

skirt and a cotton blouse. A pair of stockings and other decent womanly apparel is absolutely unknown to some.

"You will find these poor souls, on the second morning after the birth of a child, sitting up in bed washing out a few family rags, that their children may bear some semblance of respectability at school.

"They peel potatoes and make ready such rough fare as their husbands need, a little girl meanwhile doing such meagre domestic duties as the mother can direct from her bed in the corner.

"Thousands of infants are born yearly in the slums, the rookeries, and noisome courts which compose the 'maternity district' of this beneficent Whitechapel hospital. A bare floor, a broken bedstead, one rickety chair, and an old deal box for a table, constitute the 'furniture' of the one room in which the new baby joins an already existent family of four or five. On one occasion a London Hospital maternity nurse found nothing with which to cover a newly-born baby save a cotton brush-and-comb bag. She split the sides and bottom of the bag for arms and legs to pass through, drew the string around the neck, and the baby was clothed!

A BARROW-BABY.

"It's no use coddling him, nuss," remarked a young mother in the beautiful "Marie Celeste" maternity wards of the London Hospital. 'He's got to be hardened, for him and me goes out with the barrow to-morrow.'

"Fourteen happy, cosy days had been spent in these wards—a Paradise for the mothers and babies of Whitechapel. New and urgent cases await the vacant bed and cot. This mother and child must go home.

"Baby should be wrapped up warmly," said the kindly ward Sister, 'for a barrow is a cold cradle.'

"But the only outfit the mother could muster for her child was a torn tea-towel. Think of this tender child with but a cotton rag to shield him from hail and sleet and rain, his cot a corner of a cold coster hand-cart. Thus equipped, he would be exposed for nine or ten hours daily in the crowded streets, where thousands of his ill-clad kind gather to huckster and chaffer for cheap food and the bare necessities of human life.

"But the London Hospital is too kind and protective towards its Whitechapel proteges to suffer a little child to thus leave its comfortable wards. The baby was fitted out in flannel garments suited to the chilly nature of the coster-calling to which he was born and thus early apprenticed.

THE POOR GOOD TO THE POOR.

"The poor are good to the poor. In some rickety Whitechapel rookery, where poverty to-day and potential starvation to-morrow look each in the face, the arrival of a new baby softens the hearts of the women. Rough rag-sorters, hawkers of the lowest caste, they are kind souls, and they are themselves mothers. A round-robin plan is formulated when a whisper goes about that there are no clothes for the new baby. One woman produces a bit of ragged flannel, another lends a little, much-patched petticoat, a third brings out the lilliputian shirt of her own dead infant.

"In one case a child was born under the auspices of a London Hospital maternity nurse. The mother lay on a bed of sorts. But there was no pretence of sheet, blanket or bed-clothing. Two ragged and begrimed muslin curtains hung at the window. These were taken down to form a covering for the mother. For the baby there was nothing, not even an old towel or a shred of cloth or rag. Naked he came into the world, and naked he remained, there being no baby's bundle available until the helpful nurse paid a visit to the linen cupboard of the London Hospital."

Think you the hand of rescue is never put out to these sufferers in

the slums? Not so, for, from our gracious queen herself, to the poorest wage-earner of the land, efforts are made to stem the torrent of suffering and to bring some practical tokens of Christian sympathy (not at Christmas and New Years only) to those who are too weak to help themselves. But, perhaps, amongst these efforts, none are so solid, real and lasting as those which enable the man, who, against his will, has joined the army of the unemployed, to follow the star of hope to Canada, where he can begin a free and happy life undreamt of hitherto, and where he can give proof of the real grit which is in him by making a new home in the land of his adoption, and becoming one of its valuable assets in the years to come.

H. A. B.

Children's Corner.

THE STORY OF PETER PAN.

I would like to tell you a pretty story which I saw acted one day at the theatre. I wish you had been there, too, with all the other happy children. First, you would have seen a big nursery bedroom, with three little beds in it, and a nice fire in the grate. In a moment, in came a great clumsy brown dog. He trotted about, turning down the bed-covers with his big paw, and then went out and came back with a little boy, called Michael, with long yellow curls, and a very cross face.

shall I find it? I can't bear not to have it."

The little light hopped about the room, and stopped on the right drawer, and very soon the boy had the shadow in his hand, and was dancing all over the room with it. Then he thought he would stick it on with soap, and while he was working away, Wendy woke up.

"Who are you?" she said.

"Peter Pan," said the boy. "I live in the Never-Never Land, with all the lost boys, and we have no mothers to tell us stories. And one night I was outside the window, and I heard a lovely story about a prince and a lady who lost her slipper, but I don't know the end."

"Why, I can tell you the end," cried Wendy. "The prince married Cinderella, of course."

"Oh, I'm so glad he did!" shouted Peter, dancing round the room.

"Wendy, won't you come back with me, and tell stories, and be a mother to the other boys."

"I don't think I can," said Wendy. But I'll show you how to fly like this," said Peter, stretching out his hands, and rising up to the ceiling. Py this time, John and Michael were awake, and they all tried to fly, but they fell all over themselves. So Peter blew some fairy dust on their backs, and they all flew about beautifully. Just then they heard a tinkling of little bells again.

"Why, that's my little fairy, Tinka," said Peter. "Where can she be?"

He looked all over, and, at last, found her shut up in the drawer. So the little



The Day After Christmas.

"I don't want to take my bath, Nanna," cried Michael, but the old dog pushed open the bath-room door, and turned on the water, and shut Michael in. Then Michael's mother came in, all dressed to go to a party, with two more children, whose names were John and Wenda. Nanna trotted them off to the bath-room, one after another, and got them all ready for bed. Their mother kissed them good-night, and tucked them into bed. She felt afraid to go to the party, because one night she had seen a queer light dancing round the room, and a strange boy standing on the window-sill. But Nanna had growled, and the boy flew out of the window. She shut the window so quickly that she caught his shadow, and she put it away in a drawer. She was afraid something else might happen, for her husband, who was very cross that evening, had made up his mind to tie Nanna up in the yard. But she had to go, and very soon the children were all asleep, and the room was quite dark.

Presently, the window opened, and a boy came flying in. He wore a tight grey suit, and a little grey cap, with a red feather. And there were a lot of little bells tinkling in the room, and a funny light began to dance all over the walls. The boy flew on to the mantel-shelf, and then he flew over John's bed and looked at him.

"Where can they have put my shadow?" he kept saying. "Oh, how

light began to hop around the walls once more, and then Peter said, "Come along," and they all flew out of the window, and disappeared. C. D.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I think I will write to your "Corner," as I have never written before. I go to school, and I am in the Junior Third; our school is about a quarter of a mile from here. We live two mile from Lake Erie, and two miles from Harrow. I think the lake is a nice place to spend twenty-fourth of May. I always go there to spend it, and have a good time.

FERN BROWN (age 11).

Harrow, Ont.

Polly Crawford (age 11), Camlachie, Ont., would like some of the Cousins to write to her.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I live on a farm, and I have a little canary, and I call it Pickie. I caught it in the garden, and he sings very nicely. I also have four chickens, and I call one Queeny. I have a dear old dog; his name is Major, and he is almost as tall as the table. I may send his picture to you some time. I will close with some riddles.

Why is a cunsmith's shop like a clock?

en pie? Ans.—Because it contains fowl-ing pieces.

What is the difference between a blind beggar and a sailor in prison? Ans.—One cannot see to go and the other cannot go to sea.

MARY SMITH (age 9).

Jamestown, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I go to the Stone School almost every day, and have about a mile and a half to walk, but on bad days I generally get driven. I am in the Senior Third Class. I take music lessons every Saturday, to which I enjoy a two-mile drive. My pets are three kittens and a dog, whose name is Sport. NETTIE FRASER (age 13).

Galt, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, ten years old. Our farm is on the fifth concession in Westminster. I know two of the girls who write to the Corner; they are Marigold and Carnation. I thought I wouldn't write on the debate, as it is rather hard for a little girl like me. There is going to be a concert at the Methodist church next month, and we are practicing now. I'm in two dialogues, and have a piece to say besides. I think I will have to sing alone, too. Before I close, I want to ask if some of the Cousins would write to me. If you will, I will write back. White Oak, Ont. IRENE MANNING.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I read nearly all the letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," and think they are very interesting. We live on the farm, and take "The Farmer's Advocate," and like it fine. I go to school every day that I can, but I am not going now; I have to help at home. Three of my sisters go to school, too. I have five sisters and two brothers. Father goes to Berlin every Friday and comes home on Saturday; he takes out pigeons and pigs.

MELISSA KENYON (age 14).

Washington, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have just finished reading the Children's Corner, and thought I would write too. I think a dog is much nicer than a cat, because we can play with a dog and a cat, too, but dogs always fetch the cows, and bite the tramps, if they come near; but a cat cannot. Cats can scratch, bite and climb trees. I have a dog for a pet; he likes me best. We have three young cats and one old cat.

FLORENCE KNECKTEL (age 10).

Mannheim, Ont.

Dear Cousin,—I live on a farm. I was seven years old this fall. I go to school every day. Last summer I got my arm broken; but I am back to school now. For pets I have a cat and a calf, whose name is Maud. She is a very pretty calf. I am collecting post cards. I have about fifty in my album.

ISABEL SANDERSON.

Strabane, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I go to school. I am in the Fourth Reader. I have to walk a mile and three-quarters, besides a big hill to go down. We have a natural-gas well to go by every day on our way to school. I think I will close with a few riddles.

1. What goes through the water but never touches it? Ans.—An egg inside of a duck.

2. Black within and red without. Ans.—A chimney.

3. White told Whitie to go and drive White out of Whitie. Ans.—The white lady told her white dog to go and drive the white cow out of the white buck-wheat. MARTHA BALDWIN (age 11).

Lynn Valley P. O.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write and tell you about my visit to the great cataract power-house. It supplies Hamilton and St. Catharines with power and light. My cousin's home is all lighted with electric lights. There are over three hundred steps to get down the mountain to the power-house. The Decew Falls is about two hundred yards from my cousin's home, also, the St. Catharines reservoir is just across the road. I think I will close, wishing the Children's Corner every success. JESSIE BALDWIN (age 9).

Lynn Valley, Ont.