

on the subject, in the famous words of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man."

* *

From our point of view here in Ontario this Westward migration is full of good omen. It means that many places will be left vacant which boys of future parties will be able to fill, and we hope for a continuance of the great movement by which such large numbers have during past years been able to find good homes and bright prospects in life without supplanting any others or conflicting with the interests of any one else. We have no doubt that the departure of these several thousand farm hands from Ontario will create a largely increased demand for our boys during the next few months and we are begging those at home in England to "keep the pot boiling," by sending out as many lads as possible of the right sort. Of course we do not want any but those who are the right sort, but as far as in him lies Dr. Barnardo has no intention of sending any of the other sort to Canada. We have of course a few black sheep in our flock, but gladly and gratefully we once more repeat that with comparatively few exceptions our boys are growing up to be useful, industrious members of society.

* *

This is our answer to the question so often put to us: How do your boys turn out? We reply that in the great majority of cases they prove themselves to be a credit to the old Home and the Old Land; that the number who have failed constitutes a trifling percentage of the whole; that they compare favorably with any other class of citizens in the country; and that Canada, and especially the farmer of Canada, would be worse off without them. The unfortunate feature of our position is that every one hears of our failures, and that, while a thousand boys may be doing well and developing into deserving citizens, they are judged and condemned for the misdeeds of one or two who, perhaps, commit some breach of the law, and whose names thus appear in the newspapers and come prominently before the public. Still we believe implicitly in the words of the old Latin proverb "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*"—Truth is great and will prevail—and though prejudice and misrepresentation are hard to bear, we believe that in time we shall amply vindicate our reputation and show ourselves to be a body of honorable law-abiding, useful members of society.

* *

I had a visit only a day or two ago from a leading barrister and well-known politician of Eastern Ontario. For many years past he has had boys from the Home in his employ and we had a talk about his own boys and the work generally. One boy who lived with him several years is now married and doing well in business for himself in the city of Hamilton. Another has been working for a considerable time past for the Rathbun Company in Deseronto and is a prominent and respected member and office-bearer of the church there. A third is a captain in the Salvation Army, while another, who is at present with him, he describes as, on the whole, the best he has had yet. There are hundreds of men all over Ontario who could give similar testimony, and it is not from those who have employed our boys, and have had personal knowledge of them, that the attacks upon our work come, but from people who accept only hearsay evidence and allow themselves to be prejudiced without taking any means or trouble to inform themselves as to the facts. I remember when crossing the Atlantic not long ago with a party of boys, there was a meeting held in the saloon of the steamer at which reference

was made to Dr. Barnardo's boys. A prominent Canadian clergyman, who was asked to speak, remarked that his personal knowledge of our boys was confined to two and all he could say was that he had no more earnest, devoted, right-minded worker in his church and Sunday School than one of them—giving his name. And as regards the other, the speaker had been taken seriously ill when visiting a short time previously in Halifax, N.S., and no one could have had a more kindly, faithful and assiduous nurse than he had found to take care of him in George Hollifield. Such was his experience.

* *

What is to us a most pleasing feature of our present issue is the list of those who have recently received the special silver medal awarded by Dr. Barnardo for good conduct and length of service. We heartily congratulate the recipients and trust these medals will serve as an incentive to them not to "weary in well-doing" but to continue in the future as in the past to uphold by steady, persevering effort their own good name and the reputation of the Home.

* *

Our application list at the present time is rather at a low ebb, owing to the lateness of the season; and as we expect to have about one hundred boys in the next party, due to reach Toronto in the middle of September, we shall be glad if our friends will help us by making it known in their localities to any one likely to take boys, and to offer them good homes. We want only good homes, and we know that there are had as well as good throughout the country, but it has been, and will always be, our aim to place boys only with people who will treat them with kindness and consideration, and will seek by example and precept to train them up in the right way.

Alfred B. Owen.

SHE DIDN'T BLAME THEM.

A pretty, talkative little girl, evidently her mother's pet, was riding in a street car the other afternoon. Her mother accompanied her. Presently a remarkably fat Chinaman, in full Chinese costume, entered and sat opposite the child.

She looked at him in apparent amazement, and then, turning to her mother, whispered:

"Mamma, what's that opposite?"

"Sh-h! That's a Chinaman, my dear," answered the mother, in a low tone.

"The same kind of Chinaman papa says the Japanese are killing!"

"Yes, my dear. Don't talk so loud."

The child meditated a moment, and then said:

"Well, I don't blame them!"

THOMAS CARLYLE AND THE GOOSE.

A good story is told of the late Thomas Carlyle, who, as everybody knows, was called "The Sage of Chelsea." He was dining out one day, when it happened that goose was one of the courses.

The great writer had partaken freely of the goose, and what remained of the bird had just been removed from the table, when a certain wit present asked the company what transition had lately taken place.

On their pleading ignorance, he informed them that, on the last course being brought in, they had seen a goose stuffed with sage, and now, pointing to Carlyle, he observed:

"You see a sage stuffed with goose."

WITH TRICK HORSES.

AN HOUR BEHIND THE SCENES.

WRITTEN FOR UPS AND DOWNS, BY FAITH FENTON.

When the matinee is over and the great auditorium is left to dim emptiness; when the curtain is dropped and the animals have the deep stage all to themselves for the three or four hours that intervene before the evening performance; when the electric lights throw flickering rays into the late afternoon gloam, making more white the deep fragrant carpet of "turner's chips," and playing hide and seek about the stage corners—then is the season for a visit behind the scenes with the graceful intelligent creatures who come familiarly up to thrust their noses into one's face with unasked kiss, and to search pocket and hand for candy or biscuits.

Although these horses remain upon the stage between the performances they sleep each night in their own private car which is fitted up especially with a view to their needs and comfort. Night and day they are never left without an attendant, whose business it is to prevent them from injuring themselves or each other in their play, and also to see that no harm comes to them from any outside source.

There are twenty animals in this troupe. A dozen of these are full-grown horses—whites, piebalds, a fine bay, and a dark fellow, Claude by name. Two are mules and the remainder are ponies, pretty, chunky creatures with long heads, good foreheads and full eyes.

None of the troop are absolute thoroughbreds, although one snow-white fellow is nearly pure Arabian, and another equally snowy is of pure Indian breed. From an absurd association of ideas, we had hitherto imagined that an Indian horse must needs be dusky brown; but this pretty creature has a coat of spotless whiteness.

These animals are so perfectly groomed that it is a pleasure to be among them. Their coats are glossy, and brushed to a velvety softness. One can pat the deep breathing sides, or put one's face down to the broad flat cheeks without suffering even a suspicion of horsey odors.

The ponies are crosses between Shetlands and Indians; all except *Fohnnie Sanbourne* who is a pure Shetland.

Fohnnie Sanbourne is blind, quite blind; but he lies down and pretends to sleep at the word of command, and later on, enjoys a swing as his share of the entertainment before the footlights.

We find the veterinary surgeon of the troop, who is also a skilled trainer, moving about among his pets, and quite willing to gossip at length concerning them.

He has placed *Fohnnie Sanbourne* and *Denver* by themselves, in the left wing; the horses, some eight or ten in number, occupy the centre of the stage, while in the right wing, the plump, chunky, little ponies are grouped. They all show fearless confidence in us, and step up to nose about us, with intent of discovering whether we have some appetizing dainty in our possession.

"Has *Fohnnie Sanbourne* always been blind?" we inquire, as we stroke the little fellow's thick brown coat.

"Ever since he has been with us," answered the surgeon. "He belonged to a lady who must have allowed him to get over-heated and then chilled, or to suffer some exposure. Any way he became blind, and lost his value to her. She offered him to us and we took him. He is quite teachable and a nice little fellow."

"Now here is *Denver*, the pet of the troop. We bought him for forty dollars, and now he is worth his weight in gold to us as a trick mule."

"We are never quite sure what *Denver* is