

writing a few lines to you, hoping that you will not be offended at what I am about to say. I came out in April, '90, and worked at the Home for eleven months and two weeks; from there I was hired by Mr. O. Setter for twelve months, but being we could not agree, I left him after a month's notice when I had been there for three months; from there I went to work for Mr. Y. J. Attwood, for seventeen months, when my time expired; he did not want a man any longer, so I went and worked with the threshers until the machine froze up and we could work no more; from there I went and worked for nine months for Mr. J. B. McDonald; from there I went back to my old boss, Mr. Y. J. Attwood, for over three years; from there I started for myself, and am now the possessor of a good wheat farm, with three working horses, one plow, harrows, binder, sleighs, wagon and several other implements. I have never been out of employment one day since I left the Home, and I must tell you that I have 70 acres under cultivation. I had 40 in this year, 33 of wheat and 7 of oats, and have got the best part of the other 30 acres of breaking back-set. I have got 28 acres of my wheat cut and stooked, and reckon to be finished next Wednesday. I am doing it all by myself. The reason that I have told you this is, so that you can see that I have not idled my time away and you could see whether I was worthy of a good conduct medal or not. I do not ask for the medal unless I am deserving it. The reason I ask for it is not for the value of the thing but for to show the young lads a good example that are working around here. I will now close by asking if you will be so kind as to answer this letter when you think it convenient.

"I remain,

"Your humble servant,

"(sgd.) FREDERICK JOHNSON."

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The above letter speaks for itself, and shows how Johnson was getting on up to the close of harvest; and as the price of good wheat, and there was little of any other quality grown in the district of Russell during this year, ran as high as 82c. per bushel, Johnson will have a nice little profit for his season's work, beside the satisfaction of being practically his own boss, and possessing a farm such as he could not have hoped to secure, had he remained in the

Old Country, in a life-time. As a matter of course the stream of life for the young man who launches out on his own account in the Canadian West, does not *always* run over a perfectly smooth bottom—boulders, reefs and rapids sometimes lie in the way—and all the skill and judgment which can be brought to bear on the rudder will not keep the craft away from the threatening rock. The writer when allowing his pen to dip into the moralizing ink-pot, was thinking of a call made in October by a young man whose name has often been mentioned in these pages, and always in a most hopeful manner when speaking of his future business prospects. We refer to John A. Redbourne, who has been farming for some years in the Shoal Lake district, and this year had a very fine crop, all of which, amounting to some thirteen hundred bushels of grain, was wiped out of existence by one of those irresistible prairie fires that now and again, when conditions are favourable, sweep through the settlements, leaving death and destruction behind. John claims to have made every possible preparation to meet an attack of this kind; however, it has been truly said that fire is a most useful servant while a dreadful master, and owing to the terrific wind raging upon the day the flames crept up to his homestead. No human precaution or effort, it appears, would have diverted the disaster. In this case the Homes were prepared to give immediate assistance in a modest way; and the writer, after visiting the scene of the young man's misfortune, enquiring into the conditions surrounding Redbourne's business, consulting with himself and wife, trusts that the young settlers will not lose courage, but go at the problem again with strong heart and a determination to win even against odds.

The hearts of the lads at the Home, as well as the minds of the management, were respectively cheered and relieved by the fact that it was possible to place this year's crop in the hands of the thresher as early as October 27th. Cold fingers are not good instruments with which to tie up grain sacks, and although a bad storm or two interrupted the proceedings, the work of threshing out Dr. Barnardo's grain was performed in a fairly comfortable and satisfactory manner, the contractor being Mr. William Cusitar. Among other changes in the Home arrange-