

After nearly four years' experience of the country and its advantages, William Henry White writes from Uxbridge:



"I like Canada and I am going to try and stop here, which I think I can do. I thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out of poverty, and planting me in a fine country where there's lots to do; and I intend to do my uttermost to do what is right, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and to be honest in the sight of all men, and trustworthy."

Fortified with these good resolutions and a four years' trial, which he has met manfully and bravely, William, who is 16, has a future full of bright promise.

From Alfred J. Watkins, 18, of June, '91, party, we hear of an engagement at Mono Mills for the forthcoming summer, with which our friend seems well satisfied. In the fall he is to return to his previous employer, and has arranged to attend school during the winter.

AN EMPLOYER'S OPINION OF FRED. W. PURKISS
(APRIL, '91 PARTY).

We have before us a letter from Mr. Darius Conkey, of Adelaide, which is as follows:—

"The boy you sent me is getting along nicely. I like him splendid, and I have found him so far to be a smart, truthful, and honest young fellow. He says he is satisfied, and I have engaged him for a year; and if he continues to do as well for the year, there is no fear of him ever being out of a home."

How exasperating it must be to our vindictive traducers that those who know our boys and have them in their homes will not join in the hue and cry against them. But, then, honourable, right-minded people don't indulge in that kind of pastime.

Edwin Rose (July, '94) sends us word from Napanee that he is getting along well, and that he often drives over to see his brother Charles, who came out in 1886, and is working about ten miles away.

Nathan R. Stringer says many kind things of UPS AND DOWNS, and tells us that he has acquired a fair knowledge of practical farming, which we can well believe, as Nathan, who came out in June, '92, and is fifteen, has put in three years of steady work in his present situation at Chesley.

Many of our older boys will remember Henry Jos. Scates, whose portrait we present herewith. Henry has been a very determined worker from the first and enjoys in an unusual degree the confidence of his employer and of others with whom he has come in close contact during his nine years in Canada. He is still in the same situation at Bethany to which he went upon his arrival in Canada in March, '87, and, it is almost unnecessary to add, has received his long service and good-conduct medal. Despite two prolonged visits to the hospital—a serious drawback to any man—Henry is the fortunate possessor of a substantial balance in the bank.



George Careis, 15 (March, '93, party), is very enthusiastic about his place, UPS AND DOWNS, and things in general. He says:—

"I am very glad you are printing some of the girls' names, for I am looking forward to when I shall see my own sister's name."

This portion of George's letter will doubtless meet the eye of Miss Code; and then—who knows what may happen?

It is very evident that a large number of our boys take a keen interest in the portion of UPS AND DOWNS devoted to our girls, which indicates a proper spirit of appreciation on their part. Each month from twenty to fifty boys send in answers to the puzzles which form a feature of "Our Girls."

Fred Baker, of March, '87, party, is glad to see accounts of so many boys prospering, and sends hearty wishes for a safe and comfortable voyage from England for Mr. Owen and his party.



Of Wyndham H. Fitch, who came out June, '95, we hear the most encouraging reports. He is alluded to as a "good-looking, healthy, growing lad." But of greater import still is the announcement that he is "truthful, trusty and generally well-behaved." We have considerable pleasure in publishing the portrait of our little

friend who, although only fourteen years of age, has already done so much to establish for himself a good reputation.

DO NOT LET US FALL BEHIND.

There are two paragraphs in this issue to which we specially wish to draw the attention of our boys. One is in "Echoes of the Month," where Mr. Owen tells most interestingly of the tremendous effort that is being put forth by workers in England to raise a large sum of money, to be devoted to wiping out existing liabilities and to the establishment of a fund for a special purpose.

The other paragraph forms a part of the article "The Girls' Donation Fund," in which Miss Code speaks of the loyal manner in which Dr. Barnardo's girls in Canada are supporting that fund, and of her hopes of being able to forward a sum of \$150 to Dr. Barnardo very shortly.

Let us point out that there are over four times as many of Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada as there are girls. What, then, should be the amount of the donations from "Our Boys?"

We are sure our boys would be sorry that this should be less than usual in the year which members of all classes in England, from Royalty downwards, are striving, by united, active effort to make the most successful in the history of Dr. Barnardo's work for suffering childhood. If such a regrettable contingency is to be avoided, a large number of our friends must be heard from within the next few weeks.

Since our last issue, the following donations have been received:—Bowles, Jas. F., \$1.00; Folley, Chas., \$1.00; Kibble, Jas. R., \$2.00; Offord, Hy., \$1.00; Orpwood, Francis, \$1.00; Press, Benj., \$1.00; Ransom, Herbert, \$1.00; Rowe, Alf., \$1.00; Sandiford, Wm., \$1.00.

AN EASTER MORN ON THE GASPE COAST.

(Specially written for UPS AND DOWNS by Faith Fenton).



THE fishing season had opened earlier than usual down on the Gaspé coast. Already the ice in bay and inlet had disappeared, and the gray, cold tide of the Atlantic swept up in icy washings on the beach of the little fishing village of Percé.

The sun fought strong for victory over the bitter winds in these early April days; the snow had resolved into pools, submerging the village roadways; but Mount Ste Anne still wore her garment of winter whiteness, save where the clustered pines stood out darkly upon her steep sides.

The Patron Saint of the Gaspé villagers is this Mount Ste Anne. It rises in its steep ascent of thirteen hundred feet behind the little strip of level land, half a mile in width, on which the cluster of cottages constituting the village stands. A brave little storm-beaten settlement is Percé, as are many of the villages upon the Atlantic coast. The steep mountain guards it in the rear; the grey ocean waves lash upon it in front, broken only by the famous Percé rock, which stands out like a giant wall in the waters—a relic of pre-historic times.

Lonely is little Percé village also, save for the brief summer months when the fishermen are busy, and night and morning sees the shacks spread with fresh, drying cod; while the fishing smacks come and go, and twice each week the coastal steamer pauses to drop a boat and send the mail, or perchance some rare passenger, ashore.

Ay, the summer days are fair and invigorating with their sea breeze and sense of wild, remote beauty; but they are soon past, and autumn brings boisterous winds that beat the sea into great breakers and wrap the clouds in low sullen masses over the mountain top, hiding the tall statue of their patron saint which the villagers have erected, and to which they climb in many a toilsome pilgrimage, for petition and thanksgiving on the momentous occasions of their simple lives.

The open water had come fully two weeks before its usual time, and activities had begun in the big fishing establishment which gave employment to the population of the village. Seines were being mended, shacks repaired; the cutting and drying houses cleansed, and the boats freshly painted. There was an odor of tar, the sound of hammers, and a general stir in the little white settlement on the shore, albeit the wind whistled keenly down the mountain side, and the waves washed broken crusts of ice up on the beach.

It was Holy week and the fishermen account it an auspicious omen for the season's success if they were able to start out upon their first "catch" on Easter day; while to see the sun shine upon the water on Easter morning is the best possible omen of good luck. Very anxiously therefore they watched the grey sky and greyer waters, and busily they made ready to start out.

Peter Duval, the bravest lad in the village, and a member of the poorest family, was especially eager; for this season he was to go out as one of the men—in receipt of a full day's wage for his work. Certainly Peter was young, as the "master" said, but he was strong, active, and fearless—steady too, and with thorough knowledge of his craft.

Peter could run a boat ashore, or come alongside of the coastal steamer better than most men twice his age, he knew how to take advantage of every rise and fall of the waves, every turn of the wind; and many a school of storm-tossed craft had he guided skillfully into the shelter behind the great Percé rock, that