



"HELLO! hello! Is that Dr. Barnardo's Winnipeg Home?"

"Yes. Who are you?" "Why, this is the Manitoba Farm office." Well, we haven't quite reached such a state of complete and *direct* communication between the office of Mr. Davis, the Secretary, at 115 Pacific Avenue, and the old Farm Home office at Barnardo. As a matter of fact, however, the two offices are connected by wire

telephone from the Farm to the railway station at Russell, five miles; telegraph to the general telegraph office of the Canadian Pacific in Main Street, Winnipeg, 223 miles; and telephone to our Pacific Avenue office, so that in an interval of three minutes a reasonable message can be transmitted between Dr. Barnardo's town house and his interesting country seat in the extreme north western corner of the Province, and a reply returned thereto during a like space of time. It was only at the beginning of January of this year that, through the indulgence of our General Superintendent, Mr. Owen, who ordered the city connection, we were enabled to perform these wonders, and our number, dear reader, is 1550. These are wonderful days in which we live, with wireless telegraphy, airships and automatic telephones, so we wouldn't be at all surprised should we see, one of these fine days, in Mr. Davis' advertising card "If you want a boy ring up 1550," or "Boys sent by pneumatic tube to any part of the Province."

MISSOURI, WINTER.

North-West Correspondent.
The following is a reproduction of a letter from the Farm Home office to the Editor of the

amusing articles on Manitoba weather, generally written by new-comers to our Province, all seriously trying to prove that the climate of the North-West is becoming milder, and that the winter of twenty and thirty years ago has left us. In point of fact, we did a little boasting in this line ourselves in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, showing from our Observatory records that the Industrial Farm is located in the Banana Belt. This mild term, however, young reader, is nothing new, and we old heads can well remember winters of twenty and twenty five years ago, when the ice on the Red River was covered with four and six inches of water on Christmas and New Year's Day, so the writer was quite prepared, after perusing an exhaustive article, one evening in January, on the causes of the change in the Manitoba climate, to read the next morning a *Free Press* thermometer showing forty-five degrees below zero. The lads at the Farm, however, who are *really alive* seldom complain of these sudden drops in the mercury so long as they are not accompanied by severe winds, and, indeed, any young man who is comfortably clad and cannot move lively enough to keep himself warm in our winter climate under ordinary circumstances should at once be placed in some home for incurables.

Our Market Town

Our famous lads of the early years, after the water on his four cylinders, make interested enquiries after the advancement of Russell; consequently we are going to ask the Editor of *Ups and Downs* to produce a photograph showing the building on the principal