

UPS AND DOWNS

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

We launch our first number with heartiest good wishes for all whom it may concern—to our subscribers and to those who we hope will become our subscribers.

We are a class by ourselves in this country and though it would be going altogether too far to say that every man's hand is against us, yet there is certainly no fear of our participating in the woe that is promised to those of whom all men speak well. Many people are prejudiced against us and many more misunderstand us, and our paper will, we hope, be our organ of defence and will promote community of thought and community of action amongst us. We look forward to it being the means of raising materially our position and prestige as a body of citizens of the Dominion, and to help to make us respected and to dispel some of the groundless and often very cruel and uncharitable prejudice that exists against us.

Union is strength, and, like the bundle of sticks in the fable, we shall take a deal of breaking as long as we keep together. Let our paper be the band that binds us and let us all try our best to tighten the band and bring all the sticks within it.

Our paper is the personal interest and concern of every one of Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada, and we want all hands to work hand in hand to make it a success and to give support to those who have made themselves responsible for its management.

All contributions thankfully received. Send us news of yourselves, your friends, the state of business in your part of the country, what you are doing, where you have been, where you are going. Anything and everything of interest is grist to our mill and will help us to make our paper bright and acceptable.

We grieve that our first number should have to convey gloomy news of one very dear to all our hearts. Dr. Barnardo has been laid aside by

serious illness and has been obliged to give up work for a time and take entire rest. His condition has been such as to cause the gravest anxiety, but we are thankful to be able to state that the most recent accounts show an improvement, and we are not without hopes that through God's goodness he may be fully restored and able to resume his post as organizer and director of his vast and glorious enterprise.



DR. BARNARDO.

His absence has been greatly felt in all quarters and it seemed strange and melancholy to leave with our last party on the 27th of June without any farewell from him. Painfully we missed him and those affectionate parting greetings that seemed to inspire us for all that lay before us and to make us feel that we were going out specially to represent him and to try and do him credit. The thought that he was ill and far away was a sad damper to our departure, but very well we knew that his thoughts were with us and that he was sharing all our regret at not being on the accustomed scene.

Our party 202 strong, were recruited from the various Homes, Leopold House being somewhat the largest representation. They were a bonny lot, stout, healthy and well trained and with scarcely a "weedy" specimen among them. Almost "to a man" they were lads of promise who should do well, and, we believe, will do well in the future.

London skies smiled brightly upon us as we drove through the dear, grim old city and finally pulled out of St. Pancras station at 9 o'clock in the morning. Of course we had the band and the band never in better form. A few poor dear mothers and sisters were gathered on the platform for a last embrace, but there were more smiles than tears and the first stage of our journey "Westward Ho" was, on the whole, happily and satisfactorily accomplished.

Five hours' lovely ride through the rich pastures of the Midland Counties and the magnificent scenery of the Derbyshire Hills brought us to Liverpool, where we found it clear and shining after rain. Needless to say we were the objects of much interest and kindly remark as we marched through the crowded thoroughfares to the Prince's Landing Stage, where a tender was waiting to take us on board the good ship "Sardinian" of the Allan Line. We look on the "Sardinian" as quite an old friend, and a true and trusty one too. Many a party has she safely borne across the stormy

Atlantic and she looks as staunch and true in her declining years as when she ranked high among the greyhounds of the Atlantic. Arriving on board we pass the Board of Trade doctor, keen and vigilant to detect any sign of disease or ailment. "A fine lot of boys, Mr. Owen: robbing the country of good soldiers," says the doctor. "They'll be something better than soldiers, Doctor," but the doctor doesn't think so. Hard to please everybody! Canadians accuse us of introducing undesirable elements into their population. Englishmen complain that we are robbing the Old Country of the flower of their flock. All