

# Grain Growers' Sunshine Guild

Conducted by Margaret

Head Office:—GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, WINNIPEG

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**OFFICERS**  
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## MOTTO

Kindness.

### What Is Good?

"What is the real good?"  
 I asked in musing mood.  
 Order said the law court;  
 Knowledge said the school;

Truth, said the wise man;  
 Pleasure said the Fool;  
 Love, said the maiden;  
 Beauty, said the page;

Freedom said the dreamer,  
 Home, said the page;  
 Fame said the soldier;  
 Equity the seer;

Spake my heart full sadly,  
 "The answer is not here."  
 Then within my bosom  
 Softly this I heard;

"Each heart holds the secret;  
 Kindness is the word.

J. B. O'REILLY.

## THE LEAST OF ALL SEEDS

Dear Friends:—Many people say, It is no use my attempting to join the Sunshine; I can do nothing to help; I have no money or influence. The seed I could sow is so little that I could do nothing to advance your work. And so they remain idle. Such speakers forgot the parable of the mustard seed, which though the smallest seed when planted, has in it such a germ of life that when it grows it expands into a great tree-like plant on which the birds of the air may take shelter.

No matter how small our service may be, how insignificant the seed we scatter may appear to us, yet such can expand in exactly the same way as the mustard seed, if only we plant it in the loving spirit, hoping and trusting that it will be watered and cared for by the Great Gardener. Our objects are to sow not to watch for results. We are to speak the cheering, comforting word, and not to mind whether it is received graciously; we are to stretch out the helping hand, whether or not it is taken advantage of by those who need it. Sunshine calls upon us to do the best work we can, and not to stop our efforts to scatter the sunshine, because we see no result, but to leave the watering of the seeds we sow to the Great Gardener.

There is also the seed sowing that is done silently, and without movement by all of us; character seed sowing. Those who wish to be sunshiners, must of necessity sow these seeds. The very tone of your voices, the look on our faces, the quietness and kindness of our actions, the way in which we perform the duties given to us, must have influence on all around. We shed a glow or gloom around us. Let our prayer be then: "That we each day sow a seed of love and kindness that, like the mustard seed, shall grow to perfection and do its appointed work—

Let each moment ever  
 be  
 Laden with some work  
 of love  
 Till we rise to Thy  
 skies.

And if we grow faint  
 hearted, and our way  
 seems dark, let us not  
 forget, that by sowing  
 seeds of helpfulness, we  
 are aiding ourselves.

"Numb and weary on  
 the mountain  
 Wouldst thou sleep  
 amidst the snow?  
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
 And, together, both shall glow."

Out of service and seed sowing comes  
 the best and greatest happiness.

## BEYOND

Beyond the gloom is glory  
 Beyond the cross a crown;  
 Not half so sad life's story  
 Did we look up, not down.

We need but to rise higher  
 Above the clouds and night.  
 To feel the heavens nigher  
 And see eternal light.

The sowing, then the reaping  
 We pass through death to life;  
 Come gladness after weeping  
 And sweet rest after strife.

## FOUR MORE BRANCHES

East and West the branches are being  
 formed but not half so quickly as the  
 organizer would like to see them.

## FRESH AIR FUND

Previously acknowledged	\$27 40
Mr. Skimene and friends	50 00
H. Scott, Treherne	2 00
Seamen's	1 00
	\$80 40

## THE TEA PARTIES

Don't forget the Play Box Tea Parties. Cents! Cents! Cents! hundreds of cents will be needed to give all the parties Margaret would like this year. Many thanks to all those children who have sent in their cents to swell the fund. First play box party will be given the 1st week in August.

## ROUND ROBIN BRANCH

The following report received from the Round Robin Branch of Neuton Centre: A box containing meats, soups, tomatoes,

cocoa, tea, coffee, cookies, stamps, stationery, handkerchiefs and \$1.55 was sent to an invalid. Calls on the sick, baby-basket made, errands done, letters written, 170 postal cards sent out, a sled, purchased for a little girl. Birthdays remembered and the members also helped in the efforts of the board to find out how many old members are still doing Sunshine work.

## NEW BRANCHES

A branch with 17 members has been organized at Fredericton, New Brunswick. Wilson Porter, president. We shall hear more of this branch shortly.

## READ ME THIS RIDDLE

Why is a tailor like a King?  
 Why is a carpenter like a barber?  
 Why is an egg like a colt?

Dear Sunshiners:—This "corner" is to be our very own, and all the letters and poetry, puzzles, etc., sent in by the



Tea Party Pennies at Work

children will appear. The Sunshiners are preparing to take out a magic lantern entertainment this fall and a prize will be offered for the best picture, post card size, received each month.

Dear Children:—Do you enjoy the "once upon stories"? If you do I believe that I could find one or two that grandma would remember and you could perform your kind act for Sunshine, if grandma is near you, by reading over the old time stories.

## THE CROAKY FROG

We all know the "Croaky Frog", but the Sunshiners are always careful to "look up" and "never down" and in this way we always see the brightest and best of everything.

"Once, on the edge of a pleasant pool,  
 Under the bank where 'twas dark and cool,  
 Where bushes over the water hung,  
 And rushes and grasses swung,  
 And just where the stream flowed out of  
 the bog,

There lived a grumpy and mean old frog,  
 Who'd sit all day in the mud and soak,  
 And just do nothing but croak and croak.

Till a blackbird shouted, "I say, yer  
 know!

What is the matter down there below?  
 Are you in trouble, or pain, or what?"  
 The frog said, "Mine is an awful lot;  
 Nothin' but mud and dirt and slime  
 For me to look at just all the time.  
 It's a dirty world," so the old thing spoke,  
 "Croakity-croakity-croak."

"But yer lookin' down," the blackbird  
 said.

"Look at the blessings overhead,  
 Look at the lovely summer skies,  
 Look at the bees and butterflies,  
 Look up, old fellow! Why, bless your  
 soul,

Yer lookin' down in a musty hole!"  
 But still with a gurgling sob an' choke,  
 The poor old frog would only croak.

And a wise old turtle standing near

Said to the blackbird, "Friend, see here:  
 Don't shed no tears over him, for he  
 Is low down just cause he likes to be.  
 He's one of them kind of chaps that's  
 glad

To be miserablelike and sad.  
 I'll tell you somethin' that ain't no joke,  
 Don't waste yer sorrow on folks that  
 croak."

## WHAT THERE IS TIME FOR

Lots of time for lots of things,  
 Though it's said that time has wings,  
 There is always time to find  
 Ways and means of being kind.  
 There is always time to share  
 Smiles and goodness everywhere;  
 Time to send the frowns away,  
 Time a gentle word to say,  
 Time for helpfulness and time  
 To assist the weak to climb  
 Time to give a little flower,  
 Time for friendship any hour,  
 But there is no time to spare  
 For unkindness anywhere.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

## LET GO THE CROSS

Let go the cross! Oh, you who cling to  
 sorrow;  
 Hark to the new command and comfort  
 borrow.  
 Even as the Master left his cross below  
 And rose to Paradise, Let go! Let go.  
 Forget your wrongs, your troubles and  
 your crosses,  
 Let go the cross, roll self, the stone away  
 And dwell with love in Paradise to-day.

## "ONCE UPON A TIME"

I love the stories and the tales  
 That grandma tells at night,  
 With all of us around her knee,  
 Before they make a light.

She tells about the giant men,  
 And babies in the wood,  
 And Cinderella and the wolf,  
 And poor Red Riding Hood.

She tells about the great big bears—  
 I just love bears, don't you?  
 And queer old witches and their cats,  
 And little fairies too.

I love the stories grandma tells  
 In verse or prose or rhyme,  
 But love those stories much the most  
 "Bout "once upon a time."

## THE THREE OLD LADIES.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk,  
 Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;  
 And, thinking this a most sour old place,  
 She carried its acid all over her face;

Another old lady, all dressed in patches,  
 Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;  
 So the world it made her strange and  
 cough,

And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.  
 Another old lady, all sunny and neat,  
 Who lived upon sugar, and everything  
 sweet,  
 Exclaimed, when she heard of their  
 troubles, "I never!

For the world is so nice I could live on  
 for ever."  
 Now, children, take your choice—  
 of the food your hearts shall eat;  
 There are sorrows, thoughts, and brim-  
 stone thoughts,  
 And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on,  
 Dear children, trust to me,  
 Is precisely what this queer old world  
 Will seem to you to be.

—MAR. MAPES DODGE.

## SOME MORE HELP

Dear Margaret:—Please accept the enclosed  
 \$4 to help along your work of bringing sunshine  
 into dreary lives.

HELEN SCOTT.

Trishere,  
 Many thanks for your loving help; write more.  
 Two dollars is quite a big sum.

MARGARET

Makes lighter,  
 whiter, better  
 flavored bread  
 —produces  
 more loaves  
 to barrel.

**PURITY  
 FLOUR**