



### The Lookout Regiment.

Names are already beginning to come in, although it is only a few days since the Regiment was organized. I am glad to see so many boys in the ranks, and hope there will be plenty more soon. Surely with Nelson in the van our army should be invincible.

Here are the names of the first recruits: (1) Nelson M. Rittenhouse, (2) George E. Ronald, (3) Annie Adams, (4) Arthur Morris, (5) Julia C. Grey, (6) Tom Simpson, (7) George T. Rogers.

One of the soldiers writes:

DEAR GENERAL—

I think the idea of the Lookout Regiment is just great. Why, if a fellow has to do odd jobs for everybody on the place when he wants to go fishing, it is pretty tough, I tell you. Now when I have to run errands or chop kindling I can just think it is orderly duty. When mother wants me to mind the kid, that can be sentry work. I am an awful unlucky chap, and get wounded pretty often. Just now I am laid up with a lame leg—really in hospital, you know—and, you bet, everybody is pretty good to me, so I have a pencil handy, and make notes on the fly. It won't do to tell the real names, though, for I guess mother and the rest wouldn't like it. The badge will help me to remember that I am a soldier, and must be jolly even if things are uncomfortable. Say, don't you think I might be a corporal or sergeant, or something? I'm in hospital, you know, so I must have seen active service.

Yours to command—

(Private) BEN.

P.S.—That's not my real name, of course; we know what that is, don't we, General? But mum's the word.—B.

So I have suddenly become a general, have I, and you want to be promoted too? Well, Ben, my lad, promotion generally comes to the men who deserve it. The question is, how did you get your lame leg? Were you climbing a barbed wire fence to steal berries, or were you playing truant and running barefoot without leave? Perhaps you were helping that kind mother of yours and spilt some boiling water over your foot, or possibly you got hurt in trying to keep "the kid" out of danger. In that case, you may deserve the Victoria cross.

I hope you will all like the badges. The shield means faith; the anchor, hope; and the cross, love. If you don't get your badges promptly, let me know, but remember that you will have to wait a week or two before your names can appear in the paper. The number of prizes given will depend partly on the quality of the work sent in. Be as neat as you can. Blots are very unsoldierly. You will find full directions for enlistment in the ADVOCATE for June 15th.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

### To Go A-Fishing.

It's time to put the lessons by:

The fields are full of daisies;

When summer blue is in the sky,

Who cares for sums and phrases?

Deep in his heart, his highest joy,

The boy, I know, is wishing

To leave the schoolroom's strict employ

And just to go a-fishing.

He'll find a grand old willow tree,

Above brown waters dipping,

Where catfish glide and minnows be,

And dainty birds are sipping.

There, waiting long with earnest look,

At last his line will quiver,

And you and I will wish him luck

Beside that bonny river.

### A Pen Portrait.

A saucy, brown head, with fine, tossing curls,

Pouting red lips that shut over pearls,

Laughing blue eyes, and a tip-tinted nose,

Fat dimpled fingers, and pink-tinted toes.

There's a "proof" of my baby; for you must know

The photo's not finished—'Tis not yet for show—

She's only two years, and not yet "developed."

In short, white dresses she still is enveloped.

She's a rollicsome, frolicsome, mischievous sprite,

Off giving her mamma a terrible fright;

First, spilling the ink, upsetting the jam,

Then finding the "squeak" in her toy woolly lamb.

Now tearing the leaf from a valuable book;

Again, knocking a statue from its place in a nook;

Then smushing a vase of fine Dresden, rare,

And scratching the crystal and oxidized ware.

And then in the kitchen, annoying the maid;

Entering the pantry to there make a raid,

She'll climb a chair and the sweetmeats will find—

Eat lemons and oranges regardless of rind.

There, now! What next! As I sit here and write,

She and the puppy are having a fight,

Dear me, how vexatious! He's torn her best frock,

'Twill take me a week to get over that shock

(And darn up the rent).

### The Making of Pins.

One hundred years ago it was considered a wonderful achievement for ten men to manufacture 48,000 pins in a day. Now, three men make 7,500,000 pins in the same time.

### Origin of Brown Bread.

Even before coming to Plymouth, the Pilgrims, in November, 1620, found in sandheaps on Cape Cod "diverse faire Indian baskets filled with corn, and some in eares faire and good, of diverse colours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight, having never seen any such before." And soon after "ther was found more of their corne, & of their beans of various colours," as Bradford relates in his history. This corn the Indians well knew how to make into bread, for in the first embassy to Massasoit, made in the early summer of 1621, the Pilgrim deputies came to a body of Indians who were fishing near the present Middleboro. "Thither we came" (as is set out in the Relation published at London in 1622) "about three a clock after noon, the inhabitants entertaining us with joy in the best manner they could: giving a kind of bread, called by them maizium."

It would be interesting to ascertain what was the composition of this "maizium" bread, whether it was like hoe-cake or analogous to our brown bread. If the Indians had anything proper to mix with the corn meal, in the way of other grain, they were all fitted to make brown bread, since nothing yet has been invented to cook it in that can compare with the old-fashioned earthen beanpot, and these pots (it seems) the Indians had; when "Massawot was like to die" (relates Governor Winslow in his "Good News from New England," in telling how he went to succor the sick sachem) "I caused a woman to bruise some corne and take the flour from it; and we set the grut or broken corne in a pitkin; for they have earthen pots of all sizes." Furthermore, they knew the best method to cook such things as bread and beans, for no oven, Dutch or other, has yet been invented that can equal setting the pitkins in a hole in the ground and building a fire over them, or covering them with the embers of an expiring fire.—Boston Transcript.

### "Orphans."

This is a beautiful, yet sad, picture. The artist, W. Frank Calderon, has managed to convey an amount of expression to this noble dog's face and attitude which denotes accurate observation and



"ORPHANS."

sympathy with animal nature. The exact meaning of "Orphans" may be read in different ways. Either those little tumbling mites are really the orphans of some dog chums, both dead, or is it the one parent who is gone, and the other one carefully watching them and thinking of the lost one gone away to leave these three so lonely? The mingled look of strength and tenderness on this dog's face is most beautiful, and also the curve of the protecting right paw, whilst the left one forms a cushion for the pathetically helpless puppy heads.

### The Bishop and the Bushman.

During the ten years he was in Australia as Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, the present Bishop of Manchester, made himself very popular through his geniality, tolerance, and common-sense.

One night the Bishop was about to lecture in a little township perched on a plateau in the Australian Alps. The hall was packed, but a young bushman, attired in a striped shirt and moleskin trousers, and wearing a flaming red comforter, was determined to push his way to the front.

He thought he saw a vacant seat on the platform, and made for it.

"Would you mind shoving up a bit, missus?"

he said to a quiet, homely-looking lady.

"No, no; you mustn't sit there," interposed the local clergyman; "that's the Bishop's wife."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Bishop, who had overheard the remark. "Squeeze up a bit, Mary."

### The Development of the Walking-Stick.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking-stick, and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years varnished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use, and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity. Washington Star.

### Recipes.

#### STRAWBERRY SAUCE, NO. 1.

Stir half a cup of butter until it is soft and creamy, then gradually stir in one generous cupful of powdered sugar. Beat in, one at a time, half a dozen mashed strawberries. Place the sauce on the ice until needed.

#### STRAWBERRY SAUCE, NO. 2.

Cream together the same amount of butter and sugar as in the foregoing recipe, then stir in the beaten white of an egg and a cupful of berries mashed fine. Cool on the ice as for strawberry sauce No. 1.

#### STRAWBERRY SAUCE, NO. 3.

Mash one quart of berries with one cupful of granulated sugar until the berries are a pulp, and let them stand two hours. Just before the sauce is required, stand the dish containing the fruit over the fire in a pan of boiling water and let it come to almost the boiling point and it is ready.

Any of these sauces are very nice served with cottage pudding, boiled rice or plain tapioca pudding.

#### STRAWBERRY MOUSSE.

Mash well in a bowl with a spoon one quart of strawberries and one pint of granulated sugar. Let this stand a couple of hours and at the same time have a quarter of a package of gelatine soaking in half a cup of cold water. Rub the crushed berries through a coarse sieve. Pour a third of a cup of boiling water over the soaked gelatine, and when it is dissolved stir it into the strained fruit. Stand the basin containing this mixture into a pan of ice water and stir until the contents begin to thicken. Then add three quarts of whipped and drained cream. Stir the mixture gently from the bottom of the dish until the cream is well blended with the berry mixture. Pack in a freezer, using more salt than for ice cream.

#### STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM.

Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water two hours. Mash together one quart of berries and one cup of sugar and let them stand an hour. Then press them through a fine sieve, taking as much of the pulp as possible, but rejecting the seeds. Pour half a cup of boiling water over the soaked gelatine, and when it is dissolved, add the strained berries. Stand the pan containing the mixture in a basin of ice water and beat until it begins to thicken; then stir in one pint of cream that has been whipped light and dry. Stir gently from the bottom of the dish until it is quite thick, then pour into a mould and set on ice.

#### RHUBARB JELLY.

Delicious rhubarb jelly may be made by cutting rhubarb into pieces an inch in length and then placing it in a dish, with a cupful of sugar, one of water, a little ginger root and lemon peel, and baking until the rhubarb is tender. Dissolve some gelatine in hot water, strain into the rhubarb, add the juice of a lemon. Pour into a mould and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

#### JELLIED HAM SALAD.

Soak one-quarter of a box of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water, add three-quarters of a cupful of boiling chicken stock, and strain. Add one cupful of chopped ham which has been highly seasoned with cayenne and a little lemon juice. Let stand until it begins to thicken, then add one cupful of cream whipped to a stiff froth, and turn into a wetted mould. When firm turn out on a bed of blanched lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.

### UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

#### MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES—

The victorious entry of the British troops into Pretoria and other important strongholds of the Boers gives us every reason to hope that the war will soon terminate, and our brave Canadian boys return to their well-loved land. How proud we feel to read of their brave deeds, and know that they are receiving from those in authority their proper meed of praise. We think the old couplet might appropriately be changed to read as follows:

"No land has sons like Canada's,

Such valiant sons as they be."

No thought of home or loved ones do they allow to sadden them while fighting remains to be done for the flag of Victoria; but when Peace again spreads her wings o'er the once-turbulent scene, we know that many eager eyes and longing hearts will lovingly turn in the direction of the fairest and best of Her Majesty's colonies—our own dear Canada, and a right royal welcome will we give them.

Never before has our Dominion witnessed such an outburst of patriotism as has been evoked by the present war. The songs of our country are sung by multitudes, and we hope they will continue to hold the prominent place they deserve, and not die away too soon, for—

"Like severed locks that keep their light

When all the treasured form is dust,

A nation's songs preserve from blight

A nation's name—their sacred trust."

If, as we are told, "The shivering tenant of the frigid zone proudly proclaims the happiest spot his