

Dr. Barnardo's First "Boy"

Interesting Account of the Incident Which Led up to Establishment of "Barnardo Homes" in Writings of Philanthropist.

The news of the death in London of Dr. Barnardo, the father of the orphan children, has caused a great outburst of popular sympathy. A true philanthropist, he held out a helping hand to every destitute who sought an open door for every really homeless child.

In 39 years he rescued over 50,000 boys and girls, and he even did more than that. His splendid enthusiasm and admirable methods drew round him a body of shrewd and capable men who were able to do his work of child rescue in the same spirit and upon the same lines. Today some 50,000 boys and girls are being maintained, educated and trained to be honest, God-fearing, loyal citizens of the empire.

By Elton J. Barnardo, F. R. C. S. (Ed.) (By Elton J. Barnardo, F. R. C. S. (Ed.)) "I don't live nowhere!" "Now, my lad, it is quite useless your trying to deceive me. Come over here and tell me the truth. What do you mean? Where do you come from? Where are your friends? Where did you sleep last night?"

With this bunch of inquiries I felt that I could penetrate the toughest shield of falsehood and deceit behind which the boy would hide. And certainly in calling this child to my side I never supposed that his more closely I would get the truth.

"That's the truth, sir. I ain't tellin' you no lies." "Where did you sleep last night?" I asked. "Down in Whitechapel, along of the 'aynarks' in one of them carts filled with 'ay'."

"How was it you came to the school?" "Cos, sir, I don't see a chap as I know, and he said me to come up 'ere to the school to get warm 'ere he sed 'ere."

"I won't do no 'arm, sir," he repeated. "I only want to get warm. Please do, sir." "It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up."

"I turned to the poor little fellow who stood anxiously awaiting my notice, and I asked at length, 'are there other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?'"

they put me into the school. I was all right there, but soon arter, mother did an 'then I runned away from the 'ouse.' 'How long ago was that?' 'Domme 'early, sir, 'bout it's more'n five year ago.'

"Why didn't you run away, then, and leave?" "Well, I will see what can be done for you tomorrow. But you know that's a promise, and I'll see to it that you shall have it."

"I was with slow and heavy steps that the boy came nearer. He moved each foot as though he weighed it down. Some seconds elapsed before he was close enough to let me look at him narrowly."

I looked searchingly at the child—for he was little more than a child—and to this hour, as I close my eyes, the face and figure of the boy stand out sharp and clear before my mental vision.

"Do you mean to say, my boy," I at length asked for the second or third time, "that you really have no home at all, and that you have no father or mother or friends?"

"That's the truth, sir. I ain't tellin' you no lies." "Where did you sleep last night?" I asked. "Down in Whitechapel, along of the 'aynarks' in one of them carts filled with 'ay'."

"How was it you came to the school?" "Cos, sir, I don't see a chap as I know, and he said me to come up 'ere to the school to get warm 'ere he sed 'ere."

"I won't do no 'arm, sir," he repeated. "I only want to get warm. Please do, sir." "It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up."

terful story of the Babe born in Bethlehem. After describing the goodness, compassion and love which the Lord Jesus had shown for everybody, I went on to speak of His trial before Pilate. His crucifixion and His crown of thorns. The little fellow who had been listening all the while with the most intense interest, occasionally asked questions which showed his shrewd application of these events to the only life he knew.

"Well, I will see what can be done for you tomorrow. But you know that's a promise, and I'll see to it that you shall have it." "I was with slow and heavy steps that the boy came nearer. He moved each foot as though he weighed it down."

I looked searchingly at the child—for he was little more than a child—and to this hour, as I close my eyes, the face and figure of the boy stand out sharp and clear before my mental vision.

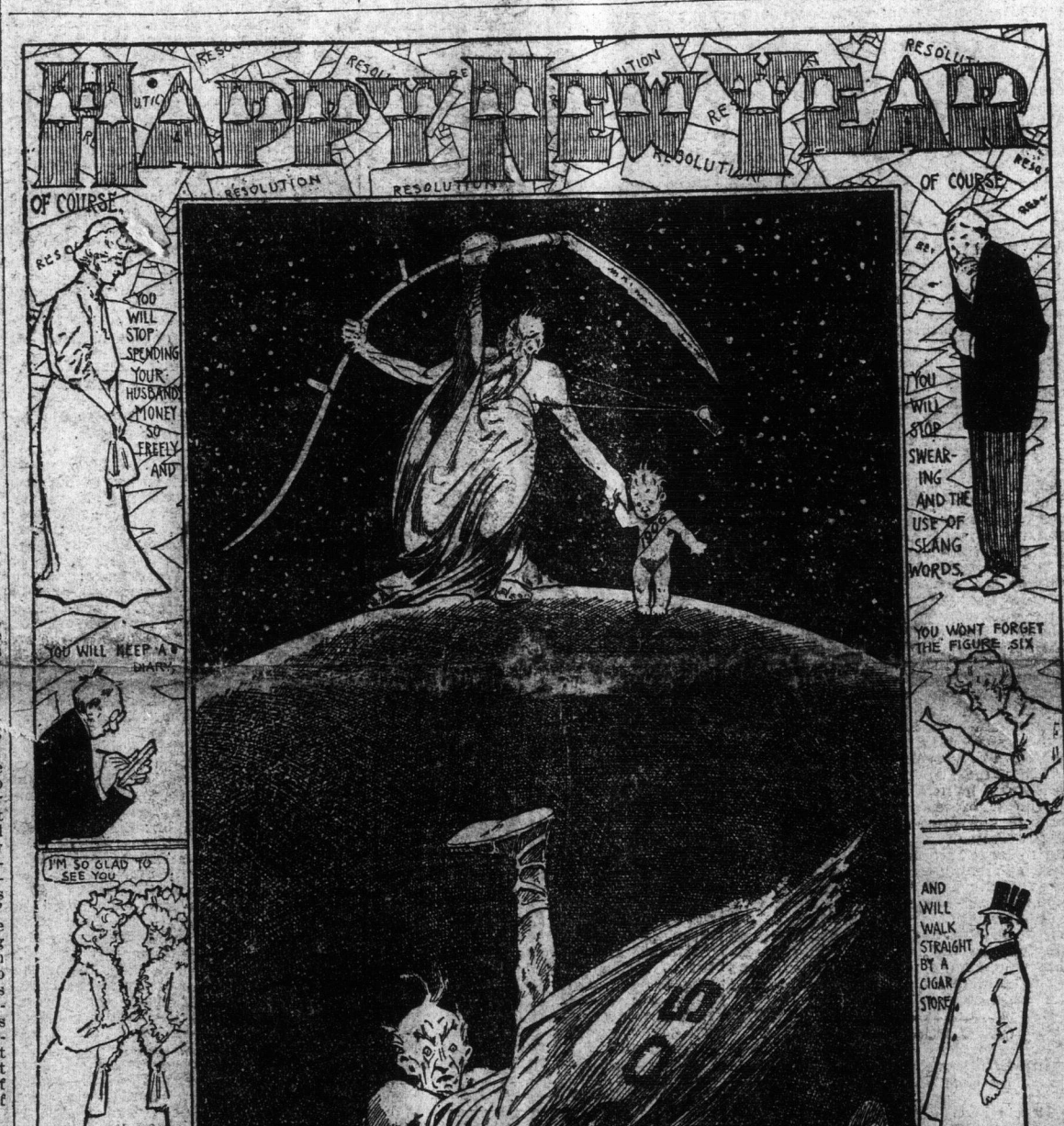
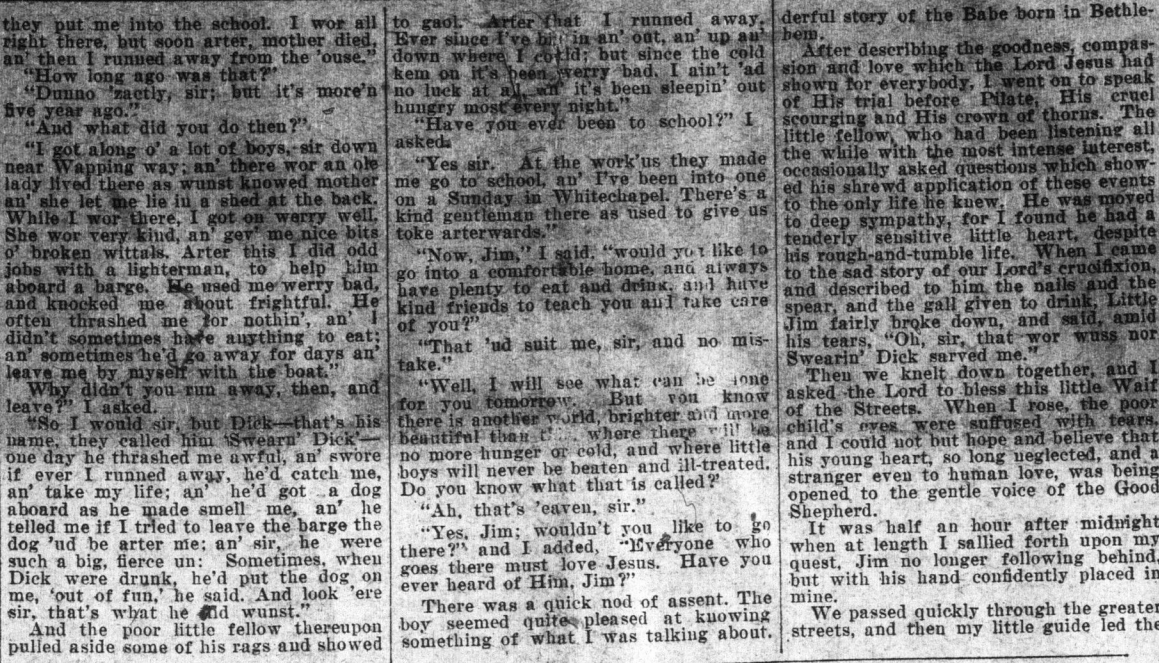
"Do you mean to say, my boy," I at length asked for the second or third time, "that you really have no home at all, and that you have no father or mother or friends?"

"That's the truth, sir. I ain't tellin' you no lies." "Where did you sleep last night?" I asked. "Down in Whitechapel, along of the 'aynarks' in one of them carts filled with 'ay'."

"How was it you came to the school?" "Cos, sir, I don't see a chap as I know, and he said me to come up 'ere to the school to get warm 'ere he sed 'ere."

"I won't do no 'arm, sir," he repeated. "I only want to get warm. Please do, sir." "It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up."

"I turned to the poor little fellow who stood anxiously awaiting my notice, and I asked at length, 'are there other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?'"



my long, scarred, ugly mark as of teeth right down his leg. "I stopped long while with Dick, 'cos he'd runned away often, but I was afear'd. One day a man came and said how Dick was gone—'lsted for a soldier when he was drunk. So I says to 'em, 'Mister, says I, 'will yer 'old that dog a minute? I shut down the 'atch tight on 'em both; and I cries, 'Orray,' an' off I jump ashore, an' 'ome for my verry life, an' never stops till I gets up near the Market an' all that day I wor afear'd Dick's dog 'ud be arter me."

Twenty-Three Years Ago

Historic Records of Stirring Events Compiled From the Colonist—Local Business Methods Then in Vogue.

In 1833 New Year's Day fell on a Monday, as it does in 1906, and the first issue of the Colonist for that year was on Wednesday, January 3rd. A glance at its pages may not be without some features which confirm the popular impression that Victoria is a comparatively young city.

First as to the make-up of the paper: the issue consisted of four pages, for which subscribers paid the same price as today, when they get 10, 12, 14 and sometimes 16 pages. The first four pages contained twenty-eight columns, no less than eighteen or sixty-five per cent. being devoted to advertising matter. Whilst the Colonist is naturally proud of its advertising patronage, it would not find thirty-five per cent. of reading matter today. It is at once a testimony to the stability of the city and to the business capacity of its tradesmen that among the advertisers of 1833 are to be found many names which are still included in the Colonist.

Then, as to the nature of the business: the first advertisement was for Ritthet & Co., then Welch, House, D. Spencer, The Victoria Goodacre & Dooley, John Weller, T. N. Hibben and many others. A striking feature of the make-up is that in 1833 six columns of the front page were given over to advertising and only one to reading matter.

Then, as to the nature of the business: the first advertisement was for Ritthet & Co., then Welch, House, D. Spencer, The Victoria Goodacre & Dooley, John Weller, T. N. Hibben and many others. A striking feature of the make-up is that in 1833 six columns of the front page were given over to advertising and only one to reading matter.

Then, as to the nature of the business: the first advertisement was for Ritthet & Co., then Welch, House, D. Spencer, The Victoria Goodacre & Dooley, John Weller, T. N. Hibben and many others. A striking feature of the make-up is that in 1833 six columns of the front page were given over to advertising and only one to reading matter.

Then, as to the nature of the business: the first advertisement was for Ritthet & Co., then Welch, House, D. Spencer, The Victoria Goodacre & Dooley, John Weller, T. N. Hibben and many others. A striking feature of the make-up is that in 1833 six columns of the front page were given over to advertising and only one to reading matter.

Then, as to the nature of the business: the first advertisement was for Ritthet & Co., then Welch, House, D. Spencer, The Victoria Goodacre & Dooley, John Weller, T. N. Hibben and many others. A striking feature of the make-up is that in 1833 six columns of the front page were given over to advertising and only one to reading matter.