

for fertility, and besides other important streams takes in at Winnipeg the Assiniboine, the source of which is away to the west of Fort Pelly.

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Many stirring historical events have taken place upon the banks of the two last mentioned streams, but probably no more remarkable achievement than that which was witnessed upon their banks in the year 1895, when the little band of twenty thousand Manitoba farmers, harvested sixty-one million bushels of grain—wheat, oats, barley and flax—an average yield per acre of twenty-seven bushels of wheat, forty-seven bushels of oats, thirty-six bushels of barley and seventeen bushels of flax.

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The Qu'Appelle River, while not of great width, is an interesting stream, as it is supposed at one time to have carried to the sea all the water now running through the South Saskatchewan; it winds through a picturesque valley which is rapidly becoming filled with successful and happy settlers, and falls into the Assiniboine near Fort Ellice. The outlet of this immense basin we would naturally expect to find of considerable size, but instead, we have a compressed, rocky channel in the Nelson River which carries the waters collected in a territory of three hundred and sixty thousand square miles or two hundred and thirty million acres to the Hudson's Bay. The principal lakes of the basin are Winnipeg, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, Dauphin and Lake St. Martin, there are, to be sure, numerous smaller bodies of water of less importance, and to convey to our minds an idea of the extent of the lakes named, Professor Hind can be quoted as having estimated their area at thirteen thousand square miles, or nearly half as great an extent of the earth's surface as is occupied by Ireland. Naturally the fisheries in these lakes have, since the advent of the iron horse into the North West, become very valuable and extensive. Companies are now operating on Lake Winnipeg, the Lake of the Woods and Lake Manitoba. From Lake Winnipeg a beautiful white fish is taken, the fame of which has reached the cities of New York, Chicago and St. Louis while the Lake of the Woods furnishes a large trout much prized by epicures, and millions of pounds of both the varieties are being shipped annually to the United States. The mouth of the Little Saskatchewan has been a favourite fishing ground among the Indians for generations, and, while the numbers are not so great as in years past and before commercial fishing began, good catches are still made. The writer could deliver some fairly good fish stories based on his own early experiences at the Little Saskatchewan. However, as he desires to keep up, for a time at least, his reputation for veracity with the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS* it is perhaps better that he should spare the subscribers and run no risks.

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Lumber is taken out in large quantities on Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and transportation facilities once offered, a great business would be done in the getting out of building stone and the manufacture of lime along the shores of both these lakes. Iron has been discovered on Lake Winnipeg in large quantities, and the development of profitable mines will no doubt follow in the space of a few years as the country fills up with people and the local demands increase. Salt wells are now being operated upon the shores of Lake Winnipegosis by an old employee of the Homes, Mr. Paul Wood, and it is to be hoped that the construction of the Dauphin railway will offer to him an outlet which will allow of an extension of his business and increased returns for his enterprising venture.

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The valleys of the numerous streams and rivers cutting through the surface of the Lake Winnipeg basin have always offered a field for explorers in search of minerals, and aside from the valuable collections of gold nuggets and dust secured by the Saskatchewan miners with pick, shovel, pan, and sluice, train loads of excellent lignite coal are being brought out of the Souris and Lethbridge districts daily, while a superior quality of fuel is mined in the vicinity of the National Park near Banff.

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Petroleum basins have been found in the vicinity of the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, which will some

day prove a source of great wealth to the owners and operators, and generally speaking for a country which was originally looked upon as simply a great fur preserve for the trading companies, the discovery of economic products and the development of the long-hidden deposits have been in a short space of time remarkable, and the treasures briefly described are only waiting claimants in the shape of young men of enterprise and courage, Dame Nature presenting open invitations to all to come in and secure their share of the bounties she has so long stored and cared for in the wonderful Lake Winnipeg basin.

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There have been few arrivals or departures at the Farm Home during the last month; we, however, on the 2nd inst., bid adieu and bon voyage to our old friend Edwin Jones, who came out in 1893 on the "Labrador," and has worked faithfully for some two years with one of our neighbours Mr. de Balinhard, laying by during the time some two hundred dollars. Jones sailed by the "Lake Huron" from St. John's, New Brunswick, and we are pleased to state carried with him a return ticket.

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Numbers of promising letters have come in the post during the past few weeks from lads out in service, but we do not often read a report upon a situation which appears more satisfactory in the eyes of the occupier than the one described by Frederick Kershaw, who was sent to the employ of Mr. J. B. Hall, Department Manager of the Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg. Frederick Kershaw, writing to his friend William Hatton, says:

"It gives me great pleasure to let you know how I am getting on. We arrived in Winnipeg at ten o'clock; we had a proper lunch, raspberry sandwich, biscuits, bread and meat, jam, bread and butter and apples, for which I thank Mrs. Grey very much indeed. I slept at the Home in Winnipeg, and started work on the Thursday. I have got the best job in Canada. I have got one mare to look after, I get up at seven in the morning light the kitchen fire then feed and water my horse, come over and have bacon and potatoes, bread and butter for breakfast. I live like a gentleman. I have a spring bed, white blankets, red coverlet; I am a toff all round. I drive the master to work in the cutter, come home and take my mistress for a drive, and get the water from the river, Red River; do half hour's wood splitting and look after my horse, that is my work for the day. Mr. Struthers has given me the best job that ever entered the Home, for which I am very thankful. One of the Managers told me he would want a lad in a fortnight, and you will have the same comfort and the same work to do, only you will have a cow to milk night and morning. He told me to write up and tell you to ask Mr. Struthers to put you in the cow-shed to learn to milk, and if you could milk in a fortnight he would send up for you. You must be sure and ask Mr. Struthers about the cow-shed. He has as good as made a man of me. My master asked me how I would like to work in the Hudson Bay Company, and said if I kept steady I would be a self-made man before long. I mean to try and work my way up in the Company and some day my mother will be proud of me. You must give Mr. Struthers, Mr. Gray and Mrs. Gray my thanks. The master is going to buy me a fur cap out of my money. I also drive with fur gauntlets on my hands. I must now close with best love to you all. I was very sorry to leave the Home; I got to like the Home and the masters and the lads very much indeed. Give my best respects to Fisher and Gartlan and everybody there.

"Yours, FRED."

If we could always find for our charges situations so satisfactory as the above appears in the eyes of the holder, how happy we should be. It is needless to state that Hatton is learning to milk at a rapid rate.

Yours faithfully,



## WORD OF AN AUSTRALIAN PARTY.

STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Nothing very sensational has occurred here since my last letter to you.

Will you permit me to use your paper as a medium of thanks to the young gentleman who sent me a very interesting copy of the Canadian weekly paper, *The Family Herald*. From the name printed on the slip attached, I assume the sender to be Mr. F. Parker.

I received a letter on the 1st of November from Wm. Pickering, who, with Fred Brice, has apparently

settled in Gateshead-on-Tyne for the winter. Pickering asks me to send him his monthly *UPS AND DOWNS* from Stepney. His present address is at 29 Hewitt street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

We sent off a party of six boys to North Queensland this morning. They will land at Townsville, 600 miles north of Brisbane, and they will be employed at the headquarters of one of the great sheep stations. Their names will interest many of your Canadian boys: R. G. E. Miles, blacksmith; Richard Brooks, mat maker; John Brooks, tinsmith; Charles Hodson, harness maker; Thomas Dean and Alfred Wallace, carpenters.

The Doctor recently received a good report of the four boys who went to the same place about three years ago. Their names are: Libard, Hosier, Wallace (brother to one in the present party), and Roberts. The first-mentioned three, who live together, sent a sovereign each to the Doctor. We hope the six, who sail to-day, will enjoy their voyage, and do as well as their predecessors when they land.

Many of your readers will remember Glazebrook, an old "Canadian," who returned to England some time ago on account of ill-health. After living at one of our country homes for a while he became worse, and was brought to "Her Majesty's Hospital" here at Stepney Causeway, but in three weeks he "fell on sleep." He was buried on the 28th October, at the Bow Cemetery, and was followed to the grave by 12 "Stepney" boys, and 12 from the Labour House. The Rev. W. H. Finney, M.A., conducted the funeral ceremony, concluding with an impressive graveside address.

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. P. MANUELL.

## AN OBJECT LESSON.

This is a *fac-simile*—photographically pro-

## THREE BARNARDO BOYS

Who Had a Very Interesting Time Trying to Sneak Across Into Uncle Sam's Territory.

duced—of the heading of a paragraph which appeared in a conspicuous position in the *Toronto World* of Dec. 7th. The paragraph narrated the escape from justice, and other escapades, of three young vagrants, responsibility for whose appearance in Canada was laid at the door of Dr. Barnardo. It was the old, old story. They never had any connection with the Home in any shape whatsoever. This was communicated to the publishers of the *Toronto World* by Mr. Owen in a letter which he asked them to publish, giving as much prominence to the correction as they had to the mis-statement. Mr. Owen also made this request by telephone, and was given a satisfactory promise.

The letter appeared, *not* in the conspicuous position accorded to the malicious mis-statement, but in an out-of-the-way corner of the paper, and this cut

They Were Not Barnardo Boys.

is a *fac-simile* of the heading under which it was published.

## MISS PEARSON WISHES HER OLD PUPILS A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"TORONTO, Dec. 18th, 1896.

"MY DEAR BOYS,—There are so many boys in the Home claiming our attention just at present, and Christmas time brings so many new duties, that I find it impossible to write to each of my old pupils, who are out in the world. I will take this opportunity then of wishing you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your friend,

"FLORENCE MCB. PEARSON."