

FUTURE WHEAT SUPPLIES.

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ports and open opportunities for a material increase in the surplus wheat for export. With that exception there is no unexploited capacity for meeting the rapidly-growing demand of western Europe outside the Canadian North-West. There the great untouched fields are waiting the touch of industry, and there the future supply of Europe's crowding population must be found. As in every supply of the commercial world, there is an elasticity commensurate with every stiffening demand. A growing improvement in the price of wheat would bring new fields into cultivation in every quarter of the globe, from the United Kingdom, the centre of the demand, to the distant islands of the southern oceans. But while this elasticity may maintain a commercial balance and steady the advance in price, the bulk of the supply must be sought where the great fertile areas are awaiting the plough. The situation in the world's wheat market is among the many assurances of Canada's industrial future. The cityward tendency will continue as far as it is stimulated by the increase of individual results through extensive association. With it the demand for food supplies from suitable areas must continually grow. The Dominion is exceptionally qualified among the nations for meeting this increasing demand, which will abundantly repay all who intelligently apply themselves to the opening field of industry."

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

TOPICS

For March { "What I Do on Days Too Stormy for Work Out of Doors."
OR
"The Wisdom of Saving Money While Young."

NOTE.—Essays on Topics for March must be posted not later than February 20th.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

Write on one side of the paper only. Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together. A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words. It need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

We shall be glad to supply copies of the undermentioned standard works of poetry and prose to any of our boys or girls at the rate of six volumes for 25 cents, this being the cost of the "Penny Volumes," after paying carriage across the ocean, customs duty, and postage from Toronto. Remittances may be made in stamps. Letters should be addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

PENNY POETS.

- Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."
- Scott's "Marmion."
- Burns' Poems (selections).
- Longfellow's "Evangeline," etc.
- Milton's "Paradise Lost," Part I.
- " " " " " Part II.
- Scott's "Lady of the Lake"
- Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
- Pope's "Essay on Man."
- Tom Hood's Poems, Grave and Gay.

- Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
- Some Ingoldsby Legends.
- Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
- Poems of Wordsworth, Part I.
- " Cowper.
- " Dryden.
- " Wordsworth, Part II.
- " Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook.
- " Gray and Goldsmith.
- " Longfellow, Part II.

PENNY POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

- "She," by Rider Haggard.
- "Little Em'ly" (from David Copperfield, by Chas. Dickens)
- "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace.
- "It is Never Too Late To Mend," by Chas. Reade.
- "Mary Burton," by Mrs. Gaskell.
- "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton
- "Jean Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
- "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.
- "Charles O'Malley," by Charles Lever.
- "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.
- "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
- "Helen's Babies."
- "Aldersyde," by Annie S. Swan.
- Lord Macaulay's History of England, from earliest times to 1660.

MEMOIRS OF OLD STEPNEY.

TOLD BY FREDERICK FRANCIS TURNER.

'Twas recess day in the Stepney Home, the Saturday previous to our departure for Canada, in the latter days of March, 1889. On the top story of the new building packers were busily engaged in filling boxes with Canadian outfits for a party of 290 boys, and painters were writing our names upon them preparatory to being shipped that night to Liverpool.

I was on the messenger service, and had just returned to the Home in time to join my comrades in marching out of the yard and to be invited to the home of my esteemed companion, Tom Miller, where he was going for the last time to bid his mother farewell. He was a kind-hearted, intelligent, robust boy of fifteen years, but his greatest virtue, at least the one for which I admired him most, was his unceasing love for his mother, his only living parent. He loved to be in her presence, and when released from the Home on Saturdays thither he wended his way.

Soon the massive iron gates of the Home had closed behind us, and we were hastening toward the suburb of Bow.

"This is the house," said my friend, stopping in front of a dingy looking old dwelling just past the Bow Police Station. Casting his eyes up to the second storey he saw his mother standing at the window awaiting him. "She's the best mother in the world," he said, as we ascended the stairs. "I'm sorry I've got to leave her, but I suppose it's for the best. I hope so, at any rate."

At the head of the stairs Tom's mother welcomed us. She was of medium height and was neatly dressed in black. Her hair was fast turning grey; her face was wrinkled and careworn; a kind but somewhat sorrowful look was depicted upon her countenance. Behind her spectacles a tear could be seen, and her dull eyes and reddened eyelids betrayed the fact that she had been weeping. Around her everything was old-fashioned, but neat and clean. A small fire flickered in the grate, for it was a chilly day, and a pet canary sang sweetly near the window, as if welcoming my friend back to his home.

Mrs. Miller kissed her child affectionately, and he returned it. "Why, mother," he said, suddenly, "you look as though you'd been crying. You mustn't do that, you know. If I'm going away from you," he continued, cheerfully, "it's God's will and it'll be all for the best in the end. I'll always remember you, mother, and pray for you wherever I am."

"I give you into the care of God, child," she answered, withdrawing her handkerchief to wipe away unrestrained tears; "as you'll pray for me so I'll pray for you, my dear boy; and if there comes a storm at sea, just

think that I'll be kneeling beside the bed yonder praying that you may be safely brought to your journey's end. I'm glad you'll always remember the mother who loves you, and let us hope that some day we will meet again."

Tom Miller hung his head. His mother's words had pierced his heart. Tears were slowly trickling down his cheeks, while I myself was on the verge of weeping, and silently wishing that I, too, had a mother to love me.

"Cheer up, Tom," said his mother, as she tried to smile to conceal her emotion. Then turning to me she continued: "Is this the boy you've often spoken about the messenger who brings you the tarts and monkey-nuts?"

"Yes," said Tom, wiping his eyes, and smiling through tears, "I don't know what I'd do without him."

"We are faithful friends, mum," I rejoined; "and I am sure we shall be quite happy together on board ship and wherever we may be."

"I hope you will always be true companions, and that your new homes will be close together. You have no mother?" she asked, abruptly.

"No."

"Nor no father?"

"No."

"Then you are indeed a boy to be pitied. What a God-given blessing those orphan homes are to be sure," she concluded.

While Mrs. Miller was doing all in her power to comfort her son tears stood in her own eyes, and while, when we were seated at a scanty meal shortly afterwards, both declared that their last few moments together should not be spent in weeping, neither seemed to make any effort to restrain their tears. Why? It was because love linked their hearts together, and now, when they were about to part, perhaps forever, they wept. Weeping simply brought to light what was in the depths of their hearts, and it alone gave temporary relief to their silent suffering.

A few days afterwards, while we were awaiting the train to depart, and the patriotic airs rendered by the Home band were making the walls of old Euston Station quiver, and amid the hand-shakes and well wishes of friends, the hissing of steam engines and the excitement of a countless throng, our dormitory matron made her way to the compartment in the train where my friend and I were quartered with a beautiful bunch of red roses addressed to Tom Miller from his mother and underneath his name was the beautiful inscription: "First, remember the God who made you; second, the mother who loves you." The band was playing "God be With You Till We Meet Again," the train was about to start, when the guard noticed a woman trying in vain to approach the train.

"Let the woman through," he cried.

Instantly an opening was made and Mrs. Miller approached our apartment. Soon the guard blew his whistle, and the train was slightly moving when, with tears in her eyes, she kissed her child farewell.

Shortly after we reached Canada I was separated from my friend. It was five years afterwards when I met him again, and I learned that he was the sole support of his mother, and, if all went well, would be clasped once more in her embrace before another year had elapsed. He proudly opened his little Bible that he always carried with him, and then, when I had almost forgotten the pathetic scene that for a long time after its occurrence had frequently haunted me, he showed me that beautiful inscription in his mother's handwriting: "First, remember the God who made you; second, the mother who loves you."

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