

much. The next day I had to herd again, and herded all that summer until November 1st, and then I helped to stack again. But when threshing time came I helped to shovel the grain in the granary, for we had someone to cook, and I also carried in the wood for the woman to cook with, and when that was over we had to feed the cattle. We had to feed them straw, for we had no time to cut the hay, so we lost eight of them. When winter was over, I then had to harrow again, and then I ploughed about one acre, then I herded for a while again. In fact, I herded until I met with a broken leg; that ended it for about four weeks. Then winter set in again. Well, this winter we move to what is called the "Skyscraper." This is a house that my master's brother built, and then went back to Toronto, for his wife died, and we then came here. This last spring I ploughed and harrowed most of the land; in the summer I milked the cows and skimmed the milk and herded, then in the fall we got some visitors, and they are here yet, so that we have a housekeeper. In the fall I ploughed twenty acres more, and disked about ten acres of breaking, and now I am going to school, for we have someone here to feed the cattle, and I have not much to do when I come back. I like the country very much, and think this is the country for those who will work. This is all I have to say at present. Good bye.

I remain, yours truly,

J. J. JOYCE.

Willie Brigg's account of his sensations when he let his cattle stray into the neighbour's crop, and he saw the good wife coming in pursuit of him with a big whip, is very amusing. We should hardly, however, have thought a badger hole the most desirable place of refuge, and we should not have chosen it ourselves unless absolutely assured that the badger was not at home, or likely to return while we were occupying his quarters. We do not imagine that Willie has had very much acquaintance with the whip since he came out to Canada, and we hope that he has long since got past the stage of life when he used to neglect his cattle and let them trespass on his neighbours' properties.

FAIRLIGHT, Feb. 13th, 1903

DEAR FRIEND,—I received your very kind letter, on January 27th, and was much pleased to hear from you, and that you are well and hope you will enjoy your trip across the Atlantic and return safe again to look after your troublesome boys. When I use that word, I know we have all

been a lot of trouble to you, but hope the most of us will be a credit to the person that did so much for us. You wish to know something about myself, what I have been doing, how I like the country, and how I have been used in the first place. I came here four years last April in the year 1898. The first work I did was herding, and been at it every summer since. Sometimes I have been used good, and others none too good. I am working for the same man still, although living with another who is looking after his place. I like my home very much at present. In herding I have spent some very pleasant times, and some that were not so pleasant. When the cattle get away from a boy on some other person's crop, then is the time to look out for trouble, when you see a man's wife coming after you on horseback with a big whip, and my pants not overly thick for such treatment. That is the time we crawl in a badger hole. Although I have to go through all this, I like the country and its surroundings. I think I shall still stick to farming, as the crops were very heavy the first two years, and I think, as a good many others, the best thing to do is to get married and settle down and work hard and live a quiet life. I might say I spend my winter months in feeding cattle, cutting wood, rubbing my fingers to keep them from freezing, and reading in the evening.

Yours truly,

W. BRIGGS.

We wish we could have given Lewis Keeble the surprise that he speaks of, as we are sure that he has taken pains to write an intelligent and interesting report of himself. It is very pleasant to read of his having been "happy ever since" the time when, five years ago, he reached the end of his travels at his present place. Lewis need not be at all afraid of our forgetting his medal, and we hope that we shall very soon be able to send in his name to Dr. Barnardo as a deserving candidate.

FERNDALE, ASSA., Feb. 6th.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to you to let you know that I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. Well, and you want all the boys to try and do their best in writing the best letter. Well, I may not write the best letter, but I have tried my best, and if I do get the prize I will be more than surprised, I can tell you. If I do not, tell me who does, please. Well, I live out on a farm twenty miles from Moosomin, and am doing well. I can tell you. I have the best master in Canada; he is very good and kind, and if I want to get to see my chums he is always willing to let me go, but not in bad company, and I don't want either. I am choring around home now. I do quite a lot of