

Ups and Downs

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

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UPS AND DOWNS circulates mainly among the many thousand young people who have been placed out from Dr. Barnardo's Homes with farmers and others, and will be found a desirable advertising medium by those who wish to reach the farmer and every member of his household.

Advertising Rates will be supplied upon application at the office of publication.

The Annual Subscription is 25c., which may be remitted in stamps or cash.

All Correspondence should be addressed, Editor "Ups and Downs," 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto; and letters intended for publication should reach the office not later than the 20th inst. of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

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, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1895.



Despite its proverbial dreariness, November is not without its compensations, especially to the young man who is earning his living on the farm. It is the beginning of the "long, cold winter," it is true. It makes terrible ruin of the beauties of nature. Its course is traced in the dead, crackling leaves; bare, ghost-like branches; and sombre skies; where but a very short time before was that grandeur of warm colouring, that blending of mellowed tints which constitutes the glory of a Canadian autumn, and which gives to the foliage, in ravine, wood and orchard, during September and October, a degree of beauty greater than it possesses at any other time.

"Dreary" November, indeed, that ruthlessly snatches away all this wealth of natural beauty and leaves desolation in its stead!

It is on account of this great contrast, and the long, cold winter its harbingers, that we in Canada are perhaps apt to imagine we feel the dreariness of November more keenly than we did in the Old Land, where the process of dissolution in nature, like that of growth, is more gradual. But we are at least spared that English November scourge—FOG. Even an occasional blizzard, with its not infrequent accompaniment of a frozen nose or ear, is to be preferred to day after day of the "dirty darkness" of which most, if not all of us, have a very vivid recollection, as well as of the choking hoarseness and smarting eyes which followed in its wake; not to speak of the blackened faces which soap and water would not keep presentable.



ALFRED BRUCE.

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Cold, even Canadian cold, can be kept out of the house, but fog, genuine English fog, will not be denied admittance even to the sanctuaries of the highest in the land, and is responsible for far more annoyance, inconvenience, ill health and even death than the occasional blizzards of Canada. We remember being present on one occasion at a large political meeting in the north of England, at which the late Earl Granville was the chief speaker. The hall in which the meeting was held was a large one, capable of holding 5,000 people, and on this occasion was literally packed with people anxious to hear the illustrious Minister of State.



JOHN KING AND HIS EMPLOYER
Ploughing at Silver Creek, Man.

Shortly after the proceedings commenced, a heavy, dense fog began to settle over the city, and gradually the atmosphere in the hall became thicker and thicker until, in about forty minutes, it seemed to those who were not at the front of the hall as if a curtain, or series of curtains, of some flimsy fabric were hung between them and the platform from which Lord Granville, a white-haired old gentleman of seventy, was vehemently expounding some political principle.

The effect was curious and comical in the extreme. At the outset, the contrast between the speaker's snow-white head and black evening dress made him a striking and very easily recognized figure. By degrees the contrast became less marked and the outline of his figure less discernible until, long before he had reached the end of his speech, he had assumed to those more than fifty feet away, the appearance of some shadowy visitant from another world, and the swaying of his body, and the rapid movement of his arms, which in the speaker's enthusiasm were frequent, together with the far-off hollow sound with which his words were carried through the fog, gave to the meeting an aspect of the mysterious and the comic which the organizers had certainly never contemplated, and which resulted in a sudden determination to cut short what should have been the most important political meeting of the year.

All things considered, we think that the balance of advantages lies with Canada; or it will, perhaps, be better to say the balance of winter disadvantages lies with England.

The disadvantages or so-called disadvantages of the Canadian winter, in comparison with that of England, are summed up in "more extreme cold" and "longer winter season." To the "hired man" who has been wise enough to make his engagement by the year, these features are full of benefit if turned to proper account.

The average Canadian farmer is loth to unduly expose either man or beast to the inclemencies of the weather; and, comparatively speaking, winter is for employer and employee a season of rest and recreation, with plenty of opportunity for the latter for improving his know-

ledge on matters to which he can give little or no attention during the long busy days of ploughing, seeding, hoeing and harvesting.

It is the "long cold winter" that has paved the way for many of those who to-day hold high positions in the various professions and other walks of life. The release for a few months in each year from constant work on the farm enabled them to indulge their desire for study, and to eventually seek a livelihood in the sphere which experience was to prove they were well adapted for, and for which they had prepared themselves.

We have not the slightest intention of suggesting that when a young man determines to devote his spare hours to a course of educational improvement—a widening of his sphere of knowledge—the end he has in view must necessarily be the abandonment of farming. Nothing is further from our desire, and the idea is far from our conception of what should be the right course for those to follow whose adaptability to the requirements of farm life has been established. But it seems to us that it is with farming as with every other calling.

Its most successful followers are, in the large majority of cases, those who have not been content to do nothing when there was no actual farm work to be done, but who have availed themselves of every opportunity to seek and acquire an intelligent knowledge of many matters, which, perhaps, have no immediate connection with their vocation; but in their pursuit of knowledge they have cultivated their faculties of observation, of discernment, of judgment; and added strength to their mental powers generally.

That all this counts for profit in farming no less than in other industries or professions is very palpably demonstrated in the letters we receive from those of our friends who have made the most satisfactory progress at farming, and who in many instances are now successful farmers on their own account. These letters, while telling of the writers' success in their vocation, indicate the possession of considerable information on many topics far afield from farming; and they impel us to remind the remainder of our large number of friends that now is the season when they also can add considerably to their store of knowledge, and that too without being unmindful of the claims of mind and body to a fair share of recreation.



ALFRED J. BRISTOW.

One opportunity that November and the succeeding months will give our friends will be that of writing more frequently to their friends at the Home and in various parts of the country, and, most important of all, to the dear old mothers in far-away England. If coming events do cast their shadows before, as the old tag declares, we are going to have a very voluminous correspondence to deal with during the season of long evenings. Already have we received a great number of letters from some of those who had not written us since Ups and Downs made its first appearance, not because, as nearly all declare in effect, they were not interested in the journal, but because they had been "hard at work until now." We are looking forward to a still larger increase in the number of new correspondents during the next few weeks, as well as to the fulfilment of