

congratulate themselves upon this latest addition to their number. From all we had heard we had expected a good party, both in quality and quantity, and our expectations were more than realized. There were boys of various shapes, sorts and sizes. There were good boys, better boys and best boys, possibly some boys who are not good, but this time will show. There were many remarkably bright and intelligent boys, others whose minds and bodies were of heavier and slower make, but who will perhaps "get there" all the same. We had boys from almost all Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Institutions, whose number is now legion, and which cover every corner of the United Kingdom, and Ireland into the bargain. We heard English "as she is spoke" in almost every species of dialect and brogue. The first boy that came into the room would be a pronounced Cockney; the next would answer our questions, and probably volunteer a great deal of information in addition, including his experiences on the last 12th of July, in a rich County Antrim brogue; another, addressing us as "Zurr," would inform us that his birthplace was in "Zomerzet," and that he came in through the Home in "Baath"; the next would treat us to some genuine Lancashire twang, and then our ears would be refreshed by what always strikes us as the rather musical East Coast drawl. There were several typical "Brummies" in the party (gentlemen from Birmingham, we may explain for the benefit of the unsophisticated among our readers, fellow-townsmen of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain), and Newcastle and the far North were well represented. Scotland contributed her quota to the consignment, and we strongly impressed upon these young Highlanders and Lowlanders that they belonged to a highly favoured race—not that Scotchmen generally need at all to be reminded of this—but we were talking with an object, and wished to make them realize that they had a high national repu-

tation to uphold in Canada, and so looked to the national dignity of worthily the honour of Scotland and her sons.

The Right Men in the Right Place.

ON one point everyone was unanimous—the answer to the question, "What do you want to make of yourself in Canada?" being always a "farmer," or a "cowboy." Needless to say we were entirely in accord with the wish and ambition of our young charges. The farm is, as every year's experience more strongly than ever convinces us, the right place for our boys in Canada. It is the place to build up their constitutions, and make them strong, healthy and robust; it is the place where their labour is always in demand, and where they need never be idle or have to seek for employment. In the farmers' homes, and amongst the country households to which they are sent, they are received on terms of equality, and admitted to a share in the family life as they could be nowhere else, and they receive a training in habits of thrift, industry, self reliance and clean living. They can earn good wages besides their board, and if they stick to the land and lay by their money, they can soon have land of their own, and be on the way to prosperous independence, while even if ultimately they take up some other occupation the farm will have proved the best possible training school, and the best introduction to life in Canada. In this connection, we must express our strong dissent from the views recently expressed by a Government official who has been giving the public the benefit of his opinions of our work through the medium of the newspapers in the West. This gentleman, while generally speaking in terms of high praise of Dr. Barnardo's boys, and of the methods of his work in Canada, criticizes our placing boys in a manner that he styles "indiscriminately" upon farms, when, as he thinks, some would be more suitably provided for at trades