

ments since the last issue of our paper, we might mention the relieving of "Jimmy Green" from the wash-tub. Green's old friends will be glad to hear that he now occupies the responsible position of night watchman for the Institution, and as regards the laundry it is at present presided over by Mrs. Toovey, who will, we believe, find her hands quite full in looking after those erratic buttons that are for ever falling off one's clothing. Alexander Hutchinson, a comical young colored man who at one time looked after Dr. Barnardo's piggery, said: "I nevah did see sich a country foh buttons fallin' off." It may be the strong winds, my lads, but certainly the bachelor who has his unmentionables fastened to his other garments with a variety of nails, from shingle up to 20-penny spikes, will tell you with feeling in his voice and look, that "the patter, patter, patter of the rainfall on the roof" is nothing to the rattle, rattle, rattle of the buttons on the floor; and if Mrs. Toovey, the present laundress, can do anything to relieve these showers, which are not by any means to be put in the list of "showers of blessing," her name should be handed down, I think, with those of other great benefactors of the race. Another innovation on the Farm, is the introduction of a large geared windmill, 14 ft. in diameter, taken in exchange for the much smaller one set up on the red barn last year. This wheel is made by the Ontario Wind Engine Company of Toronto, and the way it makes the grain crusher and the straw cutter hum is pleasant to listen to.

By the time these notes are in the mail, another large consignment of those extra fine white hogs, which the lads are so fond of taking care of, will be on their way to the Winnipeg Packing House: already a very creditable shipment of exceedingly fine sheep has been sent through to the English market, and as the prices for live stock generally have improved to such an appreciable extent, the management at the Farm, are more than encouraged with the prospects in this line.

#### VISITORS.

On the 17th October the lads at the Home were honored by a visit from the Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, D.D., who has for so many years charmed the members of the Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, with his wonderful eloquence. The Archdeacon took the morning service at the Home on the day mentioned above, and in referring to the

wonderful extensions of Dr. Barnardo's work over the world, mentioned the fact that only twenty-five years before, he had while visiting London called at Dr. Barnardo's establishment, then occupying but a few small rooms, where children were being cared for, became very much interested in the work he saw going on; but little thinking that at some future day, when the great strong arms of the Institutions stretched out even into the Western prairies of Canada, he would have the pleasure of addressing English lads in one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes where the wild buffalo were then roaming. It is needless to say that the Venerable Archdeacon not only interested but charmed his mixed audience at the Home, and the sincere wish of the Barnardo boys at Russell is, that the life of the Venerable Archdeacon may be spared for many years to come, and that the address given the lads on the 17th October may not be the last in which his voice is heard, in the little chapel at Barnardo.

We were delighted to grasp the great warm hand of Joseph Bird, Sarnia, April '94, who called upon your correspondent on the 28th October. Bird promised well to become a fine representative of the young men Dr. Barnardo is sending out yearly to Canada when he left the Farm, and the writer is pleased to admit that his expectations were so far eclipsed by the final results when this great manly fellow came walking into the Farm office dressed in a huge ulster, that he has now to confess that he is but a poor specimen of a prophet. Bird expects to be engaged in the lumber woods this Winter, north-east of Dauphin village, and with a few of his neighbours contemplates ultimately settling in the great Swan River country, where he claims there is the grandest grazing district in the North-West. Joseph Over, *Carthaginian*, April '92, another "six-footer," weighing in the neighbourhood of two hundred pounds, favoured the Farm Home with a three days' visit in November, while on his way to the logging camp of the Assiniboine Lumber Company. Over expects to take land in the Spring, in the vicinity of the Cut Arm Creeks, where he reports a great many fine homesteads still open for settlement.

The most important visit of the quarter from an institutional standpoint, however,