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Editorial Notes

**"All's
Well!"**

THE grass has not been growing under our feet during the past three months, and we can once more record good work and satisfactory results. The barometer stands high in every department, and with a demand for boys larger than we have ever yet experienced, good wages current throughout the country, an almost clean bill of health, and generally excellent reports coming in of the boys in their situations and foster homes, we can do no otherwise than ask our readers to unite with us anew in praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, whose goodness and favour have been manifested so continuously in every stage of the work, and have guided our feet alike in sunshine and in shade.



**The Latest
Arrivals.**

At the date of our last issue the first emigration party of the present season—265 strong—had just left the shores of England. The party included 43 from the Stepney Home, 33 from the Youths' Labour House, 140 from Leopold House, 30 from the Little Boys' Home at Epsom, 4 from the Jersey Home and 15 extras. Among the latter not the least interesting additions to the party were a family of six individuals whose entire emigration expenses had been paid by the

two sons, who were placed out from the Homes six years ago, and have devoted their savings to thus helping their father and mother and younger brothers and sisters. The party also included the mother and young brother of two other lads, and three young women, sisters of lads who purchased their tickets to Canada and have secured homes for them on this side. Could there be desired a more satisfactory object lesson than this of the value of Dr. Barnardo's labours? A pleasant passage we had not, being favoured with but one solitary fine day during the voyage from Liverpool to Portland. Sometimes it rained, sometimes it snowed, always it blew. The skies glowered over our heads, the seas rose in their might against us from beneath. We were generally shut down in darkness, gloom, stench and sickness; water pouring down upon us always and everywhere, in spite of hatches and tarpaulins that availed only to exclude the escape of foul air and the entrance of fresh. Despite it all, however, we came up smiling in the end and landed as healthy and jolly a party as anyone could wish to see. The ship was the *Cambro-man*, of the Dominion Line, a staunch and smart, if not a very steady vessel. Leaving Liverpool on March 31st we reached Halifax on April 9th. The Manitoba contingent, thirty, five for the Farm