

Ups and Downs

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

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We shall be obliged if subscribers will notify us at once in the event of delay or irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1896.



ANOTHER week and "boys" "paying a visit to the Home" will be with us in force. It is hard to realize that a year has come and gone since the last occasion on which a large number of our sturdy, well-tanned, and contented-looking young farmers gathered here. Time flies indeed. In a day or two Toronto's Great Exhibition will be opened, with even greater splendour than of yore, and thither during the second week some hundreds of our friends will find their way, to see what modern science has done during the past twelve months to make farming more profitable; to learn what the resourceful inventor has added during the same period to the facilities for lessening the physical labour of the hired man; ("Yes, and his wages too," we imagine we hear some of our conservative young friends murmur); to enjoy to the full all the pleasures and delights which will abound at Toronto's Annual Fair in a degree, we are assured by no less an authority than the management itself, that has never been surpassed.

It will be holiday-making of a hearty, healthful kind with our friends who for months past have been "sticking at it" with plough and harrow, fork and hoe, rake and team, as only a well-trained Barnardo boy can "stick at it;" and they will have well earned every hour of recreation, every moment of pleasure which may fall to their lot, and that the measure of both for each and all may be unstinted is our very earnest hope. The outlook is bright. That uncertain factor, the weather, is apparently on its good behaviour. At present, after several weeks' tropical heat, succeeded by a chilliness more suggestive of November and the price of coal, than of August and the fruit crop, we are enjoying a spell of charming weather, in which neither excessive heat nor unseasonable cold has any place. If this only holds out, and the indications are favourable, there will be few more pleasant and enjoyable places to visit than Toronto during the Exhibition.

A stack of disused bank-books on the corner of a desk in the general office at the Home tells a tale of—Bicycles! We fear it also tells a tale of regret in the near future for those who have allowed themselves to be so carried away by the prevailing craze, that they have parted with their balance at the bank, acquired only after one, two, or three years' hard toil, in exchange for a wheel, the glory of which will depart with the

coming of winter, and with little likelihood of its return in the spring except in a very faded condition, when the "wonderful improvements" of the '97 model will have placed the "beauty" of this year among the relics; its owner out of conceit with it, and ready to dispose of it for an old song. Twenty dollars for an article that cost anything from \$75 to \$100 only a year previously! In rapidity of depreciation a bicycle altogether eclipses American silver dollars, and however pleasant our bicycling friends may have found the evening rides along country roads, and however much they may have enjoyed the exhilaration of "coasting," we are very strongly of the opinion they will eventually think they have paid dearly for their amusement, and will long for that feeling of confidence and security which was theirs in the days of the now-vanished bank balance.

We learn from the August number of *Night and Day* that the following letter reached Dr. Barnardo the day following the 30th annual meeting:

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
"PALL MALL, S.W.

"25th June, 1896.

"DEAR DR. BARNARDO,—I am sure you will like to hear that the Prince and Princess of Wales thought everything went off most successfully yesterday, and they were much interested.

"They hope you made a good collection.

"Yours truly,

(Signed) "FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

We are certain that our friends share in the hope of their Royal Highnesses that the collection was a good one. Here are the figures, as published in *Night and Day*:

Amount realized from Purses	£ 211	s. 1	d. 6
Collection.	324	12	2
Promises.	800	8	0
Grand Total.	£ 1336	1	8

George Garwood sends us a copy of a recent issue of a little weekly sheet called the *Quill*, and which serves, in common with other little countryside weeklies, the useful purpose of keeping the scattered inhabitants of the district posted on each other's affairs, and on events transpiring within the "sphere of influence" of the weekly chronicler.

The paper, of which George sends us a copy, has sought to travel in higher flights, and our attention is drawn by our friend to the most curious little "Editorial" it has ever been our lot to read, except in the burlesques of Artemus Ward, and of other humourists of that school. But George waxes wrathful and contemptuous over the Florence paper's production, entitled "The Barnardo Boys."

We can understand George's contempt; it will be shared by every one who may happen to read the almost unintelligible jumble.

But why get angry about it?

It is not pleasant of course to find the body you belong to charged with all the crime perpetrated in the country, and to find used in connection with that body, the most foul and offensive adjectives and epithets; but does George imagine for one moment that because some unhappily constituted individual—rushing in where wise men tread gently—does these things, that the farmers of Florence will think any less of George, or of any other Barnardo boy?

Our only reason for referring to the foregoing is, that it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for us to receive a marked copy of some little sheet, published in an out-of-the-way hamlet, containing just such a silly paragraph as the one in

question. The paper has fallen into the hands of one of our boys; and he, poor fellow, without stopping to think how palpably false and ridiculous the paragraph is, feels his blood boil as he reads the foul names applied to himself and 6,000 others; and he forthwith sends a copy of the sheet to us with a letter of indignant protest. We wish to impress upon our boys the folly of becoming excited over these puerile effusions. They are, as a rule, confined to the columns of the lowest grade of weekly newspapers, absolutely without any influence as moulders of opinion; they deceive nobody whose good opinion is worth having; they evince a lack of knowledge, inexcusable in a school boy who has reached the fourth form; and they betray a moral and mental calibre deserving rather of pity than of anger.

It is a painful thought that this is the second occasion since UPS AND DOWNS was published on which it becomes necessary for us to remind a number of lads that they are neglecting what should ever be a foremost duty and pleasure: that of writing home to their mothers in England. It is sad to think of the number of letters from England that have reached the Home during the last six weeks, in each of which there is a piteous appeal from an anxious, longing mother for news of a forgetful son. Not once, but half-a-dozen times in the same letter, will appear the plaintive words, "and do, please, tell him to write to me, if only a line or two."

In the great majority of cases our boys in Canada, if not orphans, have only one parent living—mother. The daily lives of these poor mothers are more or less filled with the trials and heavy burdens of a struggle to maintain themselves, and the children still with them, under conditions which allow a bare subsistence as a result of arduous toil. The fact that the son has been taken in hand and helped by Dr. Barnardo proclaims the hard lot of the mother; and while the latter's burdens are lightened by the removal of her boy, and her anxiety for his future welfare banished, there comes, and there remains throughout life, a feeling of pain that some thousands of miles of land and water separate her from her child. That pain grows in intensity and destroys what little brightness there was left in the mother's life if there arrives no word from across the sea from the absent one, telling of his progress, or even of his disappointments, if such he have, and of his cherished remembrance of those he left behind him.

Knowing our lads as we do, we are absolutely certain that it is only the thoughtlessness of youth that causes some of them to inflict pain where it is their bounden duty to give all the happiness they can. And we ask every one of our lads, whose mother is alive, to put to himself the question: "When did I write last?" If he finds the answer is not in weeks, but in months, we very earnestly plead with him to sit down and write at once.

Do not let any imaginary calls upon your time make you postpone the task till "later on."

The fact that at this moment you are reading UPS AND DOWNS shows you are at leisure.

Lay UPS AND DOWNS aside until the morrow or next Sunday. It will keep: meanwhile your mother is waiting.

Take your pen and ease her anxiety without a moment's delay.

Having written your letter, mark down one day in each month, at least, on which you will not fail to write.

By thus writing regularly you will not only brighten your mother's life, but you yourself will be happier from the knowledge that you are regularly contributing to the happiness of another—and that—your mother!