make of your new profession—being a real friend to somebody who needs a friend.

ROSALIND.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL IN WINTER

Winter is a dangerous season for the litle ones. The days are changeable—one bright, the next one cold and stormy, that the mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they are often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or grippe. Wha is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels and drive out colds and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The 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 Diphtheria.

ACID TEST FOR DEATH.

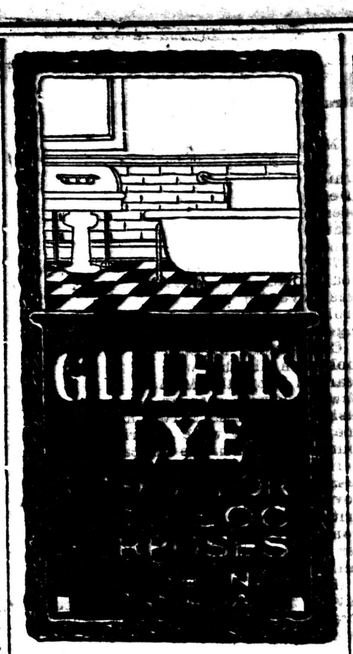
Dr. Icard, of Marseilles, publishes a new test for death. This is based upon the fact that the body fluids are alkaline in life, but are acid three-quarters of an hour after death. Therefore he compresses a fold of skin with a forceips and expresses a drop or two or serum. Ordinary litmus test paper will show after five or ten minutes whether this is alkaline or acid.

FOR MARRIED MEN ONLY.

When your razor is dull as a hoe, ask your wife if she wasn't paring her corns. Get her Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's the only painless and safe cure. All dealers sell "Putnam's" at 25c per bottle.

The runners of a new sled that can be used on soft snow are miniature skins.

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.



REFUND REFUSED OF LUXURY TAX

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT DECLINES REQUEST OF AUTOMOBILE DEALERS.

The Government of Canada has refused to grant the request of the luxury tax on unsold cars in stock on December 20, when the luxury tax was removed, according to announcement made by the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada. It is understood that the automobile manufacturers will endeavor to devise some scheme whereby relief can be granted the dealers.

Minard's Liniment For Distemper.

Some of the larger ocean-going vessels are equipped with steam fire-fighting apparatus.

Cause of Early Old Age

The celebrated Dr. Michaelhoff, an authority on early old age, says that it is "caused by poisons generated in the intestine." When your stomach digests food properly it is absorbed without forming poisonous matter. Poisons bring on early old age and premature death. 15 to 30 drops of "Seigel's Syrup" after meals makes your digestion sound.

May Day In Scotland.

In Scotland May Day was long known as Beltane, "Beltane" is a corruption of Baal Time, and the ancient May Day ceremonies which were observed in Scotland until not so many years ago were survivals of the old Baal or fire worship, which is former days held sway over the greater part of the Eastern hemisphere. The ancient ceremonies involved the burning of bonfires, the drawing of lots for sacrifice, and even a mock simulacrum of the sacrifice itself.

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Five years ago the Los Angeles river overflowed and washed away several houses and outbuildings. B. T. Razelle, a farmer lost his automobile and suspected that someone had stolen it during the confusion caused by the flood. In digging a drain the car was found the other day buried six feet under clay, not far from his house. Mr. Rozelle says the machine is not greatly damaged.

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A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

An old Sussex, Eng., cure for whooping cough is: Borrow a donkey, place the patient on its back with his or her face towards its tail and lead it to a certain spot fixed on in your own mind three times running for three succeeding days.

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The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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ISSUE NO. 3, 1921

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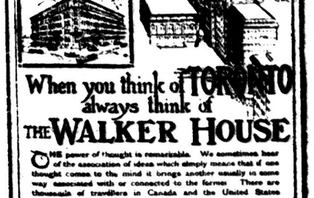

When you think of TORONTO always think of THE WALKER HOUSE

THE power of thought is remarkable. We sometimes hear of the association of ideas which simply means that if one thought comes to the mind it brings another usually in some way connected with or connected to the former. There are thousands of travellers in Canada and the United States who, immediately they think of Toronto, also think of the WALKER HOUSE.

It is the Personal Service that Pleases and that's why the WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) is so pleasantly entwined in the minds of so many travellers and is immediately thought of when Toronto comes to mind.

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