



### The Lookout Regiment.

I am glad to welcome several new recruits: Jack Raeburn, Effie Letson, Nancy Letson, Charley Atkins (any relation of "Tommy Atkins," Charley?), Annie Jackson. The winners of prizes in the last competition are: 1, Hilda Bowman, West Montrose, Ont.; 2, J. Matchet, Saltoun, Assa., N.-W. T.; 3, Edith Bowman, West Montrose. Congratulations to you, all three! Try again next time. In our next contest, announced last month, competitors will be divided into three classes: Class I., between 11 and 16 years. Class II., between 11 and 14 years. Class III., under 11 years. This will give the younger children a chance, as a prize will be given in each class. Manuscripts for the prize competition should be accompanied by a certificate of age, signed by parent or teacher.

### Two Small Boys.

Of course a boy likes the country better than the town, especially in the holidays. A little fellow, who had plenty of original ideas, was taken to a farm for a few weeks.

One day the farmer smilingly said to his mother: "Just ask your boy what he hid two eggs in the stable for."

So at the first opportunity, the mother said to the six-year-old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the henhouse?"

"I hid them in the stable," said the little fellow.

"And what for?"

"Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken-house they is always little chickens, an' I fink if they was borned in a stable they might be little horses."

It is needless to say that up to the time of his leaving the farm the miracle was still unaccomplished. The other small boy did not aim quite so high. That was his scheme:

"I'm going down to grandpapa's,  
I won't come back no more  
To hear the remarks about my feet  
A muddy in' up the floor,  
There's too much said about my clothes,  
The scoldin's never done  
I'm going down to grandpapa's,  
Where a boy can have some fun,  
I dug up half his garden,  
A gettin' worms for bait,  
He used to say he liked it  
When I laid abed so late,  
He said that pie was good for boys,  
And candy made 'em grow,  
If I can't go down to grandpapa's  
I'll pirate turn, you know,  
He let me take his shotgun,  
An' loaded it for me,  
The cats they hid out in the barn,  
The hens flew up a tree,  
I had a circus in the yard,  
With twenty other boys—  
Oh, I'm going down to grandpapa's,  
He understands small boys."

However, the time for fishing, and hunting cats—the first amusements of young sportsmen—is over. Work is now the order of the day. Put as much energy and heartiness into it as you did into your play, boys, and you will enjoy it almost as much. All play and no work will make Jack a sad dunce, I fear, and none of you want to earn that title. So get to work with a will, and good luck be with you.

Cousin DOROTHY.

### "Triplets."

What dear little kittens! Don't they look as if they were getting ready for a song; the one at the far end leading, the others joining in the chorus? You need not laugh so hard, as though cats couldn't be taught to sing. Why, a man once trained five kittens to sing together, and he travelled with them to many cities, making them sing in the theatres. He taught them to sing by pinching their tails. When they howled, they were rewarded with a piece of fish or meat. They soon understood why their tails were pinched. It was then only necessary to place them in a row, when each cat would raise its voice lustily. The largest kitten was then taught to lead, and to beat time with its paw. At their first appearance in public each cat was decorated with a bright ribbon, and introduced with a high-sounding name. The leader was called "Signor Tommasso, the greatest feline basso profundo in the world."

They sang "Hail to the Queen of the Starry Night" and "The Maiden's Blessing"—at least the united caterwaulings were so called. The feline choral society was a wonderful success. You might start one of your own.

C. D.

## THE QUIET HOUR.

### How the Other Half Lives.

"With gates of silver and bars of gold  
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold:  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt;  
We build but as our fathers built.  
Behold Thine images, how they stand—  
Sovereign and sole—through all our land."

Then Christ sought out an artisan—  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.  
These set He in the midst of them,  
And, as they drew back their garment-bem  
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,  
"The images ye have made of Me!"

—J. R. Lowell.

I have lately been reading a book on this subject—a book that is most intensely interesting, for it deals with the great tragedy of life in the slums of New York of ten years ago. The sequel to the story is called "A Ten Years' War," and it describes a fight against the misery and vice of tenement life, which seems almost magical in its success. Shall we take a peep at some of our brothers and sisters who are struggling through life with hardly a ray of sunshine, real or metaphorical, to brighten their darkened lives? Surely it will make us more thankful for the good food, pure air, and healthful sunshine, of which we have an abundant supply; and it ought to fill us with an earnest desire to let our abundance overflow into the lives of others.

Remember, the book from which I shall quote describes these slums as they were ten years ago. Things have greatly improved since then, but there is still much to be done. Many of the worst houses were rear tenements, six or seven stories high, built up behind other houses, with a slit about a yard wide, between brick walls, to supply light and air. Of such a house the writer says: "The rays of the sun never touch it. It never shone into the

are fighting against fearfully hopeless odds, but mother-love is strong.

The Children's Aid Society has done a great deal to rescue the little ones from the atmosphere of dirt and vice, which was almost certain to contaminate them. In thirty-seven years it sheltered three hundred thousand homeless children, finding homes in the West for seventy thousand.

A few days ago I saw a little girl kneeling on the floor, with her hands clasped and face uplifted, singing her evening hymn to the Lord Jesus. I had just been reading about the thousands of children who never heard His name, except in a curse, and the contrast brought the tears to my eyes. Many of these children are as sweet and lovable as our own. Surely they are very dear to Him, who has warned us against putting a stumbling-block in the way of His little ones, and their way is full of pitfalls and stumbling-blocks.

A little chap was stranded at police headquarters one day. He was dressed in one very ragged garment, and neither knew nor cared where he belonged. When he had slept all night in a real bed, and found that he could have a whole egg and three slices of bread for breakfast, he decided that headquarters was a "bully place." His home, if such it could be called, was found at last, and it was seen that his bed was a heap of dirty straw, his diet a crust in the morning—nothing else!

Compare with his case the children rescued by loving hands, fed, clothed, taught, and tenderly cared for. They come from miserable dens, where they have received nothing but brutal kicks and drunken curses. See them kneeling to say their simple prayer at bedtime. "Often the white night-gowns hide tortured little bodies and limbs cruelly bruised by inhuman hands."

A selfish love of money is at the root of all or nearly all this misery. What is it to the landlords if human beings are huddled together in swarms that set both decency and comfort at defiance? They charge eight or ten dollars a month for a room, and it is nothing to them how many people choose to live in it to save expense. The love of money is capable of hardening a man's nature until he is willing to trample on other men—yes, and even on women and helpless children—if he can make a few more dollars out of their misery. But our space is limited, and I must pull up in a hurry. It has only been possible to take a very short peep into the lives of the "Other Half." Perhaps we may continue the subject in our next issue.

We have no business to lead comfortable lives without a thought for the others, without one effort to help them.

"Where we disavow  
Being keeper to our Brother, we're his Cain."  
HOPE.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR COUSINS,—

Our old friend Uncle Tom, now feeling the touch of time, and desirous of resting from his labors, has for the present delivered his much-loved Corner into my hands, and I hope to have the warm co-operation of all the old friends, as well as the assistance of many new ones in "upholding the honor of the old flag," and making our column as interesting as possible to our various readers. To do this successfully it is necessary to know the likes and dislikes of those readers, and I cordially invite correspondence and suggestions on this subject, that I may be enabled to further our mutual benefit and enjoyment.

It has been decided to give a series of competitions of various kinds, which will give scope to many who were not interested in puzzles. We hope to make them varied enough to please all tastes.

The essay contest recently announced by Uncle Tom will serve as the first of the series, and I shall announce another in this issue. For the benefit of new readers, I give an outline of the first contest. Three cloth-bound books are offered for the best essays on the following subject:—"Canada—Why do we love her?" One prize will be given to the best essay sent by any contributor over sixteen years old (class I.), one to those under sixteen and over twelve (class II.), and one to those under twelve (class III.). No essay to contain more than one thousand words, and each competitor must sign name as well as pen-name (if he use one) and state in which class he competes. All work for this contest to be in by November 1st. Neatness will determine the prizewinner in any class where a tie exists. The winning essays will appear in the Advocate as space permits. For our second contest I shall offer three prizes (to be given to three classes as above) for the best poem relating to Christmas. These poems should not exceed one column in length (preferably shorter), and need not be original; simply select what you consider the sweetest and prettiest poem having reference to Christmas times. This contest will close November 20th, and some of the winning poems will appear in the December numbers of the Advocate. Write



"TRIPLETS."

alley from the day the devil planned and man built it." A gap between dingy brick walls is the yard, a strip of smoke-colored sky is all the heaven these people ever see, and it is hardly attractive enough to draw them to the churches. On a July day, when the thermometer outside was high in the nineties, a health inspector visited a dying baby in one of these houses. It was lying beside a stove, where the doctor's thermometer ran up far above a hundred. There were six or seven people in the small room, washing, cooking, and sorting rags. The baby died, of course—died for the want of a little fresh air—and many thousands of other babies die from the same cause. Air! Surely there is enough pure air supplied freely by God. It belongs to us all, and no one has a right to sell it. Yet that is what many a landlord did a few years ago, charging six or seven dollars a year more for a room with a window in it than for one without. Let us enter another tenement. Be a little careful, please, you might stumble over a baby or two. Poor little things, they are quite used to kicks and blows. Listen to the squeaking pump! It is the lullaby of these babies, and often in the hot summer days it is worked *in vain*. The saloon doors are always open; is it any wonder that thousands of thirsty men and women crowd into them? What does that hacking cough mean, and that tiny, helpless wail? It is a little child dying. Only the *measles*, not a very dangerous complaint; with half a chance it might have lived, but it had none. That dark, close bedroom killed it. Ten years ago there were thousands of dark bedrooms without a window to let in air and light from outside. Their windows opened on a dark, close hall, which could not supply fresh air, for it had none. In the summer, when the heat is mowing down the children on every side, mothers often walk the streets all night, trying to stir a cooling breeze to fan the brow of a sick baby. They