

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

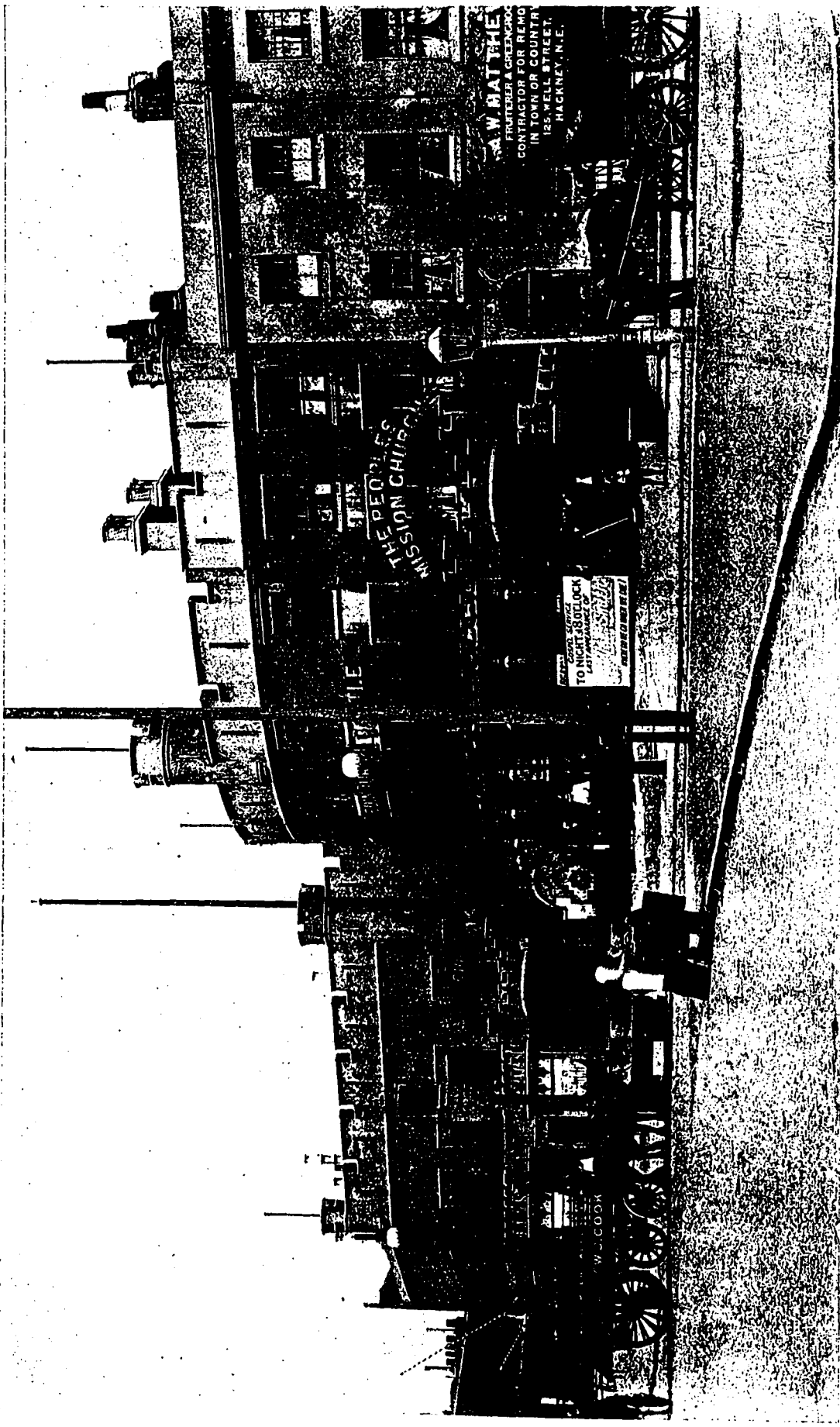
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



The Edinburgh Castle Coffee Palace and People's Mission Church, London, E.,

In connection with Dr. Bannard's U...



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. VI.]

JANUARY 1ST, 1901.

[No. 2.

Editorial Notes

A Call to Praise.

A REVIEW of the operations during the past twelve months, and of the prospects before us as we stand upon the threshold of a New Year, can but call forth the deep thankfulness of all our hearts for the showers of blessings which have descended upon us in such rich abundance, and for the goodness and mercy of our God which assuredly hath followed us through the past year, and, indeed, through every stage in the history of the work. The closing year of the century has been full of successful activity in all our departments. The numbers that have passed through our hands have been far beyond the highest previous totals; the number of applications for children of all ages has been the largest on record, while in freedom from crime, serious sickness or misfortune among our great family the year will always be a memorable one in our history. The largeness of the supply is gratifying, as showing that at home in England the Homes are widening their scope and garnering every year an increasingly rich harvest of rescued lives, while the constantly growing demand furnishes the most satisfactory proof that our boys and girls have made, and are making, for themselves throughout Canada, a reputation and a name as useful, respectable members of the community.

To God be the Glory!

IN thus congratulating ourselves upon the successful record of the past year, we fully realize that nothing could be more out of place than an exhibition of boastfulness or self-glorification. It is indeed with no such spirit that we invite all our friends to join with us in the expression of our thankfulness to God for the tokens of his favour that have been so manifest during the past twelve months. We believe with the strongest conviction of our hearts that the work in which we are engaged is altogether and before all things God's work, that in its spirit, its methods and its aims it is in the fullest sense a development of Christian activity, and that in caring for the young, uplifting the fallen, ministering to the suffering, Dr. Barnardo and those who are privileged to be associated with him are aiding in the discharge of one of the great obligations laid upon the Church of Christ by its Divine Master and Head, fulfilling His injunctions and following in His footsteps. We believe that in every department of our daily duties we are about our Master's business, and doing the work of Christ on earth, and we would seek to enter upon the New Year with this thought rekindled in our hearts, and that amidst whatever may lie before us

the directing, strengthening, ennobling, purifying presence of Christ may be a living and a bright reality in our midst.



Best of all MAY we add that our
Good Wishes. readers is that they
 may enjoy the same
greatest of Divine gifts, that
throughout the New Year their faith
in Christ as their intimate Friend, as
their all-wise Counsellor and their
unfailing source of strength, may be
daily renewed and confirmed, that
they may grow in His likeness, that
they may be guided into His truth,
that they may indeed have fellow-
ship with the Father and with His
Son, Jesus Christ. We could wish
them nothing better, and may the
bond of union, the tie that binds
us all, be the Master whom we
serve in common, the banner un-
der which we fight, the altar at
which we worship.



Onward and ALL present indica-
Upward. tions point to a year
 of prosperity through-
 out the Dominion, in
which we may hope for the readers
of UPS AND DOWNS the enjoyment of
a full share. The demand for labour
is everywhere active, the rate of
wages is advancing, trade seems
generally brisk and business con-
ditions satisfactory. We are
amongst those who believe that this
state of affairs is likely to con-
tinue, and that the next few years
will witness a great advance in the
development of Canada's vast
natural resources, a steady growth
in her population, a wide expansion
of her commerce. Striking as has
been the progress of the country
during the past few years, we
expect the early years of the new
century to witness a still greater
improvement in the condition of the
people, and we look forward to see
the fortunes of our boys and girls
growing with the fortunes of the
country.

**The New
School and
the Old.**

THE improvement of
the past is nowhere
more perceptible than
among the farming
population to which most of our
readers belong, and consists not
alone in material prosperity, but in a
general advance of civilizing con-
ditions. The rising generation of
Canadian farmers are a widely dif-
ferent species from the old "moss-
backs," as they were irreverently
but, we used to think, very appro-
priately called. In going about
among the farmers, one certainly
comes across occasionally one of the
old sort, but more generally we
meet an intelligent, well-informed,
well-educated, progressive class of
men. The standard of comfort and
decency is far higher than before,
and the roughness, the drudgery,
the niggardliness that were asso-
ciated with farm life in Canada is to
a large extent disappearing, and in
their place we find to-day among
farmers and their families a degree
of refinement, culture and intelli-
gence that would have seemed im-
possible to the previous generation,
while among our boys and girls,
who have received their training
and adopted their ideas from the
farmers with whom they have lived,
we can find many as companionable,
as sensible, as well-equipped in mind
and manners as the young people
of any class in any country.



**Thrift and
Thriftless-
ness.**

A PROPOS of the gener-
ally prosperous condi-
tion of the country, we
would offer a word of
counsel to our boys that they have
often heard from us before, but
which, we fear, has too often been
seed sown by the wayside, and that
is that they shall make hay while
the sun shines—in other words, save
their wages. We cannot, as a
class, accuse our lads of being
thriftless—our savings bank de-
posits would at once disprove
such an accusation—but we know
too well that there are scores
who will read these lines, who are

earning good-wages in addition to their board and lodging, who could put by from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars every year of their lives, but who are not putting by as many cents. The result is that such lads are keeping themselves at the bottom of the ladder and tying themselves down to the position of wage-earners, when, if they would but save and thus accumulate a little capital, they might so soon and so easily become owners of property—farmers of their own land, and employers instead of hirelings. The beginning of a New Year is an excellent occasion for putting into practice good resolutions, so let all our hitherto spend-thrifts lay our words to heart, and let the opening, and the keeping open, of a savings bank account be one of the first and foremost items on their programme for 1901. No doubt, each one to whom our remarks apply has already bought a bicycle, that, having lost its attraction as a new toy, is now for sale at a sixth or tenth of its original price, and will have paid a high figure for a watch, and, having taken it to pieces and been unable to put it together again, will have discovered that the dinner-hour reveals itself without his carrying any timepiece. Bicycles and watches having proved to be vanity and vexation of spirit, we now enjoin them to try the savings bank, and we venture to assert that they will find a bank book, with the possessions of which it is the outward and visible sign, affords a much more substantial and satisfactory source of pleasure than the fleeting delights of any kind of bicycle, jewellery, wind instrument, or even revolver or other offensive weapon.



The Voice of the People. SINCE the last-issue of UPS AND DOWNS, the British, Canadian and United States elections

have pronounced the verdict of the people in the three great English-speaking democracies, and we candidly admit that we have received the result in each case with entire

satisfaction. In great Britain, the return to power of Lord Salisbury's administration by an increased majority has given a final blow to the Separatist policy for Ireland, by which the government of Ireland, and the liberties and property of the loyal Protestant minority would have been handed over to the tender mercies of the Irish politicians whose discordant factions are only united in their hatred and hostility for England and English institutions, and in their enthusiasm and sympathy for the enemies of England in every quarter of the world. It has, moreover, enabled Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to approach the momentous question of the settlement of the South African difficulties with the authority and strength of the whole Empire at their backs, and with the knowledge that the nation is united in the determination to bring to an end the corrupt, tyrannical oligarchy that has hitherto dominated in the Transvaal, and that equal rights for all under the sovereignty of the Queen shall prevail throughout the territories of the two republics that we have occupied at so heavy a cost of life and treasure. Krugerism must disappear, and there will be substituted in its place a government founded upon the same principles of civil and religious liberty that prevail wherever the British flag flies, and under which the British Empire has become so vast a power and so mighty an instrument in the enlightenment and progress of the world. Some time must elapse before the last embers of the conflict have been stamped out, and the bitter passions and racial animosities aroused by the war have spent their force; but the result of the recent elections in Great Britain will immensely conduce to the speedy pacification of the country.



Impending Difficultie

NOR is South Africa the only direction in which dark clouds hang heavy upon the horizon. In China, the European

nations have hitherto seemed powerless to cope with the appalling condition of anarchy and blood-thirst that is spreading like a pestilence among the mysterious race that constitutes a third of the population of the globe. The crimes that have been committed against humanity by the Chinese people and their government remain unatoned for and their perpetrators unpunished. The huge, seething mass of corruption, barbarism and cruelty that represents the Chinese nation lies athwart the path of civilization, and England, as the foremost civilizing power in the world, and the power with by far the largest interests at stake in China, stands committed to a task of which no one can foresee the end, but which seems likely to tax all her resources physical and moral. The new century is opening amid a period of storm and stress in many quarters, and the responsibility of maintaining peace with honour is an arduous and heavy one indeed; but in the hands of the present advisers of the Queen, the interests of the Empire are as safe as human skill, foresight and experience can ensure, and we have no fears but that Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet will show themselves deserving to the full of the confidence the country has reposed in them.



The Republican Triumph. IN the United States, the victory of Mr. McKinley and the Republican Party has been the victory of Imperialism—the term generally employed to express that expansion of the national and patriotic sentiment that refuses to limit itself to its own domestic concerns, but accepts its responsibilities and claims its share in the direction of those great international world movements that mark the advance of modern civilization. It is the victory of the policy that emancipated Cuba from the horrors of Spanish misrule, that is contending against anarchy in the Philippines and is taking an active, if an in-

effective, part in the settlement of the Chinese embroglio. On the other part, the defeat of Mr. Bryan, and the discomfiture of the unsavoury alliance of Bryanism and Tammany Hall, has happily demonstrated the refusal of the people of the United States to be allured by the eloquence of Mr. Bryan into any sentimental crusade against capital, or to give their sanction to any of those immoral and discreditable schemes for the repudiation of their national obligations or the depreciation of the national currency that were so freely and so attractively dangled before their eyes. We believe that in the United States, as in Great Britain, the victory has been on the side of good government and public honour, and that the people in each country have averted by their votes what would have been in either case little short of a national disaster.



The Liberal Government in Power.

IN Canada, where the issue has been rather one of men than of measures, the election passed off very quietly as compared with the agitation and fever heat of excitement and suspense to which, in the United States, both parties had worked themselves. The Liberal Government was returned to power by the votes of the French Roman Catholics of Quebec, and if there was reason to fear that this result would encourage the always active aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic priesthood, it would be a deplorable one for the country. We give Sir Wilfrid Laurier credit, however, for being, if not too enlightened a statesman, at any rate, too astute a politician, to make himself the tool of the Roman hierarchy, and there is too strong a Protestant and English-speaking element in his Cabinet to permit of any assumption of power on the part of the French Roman Catholic faction that would be resented by the Protestants in Ontario and Manitoba. We believe the Liberal Administration to be as clean as any

administration can be in which the spoils system is even partially tolerated, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues have deserved well of the country for having solved, or, at any rate, removed, from the arena of political strife the vexed question of the Manitoba Schools, while the preferential tariff and the Imperial penny postage must be appreciated by all who wish to see a strengthening of the ties between the Mother Country and the richest and most important of her daughter nations.



Honour to the
Brave.

WE are looking forward to the honour and pleasure of very soon welcoming back to their Canadian homes nearly a score of our lads who went out as volunteers to South Africa with the Second and Third Canadian Contingents. We are proud to know that we were well represented in that splendid body of men who have so nobly distinguished themselves at the front, and whose services have earned such high honour for their country, and have been so enthusiastically recognized throughout the Empire. We extend our most warm and affectionate greetings and applause to our soldier boys, and we congratulate them with all our hearts upon the loyalty and courage they have displayed, and the magnificent service they have assisted in rendering to their Queen and country.



A Good Ad-
vertisement.

BETWEEN forty and fifty lads, attracted by the announcement of our Christmas excursions and unheeding the accompanying warning, have gone over to England to spend the holiday season with their friends. They crossed in three detachments, the largest, thirty in number, sailing from Montreal in the Allan Line *S. S. Tunisian* on November 11th. We have heard of their safe arrival on the other side, and the principal Liverpool papers contained a very flattering

little notice of the appearance and condition of the party and the good impression they created. We are quite sure that the same favourable impression will be made wherever the lads may go, and we could wish no better advertisement for Canada and for the advantages of emigration; but we shall none the less be glad to see our "wandering boys" back again in the Spring, and in harness for another season's work.



Work, Char-
acter and
Ambition.

WE are staunch believers and constant preachers of the gospel of work, and we confess that holiday-makings, "layings off," outings and pleasure trips very seldom commend themselves to us. True it is that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but we prefer to be a little on the dull side than to have anything in common with the frivolous, feather-pated individuals to whom the expectation and enjoyment of holidays is the chief interest and ambition in life. A young fellow who thinks he has a highly enviable position because he is only required to work for about half as many hours a day as he is capable of working, and whose ambition is gratified by his having a great deal of time for play and loafing, seems to us the most contemptible of beings. We believe that a man's abilities, mental and physical, were given him by his Creator for the performance of useful service in the world, and in devoting his time and energies to any purpose that is not useful to himself and others, and which produces only selfish and passing gratification, he is failing in the object of his life—burying in the ground the talent that was entrusted to him by his Lord. We admire above all else in the lives of our lads that they are in no sense cumberers of the ground, but their lives are, as a rule, full of useful occupation by which themselves and others are made richer, and that, as men, they will grow up to be workers—men of solid purpose and steady aims, and

with the independence of mind, strenuousness and resource that are developed wherever men set an object before them in life, and have learned the secret of doing with their might what their hands find to do.



An Urgent Reminder. ONE duty, alas! our lads do not perform with their might, and a great many neglect altogether, and of this duty we would fain stir them up to remembrance. No one who has received help in need, and through the aid of others has been given a start in life, can disclaim the responsibility of giving the same helping hand to those in similar need. When we read the story of the unfortunate man who was left stripped and wounded by the highway, we can condemn very strongly the heartlessness and cruelty of the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side, and we admire the sympathy and devotion of the good Samaritan who went to his aid; but what would be thought of the man himself if, after his restoration, and with the recollection of the generosity of his benefactor before his mind, he had gone forth, and, seeing some other unfortunate lying in the same evil case, had refused to stretch out a hand to his help? We leave our readers to point the moral, and will only say further that at no time were the needs of Dr. Barnardo's work more pressing than at present or help more urgently called for. The war in Africa, with its long-drawn-out tale of death and suffering, has laid a heavy burden upon the benevolent public on behalf of the sick, wounded and bereaved. The burden is being nobly and generously borne, but the munificent response to the appeals for the numerous and various war funds, and the not less generous and ready response to the needs of the sufferers from the famine in India, have drained benevolent resources to an extent that is grievously felt by such institutions as Dr. Barnardo's, which, having no

endowment or fixed source of income, and receiving no State aid, are dependent upon the daily supply to meet the daily need. It is an anxious and trying crisis in the history of the work, and a season of sore trial to the faith of him upon whose shoulders rests practically the entire responsibility for the carrying on of the vast network of philanthropic agencies that has grown up under his hand. Will not our boys help to bear the burden? A contribution of only a dollar a head would make a splendid New Year's gift to the Doctor, and would spread the table before many little hungry mouths. We would make an urgent appeal to all our boys and girls to remember at this time the old Home and its needs, and to make a generous effort on behalf of the thousands who compose Dr. Barnardo's family, and are dependent upon him this Winter for food, clothing, shelter and education.



Wanted and Not Wanted. *Town versus Country* is always a rather live issue with us at the present season of the year, and we are generally called upon, during the later weeks of the Autumn and the beginning of Winter, to prescribe for numerous patients who find themselves seized with city fever. We have learned to know the symptoms well, and the premonitory warning is generally "I am thinking of trying to get a job in the city for the Winter." The treatment consists in the application of a little common sense at the earlier stage; but if the disease has gone too far, then a good dose of Toronto pavements and fake employment agencies will generally suffice to clear the system. Prevention, however, is always better than cure, and if our lads will accept a word of advice from us, and let it act as a preventive, it will save them a great deal of trouble and disappointment. They may take our word for it that they are better off in every respect, manner and

degree by sticking to their work in the country than they can ever hope to make themselves in the town or city under the most favourable circumstances. In the country their labour is always in demand; they have never to hunt for employment, but, on the contrary, employers will hunt for them; they can command good wages, and make their own terms; they are sure of a home with three good meals a day and a shelter for the night; their position is independent; they can save money, and if they manage their affairs sensibly and make good use of their opportunities, they can very soon become property owners, and may look forward to a competence for themselves in the future. In the towns the labour market is almost always fully stocked, and in the Winter months is generally glutted. Newcomers are not wanted; there is not room for them; their presence makes things worse for others, and if they get employment it is only by crowding someone else out. The competition for work and the struggle for subsistence is always keen and relentless. The few lucky ones come to the front, but the prizes are few and the blanks many, and the weak, the inexperienced and the unfit go to the wall. In the fall of the year, as navigation closes and outdoor work is suspended, thousands of men are left on the streets of the large cities to live as best they can throughout the Winter, taking anything that offers, if they are fortunate enough to find anything offering, but more often passing the Winter in idleness. A lad coming into the city only adds one more to the number of the unemployed, and is wasting his time and money. There is never any scarcity of work on the farms, and if wages are low in the Winter, a man's earnings are always in addition to his board and lodging. We assure our lads that coming to the city at this time of the year means, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only weary tramping about the streets, a heavy board

bill, perhaps a few days' work at some fourth-rate restaurant or an occasional job of snow-shovelling, but, in the end, a great waste of money, disappointment and disgust. Canada is essentially a farming country, and men are wanted for the land, to develop its natural wealth and resources. There is ample scope for energy, intelligence and enterprise, and bright prospects ahead of them for men of the right stamp, outside and far away from any of the cities and towns, and our lads make a mistake, and a great big one, if they leave the farms. We are glad to say that the movement in this direction is not a very large one, and the number we have added to the urban population of Canada is very trifling as compared with the thousands of Dr. Barnardo's boys who are making their living as farmers or farm hands; but there are always a few restless mortals who never know when they are well off, and to these we hope to have spoken a word in season.



Plans for Organization. WE were considerably amused and interested by hearing a short time ago that a few of our older lads, who evidently believe strongly in the efficacy of signs, tokens and passwords, have adopted a Barnardo Boy's Password, and "214" is to be the token of recognition in any part of the American continent in which Barnardo boys may meet each other. We confess that this idea very highly commends itself to us, and the spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship that inspired it. We do not wish to regard ourselves as an isolated class in the community, but none the less our boys occupy a unique position and have much to gain by sticking together and supporting one another. We are becoming every year a stronger and more numerous body, and our influence will make itself increasingly felt, as years go by, in the social, industrial and political life of the country. We

believe that in many ways which will readily suggest themselves, we can strengthen our influence and improve our position and standing by keeping in touch with each other, and looking after each other's interests. In many respects our boys and girls are like members of a large family who have been sent out into the world rather earlier than most children, and have to fight the battle of life at an age when others are still under the sheltering care of their homes. We would like to see the "family" feeling maintain itself, and along with this, some sort of combination that would partake of the nature of a Mutual Benefit Society and a well-managed Trade Union. We see no reason why, as a body of young men, we should not constitute an organization that would combine all that is helpful and commendable in each of the three relationships without any of the objectionable features of either secret societies or trades unions. We do not expect to "initiate" anyone into the fraternity of Barnardo Boys by flourishing a tin sword over his head while we extract from him some appalling series of vows and obligations that he will have forgotten half of before he gets to the end of them, or by any other fantastic and absurd process of ceremonial; neither have we any ambition to see a general strike of Barnardo Boys ordered by some loud-mouthed demagogue, who would know how to use the self-advertisement that he would gain as a means of pushing himself into some fat government billet as inspector of ash bins or official sampler of rye whiskey; but, on the other hand, nothing would be more gratifying than to see among our boys the feeling of brotherly friendship and loyalty to each other finding expression in the formation of some society or association to which all of good character would be eligible for admission, and that would have for its object to advance the interests of its members individually and collectively. Such a movement would,

we believe, prove most valuable and helpful, and if some of our older lads will take the matter up and get down to business over it, we are sure there is plenty of organizing capacity among us to make it a success. Need we add that we shall welcome communications from any who feel interested in the subject and would like to pursue it further, and meantime we think most of our readers will agree that "214" is not at all a bad suggestion for a password, if such is required.



A New Title.

By the way, 214 Farley Avenue has had a lift up in the world since Dr. Barnardo's visit to Canada, and is now not merely the distributing Home for boys in Ontario, and the office of publication of UPS AND DOWNS, but has been officially gazetted as the Head Office for Canada of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Superintendent of the Toronto work has become General Superintendent and Executive Head of Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada. In connection with this appointment, the Editor, who is the person chiefly affected, has only to say that he gratefully appreciates the confidence reposed in him, and that in the enlarged relationship in which he now stands to the former inmates of the Homes, as representing Dr. Barnardo in Canada, he would seek to devote himself more than ever constantly and unsparingly to the welfare and interests of the work generally, and of the young people for whom he is responsible.



An Eye Feast for our Christmas Number.

It is scarcely necessary for us to invite attention to the group of our girls that we present to our subscribers as a special attraction of our Christmas Number. We were rather proud of our group of boys that appeared in the last Christmas Number, but we think even the boys themselves will admit that they are eclipsed by the collection of photographs that we

are reproducing in the present issue. We have no desire to excite the vanity of our fair maidens, but we are sorry for any person who, after contemplating these portraits, can harshly regard Dr. Barnardo's work or can scowl with dissatisfaction upon these young faces. They are "all right," as one gentleman, to whom we showed some of the photographs, emphatically expressed himself, and we delight to forecast the pleasure the sight of this group will give to the Doctor, to whom it will appear as a direct and living result of his labour and efforts.

Daily Light on the Daily Path. WE are also sending with the present number a sheet Almanac for the coming year, in which a short Scripture motto has been given for each day. We offer it to our boys and girls in the hope that it may encourage and aid them in making the Word of God the lamp to their feet and the light to their path, and that it may be the means, in some measure, of drawing them in their daily life into closer union and fellowship with the things of Christ and of His kingdom.

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue, and include all contributions received up to December 14th :

Ash, Chris., \$7; Beasley, F. H., 50c; Bray, Jos. T., 75c; Bond, Arthur, \$1; Brooks, Henry, 75c; Bone, Levi, \$1; Craddock, Alf J., \$1; Clarke, Herbt. W., \$6.40; Chubb, C. S. W., \$1; Davis, Frank R., \$1; Fletcher, Chas., \$1; Foot, Francis, \$5; Ford, Alex., \$1; Fisk, Chas.

F., \$2; Gee, Robt. \$1; Hobbs, Wm. (3 '92), \$1.75; Holway, Wm., \$2; Hawkesworth, R. W., \$1.40; Hill, T. W., \$1; Houghton, Alf. M., 40c; Hines, Harry, \$2; Hailstone, Walter, 60c; Ling, Saml. M., \$2.92; Lane, John, \$1; Leach, Albt., \$2.64; Polak, Percl., \$1; Reed, Jno. T., \$1; Roddy, Thos. \$1; Seaforth, Art. W., \$1.30; Smith, Herbert, \$1; Sedgwick, Art. E., \$1.50; Shayler, Ed., \$1; Taylor, Albert E., \$1.17; Taylor, Chas., \$1; Taylor, Wm., 75c; Vick, Thos., \$1; Ward, Fred. C., \$2; Winfield, Herbt., \$1; Williams, Albt., 75c.



THE dark cloud which hung over the Empire of Britain one year ago, when the Christmas notes of the Manitoba Farm were being prepared for UPS AND DOWNS, has been cleared away, and, save for the noise of minor engagements now being fought with the desperate remnants of the Boer armies, the war in South Africa has been brought to a close. While the cost of the campaign has been enormous and the loss of life most deplorable, the fact that the Anglo-Saxon in all parts of the world is alive to the claims of kindred, and ready and willing at all times to demonstrate that loyalty, has been pretty clearly exhibited to the civilized world, and may have a salutary effect upon those nations who are constantly nagging at and baiting the British Lion. Many of Dr. Barnardo's old boys took part in this African campaign, and a fair-sized squad of our old friends, it is said, were enrolled in the invincible Canadian Contingents, probably one of the most experienced men in this section of Canada's loyal contribution, being the "old warrior," James Schomberg Sterritt, *S.S. Peruvian*, April, 1889, who has not only in previous campaigns done credit to the Queen's uniform, but was for some time in the service of the United States Government, and, we understand, a creditable member of the "Fighting Fourth," one of the oldest regiments now doing duty under the Stars and Stripes.

The writer trusts that once this African trouble is over, Sterritt may see his way to settle down to a more peaceful and profitable life, although

the determination and dogged British pluck which men like this young native of Belfast exhibit is an assurance of the strongest kind that, with thousands of such fellows scattered broadcast over the great Empire, there is no fear of a collapse through the actions of envious rival nations, no matter how much they may contemplate the humiliation of John Bull. But we started out to write news of Dr. Barnardo's Manitoba Farm, and perhaps have no right to moralize in these pages over the actions of grossly ignorant but brave burghers and intrepid Britons, so let us look to our office diary, where we find that the most important event of the month, particularly so to the members of the Contingent in question, was the arrival at the Farm of a party of fifteen youths, who were ferried over the Atlantic on the good ship *Tunisian*, and brought through to Winnipeg by Mr. White, Resident Superintendent of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in the city just mentioned, leaving the train at Russell on the night of October 9th, and meeting with the usual warm reception which is accorded to newcomers by the established members of the farm staff. As our readers of Old Country birth may be watching these columns for the purpose of locating old friends among the names shown in our parties of new arrivals, we think it well to give from time to time the names of these new recruits, with the places of their birth :

JULY PARTY, 1900.

Thomas Harry Browning... London.
Alfred Cashmore..... Birmingham.
Samuel H. Chapman Belfast.

Robert DewarGlasgow.
 John Foley.....Newcastle.
 George Jones.....Birmingham.
 Thomas King... ..Newcastle.
 John Creighton Murray...Morpeth.
 John Myson.....Milden Hall.
 James McAllister.....Carrickfergus.
 Thomas Smith.....Canterbury.
 William John Simpson.....Belfast.
 Richard Albert Spragg...Birmingham.
 Edward Tutte.....Buckingham.
 Conrad Webber.....Curragh Camp
 Thomas Wilkinson.....Birmingham.

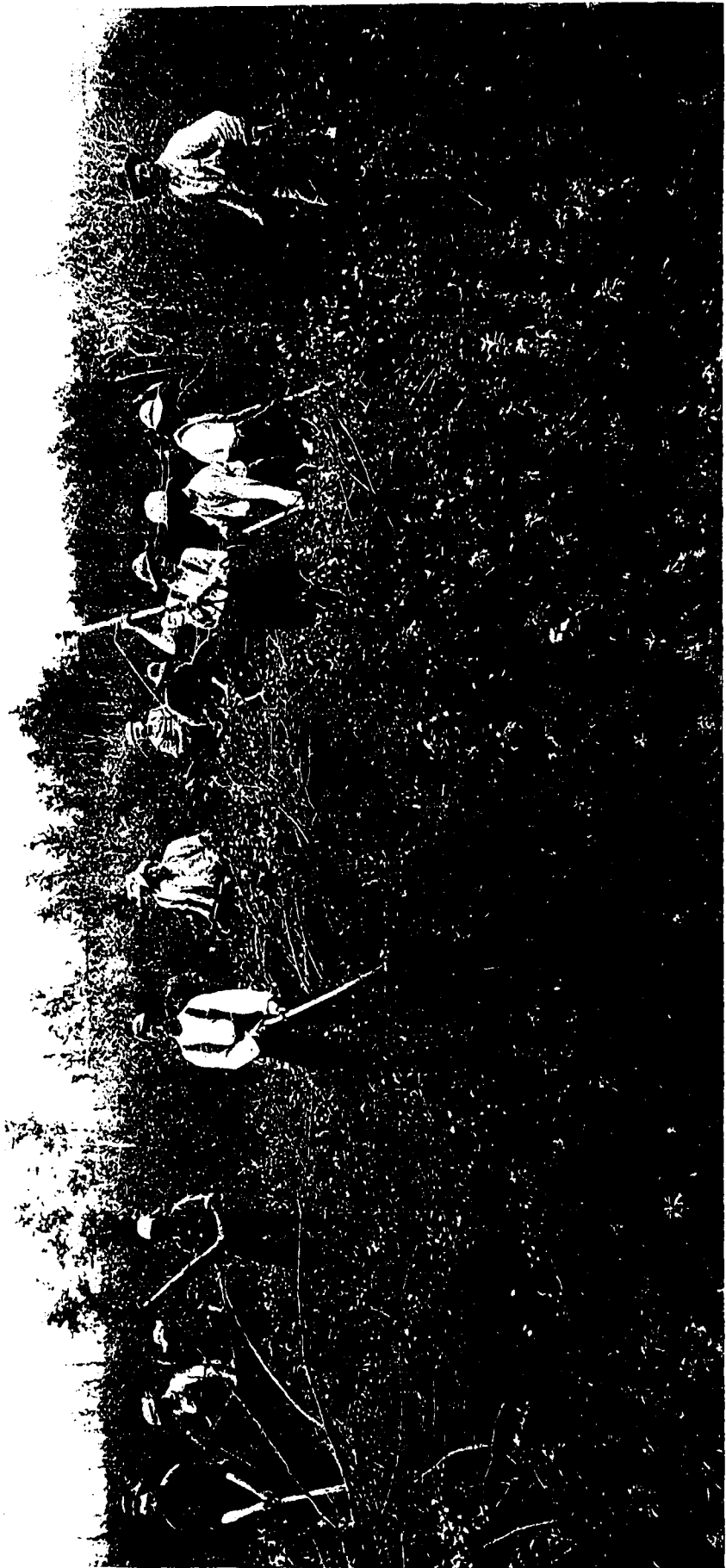
OCTOBER PARTY, 1900.

Samuel Blair.....Belfast.
 Edward Burns.....Bristol.
 Albert Edward Duff.....London.
 Robert Galway.....Belfast.
 George Gleaves.....Liverpool.
 Charles Sidney Hornfeck..London.
 Joseph Hooper.....Dublin.
 John David Lewis.....Glenconway.
 John Marsden Mitchell....Derbyshire.
 George Dudley Maiden....Bridgenorth.
 William Marshall.....Newcastle.
 John Prior.....Blackburn.
 Albert Saw.....Worcester.
 Henry Thomas.....Preston.
 William Washman.....Oxfordshire.

At the beginning of the quarter, our old friend, Mr. Frank G. Walsh, North-Western Superintendent of the Bell Telephone Company, located at Winnipeg, was appealed to in connection with recommending us an expert electrician, capable of putting our Russell and local telephone line in order. Mr. Walsh wrote a strong recommendation for a young man in a provincial town on the Manitoba & North-Western branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway; he was engaged by wire, and what was the surprise of our staff at the Farm to find the expert, recommended by probably the best electrician in Western Canada, to be none other than our old pupil, G. S., who came out to the Farm in 1889 and for many years experienced an uphill road as regards employment and advancement. The writer well remembers sending G. S. to his first situation, and if his eye should chance to look over this page, we do not think that he will deny the statement that he was, at that time, as the saying goes in some of the neighbouring Union, "no great shakes." At Barnardo, however, in this tenth month and nineteen hundredth year,

we had before us a fine, manly, self-assured young workman of reputation, and it is needless to say that before this clever young electrician Dr. Barnardo's agent wilted like the grass of the field and gave our old friend, G. S., full and absolute charge of the repairs in question, with the much-desired result—a line in almost perfect condition. And not only this, but G. S. took under his wing, for tuition, the intelligent youngster, George Jones, of the Farm staff, who became so expert in a short time with the climbers that it appeared to the residents of the Farm as though his chief recreation and idea of comfort was to roost at the top of a twenty-five-foot tamarac pole. Our electrical friend is married, and readers of UPS AND DOWNS may rest assured that he does not in any way complain of Dr. Barnardo's action in directing him to the broad, green prairies of Manitoba.

During the season, considerable advancement was made in the clearing and breaking up of new land on the estate, and while the illustration given on our pages may hardly present itself to the young Barnardo backwoodsman of Ontario as in accordance with his ideas of clearing land, it is, in the estimation of the writer, an excellent presentation of Mr. Foreman Toovey's industrious squad, consisting of Edward Tutt, Arthur Brown, Arthur Bracey, Thomas Costello, Thomas Smith, William Owens, Samuel Chapman, Thomas Wilkinson, John Myson, James Graham, George Martin and James Flannigan, who have done yeoman service in preparing a large space of fine wheat land for the breaker next Summer, and are now engaged in the deep ravines leading to the river, cutting and piling cordwood for use as fuel in the numerous boilers, furnaces and stoves which keep the lads of the Farm Home warm during the periods of Winter in which the thermometers are carrying on business in their basements. In the order of importance, although not in the order of dates, the christening of Mr. Gilbert Bis-



Clearing Land, Dr. Barnardo's Farm, August, 1900.

hop's little daughter on October 21st should not be passed by without mention. Indeed, this past quarter is honoured by another like ceremony, one month later Mr. John Stobbs with his estimable wife having brought to the font, on November 25th, their first-born, a sweet little girl also.

Barnardo does not yet boast of a grand structure in which our respected Chaplain may celebrate these interesting events, but Mrs. Gray is equal to the occasion, and a beautiful white font rises up on each presentation from the bare platform, at her command, which would put to shame many such pieces of church furniture in our ordinary Manitoba church and chapel. There is something picturesque in these ceremonies where our old boys bring the little ones God has given them to be received and named under the roof which first protected them in a strange land and among a strange people.

It is useless to deny the fact—although we know the constituency of Barnardo, which the writer feels he should represent in preparing these notes, love Manitoba and its ordinary climate—that we experienced in this part of the world a very bad harvest, bad crops, bad weather, and everybody, from the Manager down to little Saw, was blue and disappointed with the results. However, to liven matters up, particularly among the lads, there came rumbling into the yard one forenoon in October, accompanied by a grim-looking, business-like steamer, a gaudily painted "Cock of the North" thresher, which was within a few days put into working shape by Mr. Scott, the representative of the John Abell Machine and Engine Company, of Toronto, the makers, and has since not only given satisfaction in the threshing of the Home crops, but has performed the same service for our neighbours, Messrs. Pettitt, Brown and Fisher, who this year had quite a large area under the plough.

The above-mentioned addition to our appliances out of doors was supplemented, in the house, by the re-building of our baker's oven which for some months has practically been out of use, the firm of Toovey & Andrews having had our baking contract, and we can now lay before our lads a loaf for the quality of which our new baker, Thomas King, has no occasion to blush or make excuses.

Left the Hive.

On October 8th, the management were delighted to be able to arrange a situation for William M. Naylor with our much-esteemed Medical Officer, Dr. Wright, who resides in Russell—pleased, first, because we were securing employment for one of our lads with a gentleman who has in the past made a point of considering the comfort of his boys and giving advice as to the young man's conduct, which, followed, was always in the interest of the employed; secondly, we felt we were sending to Dr. Wright a lad any of our staff would be proud to meet and point out as one of Dr. Barnardo's pupils. Dr. Barnardo cannot send too many lads of the stamp of William Matthew Naylor to Canada.

On November 7th, Albert Duff, a fine little lad of the last party, was sent to Mr. Henry L. Stewart, of Marquette, and from the manner in which Duff took hold of his work at the Farm Home, we have little doubt as to the nature of the report we shall receive at the termination of the young man's first month.

On November 28th, Albert Saw was placed with Mr. Charles Pittaway, where he will, without doubt, have comfortable quarters, plenty of food and kind treatment generally.

On November 30th, Henry Hughes, who has for so many months been pining for work outside the Home, was sent to the employ of Mr. John McMillan, of Oakburn, Manitoba.

Accompanying Hughes, James Leopold Lockerby left Russell to

enter the service of Henry Bailey, a prosperous farmer of the fertile Portage Plains, whose post-office is Macdonald.

On December 4th, George Dudley Maiden left to enter the employ of Mr. Humble Wiseman, of Yorkton.

Applications for youths are coming in freely, and it is expected that before the end of the year a few more of our pupils will be found good situations and have an opportunity to show the material of which they are composed.

The writer is thankful to be able to say that calamities are not much in the line of the Manitoba Farm, but the telegram received by the writer when in Winnipeg on November 1st leads him to believe that when the last pound of calcium carbide, from which our acetylene gas is made, was used up and reports reached the Housemaster that no more stock could be obtained for some days, forcing him to look up old lamps and candle-sticks, the staff must have felt that Egyptian darkness had struck the house and that a dire calamity was upon them. We understand that the general verdict of our people is, in this case, that comparisons are odious where coal oil and acetylene come in competition, particularly so for the coal oil. In the above connection the writer has been asked by Mr. Gray to acknowledge in these pages the kindness of Mr. James Laycock, the genial proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, Russell, who was unselfish enough to lend us some thirty odd pounds of carbide, thereby lengthening his days of darkness and shortening those of the Home. It is needless to say that a night of rejoicing took place on November 14th, when six drums of this now necessary chemical arrived at the Farm and the boys in the Home could again see each other after six o'clock.

The health of our lads has not been as good as usual during the last quarter, owing perhaps to the mild, and, at times, changeable weather, and we are sorry to have

to chronicle several severe frost-bites besides two serious accidents, James Graham being unfortunate in breaking his arm on December 1st, while chopping fire-wood on the Home property; and Joseph Mooney on December 5th, while employed on the grain crusher, foolishly allowed his fingers too much freedom about the exposed cog-wheels of the machine, with the deplorable result that he is to-day minus the better part of a middle finger. Dr. Wright was summoned by telephone, and was promptly on hand in both the above cases, so that the patients immediately received expert treatment and are now in a fair way to a rapid recovery from his mishaps.

While under the head of calamities, the writer wishes to describe a typical case, showing the manner in which libellous statements are circulated regarding our young men and boys, and often by people who innocently believe the reports to be true. At the beginning of October, and just after the sitting of the Supreme Court at Yorkton, as Dr. Barnardo's Manitoba agent was journeying to Winnipeg by rail, a warm friend of the Homes, joining his company, remarked: "Very sad about that boy of yours, Mitchell, at Yorkton; he has been convicted on five separate charges of horse stealing, and has been sentenced by Judge Wetmore to twenty-five years' imprisonment. I have just come from Yorkton, and have this on the best of authority." "Very sad indeed, but stranger than it is sad," returns the agent, after careful examination of the alphabetical index showing the name of every youth and young man brought into the West by Dr. Barnardo, which is always carried in his travelling-bag, "that of the two Mitchells brought out under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, John Mitchell in 1895 and Joseph in 1897, John is known to have returned to England and Joseph, poor fellow, is clear of the cruel and cowardly libellers of the country, for he was unfortunately drowned

near Birtle last June." "Oh, well," speaks up the friendly informant, "my authority for this statement is beyond question or doubt." "Very well, let us see. Who is there at Yorkton willing and able to inquire in an independent manner into this dispute?" "The agent of the Dominion Government." An enquiry dispatched to this painstaking and well-informed officer brings forth the following reply :

YORKTON, Oct. 10th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 8th inst., *re* young man Mitchell, who was sentenced to five years for horse stealing, I may say that he was not a Barnardo's Homes boy. He came up here from the States two years ago, or rather came with another party to Whitewood and drifted up in this district, and carried on a wholesale stealing. There were five charges against him; he pleaded guilty to all the charges and got his sentence for five years—in each case to serve consecutively—so that he will put in five years in all. Very truly,
J. S. CRERAR.

Thus it is that some irresponsible mischief-maker starts an absurd story at the expense of the Homes, for in this case if the unfortunate culprit had even come from England, there would have been some excuse for the painful inaccuracy; and on goes the information, reaching the control of responsible and well-meaning people, from whose lips the libels are naturally received without question.

No doubt many of our readers take a deep interest in the Sons of England Society, which is doing such good work in all parts of the Dominion, and will be pleased to know that prominent members of our staff at the Farm and individual farmers of the Barnardo Colony occupy the most important offices in Russell Lodge, Mr. Henry Pettitt being President and Mr. W. Walton, Secretary. A copy of the invitation cards issued by the Society for their last entertainment is given below, and although the writer cannot speak from personal experience, not having been honoured with an invitation to this annual celebration on account of extreme age, we presume, he understands

that the party offered a most happy meeting for the friends of the Lodge Queen of the West, and it is to be hoped that the Society, in whose books are enrolled so many names of our old colleagues and friends, may flourish and become a power for good in the land.

Sons of England

Patronesses—Mrs. Huddleston, Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. E. Williams.
Committee—J. T. Lyon, C. A. Andrews, E. Meadows, Dr. R. R. Roger.

The Members of LODGE QUEEN OF THE WEST, No. 230, request the pleasure of Mr. Alexander Thompson's company at their

Annual Ball

to be held in the Foresters' Hall, Monday, November 26th, at 9.00 p.m.

H. J. PETTITT, *Pres.* W. WALTON, *Sec.*
GENTLEMEN, \$1.00.

Prize Awards.

The names of those lads who make extra effort and prepare themselves in a superior manner for the Sunday church parades are given herewith, and it is a curious coincidence that the lad who comes on parade clean brushed and well scrubbed is usually one who can go to sleep each night conscience clear that he has well earned his board and wages during the day, so that while we believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, we also are beginning to think that cleanliness, while following along closely to godliness, has linked with it industry as an indispensable companion.

- Sept. 30th, first prize—James McAllister.
- Oct. 7th, " —John Foley.
- Oct. 14th, " —Samuel Chapman.
- Oct. 21st, " —Arthur Johnson.
- Oct. 28th, " —John Myson.
- Nov. 4th, " —James Graham.
- Nov. 11th, " —George Jones.
- Nov. 18th, " —George Jones.
- Nov. 25th, " —George Martin.
- Dec. 2nd, " —Alfred Raban.

The fact that we are drawing near to the Christmas holidays is becoming more and more apparent, for from different unoccupied rooms queer sounds are heard, and grotesque figures—said to be actors going to and from rehearsal—flit

about the house all through the evening hours. It is understood that a powerful tragedy entitled "The Brigand's Son," written by the clever young author, George Martin, will be placed upon the boards during the Christmas week by a young company of great promise. In addition to the above, the side-splitting comedies, "Everywhere in a Minute," and "Nin Kum Poo," are to be produced upon the Barnardo stage for the first time.

We fear the Manitoba Farm

Notes, as regards the space allotted by the Chief Editor, have about reached their limit, and the writer will, therefore, prepare to bow himself out, wishing all the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, lads and lasses, on behalf of the Manitoba Farm lads, a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.



Various Vocations

WHILE the majority of our lads are sticking closely to the land and are making their present livelihood, and will make careers for themselves in the future as farmers, there are always a few, year by year, who leave the farms and find openings for their abilities in other occupations. We wish and encourage our lads to stay in the country, believing that they are less exposed to undesirable influences, can take a much more independent position, lead happier and healthier lives, and have better prospects before them than in the towns. At the same time we recognize that lads are not all made alike, and that there are some whose tastes, capabilities and ambitions lie in other directions than that of farming. As an interesting item of intelligence for readers of UPS AND DOWNS we have lately compiled a list of the different professions, trades and callings at which Dr. Barnardo's old boys are engaged in various parts of the Dominion. We wish it to be understood that we have not included any trades to which lads are simply apprenticed or are employed as labourers, but in all of the occupations mentioned we have young men either practising for themselves, in business on their own account or occupying responsible positions. The list comprises:

Clergyman, Doctor, Law Clerk,

Newspaper Proprietor, Shoemaker, Merchant Tailor, Builder and Contractor, Harnessmaker, Chef, Undertaker, Druggist, Electrician, Printer, Marine Engineer, Railroad Engineer, Grain Buyer, Caterer, Brickmaker, Grocery Proprietor, Tinsmith, Machinist, Private Detective, Photographer, Bank Accountant, Hotel Manager, Railroad Conductor, Police Constable, Cigar Manufacturer, Hardware Salesman, Prison Warder, Veterinary Surgeon, Actor, Railroad Station Agent, Dining Car Conductor, Furrer, Engraver, Commercial Traveler, Schoolmaster, Truant Officer, Bicycle Manufacturer, Lumber Dealer, Confectioner, Butcher, Telegraph Operator, Insurance Agent, Professional Hypnotist, Bricklayer, Mason, Carpenter, Plasterer, Plumber, Painter and Decorator, Blacksmith, Moulder, Cabinet Maker, Cartage Contractor, Laundry Proprietor, Miller, Mining Expert, Candy Manufacturer, Cheesemaker, Florist, Market Gardener, Milk Dealer, Fisherman, Sailor, Pork Packer, Barber, Dry Goods Salesman, Tanner, Carriage Painter, Taxidermist, Expert Tree Pruner, Waggonmaker, Street Car Motorman and Conductor, Stenographer, Bandmaster, Choir Leader, Professional Vocalist, Acrobat, Jockey, Horse-Trainer, Ranchman, Farmer.

To a Lion-Hunter

Inscribed to that notorious Political Sportsman, Paul Kruger, and such of his Admirers
as may be disposed to emulate his arrogant folly.

When you shoulder your gun and go out for big game,
Do not trifle with lions that seem to be tame.
Have a care what you do, Mr. Kruger, or you
That Majuba exploit, which you brag of, may rue :
For the Lion of England, once wounded, will yearn
For the breakfast that comes with the hunter's return.

O beware, Uncle Paul, and think twice ere you shoot :
He is fond of his cubs, and a dangerous brute !
Though you tackled him once, and he slunk to his den,
If you think he was cowed—well, just try it again !
That pert boy was deluded who thought he could tease
The gorilla while it was engaged with its fleas.

He is not of the kind that you see in a cage,
That will leap through the hoops while it swallows its rage ;
He is pretty good-natured, and gentle at play,
But when once he's aroused, he's a lion at bay.
Do not prod him, old man, to hear if he will growl,
Or, begad, he may bite you, to see if you'll howl.

O bethink you a moment how you would then feel
As, held prone 'neath his claws, you had furnished a meal ;
And consider your loss, as a Boer and a state,
In the way of identity, meeting this fate.
Irritate him, cajole him, deceive him, deride ;
But, pray, always remember he has an inside !

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Home Chat

APPLE growers tell us that the keeping properties of the fruit vary considerably in different years, the crop of one year being much more satisfactory in this respect than that of another. A close scrutiny of our books might suggest that boys are a little like apples, and that, from one cause or another, the crop of some particular season may seem better or worse than its predecessor. We have just been taking stock of our 1895 output, and we are glad to be able to report that the condition of both the Spring, Summer and Autumn consignments is highly satisfactory. The "culls" are exceedingly few and far between, and most of the fruit is the highest grade, and a credit to the importer. We cannot exactly invite readers of *UPS AND DOWNS* either to handle or taste our goods; but the latter are able to speak for themselves, and, in most cases, the accounts they can give of their own experiences is quite sufficient to attest their worth. To speak no further in parables, we have before us a number of letters lately received from boys who came out in the year 1895, that they have contributed for publication in response to a suggestion that we made to them, in which they recount more or less fully their experiences during the five years that have passed since life began for them in Canada. We are sure these letters will be read with interest and pleasure, and that, in most cases, they give satisfactory evidence that the writers have made good use of their time and opportunities.

The first letter that comes to hand is from our friend, Sidney Fishbourne. Sydney is "good stuff," and a boy who will make a man of himself as he grows up. He says:

I have been here nearly two years now. I am thirteen years old and am getting

along well, and intend to do so. I like my place and employer and mistress. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me to Canada, as it is just the place for boys. If every boy gets as good a place as I have they ought not to grumble. I get all I want to eat and am clothed well. I go to Sunday school and church nearly every Sunday. We work 150 acres of land. I can plough, harrow and cultivate, and such like. We have five horses, two colts, nineteen head of cattle and eleven pigs. We had the steam thrasher machine, and I worked on the stack, and when noon came I pulled the whistle. I like farming splendidly. I have no more to say now, so good-bye. I remain, yours truly,

SIDNEY R. FISHBOURNE.

David Morris came from England at the same time as Sidney, and was also boarded-out for the first three years after his arrival, his foster-parents being our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of Bala. He tells us that he likes his present home, is learning to farm, and hopes some day to have a farm of his own. He will be going to school this Winter, and informs us that he means to be a good boy and a credit to the Home.

John Thomas Reed, who is now sixteen years of age, has lived with Mr. William Galbraith since his arrival from England in November, 1895, at first as a boarder, but latterly under the usual terms of service hiring. He contributes the following:

DEAR FRIEND,—I think it is time my letter to *UPS AND DOWNS* should be forwarded. I have been going to send one for the last six months, but it is coming at last. I have been out in Canada for five years, and I am ashamed to say that I have not done much towards helping Dr. Barnardo; but I am going to turn over a new leaf now and do all I can, as he has done a great work for us. I think if I had my choice where to stay, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada. I was away on a pleasure trip on July 6th. I like to live in Canada very much. I like the people very well. I go to church and Sunday school every Sunday. I was out on a deer hunt this fall. I have been in this place for five

years. We lived in Fawkham all the time till we moved up here this fall, Nipissing Junction. I think I will draw to a close.

From yours truly,

JOHN THOMAS REED.

You may send UPS AND DOWNS to me. You may draw it from the bank, 25c., and you may take a dollar and put towards helping Dr. Barnardo.

Henry Hayward sends us a very interesting and well-written account of his experiences since he left the "shores of Old England." His first landing in the New World was a rather melancholy experience, he and three other youngsters being carried off the ship at the Grosse Isle Quarantine Station covered with measles. Well we remember that unfortunate outbreak of measles and the hoisting of the "pea soup" flag—that ominous announcement that a ship approaching quarantine has sickness on board—and the carrying of those small bundles of humanity down the gangway on to the quarantine service steamer. How nicely we tried to look and how persuasively we tried to talk to the severe quarantine doctor while he queried and considered as to how long he must detain the ship, and what a relief it brought to our souls when he finally decided to release us after the disinfecting of the hospitals, the detention thus not exceeding about three hours, and that in the night, when nearly everyone on board was asleep, so that there were no rumours to go abroad of our having plague on board, or cholera, or leprosy, or all three, as there would have been if the passengers had been up to witness the performance. Despite its rather inauspicious commencement, Henry's career in Canada has been a very satisfactory one, and having now learned his business as a farm hand, he is able to tell us that he is hired for a year at a wage of \$120, with board and lodging, has a good place and thinks Canada is "a fine country."

The country has likewise found favour in the eyes of George Cavill, who narrates his experiences as follows :

I like this part of the country first-rate. This is a fine farming country. My first employer was Mr. Appleyard. I worked for him two years on a farm. The first year I didn't do very much but chores, and I was getting very anxious to drive horses, and the second year I learned to drive horses, run the binder and harrow, rake and many other things. I soon got to handle horses pretty good, and in the Fall Mr. Appleyard had a sale and rented his farm, and then we went to town to live. I worked in the millyard for a while, and then Mr. Appleyard got me another situation with Mr. Burnard on a farm. We are having some lovely weather. All the farmers are very busy getting their Fall plowing done. We are working 100 acres, I learned to plow last Fall, and I can do anything on a farm now. I go to Sunday school and church. I like to read the UPS AND DOWNS. It can't come none to soon.

I remain, very sincerely,

GEORGE CAVILL.

Mr. Appleyard has added a few lines to George's letter, and we are sure all our friends will share the pleasure it gave us to receive this excellent testimony to George's good character and conduct :

DEAR SIR,—I got George Cavill from the Home in 1897. He worked for me about two and a half years, and I always found him a good, honest, trusty boy, and as good a boy to work as ever I had. I was sorry to part with him, but I had no work for him when I rented my farm. I got him another place, and he is doing splendid.

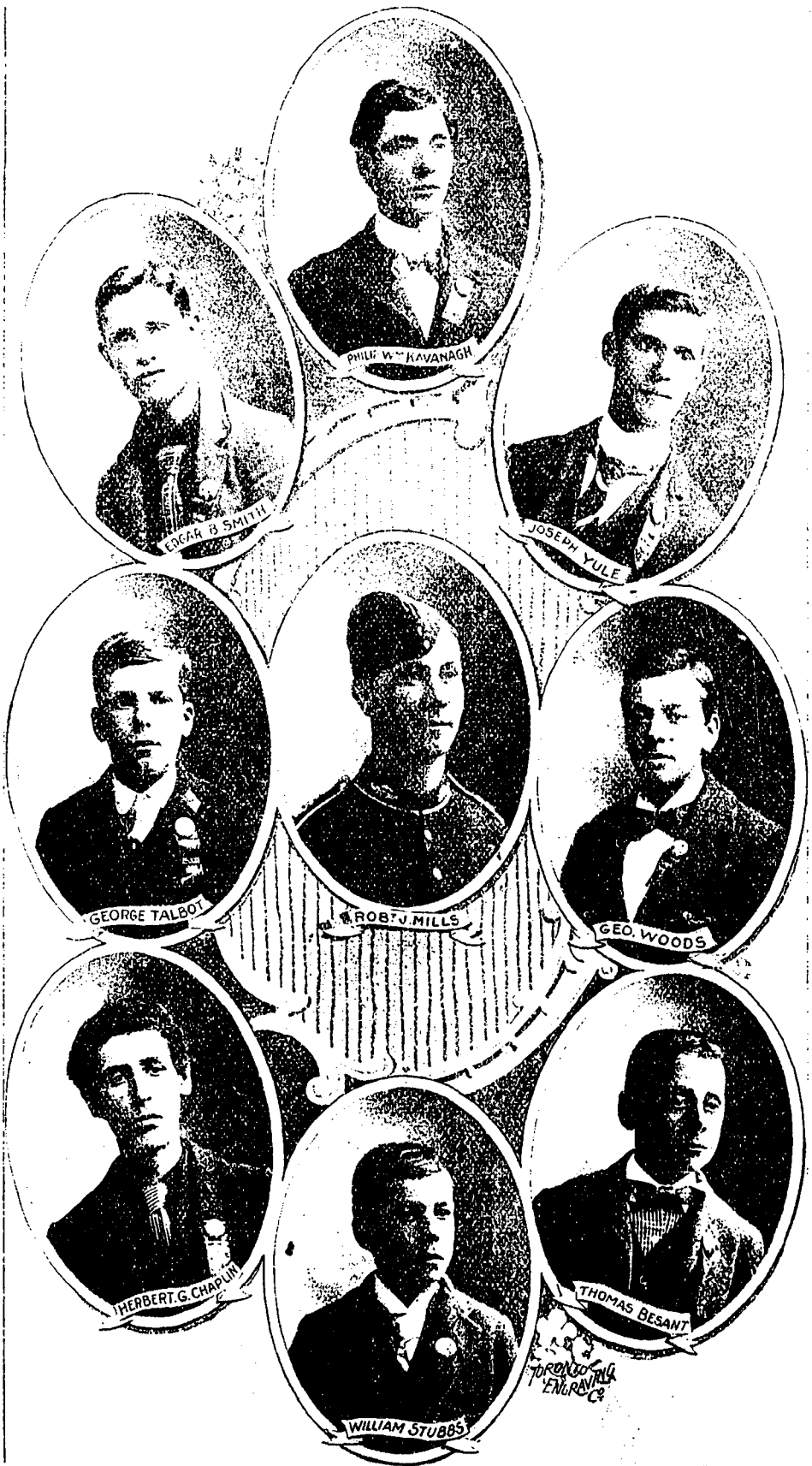
Yours truly,

JOHN APPELYARD.

Arthur J. Anderson, who came out in the Summer party of 1895 as a small Leopold House boy, tells us that he has "got along excellent" in his present place. He adds :

I have learned how to plow and do mostly everything in the line of farming. In the last two years I have gained over thirty pounds, so I will soon be able to take a man's place. I have been with my employer now for two years, and I have not the least idea of leaving him as yet. I am now getting into their ways and it just seems to me like home. I have been here in this country now for over five years, and I have had a jolly time since I came. I have done mostly all the Fall plowing this Fall, and this last week or two I have been plowing sod. I think I must draw my letter to a close now, as it is getting late and we have our chores to do.

Edward Pringle writes us a long and, for a boy of fifteen, a remarkably intelligent and graphic account of his experiences. We can only



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. I.

give a few extracts from his eight-page letter :

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter on Saturday night, asking me to write a few accounts of myself since I came to Canada, so I am now going to do my best to relate them to you for publication in UPS AND DOWNS. Now, to begin, I came out to Canada in 1895, in September, on the good ship *Sardinian*, the ship that took the first Canadian contingent to South Africa. We got off the ship at Quebec and proceeded to Toronto, where I was for a few days, and was then, with some other boys in charge of Mr. Gaunt, taken to Muskoka to board out with Mr. Briese. It was night when we reached Bracebridge, the county town of Muskoka, and Mr. Gaunt said something to the hotel man and then went away, and we were kept at the hotel over night, and the next morning after we had walked around awhile, the hotel man drove us away in a covered buggy, and we thought it was great fun. There was with me two boys for Charlie Briese's, and one for George Donelly. When I reached Mr. Briese's I found them very hospitable. They asked me if I was hungry and they gave me something to eat, and then I went outside to the barn, and found the horse and two other boys from the Home. I hadn't much work to do here, but go to school every day. I got Dr. Barnardo's prize for best scholar in the school of the Home boys. We used to have lots of fun in the Winter sleigh-riding down some big hill with the hand-sleigh. We would all get on together and then start her going down the hill. I was there about a year, and I was removed to another place in a situation in the county of Renfrew in the township of Westmeath. I said good-bye to Briese's with much sorrow, for I knew I would not get such a good place again.

We got into Toronto about seven o'clock at night. Mr. Davis came with another big fat man to take us to the Home. When we got there, we got a good bath and then went to bed to sleep sound, and next day I started out for Graham's Station, where Mr. R——met me with his sleigh and took me home with him.

When I was at Briese's, it was all play and no work, and here it is all work and no play, and I felt awful lonesome, as there was only the man and woman and little boy, and these had not got a word to say ; they were quiet like quakers.

When I got up the first morning, he told me to dress and go to the barn and help him feed the cattle and horses. There were twenty-eight head of cattle to feed, and every bit of feed had to be carried in a basket from the barn across the yard to the stable. I tell you that it was a slow job. Things went all right for a while, and time worked around and Mr. Griffith came to see me and things were reported all right, but the next time he came to see me

I was not there; I had skipped out to Alex. Carnegie's. Well, he ordered Mr. R——to go after me and put me on the train for Toronto. I got in Toronto at noon this time, and was took to the Home, and was there for a few days, and on Monday I was sent up here where I am at present.

Edward has only carried his narrative up to the point of his arrival at his present place, but we are glad to supplement it by saying that each time he has been visited there we have heard of his doing well, working faithfully and giving full satisfaction to his employer.

The following letters can be left to speak for themselves :

DEAR SIR,—I now take my pen to write to you about my welfare. I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out in this country. I have been out here six years next April, and like it very much. There is lots of work for an industrious lad. He can have good times and save money. I have met several of my old chums, and they all speak a good word for Canada. I am in a place where I have charge of it, as my boss is old and feeble, and he says I get along very well and will make a good farmer if I stick to it. I can do most anything there is to be done, and there is no reason why others can't do the same. Last Summer I became acquainted with a brother Englishman, and, strange to say, he came out the same time as I did, but with Mr. Fegan's Homes. We chummed together and bought two bicycles, and I tell you there was very little escaped us that was of any use for us to see. We went over to Niagara Falls, and other places too numerous to mention. We joined the Sons of Temperance, and I tell you it is a good thing for a young man if he wants to do right and associate with good company. We meet every Saturday night. It is mostly young people that go to it.

Christopher Ash is working next door to me, and he is quite a worker. His boss's name is Mr. Brown. I think Chris. will make quite a musician if he keeps on. He went to the city of St. Catharines and bought a new autoharp yesterday, and he was trying to play "Home, Sweet Home," when bang went one of the strings. I haven't seen him since. We were over to Toronto Fair this fall, and had a good time. We stayed at the Home over night and had breakfast, then we took a stroll around the city, through T. Eaton's and Simpson's, and then through the new City Hall and up the elevator to the top of the tower. I would very much liked to have seen Dr. Barnardo when I was over, but was disappointed. I will have to close now as I am like a clock run down, and can't get nobody to wind me up.

Ups and Downs

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a bright, prosperous and happy New Year.

From your loving servant,
W. H. PAGE.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you to let you know about my five years' experience in Canada. I came to Canada in 1895, and went to Mr. D. Hadden, at Foxmead. I then left there on account of my health not being very good, and came to Mr. Tom Mells, of Falkenburg, where I am staying at present and hope to remain. There are lots of deer up here. I often saw three at a time feeding in Mr. Mells' turnip patch before hunting season started. I am getting along fine up here. I have found out one thing, that no man need starve in Canada, where they would if they were in England. Mr. Mells says that he likes me, and I am sure I like it here with him, and we get along well together. Mr. Mells' house is situated about half way up a hill, viewing the lake. You can throw a stone nearly into the lake from the house.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
Yours truly,
ALFRED JAS. SARLES.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—In respect to A. Sarles, he has been with us nearly four years. Both me and the family like him very much, for he is going to be a credit to the Home, for he is truthful and honest in every respect. In fact, we can't speak too highly of him, for we never heard a word of complaint against him neither from day school or Sunday school, for he is like one of our family with us. So I close.

Yours truly,
TOM MELLS.

I have known Alfred Sarles since he came to live in this neighbourhood, and for the last year he has been in my class in the Sunday school, where his conduct is all that could be wished for. I also know his employer, Mr. Mells, and he and all his family speak very highly of the truthfulness and general good conduct of the lad.

(Miss) H. E. HAY,
Sunday school teacher,
St. George's church, Falkenburg.

I was first sent to Muskoka, where I attended school for two years. I lived first with Mr. McKean, a few miles north of Bracebridge, and from there was sent to live with Mr. Andrew Faulkner, of the same place. Mr. Faulkner was very kind to me. I attended school while there and made good progress. Afterwards I was taken to Toronto, where I stayed a week, after which I was sent here (to Norfolk County). Mr. Craig, my master, has a fine farm of 125 acres. I did not know anything about the work done on a farm when I came here, but have gradually fell in with the different works and am now learning to plough. I attend Presbyterian church and Sunday school regularly.

Our Sunday school picniced this summer at "Fisher's Glen," a beautiful summer resort on Lake Erie. I received first prize for catechism last Christmas. Our climate here is warmer than Muskoka; dandelions are now in bloom (December 4th). I attend school in Winter months. Am much interested in UPS AND DOWNS.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN ALBERT JUDGE.

WYECOMBE, Dec. 4th, 1900.

ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with Albert, and find him to be a very truthful and trustworthy boy. He has certainly been a good advertisement to the Home, many of my neighbours being desirous of getting one of your boys.

Yours sincerely,
ROBT. CRAIG.



John Church.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—As I have not written for the UPS AND DOWNS yet, I am going to make my first effort. I am living with a Mr. Merryweather, who has a farm of forty-eight acres. He is a painter on the G.T.R. Co., and I have charge of the farm. I am hired for the year at \$90 a year, board, washing and mending. I like my place very much.

I remain your humble servant,

JOHN CHURCH.

SMITHDALE, Dec. 2nd, 1900.

To MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I just write to let you know a little of my experiences since I first came to Canada, which was in April, 1895, party on the good ship *Parisian*, of Liverpool. After a voyage of ten days we landed in Portland, then to Toronto. I stayed at

the Home one day, then I was sent to my present situation at Smithdale, where I was met by my employer with a team and sleigh. I thought it looked funny to see it going without wheels, but I got used to it. The first thing I did when we arrived was to have a good hearty dinner, then to work. We drew up some wood from the bush with team and sleigh. It was pretty strange to me. Then, after a few days, the seeding started. Of course, I did not know much about seeding or anything else, but I had a good teacher in Mr. Morrison. I had to learn to milk the cows and attend to the chores while the boss and hired man were sowing the grain. Then came gardening, planting potatoes and other vegetables; then I hoed the weeds out of them, and at one thing and another till the haying and harvest started. It was pretty hard work I thought, but I got over it; but the first Summer was the worst. I have had a few ups and downs, of course, but the clouds have rolled over now. I fulfilled my engagement for three years, and received my long service medal; then I hired with Mr. Morrison for eight months; then I thought I would like a change, but I am glad to say that I did not stay away long. I went to Michigan lumber woods for six months; then came back in the Spring to Mr. Morrison, and hired with him for five months; then he wanted to hire me for a year, so I did not know what to do at first. I had a notion to go to England with the excursion party, but I thought I was making a little money by staying where I was instead of spending what I had made since I have been in Canada. And I thank Dr. Barnardo for helping me as he did, and you for sending me to such a fine situation, where I am treated as one of the family. We are going to raise the barn next Summer if all is well. We have been digging a drain for to bring water in iron pipes down to our barn, and I am glad to say we have now the best water works in the township of Nottawasaga. Now I must close, as I may be trespassing too much on your space.

I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM ABBOTT.

SMITHDALE, Dec. 3rd, 1900.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in writing you a few lines regarding the boy, William Abbott, who has been in my employment for nearly five years. We have found him to be a good, trustworthy boy, and will, I think, some day make a good mark for himself. He has grown to be quite a stout young man. I have hired him for another year. If he continues as he is, I think he will be a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Home.

Yours truly,
ALEX. C. MORRISON.

Charlie Mitchell's account of his

earlier exploits as a farmer is very amusing. He says:

The first I done I stuffed myself as full with apples that I could. Second, I went out to hunt the eggs, coming back with them broke about one-half. Third, I started to milk a cow. I could not get along with her at first, but the hired girl finished her that day, so I tried her again the next day, but I did not do much better, but it was only about four or five days that I could milk her. It was only about three months before I could milk just as many as the hired girl. I thank God that he gave dear Dr. Barnardo the power to send all us young boys and girls out to this beautiful country, that we might have a good time if we mind to behave ourselves, and I hope that the rest has done as well as I have since the time that I started for myself in the new world, since 1895. I have tried to behave myself as good as I could. Dear Sir, I think that it has been the happiest five years I ever put in in all my life, and I hope it continues.

We are pleased to be able to endorse what Charlie has said about his having tried to behave well during the past five years. He has not only tried, but succeeded, and he is a lad who has never given us a moment's anxiety, and of whom we have never heard anything but what is good.

We can say the same of Henry Fox, the writer of the following:

I was first placed on a farm with Mr. and Mrs. Small, who were like a father and mother to me, where I stayed nearly three years, where I learned to do all kinds of work — milking, ploughing, harrowing, which has been a great benefit to me since. From there I went to Mr. Malcolm Graham, of Iona, where I stayed seven months; and when nearly through, beginning to wonder a little about a place for the Winter; but glad to say I didn't have to wonder long, with a good name from Mr. Graham, when Mr. Robert McAlpine came along looking for a good boy to do chores for him, where, I am thankful to say, I had a nice home and a fine bed in the warmth of a fine, large brick house out of the storms and cold to rest at night. Finally the beautiful Spring opens out again. When my time was expired I again went back to Iona to work for Mr. Lindley Macullam, where I farmed most of the Summer till the golden harvest was ended. I then thought for a change of work, which I found in a short time, which was with Mr. George Strong, the mason, at Wallace-town. I was tender for him three months, and liked the work very much; but was sorry it did not last through the Winter. I then hired with Mr. Edward Bobier for the Winter months, where I had a gay time

keeping "bach," where I was cook. That was fine fun for me. From there I hired with one of the most prominent farmers of the township of Dunwich for a whole year, which is Mr. Terry Lynch, where I am to-day, and very likely to remain till the first of March, when my year will be up. I am thankful to say I have never yet had to wait a day between places during my five years in Canada. I can say I've never had to stop work a day for sickness, which I may be very thankful for.

Alfred Hulks has sent us a very sensible little account of some of his Canadian experiences, beginning with his landing at Quebec and relating the circumstances of the party having been welcomed on its arrival by no less distinguished personages than the Governor-General of Canada and his wife, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. We well remember the bright Sunday morning when the boys disembarked and were addressed at the Immigration Depot by the noble Earl in a few kindly words of greeting, in which he referred to the interest he had always taken in Dr. Barnardo's work and expressed his hope that all those to whom he was speaking would do credit in the new country to the old Homes and to their old friends. We believe our friend, Alfred, has lived up to the advice he received that day, and has done his duty manfully and honestly, and not always under the most pleasant circumstances. His term of indenture will be completed on the first of next April, and by that time Alfred will be well started in the country, and, we hope and believe, will have a bright and prosperous career ahead of him.

Frederick Deacon was a shipmate of Alfred's, and will also have completed his apprenticeship next April with credit to himself and his friends. Frederick reports of himself thus :

I received your kind letter asking me to give my experiences in Canada, and I try to do my best to accommodate you. I landed in Quebec July, 1895, and then we took train and went to Toronto, and then from there I was sent to my situation in Clearville, on the shore of Lake Erie, to Mr. Mitton. It was a very pretty place. I was sent there to help Mrs. Mitton in the house. I was there about a year and they stopped farming, so I was sent to Mr. Ty-

hurst, in Pinehurst, and then I started to learn the way to farm. It seemed very strange to me at first, but I soon began to learn the way to drive the horses and work them on the farm. I went to school the first Winter and the next Summer I went to work, and now I can do anything on a farm. I thank Dr. Barnardo very much for sending me out in this beautiful country, where I can make a good and honest man of myself. We put up a new Methodist church in our neighbourhood, and I have joined it and I am in the choir. I guess I will close, leaving me quite well.

From your sincere friend,

F. DEACON.

To the above, Fred's employer, Mr. Tyhurst, has added a little note describing Fred as "honest and good to work," and expresses his opinion that he will grow up to be a good and upright man.

We must perforce leave the writers of the following half dozen letters to speak for themselves, only observing that we cordially concur in all they have said of themselves and that we believe that in each case the record of the past five years has been one of time well spent :

DEAR SIR,—Since I came to Canada in March, 1895, I have been among the rocks in Muskoka, and I liked it first-rate. It was pretty cold sometimes, but I did not mind it. I did not have to work very hard. All I had to do was to pick sticks, fetch the cows and feed the pigs and go to school; but where I am now I have to work all I can. I can handle a team fine now. We have a lot of chores to do now. We have six horses, twenty-six cattle, twenty-seven pigs and twenty sheep, and I help to do them all. I am about 5 feet 2 inches and I weigh 103 pounds. We are ploughing just now. I am happily settled in my place. I am going to start to school on December 1st, and I am going four months. I am in the Third Reader. We have 200 acres of land and bush. I think that is enough this time. So good-bye. I remain,

Yours truly,

AMOS DAVID BARTON.

HAWTREY, Dec. 5th, 1900.

When I came to this country, I found it a very different country from England. With lots of room to spread one's self, with the wheat fields and oat fields and all the things that would make one think they had just come from the city where you never saw even a cow or the sweet smell of the rich fields, would make one think he had come to a country that floweth with milk and honey. And so it does. But all these things did not seem so bright after



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. II.

a few days on the farm ; but with courage and grit things soon went very well. Well, when I first came out here I went to Mr. Duff's, a first-class farmer and an honest man, who took great pains to learn and show me the way to do my work, such as it was, for I did not know nothing about a farm, and I had not seen a cow for years. The first thing I was told to do was to get the cows up. Well, like a fool, I stood and looked at my employer for a while, not knowing what he meant ; so, like a friend, he went with me to get them. Of course, I did not go into the field at first, but finally I went, and the cows commenced to run, and that frightened me more than ever. I cried and said I wished I was back in England, but he said they would not hurt me, and took hold of me, and we drove them to the yard to be milked. Well, I did not know anything about milking, but I soon learnt. I used to milk one, and then after a while I milked two, and I soon got so I could milk as good as my employer, and I thought I had learnt it all, but I soon found out I had only just started, and I began to get discouraged and would wish I was back in the Home again. A friend, or one who I thought was a friend, would say, "The darned Englishman. I wouldn't have one of those boys if he would work for nothing." But my employer was a good-hearted man, and he tried to show me that if I would listen to him I would get along nicely ; and so I did. I got along fine. I learnt some things every day, and to-day I look at those that slurred at the Home boys, and I find that they are not the men that helps to make the world rich and good, for he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord ; and as I look back, I find that if I had not had a good master to teach me and show me I would have been wandering around from place to place ; but I am still at the same place and can do almost anything, and can be trusted. I think this country a fine country, with lots of work for everybody. It has been a home for me, and I hope by-and-by to have a farm of my own. I have got a start, and I mean to add to it. So with this little history of myself and of Canada, I will bring this to a close. I remain yours,

ALBERT E. YOUNG.

ST. GEORGE, Dec. 1st, 1900.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I will now try and write a few lines to tell how I have got on since I came out to Canada. I have been in Canada five years now. When I first came out, I was put in Muskoka to board and go to school. I liked my place very well, and I was in it for three years. It is pretty rough up there, but I did not mind that, for I liked the fresh air. I think Canada is a fine country, because it is a very healthy country, and there is lots to do, lots of fun as well as work. I have

been in just two places since I came to Canada. The first place I was at, I did not learn much farming. I had been there two years when my master died. We had not much of a farm, for it was nearly all bush, and all we had was a few cattle, and did not grow anything but hay, so when I came to my new place I had just as much to learn as if I had just come right out from England ; but I am picking up now, and getting a little useful. I like it first-rate here. I had a few sick spells when I first came, but I am growing fast and stronger now. I like Canada very much, and anyone who wants work, I ask them to come to Canada. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath school and church in the morning, and to Auburn, a union Sunday school, in the afternoon, and my teacher said, "This is the boy who answers all the questions in his class." I have been learning to plough this fall. I will be sixteen March 18th. I get letters from my mother and my two brothers, who are sailors, the one on *H.M.S. Mars* and the other on *H.M.S. Pique*. I think they were in Dr. Barnardo's Home once. I cannot think of anything more to say.

Yours truly, FRED A. ABBOTT.

PORT SYDNEY, Dec. 1st, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Having been asked by Mr. Alfred B. Owen to write a few lines for the UPS AND DOWNS, I shall try to describe my five years' experience in Canada. Well, to begin with, I was met at the station, Utterson, by Mr. John Keeler, with whom I have stayed ever since. We had a jolly ride of seven miles to our new home in Muskoka. Eddie Auburn, who came to Mr. Keeler's when I did, stayed with us two years and nine months, when he was sent to Cartwright, Man. I was seven years old when I came to Canada, and so have gone to school ever since. I did not know my alphabet when I came, but now I expect to be promoted into fourth class by Christmas. The teacher that teaches me now was a schoolmate of mine when I first came. I go to Sunday school regularly and to church as often as possible ; but it is six miles from church, and so I can't go very often, but I go whenever I can. I am in good health and have not been sick since I came. I like my master and mistress very much. They are better than a father and mother to me. I haven't any hard work—just a few chores. I have all I can eat, drink and am well clothed, besides some change whenever I go out with Mr. Keeler on a visit. This Spring Mr. Keeler got two boys, Willie and Harry Smyth. They are very good boys, and Mr. Keeler likes them both, and he is very good to them, and they like their place very much. Mr. Keeler took me down to Toronto, and I enjoyed my trip very much. This is my own writing.

I remain, yours truly,

FREDERICK A. STYLES.

DEAR SIR,—I am thankful to think that I am able to let you know a little of my experiences. I thank Dr. Barnardo for taking me into his Home. I was a small boy when I entered his Home, and he brought me out here, and now I am big and strong, I came to Canada in the year 1895. My first place was in Muskoka. I lived with Mr. T. J. Brown for one year, but I was very small. I went to school and liked my teacher. I got a prize there for good conduct, and I won several in Toronto too. I liked the folks well and they liked me, for they didn't like to see me go away again; but I am on a farm now of 100 acres. I like my place very well. I have been here nearly four years now. We have three horses, six cows, six young cattle and four calves. In the Summer I go to picnics, and in the Winter, when I have time, I take a skate with some of the boys. The reason I like to live in Canada is because it is both healthy and wealthy, and if a boy only knows enough to do the best he can and try and do all he can to please everybody, he will be used well and will get along well. My brother served nearly five years out here, and now he has taken a trip to England. I remain, yours truly,

ALFRED ANDERSON.

When I first came to this country, not knowing much about the place, it seemed kind of hard to do anything about the farm; but this is the country for all boys who are not afraid to do a little work. Well, the first place I went to, after being in Toronto for a few days, was to live with Mr. Timms, in the western part of Ontario. When I arrived at the place where Mr. Timms lived, there was another boy from the Home, whose name was Frank Prangley. It being fall when I went there, Frank and I hadn't much to do in the Winter but go to school and have a good time. Well, Frank and I stayed there for two years, when we went back to Toronto, not because Mr. Timms and the rest of his family did not like us, but because he had sold the farm and was going to another part of the country. After Frank and I went back to Toronto, Frank was got a place and so was I. I was got a place with Mr. Beckett at Kemptville. I can do quite a lot of work about the farm now. I can milk a few cows, drive a team of horses and do all light work about the farm. In the Spring I do all the work with the team, all but ploughing. This part of Ontario is more cleared up than that of the western part of Ontario. I help Mr. Beckett all I can about the farm. I have been with Mr. Beckett for three years, and am still living with him. I have been to school every Winter since I have been here. I think this is all I can tell you for to put in the UPS AND DOWNS. Please excuse all mistakes. I remain, your sincere friend,

GEORGE WRIGHT.

George will be pleased to know that his old boarding chum, Frank Prangley, is doing thoroughly well and making excellent progress in his present situation. His employer is Mr. Wilson W. Wilkinson, of Cheltenham.

From the same town, Cheltenham, comes a long letter from our young friend, Frederick W. Davies. Fred. modestly impresses upon us that he is a "very poor writer, speller and composer," but he has managed to put together a capital little account of his life in Canada. He writes:

When I first came out here, I was with the boarding-out boys and went out to Muskoka, which I thought was very lonely, as it was all bush and rock. Well, out there I did not have much of an experience there and will not take time to say anything about it. When I first started to work for my own living, that is, after I left Muskoka from boarding-out on April 2nd, 1896, I got down to the city about five o'clock in the afternoon. I stayed over Friday, and on Saturday I left for my new place on the farm. Well, that Summer the crops were very poor. I was herding cattle all that Summer, and done chores in the Winter and helped to saw wood. In the next Spring I started to work a team a little at harrowing, and the third Summer I got so that I could harness the horses and go to the field and harrow all day long and think it was fun. In the fourth, I worked around a good bit more and done a little loading and pitching and drove the horses to the pea-harvester, which was fun to see the peas rolled up like carpet off a floor. Now I am getting tired of writing and will have to cut it short. Having nearly stayed at that place for four years, he about thought that I was too small for the farm and was returned to the Home, where I stayed for about two weeks, when Mr. Henry, the man I am now working for, came for a boy, and as I suited him, he took me away with him, where I am still. I now drive the Royal Mail twenty-one miles every day, and have a good time. I could say a good deal more, but it is getting too late now, I think. Just pick out a little of the best of it and let the rest go, and excuse the bad writing and spelling.

I remain, yours truly,

F. W. DAVIES.

Albert Robinson can look back upon five years in Canada, of which the last four, at any rate, have been years of good, steady progress. He writes:

I came to Canada in April, 1895, and I was sent to Mr. George Cunningham,

Bronte P.O., and I was there just six weeks; and then I was sent back to the Home in Toronto, and from there to Mr. W. C. G. Peters at Craigvale, and from there to Mr. Wilson Forbes, Craigvale P.O., and from there I came to Mr. Robert McConkey, where I am now staying, and I like my place very well. I will have put my four years' engagement in on April 1st, 1901. Mr. and Mrs. McConkey have four of a family, three boys and one girl, and they all use me well. The three boys names are, Will, Rob and Gabe, and the girl's name is Lizzie. I like the country very well, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out to such a nice country, where there is plenty of work for those who are willing. I would not go back to the Old Country for anything. I live in a very nice part of the country. Stroud, where I live, is fifty-seven miles north of Toronto and eight miles from Barrie, the county town. Ever since I came to Canada I have always enjoyed the best of health, and I find the Canadians a very nice people. I did not have very good luck on the start; but I don't think it was altogether my fault, as I suppose you well know; but I am getting along all right now. We are going to have Winter now. Two inches of snow fell last night, but it is not cold at all. I was ploughing yesterday, and I like it first-rate. I live on a farm of 200 acres, and it is all pretty stiff clay, just the right kind of land for growing the crops. We had a pretty good crop this year. We had 450 bushels of wheat, 700 bushels of barley, and 4,000 bushels of oats and 200 bushels of peas and 75 bushels of buckwheat, and we have a bank barn 100 feet by 55 and it is always warm in the Winter. Mr. Griffith was here to visit me last Spring. I am always pleased to see him. We always keep a lot of stock. We have three span of horses, and two colts and thirty head of cattle and a lot of pigs and hens. It pretty near keeps me busy doing the chores in the Winter, but we have a lot of wood to draw this Winter. I go to the Presbyterian church, which is a mile and a half away, but I do not go to school. The minister is a good speaker. I am not very far from another of our boys. His name is Sidney Manning. He works for Mr. Fielby now. He came out the same time as I did. He seems to be getting along pretty well, but I do not see him very often. Well, I think this is all I have to say at present.

Wishing you and the Home every success in its good work, I remain, as one of its boys,

Yours truly,

ALBERT W. ROBINSON.

Mrs. McConkey, Albert's mistress, has very kindly added a note to the above, which we have the greatest pleasure in reproducing:

MR. A. B. OWEN.

Albert Robinson is writing to you, and he wants me to write a few lines. We all like Albert very much. He is a very kind, nice boy. He seems just like one of our own boys. We will be very sorry when his time is in if he leaves us, but I hope he will stay on with us. He has always been very kind and good-natured with all of us since he came here. He never said a saucy word to me since he came here, and he has always tried to do anything I asked him to do.

MRS. ROBERT MCCONKEY.

Alfred Smith and Ernest Gay were quite looked upon as babies when they came out in 1895, and, of course, were boarded-out at first in foster-homes, in which they increased in wisdom and stature until the time came for their exchanging the position of tutelage for that of independent, self-supporting members of the great industrial community. They are certainly not very big men even yet, but both youngsters seem to be doing well in their places and write very cheerful little accounts of their surroundings. Ernest has been with Mr. Thomas A. Maxwell, of Birr, since last March, and Alfred has lived with Mr. Alfred G. Sparling for a somewhat longer time. Alfred has been twice visited by Mr. Griffith in his place, and we have each time received a very favourable report of his conduct and behaviour. He is not a robust boy, but seems gaining in strength, and, according to his present letter, is able to make himself of useful service.

Edward C. Johnson was not quite as fortunate as most of our little lads in his first foster-home, but he afterwards dropped into excellent quarters with Mr. Burgess, of Bala. After acquitting himself creditably with Mr. Burgess, Eddie was transferred to his present situation near Paris. He writes us:

I like my home very well and am quite content. I don't have to work very hard, and I am getting big and strong. Mr. McCammon has given me a good watch and chain and lots of other things, and I am willing to stay here.

In the case of William G. Collacott, it is evident from the following

that entire satisfaction with each other exists on the part of both himself and employer :

BELGRAVE, Ont., 1900.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines on my life in Canada. It is five years since I came out, the first two being among the rocks and berry bushes of Muskoka, where my brother and I was placed on a farm together, and I should say we had a fine place. I was moved to my present situation three years ago, and like it equally as good. I am on a farm of 100 acres, and it is near the railroad. We grow all kinds of tame fruit from strawberries to plums and pears. I went down to Toronto for the re-union, where I met Dr. Barnardo and several old chums, and had a fine time ; indeed a little too fine, for I was in bed two days after I got home.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM G. COLLACOTT.

BELGRAVE, Dec. 10th.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—We are very proud of Willie Collacott. He is a very good boy and is quite clever. He has just committed to memory the whole of the shorter catechism, 107 questions, and can say them quite correctly, and has improved himself in a great many ways and is a credit to any Home.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. MEIKLEJOHN.

We are sincerely sorry to hear of the after-effects of Willie's visit. Our conscience acquits us of any design of poisoning our guests, and we can only suppose it was the organic matter in our Toronto water that had the disquieting effect upon Willie's inner man. We hardly think that it was the "such a difference in the morning," that we have occasionally heard complained of after occasions of conviviality. We give Willie credit for too much self-respect and good sense for any over-indulgence of this kind.

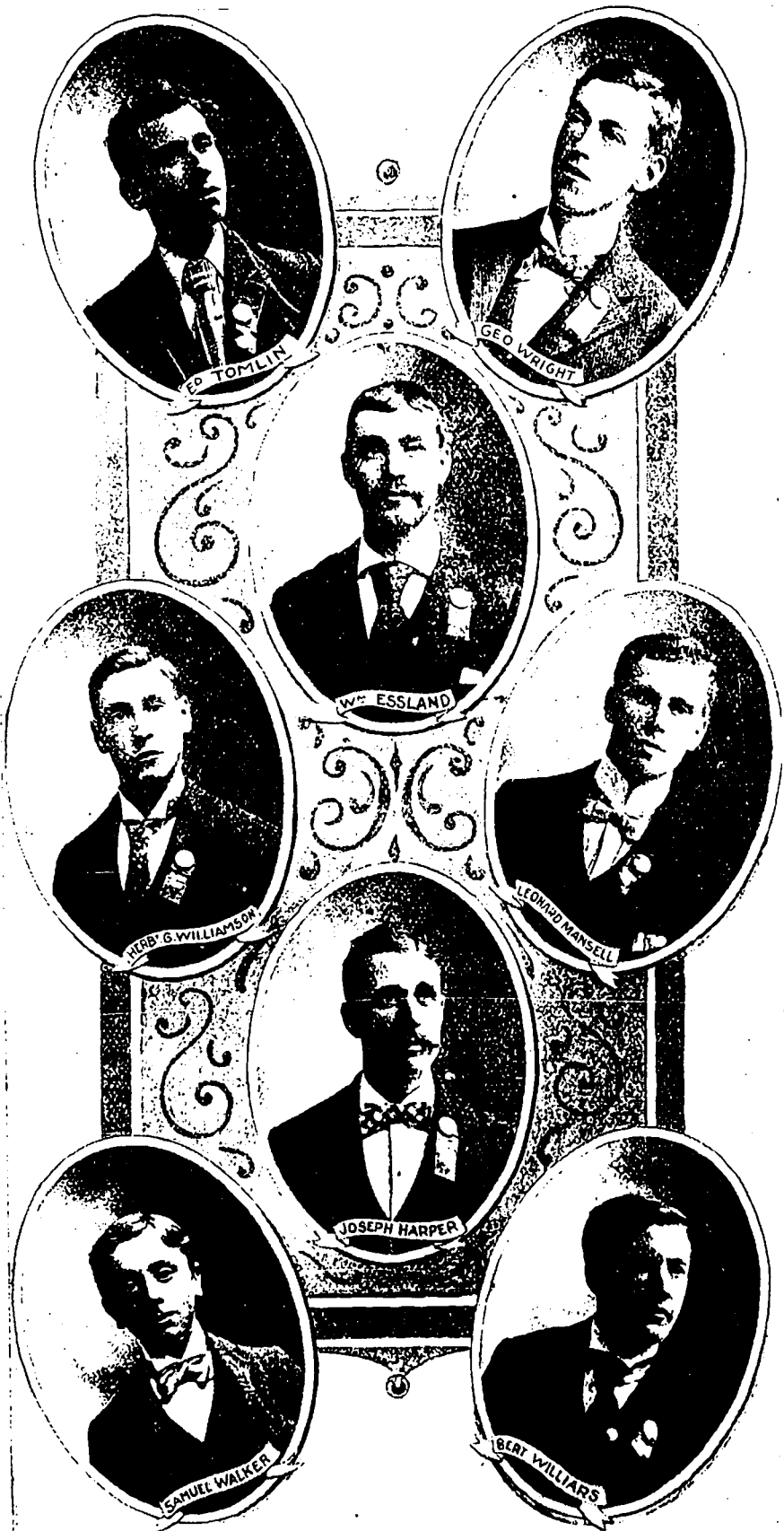
We might apply the same remark, indeed, to almost all the boys who visit us in Toronto from time to time, and we record the fact with much gratification that although the streets of the city abound in temptations to intemperance, it is the rarest event for one of our lads to overstep the mark, and if anyone does so commit himself, he soon finds himself a mark of general disfavour, and is

made to feel that he has brought disgrace upon the clan.

Harry Phillips writes a very grateful and very sensible little review of what has been done for him by Dr. Barnardo in "enabling me to make a start in life in this grand land of Canada." Harry is looking forward to the time, now only a few months distant, when he will have the responsibility of acting independently for himself in the management of his affairs, and he refers to this rather important step in life in a wise and manly spirit. Altogether we should judge from Harry's letter that he is a young fellow with his head screwed on the right way, and we fully and confidently share his hope that he will grow up, as he himself expresses it, to be "an honest man, which is the noblest work of God."

Our proposal that they should favour the readers of UPS AND DOWNS with a little account of their Canadian experiences has brought the following letters from Herbert Smith and his employer, Mr Harris ; from Robert J. Bainbridge and his friend, the school teacher ; and from Wilfred C. Southern and Mr. Richard Tackaberry, with whom he has had one of the best of homes since he came to the country five years ago. We are sure that all these letters will be read with much interest, not only by those who remember the boys themselves, but by all who wish well to our lads in this country :

It was a happy day when I landed on the Canadian side. I like Canada very well. I can harrow as good as any man can do it. I can load grain very well, and am pitching off this year. I learned to plough this year. I bought a bicycle this fall. It is a very good one from one of our Home boys. I have a nice few chores to do—about nineteen head of cattle, five horses, eight pigs and a quantity of hens. A river is on the back of the farm. I used to have lots of fun bathing in the Summer, as my master is very kind to me. I go to church and Sunday school picnics and concerts. I went to a circus this year, where I saw the largest elephant in the world. His name was Rajah. I am going to try all I can to save up my money, and some day I may have a farm, as I like



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. III.

farming best of all. It is about the best way of earning money. I like the UPS AND DOWNS very well. Here is a dollar for donation. With hearty good cheers for the Queen and Dr. Barnardo,

I remain yours truly,
HERBERT SMITH.

A few words in favour of Herbert Smith. I have known him since he came out to this country. He worked with my brother for about five years, and then I hired him for a year. I like him very well. He is a good, honest boy, and I have hired him for next Summer.

R. A. HARRIS.

I received your letter a few days ago, and I will try and let you know all about my life in Canada. I have been in Canada now five years this fall, and never have written a letter to the Home yet. Well, I like this country fine, and I am doing well here too. I can do lots of things on a farm now. We are going to have a Christmas tree here in about two weeks, and I am going to recite a piece. They are running a pole line through here from town to the Ragged Rapids. I go to the Presbyterian church, and Sunday school. We board the school teacher, and she likes the country round here fine. Dear Sir, I have a nice place here. I am still in the one place, and I expect I will be here for three more years. I liked the trip very well coming to Canada, and had a fine time. The little boy that was with me has left, and I get letters from him.

Yours respectively,

ROBERT J. BAINBRIDGE.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been teaching in this school section for the last few months, and am boarding at the house in which "Bob" is for the present making his home, and he wished me to write a few lines to give an outsider's testimony as to how he is acquitting himself in this fair Canada of ours. I can truly say I think he is giving satisfaction to his employer, being willing to do whatever is desired. He seems contented here, and says he would not care to live in England again.

I remain, yours respectfully,

R. L. MACNAMARA, Teacher.

I have got along well since I first started to work on a farm. I can do any kind of work with horses. I learned to plough this fall, and ploughed about twelve acres of land. I drove the milk to the cheese factory this last five years. I have been healthy and well ever since I came out. Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry have been very good to me, and done everything they could to make me happy. I am well pleased with farm work and the country and climate. We are just three miles from London, which is quite a nice city, and I hope to get on well if I can; and I must thank Mr. Owen for finding me a good situation. We are just two miles

from church, which we attend very regular. I must close, as it is getting late.

I am, yours truly,

WILFRED CHARLES SOUTHERN.

MASONVILLE.

In favour of Wilfred Southern, he has lived in my service for nearly five years. I have found him strictly honest and obedient, apt to learn. Is getting to be a useful boy at farm work. Seems very happy in his home; is not given to go with bad company, as he was trained in his younger days to avoid such; don't go out after night follies. With proper looking after, will turn out a good boy for himself. I think he will want to stop another year in his home. Our Rector would testify of him in the highest terms.

RICHARD TACKABERRY.

Nelson Southern, brother of Wilfred, has also written us a few lines respecting his welfare and progress generally, in which he confides to us that he is "one of those kind who hang on to every dollar." He adds, "I have made good progress since coming to Canada, and can do anything in the farming line, from ploughing to milking, as good as any man." Nelson is looking forward to getting good wages another season, and, we imagine, he will have no difficulty in making them.

Conrad Surbeck thinks Canada is "quite a country," an opinion that, we presume, none of our readers will feel inclined to dispute. He says:

When I first came out to Muskoka, I was in a wild, unorganized part of the country. There was all kinds of wild animals, and I used to be terribly frightened to go after the cows. I had it handy for school, and Mr. Gaunt used to come to see me and all the other little boys. When I had to come away it felt pretty hard, and when I got to Toronto, I cried; but when I got here it soon wore off, when I saw the beautiful orchards and implements that I was not used to seeing, and the buggies on the roads. I like my new home very well. They are all very kind to me. I go to school now. We have a jolly time. We skate on the creek that passes the foot of the hill. I am going to try for the Fourth, and I hope I can get through. Education is such a good thing. I wouldn't mind five more years of it, then I could take any man's place. I got my Sunday school teacher to write a few lines for me, as you see. I am trying for the medal. I have been here three years next June.

Conrad's Sunday school teacher, Mr. T. F. Howell, of Brantford,

has very kindly added the following to Conrad's letter :

I have been requested to say a few words in reference to the welfare of one of your boys, Conrad Surbeck, and it affords me very great pleasure, as his Sunday school teacher and neighbour, to say that I have always found him to be a nice, quiet boy, and am hopeful that his future career may be that of a Christian gentleman and loyal citizen of this "fair Canada of ours." Hoping this may be as encouraging to you as his conduct is to his Sunday school teacher,

I remain, Yours truly,
T. F. HOWELL.

Richard Smith, of the September, 1895, party, has been recently transferred from his Muskoka foster-home to a situation. In writing in



Ernest W. and Sidney Morgan.

reference to his return, his former foster-father, Mr. William Cussons, of Port Sydney, says :

We feel it very much to have to part with him, for we think as much of him as if he was one of our own. He has been with us nearly five years. Richard is a good and truthful boy and a good worker. We can recommend him very highly. I wish you would try and get him a good place where they will be kind to him and have patience with him.

Mr. Cussons will be pleased to hear that we have secured for Richard what we are sure is a good home and one in which he will be treated with every kindness and consideration. He is with our old and esteemed client, Mr.

Peter H. L. Bradt, of Pelham Union, with whom other lads have done well, and where, we hope, Richard will fully maintain the good name of the Homes.

We are reproducing a photograph that was sent to us a short time ago of the two little lads, Ernest and Sidney Morgan. They are both bright, promising boys, and doing in every way as well as we could desire. They have lived together since they came to the country, and have been under the best of care and training with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mainhood, of Port Sydney.

We received an interesting little letter a short time ago from a namesake of Ernest and Sydney, Thomas J. Morgan, now living with Mr. Thomas Arrand, of Adelaide. Thomas has lately been visited by Mr. Griffith, and we learn from the report that he is happily settled in his home, and is spoken of as a willing, faithful, well-behaved boy.

Charles Sam. W. Chubb is another lad who, we believe, is making a success of himself in the land of his adoption, although he modestly informs us that he is not getting on quite as well as he would like. We are of opinion that there is very little the matter with Charlie, and that he will grow up to be a good man and a good citizen. We sincerely thank him for the dollar he encloses in his letter as a contribution to the funds of the Homes.

Our friend, Albert Bates, gives us some interesting details about himself, his letter supplying the information that he stands 5 ft. 10 in., and weighs 150 lbs. He likes the country, and has "no reason to complain of want of work or want of food." Accompanying Albert's letter is one from his present employer, Mr. Thomas McElroy, of Winthrop, in which he makes application for a small boy from the first arrivals in the Spring, and says of Albert, "He has given me good satisfaction. I would like to get another as good."

William Bangs, a contemporary

in the country of Albert Bates, has given us a sensible, well-written account of his experiences. After speaking of his first place, in which things did not run quite smoothly, William goes on to say that he went from there to Mr. McLellan, with whom he has lived for the past four years and a half. He adds :

I like the place well and Mr. and Mrs. McLellan have been good to me, and I have learned a lot since I have been here. I can do all the work on a farm now. We have fifteen head of cattle to feed this Winter and six horses and six sheep. My time is up here the first of April, and then I am going down to Lake Ontario to work. It is about twenty miles north of here. I have hired out to a man down there for 100 dollars a year, and it was through Mr. McLellan I got the place. There is lots of work out here in Canada, and it is healthy work on a farm. I have not been sick a day since I have been out here, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for where I am to-day. I like it out in this country fine, and it is the place for any boy to make his home in Canada. We live along the Chippawa, and it is frozen now and I have lots of fun skating with the other boys here nights.

Mr. McLellan encloses a few lines with William's letter, in which he speaks of it having given him much satisfaction to recommend the lad to his friend, Mr. Walter Lieden, the man to whom William refers in his letter.

Andrew Reeves, aged fourteen, tells us of his having taken part in a dialogue at the Sunday school entertainment, of the fun he has with his handsleigh and of his work on the farm during the Summer. Andrew has a good place near Orillia with Mr. Thomas Hart. Mr. Gaunt reminds us of his first interview with Mr. Hart, when he happened to come across that gentleman in one of his tours of inspection. Mr. Hart was then eloquent in his denunciation of the boys and the work generally. They were one and all a bad lot; he wouldn't have one about his place at any price. Not he. The next development was an application from the self-same Mr. Hart for Andy, who was then boarding with his neighbour, Mrs. Green, but was ready to be transferred to a situation. The application was

accepted, and for the past two years Andrew has lived with Mr. Hart, and, according to what Mr. Gaunt tells us, he cannot speak too highly of the boy. If he has not by this time found reason to modify his harsh opinion of Dr. Barnardo's boys, he is a more uncharitable individual than we take him for.

Willie Chislett, who is also settled in the Huntsville district, was lately seen by Mr. Gaunt, and we have received a most encouraging and satisfactory report of Willie's conduct and progress. He was a very small boy when we first placed him under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Hacking, but during the eight years that have since elapsed Willie has grown into a fine, sturdy, capable lad, and is now almost the mainstay of the farm and the right-hand man to his foster-father. He has been entirely adopted as a son by Mr. and Mrs. Hacking, and we are sure that no parents could have treated a son with more kindness and affection than these excellent old people have lavished upon the little stranger who has grown up under their care.

John Ellis writes from his foster-home at Huntsville that he is well and flourishing. His foster-father has one of the best farms in the Muskoka district, and altogether John's lines have fallen in pleasant places. He is earning very fair wages and, we have no doubt, is a valuable help on the farm.

William Honeybourne, who is now a well-grown, promising lad of seventeen, sends us a letter from his Sunday school teacher, Mr. P. A. Campbell, in which Mr. Campbell bears unqualified testimony to Willie's general good conduct, and describes him as a "good, moral boy, well spoken of by all who are acquainted with him." Mr. Reazin, in writing of Willie a short time ago, remarked that he is as tight as an oyster with his money and that there is no fear of his squandering his earnings. We were well pleased at the time to receive this last report. There is nothing commendable about a miser or a niggard, but we

do like to see a lad with sufficient good sense and self-control to put by his money, instead of walking about with a hole in his pocket and letting everything slip through it. We have a few lads of that sort in our family, and we candidly confess that they are a constant source of annoyance and aggravation to us. We are glad to know that our friend, Willie, is of a different species, and we hope he will keep on adding to his capital until he has accumulated the means for giving himself an independent start.

We received a short time ago a most interesting letter—we might almost call it a despatch—from one of our old lads who will be known to a good many of our readers, especially Mr. Phipps' old boys, as Albert E. Skinner. A considerable part of the letter relates to Albert's bank account, the unfortunate loss of his medal and other matters of a private nature, but the following extracts will be of general interest. We should mention that the letter is dated from Oa Oa, Luzon, Phillipine Islands.

I am Albert E. Skinner. I came over from England in 1892, on the *Carthaginian*, sailed from Liverpool, March 17th, 1892, and upon reaching Halifax, was sent from there with the rest of the boys to Toronto, and from there I was sent to Mr. Nixon's, who lived on the 3rd Line, Lot 25, Peel County, Chinguacousy, Ontario, Canada. I was there for five years, and after my time was up, I hired for another year, which I did not complete. I left there in December, 1898, for the United States. Upon reaching there, I was met by another fellow who, like myself, was from Mr. Phipps' school in Worcester, England, and whose name was John J. Robinson and had also worked at Mr. Nixon's for a term. We went to the town of Ford City, Armstrong County, Pa., where we worked for a while at different trades, finally joining the army, he in the volunteers, I in the regulars. After peace was declared, he was mustered out and joined the regulars in my regiment. We were not long together when we received orders to go to Manilla, where we landed safe on April 15th, 1899. I have had a good deal of experience in the line of soldiering; have been under fire several times and learned a good deal, and also received a letter of recommendation from Captain Reichman (who is now an attache to the Boer Republic for the American Army) for conspicuous service in his company. I have

lost all my belongings since I have come out here. We leave a town one day and leave all our stuff behind us with the promise that we will get it again; but we never see it and never will. I wish to renew my subscription for the UPS AND DOWNS. You can take it out of my accounts for one year's subscription. I am lonely without it, now there is no more fighting and everything quiet. I would like to be in the Transvaal, but I cannot be everywhere. I have a good show to go to China, as our regiment will be the next ordered there. I am in the best of health, and have seen a lot of the world, and am a good deal wiser man than when I left Mr. Nixon's. I have seen life in all its phases and have been through one of the hardest campaigns on record, as far as suffering from exposure goes, but still I am fit for another. We lost sixteen men in a short time by sickness in our company. I have had a little fever myself, but not much. John J. Robinson is in good health.

Mr. Gaunt, who has lately been looking up our boys in the neighbourhood of Tilsonburg, has brought us tidings amongst others of our esteemed friend, Samuel Corbett. We learn from Mr. Gaunt's report that Sam is happily married and settled down in Tilsonburg, where he has a steady job in the mills, and is spoken of as a hard-working, respectable, saving young fellow. Sam has our hearty congratulations, and the best wishes of us all for his continued success and prosperity.

Harry Brown, an old Buckenhill boy, but now a man of twenty-four, was heard of in the same locality, where he is working for Mr. William Robinson on the Forge Road near Tilsonburg. Harry is said to be a first-class farm hand and highly spoken of in the neighbourhood.

Little Alfred Rosenburg has lately been recalled from his foster-home in Muskoka, and in parting with him, Mr. Jacob Finch writes as follows:

I am very sorry to part with Alfred, He is a good boy, and worthy of recommendation to any place. He is the best boy I have had.

Alfred is at present in the Home, but we have made all arrangements for placing him with our old client, Mr. John P. Searle, of Campbellton, where we are sure that Alfred will be in good hands and will be well looked after.

Mr. Schram, of Novar, with whom the two little brothers, Louis and Wallace Hesketh, are boarding, writes of them :

They are fine boys. We like them very much. They are nice and quiet, but full of fun, and they seem to be quite contented.

A similar report comes from Mrs. Bunning, of Sarnia, respecting little John W. York, whom she describes as a very good little boy, trustworthy and honest, and adds, "I am very proud of him."

Our Christmas excursion party included our friend, Walter Brown, and we had great pleasure in reading the following commendatory letter given to Walter by his minister :

THAMESVILLE, Nov. 8th, 1900.

I take pleasure in testifying that Mr. Walter Brown, of Botany, is a member in good standing of the Methodist Church. He is a consistent, devoted Christian, and highly esteemed by all who are well acquainted with him. We pray that God's blessing may accompany him in his trip to the old land.

G. J. KERR,
Minister of the Methodist Church,
Thamesville.

The public reception of the First Contingent of Canadian volunteers on their return from South Africa attracted to Toronto a great many country visitors, and amongst others we had a call from Henry Kirk, one of our old 1887 lads, but now a highly respectable citizen of the town of Peterborough. Henry presented himself attired in the uniform of a sergeant of the Third Dragoon Guards. He informed us that he is the owner of the house at Ashburnham at which he resides, and that he has steady employment at one of the largest manufacturing establishments in Peterborough, where at the present time he is earning a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. His wife is the daughter of the furniture manufacturer in Peterborough.

Charles T. Law, writing from Haley's Station, says of himself :

I like this country very much, and think it is a good climate for health. It is very pleasant in Summer, and the Winter is very nice too. There are some cold storms, but I don't mind that. I live

about one and one-half miles from the village, and I can see the train every day. It runs quite close to my home. I will soon be here two years, and I am very happy. If all the boys get as good a home they will be well off. I have not far to go to church and Sunday school. I have attended nearly every Sunday all Summer. We have a little snow now and we can have fun sleigh-riding down hill.

George N. Commander, who will soon have completed his eighth year in Canada, presented his beaming countenance at our front door a few days ago, his errand being to deposit \$60 to his credit in the bank. George is developing a fine, able-bodied young fellow, and, according to all the reports that have reached us, he is as good as he looks. He informs us that he has just re-engaged for another year at good wages.

We recently had the pleasure of receiving a long letter from Robert W. Sissons. Robert is one of our old-timers, having begun life in Canada in the Summer of 1886. For the first ten years after his arrival he worked on a farm in the neighbourhood of Chatham, being practically adopted as a member of the excellent family in which we placed him. At the end of the ten years, Robert had attained his majority, and was able to begin in the world for himself, having had the advantages of a good, practical Christian training, with the further very satisfactory asset of a deposit in the bank, amounting to \$200. Thinking he would like a change from farming, Robert made his way to Detroit, where he secured work in a bake-shop. He recounts his experiences as follows :

I suppose you had begun to think that I had forgotten all about the Home and all old-time acquaintances, but I often think of them still ; but I have been so busy and, I suppose, a little careless and kept putting it off from time to time ; but I came up to Chatham from Detroit on Saturday and happened to get hold of UPS AND DOWNS, and it put me in the notion of writing and paying for the paper, which I had neglected to do before. I am still working at the baking trade, although I do not like it very much on account of such hours. I get up at two o'clock in the morning to start to work,

and work about twelve hours a day, so that is not very nice; but I live in hopes of something better after a while. I am trying to go to night-school besides, so I don't have much spare time. I belong to the Y.M.C.A., and they have an educational department, and I attend four nights a week, so I don't have much spare time, you bet. I was glad to hear you had such a pleasant time at the Fair this Fall. I would like to have been there, but could not get away. I would have liked to have seen the Doctor, although I did not know much about him, not being in the Home very long; but I would like to see the man that manages such a big undertaking. Well, I think I will have to close for this time, as I have to go back to-night and start to work at two on Monday. So I bid you all good-bye for this time, with my best wishes to you all.

From your grateful friend,

ROBERT SISSONS.

P.S.—Enclosed find \$2 as payment for the paper, and the rest for the Homes.

Since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, we have had several interesting communications from some of our settlers in the West, and among others Arthur J. Woodgate has sent us a budget of news of himself and his doings, that will be read with interest and pleasure by any of our old boys who are thinking of starting for the West:

INDIAN HEAD.

MR. A. B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose you have given up all hope of ever hearing from me again. Well, no wonder, when it is going on now for near three years. I hope you will pardon me for being so neglectful in performing my duties toward the Home. As I write "Home," I cannot help but think of where I was and what I was when the Home and I made connections; but I have no one to thank but God, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo for creating within him such a large heart in behalf of destitute children. God bless the Home! When I opened the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, I noticed the old Home at Stepney Causeway, which I long to see and all connected with it, and, God sparing me, I hope some day to have my desire fulfilled. When I picked up my stakes in Ontario for the North-West, I had no idea what a magnificent farming country the territories was, and I do not regret the day I did so, as for a young man with no capital, he has no better chance in the world in getting along as in the Territories, and I would say to all Dr. Barnardo's boys, by all means come out to the North-West, where they can make money and live and die under the British flag.

Just a word or two of how I am getting along since my arrival. I landed at Indian Head, Saturday, March 26th, 1897. On Monday I hired with Mr. Walker Braley for eight months at eighteen dollars per month. In September I took up a homestead, the homesteading fee being ten dollars, and by living on it for six months in each year for three years and doing the duties called for, which is breaking fifteen acres each year and building a habitable house and stable, I will be entitled to my patent (or deed). I have forty-five acres broke and ready for crop, and all being well I expect to start farming for myself next year. On April 10th, 1898, I hired with Mr. John McDougall for eight months at twenty dollars per month. After my time expired, I hired again with him for the Winter. Last Spring I hired for eight months more at twenty dollars per month, and he wants me to stay with him till I start for myself, which I may do, all being satisfactory. I hope when I get started on my own place to be able to procure one of the Home boys as my companion and helpmate. I think this is all I have to say at present, with the exception of enclosing the sum of one dollar towards the Home fund, and I hope to be able in the future to give more for the Home cause.

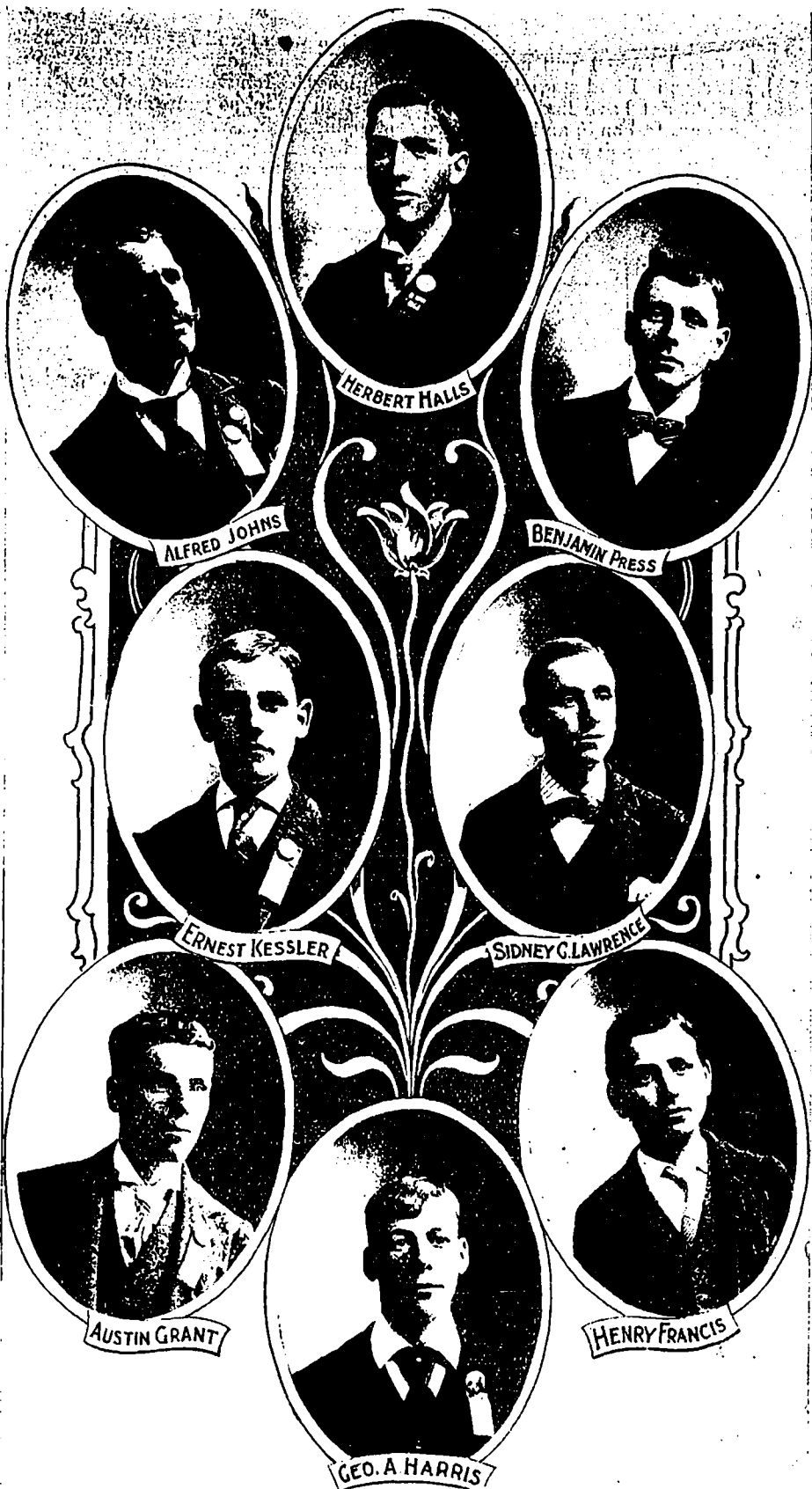
Good-bye and God bless and be with you all till we meet again.

I remain, Yours truly,

ARTHUR J. WOODGATE.

Charles Harris, another Western correspondent, whose letters are always welcomed and appreciated, writes:

The harvest here was pretty light this year. I have thirty-five acres in crop, and I only threshed two hundred and sixty-eight bushels. I threshed on Saturday, Sept. 8th. I had twenty-one acres of wheat; I had one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat. I had fourteen acres of oats, and I threshed one hundred and forty-eight bushels of oats, so you see I did not have a very big crop, but I expect to have more acres in next Spring, as I got twenty-eight acres broke this year, and I have it all disked and ready for seeding, so you see I have sixty-eight acres broke; but I think I will Summer-fallow ten acres of that next year, and that will put me in better shape for another year. Well, Mr. Owen, the potatoes are a good crop and roots of all kinds are good. Well, Mr. Owen, my sister is feeling quite a bit better now since she arrived. I think this country will be the making of her in a year or two. When I last wrote I told you I had applied for a patent of my homestead. I am glad to say that I have received it all right, and I am now the owner of 160 acres, more or less, of Government land, which I can call my own, and I can do with it just as I



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. IV.

like. I can sell it if I see fit, or if I get hard pushed for money I can raise as much as I see fit (but I hope I will never be in that fix), whereas if I had stayed down in Ontario I could not have had a home of my own for years to come, and then have a big sum of money to pay for it. If there was a lot more of our boys who are staying down in Ontario would come here they would be landowners in three years' time. There are quite a lot of homesteads throughout the country yet to take up.

From the other side of the boundary line we have lately heard that William R. Flint of the June, 1889, contingent is settled in life, and is evidently making a success of himself. The letter from which we give the following extracts was written to William's former employer, Mr. Wallace, of Greenbank, and although it has only lately come to our hands through the courtesy of Mrs. Wallace, is dated March 26th. Its contents are therefore a little out of date, but we make no apology for reproducing them. The address is Park River, Walsh County, North Dakota :

I suppose you do not know that I got married. Well, it's a fact, and I have got as good a little woman as there is in North Dakota; but do not think that I am getting spooony. I was married last October 17th. I will send you one of our pictures after a while. We lived in town all Winter, or up to February 20th. I worked on the dray for a couple of months, and I tell you that that is a rusty job. We had to start out at seven o'clock in the morning, stop an hour at noon, and then till six, and it made no difference what kind of weather it was we had to get out just the same; but there was good wages in it (\$35.00 a month). Well, I am starting on a job this Summer that I never tackled before, and that is farming for myself. I have rented a half section of land—that is, 320 acres—and I have bought seven horses and machinery and a cow. There is one binder, 11 ft. drill, two 14 in. gang-plows, a set of harrows and two waggons, and I also bought 400 bushels of oats and ten tons of millet, and I paid cash \$400 down, and the rest after the crop is off. The whole thing—that is, horses, harness, machinery and fee—amounts to \$1,000. I suppose you would like to know the terms. Well, he furnishes all the seed and pays half of the threshing bill and furnishes all the twine, and I have to haul all the grain to the granary, and then I get 1½ cents a bushel for hauling his share to the elevator, which is only three miles, and I can make four trips a day and eighty-five bushels to a load, so you will see I will make good wages haul-

ing his share. I am going to sow 130 acres of wheat and 135 acres flax, forty of oats, fifteen of millet, and I have 150 acres to plough. I have made up my mind to put it in alone, so you see it will keep me stepping high. Wages are very high this year, so I hear, so if there is anybody who wants to come out, tell them there is encouragement, \$25 to \$26 a month.

Three gaps have been left in our ranks since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS; death in each case being the result of accident.

The first of the three fatalities took place in Manitoba, where, on November 8th, little Joseph Trickett met his death through being dragged by a colt that he had been leading, unhappily, with the line wound round his hand. The animal does not appear to have been in any way vicious, but seems to have taken fright and bolted from the boy, with the sad result mentioned. Poor little Joe was horribly crushed and injured, and died within a few minutes of his being picked up. His remains were interred at Cloverdale, the funeral being attended by Mr. White, as the representative of the Homes, and a considerable concourse of neighbours and friends. We are gratified to be able to report that Joseph bore an excellent character, and the minister who conducted the service spoke in the highest terms of his behaviour both at home and at school, while his Sunday school teacher informed Mr. White that he was the most regular in attendance at Sunday school and prayer meeting and the best-behaved boy in his class.

Leonard Blake Hall, one of our little boarders, was playing with his hand sleigh in company with another little boy of his own age on the morning of November 22nd, and the two were amusing themselves in riding down a hill that forms part of the road skirting the shores of Fairy Lake, near Huntsville, Muskoka. As he rushed down the hill on his sleigh, something seems to have diverted it from the road just at a point where it runs immediately on the edge of the bank, and before he could stop himself the little fellow appears to

have been carried over the steep descent into the water some few feet below. Evidently his head must have struck a large boulder, as he sunk immediately never to rise again alive. Assistance was promptly at hand, and the body was recovered within half an hour. The funeral took place at the Methodist Cemetery at Huntsville, the followers including seven of our little boys, and a number of Leonard's fellow scholars at the Sabbath school, as well as several adult friends.

The third, and in some respects the saddest, of the three disasters, was the death of George Jestyn Griffiths, that apparently resulted from his falling from a freight train on which he was riding eastward from Chicago during the night of December 12th. We had lost track of George's whereabouts during the past twelve months, and, in fact, since he called at the Home a year ago on his way to visit his sister, Emily. He had been working up to that time with Mr. John Coveny, of Baldoon, Kent County, and had completed his three years' engagement with Mr. Coveny in a very creditable and very satisfactory manner. After working another Summer with Mr. Coveny, the wandering impulse that so often takes possession of boys of his age (nineteen) seems to have come over him, and he started for the West, leaving, however, a nice little sum behind him in the savings bank. During the Winter he appears to have travelled as far West as San Francisco, taking in Chicago, Omaha, Ogden and other points *en route*. Travelling East again in the Spring, he stopped in the State of Iowa and worked for six months with a farmer near Lucas, Iowa. At the end of his season's engagement, George evidently made up his mind to start for home, and leaving Lucas on December 8th, was on the last stage of his journey when his sad fate overtook him. Like many another lad travelling under similar circumstances, he seems to have been trying to save his railway fare by beating his way

on a freight train, and was probably riding on one of the fast live stock expresses of the Michigan Central railway, when, becoming drowsy, he lost his balance and fell under the wheels. The body, when picked up by the side of the track early in the morning of the 13th, was decapitated and horribly mangled, the head being found at a distance of nearly five miles from the body, and the clothing, as well as one arm and leg that had been torn from the body, at different points along the intervening distance. Among the clothing were found George's bank book, and by means of this it was possible for the authorities at Cassopolis, Mich., to identify the body, and the Sheriff lost no time in communicating with us by telegraph. The writer proceeded to Cassopolis the same evening to take charge of the body and to settle all arrangements for the funeral. The remains were interred on the following day in the picturesque little cemetery at Cassopolis, and the writer will not easily forget the kindly interest and sympathetic feeling shown by the citizens in the little town. The funeral was well attended and every possible respect shown to the remains of the poor orphaned and stranger lad who was being laid to his rest in their midst. We are sure we may express on behalf of all our readers their heart-felt sympathy with Emily and William—George's sister and brother in Canada—as well as the other relatives of the family in England and New Zealand, to whom the sad news will come with a terrible shock.

As our readers may imagine, it gave us sincere pleasure to receive the following from the employer of William Davies, a Stepney boy of the July, 1896, party :

FROME, ONT.

DEAR SIR,—As William Davies' time expires next April, I would like to engage another boy fourteen years of age if I can get one. We are very much pleased with William Davies. He understands farming thoroughly and can get \$180.00 at any of the neighbouring farmers for another year. William has united with the Congregational Church this year, and

we hope he will succeed in life, which there is every prospect now that he will. I would engage William on, but cannot afford as much wages as he can get.

JOSEPH J. SPACKMAN, JR.

Ernest Matthews must forgive us for not publishing his letter in full, but we have reached the stage when we realize that our space is not elastic. We congratulate him upon the cheerful report he has given us of his experiences, and we also congratulate him upon having got a young lady to write such nice things about him. It is not every boy that has such a privilege, and we sincerely trust that Ernest will do nothing to change the good opinion of either Miss Congdon or her father.

Twelve years ago we placed out, in the eastern part of Ontario, a bright young lad of sixteen by name Arthur Williams, and, two months ago, we placed a little lad of the last party, Richard William Lewis by name, with the same Arthur Williams, now a prosperous, successful farmer, happily married and well established in life. Mr. Griffith was lately visiting boys in the neighbourhood in which Arthur resides, and he has sent us a report of our friend's circumstances and surroundings that it has done us good to receive. Arthur was married in May of last year to a daughter of the farmer with whom he has worked from the time of his arrival in Canada, and as the result of his own savings and his wife's property he is now the owner of a fine farm, with twenty head of stock, and a splendid team of horses. We shall, perhaps, be disclosing more of friend Williams' private affairs than he would wish to be known if we were to repeat the value put by Mr. Griffith upon his property; but we may say that it runs well into the thousands. As for Arthur himself, he is described as a fine-looking man, weighing 200 pounds, a first-class farmer, prosperous citizen, and member in good standing of the Methodist Church. The newcomer, Richard Lewis, has, we are sure, gone to a most desirable home, and we sincerely trust that Master Dick

will take pattern from his master, and has as successful and honourable a career before him.

Within a short distance of Mr. Williams' place Mr. Griffith came across another of our old lads, George Morgan by name, married and the principal cheesemaker in the village. We are told that George lives in a cottage of his own, and bears the character in the community of being a steady, industrious, prosperous young man.

Just as we are going to press we have received the sad news of the sudden death of Walter R. Taylor, of whom we can say that no member of Dr. Barnardo's great family in Canada stood higher in our esteem. For several years Walter was employed by one of the principal milk dealers in Toronto, and only left his place to start in business for himself. He was always popular with customers, and succeeded in working up an excellent trade in the West End of the City. A few months ago he had a good offer for his business and "sold out" for \$600 cash, and after closing up the transaction treated himself to a trip to England, where he seems to have had a very pleasant stay. We met him only a week or two ago, when he told us of his plans for starting business again, and we took leave of him with the promise that he would soon run in and see us at the Home. During the second week of December he caught a chill that brought on an attack of acute pneumonia, and on the evening of Thursday, December 20th, he breathed his last. He leaves a wife and two little ones, and his mother and sister are also in Canada, Walter having brought them out and made a home for them several years ago, as soon, in fact, as he was able to save sufficient from his earnings to pay their emigration expenses. He has been a good son, a good husband and father, and a good citizen and man of business, and his death is a deeply sad loss. We offer the bereaved ones, and especially the widow and the fatherless

bairns, our true and heart-felt sympathy and our prayers for them that the Divine Comforter and Healer may be a very present help in this hour of sore affliction and trial.

Our Portrait Gallery.

The four plates that we reproduce in the present number include portraits of thirty-four of our boys, taken, in most cases, from photographs that were made in Toronto during their visit to the Exhibition.

Philip W. Kavanagh is a young man possessed of plenty of intelligence, and has many of the capabilities that contribute to success in life.

Edgar B. Smith has, we believe, done well of late, and, despite faults of temper that have been the cause of some little trouble in the past, will, we hope, turn out a credit to the Homes.

Joseph Yule we have always regarded as a thoroughly respectable young fellow, with his head screwed on the right way, and one who will make a success of himself in the country.

George Talbot is very highly spoken of by his employer as an honest, truthful little lad and faithful worker. He has, among other accomplishments, a remarkably good ear for music.

Robert J. Mills has found his way into the Queen's service after a good many ups and downs in the country. We imagine he will make a good soldier, and will do his duty to his Sovereign.

George Woods is a recent medal-winner after completing seven years' faithful service in his first situation. George has a good round sum in the bank, which we think he knows enough to take care of.

Herbert G. Chaplin is a lad with plenty of brains and no lack of sense to use them. He is earning good wages and making excellent headway in the country.

William Stubbs is one of those good things that are done up in

small parcels. He is a steady little worker, and a boy of whom we have never heard anything but what is good and satisfactory.

Thomas Besant is one of last year's arrivals, but has, so far, done as well as we could desire. He is settled in a comfortable farm home, where he is thoroughly happy and thriving.

Henry M. Haughton is a wide-awake, sensible lad, the second of three brothers, who have all acquitted themselves very creditably during the eight years that have passed since they came to the country. Henry has a good substantial bank account, and is in prosperous circumstances generally.

Arthur Bedwin, although a very quiet, retiring sort of individual, is a young fellow of sterling character, and we look in vain over the entries under his name in our registers, covering a period of ten years, for a single entry that is not satisfactory and encouraging. He holds Dr. Barnardo's silver medal, which, we are sure, was deservedly bestowed.

George Carter Humphrey is a sturdy, fine, little "John Bull." He is contented and thriving in his home, and, we are told, is proving himself a truthful, obedient, willing lad.

James Clarke is, as far as we know of him, a respectable, steady, well-conducted citizen, earning a decent livelihood, and providing things honest in the sight of all men.

Arthur Carpenter, whose genial features will be recognized by many old Buckenhill lads, was getting on well as a telegraph operator in Montreal until he gave up his position to enlist. We reserve our opinion as to the wisdom of this enlistment, but we feel sure that Her Majesty is to be congratulated upon this addition to her force.

Walter Winter has developed physically into a big, stalwart young man, and appears to be prospering in the world and doing thoroughly well.

Thomas Tucker is a lad who made a good start in the country eight

Ups and Downs

years ago, and has never since wearied in well-doing.

Frederick Osborne has made a reputation for himself as a faithful, steady worker. He has lived for over eleven years with the same family.

Edward Pringle has given so graphic an account of himself in a letter that we publish in the columns of this number, that we need only remark that it gives us much pleasure to introduce his protrait to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS as that of a lad who, we believe, is trying to do credit to the Homes.

Edward Tomlin has developed into a fine, manly young fellow of gentlemanly bearing and pleasant manner. His record has been exemplary, and he holds Dr. Barnardo's medal for good conduct and length of service.

George Wright is a first-class farm hand, and for the rest we can only say that we have every reason to believe him to be as good as he looks.

William Essland is a young man of whom we should find it hard to say anything but what is good. His sixteenth year in Canada finds him in the same place as when he first left the Home, and we have always heard the best possible accounts of him.

Herbert G. Williamson is one of our Ar lads, honest as the day, and as bright and pleasant a young fellow as one could wish to meet.

Leonard Mansell, in spite of one or two rather unfortunate "set-backs," is making steady progress, and Leonard is one of those quiet, persevering, level-headed individuals who "get there" in the end.

Joseph Harper has made good use of his time during the fourteen years that have passed since he landed in Canada. He believes in seeing a good deal of the world, but we always hear of his being in good employment and earning high wages.

Samuel Walker is now drawing near the completion of his five years'

apprenticeship engagement, and his record has been very satisfactory. "No fault of any kind" is the entry in the last Visitor's Report.

Bertram Williards is not a lad of robust physique or very vigorous health, but is keeping a good situation, and his record shows him to be a thoroughly deserving, respectable young fellow.

Alfred Johns is a name familiar to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and suffice it to say that we hold our friend, Alfred, in the highest esteem for his good qualities of both heart and head; and as a married man, householder and Sunday school superintendent, we regard him as a good citizen in every sense of the term.

Herbert Halls is a smart, promising young fellow with an ambition to educate himself and raise his position in life. He has already laid the best foundation for success in having earned a high character for himself, and we expect to see him make his way in the world.

Benjamin Press is a young fellow whose record had always been highly satisfactory, and he has proved himself a credit to the Homes.

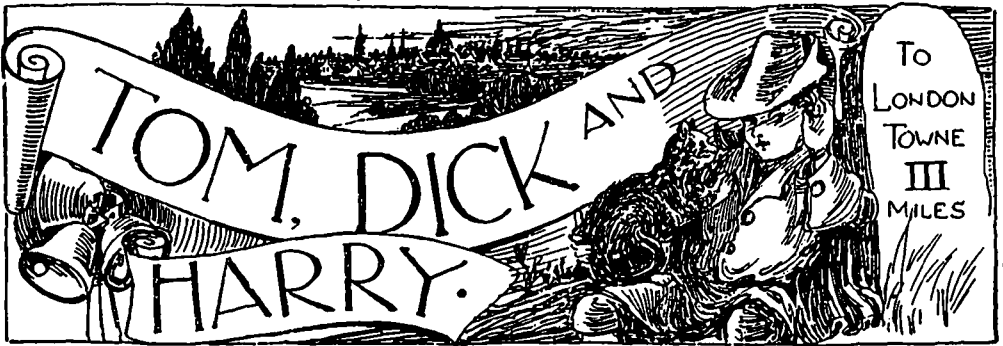
Ernest Kessler is a lad of good parts, and is now hired at high wages with a market gardener in the outskirts of Toronto.

Sidney G. Lawrence has a record behind him of six years of steady, faithful service. He is now nearing the end of his term of indentures.

Austin Grant is one of our last year's medal-winners. An honest, faithful, good lad, he has been earning twenty dollars a month during the past Summer on a farm in Halton County.

George A. Harris, a big, able-bodied young fellow, a fine worker and withal we believe to be a thoroughly respectable, well-conducted member of society.

Henry Francis is a bright, useful, promising little lad, and we could say nothing but what is good of him.



A FACETIOUS wag, who withholds his name and assigns no reason for the request, has suggested Mr. Kruger's Old Hat as an object of our ecstatic contemplation this quarter. At first I was inclined to regard this subject with a degree of awe that suffered me to approach it only with extreme diffidence; but having fasted about four-and-twenty hours (more or less—probably less than more), and having enshrined the venerable fetich in a consecrated corner of my imagination, I danced dervish-like around it seventy-seven times, and then fell into a deep trance (*i.e.*, deep enough to flounder in) and awoke with an inspiration. † † †

The high hat is considered by some people the badge *par excellence* of respectability, and, like charity, it is often worn to cover a multitude of sins—shortcomings, at any rate. In the South Sea Islands, the plug hat, in addition to the conventional vegetable kilt, affords an *entree* into the best society; I am not sure but that with a broad grin the beau or belle adorned with such headgear could be presented at court. And who, I pray, would recognize the city scavenger in a 12th of July parade, bedizened with gorgeous sash and badge, as he celebrates the solemn ceremony of escorting an ancestral relic of the good old days on its annual airing? We are thus inevitably led to the conclusion that Mr. Kruger, in sporting an antique silk hat, has pretensions to eminent respectability. Let us, then, hasten to pay our respects to Mr. Kruger's Hat. † † †

There is a good deal more in Mr. Kruger's Old Hat than appears on

the surface. Probably it contains enough grease to make a pound of candles, not to mention the "slick" thoughts and schemes which may have become entangled in the lining. Who knows what, in this age of chemical analysis wherein the residuum of things is turned to commercial account, could be manufactured out of Mr. Kruger's Old Hat?

† † †

There is a great deal of character about a hat, indicative, according to its age, of the individual to whom it belongs. Mr. Kruger's headpiece is long and narrow and ugly, not unlike himself and his creed, in contradistinction to the hat of the late poet-laureate, Lord Tennyson, which was round and expansive, and covered, like his mind, an unusually wide area. If the ex-president of the Transvaal republic "wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat," one might be pardoned for predicating his theology as mediæval and his religion as sombre and dilapidated; but if ever the crisis should arise in which an astonished beholder might exclaim with Shakespeare, "He brushes his hat o' mornings—what should that bode?" the questioner had better be prepared for nothing less than the Second Advent. Poor old man, "slim" old humbug though he be, his presidency is now but a vague dream, his republic little better than an hallucination; we may well spare him "an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather," if he will but keep his fancies to himself in future and not drive the British into the sea any more—even in fancy.

† † †

Surely Shakespeare was a prophet

as well as a poet. See how again he hits off the old Boer after his defeat: "What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; give sorrow words," and forthwith Kruger goes to Marseilles. "And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, 'I would be consul,' says he." And again, but this is unkind of William: "Is his head worth a hat?" And then again does not the poet make the wily old trickster a trifle too cynical, if he wrote with a view to whom it may concern: "The wisdom of their [the Outlanders'] choice is rather to have my hat than my heart." Everybody is agreed that Kruger's hat is a back number that must soon disappear into oblivion, and the concensus of opinion is that P. K. himself is following it. The sooner he gets out of sight the better for the Transvaal, the Boers themselves especially; he has hoodwinked them long enough, and they will not soon recover from the disastrous effects of his headstrong, self-assertive policy.

† † †

The next prominent feature of Mr. Kruger is his pipe, and I do not see why I may not in turn choose this as the subject of further discussion. That it is one of his features nobody who knows him will deny. While I have heard that he goes to bed with his hat on, I dare not lay myself open to the same charge of prevarication preferred against the man who said it by going him one better and declaring that Mr. Kruger smokes in his sleep. I have been asked whether he takes his pipe out of his mouth while he eats, and have given it up as a conundrum. I should think he would, however. How much of the smoke of battle has issued from Kruger's pipe history, I fear, will never disclose. It certainly cannot be called the pipe of peace, since it has been an accessory before and after the fact to a bloody and calamitous war for both sides, in which P. K.'s pet scheme of South Africa for the Dutch, and the Dutch and South Africa for P. K., has gone up in

smoke, together with a *regime* which no progressive man, Dutch or Anglo-Saxon, would wish to see revived.

† † †

This pipe, as its owner, has a large holding capacity, which would tax the resources of a state to keep filled. It is also antiquated—a relic of a by-gone generation, in which respect it also resembles its owner. It is strong and rank enough to nauseate a decent man, and there are not wanting among the Outlanders—probably among the Boers, too, if the truth were known—men who would aver that here again it takes after the old man. In shape and rotundity it is characteristically Dutch, and his Dutch proclivities were always the trump card of Oom Paul, which he kept in reserve for the purpose of euchring opposition. Working on their national susceptibilities, Uncle Paul foisted upon the republic an army of Dutch retainers—political parasites, who by trickery upheld him in power for the pap they were permitted to absorb, while the unsophisticated Boer who was not yet enlightened as to the *modus operandi* of crowding into a fat berth bowed down to the hat and pipe in abject adoration, happy if he might borrow a light and go home pledged to vote for the Dear Dutch Demagogue who had so dextrously pulled the wool over his eyes. They have worshipped the pipe, and now they have to pay the piper while Uncle Paul goes to Europe to seek intervention, taking with him the hat and the pipe, and, incidentally, a few million pounds sterling in bar gold—for safe keeping. Doubtless it will be safely kept, and strictly accounted for—after the manner of one who is known to have taken bribes, albeit a millionaire. When Kruger goes back—if he ever does go back—his complaint to the burghers will likely be: "I have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. (See Matthew xi., 17)." When all else fails, cant is irresistible. When the hat no longer charms and the pipe ceases to

appeal, then the hypocrite steps in and with a few snuffled texts keeps the political game going. I can sympathize with an unlettered Boer who does this in ignorant sincerity ; but if Mr. Kruger deliberately lays profane hands on sacred things for an unholy purpose—and I give him credit for more intelligence and shrewdness than he assumes—I cannot but denounce him as a base scoundrel and a canting, ranting hypocrite of the first degree. And Mr. Kruger may put that in his pipe and smoke it.

† † †

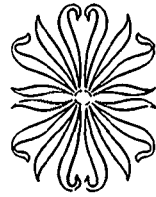
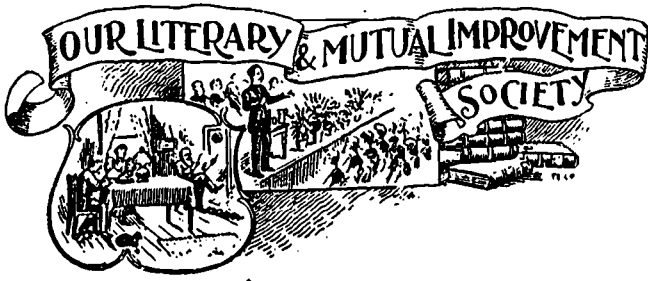
When the then president of the South African Republic sat down to his pipe and cogitations, mayhap he pictured to himself the Boers prepared for war after many years of preparation ; armaments of the most improved pattern and ammunition in abundance ; mercenary strategists, each an expert in his own department, at their command ; the Orange Free State as an assured ally ; the promise of support of the Africander Bund, with the prospect of a unanimous Dutch rising from Cape Town to Pretoria ; so that by a rapid advance and the co-operation of the Dutch, the overwhelming of the sparse British garrisons and the seizure of the seaports, he imagined, and told his burghers, that he could sweep the British reinforcements into the sea as fast as they landed. And then—why, then, a sharp, short conflict, and the victory was theirs. The British would never cast eyes on South Africa again. With South Africa for the Africander, and Paul Kruger as highcockolorum, “to the victors belong the spoils,” and the diamond mines and the gold mines would be theirs to tax to the last limit of profit, and the Dutch would live happily ever after, unmolested in the enjoyment of their conquest, and the door safely shut against reform, with progression and civilization put back a few centuries, about which some future generation might trouble themselves if they list. It looked quite feasible. He con-

sulted his pipe and pretended to see far into futurity in the depths of his hat, as a divinator of old might examine the entrails of a fowl for omens, and the augury was propitious. Had not the Boers, without any assistance, and at a time when they were least prepared for war, either in equipment or financially, beaten the British in a few skirmishes culminating in a big victory at Majuba, and compelled them to acknowledge the independence of the Boers? The hat said yes, and the pipe said that’s so ; with such preparations as they now had, together with the Orange Free State and the united Dutch, he might safely predict a walk-over for the burghers. Had Mr. Kruger consulted history instead of his hat and pipe, and posted himself on Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, he might—but he didn’t, so what is the use of moralizing.

† † †

Bereaved and scattered families, devastated homes and untilled fields ; the wealth of two nations squandered and their governments broken up, the head of one a deposed refugee, and the other urging futile bloodshed for a lost cause ; their best and most sincere patriots victims to the national catastrophe precipitated, as most people believe, by Paul Kruger and his pipe, the sole confidant of his deeper schemes for self-aggrandizement. God alone must be the Judge ; but in sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind, it looks as though Paul Kruger will have something to answer for, the penalty whereof few of us would like to assume. He may pose as a martyr, put crape around his hat and lament ; but God, who searches the hearts of men and sees the hidden motive of every action, will apportion the guilt and place the responsibility where it belongs, with a justice unerring as it is inscrutable. Let no man vainly imagine things occur by chance.

Dick Whittington



AS the character of a young man may be predicated from the company he keeps, so a person's mental calibre may be approximately discovered by the literature he or she reads. The lad who devours the "hot stuff" dished up in the dime novel has little use for Shakespeare or sober fiction; and the girl who grows sentimental over the maudlin dialogue of a silly, moon-struck couple who are supposed to be "in love," will hardly be likely to find in her Bible a well of water springing up into everlasting life, because to her the Bible is a "dry" book, as it is to all who have not developed in themselves the spiritual faculties for hearing, seeing and tasting its inexhaustible stores of divine grace.

As our readers will remember, in the last number of UPS AND DOWNS we asked our girls and boys to contribute an account of the book which most impressed them. We were not a little curious as to the kind and quality of the literature they are in the habit of reading, and it is only due to them to say that, so far as we are able to judge from the goodly number of essays sent in for competition, we can, without exception, commend their individual taste. In no case was the "penny horrible" the theme of a review; on the contrary, all were of a highly moral, instructive or entertaining nature. And, as further evidence of their good taste, among the books chosen as prizes were the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *History of England*, *History of the Boer War*, *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, stories inculcating morality, and religious literature. While

the Bible was the subject of several reviews, we are not surprised that in a futile effort to give a succinct account of it in 500 words some of the essayists were involved in hopeless confusion. In trying to show to what extent it had become a factor in their lives, they inevitably became discursive, rather than descriptive, and so got off the track; but they are, nevertheless, to be commended for sincerity, if not singleness, of purpose, and for their sound judgment in choosing the best of literature—the Book of books.

Last quarter we complimented Miss Blanche Jones on her contribution on the subject of "Cranks," and said we thought such marked ability might secure a prize on another occasion. She has now the gratification of seeing her sketch among the six prize-winners, the merit whereof the discerning reader cannot fail to note. We wish we could give a *fac simile* of her manuscript; it is, without exception, the best "copy" we have ever received from a contributor. And we would remind our readers that Blanche is only fifteen years of age.

A SKETCH OF THE BOOK THAT IMPRESSED ME MOST.

"Good Wives," the sequel to "Little Women," by Miss Alcott, is the book that impressed me most, because of its truthness to human life. It is written for young girls. The chief characters of this story are four every-day heroines, named Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy March, also a charming hero named Teddy Laurence, or "Laurie," as he was more often called.

The story begins with a description of the preparations for Meg's wedding, which is to take place shortly. Her intended husband is John Brooke, a soldier, who did his duty manfully for a year, was wounded, sent home, and not allowed to

return, so he devoted himself to getting well and earning a home for Meg, to whom he had been attached for a long while.

Next comes the wedding. It is simple and homelike; nothing at all elaborate, but just an every-day affair; after which they settle down comfortably in their cosy home, which Laurie named the "Dovecot." Meg is very sweet, and makes a wife of whom any man might be proud. Soon come two little treasures in the shape of twins, whom Laurie names Daisy and Demi, to the great delight of their aunt, Jo. This Jo is the best-loved character in the story, because she is so peculiarly human. Of unusual talent, her cleverness lies in the direction of journalism, and she contributes to a weekly newspaper. Becoming discontented, however, she goes abroad, and meets a German professor. In her spare moments she writes sensational stories for a newspaper, but the professor remonstrates and she gives it up. At the end of a winter she comes home, to find Laurie more in love with her than ever. Broken-hearted at her refusal to marry him, he goes abroad, only to come back; but it proves of no avail, for Jo is determined. Again he goes, and this time meets and marries Amy. Poor Jo, in the meantime, has no time to think of him, for Beth is dying, and soon Jo is left alone. But joy comes to her with the coming of Laurie and Amy, and the happiness of her life with the unexpected advent of her dear professor.

Thus "all's well that ends well," and it is with a feeling of sadness we end the book. For the girls have grown dear to us, so has Laurie. But though we have finished, we are glad to have met them all, for they are living to us. How often do we meet Amy with her artistic hands, or how many times do we encounter Beth, and feel better for our talks with her; and is not Meg our own married sister, whose housekeeping mishaps we have laughed at so many times? And Laurie's sunny smile cheers us every day on a friend's face. But, most of all, we love odd, homely Jo, for she is most like us.

BLANCHE JONES.

Napanee, Ont.

Another of our literary prodigies is Miss Alice West, aged fourteen, and the following is her review:

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER,"

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

The reason I like it is because it is so simple and natural, and pictures life among the old-fashioned farmers in the country so well. Some parts of the book are very amusing, but the general tone is always of a high moral character.

The hero is Mr. Ralph Hartsook, whose experiences at Flat Creek school make up most of the story. The heroine, Hannah

Thompson, is the character I sympathized with most, perhaps because her father was dead and she was bound out to work amongst strangers. I also admired Bud Means very much, as he showed what a true and loyal heart is sometimes concealed by a rough exterior.

Mr. Hartsook, at the beginning of the story, goes to teach in the Flat Creek school, Hoopole County, Indiana. This school was the roughest in the neighbourhood, and the trustee who hired Mr. Hartsook prophesied that the boys would turn him out before he had been there a month. However, Hartsook made up his mind he would master the school, and in forming his resolution he was very much encouraged by the example of a certain bull-dog belonging to Bud Means, for, as Bud expressed it, "when Bull once takes hold, heaven and yarth can't make him let go."

While teaching here a spelling school was held, in which all the people of the neighbourhood joined. Mr. Hartsook succeeded in spelling down Jeems Phillips, the champion speller of the neighbourhood, but he was in his turn spelled down by Hannah Thompson, the bound girl who worked for the Means. This was the beginning of an acquaintance between Ralph and Hannah, which ended in their being married.

But before that happy event took place, both Ralph and Hannah had some bitter experiences to pass through. First an attempt was made by Pete Jones and his brother, Bill, to have Hannah's little brother, Shocky, bound out to service against the wishes of his friends; but Ralph saved him by carrying him off in the night to his friends at Lewisville. Next a plot was formed by the Jones's and Dr. Small, the villain of the story, to have Ralph convicted of a theft which had been committed in the neighbourhood, and, by getting up some false evidence against him, they had nearly succeeded; but the plot was frustrated by Bud Means, who scared one of the witnesses so he was forced to tell the truth. Bud had a great admiration for Ralph, and looked upon him as the only person who could help him to get rid of "low Flat Creek ways" and become something better. One of the most impressive passages in the book is where the refined Ralph and the uncultured Bud agree to work together as followers of Jesus Christ, for Whom, as Bud said, they would "put in their best licks."

ALICE WEST.

Napanee, Ont.

Miss Annie Farrell shows us what *she* can do by walking off with a prize for the following digest of

"WHAT CAN SHE DO?"

I think the book which most impressed me was a story by Rev. E. P. Roe, entitled as above.

It is the story of three young girls and their father and mother, who lived on Fifth Avenue, New York. They were very wealthy, and held a high position in society. Their mother was an invalid, and their father so engaged in business as to take no interest in anything else, so the girls had it pretty much their own way. The story goes on to describe the characteristics of the young girls, and what each made of their lives. Laura, the eldest, was a very proper young lady. All she cared about was dress and books. Edith, the second, was a strong, courageous girl, and Lell, the youngest, was the spoiled darling of the family. By one of the reverses of fortune the family lost all their wealth, and Mr. Allen (the father) was so overcome by his loss that he succumbed to a paralytic shock and died, leaving his helpless wife and children without a friend to depend on, and hosts of creditors, all wanting their money. The only thing they had left was a small lot and cottage in the country, which Edith's father had given to her on her birthday. They had to leave their beautiful home and go to this poor little cottage. The story goes on to tell how they got along in Pushton (for that was the name of the little country village), what friends and what enemies they made; but it shows that their going to Pushton was a mistake from beginning to end, and had it not been for the practical, courageous Edith, the family would have collapsed altogether. Finding every other means of earning a living a failure, Edith thought she would try market gardening, which she pursued with so much success (some of her friends helped her) that she was able to keep the family and pay the mortgage off the house. But before all this, trouble and scandal had come to the family, and Edith had such a hard time to get along; but she was led to the Lord Jesus Christ, and, believing and trusting in Him, she weathered the gale. And the story ends so happily. Edith had led three people to the Lord Jesus, and she had also found and brought home her poor lost sister, who also died believing in Christ. Then Edith marries the young man who had loved her so long and served her so faithfully, whose wooing was crowned with success. Edith scandalized her mother by having the ceremony performed in the garden. But she said, "Why not? God married a couple there once." And so the story leaves them in their new happiness, and the reader feels that he is benefitted by this brief glance at the life of Edith Allen and her family.

ANNIE FARRELL.

Port Perry, Ont.

Another girl! Four out of the six prizes go to the girls this time! It shows who are the readers, and the writers, too. What are the boys about? The women are out

for everything in sight these days. Boys, if you don't look out, we shall have to shut up shop and turn our hands to cooking and house work—and how would you like that, eh? Under the plea of fashion, they have made several desperate attempts to insinuate themselves into our attire, and now they are supplanting up in our own avocations. It's getting serious, and must be put a stop to; we can't suffer these encroachments upon our dignity and privileges. Now the girls have got into this department, if you don't bestir yourselves, boys, and look to your laurels, it's all up with you; they'll collar everything. Do you think you can beat this:

"HELEN OF THE GLEN."

In olden times, people used to be punished very severely and cruelly for following Jesus, and oh, how meekly and patiently they bore it! There was once a family who were very sincere Christians. No threats or persuading could divert their faith. There were the mother and father, two grown-up sons, a younger boy and a young girl known as Helen, of the Glen. All of them served their God with a true and loving faith. There were no churches in those times; they had to gather in some friend's house or behind the hills in the Glen, with someone keeping watch all the time, because there were bands of soldiers, who used to torture any people that they found worshipping. This family used to go miles to a meeting. The father and the two eldest sons went one day to a friend's house, and in the midst of the service a lot of soldiers rushed in and scattered them all, killing some and injuring some. They followed the father and sons home, and tried every way to make them give up their faith, but could not move them. At last the soldiers got so angry that they vowed to shoot them if they did not give in. The poor woman stood pleading with the soldiers for her husband and sons. The soldiers pointed at her and told them to choose between their mother and death. She told them that she would rather see them dead than to give up their faith. So she had to stand and see her husband and sons shot down one after the other. Poor little Helen felt so bad that she ran away behind a hill to pray. She was so absorbed that she did not hear the tramping of horses till someone shook her roughly by the shoulders. She started up wildly, to see two soldiers watching her. They asked her what she was doing, and she told them how her father and two brothers had been killed, and that she was praying for help. One

of them took a match from his pocket and lighted it and held it between the poor child's fingers, and tried to make her promise to give up praying to God. She bore it as long as possible without a murmur until she could bear it no longer, and with one cry she fell fainting to the ground, and then the cruel soldiers rode away. This state of affairs lasted for some time, until Christian influence came and drove persecution out of that country.

LILIAN PARKS.

Marden P.O., Ont.

And now, by the way of redeeming our lost estate and upholding our prestige, the two following reviews must stand for what they are worth :

"THE YOUNG MAN FROM HOME."

By JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

It is a book of useful advice to young men on leaving home to encounter the anxieties, dangers and responsibilities of a new and untried course. It illustrates the wonderful influence literature has on a man's life. It calls strict attention to duty, for, if a duty is once neglected, another and another excuse will arise for neglecting it again and again. A chain with one link broken no longer binds, and a habit of duty once broken, soon ceases to be a habit. It holds out a direct warning against violation of the rule of honesty and gently draws attention to the rash entanglements of love, and mildly suggests that since the heart grows faster than the judgment, such emotions should be restrained until he is fitted for some useful station in society. It cautions against socialism, atheism and infidelity, and shows the progressive manner and successive steps by which young men are led astray, and illustrates the same by examples. It specially addresses in classes the traveller, the orphan, the pious youth and the prodigal, and points out to each, in all cases of danger and temptation, true religion is the only defence to be relied upon. *Morality may protect you, but piety will.* It points out dangers of a minor kind, such as forgetfulness of home, the liability of acquiring an unsettled disposition, and a spirit of disrespect towards your employers. It deals with character on both moral and religious principles. It also warns against theatres and playhouses, places altogether adapted to corrupt the youthful mind.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And they who live to please must please to live.

It gives suitable advice and instruction, which is intended to fit each individual for the part which he has to act in the drama of life.

In closing my brief sketch of this valuable book, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that every young man who

has graduated from Dr. Barnardo's Home may have an early opportunity to read it.

SAMUEL HILLMAN.

Moosomin, Assa., N.W.T.

THE BOOK THAT IMPRESSED ME THE MOST.

If I had written on this subject years ago, I should have named a different book. When I say impressed, I do not mean interested only, as I think a book can be read that is intensely interesting, and yet make no lasting impression on the mind. The book I have reference to is the Book of books. It is the most impressive book there is in Christendom. Read the Bible, and then read "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," and show me the man who is not impressed by them. An account of the Bible cannot be written in 500 words, but I will give as good an account as I can. It is the encyclopædia of past, present and future—a history and biography in itself, dealing with all people in the realms of the universe, from the highest ruler down to the meanest subject, kings, queens, prophets, priests, martyrs, captains, musicians, judges, etc., being classed as forming principally the Old Testament, while the meaner subjects such as carpenters, fishermen and tradesmen of all descriptions are dealt with mostly in the New Testament. Indeed, Christ Himself was the adopted Son of a carpenter, while many of His disciples had formerly been known as fishermen, customhouse officials, clerks (or scribes). The Old Testament consists of thirty-nine books, and is the history of the world up to within a short time of the birth of Christ. In some Bibles the Apocrypha is found between the Old and New Testaments. The New Testament contains the acts of our Saviour and His disciples, and is more studied nowadays than the old Bible. There is not a character in life that has not its counterpart in the Bible. People then were much the same as they are to-day. The Bible is the book containing the rules for us to follow in our conduct in this life, that we may become worthy of the life eternal. It is a book of prophecy to the discerning, a book of hope for the disappointed, of comfort to the sad, of warning to the wicked, and a book of promise to those who are trying to live a Christian life. (See Malachi iii., 16, 17.)

There can be no doubt in the educated man's mind as to the authenticity of the Bible. Surely the martyrs of old had great faith in it, or they would not have risked their lives for the sake of it. Smithfield was a witness of the faith. Again, the Bible is the standard of the civilized world; those nations are the most prosperous that accept Christianity. England stands to-day at the head of the world, and Christianity has placed her there. It is the history of the world from the creation to the destruction—the Alpha

and Omega. Although infidels deny the truth of the Bible, when on their deathbed they can see where they are wrong. Paine, the infidel, proved this.

EDWARD JEFFERSON.

New Durham, Ont.

Among those debarred by reason of having over-run the allotted space is one from our old friend and literary luminary, John A. Conway, who sends in something over 1,500 words instead of 500. While we sometimes stretch a point to admit a deserving contestant, who, according to the strict letter of the terms, would otherwise be ruled out, we cannot admit this, which is three times as long as it ought to be, and would place the others at a disadvantage. Had it been within bounds, it would have been a winner. It, however, possesses so much merit, and will be of such interest to our juvenile readers, that we have decided to curtail in space elsewhere to make room for it, so that while the prize is forfeited through violation of the conditions of the contest, such praiseworthy and painstaking work will not be wasted.

"LOST IN THE BACKWOODS."

By MRS. TRAIL.

The morning had shot her bright streamers on high,
O'er Canada, opening all pale to the sky;
Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore,
Except where the ocean waves lashed on the shore.
—*Jacobite Song.*

Such is the heading of the first chapter of that splendid Canadian story by Mrs. Trail. It was one of the first books (apart from school) I ever read, and it made a deep impression on my mind. It is a purely Canadian story, having its scene on, or near, the shores of Rice Lake. The author has spared no pains in telling the tale, and her eloquence in describing the beautiful scenery of the Canadian lakes is simply charming. You seem to live and move among the very scenes she is depicting. Briefly outlined the story is this: A young soldier, Duncan Maxwell by name, who had fought at the battle of Quebec, was, during the battle, wounded, and the hospital being full, he was billeted at the home of a French-Canadian widow. Here, though an enemy, he was kindly treated by his hostess and her family—a young man of his own age, and a pretty, black-eyed lass of sixteen. In course of time Duncan falls in love with, is engaged to, and eventually marries this young girl; while Pierre, her brother, marries a lumberman's daughter

about the same time. A firm friendship has meanwhile sprung up between Pierre and Duncan, and as the former has had some experience of forest life, they agree to make a settlement in the dense backwoods. After enduring untold privations, they at last see the fruit of their labours, and in course of time children were born to both of them. They were now in comparative comfort, and the utmost harmony prevailed between the two families; the steady perseverance of Duncan Maxwell helping to temper the volatile temperament of Pierre Perron. Hector and Catherine Maxwell, together with Louis and Mathilde Perron, form a little coterie of inseparables; but it is not with Mathilde that the story deals.

One morning the two boys declare their intention of seeking their cattle, which they supposed to have strayed to a little enclosure called Beaver Meadow. Catherine is prevailed upon to accompany them, as they expect to find some strawberries. In good spirits the trio start off, their merry laugh echoing through the sombre forest. Arrived at the enclosure, they at once search for the cattle, but not seeing any trace of them they turn their attention to the wild strawberries. In their eager search for the fruit, they had wandered from the trail; and they were suddenly reminded of it by the lengthening shadows. After searching for some time for the trail, they at last discovered a beaten track leading into the forest. Supposing this to be the trail, they followed it, thinking it would lead them home by a shorter way; but by-and-by they were misled by two paths leading in opposite directions. Undecided which to take, they stood bewildered, and the unpleasant conviction forcibly struck them that they had mistaken the path altogether. In the author's own words, "the very aspect of the country was different; the growth of the trees, the flow of the stream all indicating a change of soil and scene. Darkness was fast drawing its impenetrable veil around them; a few stars were stealing out, gleaming down as with pitying glance upon the young wanderers; but they could not light up their path or point their homeward track." Seeing there was no help for it, they made arrangements to pass the night in the forest; and with the axe that cautious Hector had brought with him they soon made a temporary hut in which to pass the night. Meanwhile their agonized parents were searching and shouting through the woods, but without success; for they had no clue to the direction the wanderers had taken. Baffled at every turn, they reluctantly gave up the search as utterly hopeless, and a deep gloom settled upon the once happy settlement. As hope faded, the only idea that remained was that one of three deaths had befallen the lost ones—death by famine, by wolves or bears, or, more terrible, at the hands of the Indians.

Leaving the bereaved parents, let us see how it fared with the wanderers. Being of a hopeful disposition they were not easily cast down, but tried to put as brave a front to the matter as possible. Being used to hardships of every kind from their birth, they easily made shift for themselves, trusting to God and to their skill as hunters. They never forgot to ask God's blessing or to implore His protection from the perils that surrounded them. They made bows and arrows, and with these they were able to obtain game of all kinds. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and our wanderers soon learned to turn to use their skill with axe and knife, so that by the time the cold weather set in they had built a comfortable shanty and equipped it with bedsteads, shelves, etc. Nothing very unusual happens till the second year of their wanderings, when one day Louis came in with the startling news that a council of Indians was in progress on a spot they had named "Bare Hill," from its barren appearance.

Our wanderers immediately resolved to hide themselves in one of the deep ravines near by, trusting that the Indians would not discover their shanty. Thus they passed two or three anxious days, not daring to light a fire for fear of being betrayed by the smoke. Hector at length determines to find out if the Indians had left the council hill. Accordingly he set off, hoping to find a knife or some arrows which the Indians might have left. He little thought what he was going to find—a poor Indian girl, wounded and fettered, bound by her hair to a tree. She was to die within sight of food, for the fiendish cruelty of the Indians had induced them to place food and water at her feet, but she was powerless to move. Tenderly Hector released the captive, and with much trouble half leads half carries her to their shanty. Catherine cares for the stranger like a sister, and, in course of time, has the pleasure of teaching her the way of life.

When Indiana, as they called her, became better acquainted with the English language, she told them how she came to be in the predicament already described. It was a terrible recital—a tale of tribal feuds. The son of a Mohawk Chief (The Young Pine), sought the hand of the daughter of an Ojibwa chief (The Beam of the Morning); but, for some reason, the Ojibwa chief (The Bald Eagle) refused his request. But later he relented apparently, and the marriage preparations were begun, the guests were invited, and everything was in readiness. But a deep-laid scheme of vengeance was in progress. The bridal tent, a huge wigwam, was decked with cedar boughs, so arranged as to be capable of concealing the armed warriors behind them, which the Bald Eagle was intending to place there. The wedding day came, the Mohawk guests,

several hundred in number, were assembled, and, according to etiquette, all weapons were left outside. The feast was ready; the chief dish—usually a bear's head—was brought in, and, according to custom, the bridegroom's father was invited to lift it from the pot. A yell of horror burst from his lips as he lifted to view—not a bear's head, but the fresh and gory head of his son, The Young Pine. His cries were answered by the war-whoop of the ambushed Ojibwas, who, with deafening yells, fell upon the defenceless Mohawks with knife and tomahawk. Not one escaped from that fearful massacre. A second Judith had the chief's daughter proved; for it was her plighted hand that had severed the head of her unsuspecting bridegroom. But vengeance was not yet satisfied, for, with fearful cries, the Ojibwas dashed down to the camp of the Mohawks and slew all the old men and women who were not included in the invitations. Then, and only then, were they satisfied; and when they found a solitary girl who had escaped their notice, they did all that their savage nature could do to comfort her. But, with revenge in her heart, she attempted to slay the Ojibwa chief, but was prevented. As a punishment she was bound, taken to Bare Hill, and left there in the state in which Hector found her.

It was with feelings of horror and pity that our wanderers heard this terrible story, and they did all in their power to comfort the orphan girl. Thus several months roll on, until one sad day, during her companions' absence, Catherine is carried off by these same Ojibwas. Her companions are nearly frantic with grief; but Indiana, in return for their kindness, resolves to give herself up to the chief in place of Catherine. The sacrifice was accepted; the chief consents to let Catherine go, but condemns Indiana to the stake. And now an old friend of the Maxwells, Jacob Morrell, appears on the scene, and pleads for Indiana; but the chief remains resolute. But the news has reached the treacherous bride, and she demands of the chief the freedom of Indiana, and this time the chief gives in.

Then follows the happy journey home. In joyful anticipation of the welcome from Hector and Louis, Jacob Morrell then tells them the incredible news that all this time (about three years) they had been living within eight miles of the settlement. How eagerly they listen while the old trapper unfolds his plans for taking them back to their friends! How joyfully they take leave of their shanty and start for the settlement, with the old trapper as their guide! Of course, Indiana is with them, for Catherine looks upon her as a sister. And when they arrive who shall attempt to describe the joy of their meeting? It is better imagined than described.

Little more is left to tell. After a time,

the two families resolve to move further up the country, as they receive news that some of their kindred had settled near Montreal. In course of time, Hector presents Indiana as a candidate for baptism, and afterwards leads her to the altar. Louis and Catherine were united at the same time. They lived happy and prosperous lives, and often would entertain their friends with an account of their wanderings in the backwoods.

Kirkton, Ont. JOHN A. CONWAY.

Among the other unsuccessful ones is a very good review of "Esther Reid Yet Speaking," by Miss Lizzie Hayter, which was too long to be allowed to compete; a very free-hand sketch of "The Old Lieutenant and His Son," by Miss Lizzie Tracey; a rather bald but well-drawn outline of "The Story of an African Farm," by Albert Williams, the prize-winner of last quarter; a brief but creditable description of a ballon adventure, by J. H. Barrett; and what may be called a personal testimony of the Bible as a young man's best counsellor, by Arthur Ransom.

After a long interval of silence, evidently devoted to reading and reflection during temporary respites from farm work, our former contributor, Levi Bone, is again to the front with a short discourse on "Books and Reading," which, though not within the range of our competition, shows such marked improvement in style and quality on what we have ever before received from him, that we must find room for it in this department. In commending it to our boys and girls as sound advice which they might profitably heed, we should also express our appreciation of the earnest efforts at self-culture which have brought our friend, Levi, out of and beyond the crudities of syntax, which, in earlier attempts to express himself, deflected the force and discounted the value of many an otherwise sensible remark. Our author is somewhat of a philosopher in homespun, who, in his oscillations between the abstract and concrete, was sometimes apt to lose his bearings and get "all at sea;" but per-

sistent practice has enabled him to steer a tolerably clear course through the labyrinths of intellection, and as a result we present to our readers, as an example for their emulation, the following:

BOOKS AND READING.

If eating and drinking should be to the glory of God, much more should reading. If the body is to be honoured as the temple of the Holy Spirit, we cannot be too careful about the mind. Our characters are as our thoughts, and our thoughts are largely shaped by what we read. The power of associates to mould one is well known. While we are reading a book, we are associating with its author, and allowing him to influence us. We are heirs of all the ages that are past; we can listen when we will to the great thinkers of distant lands and times. It is not enough, then, that what we read is not bad; aimless reading is a loss to anyone. No two persons may have the same idea. But reading will yield most profit to one that asks before reading, What is my purpose in reading this? A book that is worth reading is worth remembering, and so after finishing it the question will be in place, What has this added to my life? For the object in reading should be growth and progress, to widen knowledge and promote higher standards. We need most to learn how to live. The man or the book that can teach this is a help. We may not live to ourselves; no more may we live or read for ourselves. To bear the test, a man's book should give us more love for God, an impulse to more faithfulness in his service and a wish to do more for others. Don't read just to brag of it. There will always be so many books in fashion that, if you read every book "they" are talking about and which "they" ask you whether you have read, you will never have time for any other reading, and your brain will be nothing but an echo brain. Read what is best worth reading, and if you happen to be the only person in the world that is reading that book, why so much the worse for the world. Don't read by the number of pages; the little books are the great ones nine times out of ten. The Bible is made up of sixty-six little books. To get a crop, we don't measure out equal parts of soil and seed. Now, the soil of profitable reading is your own thought, so cultivate it properly. Much of your reading never amounts to anything, because it has no depth of soil. Don't be afraid of solid reading. That is the only thing that gives solid satisfaction. What you read, digest—build it into your memory. And, moreover, what you read, practice—build it into your life. Utilize what you read in your life and in the lives of others. The best purpose for a reader is the one most

closely connected with actual life. For if the thoughts and deeds of great philosophers, statesmen and poets recorded on the printed page make mines of great wealth, what shall we say of this volume which brings us face to face with the greatest philosophers and the wisest leaders of men—nay, in its pages shows us God Himself?
LEVI BONE.

Special Announcement!

Prize of \$10.00.

We have to plead guilty to a sin of omission. When Dr. Barnardo was in Toronto last September, he promised to give a *prize of ten dollars for the best description of a lad's experiences in Canada from the time of his arrival in the country.* According to Dr. Barnardo's instructions, this offer should have been announced in the October number of UPS AND DOWNS; but unfortunately it leaked out of the Editor's

memory through some as yet undiscovered aperture, and it was not then made known. The offer, therefore, is now made, and the hope expressed that, as the farmer's season of leisure is now further advanced, a more general response, as well as more thorough descriptions, will be received from our boys.

Letters may be as long or as short as you choose; but it is well to say what you have to say in as few words as possible.

As an extra inducement, as many letters as we can possibly find space for will be published in UPS AND DOWNS before being forwarded to Dr. Barnardo in England.

Letters must reach THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS, 214 FARLEY AVENUE, TORONTO, ONT., between now and March 1st—the earlier the better.

Emigration Statistics

THE following table shows the number of Boys and Girls emigrated to Canada under Dr. Barnardo's auspices from the commencement of his work to the close of the present season.

From	1867-1883	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	Totals.
BOYS	691	109	120	275	390	371	395	396	291	417	596	758	635	578	490	438	371	446	590	8,357
GIRLS	306	75	132	118	234	41	94	107	—	5	131	76	89	155	188	226	242	201	340	2,760
Grand Totals.	997	184	252	393	624	412	489	503	291	422	727	834	724	733	678	664	613	647	930	11,117

[In addition to the above 11,117 Boys and Girls sent out to Canada, 473 young people have been placed out in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, making a total of 11,590 emigrants.]



Motto for 1901.

“A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.”

Notes and Comments

A NEW year and a new century dawning together call for a new motto, and what better could we have than this new commandment?

Oh! if we can only take this as our watchword for the year, what beautiful lives we shall live. Each duty done for love's dear sake will make the days glorious. The days all filled with loving thoughts, will group themselves into weeks and months of joy and peace. Drudgery will be blessed indeed and lose all its bitterness and monotony, and we shall find the work we dreaded easy and pleasant, and our daily surroundings, with the rainbow hues of love upon them, will be all we can desire. Let us try it, anyway, and fix it on our hearts as the last command of Him who loved us so well that He left all that we might share in His eternal joy. We want you all to live bright, glad, useful lives here; but, dear girls, if this life is all we have, how short and sad it will be. So whilst we are striving to live in love here, let us ever remember we are called to

higher love, and higher service, even the love and service of the King of kings. May 1901 be a year of decision among your ranks, dear girls, and find you ranging yourselves as loyal soldiers under the banner of Christ, the true Captain and the tender Shepherd of the sheep.

Christmas
Greetings.

WE heartily wish you all a Happy Christmas and a glad New Year.

The one will come with its joyous reminders of the best Gift and its festival of love. You will, no doubt, have your share in all the festivities of the season; try and give what pleasure you can to the circle in which your lot is cast, and let no memories of other scenes and other faces draw words of regret or repining from your lips. The New Year will bring its host of new resolutions. Well, make them and try the best you can to keep them, and never be ashamed to begin again. Many noble lives have had failure at first, and have risen above them step by step until they have attained a grand place in the

world's history. The closing year has not been free from care and sorrow, joy and deliverance, and Hazel Brae has shared the general vicissitudes of all earthly dwellings and seen many changes; more perhaps than usually fall to its lot. Some have been of a joyous nature, others full of sorrow and regret.



Dr. Barnardo's Visit.

THE brightest was the visit of our dear friend and director, Dr. Barnardo. Last time we

told of the manner of his reception and our joy in seeing him, so now we need only refer to its effects. We believe that all who came under his immediate influence felt renewed zeal and courage, and went back to face life's duties with a fixed determination to do all in the best and noblest manner. We regret some of our girls near Peterboro did not get an opportunity for a personal interview. We had hoped to be able to arrange this, but the doctor's last visit was so short and so long delayed that we had no time to issue the invitations.

Never mind, dear girls, let us hope you will fare better next time, and remember you belong to his large family, and share in his large heart just as much as the others do.

Other Visitors.

WE are glad to find our friends, the Rev. D. Fotheringham and Miss Johnson, of whose visits we spoke in our last

issue, carried back to the dear old land a favourable report of us and our surroundings. It makes the distance seem less when we get these kindly visitors from the other side of the Atlantic and hear that our ways please them and awaken an interest in our success.



Miss Westgarth.

THEN for four months we have had the pleasure of Miss Westgarth's presence in our midst. She has gone home again now, carrying with her our warmest

wishes for her journey and a speedy return. She would have liked to see all the girls, and made an effort to visit as many as she could, but her time was limited, and those who feel left out, must put in a claim for a visit when she comes back, and join with us in urging her to make it soon.



I AM sure there will be a great wave of pleasure pass through our

readers when all know that our kindly friend of other years, Miss Woodgate, has resumed the responsibilities and duties of Superintendent at Hazel Brae. Her four years' absence has only made her dearer, and we are quite sure you will all be very glad to see her face again and listen once more to her loving words of warning and counsel. Time has made few alterations in her personal appearance, and none in the tones of her voice, or the geniality of her presence. As we cannot ask you all



Miss Woodgate.

Miss Woodgate's Return.

to come to Hazel Brae and greet her, we give you a picture to refresh your memories and serve as some equivalent to a visit.

OUR partings this year
Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe. have also been numerous and full of regret. We are sure you will all join with us in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe a Happy New Year, and assure them that their messages of love and peace are not forgotten by their girls in Canada.

OUR dear friend, Miss
Miss Loveday and Miss Harris. Loveday, has gone with Miss Westgarth to England. What will you do with no one to write to? Well, write just the same; for Miss Harris (whom some of you will remember as Miss Stent's assistant at Ilford) has come to us and is ready to answer your letters and help you through your difficulties. Miss Loveday has gone for a long-needed rest, and we hope she will spend a glad, good Christmas in the midst of her family and come back with the Spring days full of new life, new vigour, and new courage, all of which she will use, dear girls, for your good and for the general advancement of the work in Canada. And when she does return she will have the help of Miss Harris in writing those many long letters you love to get.

You will find reference
Miss Godfrey. in another place to a young English lady, who has come to spend some years among us, to do some special work of classification and order in the office. Who do you think she is? Miss Mabel Godfrey. No, girls! She is not a little girl as you remember her at play on the lawns near the Governor's house at Ilford, but a tall young lady, quite grown up. She has a wonderful memory, where all your names and faces are stored; just tell her your cottage, and she will tell you the rest and bring rushing back to memory sweet lessons of truth and good-

ness you learned in that dear spot we call the Village Home.

OUR weddings have
Marriages. been numerous during the past year. They number sixteen, and we are always glad to hear from the girls when they contemplate so great a change in their lives, and glad if we can advise or assist them in making the final arrangements. One of our sixteen is still quite a bride, and we feel like extending to her our best wishes and congratulations. And not to her alone; the rest share our good wishes, and if the first gladness is past and some trials have arisen to prove there is no lot free from sorrow, we would whisper words of cheer, and say from the experience of the past, the first year of a happy married life is not the happiest; it is better on beyond, when you know each other's minds, and can trust each other more, and have learnt all the lessons of forbearance life alone can teach.

THE arrivals in our
Distribution of Parties, midst have been rather larger than usual, making a total of 320 this year. Dear girls! how tired they looked as they took their first walk up the avenue at Hazel Brae, and how gladly they lay down on the bank in the meadow and felt they really were on firm ground once more. The work of distribution went regularly forward, and they went off by sixes and sevens, and twos and threes, to homes selected for them, where they are doing fairly well, some just filling the niche where they were needed, others learning more slowly the duties of their new life; but all, we trust, will soon find themselves thoroughly settled and happy in this new land.

THERE were a good
Boarding-Out. many little ones among these 320, and for them we have found homes not far from Peter-

borough, where they will have kindly, fostering care, and grow up healthy little Canadians. It is quite inspiring to go among them and see how happy and bright they are, and how anxiously they are looking for advancement in school, and proud they are to have a share in the Christmas concerts at their Sunday schools. There are some sweet little singers among them, and we feel almost afraid they are being too much made of for those bright little English songs, which come with a spice of newness in this land and make the singers popular. But Sunday school concerts come only once a year, and the steady work at school will drive childish vanity away and make them only more diligent in fitting themselves for their future lives as Canadian citizens.



“Rolling Stones.” THERE seems to be, every now and then, a wave of restlessness pass over our girls, and almost every other letter that comes to the Secretary’s hand contains a request for a new place. This is very far from being our ideal for a girl, and it is a positive delight when we look through the books and find a girl with only one entry, showing that she has kept her place through years of change and growth until she has become quite identified with the family of her employer. Granted, dear girls, that there is something to bear in your situation, where will you go and find all bright and according to your mind? A girl’s character gains so much strength by overcoming difficulties; we should like to see some of you bravely facing life’s problems and making up your minds to do your duty, bear some crosses and gain the victory over this spirit of restlessness. Besides the loss in this respect, it makes a very great difference to your bank account. The change calls for new expense in dress and general outfit; the new mistress does not give the help the old one did in purchasing or per-

haps in sewing, and so you lose every way and give an immense amount of anxiety and extra work to those who have to make the necessary changes for you. Weigh well the step before you ask for a change, and be sure it is called for either from danger in your surroundings, positive want of adaptation to your position, or insufficient pay for your work, all of which we will strive to make right for you.



Domestic
versus
Factory Life.

THIS is an age when factories are taking all the young girls obtainable, and making them the attendants on their varied machines. Here there is no distinction between the high-minded and pure, and the low-minded and base; provided they do their work well, keep regular hours and disobey no rules, all are equal, and many noble girls who have invalid parents to support bear all the noise and discomfort and go regularly day by day and year by year through a monotonous round of daily work, wearing the white flower of a blameless life that wins for herself all honour and highest praise. Yet it is with a feeling akin to horror that we hear one of our girls has left the safe covert of some substantial home and gone to mind a machine. We picture with dismay the terrible risk she runs of forming a friendship with someone of low habits and tastes, and being gradually drawn away from paths of rectitude. Where girls have a mother to whom they go home each night, and to whom they tell all the day’s incidents, whether of fun and frolic or mistake and reproof, there is not much danger they will go astray. But, on the other hand, where a girl goes to her cheerless room, and, after cooking and eating an insufficient supper, has either the alternative of sitting alone the rest of the evening or going out on the streets for diversion, there seems poor chance of her taking the wiser course and going early to bed to fit

herself for the strain of another day's toil. Granted that it is nice to be free and have the evenings to spend as a girl pleases; but there seems few advantages to counter-balance the loss of the protection and comfort a good home gives, and the establishment of those domestic habits which are such an important factor in the home life of a nation. For your own sakes, dear girls, let no temptation of this kind draw you away from the safe, respectable and happy, though monotonous, duties of the household, where faithful attention to your daily round of common work will win for you a

warm place in the hearts of your employers and a good name in the community.



Photographs.

You will receive with this issue a large sheet of girl's pictures, and some, no doubt, whose photographs have been sent to Miss Loveday or given to the visitors, will feel a little disappointed that theirs is not among the number. We are glad to have all your pictures, dear girls, but everyone you give us will not make a good reprint, and these have been specially prepared for this number.

S. OWEN.

Greetings From Absent Friends

WE had hoped to have inserted here a Christmas letter to girls from Dr. Barnardo, but no doubt he has found his time more than full since his return to England and been unable to get it written in time. We know he cares about his girls and wants them to do well, and we desire to see you all proud of being called his girls and anxious to show the world how well you are fitted for life, and what noble women you can make. We feel sure the letters given below will be next best to one from Dr. Barnardo, and that you will prize the good wishes and heed the wise counsels that they breathe.

Nov. 21st, 1900.

DEAR MISS CODE—If you are sending a letter to the Canadian girls in UPS AND DOWNS, will you please let Mrs. Godfrey and me put in a little message? We want to thank many of the girls who have written to us during the year, to some of whom we have not yet been able to reply. Nearly all have told us how well they are getting on and how happy they are, and we are very glad to get such good reports and to pass on all the messages of love and remembrance that have been entrusted to us.

How much we would like to invite all our old Village girls to their respective cottages for Christmas Day, to see Father Christmas make his annual tour of the Village, scattering his gifts at every door! But this cannot be, and perhaps it is as well, for the cottages would be full several times over if all who had been there came back! Some, we are sure, *will* come back in thought and memory and loving interest, and we can promise that they also will be lovingly thought and spoken of in the family gatherings and other assemblies of the season. *We wish every dear Village girl in Canada a truly happy and prosperous New Year.*

There is for us a new and strong and tender tie with all the Canadian community now that our dear daughter, Mabel, is one amongst them. There will be many happy meetings for her with those whom she knew and who knew her when they were little girls together in the Village, and we are sure that all will unite with us in praying that God will bless her and make her a blessing in Canada.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. GODFREY.

CAIRNS HOUSE,

GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME.

DEAR GIRLS,—I am glad to have this opportunity of sending you all a word of greeting. One of the good things about Christmas and the New Year is that it brings old friends together again, so though the broad Atlantic rolls between

us, and we cannot actually clasp hands, and look into one another's faces, I think our hearts can meet together as I wish you a very bright Christmas and happy New Year.

Who shall we think of first—the new friends whose acquaintance was made this last summer in the pretty room in Cairns House, where I am now writing this letter, or the old friends among whom so many years were passed in Canada? At any rate, let me tell you all one thing. You are very fortunate girls to be out there, away from the dull November weather we have been getting lately. I can just fancy how over there you will soon be having the ground all covered with the beautiful, white, pure, powdery snow, and how the merry sleigh-bells will be ringing out on the clear, frosty air, and what bright, blue skies there will be overhead to look at.

boys and girls, and how one could see i had cheered him to have thus seen the result of his work after many years. Should not the knowledge of this personal interest in those "the Doctor" has sent out from these Homes stimulate them to do their *very best* to be a credit to him, to their country, to themselves, and to glorify their God? And, on the other hand, should it not prove a restraining influence to keep them from ever being a cause of sorrow and shame?

Now about the Village. Things are going on much as usual. Last week Mrs. Godfrey gave her birthday party to the girls of her Bible class, and I think they must have enjoyed themselves very much, as there was a nice entertainment provided for them. Mr. Godfrey has written a letter containing his and Mrs. Godfrey's good wishes for you all, which I am sure you will be pleased to get. and, as you



Rev. O. W. Darling, Chaplain of the Girls' Village Home, and Mrs. Darling.

What have I got to tell you in the way of news? First of all, we are very glad to have Dr. Barnardo among us again, and some of us think he came back looking all the better for his trip. This week, at the Tuesday prayer-meeting held at Stepney for his workers, he gave us such an interesting account of his visit to Canada and the States, in the last-named country especially dwelling on Northfield, the home of the late D. L. Moody. From his description of it, you could almost see the place in all its wonderful fascination, and one seemed able to catch the Christian spirit that still pervades the former abode of that now sainted evangelist.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will.

But the scent of the roses will cling to it still!"

Then how much he had to tell of his

will read it for yourselves, I will pass on to other things.

I have got a surprise for you, and one that I know will give you pleasure, in sending Rev. and Mrs. Darling's photos for your Christmas UPS AND DOWNS, for, as some of you know, your friend, our Village Chaplain, Mr. Darling, was married this Autumn. To tell you the truth, it is a little secret that Mrs. Darling's picture is here. I do not think she knows anything about it: but I am sure she will not mind, as it will please you to see her. When you look at your pastor's face, I hope indeed it will remind you of the good words and teaching you have received from him. I think he would like to say to you: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth."

Ah! that walking, what is it going to be

through the coming year? For by *walking* we mean, how we conduct ourselves as we pass along through life. We look back on the past year, and all of us must feel with sorrow how often we have stumbled and fallen when we *meant* to "run well." But what does the Bible say? "When I fall, I shall arise, for the Lord will be a light unto me."

Arise, then, now! and with the coming of the New Year, let the old past and its failures roll away, and, looking up to Heaven for help, may many of your young lives be dedicated to that Saviour whose life was given for you, and whose friendship is ready to stand by you in every hour of need.

And now, good-bye. I doubt not many would like to express their good wishes for you. Miss Stent, who worked in and for Canada so long, sends her very kind love to everyone, especially to her old friends. My heart goes out to you in very loving desires, and you may be sure your Cottage Mothers will always follow you with affectionate, anxious thoughts.

May God bless you all!

Your sincere friend, B. CODE.

PORTLAND, Dec. 8th, 1900.

DEAR GIRLS,—I am writing these few lines of farewell and of Christmas greeting to you on my way to the Old Land, which I hope to reach in time to spend Christmas with my own relatives. But between there and here lies a wild, stormy ocean, and were it not that we realize our Heavenly Father's protecting care on sea as well as on land, one would almost shrink from facing the cold and storm and tempestuous waves that will probably be met with on the Atlantic at this time of the year. But there is home and there are loved ones on the other side, and thinking over this brings the thought to my mind that you may all find a parallel to this in your lives. You have started on the voyage across life's ocean, and should be looking forward to the home and the loved ones on the other side; but to reach that you will almost certainly have to meet hardships, trials and perhaps real dangers. But if you have faith in the Captain of your Salvation, and if you study and follow your chart, the Bible, you will reach your desired haven; but if you drift thoughtlessly about and go carelessly near to the rocks and quicksands, you will

be in danger of making shipwreck and of losing yourself at last. May God guide and keep you and take you safely home when the voyage is over!

But though in another land, my thoughts will be often with you and with the dear ones left behind at Hazel Brae. I am sure those who are there will have a pleasant and happy Christmas-time, under the direction of our dear friend, Miss Woodgate, who has so lately returned to us; and to all those who are scattered through the province, some in lonely homes where perhaps the season is not much kept, I would like to send a loving message of cheer and encouragement. Try on this coming Christmas Day to make someone around you happy in return for the wonderful love that sent to you the great gift of Jesus our Saviour, and thus may you all have a very pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year.

I shall hope to visit the Village Home, and shall probably have many questions to answer about you there, for most of you are fortunate enough to have kind and enquiring friends on both sides of the ocean.

All being well, I hope to be back amongst you again in the Spring. During my absence, Miss Harris, whom many of you knew in England, will be pleased to correspond with you and to help you, if you need help, and I can tell you a way in which you can help her considerably—by every girl keeping her place through the Winter; then her work would be considerably lightened.

Miss Westgarth, who has been in Canada about four months, is returning with me. She has been pleased to see a good many girls, and would much like to have seen more, especially those who have been out a long time. She asks me to send a very loving message to you all.

Now, commending you all to our Father's love and keeping, I will bid you adieu for a time, with an earnest prayer that the coming year may be a bright and happy one, and that it may find you advancing in every way, being good and doing good and yielding your hearts to the love of Jesus, which alone can keep you and take you safely across life's troubled sea to the haven beyond. With my love.

Your sincere friend,

J. LOVEDAY.



Chit-Chat

WE have had our usual number of letters, some written when life was all looking gloomy and sad, and others when the sun shone and the picture was bright and the writers felt the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places. We should like you to hear of all sorts and conditions of girls, so will give you some extracts from their letters, and begin with one of the youngest of our correspondents, who came to Canada as recently as June, 1900.

Little Eva Smith tells of her pleasant home in Ottawa, and says, "Pa and Ma and Ellen are very kind to me, and do all they can to make me happy." She goes on to speak of her work, which is neither hard nor unpleasant, and closes her letter with a list of pets, which are sufficient to afford all kinds of pleasure to their owner, and lots of work in feeding and necessary attentions.

The employer of Annie Easton, who writes sending a substantial addition to her bank account at the end of her first year's service, says :

We are pleased with her, especially with the way she takes to our little boys ; and she seems to be as happy as the day is long.

Our visitor finds these same small boys mount guard round Annie all the time she is there, and are determined nothing shall be done to decoy her away.

The mistress of another June (1900) girl, says :

With regard to the girl we have no fault to find. We have never seen a more willing child. She is intelligent and industrious. We call her a little woman. She has told you about learning to bake. She is a very bright scholar, indeed, and picks up things so easily. I try to keep her from doing any heavy work, such as lifting. She is not perfect. Who is? But we hope to make her a good, useful woman, if all is well.

Minnie Prentice, who has so long been a familiar face in Hazel Brae,

and who has taught so many of you practical lessons in daily duties, has gone to a new home, and is winning for herself warm appreciation by her faithful attention to the comfort of her employers, setting her little girls a good example of industry and perseverance.

That cosy little infirmary at Hazel Brae never seems to get empty. We have one or two girls there now. Catherine Haines and Maud Jeffrey are suffering from rheumatism in their feet, and Annie Gouge is confined to bed with a pain in her hip, which threatens to be serious ; Mary Hull is in the Nichols' Hospital, and has just gone through a painful and critical operation. She is, so far, doing well, and we trust that ere the summer comes she will be well on the way for recovery.

There have been a good many small alterations made in the house at Hazel Brae, which have made us unusually short of room this Summer and Autumn, so we have been unable to have many visitors ; but one or two have made brief visits, and we have been very pleased to see them and hear about all their new plans and hopes.

Maud Eades came on her way to England, and was full of anticipation and delight about seeing her friends again. We can only hope she has realized half she looked forward to, and is not already, like so many more, sighing to be back in Canada. Mrs. Harrison (Agnes Copas) and her sister, Florence, who is not married yet, called to have a chat and tell us all the news of themselves and their surroundings.

Emily Sanders writes rejoicingly from her new home, and says :

I truly thank Dr. Barnardo for taking care of me so many years. I go to church every Sunday morning and evening, and never forget to pray for Dr. Barnardo. I wish I could see him. I have not seen

him for years. I must tell you about my new place. I get up at six o'clock in the morning, and the first thing I do is to go and milk the cow. I used to be afraid of cows. The first ironing I did here was my master's shirt, and mistress said I did it better than she could.

Little Dorothy Minnifer writes us quite a long letter. She says :

I like being here very much, and I would not like to have to go back again. I can go across to the store and buy candies and post letters ; it is only just across the street. I am learning how to knit stockings, and I wash the dishes and sweep the floors for ma. I have got an old hen, with a nice lot of little chickens, and they all run to meet me as soon as they see me going up to the barn. I am learning to do quite a lot of things. I mixed a cake all myself on Saturday. Ma gave me the things and told me how much to put in, and pa said it was a good cake. I mixed the bread twice since I came here, and put two loaves in the pans, and it raised up big—it was nice to see it.

We think the wee maid is getting quite a useful training, and will make a notable housewife in a few years' time.

Maggie Sullivan has lent us a copy of a letter she got from her brother in South Africa. Perhaps you will all like to see it, and enter a little into the feelings of our friend, who has a brother where danger is so rife :

SPITZ KOP, NEAR LYNDENBERG,
TRANSVAAL, S.A., Sept. 18th, 1900.

DEAR MAGGIE,—Just a line, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves Frank and me at present.

We have been fighting every day for the last six weeks, and this regiment has lost a lot killed and wounded. One shell killed one man and wounded thirteen. We are in camp now in the Lydenberg Mountains. We are camped next to some gold mines. A lot of Boers are coming in every day ; they are tired of the war.

I had a letter from Aggie lately, and she told me you had left the house in Cambridgeshire. I hope you will like your new home, and will do everything to please them in charge of you. You can easily do this by paying attention to your work and being a good girl.

If you can write to me, my address is, W. Sullivan "H" Company, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, 7th Brigade, Transvaal, S. Africa. Goodbye. I remain,

Your loving brother,
WILL.

One of our lady visitors writes :

Agnes Attwood has two brothers in Africa, and does not seem at all fearful about them, though she gives their pictures a prominent place in her bedroom. Agnes is very happy in her home at Dunnville, but one of her brothers seems to think she better go to him when the war is over. I hardly think she will if she does not have more to induce her than she had in the Autumn, especially as she is beginning to do well in point of wages now.

The girls who knew Caroline Robinson would hardly know her now ; she has left the little girl behind and developed into quite a woman. She is still in the same family where she was placed at first, and seems to be getting a good record for industry and general ability. She is well and quite contented, and promises to show me all the beauties of the neighbourhood if I will only go in the Summer ; so I must try to manage it next year.

Daisy Thorne and Ethel Summers still live on opposite sides of the road and have good times together, going to the same church and Sunday school and sharing each other's hopes and plans. It is always a joy to the visitor to find girls in the same place, and growing both in stature and general usefulness.

Catherine and Annie Hornblower are very pleased to be located near to each other. They are big girls now, and make their own arrangements, but are pleased to have a visit, and one of them gave an invitation to visit her next year in another home and under another name.

Agnes Blundell is a little girl who has only come out to Canada this year. She has a very pleasant home, where she is treated most kindly, and is giving quite good satisfaction. She is learning as fast as she can, for both the young ladies are going to be married, and she will need to know a great deal if she is going to take their place.

Amy and Lucy Rose are happy little women. Their homes are so near together that they go to the same church and Sunday school. Amy has been in her home some time, and makes herself very useful to her sick mistress. Lucy is still fresh to her duties, but promising well.

Ellen Page is another of our girls who always seems to win a warm place for herself in the hearts of her employers. She is very happy and well cared for, and finds great pleasure in the society of the baby, who is her special charge and delight.

Eleanor Button looked very dainty and sweet. I heard she was also a clever little housewife, and could do a great deal of useful work. She was not very communicative, and I could not get much direct information from her.

Constance Dyer, one of our June party, has won a warm place in the hearts of her present guardians. She gives them great pleasure by her gentle, loving ways, and they are anxious she should have every advantage and grow up a bright, happy woman.

Mary Cobb was sick at the time of my last visit, so I hardly recognized the tall, strong, happy-looking young woman who responded to my ring at the bell. She seemed very happy and content, and her mistress, too, was pleased to look on Mary as quite settled with them.

Emma Mackrill has gone through a transformation process. I found her last May dirty, cross and despondent; I now saw her bright, tidy and happy, full of delight at seeing the visitor, and anxious to show her loved companions (the children) and tell of all her joys. And, best of all, the mistress told me she was well satisfied with her work and conduct.

Bessie Rogers has made wonderful strides since she had the typhoid fever in the early Summer. She has grown quite tall and broad, and seems as happy as the day is long, and is winning golden opinions from her mistress.

Lizzie Donovan looked such a dainty little maid in her cap and apron, I was quite prepared to hear a good report of her promising to be a good, faithful servant.

Emma Vale is growing a big girl now, and enjoys very much the new clothes that her increased height and age demand. She seems to be a clever little woman, and is learning all the common household duties.

Mr. E. O. White, of Toronto, who has recently been engaged in special work for the Homes in the township of Dummer, near Peterboro, writes Mr. Owen as follows:

I have pleasure in writing you from the home of one of your Peterboro girls—Jennie Evans of nine years ago, now Mrs. Collins.

She is the happy wife of a good farmer at Dummer, and the happy mother of two nice little boys, aged two and four.

A beautiful garden and apple orchard smile from the front balcony of the home.

The husband and wife are in good report as neighbours, and in good standing at the congregation of their church.

This is one of the many evidences of the good women, in various points of Ontario, that were once girls trained at the Barnardo Homes.

The following letters will, we are sure, be read with great interest by all our girls:

SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO.

DEAR MADAM,—I think it is time I wrote a letter to UPS AND DOWNS. I see a lot of

girls write very good letters for UPS AND DOWNS, and now I am going to see if I can write a nice one, too.

I do not know very much about Canada, as I have only been out here a year, and I have not been to many places, but I will tell you all I know.

Last Easter I sang in a concert at Massey Hall. I went eleven times to practise the songs. We sang on Easter Monday, and it was a great success. Then I went to sing at our Sunday school anniversary last May.

I spent a month at the Island this Summer, and every evening I went with Daisy Easton down to the beach, and sometimes it was quite rough and sometimes the waves were so calm, it brought many thoughts to my mind about God's goodness and care for us here below. I used to go to the park and see the beautiful ducks and goldfish in the lagoons.

I went to the fair and saw such beautiful animals of all kinds and pretty insects, all products of this fair Canada of ours.

I am very glad to be able to tell the readers of UPS AND DOWNS a little of Dr. Barnardo's visit to Canada.

The Toronto girls went to Mrs. A. de B. Owen's to meet him on Friday, September 7th. I was the second one there. It was great fun to see how we were all watching for the Doctor, and as the girls came in someone would jump up and run to meet her till the last girl came. We had our kind friend, Miss Gibbs, with us, and we sat there a long time; then we were called to have tea, with lots of bread and butter, cake and apples, and, best of all, ice cream, which was just lovely. Dear girls, who were not there, it would have been a greater pleasure if you could have all been there too. I hope you will be next time Dr. Barnardo comes, if God spares us and him. Well, we were all eating and talking when in came Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen. Then we all got up and started to ask him questions about England and all connected with the Homes, and he told us all we asked and a little more, for he told us all the plans he was making for training the girls how to milk cows and make butter and cheese. Then he had some ice cream and tea with us, and went to see the boys, who were just as glad to see him as the girls were. Dear Madam, this is a very long letter. Hoping it will not be too late to be published in UPS AND DOWNS,

I remain, yours sincerely,
LIZZIE TRACEY.

MY TRIP TO TORONTO AND THE GOOD TIME I HAD.

DEAR GIRLS,—I promised Miss Loveday, when I was in Toronto, that I would write a letter to the UPS AND DOWNS, so I will take for my subject the title you see above.

I got an invitation to go to Toronto to see Dr. Barnardo, and, to my great joy, I was able to accept it. I left Port Perry at

seven o'clock in the morning, arriving in Toronto, after a pleasant journey, about ten o'clock. My master was going to Toronto, and he promised to take care of me till got to Mr. Owen's house. I had such good luck, girls, I saw Miss Loveday and Miss Gibbs at the station, and Mr. Currie gave me into their charge, feeling quite easy about me.

Miss Gibbs and I went all over the station to see if there were any other girls that we could pick up.

We did not see any in the station, so we thought we might as well go to Mrs. Owen's. We got on the car, and then we espied two girls that were going there, too. They got on the car, and we made quite a little party, arriving at our destination without any more girls joining us.

Mrs. Owen requested us to put our names on paper, as she wished to keep some idea of how many there were.

There were quite a few names on the paper when we signed ours, and they made quite an addition. We rested for a while, and then thought we would like to explore the city, which we did with such good-will that we arrived at Mr. Owen's house about two o'clock, very tired and hungry.

We went to the Exhibition, and saw not all of its exhibits, but enough to give us an idea of what it was. We saw the wild beast show, the ostrich show, and several others, including a dancing bear, though we did not think the bear danced very well. Then we thought it time to go home, and we had such a lovely dinner, and I can tell you we did justice to it, too. There was quite a lot more girls, so we were a very lively crowd, and I suspect Mrs. Owen's head aches yet at the remembrance of it. I think we ought to have given Mrs. Owen a vote of thanks for taking such good care of us and such thought for our comfort.

Well, some of the girls had to go home, but quite a number stayed, and as Mrs. Owen had kindly provided for our staying, we were a very happy lot of girls; but we did not sleep very soundly, as we all wanted to talk and laugh and make a general racket.

However, we got through the night, and the welcome light woke us all up very early, quite ready for some more fun. But I almost forgot to mention the most important incident, which happened in the afternoon, when we had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Barnardo. It was the first time I had ever seen the Doctor, although I am very familiar with his picture, and I hope every Barnardo boy and girl is, too.

We can never be too grateful to the Doctor for the help he has given us, and we should try to show our gratitude in every possible way. But I must not take up too much time, and will hasten to bring my letter to a conclusion.

I spent the day sight-seeing. Miss Gibbs kindly saw me to the station and found my train for me, and I reached home about eight o'clock, tired but satisfied with my visit to Toronto and seeing the Doctor and some of my old girl friends. Hoping you will excuse the mistakes in this letter,

I remain, yours sincerely,
ANNIE FARRELL.

52 BLOOR STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR GIRLS,—I was told that we girls are rather slow at writing for UPS AND DOWNS, and my conscience pricked me rather badly. As this is the first letter that has ever reached UPS AND DOWNS, although it is the fifth one written; but the others reached the waste paper basket instead of UPS AND DOWNS. Now I am going to turn a new leaf as the new year comes in, and I am going to try and have a letter for each number. Perhaps some of you girls that read this will remember me; I came out in the September party, 1897, and I have been in the one place ever since, and I like it very much. I mind two little girls, do the upstairs work and answer the bells during the doctors' office hours, so you see I am always at hand. But in the Summer, we leave door bells and telephones behind and go away far from Toronto, up to Goderich, where we have our Summer residence. It is not a very large place, but is very pretty. It stands on Lake Huron, and our house is right opposite the lake, so that the breeze from it keeps off the intense heat of the Summer. We always have a good time up there. We go picnicing and bathing all the time, and, on the whole, I think we make the best of our stay, which is quite a long one—generally from July 3rd to September 22nd. And when we leave, it is generally quite cool, and, tired of Summer and holidays, we are glad to get back to the city and settle down again for the Winter. I suppose you are all busy getting ready for Christmas. Toronto looks very pretty all decorated ready for it. I would not like to be in the country for Christmas, where everything is so quiet; but as some girls like the country best I must not say anything against it, or I might offend. I saw a letter from Alice Bedford in last UPS AND DOWNS, and it she reads this she will recognize Nora, her schoolmate.

I like Christmas in Canada far better than in England, for Canada has lots of cold weather in her, and, on the whole, I like Canada far better than England. Well now, as this is my first visit to UPS AND DOWNS, I must not make it too long, as that would be very rude, so, wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hoping the editor will find a corner for me, I bid you all adieu.

I remain yours truly,
NORA SINGER.

BURNSIDE RANCH, OLDS, ALBERTA,
Sept. 9th, 1900.

DEAR MISS GIBBS,—I suppose you will think that I have forgotten my promise to write to you when I came out here; but really I have had so many to write to, there is so much to tell about, and everything is so new. I am still with Mrs. Moyle, but will not stay much longer, as she will not need me. We have had such a large family, that Mrs. M. thought that she had better keep me for a time. We started on July 7th, and had a very pleasant trip out. Mr. M.'s sister and three nephews came out with us. One of the boys went back last week, as he had to go to Woodstock College. Miss Moyle and the other two boys are staying till the end of this month. I like it much better out here than down East. Mr. Moyle has built a new house. It is far better than most of the ranchers'. It has dining-room, kitchen, pantry and bedroom downstairs, and three bed-rooms and store-room upstairs. We have a tent. One of the men has it for his bed-room. We have twelve in our family at present, with the baby. We have Sunday school here every Sunday. Mr. M. is superintendent. We generally have about nineteen or twenty. We have class in our dining-room. They all come on horseback. I can ride horseback fine. I like it very much. We all went over to the Slough the other day where the men were cutting hay. Mrs. and Miss Moyle and the three children went in the buggy, and the eldest

boy and I went on horseback. I had a lovely canter home. Lone Pine Creek is only a stone's throw from the house. We live up on a hill. We can see about three miles along the trail. It is something stirring to see a rig on the trail. The men are cutting lumber for cattle sheds. Mr. M. is going to Winnipeg next week to buy cattle; he is going to start with about a hundred head. We had a snow-storm two weeks ago yesterday; it lasted about four hours. "O my!" it was cold. The mountains are a hundred miles from here. Sometimes we can see them very plain, another time we cannot see them at all. We have one neighbour two miles east of us and one two miles west, and another three miles south. There were twenty at Sunday school to-day; we had lovely singing. This is a far healthier climate than Ontario. I never felt so well in my life as I have since I came out here. It is cold out here, while you are melting in Ontario. I have worn my Winter flannels nearly every day. We have a lovely view from our front door; the creek is so pretty, the way it winds in and out. We have lots of duck and prairie chicken; they are very nice, for we cannot get fresh meat out here very often. I have not got my UPS AND DOWNS last July. I hope you are quite well, and all the girls. I think I must close now. I have had to stop this letter three times, but have finished it at last. Will write again soon. I must close now with love.

I remain, yours truly,

PHŒBE CARTER.

Fret Not Thyself.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heart-ache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

Toronto Topics

WHEN an addition of one member is made to an ordinary family, what an excitement and to-do there is to be sure, and if two come together it is a thing to talk of for weeks ; but what can a body say when the addition numbers 150 and more? It was with very mingled feelings that I realized that, in accordance with Dr. Barnardo's wish, my family cares had been increased by that number and that the care of his Toronto girls was in future to be mine. Beneath and beyond the pride of having been asked to take this share in helping our beloved Director in his work, and the pleasure at having to do with so many young people, there was the feeling of great responsibility and anxiety as to one's capability to deal with all the various dispositions and characters, and to act justly to the mistresses while upholding the rights of our lassies. As I looked at the group of over fifty girls gathered here that day and realized that there were more than twice that number not here, with whom one must get acquainted, and not only acquainted, but on terms of confidence and friendship, the task seemed almost beyond one. And when Miss Gibbs put a letter of complaint from a mistress into my hands, saying, "That belongs to you now," my heart went down two or three pegs. But now, after three months, there are very few whom I have not seen at least once, and some with good report and some with bad ; but, on the whole, I like my new, big family, and am quite proud of it.

Our Sunday gatherings have been a great success and have helped us to become better acquainted and more at home with each other, and I am sure if some of the good ladies who "have never had a Barnardo girl, and feel very uncertain whether it is wise to take

one," could only pop in and see these girls and talk with some of them, they would not have much more doubt about it.

There is Alice Kelly, who has been five years in one place, doing all the work and washing, notwithstanding such a sore foot that at times it must have been utter misery to move about. Yet she has kept at her work bravely and faithfully, and does it well.

Fanny Donnelly is a good, hard-working little woman, looking very clean and bright when she answers the door, and does all her work so willingly and well ; in fact, she is a first-class little maid, and deserves a real good place.

Rose Carey is another quiet hard-worker. She has been getting her own places, and seems to have managed to drop into hard ones ; but she has accomplished the work well. The only danger is that she might do too much.

Ethel Christmas has a very nice place, where she is watched over and cared for like a younger sister, and this is all the better in Ethel's case, as she is so delicate and needs much care. The wages are small, but never mind, Ethel ; be patient, and do your best, and very soon you will be stronger, and then you can work and rough it like the rest, and get good wages too ; so cheer up, dear.

My first introduction to Lilian White was not very encouraging ; but in her new home she is getting along very nicely, and saving up her money to bring her mother and two little brothers out in the Spring.

Mary Peterson has been with her present mistress since May, 1898, and she says of her : "Mary is absolutely truthful, absolutely honest, a thoroughly good, nice girl, and we all like her very much." Bravo ! Mary. Keep just like that, and you

will prosper, and become a valuable servant.

Evelyn Smith is next on my list, and her mistress "cannot think of a single thing to complain about; she is such a nice, good little girl and does her work thoroughly well."

Daisy Pereira "is an exceptionally nice girl, and we could not think of parting with her," was the protest of Daisy's mistress when there was a suggestion made about her leaving. She has been nearly two years in her place as nurse to a little girl, and when there was no cook, Daisy turned in and did everything so cheerfully and well.

One of my first visits was to Alice Hepburn, another very good girl. "A splendid little girl," her mistress called her, and spoke with surprise of her handiness about the house. She had been ill for three weeks, and Alice had "run things just like a little woman."

Selina Smith, too, is one of our pattern girls. So often ladies come wanting a girl. "My friend, Mrs. So-and-So, has a girl, and if only I could get one like her!" That's the way, girls; earn a good name for yourselves and the other girls too, and each one try to be the pattern, then we shall hear no more slurs passed on our girls.

Louisa Mackay was so much improved and altered from the white-faced, delicate girl I saw some months ago, I hardly knew her, so neat and bright and happy, looking the picture of health, and with every chance of getting on well in a very comfortable home.

Winnifred Damon is in a nice home too and seems very happy and content, and looked so nice in her white apron and little cap.

Ada Bretland, too, is a good little girl, and her mistress would like her to stay till she is a big girl.

Emily Gray is "just like one of the family and very happy," trying to learn her work and do it well.

Alice Nash—or as she is called now, Clifford—is quite a young woman, and has been eight years in one home. She is adopted now,

and has been baptized under the name of Clifford.

Florence Flack has been two years in her place, and has worked hard and steadily all the time. She looks very white and has had too much to do, but a change of place may do her a great deal of good.

Nora Singer is a bright, cheery girl and getting on very nicely. "She has her faults, but not very serious ones, and she is a good girl." So said her master the other day. She is in her second year at the one place, and that speaks very well for her; but when she has reached five or eight years, I shall be quite proud of her.

Florrie Medding is such a bright little maid; very happy playing with the little boy of three years old, and so surprised to see me. Her mistress is very pleased with her and said she did not think she could have got a nicer child.

Lizzie Athole is back again with her old mistress, and says she would not leave again on any account. She is a really good girl, and her mistress appreciates her too.

You see, these are all the good things. None of us are perfect, but most of our girls know where their weak spot is and, I believe, try faithfully to overcome it. With one or two exceptions, all the girls I have seen go to Sunday school and church, and so often one is told, "I don't want to leave here because of my Sunday school." It is so nice to see so many of the girls in their neat little caps. I can imagine all the groans that should come in here; but really, girls, if only you knew how nice they look and you look in them, you would all wear them. Well, I have put one foot into the hot water; the other may as well follow. Little birds whisper to me about our girls being out late at night. Such a big mistake, lassies! Then you get up in the morning tired, and (no, our girls are never cross, are they?) do not feel a bit like doing the work. Try to be in by ten; it is not nice

to be out after that, except quite occasionally.

The Sunday gatherings have been mentioned before, but there are some lassies who have not been over yet. I wonder if they are shy and want some one to bring them? Well, if you let us know, we will get someone near by to call for you; or, better still, you come over, and someone is sure to be going all or part of the way home with you. We want to see all the girls. Of course, not every Sunday; there would not be room; but some one week and some another, and you are sure to meet someone you know. Each time the bell rings there is a buzz, "Who's that?" "I know her; she was in my cottage;" or, "She came out with me. Come

along; don't you know me?" And we are quite at home at once. So come along, girls, and see who you know.

I cannot close without wishing you all a very Happy Christmas and a bright New Year. Be faithful and true in your work, and, above all things, remember that you are called to serve and please the Lord Jesus; and if we do our work as in His sight, it must be done thoroughly. No dusty corners or careless work anywhere. It takes less time in the end to do things thoroughly the first time. Remember that the dear Jesus is the ever-ready, ever-near Friend to each one of you, and He cares for you and takes an interest in all that concerns you.

EMILIE G. OWEN.

Notices to be Remembered

ALL the girls are asked to contribute once a year to the Girls' Donation Fund. The amount should be in proportion to the wages earned, but we think all can afford at least one dollar per year.

Photos of Hazel Brae can be obtained at ten cents each, by applying to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterborough.

Any change of residence or difference of post office should at once be communicated to the Secretary of the Home.

Bank books should always be sent to the Home whenever money is deposited or withdrawn. They will fit into an ordinary sized envelope and will require a two-cent stamp.

Especially always remember we wish you to look upon all connected with the Home as your friends. Do not believe anyone who tells you otherwise. Our counsel and help are always at your disposal, to the best of our ability and for your best interests.

Leisure Hour

ONE or two answers have come to the group of gates. None are quite correct, though Minnie Neville was very nearly so, and Annie Curtis only made two mistakes. We give the correct answers, but have no fresh puzzles for this month; so few seem to take any real interest in them.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Interrogate. | 7. Elongate. |
| 2. Castigate. | 8. Litigate. |
| 3. Corrugate. | 9. Mitigate. |
| 4. Conjugate. | 10. Subjugate. |
| 5. Navigate. | 11. Delegate. |
| 6. Arrogate. | 12. Fumigate. |

Minnie Neville sent a correct list of buried towns :

Ingersol.	Paris.
Galt.	Whitby.
Berlin.	Lindsay.

Needle Work and Knitting Competition.

The specimens of beautiful knitting and the pretty dolls' frocks which have reached us have placed the Hazel Brae friends in a very difficult position.

When all are so nice, it is difficult to decide who has won ; but a decision has been made at last, and the list is given below.

To those who may feel somewhat disappointed, all we can say is, Try again.

With the talent you already possess, a little practice will soon place you in the highest rank, and it is always good to have the power to do all domestic arts perfectly.

KNITTING.

- First Prize—Lily Beale.
Second Prize—Agnes Blundell.
Third Prize—Florence Porter, Christina Walters.

Some of the pieces are most lace-like and beautiful ; others are very neat and quite perfect in their execution.

The work of Rose Chenu, Florence Park, Laura Addis, Eva Bowles and Laura Harle are all highly commended and very creditable pieces of work.

The dolls' dresses are not so many or so difficult to decide upon as the tuckers, and the prize is given to Amy Reynolds for a little print dress, very carefully made and fitted. Emily Griffiths did excellent work. Annie Curtis evidently has some idea of style, and will do well to practise all she can. Little Rose Stannard's stitches are very neat, and Winnifred Hyde and Lizzie Spekes have taken great pains over their work. Edith Stanmore's frock is very pretty.

The prizes will be forwarded between Christmas and New Year.

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named Bye-and-Bye.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox, I Can't.
Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave I Can.

"No use in trying," says and whines
This fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low and drive him high
With this young hunter named I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the fox, Oh I Forgot.
Then hunt him out and to his den
With I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named I Don't Care.
Then let I'm Sorry, hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

Praying Against Time

Saved from the Gallows.

GENTLE reader, I have been invited to contribute a brief article for UPS AND DOWNS. So far, so good. But what to say is another matter. If only the young people who read the paper, or somebody, would take pity on the innocent folk who now and then write a little to fill up odd corners and furnish them with an interesting text, one might contrive to preach an appropriate sermon once in a while. What I thought of writing is so far from a cheerful topic, that I hardly like even to mention it, being neither less nor more than a hanging, which, I hasten to add, did not take place. If I was quite sure that Miss Loveday would look the other way, or that some nice person could inveigle her into not reading UPS AND DOWNS next time, I would breathe more freely; but if, by some unhappy chance, she should pick up the paper and see this page, and put it down, perhaps with "Indeed!" in that interesting manner you wot of, I should be completely floored.

Please remember that a hundred years ago, and even much less, people were hanged for stealing, even stealing small sums. The object the law had in view was quite excellent, being, in short, to cure people of the bad habit of taking other people's property. When, however, the punishment is out of proportion to the offence, it usually has a contrary effect. So when people could be hanged for stealing small sums, they reasoned that as no worse could happen to them if they stole much more, they had better take all they could, and not risk their necks for nothing. We learn by the past, then, that punishment which does not carry

with it a sense of fairness and justice is likely to fail. The Jesuit Fathers in, the early days of Canadian history, were anxious to put down the practice of selling liquor to the poor Indians, and decreed that the white men who did so would be shot. Their motive was the best possible for the safety of the Indian, and, indeed, also for the safety of the white settlers; but when two men were actually shot, people revolted against such extreme measures. Some people have the notion that it pays to do wrong, but that is a very great mistake. Wrong-doing is the very worst sort of investment anyone can make, and never fails to bring bitterness.

Well, to our story. About fifty or sixty years ago, when Canada was a different place to live in to what it is to-day, and the severe laws we have mentioned were in full force, the way of transgressors was very hard indeed. There are always men who would rather loaf than toil, and about this time a shiftless fellow, about ten miles from where I write this, thought it hard that he should be hungry while his neighbour had cattle and to spare, and so he stole a beef, and felt happy because he had, of course, juicy joints laid up for many days to come. The man whose ox had been stolen thought quite differently about it, and was not long in finding out the thief. The offence was brought home to the unfortunate fellow, and he was condemned to die. The law had fallen into disrepute with respect to the death penalty for such a crime, but there was no way out of it. Toronto was then a long way off; there were no railways and no telegraphs, and time was precious. They communicated with the Gover-

nor at once, but there was, as yet, no response, and the life of a fellow-creature could not be left to chance. A certain Dr. Rolph decided to go to Toronto and see what could be done. The state of the roads might delay him, an accident might occur, and, with the best intentions in the world, he too might fail. So he arranged with the clergyman who had charge of the religious exercises to prolong these offices of consolation as much as possible should he fail to arrive beforehand.

The morning of the day dawned, and the condemned man was led out to die. No help or hope had yet been found, and he knew, of course, nothing of the efforts made to save him. The clergyman proceeded with much deliberation, and at length knelt to pray and continued in prayer for half an hour. These were the days of long prayers, and half an hour was not particularly remarkable; but when he continued for an hour, and when the hour lengthened into an hour and a half, people grew restless, and the poor wretch who stood on the brink of another world was kept in painful suspense, and longed to know the worst. The clergyman's utterance could no longer be called prayer; he was only saying, to gain time, such good words as came to him at the moment, without coherence or pious purpose of any sort.

At length someone noticed a moving speck in the distance; then they could distinguish that it was a horseman; by-and-by it was evident he was a messenger of some importance. The steed was foam-flecked and labouring, still the rider plied spur and whip. Time seemed everything. All eyes now were turned toward man and horse, who, it could be seen, held something up above his head which some could make out to be a paper of some sort. At last the crowd parted and the weary pair, at the last point of endurance, passed up to the scaffold. Someone took the paper from the rider's trembling hand and shouted Reprieve! Reprieve! For a moment there was perfect stillness, and then a great shout of relief. The poor fellow fainted, and would have gone near hanging himself if friendly hands had not speedily freed him from the fatal noose. When he was able to hear it, the story of his rescue from a shameful death was gently told him, and much good advice was given him for his future guidance. Kind-hearted people helped him over the frontier, where he lived to be an old man, dying peacefully a few years ago with his sorrowing family around him, and, we hope, grateful for the mercy which saved him, we trust, in a double sense from a shameful end.

I. A. T. A.

Girls' Donation Fund

The following amounts have been received since the date of our last issue:

Anderson, Ellen, \$1.00; Anderson, Alberta, \$1.00; Attwood, Agnes, \$2.00; Bambridge, Ada, \$1.00; Coombe, Sarah, 75c.; Dob-

son, Grace, \$1.00; Dempster, Mary, \$1.00; Gray, Emily, \$1.00; Jackson, Nellie, \$1.00; Looker, Louisa, \$1.00; Moss, Florence, \$1.00; Rees, Mary Ann, \$1.00; Sheppars, Alice, \$1.00; Thomas, Beatrice, \$1.00; Webb, Alice, \$5.00; Welbourne, Florence, 75c.

How GEORGE III. SAVED THE FARM.



I.

SALLY SMITH (*alias* Sarah when her aunt, the schoolmarm was within hearing) was skimming the milk, and George III. was turning the churn for her while dinner was being put upon the table. George III.—but as this is not the George III. familiar to us in English history, perhaps he should be introduced to the reader without delay, and his antecedents explained.

First, then, he had never sat upon a throne, and only on one occasion had he swayed a sceptre when he ran against the schoolmaster of the Home in a dark corridor at Stepney, and he was a pre-ceptor, who might be swayed by a real king, but by an ordinary, careless incarnation of juvenile audacity—*never!* That is to say, never with impunity. This George III. was not even remotely connected with royalty. His father had formerly been a mason in London, England, and latterly a “freemason,” as he facetiously described himself when he spurned the bonds of matrimony and left his wife and her infant son to shift for themselves as best they might. Whereupon George III. took up his abode in Babies’ Castle, in order to leave his mother free to earn a livelihood as charwoman. From thence, in a few years, he was transferred to Stepney, which, at the age of fifteen, he left to come to Canada in company with seventy-five other youths from Dr. Barnardo’s metropolitan Institutions. Thus we find him, at his

majority and in the last month of his five years’ indentureship to Farmer Smith, helping Sally, the farmer’s daughter, to make butter. As there were on the same farm two other hired hands also named George, he was dubbed George the Third to avoid confusion—a sobriquet which stuck with all the more tenacity by reason of his social status being the very antipodes of royalty.

He had just come in from the field, had unhitched the team and fed them, and, seeing Sally at the churn, gave her a hand while Mrs. Smith set the table.

George, with a doleful countenance, was grinding away at the churn in silence, until Sally remarked :

“For goodness’ sakes, don’t look so glum, George III., or you’ll turn the butter sour.”

“My time will be up next month,” said he abruptly, as if he were speaking to himself.

“So it will,” replied Sally. “I heard mother and father talkin’ about it last week. *Then* what are yer goin’ to do? Guess you’ll stay on with Pop, won’t yer? I know he’d like to have yer stay; heard him say so myself. He said you was worth as much as the other men, because you’re willing if you ain’t as big; and you can get it if you stick up for yer rights. I like to see a young man stick up for himself. It shows spirit and ambition; and you can’t get on in the world without that.”

"No ; I ain't goin' to stay after my time is out. I'm goin' to Chicago," was the curt rejoinder.

"W-what?"

"Goin' to Chicago to be an engineer on the railroad."

"You!—*you* goin' to Chicago to be an engineer on the railroad! Whoever put *that* inter yer head? There's a heap o' difference between drivin' a team on a farm and runnin' a locomotive. Hosses don't bust nor go off'n the track ; engines *do*. You ain't goin' to be no engineer ; ye're only foolin'!"

"Dinner's ready!" cried Mrs. Smith from the kitchen door.

"Come now, George III., and you, Sally, come and give me a hand with the dinner as soon as the butter has come, and don't be clucking together like a pair o' pullets."

"We ain't clucking," retorted Sally. "George III. wasn't, anyhow ; for he was crowing, sayin' as how he was going to Chicago to be——"

"*What?*" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, in a sharp tone of asperity.

"To be an engineer, I was goin' to say."

"Stuff and nonsense! Come to dinner, the both of ye. Goin' for an engineer, indeed! It would be a good thing if you'd go and be a *civil* engineer, instead of talkin' to yer own mother worse than a grown-up person."

And with that she disappeared within the house, followed by the three Georges and a bob-tailed cur, trying to hide its appetite beneath a mien of abject humility.

Farmer Smith was already in his seat at the head of the table, and, with the carving knife and fork held perpendicularly on the table-cloth, was saying grace to save time because dinner was ten minutes late ; for in his piety he manifested an idiosyncrasy which took the peculiar form of "serving the Lord with diligence," as he was wont to express it, which he evidently meant to be understood as an intimation to say your prayers as quickly as possible and get to work or to bed,

as the case may be. On one occasion when his wife had remonstrated with him for cutting the morning prayer short by skipping several clauses, in order to go to the barn to attend to a cow that had just calved, he sententiously remarked : "The Lord is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him!"—"diligently" to him being synonymous with hastily. And on another occasion, when George was a chore-boy and he was holding forth on the duty of servants towards their masters, he had concluded with a quotation from St. James' Gospel : "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only"—"works," of course, meaning chores. A village wag once nicknamed him "P.P.P."—Practical Piety Personified ; but it soon ceased to adhere, as the popular notion of practical piety was not in consonance with Mr. Smith's habits of worship.

Another theory of his was that a well-fed man ought to be a hard worker. Food he regarded as fuel to be shovelled into the inner man, that the stomach by an inscrutable process of digestion might transform it into energy. The more fuel consumed, the more energy would be available for the purposes of Farmer Smith.

"Now, George III.," said he, when all had been served, "you ain't eatin' nothing to-day. What's the matter with yer? Have another piece o' pork ; I want all that hay in afore to-night."

"I can't eat no more," quoth George III. ; "but the hay'll be in jest the same, thank ye."

"It strikes me as how you're worryin' about that Chicago scheme o' yours. Worryin' is bad for the stomick—very bad ; it affects the appetite, and the appetite affects the strength, and the strength affects the work, and the work affects"—me, he was going to say, but checked himself by an awkward pause and said, "the spirits." Then, after reflection, he added : "You ought to read the papers ; *there's*

where you read about what worryin' will do for you. Accordin' to *The Toronto Globe*, it took five bottles o' sasiparilly, at a dollar a bottle, to save one man who worried himself into a case o' what I should call the blind staggers. Plenty o' food and plenty o' work—that's the thing to put a fellow in good fettle. There's *my* advice, free, gratis, for nothing. Now, boys, if ye've all done, we'll get to work. 'Work, for the night is coming, when man's work is done.' There's a man—the poet who wrote that—who knowed what he was talking about. He orter have been a farmer, he ought."

II.

Mr. Owen sat at his desk in the Toronto Home, busy with an unusually heavy mail. Opening one letter after another, scanning the contents of each and assorting them according to the manner in which they must be dealt with, he, in due course, opened one, read it hastily and then again deliberately, and with a look of annoyance placed it aside by itself. As this particular letter concerns our story, we will ignore the others and judge of its contents by the following reply to it :

DEAR FRIEND GEORGE :

Your letter fills me with astonishment and regret. I cannot understand how a young fellow of your sense and steadiness could be so misled by such a cock-and-bull story as to sacrifice, on the suggestion of a hare-brained youth who is, nevertheless, old enough to know better, the position and prospects which you now enjoy as the result of five years of irreproachable conduct in this your adopted country. Your employer, Mr. C. Smith, in remitting the amount due on the conclusion of your term of service, declares himself in every way satisfied with your industry, character and conduct, and says further that if ever a young man bade fair to become a practical and prosperous farmer, you are that one. Moreover, he asks us to use our influence to induce you to stay with him, promising a good home where—as you know by experience—you will be treated as one of the family, and the highest wages paid in the neighbourhood. Every report of a visit paid to you corroborates what Mr. Smith says of you, and no less than three times I find the opinion expressed that you will not fail to make a successful farmer. And I would ask you to remember that our visitors are men of practical experience in Canadian farming,

and quite competent to form a correct judgment of your abilities and prospects. How, in the face of such evidence, you can ignore your best interests to go off on a wild-goose chase I cannot imagine.

You have now \$100 to your credit in the bank, bearing interest at four per cent. If you will stay where you are (or, if dissatisfied with your present situation, if you will engage with some other farmer in the district), you can command good wages, and you ought to be able to save at least \$100 per annum. In nine years you would thus accumulate \$1,000 principal in addition to the interest, which is compounded year by year. With this amount, and your practical knowledge of agriculture, you might safely embark on your own account ; and with a thrifty help-mate, you will thus secure to yourself a comfortable livelihood for life.

Should you persist in this rash endeavour and go to Chicago, you may drift hopelessly and aimlessly from bad to worse, squander your money, and perhaps imperil your safety in this world and the life to come. True, you might by industry, self-restraint and a steady application to business achieve an enviable position in the commercial world ; but, believe me, George, the slums of all large cities are the refuge of many who set out from the country in high hope of emulating the famous few who are the Napoleons of finance and trade.

In going to Chicago, you cut yourself loose from the firm moorings of a quiet, peaceful life, and expose yourself to temptations, the attractiveness and danger of which you cannot possibly realize where you are ; and the career which a great western city affords is one of constant stress and turmoil, in which it is very much more difficult to be pure, moral, God-fearing, honest and happy than in the country. And as to your becoming a locomotive engineer, do you fully appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted before you can realize your ambition ? You must first secure a position in the lowest capacity, probably as engine cleaner, and by no means easy to obtain. If you hold this job without mishap or misconduct, you might in a few years become fireman on a freight train, when you must await and deserve promotion to the position of freight engineer. The difficulties seem well-nigh insuperable to one situated as you are, and the mischances so many, that I can only advise you with all the earnestness in my power not to attempt it.

I shall be glad to hear that you have reconsidered your intention ; and while, of course, the money which you have earned is yours to do as you like with it, you will forgive me, I trust, for not complying with your request and sending it until I hear further from you.

With best wishes for your continued welfare, believe me. Your sincere friend,
ALFRED B. OWEN.

III.

Sally Smith was not particularly pretty, yet it would be libellous to say she was ugly or even uninteresting. Comely, good-natured if saucy and a trifle piquant in the expression of her opinions, she was a girl of gumption, straightforward, strong in her attachments and dislikes and in no sense a fair-weather friend, but a person who would stand by one whom she respected through thick and thin, criticizing such a one frankly, while at the same time taking his part against all comers. She seemed to assert a proprietary right in all whom she took an interest in, and assumed the roll of mentor with an egotism intolerable to those who could not understand her. She simply laughed at such as misconstrued her air of authority, making no effort to adjust her manners to their notions of propriety. She was original—perhaps unique; she was certainly one who would not be elbowed into obscurity, and would struggle for elbow-room for any acquaintance who deserved it. She looked for intrinsic worth and, however crude, rarely failed to discover it; while she stripped deceit of its mask and ridiculed affectation. Some people deemed her forward and precocious for a girl, and tried—though seldom more than once—to take her down a peg; but with all her angularities of character, when she was “sized up” she was seen to have her “points.” Warm-hearted and affectionate, she was the reverse of sentimental, heart and head exerting a reciprocal influence upon every action. She was a girl who could not only take care of herself, but who would take charge of others to the extent to which they would surrender themselves. And yet, strange anomaly, the more persons were able to stand alone, the more she admired them.

Determined to have his own way, George III. had drawn his money from the bank and was on the eve of his departure for Chicago. When it came to parting, it was hard to say good-bye even to Mr. Smith,

with all his peculiarities; to take his leave of Mrs. Smith, who had been like a mother to him, was worse; but in parting with Sally there was a lump in his throat that rendered him speechless, while a stubborn pride kept his feelings under control, lest he might be thought presumptuous.

Mr. Smith, in his chagrin at having what he regarded as a liberal offer declined, had said things which rankled in the memory of George for months, all the more so because he had but now realized the extent of his attachment for the whole family. Had they not been uttered, perhaps he might have changed his mind at the last moment.

But when her father had said that George III. would soon be coming back in rags and remorse, Sally had fired up and remarked that even if he did, it showed that he had a mind of his own and the courage to follow the dictates of his ambition. He would get some experience of the world, at anyrate, and then if he came back to farming, he would like it all the better.

“I’m awful sorry you’re goin’, George III.,” she had said as they shook hands. “You must forget what father said, because he likes you so much that he’s angry because you won’t stay. He’d be glad to see you come back even in rags, not that he does not wish you well, but for the satisfaction of having you to work for him again. He says you know how to ‘serve the Lord with diligence.’ You know what that means. I guess he’ll see now that he’s run that text into the ground. But he ain’t no hypocrite, though; he works as hard as anybody himself. Let me tell you a secret: There’s a mortgage on the farm, George; that’s why the idea of work has took such a hold of his mind. He’s always afraid that he may die before the farm is clear, and he’s anxious that mother and me shan’t be left to face a mortgage as well as the world when he’s gone. Now that, I reckon, is clear grit, and I love him for it, texts and all.

Now, George III., you're goin' where you'll make mistakes and suffer by them. Don't be foolish and get discouraged. Only those fail who try before they're ready and haven't got enough determination to keep at it till they *are* ready. While we all should like to see you back with us, I hope you will succeed. But I remember once reading that a safe retreat to avoid defeat is as good as a victory; so don't forget where your best friends live if you should come to the conclusion that farming ain't so bad after all. Good-bye, George; perhaps we shall meet again, perhaps we shan't. Anyhow, you can kiss me, 'cos I've come to look on you as my only brother. I wish you was; you'd never go to Chicago to be an engineer, if I knew it——"

But George III., with a face as red as a beet, had fled. Sally was hardly prepared for so practical and sudden a demonstration of her aphorism that "A safe retreat to avoid defeat is as good as a victory."

IV.

When George III. walked out of the Union Depot at Chicago he knew not which way to turn. He knew which way he would like to turn, and that was in the direction of a certain village in Ontario; but having put his hand to the plough, he would not look back. Leaving his trunk in the baggage-room, he strolled aimlessly down the street, and as it was about half-past six in the evening, he enquired the way to the nearest restaurant, being directed to an eating-house where a long sign at the door vaunted "The Biggest Dinner on Earth, 15c!"

George III. entered and sat himself opposite a young fellow with a character somewhat the worse for wear and a countenance to match, who, with elevated elbows, was feeding himself after the manner of a hog.

"Holler out fur what yer want," said the unknown, seeing George waiting patiently to be served.

"I want beefsteak, if you please," said George.

"Beefsteak and tea fur one!" shouted the unknown.

With a view to scraping an acquaintance, for he was feeling lonesome, George remarked for the lack of something better to say:

"You seem to be in a hurry."

"Goin' to ther show to-night. 'The Yaller Kid.' Got ter be plumb up agen the door when it opens to get a seat in the 'gods.'"

This was said by the unknown between mouthfuls and with a side-long glance at George that marked him as his prey.

"Stranger, ain't yer?" And then before George could speak the unknown added: "Guessed yer was. Y'orter come along; I'll wait for yer, if yer'll hustle."

And so it was arranged between them that they should go together to see "The Yaller Kid"—whatever that might be. On the way to the "show," this guttersnipe, to whom filth was as natural as muck to a pig, was not long in revealing himself as a thing to be abhorred and avoided, and George resolved to slip his company on the first opportunity. The play—if such it could be called—was one of those abominable monstrosities which pander to the depraved tastes of those who mistake vulgar nonsense for wit. Although George did not understand all he heard, not wishing to bethought "green," he laughed and applauded at some silly jest when the unknown did so, feeling all the time heartily ashamed of himself and disgusted with his surroundings. "If Sally only knew where I am now," he thought, "she would never look at me again!"

"What d'yer think o' the show?" his companion asked as they were coming out.

"It's great!" replied George; but deep down in his soul there was something which gave the lie to the statement before it was uttered.

"Where d'yer sleep to-night?"

"I only arrived in Chicago this evening, and I haven't found a boarding-house yet."

"That so? Yer can't find one to-night; it's too late. Better come and hang out with me, and look fur a place in the morning. Got any money?"

"Yes; I've got enough to pay for a night's lodging," said George, chuckling at the shrewdness of this non-committal answer.

"Cos I took 'a fancy ter yer, and was goin' to say if you was dead broke, I'd go halves with yer till yer could get a sit. But if yer've got enough to see yer through, that's all hunkeydorum.

Thrown off his guard by this manifestation of generosity, George thought the unknown could not be so bad as he looked, and readily assented to the proposition to sleep with him that night. He did not yet appreciate the subtlety of one who lived by the wiles of a base, unscrupulous nature.

"Come and have a lager," said the unknown, as they were passing a saloon.

"I don't drink, thank you," replied George.

"Don't yer? Good fur you! Wish I didn't. Come on across the road and git a cigarette, then."

George had never smoked in his life, but there seemed little harm in a cigarette, so he said he would have one with him, and, of course, insisted on paying for them. To his consternation, however, he had spent all his small change and had to have recourse to the roll of bills. His anxiety to conceal the fact that he had upon him more than a few dollars was noted by the calculating eye of the unknown while pretending to be absorbed in the contemplation of the contents of a showcase. But George reassured himself of his companion's fidelity by the fact that rather than ridiculing him for not drinking the unknown had praised his abstinence. Sad to relate, however, George III. awoke the next morning to find himself alone in bed, his hat, coat, vest, boots and, worse than all, his money gone, and with nothing left to put on, but a pair of trousers with empty pockets.

He had slept in a house frequented by vagabonds, rogues and thieves.

What a dilemma! Alone, absolutely without a friend, in a strange city, without money, without food, without work, without even the clothes with which to dress and go out to look for it. The check of his trunk even gone with his coat. A nice sequel, forsooth, to "The Yaller Kid" of the night before—a green "hayseed" done "brown" and oppressed with the "blues." How he upbraided the perfidy of the unknown; how he cursed his own folly! A fine beginning for one who had come to Chicago to seek his fortune! O to be back again with Saily on the farm, with a hundred dollars safe in the bank, earning interest instead of affording a debauch to a creature of vice and infamy!

Dressing himself to the extent of his wardrobe, woebegone and the picture of misery, he went down stairs in search of the proprietor, only to receive the unkindest cut of all. The man declared it was a trumped-up story to evade payment of his night's lodging, and threatened to have him arrested. This was adding insult to injury, and George was speechless with indignation. His feelings were so outraged that words were inadequate to express them. He fumed, and stammered, and stuttered, and then burst into a torrent of tears and abuse.

"You're a purty fine actor, ain't yer? You ought to be on the stage; never saw anything more natural in my life. Booth ain't a patch on you. But business is business; no more foolin': pay up or shut up and git out."

"How can I go out like this?"

"Why, just so."

And with that the brute kicked George into the street and slammed the door.

George wandered so far and turned so many corners before he found a policeman that he could never find the house again. He was so full of his grievance that he had not looked where he was going,

and not knowing the name or location of the street, he could not even indicate the direction when asked. And all the consolation he got from the arm of the law was a slap at his own gullibility :

nothin'. And yit yez ask me to foind a nadle in a bundle av hay. Phwat d'yez toike me for? Go home and dress yerself, and don't be goin' wid bad characteres no more."



"And he, George III., looking on with a soul for cabbage and taters!"

"Phwat d'yez toike me for—a moind-rader?" quoth Mr. Moriarty, in an expostulatory tone. "Yez don't know the shtrate; yez don't know whether its north, south, aste or west; yez can't aven tell me the name av the thafe; yez don't know

V.

In his wanderings during the day, he found himself again in the street which he recognized as that from which he had turned to reach the restaurant. Instinctively he made towards the only spot familiar to

him, and in a few minutes was standing outside the one place where the biggest dinner on earth might be consumed—for fifteen cents, which he had not. An appetite equal to such a repast he had, but the wherewithal to gratify it had gone with the unknown into oblivion, and thus had vanished in one great calamity with the proceeds of five years' faithful service.

He heard the Irish waitress accost a customer in a confidential whisper with, "Mate or eggs?" (for it was Friday), and oh, he felt so hungry! He saw great slabs of half-baked pies dealt out like a hand of cards to thankless mortals, none of whom seemed to appreciate the privilege of being able to command the biggest dinner on earth—and all for fifteen cents; only fifteen cents! He heard high above the confused babble of tongues a stentorian voice shout down the lift: "Fish for two! Ham an' eggs three! Pork an' beans an' beef on the side once! Taters an' cabbage six! —"

Oh, to be one of the six even for taters and cabbage! And the odour of the biggest dinner on earth, too; how tempting it was! He could hardly keep his hands off a plate of corned beef and cabbage that was escorted to the door and then abruptly wheeled to the left and placed before a man who received it with stolid indifference—without the semblance of emotion, as one who had no soul. And he, George III., looking on with a soul for cabbage and taters! It was beyond endurance!

At that moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a not unpleasant voice exclaimed:

"What's the matter, sonny; is yer breadbasket empty? Come inside."

George looked round expecting to see nothing less than an angel, and was quite disappointed to behold a man of sinister mien, whose face suggested the other side of the road on a dark night.

"I haven't got any money," said George.

"I have; come on," answered unknown No. 2.

"Order what ye like; I'll pay," said he, as soon as the two were seated. "You're from the country, ain't ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't sir me; I'm only a midnight mechanic. How came you to be standing here dressed, or undressed, as you are, without enough to buy a square meal?"

George told his story. To his surprise, the man showed no disapprobation of the meanness of the theft; on the contrary, he praised it as "a neat bit of business," saying that he would have done the same himself under the circumstances, just as he would now do what he could to set him upon his feet again. "Ye see," he explained, "it's jist a question of take what you can get where you can find it. He took yer boots and clothes so you shouldn't foller him. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, ye know."

George didn't know what to make of that or of the speaker; and what a midnight mechanic might be he could not for the life of him imagine. However, any port in a storm; he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Or, at least he thought so. It did not strike him that he might acquire the habits of a felon, and had still a good character to lose. So he went away with the man, and the man clothed him decently and paid his board until he got work. And here the hand of the burglar, who had euphemistically designated himself a "midnight mechanic," began to show itself in George's career.

George felt very grateful to his benefactor for what he had done for him, and as the weeks slipped by without his getting anything to do, he bewailed his bad luck chiefly because it prevented his being able to repay such apparently disinterested kindness.

"Never mind that," said the burglar. "I've been working overtime lately and I'm flush just now,

and don't want any of your money. One of these days you might be of use to me, and then I'll expect you to remember that one good turn deserves another."

In the exuberance of his gratitude George promised to do anything he possibly could for his friend, should need arise, and the burglar remarked in a significant tone that he would not forget that promise. The burglar had also exacted a promise from George that he would not take any situation without first consulting with him, and George was very much puzzled that his friend should dissuade him from accepting several offers of employment from what seemed to him puerile reasons.

One day, the burglar—still to George the problematical "midnight mechanic"—advised him to see certain prominent business men who resided in the neighbourhood of South Park, represent himself as from the country and looking for work, and seek to arrange for a half day's work per week at twelve different places as a handy man about the house and garden. According to the proposed scheme, George would make very good wages if he should succeed, and it looked so feasible and promising that he set out with great expectations. In the course of a week, he had come to terms with no less than ten gentlemen to cut and trim their lawns and make himself generally useful for five hours per week at each place. He did not get so much as he expected, but he would make enough to keep himself comfortably and save a little, and have a day's holiday every week into the bargain.

He had continued at this for about three months, and as the Autumn was now well advanced, he began to cast about him for fresh employment in anticipation of his services being dispensed with for the season.

"Do you know what a midnight mechanic is?" asked the burglar, as they were discussing George's prospects for the coming winter.

"No; several times I've been goin' to ask you what your business really is; but I didn't like to pry into your affairs. It must be a pretty easy job, for you don't work more than two or three nights in a month."

"Easy? Bet yer sweet life it's easy; lots o' money in it too. I've been thinkin' o' learnin' you the business; but you've got to put in your apprenticeship first. Guess you'd like a soft snap with plenty o' money to it, wouldn't yer?"

"Well, rather."

"Well, I'll tell yer what yer ought to have found out yerself before this time; but, mind yer, yer got to keep mum, or yer life's not worth a five-cent piece."

"If it's a secret, you can trust me not to tell anybody. I should never forgive myself if you lost your job through me, after all you've done."

"Very well, then, I will trust yer. D'ye know what a burglar is?"

"Yes; but you're not one, though, are you?"

"Ain't I, though. Ask any of the boys if they know Burgly Bill. Now, all you've got to do is to do what I tell yer. When we get through with two or three little jobs I have in view, we'll get out of Chicago, and then you'll see something of the country. D'ye like travelling?"

"Yes; but I shouldn't like travelling with other people's money. It's wicked."

"Pshaw! You'll soon get used to that. Now, what you've got to do next week is just this: You've already told me the lay-out of the houses where you've been working; and all about the people who live there; and a lot of other useful information; but I want you next week to find out a few more things and do one or two little jobs by way of preparation. Got to get things down fine in this business, ye k——"

"I never told you anything about them."

"Yes, you did. Maybe you didn't mean to; but you did, all the same. Think you're there for no purpose?"

Not much! Why, I've made one nice little haul from Cosgrove's, and all on account o' what you told me about the place."

"Do you mean to say it was you who robbed my master?"

"I do; what's more, I'm goin' to rob your other masters too."

"Not if I can prevent it. One of Mr. Cosgrove's servants has been arrested for the robbery -- the butler -- and everybody thinks he is guilty. I'll go --"

"No, you won't go, neither. And if you talk o' peachin' on me, I'll

smash yer face! Didn't I take yer out of the gutter, and feed and clothe yer, and put yer in the way o' good things? D'ye call this gratitude? Didn't I say that one good turn deserves another, and didn't you say so too, and promise to do everything you could for me? Now I ask you to make

good yer promise. Will yer do it?"

George was silent a moment, struggling within himself between the desire to repay the burglar for what he had bestowed and an aversion to becoming a party to a crime, and then said resolutely:

"No; I'll do anything for you that's right and lawful, but I won't do that or anything like it."

"Then take that for your ingratitude!"

Something flashed through the

air, a thousand bright sparks seemed to dart from his eyes, and, overwhelmed with a dense darkness, George sank in a senseless heap upon the floor.

When he revived and a recollection of the occurrence came back to him, he looked around him, and guessed at a glance at the rows of beds in the room that he was in a ward of the hospital. Beyond a long scalp wound, which had been stitched together by the doctor, and an intense headache, he was not seriously injured.



"Then take that for your ingratitude!"

The first thing he did was to send a message to Mr. Cosgrove to come to see him, to whom he related, after first extracting a promise that he should not be called to give any evidence against the burglar, all his experiences since coming to Chicago, with which he was simply disgusted. He said he

wished to go back to farming in Canada, and Mr. Cosgrove thought that was the best thing he could do, lest he might fare worse at the hands of the burglar in a subsequent encounter.

Before he was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Cosgrove's butler had been released, exonerated and compensated, and installed once more in his former capacity; and that the burglar had been identified with the

crime and several others ; but it was not until three years afterwards that he was captured in Indiana, where he expiated the culmination of his crimes in murder on the gallows.

VI.

When George got back to that part of Ontario where he was known as George III., he went to work for a neighbour of the Smiths, at ten dollars per month. Although he would have preferred to work for Mr. Smith, he had not got over the prediction of "rags and remorse." He would not even call upon him, so sensitive was he to the possibility of an imputation that he was trying to get back. He nodded to Sally at church, but contrived to get out before her in order to avoid a meeting which he was ashamed to face because he had come back, as Mr. Smith said he would, though minus the rags. And even in this respect he felt his character was in a dilapidated condition by reason of his association with thieves.

But Sally was brimful of curiosity to hear of his experiences, and followed him up pretty closely without coming into actual contact for three weeks. She went over to the Evans's, where he was employed, ostensibly to visit one of the daughters ; but George III. had gone to Paris with a load of hay. She went out on her wheel where she thought she would be most likely to meet him, but when she saw him at a distance he shied and bolted. Failing to glean any news even by direct enquiry of Bertha Evans, she left word for George to come and see her family ; but he never came. At last, hearing that he had been seen driving to town, she induced her father to take her to Paris to make some purchases, and, recognizing his horse and buggy at the door of the Post Office, she and her father went in and met him face to face.

"The prodigal son returned!" said Mr. Smith, with a half-disguised sneer, as they shook hands.

"And the fatted calf ain't far off,"

retorted George III. in a white fury, as he turned on his heel. But before he could get into the buggy Sally was at his side.

"George III.," she said, "you remember what I said about father? You——"

"Yes ; and I also remember what he said about me. I knowed he'd have a fling at me as soon as we met."

"Is that why you didn't come to see us? You know father likes you, as we all do ; and you ought to make allowances. He feels sore because you didn't come back to him. The neighbours think you have a grudge against us. You haven't, have yer?"

"No, Sally ; I ain't got no grudge against any of yer, except—except for what he said about me coming back in rags. And ye see I have come back, as he said I would. Give my respects to yer mother, and—and accept the same yerself, Sally. I must go now."

And he jumped into the buggy and drove off.

On the way home, Sally enthusiastically championed the cause of George III., without eliciting a word from her father until she incautiously declared that he was the most sensible, industrious, spirited young fellow she knew, and then, unable longer to contain himself, he turned fiercely upon her with the question :

"Do you think of marrying a fellow who called yer father a fatted calf?"

After that Sally was silent for the rest of the day. It had never occurred to her before that she was in love.

VII.

The next time George III. and the Smiths met was at a social in the Methodist Church, early in the Winter. Mr. Smith had been laid up with lumbago, and was still unwell, though able to be out. The minister contrived to bring them together, and as Mr. Smith was conciliatory, they were on speaking

terms again. A great change had come over Sally. Whereas before she was frank and familiar, now she was shy and reserved. She would not seek his company now, though it was not her fault if they did not meet. She had little to say when they conversed together, and blushed on the slightest provocation. George felt instinctively that a barrier had come between them, and to him it took the shape of a fatted calf.

"What's the matter with yer, Sally?" he said. "Are you still thinkin' about what I said about the fatted calf?"

"No, not that."

"What, then?"

"Something you *didn't* say."

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

This was a poser for George. George, however, was slow but sure at problems that came within his range. It took a long time and a great deal of metaphysical speculation on the subject of "Nothing" before he got an inkling of what she meant. Then he grew to Sally unaccountably grave and silent, and she wished she had not said that one significant little word.

As the party broke up, the minister approached George III. with an offer from Mr. Smith of \$150 a year and board to come back and work for him; but George, who could be as stubborn as a mule, promptly declined it, notwithstanding the fact that he was eager for the opportunity. He was sorry the next moment that he had not accepted it, nor could he account to himself for not having done so. After this a perceptible coolness again existed between George and his former employer.

At Christmas, Mr. Smith was taken dangerously ill with pneumonia, and was not expected to recover. As he expressed a wish to see George III., George went to him. After telling him minutely all the affairs of the farm, and that things had been going behind of late, Mr. Smith said to George:

"It'll take a long pull and a strong pull to get the farm out of the hole, and I don't see how it can be done; but if you'll tackle it and succeed, I want no better man for a husband for Sally. If the farm is saved, it'll go to Sally on the death of her mother, and I don't see why you couldn't live together comfortable like. That was a mean remark o' mine about the prodigal son; but while I wanted to give ye a dig, I always liked ye, George III. Sally will tell ye I did. I never had no son but you, and I hated to see ye go to a stranger. It hurt me more'n I can tell. What d'ye say; will ye come and do yer best for a dying man, who done *his* best and failed? Sally and you can please yerselves about marryin' when I'm gone. I don't know nobody better qualified than you to wipe out that mortgage. Will yer try, lad?"

"I'll not only try it, but I'll do it, Mr. Smith, if it takes all my life. And, what's more, if it's understood that Sally and I are engaged, I'll not take no wages—not more'n enough to clothe me and a bit o' spendin' money; it shall all go on the mortgage."

"Very well, then; go and fetch Sally and her mother upstairs."

When the three stood in tears at the dying man's bedside, the sufferer turned to his daughter and said:

"I know what you'll say before I ask, but, Sally, my girl—my poor little orphan girl, as you soon will be—I want to ask you right here before yer mother and George here, Do you love George III.? Speak out; there's nothing to be ashamed of?"

"Father, I do," she said, bursting into a torrent of tears.

"Will you be to him a true, affectionate, faithful wife, helpin' him all you can on the hard road he has to travel? And will you be kind to yer mother and never leave her, but always live under the same roof as she does?"

"Yes, father, I will."

"And now, George, do you love Sally with all your heart?"

"I do, Mr. Smith."

"God bless you, then. And thank you for being a gentleman. Any man who from your motives is so considerate for other people as to hold back what he might well have said before *is* a gentleman by nature, no matter where or of whom he was born. Now will you be to Sally a true, kind and faithful husband, and be kind to her mother, and promise never to influence Sally to leave her mother?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I will."

"Say yes, father, for you're more my son than ever now."

"Yes, father."

"Serve the Lord with diligence, George — I mean — I mean — I don't mean what I used to mean, but what I ought to have meant. Sinner that I am, I put myself before the Lord, and perhaps that's why I never prospered, in spite of all my efforts.

Don't be like me, George; I'd rather never wouldn't make no profession than be a hypocrite. Now, good-bye, George, and God bless you. You won't see me again till we meet in heaven, if God in his great compassion allows me to —"

Here Mr. Smith became incoherent in speech and then delirious. That night he died.

* * * * *

For seven long years George

toiled in the fields while the sun afforded him light, and by the light of the lamp for an hour every week-night he pored over agricultural reports and learned treatises on farming, stock-raising and general farm management, determined to make a scientific farmer of himself. Every bit of information of practical value he could glean he treasured up in his mind for experiment when the opportunity afforded. For the first two years he went behind and things began to look blue; but he kept manfully at it, never despairing and

always anticipating success. The third year he had good crops all round, and though prices were low, he was able to pay the overdue interest and make a substantial reduction of the principal, just when the mortgagee was talking of foreclosure. Every year after that he made some headway, this year a little, next



"And now, George, do you love Sally with all your heart?"

year more. He was getting master of the secret of a judicious rotation of crops. Moreover, he had improved the breed of his stock, and season by season he replaced for cash the out-of-date or worn-out implements, till in the sixth year of his management he had the best-equipped farm in the neighbourhood, the best cattle and was accounted the most successful all-round farmer in the county. He began to reach out for prizes at the

agricultural fairs, and generally took them. When he missed, or came third or second, he made notes of the points in which his exhibit was deficient, and tried again the next or following years. He was usually George I. now in anything he undertook, and Sally worshipped him like an idol. One ambitious young chap, the son of a wealthy M.P., tried to cut George out; but Sally sent him about his business in a manner that made him think she was a perfect tartar. To Sally there was only one man in the wide, wide world, and that was George III.—and didn't she chuckle over her astuteness in catching him! George was fairly well balanced, though, and was never troubled with a "big head." He thought Sally was just about the nicest kind of a girl you would meet in a day's march, only just a little bit soft in making such a fuss about him. It made him feel uncomfortable to hear Sally forever telling the minister or the neighbours that George did this, and George did that, and George took the first prize at the Paris Fair and is going to try next year at Toronto. One old fellow, who had heard the doings of George dinned into his ears until he thought it was time to say something, rumaged through his brain for some illustrious personage who must surely be recognized as superior to George III., and then came out with:

"Guess you think *George* is a kind of a perfect Nebbykineezer, don't yer? Why don't you marry him if you think he's so smart?"

But Sally was equal to the occasion:

"Nebuchadnezzar indeed! Why Peter the Great and Pontius Pilate put together ain't a patch on *George*."

But that hint about getting married began to prey upon her mind. Suppose he should become so great as to overlook her? The prospect was so dreadful that she had a good cry, and then went in a tumult of emotion and popped the question herself. She knew it wasn't the

right thing to do; but she didn't care, she would do it—that she would, that very minute.

But George said no—not yet. One thing at a time; "let's get out of debt first, and then——"

And then he kissed her, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

* * * * *

The seven years were up, and the mortgage had been paid off that very day. Like the village blacksmith, they owed not any man, and had three hundred dollars in the bank to boot, with all that was needed on the farm and a brand new "pianny" in the parlour for Sally, and a brand new family Bible and a spick-and-span new gown for the old lady. Mrs. Smith had just finished insisting on George accepting a half interest in the farm, since he alone had redeemed it for them, and had opened her new Bible to read the evening chapter, when George said:

"Mother, let me ask yer as a favour to turn to Genesis xxix. and read that for to-night."

"D'ye think Jacob deserved Rachael, mother?" asked George as she closed the book.

"Of course he did. He was a good young man if he did cheat his brother, Esau, and deceive his poor old blind father."

"Well now, d'ye think I deserve Sally? I've served seven years for her, yer know, and never had a happier time in my life."

"So you have, my son. But that's not the question. Tell me, does Sally deserve you? If you think she does, I shall die happy in the thought that she is your wife."

"Now don't talk like that, mother; you make me feel—Cæsar's ghost! I don't know how I *do* feel. If you and Sally don't let up on that and let me be a plain, ord'nary, every-day kind of an indivijule, I'll—I'll go on strike. Let me be a man, like other men, will you, *please*? My wings haven't begun to sprout yet, and, what's more, I don't want 'em to. Sally's the worst. I don't mind being George III., be-

cause I've been readin' up English history, and, by what I can make out, I can do *that* character without bustin' with virtue; but I do object to the neighbours calling me 'Saint George.' By ginger! it's enough to make me go and do something wicked just to prove I *ain't* no saint. But, comin' back to business, I don't want, and won't take, a half interest in the farm. Father's disposed of *that* question, and I will see that his wishes are fulfilled—every one of 'em. But I will, with your permission, take Sally to be my wedded wife, to love her, and cherish her, to—how does it go, Sally? All the girls, I'm told, have the marriage service off by heart."

"Never mind *how* it goes, George, so long as it *does* go."

"Well, then, name the day, and yer mother's the witness. I'll have

ye up for breach o' promise if ye go back on it, mind."

"Next Thursday, then."

"Cæsar's ghost, what—what a shock to the neighbours!" (Here he indulged in a long, low whistle). "Accordin' to the biographies I've read, all geniuses are eccentric. Sally, yer a genius."

And they were married and lived happily ever after—that is, up to date. They have a family of one-sixth of a dozen assorted—that is, also, up to date. Of course, they are beautiful and all that, you know. One's George, t'other's Sally. O yes! and the old lady's the proudest, happiest and best kind of a grandmother you ever saw. And—but, in the language of the vernacular, there ain't no more to tell, because they're all alive and kicking.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

A Winter Night

The stars ars glittering in the frosty sky,
 Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
 While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
 Has marshalled its innumerable host.
 Alive all heaven seems; with wondrous glow
 Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
 As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
 And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.

Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam,
 Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones;
 Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
 Angels and great archangels on their thrones:
 A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
 And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

Special Watch

—FOR—

Barnardo Boys

\$6.50

Sterling silver, screw back and front, stem wind and set, heavy glass and ring. Guaranteed time-keeper. An all-round, good, strong, serviceable watch. Sent postpaid to any address in Canada.

The **J. E. ELLIS CO.**
Limited,

Established 1836

3 King St. East, Toronto.



All GIRLS and BOYS
Should come and see the
Beautiful PHOTOS

we are making now, and
let us photograph yourself.
We are sure to please you.

CHAS. L. ROSEVEAR,
538 Queen St. W., Toronto.

**McMURRICH, COATSWORTH,
HODGINS & CO.**

Solicitors for Barristers

The Bank of Ottawa.
The North British Canadian Investment Co.
The Public School Board.
The Merchants' Life Association, Etc.

Notaries, etc. Telephone 642

OFFICES: 5 MELINDA STREET, TORONTO

W. Barclay McMurrich, Q.C., Emerson Coatsworth, Jr., Frank E. Hodgins.

Money to loan on Farm Properties at
Low Rates.

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
CUTS FOR ALL PURPOSES
BY ALL PROCESSES
92 BAY ST.

Kindly mention Ups and Downs when communicating.

EUREKA HEADACHE POWDERS

Cure all Headaches and Neuralgia.
Harmless—Stimulating—Effective.
DO NOT CONTAIN OPIUM, MORPHINE OR QUININE
TRY A BOX—Price 25c. Post Free.

FLETT & CO., DRUGGISTS
502 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

“PENNY VOLUMES”

...of...

POETRY and PROSE

Comprising Works by

Milton
Longfellow
Burns
Pope
Goldsmith
Dickens
Hood
Scott
Bulwer Lytton
Ainsworth
Charles Reade
Lovelace

AND

OTHER STANDARD AUTHORS

Abridged and
Edited by

W. T. STEAD

EIGHT COPIES, 25c.
SELECTED
SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

This is an opportunity
which our readers will
do well to avail them-
selves of.

UPS AND DOWNS

214 Bay St. Toronto

Our "Barnardo Boy's"

Watch is especially adapted to meet the requirements of "strength," "accuracy" and "economy."



The cases are solid silver throughout, fine "B. & H. B. Kent" movement, stem-winding, and guaranteed an accurate time-keeper.



Price only \$7.50

Mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of price.



B. & H. B. KENT,

The Big Watch House,

144 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

GOOD WEARING CLOTHES

Our assortment of Young Men's Suits and Overcoats deserves the attention of all good dressers. Fit, style and work are exactly as good as custom made, but at ready-to-wear prices. Come in and see for yourself or ask a friend to do so for you.

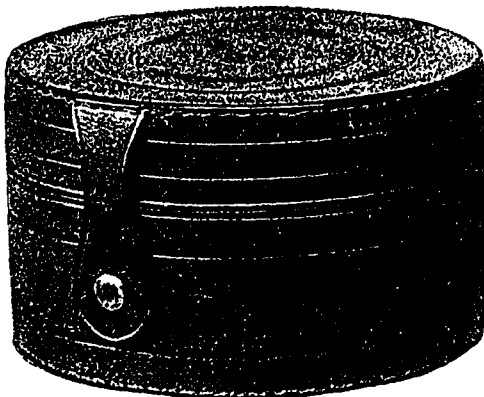
Suits or Overcoats ready to put on \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00.

Oak Hall Clothiers,

115 to 121 King St. East, and
116 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A Collar Box

ALWAYS KEEPS THE LINEN CLEAN AND IN SHAPE



Style No. 302. Price **\$1.00**

Made in Olive, Orange and Brown Solid Leather.

Call for a sample, **\$1.00**. Delivery and address on receipt of price.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

INCORPORATED

105 King St. West, Toronto.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

PROPOSED SAILINGS.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL DIRECT

DOMINION..... January 12, 2 p.m.

BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL.

NEW ENGLAND.....	January 2, 7.45 a.m.
COMMONWEALTH	" 16, 6.45 "
NEW ENGLAND.....	" 30, 6.30 "

Rates - First cabin, \$50 single and upwards, return \$100 and upwards, according to steamer and berth; second cabin, \$35, \$68.88 return; steerage \$26. Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.

Steerage outfits furnished free.

Midship Saloons. Spacious Promenade Deck.

Electric light, etc

For sailings later than above, write to

A. F. Webster, D. Torrance & Co.,

King and Yonge sts. Gen'l Agents, Montreal
Toronto

COAL AND WOOD

Coal shipped to all parts of Ontario by carload

Special rates for Hard and Soft Wood fuel of Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk

W. MCGILL & CO.

Church and Farley Ave., TORONTO.