

Ups and Downs

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TORONTO, JUNE 1ST, 1896.



THE reproductions of photographs of various historic and well-known places in England, one or other of which has formed the centre piece of our first page for some months, come in for a generous share of the enthusiasm with which so many of our friends confess their appreciation of the different features of our journal. Our reproduction of last month, "The Home Band," was a change, and, without any disparagement of our boys' patriotic interest in the national landmarks of Old England, we must say that the change seems to have given intense satisfaction all round. Old boys who came out away back in the early eighties; young lads who were in England a year ago; and those who came out in the intervening period: representatives of parties of each year have expressed the delight they experienced upon beholding once again the old familiar group. Old memories were revived and old chums remembered.

Of course those forming the band, as seen in our reproduction, are not those played the '87 party out of Euston station; but it was the band, the well-known uniform with its attractive facings, the same or apparently the same instruments, and it was certainly the same Mr. Davis as of yore; and a wall of the same old Home formed the background. No wonder that our photograph, which Mr. Owen, with kindly forethought, brought purposely from England that it might be reproduced, struck a tender chord in the hearts of so many of our boys.

We do not expect the same degree of personal enthusiasm will be bestowed upon the illustration this month, but that it also will awaken personal recollections in the minds of not a few, and interest all, we have not any doubt.

There are many edifices, ecclesiastical and otherwise, in London and elsewhere in England that possess greater interest from a historic point of view than St. Paul's, which was commenced in 1674, the original cathedral of the same name and on the same site having been destroyed in the great fire of 1666. Yet St. Paul's is not without claims to consideration historically—in fact in America it would be regarded as quite an ancient relic—while in other respects it ranks as one of the foremost "sights" of old London. In the crypt lie the mortal remains of many who made their names immortal: notably those of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. Here also was recently buried Sir Frederick Leighton, late President of the Royal Academy. In death as in life England honours

the masters in the arts of peace as she does her warriors whose laurels were gained on the field or sea of battle.

Every Englishman whether he be still at home or in some far off portion of the world has a feeling of personal interest, of partial proprietorship, in these venerable piles of England as in England herself.

We are well acquainted with the warm feeling which our boys entertain for the old Motherland. The lot of some at one period, prior to their departure for Canada, was not perhaps of the brightest, or such as would be supposed to keep alive through years, more happily spent in another land, an unflagging interest in events transpiring in that country whose only offer to them for their advancement was—to leave it.

Yet such is the case. Love of the birthland dies hard. Particularly so is this, we believe, with Englishmen. Strangely enough, in the eyes of the other nations of Europe, Englishmen are regarded as being, first and last, hard-headed and practical, absolutely without sentiment. "A nation of shopkeepers" was the scornful reference of the great Napoleon to the people of "perfidious Albion."

But those who have been able to lay their hand upon the pulse of the English people know differently. The late Lord Beaconsfield, to whom the Queen owes her title "Empress of India," once declared in the House of Commons, when he was plain Mr. Disraeli, that, far from the generally accepted theory being correct, there were no more truly sentimental people on earth than the English. And who dare question this when we see one vast Empire stretching across oceans, comprising countries, one of which is in itself a continent, another half a continent, and a large number of which are several times larger than England; and the bond which welds these widely separated and diversified countries into one Imperial whole, indissolubly uniting them to the "little island off the north-west coast of France," is a bond of sentiment?

While such a bond might appear to be but of silken thread, and is but a silken thread so far as its restraint on the individual freedom of each section of the Empire is concerned, in its power of resistance to those who would sever it, it is as the finest tempered steel. How strong this bond really is, how easy it makes the subjugation of individual interests, England's open and covert enemies learned only a few months ago, to their intense surprise—and consternation.

Instead of the lapse of years and the passing away of generations alienating the sympathy of the new British nations with the parent land, the desire is steadily growing in favor of a still closer union. The feeling of "oneness," of unity of interests and aspirations, gains strength with every increased facility afforded by modern invention and discovery for the rapid transmission of news and exchange of ideas by the people of the various parts of the Empire, who are thus by the distance-decreasing tendency of the age being brought closer and closer every year.

The long and beneficent reign of that good and true woman, whose seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated throughout the world less than a week ago, has also been a powerful factor in solidifying the union of hearts between Her Majesty's widely-scattered subjects. She has been the only sovereign to whom three generations, at least, have rendered allegiance, and throughout the long years that have intervened since the girl-queen of 1837 became the widowed and bowed empress of to-day, her hold upon the affections of her people has been constant and firm, and becoming firmer, more deeply

rooted, with each succeeding trial and affliction that, to the sorrow of her subjects, the Queen has been called upon to suffer during the latter half of her illustrious reign; so that, to-day, while in other countries kings and emperors are ever seeking to safeguard their thrones, restricting in the course thereof the natural liberties of their peoples, in democratic England, where there is greater freedom for the individual citizen than in any republic the world ever saw, the monarchy stands safe and secure; far more so than if it were hedged round with all the ramifications of protection deemed necessary in Russia, for instance; for the throne of England rests upon the only foundation that can bring peace and a sense of security to the occupant—the love, good-will and sympathy of the people.

Verily, the man who would deny sentiment a place, and a foremost place, in the national character of the British people must be wilfully shutting his eyes to the evidence: that it has built up an empire and maintains a monarchy—two achievements which with other peoples require gigantic armies and the most complex and extensive system of espionage, and even then stability is not assured.



Apart from those who upon their arrival in Canada have proceeded to the Industrial Farm, Russell, three under the care of Mr. Struthers to be prepared and trained for a life agricultural, there is a large contingent of our lads in Manitoba and the N.W.T., who have migrated thither of their own desire after spending a few years in Ontario.

To no class does Horace Greeley's famous counsel "Go West" appeal with more force than to those youths and young men, full of mental and physical activity, who during their sojourn in the older Province have, by their pluck, perseverance and steadiness of purpose, proved themselves capable not only of appreciating the advantages offered by Canada's great North-West, with its almost limitless opportunities, but of grappling with and overcoming the difficulties more or less incidental to a sparsely populated and but comparatively recently opened district. We watch the careers of these western settlers of ours with considerable interest. They are in a sense the advance guard of a large army which will at no distant date sweep over the plains of these far-stretching prairies, capture the land, or a goodly portion thereof, dotting it all over with that most impregnable of fortresses, the cosy home of the contented, industrious farmer. If those who are in advance send back a tale of failure, of disappointment, the onward—westward—march of the main body will be retarded. On the other hand, the story of success, of hopes that have proved to have been well founded will not only hasten the pace of those ready to start but will bring in the wanderers. Our belief in the future of the North-West and the excellent opportunities it offers to the right kind of lad is well known to the majority of our friends. This belief gains strength with time, the reports which are constantly reaching us from those already there—our advance guard—being without exception of the most encouraging character. Of course