

"OLD HOME" NEWS.

(Continued from page 3.)

Of John and Walter Hayes, two youngsters of last year's spring party, who are boarding out, we hear some interesting news. In a recent letter their guardian writes:

"John and Walter are quite well, and each one is trying how good he can be at school in the hope they may win a prize. Miss Willard is thinking of having a concert before Christmas. Walter is to sing 'The Red, White and Blue,' and John, I think, takes part in a duet. They will both do well as they are not at all nervous."

Writing us a few weeks ago from Rocklyn, Henry Pinchin, 15, took occasion to inform us:

"I hope I shall be able to send one hundred dollars to be added to my bank account before very long"

We also hear much of the stock, attending to which is a part of Henry's duties. Our friend is getting along famously, well maintaining the prestige of the spring party of '92.

Quite a long letter is to hand from thirteen-year-old Willie Harris, who came out Aug. '93 and is living at Port Perry:

"I am getting along splendidly as usual and so are the people I am with. They are very good to me and I am trying to be good to them. We still have a lot of stock. . . . I can now harrow and plough and I like it splendid. . . . I asked Mrs. Ham if she had anything to say. She said I had been a very good boy and so forth,

(This is very modest on the part of Willie),

and she hopes I will continue. . . . I went to see my brothers and they are getting along splendid."

The letter also contains a very full account of the wedding of a member of the family of Willie's employer. It must have been the occasion of a remarkable gathering and the families interested must be almost as numerous as those which flourished in the old days, if Willie has not made a mistake in the facts. He says:

"There were fifty at the wedding, and they were all relations, and that was not half of them; only the nearest relations were present, just uncles and aunts."

Our young friend appears to have participated in quite a number of enjoyable functions of late and naturally is very happy and contented with his surroundings.

We have much pleasure in publishing the portrait of Henry Joseph Page, who paid us a



visit at Exhibition time. Henry has put in five years at farming and now commands as high a rate of wages as is paid in the locality. He has maintained a splendid reputation from the beginning of his career. In the township of Huron, in

which district he has been from the first, he is most highly spoken of.

George L. Bull, in a letter of recent date, says:

"I have been around here (Thornton) five years now. It is where I first landed. I may be going to Winnipeg next year."

Should George, who is now 23, decide to follow farming in the North-West, the excellent qualities of the possession of which he has given abundant evidence, will prove no less a source of success there than they have in Ontario.

some papers say over three tons, were used to decorate the column in Trafalgar Square. But what came closer home to us in this commemoration, was the invitation of Mr. Imre Kiralfy to our boys, to visit his "big show" at Earl's Court. All persons in uniform had a free pass to the exhibition. The Chelsea pensioners the "Duke of York's School" boys, in their smart scarlet tunics; and our boys, 700 strong, helped to pack the place. It would have done your heart good to have heard the ringing cheers when the grey-bearded Chelsea veterans marched past, seemingly forgetful of their years. We sat for two hours in the amphitheatre, and saw spectacle after spectacle of Mr. Kiralfy's contrivance. On the stage were hundreds of men and women, clothed in every possible fantastic fashion of cut and colour this side the sun; whirling, twirling, twisting, twining, involving, devoluting; and bewildering the brain with inconceivable complexities of combination. The boys were delighted. Our band and three other bands took four several positions in the last spectacle, the arrangement being made more with regard to picturesque effect than to successful music. "Rule Britannia" rolled out finely, but "God Save the Queen" proved a race as to which band should finish first. Of course our band was the only one that kept correct time. The boys say that themselves, so it must be true. After that, "Spiers & Ponds," the caterers, supplied buns and coffee and ginger beer, to our heart's content, for nothing. The boys then hurried off to the "Big Wheel," which stands nearly 300 feet high, yet looks as light and graceful as a bicycle wheel—one of our young wags wanted to know where the other wheel was. They had free entrance to the "wheel" and side shows, and some of the young rogues rode, and rode, smuggling up in corners of the cars and so went round and round. All concerned with the exhibition seemed desirous of giving the boys a good time. Mr. Debbage with great guile, inveigled me into a shooting competition with him, at a fine range there, the loser to pay; and when I innocently succumbed to his wiles, he went and placed six shots beautifully near the centre of the target, while I carefully missed, and had to pay the piper, and submit to be triumphed over. He must have been practising beforehand. Everything went off without a hitch, excepting a comical accident to the drum. Miles, the drummer, is a blacksmith—

"And the smith a mighty man is he";—so with his first blow at starting he sent his drum-stick clean through the parchment, and he had to grope for it inside the drum. Miles had to beat the other "head" very gingerly all day. When the boys got home they were jolly and tired, having had, in their own parlance, "a fair beano." I had almost forgotten one thing; it didn't rain once, and the sun even ventured to show his face, in apparent sympathy. So altogether we had reason to be particularly glad that Nelson won the day on the 21st of October, 1805.

I hope those Old Boys who have sent composition exercises to the paper, will pardon me if I take the liberty to congratulate them.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

J. P. MANUELL.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

"WHEN the novelty has worn off, don't you think active participation will cease?" was a query propounded to us when we first decided to start our Mutual Improvement Society. We were bound to admit that we were free from any such fears; and that our faith was well founded is being more and more conclusively proved with each succeeding issue.

As the "novelty wears off" interest becomes keener and more widespread in this feature of our journal. Not only have we a sturdy little band of regular contributors, but every month brings us contributions from some who like "to take a hand in occasionally." It is a source of regret to us that we cannot publish all the essays we receive, but the reason of our inability to do so is obvious. We only fear that this may have a deterrent effect upon some who feel that it would be so much time wasted if they sent in a carefully prepared paper which was not published. Such a conclusion is decidedly erroneous. Time devoted

to such a purpose would be most profitably spent. It would certainly be a little disappointing if several consecutive attempts remained unrewarded by publication, but that would not be likely to occur, and while we have little reason to complain of the way our friends have co-operated with us in this work, we wish to see our band of contributors expand until it includes at least a hundred of the many capable of taking an active part in our Improvement Society. We don't suppose we have many Macaulays, Dickensses, or Thackerays in our ranks, but we know of quite a few whose ambition trenches close upon the domain of the professional story-writer. Even those whose hopes are soaring at so great an altitude may find the ascent of their Parnassus a little less difficult if they make free use at the outset of even such a modest little staff as "Our Mutual Improvement Society." But there is a very much larger number of the less ambitious who are, nevertheless, possessed of a most natural and commendable desire to advance their knowledge in various directions; to exercise and consequently strengthen various faculties.

Our columns afford to these an opportunity for testing their individual improvement; publication gives that stimulus which comes from a healthy spirit of rivalry, and we very earnestly hope that, now the winter is with us, the number of active workers will be increased four-fold. Most particularly do we trust that every boy with an idea to spare will be heard from in connection with the topic for next month. "A Christmas Greeting from a Barnardo Boy in Canada to His Old Friends in the Old Home in the Old Land" is a subject which should give everyone of our friends a severe attack of what is known as the "itch for writing."

As we observed last month, there will doubtless be many of our lads who would like very much to send such greeting through Ups AND DOWNS, but who, for one reason or another, may not be in a position to embody their greeting in the form of a short essay; we would therefore suggest to these, and to others as well, that they write out and send us a verse or a few lines of some seasonable poem or hymn. It would be quite an interesting feature, and one we are sure that would please Dr. Barnardo not a little, if we could have two or three columns devoted to "Greetings," selected by our friends from their favourite hymns or other poems; and we very earnestly ask one and all to help us to carry out our idea. Already a number of our friends have entered heartily into the project and have sent us short selections of a few lines each. It must be borne in mind, we cannot guarantee to publish any contribution that does not reach us by December 11th.

There are several of our friends who are doubtless wondering why they have not yet received the selections of Penny Volumes ordered during the last two or three weeks. We must ask these waiting ones to possess their souls in patience for a few days longer when we shall be in a position to fill their orders.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

GEORGE A. GILDERSON, Age 24, Party, April, '90.

It is a very important matter, especially in youth, that the associates we class as friends should be morally pure. How many young people, just merging into manhood or womanhood, place someone on the highest pinnacle of friendship, and believe in him, perhaps more firmly than in themselves, only to find by some unforeseen circumstance that the friend they surrounded with a halo of goodness and truth, and almost idolized, lived only in their imagination. By the rude shock which their highest and best feelings receive, infinite harm is

(Continued on page 12.)