

# UPS AND DOWNS.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

TAKEN AT BARNARDO FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

(See Manitoba Farm Notes.)

Date.	Temperature.		Weather and Miscellaneous Phenomena at Observation.	Wind.	
	Maxi- mum.	Mini- mum.		Direction.	Velocity.
				7 P.M.	9 P.M.
February 1...	6	-10	Cloudy	E.	3
2...	19	-4	Blue	S.E.	1
3...	19	-7	Overcast	S.E.	2
4...	20	2	Overcast	S.E.	3
5...	20	19	"	S.E.	3
6...	19	19	"	S.E.	3
7...	3	-12	Blue	N.W.	2
8...	3	-16	Blue	N.W.	2
9...	7	-16	Overcast	N.W.	2
10...	7	-6	Blue	N.W.	2
11...	16	-7	"	N.W.	2
12...	17	-7	"	N.W.	2
13...	14	-7	"	N.W.	2
14...	15	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	2
15...	10	-10	Overcast	N.W.	2
16...	15	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	2
17...	14	-10	Overcast	N.W.	2
18...	8	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	2
19...	8	-12	Blue	N.W.	2
20...	20	-14	Overcast	N.W.	2
21...	10	-14	Blue	N.W.	2

### A PLEA FOR BOOKS.

Readers of UPS AND DOWNS:

Some years ago I began to ask contributions to a "Loan Library," to be known as the "In His Name" Library, and to be loaned to parties who seldom read anything more elevating than the "dime" novel, or its equivalent. Grateful, indeed, would I be to anyone who would contribute a volume, which, of necessity, does not need to be new. I was obliged to give up my library work, owing to ill health, but have again resumed.

"In His Name,"

(Mrs.) F. C. McLAREN.

Box 125, Bracebridge, Muskoka.

### MORE SPONTANEOUS TESTIMONY.

WHITESIDE P. O., Feb. 8, 1897.

MY DEAR SIR:

In my capacity of storekeeper, it is often my lot to encounter the hard kickers against Dr. Barnardo's boys. Having had the boarding of eight of your boys at different times, I feel in a position to give my testimony in the matter of comparing them with—say, our own boys. The comparison reflects no discredit upon any boy I have had to deal with. Of course, there are boys whom one could love as their own, while others are not so blest with those endearing attributes of nature, but are none the less capable of making good, honest citizens. My "medicine" to the kickers is that a boy is much what you make him; treat him as a human being and he is apt to prove his right to the qualification, treat him as a cur and it is not your fault if he does not become one.

It is a most astounding puzzle to me that men who in other matters are all that goes to make good citizens, should set their faces against a scheme to benefit a class of poor, guiltless waifs, who, as the penalty of having lived (for which I may say they are unaccountable), should be left to starve and rot in a slum or gutter, or at best to drift into the life and habits of paupers and criminals, while this great and almost uninhabited Canada is waiting with untold wealth for a coming people. They talk to me of hard times—why? Because they neglect the land. It is from the land all must feed, and it is to the land all poverty must turn for sure redress. Dr.

Barnardo's scheme is to make farmers, and it is farmers Canada wants to till the millions of acres lying idle. All power to the scheme. And if there be a few "mistakes" arrive, or be manufactured after arrival, what scheme of emigration is free from that same objection?

I have looked for some notice of my former proteges in UPS AND DOWNS, and so far have not met them. I have full confidence in their having filled their respective positions with credit to the Home, as they gave full promise. They are Wm. and Robt. Hawkins and John and Fred Price, also Chas. Hayward. Fred W. Shott, who is about to leave, carries a testimonial of his conduct, which you are at liberty to publish herewith.

Trusting there is no truth in the rumour of a tax per capita being imposed upon the Institution.

I am, faithfully yours,

E. B. SUTTON.

### AN AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

SCHOOL,  
STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON,  
21st January, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The fifth annual meeting of the Young Helpers' League was held last Saturday, the 16th of January, in the Albert Hall, and was, of course, a great success. As many of your readers left England before Dr. Barnardo instituted the League, they will need perhaps a little enlightenment. This League consists of young people, in well-to-do circumstances, who are formed into Habitations and Lodges, up and down the country; in fact there are already Companions of the League in every country of Europe, and in most of the colonies. The object of the League is to benefit, by contributions and collections, the blind, crippled, and incurable, who may be connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. There were at the end of 1896 over 15,000 Companions on the registers, and the money raised amounted to close upon £8,000.

The League is under the high patronage of H. R. H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck; and H. R. H. Princess Victoria May, Duchess of York. These great ladies were represented at the meeting by Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset.

At 3 o'clock Canon Fleming, chairman of the Council of the League, took the chair, and found the hall comfortably filling.

You must know that the Albert Hall is a huge circular building, capable of holding between seven and eight thousand people, in stalls, boxes, and balcony, in such a manner that packing to the ceiling is almost an apparent possibility. It was the business of our boys and girls to entertain the audience for three hours with singing and displays of various kinds.

Mr. Anderson put his four companies through their military evolutions in the arena, to the sound of the bugle. The boys were dressed in full warlike gear, and armed to the teeth with wooden guns and tin bayonets, and the tin swords of the little officers glittered in the gas light. Mr. Butterfield's four companies went through naval cutlass drill to orders, piped in a shrill treble by a small officer. They brandished their light wooden cutlasses to the four quarters like old tars, with the precision of clock-work.

Mr. Gelling led nearly a hundred little girls through a series of tactical evolutions and dumb-bell exercises; and though the "bells" were wooden, they were not dumb, for each had half a dozen sleigh-bells attached; and at every clash they went cling-clang. The girls came on very prettily in their simple frocks of cream-white, yellow, light green or pink.

Then a squad of boys, under Mr. Gelling, went through a somewhat similar performance, using small cymbals instead of dumb-bells. Then there were tug-of-war, flag races, and football—all most exciting. The victors in the several contests were crowned with wreaths of laurel and bays by Her Grace of Somerset, and the victors marched off as proud—shall we say it?—as Roman Imperators, and quite as deserving as many of them.

These performances were interspersed with songs by the choir of 600 boys and girls—songs fostering the Imperial sentiment—and songs congratulating Her Majesty the Queen on her long and prosperous reign;

and these songs were emphasized by the picturesque waving of Union Jacks and Royal Standards.

There was an Alphabet Song, too, beginning with

"A was an archer who had a big bow,  
He shot up a tree, and he brought down a crow,"

and so on from letter to letter through the alphabet. There were four boys for each letter excepting X, and that letter had the honour of being represented by four little girls, in the character of Xantippe, a peevish old shrew, who was graceless enough to grumble, even when old Socrates, the henpecked, treated her to a new bonnet!

When J came on the scene, there was such an innocent looking little cottage in the centre of the arena, with a smokeless chimney perched atop; and the four joiners began their operations, for

"J was a joiner, who built a fine house,  
And when it was done, 'twas a trap for a mouse,"

and so it turned out, for after a few preliminary tip-tappings, the fabric underwent a most mysterious transformation, resulting in a huge mouse-trap, from which issued a most monstrous mouse, about the size, shape and gracefulness of a young pig.

He came tearing on with four scarlet-coated hunters, shouting the view halloo; the horns blowing a wild tantantara! Z rushed on as four Zulus, bronzed and menacing, brandishing harmless assegais, and mildly yelling. And all the other letters came on—you must fancy how.

Mr. Douglas was property master and director of ceremonies in this interlude, and proved again that he missed his vocation when he took to the trade of Domiinic.

Then there was a song, glorifying the deeds of lifeboat crews. Labour House lads bore a property lifeboat about the arena on their shoulders, and a double crew from the same House, in unsoiled oilers and sou'westers, marched on each side, with oars held aloft, the whole symbolizing, in more ways than one, the salvage corps at Stepney Causeway.

A series of pictures was thrown on a screen by a lime-light lantern, to illustrate the character of the work done in the Homes. This was followed by a lantern novelty, which reproduced scenes on the screen that had been photographed from actual life, with all their natural and continuous movements. One of the most striking scenes was a picture of stormy weather at Brighton. The waves rolled to and fro, sent their foaming crests on the wharves, and dashed their white spray high in the air most threateningly, till you feared the audience would get a drenching.

Of course Mr. Davis and the band were there as well as the pipers.

Some of your readers will be sorry to hear that Mr. Frank Proudman goes shortly to South Africa for permanent residence, owing to delicate health. These Saturday proceedings have almost obliterated the memory of our recent Xmas merry-makings. All the drillings, restrainings, instructings, and the hundred and one et ceteras connected with entertainments drive many things out of your head.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. P. MANWELL.

### OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

WHAT I DO ON DAYS WHEN IT IS TOO STORMY TO WORK OUTSIDE.

ALFRED JOLLEY. Age 20. Party, June '90.

On the farms where there is a hired hand kept all the year around, there is generally some outside work to do, such as drawing wood and manure or sawing and chopping wood.

When it is too stormy to do any of the above things we sometimes fill in the time between chores, filling grain for chop or cleaning for market, sharpening our saw and grinding our axes.

There is, as a rule, plenty of small things ready to be done on stormy days, but I have known it to be that stormy that we would be in the house between choring time, every day for a week or more at a time.

When such a time as that it means for the hired hand what we generally term a "snap" as a rule, if my boots need greasing, I do that first, and then get all the

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