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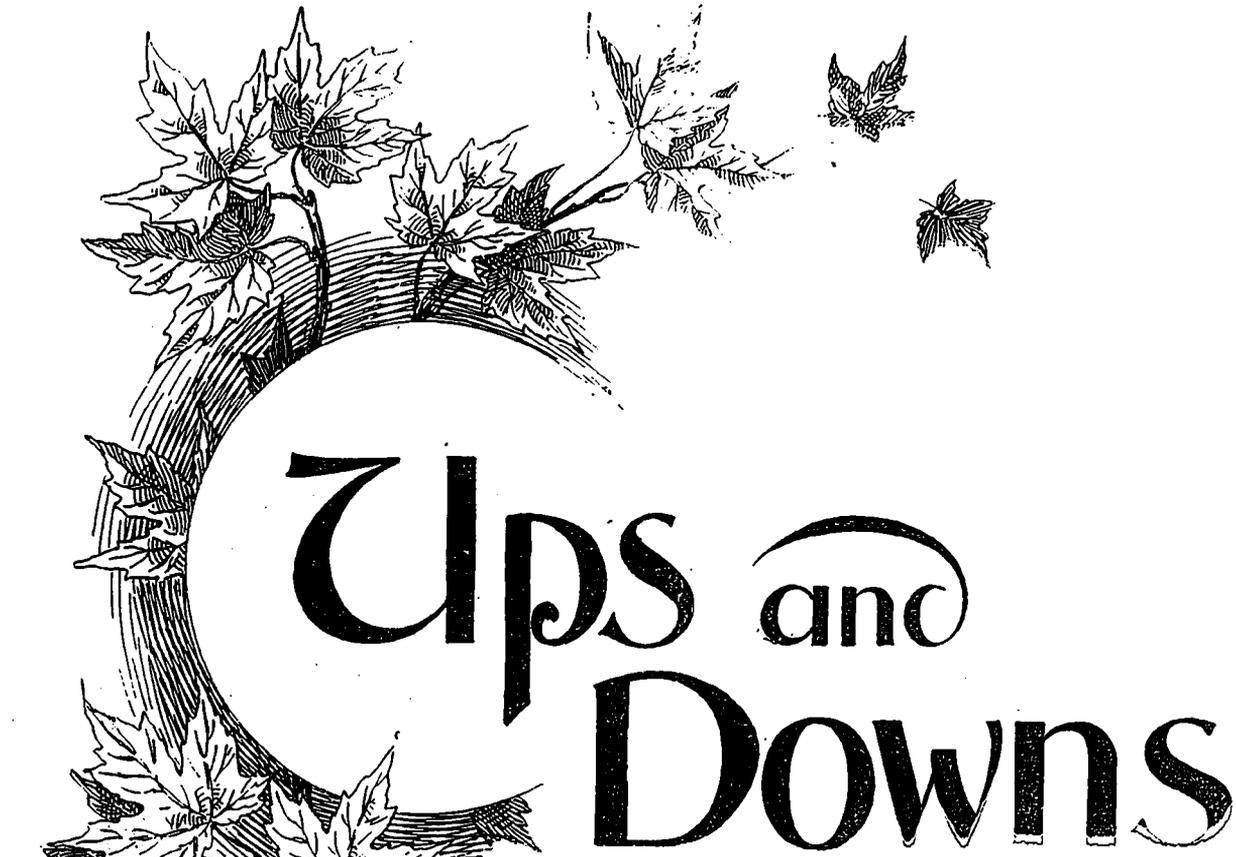
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Tips and Downs



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF DR. BARNARD, VETERINARIAN

Published Quarterly OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
214 FARLEY AVE. TORONTO

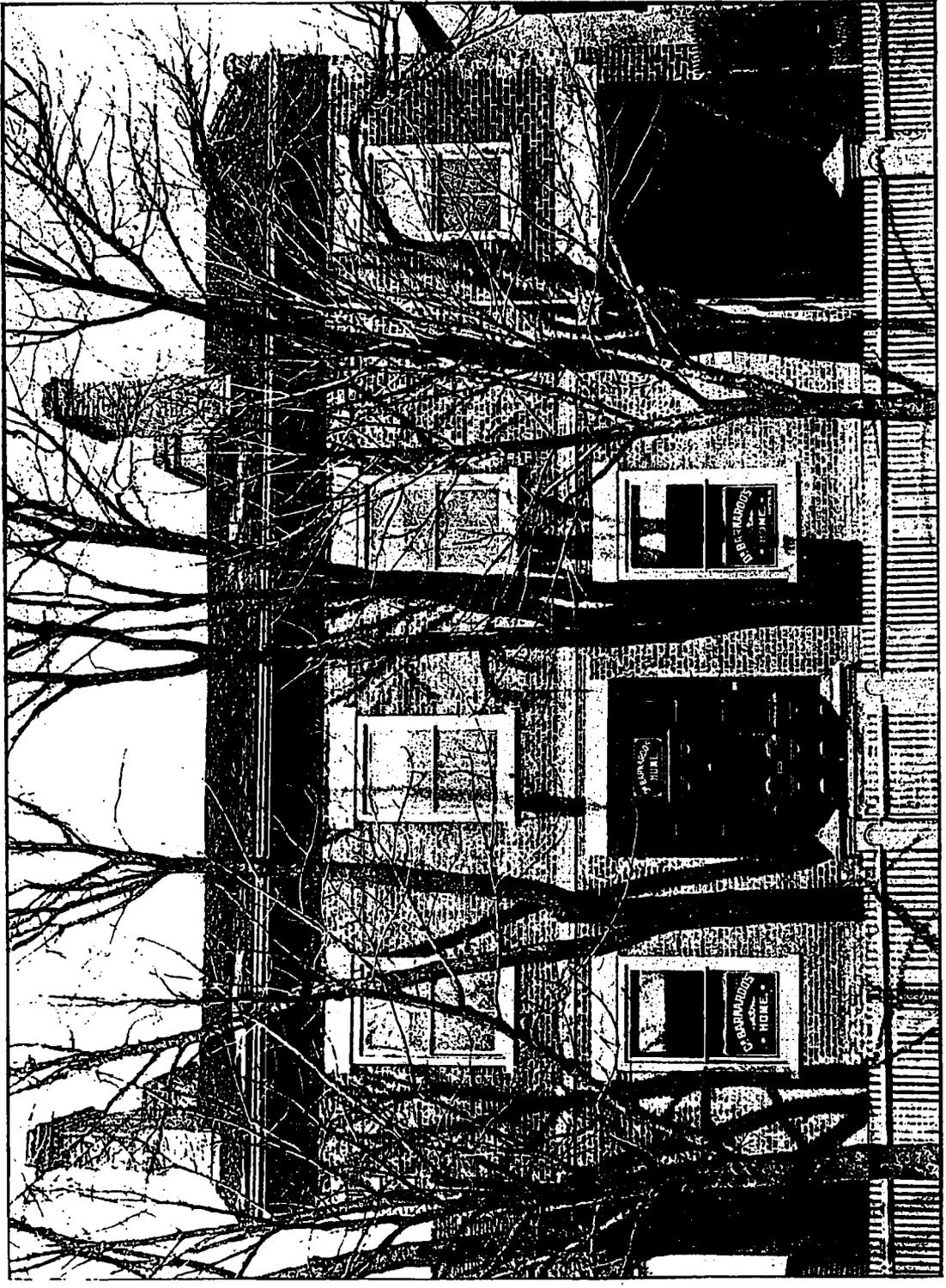
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This was -
Still in - Jan
and - time
used is -

Learn to the
Shop

E. Black.

1 - 1916 -
Canada



Toronto Distributing Home.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. IV.]

APRIL 1ST, 1899.

[No. 3.

Personal Notes

THE Toronto Home and Office of Publication of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, as we appear to the view of our opposite neighbours, is the frontispiece for the current number. Our establishment does not present a particularly imposing appearance, and there is certainly nothing showy or inviting about its exterior; but we flatter ourselves that the place partakes of the character of the work, of which it is the centre, in being eminently practical, useful and valuable. Judged by our externals, we are rather insignificant, unattractive people; but though our Headquarters is not a "show" place, it is a place of great interest and no little importance, not only to ourselves and those who have been its inmates, but to the big world outside. It has been, so to speak, the gateway through which several thousand boys have passed from the old life of dependence, and often hardship, to the new life of honest, self-supporting independence in the new world. With the word of command to march from the big side gates leading out from the yard, there ended the kindly but strict regime of the Homes. Drill and parades and inspections, and the routine of Institution life, became a thing of the past. Our boys went out to take a very different position in life to that

which they had occupied before. We can speak of it as the starting point of a new stretch of life, and as the place where, for very many of our boys "old things passed away and all things became new," and viewed in this aspect, the unpretentious brick building has a charm and a romance peculiarly its own and of no ordinary kind. It would be rather interesting to conjecture the sort of feelings with which our readers will regard the picture. We expect a good many will recall it as the place where they had a jolly good time during the Exhibition week, when the premises resounded with fun and merriment from morning to night. Others will remember it only as the place of their arrival and departure, where they passed the last medical examination, said good-bye to their friends, heard a few parting words of advice and encouragement, and were launched out into the big world that was then all so new and strange to them. There are others we are glad to think not many in number to whom the sight of the building will revive less pleasant memories, who will remember approaching it with quailings of heart and forebodings of an unpleasant reception, and who will have visions of a guest chamber specially reserved for "returners" that is rather a bitter-sweet bliss.

strive of ease. We will not dwell on these aspects of our work. We have to make ourselves, to some extent, a terror to evil-doers, and a return to the Home in disgrace will, we hope, always be a very unpleasant and much-dreaded experience for anybody, big or little. We are not often, however, called upon to open our doors to those whom we are not pleased to see. Of the whole number who have been placed out from the Home since its first opening, less than two per cent. have been returned through misconduct, and not half that number through failure of health. Otherwise it is a place of partings and meetings, comings and goings. We are constantly "welcoming the coming, speeding the departing" guest. We seek to use hospitality "without grudging," but no one is encouraged to make the Home a place for loafing and lounging. Our boys must "redeem the time." We are busy people ourselves, and we want our boys to be busy. If they have not got work for themselves, we can always find it for them. Work, hard work, and plenty of work, is our doctrine, our profession and our practice. We want no drones in our hive, and we live in a young country where there are great openings and noble possibilities as the reward of enterprise and labour, and we seek to inspire in our boys the desire to be "up and doing." We like, therefore, to make visits to the Home "short and sweet," and we confess that we feel a good deal of satisfaction when the premises are absolutely deserted, as they have frequently been of late, and we can reflect that every one of our boys is in his place and at work.

The correspondence that passes through the small and sadly overcrowded office is to us by far the most interesting feature of the work at our headquarters. Not less than twenty five thousand letters are received and sent out from the office during the twelve months. The extent and variety of this correspondence is coincident with the life

incidents and interests and prospects of the thousands of young people with whom we are in touch and for whom we are more or less responsible. We are the repository of the hopes and projects, the faults and shortcomings, the grievances and hardships, the failures in health and lapses in conduct of the thousands who make up our big family, and, as Dr. Barnardo's representatives, we have to seek to give the right counsel and direction and decision under all the perplexing and embarrassing circumstances that arise. Our powers of judgment and discrimination are ever on the strain. The balance has so often to be held between conflicting statements and opinions, and always with the sense that a boy's whole future life may depend upon the action that is adopted. One is ever fearful of mistakes, and conscious of imperfections, and we realize increasingly in every day's experience the need of "the patience toward all men" and of that higher wisdom that is "first pure, then peaceable," which cometh alone from the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift.

With the advent of spring we hear of a good many of our family being "on the move," and the occasion is once again meet for a short sermon from the text of Horace Greeley's famous and oft-quoted advice, "Go west, young man." Westward ho! has been the watchword of the American continent for more than two centuries past. The young life of America, north as well as south of the international boundary line, has been continually expanding itself towards the West and taking its leave of the snug homesteads and crowded centres of population in the east to achieve its fortunes on the mighty prairies, where formerly the red man and the buffalo roamed and reigned supreme. Generation after generation have advanced the frontiers of civilization, converted the wilderness, literally, into a land of corn and wine and oil, and have built mighty cities, and clothed with rich farms and fer-

tile fields the lands that were once the hunting-grounds of the Blackfeet and the Sioux. The great human tide still flows on, and still in the West there is room and to spare, and men who can work, who have got energy and perseverance, who know how to use their brains as well as their hands, have still prosperous careers and bright futures waiting for them. Canada is but just awakening to the value of her heritage in the West. Population is only as yet slowly dribbling into the territories, that are capable of supporting a population equal to that of Great Britain. The mineral wealth of the Province of British Columbia alone is far beyond that of California, where fortunes have been made in the past, and are still accumulating, that are expressed in scores of millions. East of the Rocky Mountains lies the great wheat-belt, as yet almost untouched by the plough but destined to become the granary of the world. There are hundreds of our lads who have learned their business on the farms of Ontario, and have saved a little money from their wages, who are wasting their time in the older province, and we heartily wish we could apply some strong, impelling force, some charge of moral dynamite, that would fire them out to the West and plant them on some of those grandly fertile prairie lands that are waiting to be taken possession of. A free grant of 160 acres of land is offered by the Government to every man who will settle on it and make it his home, and land that is unsurpassed in fertility by any land on the face of the globe, and in a climate where there is probably as little sickness and where life is as enjoyable and free from physical disadvantages as any in the world. Unquestionably, when it freezes in the winter, the air is cold; when the sun shines in the summer, it is hot, when it rains, it is wet. The mosquito is just as unpleasant a companion and quite as pressing, in his attentions as in any other quarter of the earth. There are goats and

ants, bugs and beetles, to disturb the enjoyment of life, and the odour of the skunk and the gnawing activity of the mouse are just as interfering with one's peace of mind in Manitoba as anywhere else. A greater evil still, the voice of the grumbler is heard in the land, to whom heat and cold, summer and winter are alike a grievance and cause of complaint. There are individuals who would doubtless have seen much to find fault with in the Garden of Eden if they had been conveyed there by a cheap excursion. Our boys may take our word for it that the West has its drawbacks, like every country that has yet been discovered on the surface of our planet; but they may also take our word for it that, despite all its drawbacks and all that may be said about them, it is the right country for them to go to, and the sooner they start off the better. It is a young country and in a very early stage of its development, but it is a country that has a great future before it, and we believe the same will be true of those who get a foothold there and grow up with its growth. In the columns of the present number we are giving our readers the benefit of the interesting experiences of some of our own little pioneers in the West. There is a bright, breezy freshness about most of these little letters that suggests that they come from a country of hope and promise, where life is not a mere trudging along in a rut and working hard for a living, but where everyone sees the possibility ahead of him in the near future of being a land-owner and becoming affluent and independent. There is an immense charm in the idea of "independence," and if ever a class of men in the world could call themselves independent it is the farmers and ranchmen of the North West. They are absolute owners of their farms and their homes and as long as they obey the laws of the country and pay their taxes, they can conduct their business and enjoy their lives with absolute freedom, on

restraint as the lord of the richest manor in Europe. They know no social superiors, they are affected by no business competition, they have the necessaries of life at their doors, and can generally afford a fair share of its luxuries. The chief alloy to the comfort and happiness of the western farming communities is, in fact, that the men want wives and the women want female servants, and we heartily wish we could induce a few hundreds of our elder girls to take our advice and spread their wings towards the West. We doubt not that they could "marry in haste," but without having to "repent at leisure;" or if they had the bad taste to prefer single blessedness and were willing to take country service, they would find themselves sought after, competed for, lightly worked and heavily paid, and would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were a boon and a blessing to men, women and children. It only remains for us to say that we are ready to assume the part of Moses by guiding to the promised land any who will forsake the flesh-pots of Egypt, and we have the advantage over Moses, inasmuch as we have been there before "many a time," and we can vouch from a personal knowledge and experience for the truth of all we have said, and a great deal more.

We have to offer our very hearty congratulations to about 130 boys who will be "out of their time" on the first of April—in other words, will have completed the apprenticeship engagements under which they have been employed for the past three or four or five years. These boys have been fed, clothed and cared for since they came to the country, and will now be receiving sums varying from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars—in most cases a hundred. Very few will be over eighteen years of age, many not more than sixteen, and yet as boys in their "teens" they have learned a business that ensures them a good livelihood and the prospect of a competence in the future, and

will have a substantial sum of money in the bank as a foundation for future savings and a provision for a rainy day. We warmly congratulate our young friends, first on their having faithfully and creditably fulfilled their terms of service, and secondly on having now obtained a start in life that has brought them well on the way to prosperity and success, and opened up for them a useful and hopeful career. A little later on we shall hope to have the pleasure of awarding Dr. Barnardo's silver medal to most of the boys referred to, as an expression of his satisfaction and approval at their having done honour to the Homes and acquitted themselves worthily and well in their first places, and we are glad to think that in almost every case the medal will be well bestowed and will have been earned by merit and honest and faithful service.

Once again we find ourselves girding up our loins for another season's work, and with prospects that were never brighter. The sailing for the first detachment has been fixed for the 23rd of March, and before the present number of UPS AND DOWNS has reached our subscribers we shall hope to have arrived safely and to have almost, if not entirely, completed the distribution of the party. Applications have, for weeks past, been pouring in upon us thick and fast, and we only wish we had as many hundreds of boys to place as we shall have scores. From present indications, it will be a "record" season in the demand for boys, and the wages offered are better than they have been for several years past. The demand is equally active both in Ontario and the North-West. There is not a county in Ontario—scarcely a township—that is not included in our constituency, and very few good settlements in the West. We could find homes and employment for boys from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are often asked, "Where do they all go?" and we sometimes, ourselves, marvel at the readiness and

speed with which our boys and girls become absorbed into the general population of the country, and still the cry is for more. "So be it," however, and while the doors of the Homes across the sea are "ever open," we trust to see the doors on this side standing as widely open to our trained lads and lassies throughout the length and breadth of the great Dominion.

The report recently laid before the Provincial Legislature by Mr. P. Byrne, the agent of the Ontario Government in Liverpool, is pleasant reading for all friends of the work. Under the Act of last year our young emigrants were subjected to an additional inspection before leaving England, and Mr. Byrne was appointed as inspector. In fulfilment of his duties, he has personally examined each boy and girl at the Home where it was residing several days prior to its leaving England, and has enquired into and formed an opinion of its health, character, intelligence and mental capacity, its previous training and upbringing, and its fitness for a future life in Canada. He has had the opportunity of becoming familiar with the system under which the children are selected and trained for emigration, and the methods by which the work generally is conducted. We should much like to reproduce the whole of Mr. Byrne's most interesting and valuable report, but must confine ourselves to the concluding para-

graphs in which he sums up the results of his observations:

In short, these philanthropic institutions, at least the larger and more important of them, are hives of busy, well-equipped industry, where very many important kinds of labour are skilfully organized and successfully prosecuted, giving healthful occupation and valuable technical training to their youthful inmates, and thus qualifies them to earn their own living wherever their lot may be cast.

I found that in all the Homes due regard was paid to the health and comfort of the children. Their dormitories were pictures of cleanliness and order. Habits of personal tidiness and cleanliness are carefully encouraged and inculcated. Their food is plain, wholesome and abundant. Their time is duly apportioned to useful work, inside or outside, to schooling, recreation and rest. Opportunities are also afforded for indulging in games and pastimes, gymnastic exercises, swimming, etc. In addition to ordinary school lessons, religious and moral instruction is daily imparted. Add to all this that in the system of management adopted in the different Homes, the law of kindness is a dominant and all-pervading factor, and no one will be surprised to learn that the children whom they shelter and nurture testify by their looks and demeanour that they are happy and contented.

I may further add that my appreciation of the service which these Orphan Homes render to humanity has been greatly increased and intensified by what I have seen and learned of their operations during my official visits. Indeed, it now seems clear to me that the rescuing of unfortunate children from want and misery, clothing, feeding, and instructing them, and, to crown all, placing them in a new environment favourable to their development into reputable and self-dependent members of society, is the very acme of philanthropic effort—the most Christ-like work in the world.





REVEILLE! I do not know that the lads are particularly fond of this bugle call. However, loved or unloved, around it comes every twenty-four hours at the Farm Home, and right loud and clear our official bugler sounds it, too, in the big, bright dormitory as the clock strikes five, Central Standard Time. Sleep is a fine restorer, even the unpractical poet admits; but once the notes of that swinging tune are let loose and go echoing through the clear, frosty air, all hands must be up and astir for the business of the day. When we consider the seasons of our northern latitudes, have we not a similar awakening? The earth, asleep during the long, still winter, suddenly awakens to the sounds of returning wild birds, the whirr of thousands of wings overhead, and the resonant drumming of the soldierly partridge as he struts in the thicket beneath.

Spring has come, and nature, well restored, begins her work. The winter of 1898-1899 is one which will long be remembered by all the residents of North America. Low temperatures have bothered the average thermometers of North Western Canada to keep the record, as the meteorological reports from all parts will show. However, in

Manitoba, although the mercury has been obliged often to hide its head in shame over the eccentricities of the clerk of the weather, our sufferings have been slight, cattle have come through in splendid condition, and while we read in such reliable journals as *Harper's Weekly* of the frightful conditions prevailing for nearly two weeks in that well-equipped and modern city of New York, where the armouries had to be thrown open to offer protection to the freezing poor, where food and fuel could not be obtained at any price, and wealthy families were driven from their fine houses through the blinding sleet to seek shelter in hotels, owing to frozen water heaters, gas mains, and other calamities arising from the severe cold, we can sincerely express our thanks that we live under happier conditions, and seldom have to endure the miseries of such combinations as slush under foot and a cyclone overhead with a velocity of sixty miles an hour, driving before it clouds of damp, heavy snow, which, accumulating in such quantities in the streets, causes traffic of all kinds to become completely suspended. The sufferings of the poor in the city of New York, from February 11th to 27th, according to

Harper's, must have been terrible, for we read that "fifteen thousand families, or about sixty thousand persons, were destitute of the absolutely necessary supplies." As regards reports from the country districts, we are told in the same issue of the weekly of irreparable damage to winter wheat in the south, south-west and west, with great losses of stock in the north-west of the United States, which conditions are now being followed by devastating floods along the valleys of many of their principal rivers.

The north-western Canadian is usually well prepared for cold weather, and lives in no fear of the many calamities which so often befall the residents of more southern districts having a climate subject to sudden and almost unbearable changes in temperature. Residents of our cities during winter speed swiftly from their offices to comfortably heated homes by lines of electric and steam railway that scarcely record a block of an hour from bad weather through years, and the poorest farmers go about their day's work in comfort under bright, clear skies, dry-shod and happy.

Just at the close of 1898, the Farm Home was honoured by a visit from His Grace the Archbishop of Canada, and upon this visit a confirmation service was held, the following lads appearing as candidates: Harold Thyers, John Thyers, Frank Monaghan, George Stansfield, Stanley Keith, Robert Hughes, Norman Hepton.

After the completion of the ceremony, a most impressive sermon was delivered by the venerable primate, in which words of advice and encouragement to the lads assembled were embodied, that ought in the future to be of great use, more particularly to those young men who came forward asking for the benefits of the rite of confirmation. His Grace the Archbishop is certainly a grand figure in the Church of Canada to-day, and gives straight denial to the false sentiment which we so often hear from the lips of

thoughtless men, that goodness and intellectual ability are at a discount in these days. Men still prize the truth, and no matter how low they may have fallen, they cannot fail to have, away down in the depths of their hard hearts, respect for true goodness and a loving spirit. You all remember the refrain:

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

It seems, therefore, to the writer, when this grand old gentleman stands up before an audience and addresses to them his characteristic words, the man who would not be impressed and improved in mind, would indeed have a heart utterly devoid of good.

The venerable primate is known to be an excellent judge of boys, and after his inspection of the Home and its inmates, His Grace remarked to the writer that he had never before seen in residence a finer looking or better behaved lot of lads at Barnardo.

The social year at the Farm Home, I suppose, should be dated from the evening of January 10th, when the staff and lads gave one of their enjoyable concerts, at which Mr. Benjamin Longmore, our popular general foreman, kindly acted as chairman, and the following programme was preceded with in the most enjoyable manner:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOME
NEW YEAR CONCERT
BARNARDO, *Chairman*

<i>Chairman</i>	
Programme	
PART I	
1. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
2. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
3. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
4. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
5. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
6. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
7. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
8. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
9. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
10. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
11. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
12. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
13. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
14. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
15. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
16. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
17. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
18. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
19. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
20. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
21. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
22. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
23. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
24. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
25. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
26. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
27. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
28. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
29. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
30. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
31. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
32. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
33. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
34. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
35. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
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37. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
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39. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
40. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
41. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
42. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
43. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
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94. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
95. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
96. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
97. <i>March</i>	W. Wright
98. <i>Waltz</i>	W. Wright
99. <i>Polka</i>	W. Wright
100. <i>March</i>	W. Wright

Left the Hive

Cornet Mr. Pettit
Song "The Valley of the Kings"
..... J. Conner.	
Trumpet "The Valley of the Kings"
..... Mr. Hackman.	
Acrobatic Performances W. Wright.
Song "There'll Come a Time"
..... E. James.	
Step Dance Mr. Galpin.
Sketch "Knave of Diamonds"
PART III.	
Cornet Solo A. G. Green.
Song "And we Take Them Home to Father"
..... E. Whittle.	
Imitations "Farm Yard"
..... H. Carlow.	
Patter "Funny Moments"
..... Messrs. Connor & Marmion.	
Song "Fairy"
..... W. Wright.	
Song "Where is My Boy To-Night?"
..... Mr. Ruddick.	
Song "Bunkedoodle Call"
..... J. Conner.	
Patter Mr. Taylor.
Sketch "The Haunted House"
..... "God Save the Queen."	

There will be ten minutes interval between the parts, during which Marmion's celebrated band will entertain the audience with selected music.

Where all did so well, it would be quite impossible to make any extensive discriminating notes. However, there can be but one verdict in relation to the barnyard imitations of Henry Carlow that they were unique in the extreme, and if the gifted imitator could see his way to appear suddenly at the mouth of a badger-hole in some future performance, perfection would indeed stand perfected. The acrobatic performance of William Wright, while a little trying to the foundations of the building, was much praised, while the "Bunkedoodle Call" of Mr. James Conner brought forth volleys of applause. As our dramatic critic was away from the Farm on the night of the entertainment, no criticism will be made in this line, as the writer will not risk entering his special field with regard to the rendering of the sketches. The orchestra, which was understood to be just at that time tearing through Europe, was magnificently replaced by Marmion's celebrated band, the leader of which introduced to the audience a number which had never before been introduced on this continent.

During the last quarter there have been many hand-shakings and farewells to youths and young men striking out on their own account in Canada, and for the information of friends, we will give the following particulars :

On October 24th, Robert Gee was sent to a situation with Mr. Wm. Long, Arden. October 26th, Robert Howard to Robert Montgomery, Cannington Manor; Ernest Gallo-way on the same date was sent to Moosomin. During November, Stephen Moore was sent to the farm of George Clarke, Newdale; Frederick W. Millington to Otto Bohlmann, McGregor; Thomas Smith to William Moore of the same place, and Joseph Tilston to Mr. William Gardiner, Shoal Lake. On December 2nd our old stand-by, Frank Lock, was sent to enter the employ of Mr. Matthew Kennedy, of Lothair, and Ernest Leach was found an excellent situation with Mr. Henry Bailey, of Macdonald. Leach writes a very satisfactory letter on March 8th, and states in this communication, which is addressed to Mr. Robert Gray, house-master, that he is in good health and getting on nicely with his work. During January seven lads were sent to situations, the first being Charles Whall, who was despatched on January 12th to Shoal Lake. John T. Morris went to Kinbrae; Peter Higney to the farm of Donald Menzies, Shoal Lake; Frank Perris entered the employ of Mr. Francis Simpson on the 17th of the month, but, we are sorry to learn, absconded only a few days after. On the 20th January the Institution was pleased to be able to assist our old friend, George Platt, in joining his brother in New York City. Old acquaintances who may desire to communicate with George, will be able to find him by addressing their letters to the care of the Franklin Building, Warren Street, New York City. Henry Duggins has gone to seek his fortune in the coal districts near Estevan, and John F. Taylor left in the pursuit of

the month to enter the service of Mr. Duncan Menzies, Shoal Lake. During February, Robert Molloy struck out to enter the employ of Mr. Joseph Moore, McGregor; Henry Ashton entered the employ of Mr. Frank Murdoch, of Bru, Man. James Nicholls, on the same day that Ashton left, secured employment with Mr. James R. Armitage, Manitou; William C. Cooper can now be found with our old friend, Mr. William McDonald, sr., Rossburn; William Gibbons is giving excellent satisfaction on the farm of Mr. W. D. Pattison, Newdale; Henry Carlow is with Mr. Charles Shillingford, Fleming, Assa., and Joseph Conner was sent on the 28th to Mr. Robert Menzies, Shoal Lake, from which place he writes a very hopeful message to the Farm Home management. William Marmion and George Stansfield were sent out to situations on March 7th, the first going to Plumas, Man., the second to Shoal Lake.

The following lads were awarded prizes for general cleanliness upon church parade on the dates mentioned:

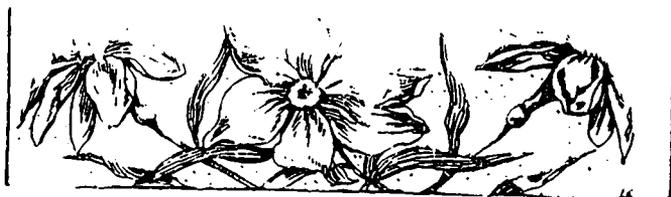
- Dec. 4. GEORGE STANSFIELD.
- " 11. JAMES NICHOLS.
- " 18. ERNEST JAMES.
- " 25. WILLIAM JACEV.
- Jan. 1. ROBERT S. MACE.
- " 8. GEORGE F. SABELL.
- " 15. GEORGE F. SABELL.
- " 22. JAMES MARTIN.
- " 29. ARTHUR WOODWARD.
- Feb. 5. JOHN SMITH.
- " 12. ROBERT S. MACE.
- " 19. SAMUEL OBORN.
- " 26. ROBERT S. MACE.
- Mar. 5. GEORGE F. SABELL.

Obituary.

Our general readers will be pained to hear, and the lads who came out in the good ship *Scotsman* will be deeply grieved when they learn, of the death of their old comrade, Ernest Mark Downham, who passed over to the great majority last month while lying a patient in the Brandon General Hospital. The friends of the deceased lad mourn deeply his loss, but feel sure kind hearts and willing hands were in attendance on the poor lad during his last moments on earth.

By the time these notes are in Toronto, the writer expects to be on his way to the seaboard, to meet another party of lads who are expected to sail by the *Scotsman*, leaving Liverpool on March 23rd; and as nothing can encourage these newcomers to a strange land more than to see about them successful young men from previous parties, the writer hopes and sincerely prays that the lads from the Manitoba Farm will place themselves square in the furrow this spring, and make every effort to bear a first class record for industry, thrift and general good behaviour through 1899.

G. H. Spaulding



March

HE'S a burly, churly fellow,
With a gruff and gusty voice,
And a manner rather hearty than polite.
He accosts you with a "Hello!"—that laconical word "Hello!"
And his language isn't mild, nor is it choice ;
While his bluster puts the timid in a fright.

He's a lusty, crusty chap.
When he wakes up from a nap,
How he storms, and raves, and winnows things about him !
Yet betwixt, sir, you and me, though he handsomer might be,
We may scold him, but we cannot do without him
For he can cope the Spring—when it is fit to be.

He's a very merry jester,
Full of pranks and funny tricks.
Coming, whistling, round the corner with a bound,
Arm in arm with a Nor' Wester, what a mischievous divester
Of the lady of her bonnet, and the chimney of its bricks ;
While the ship that would escape him runs aground.

He's a furious, curious man,
Never following a plan ;
Of the twelve apostles surely he's the Peter.
But he does less harm than good, when he's really understood,
Though he often pipes in most uncommon metre,
Till you think all Pandemonium's in the wood.

Yet, to take him as he is :

Nature, manner, voice and phiz,

He's an honest, earnest fellow, with his graft and bluff "Hi! hello!"

"Spring, awake my lass!" he cries,

Till she yawns and rubs her eyes,

Then he goes to call the circuses—which join to get to sleep

Through the snow—that in the winter kept them warm and fat and deep.

Manitoba as a Field for Settlement

By Hon. Senator Boulton.

HAVING been desired by Mr. Owen to write for *UPS AND DOWNS* an article on the suitability of Manitoba for the settlement of some of Dr. Barnardo's young people who have grown up under the influence of farm life in Eastern Canada, it affords me great pleasure to comply with his request. I have watched with a great deal of interest the development of the Manitoba farm in the County of Russell, an important branch of Dr. Barnardo's work, to which young people are brought direct from the London Homes. It consists of 9,000 acres of excellent land, secured, no doubt, in anticipation of the possible requirements for settlement for some of his matured offspring, and out of which several 160-acre farms have already passed into the possession of those brought out, and upon which they are carving out independent homes for themselves. They have, I believe, purchased them from the Home upon terms within reach of their progressive ability to pay for them, making their own improvements to suit themselves.

It is desired to convey a fair and honest idea of what the Province of Manitoba is for the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*. It is found that there are a large number of young lads, grown up, with a practical idea of farming, and young women who have been brought under the influence of the domestic economy of farm life. Where land is expensive and capital necessary, they have not the opportunity to launch out on their own account. In Manitoba and the North-West Territories, things are different, the supply of land in a state of nature and yet to be cultivated is very large, and the ability of a man to carry out an

independent home for himself with little aid but that of his own labour is practically unlimited at the present time. To put this fact before them in an intelligent light is the desire of Mr. Owen. The writer has had an experience of nineteen years of prairie life, having brought his family in the year 1880 far beyond the confines of settlement to the Assiniboine River, 230 miles north-west of the city of Winnipeg, to Township 21, Range 28, having to cover the whole distance with his oxen and wagon, and where for several years the conveniences of railway communication were wanting. The fact that he has surmounted the difficulties incidental to those conditions without other aid than energy and patience, and that a family of seven children has grown up around him, is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that the country has a capacity to reward individual effort, when contentment with surrounding conditions is the ruling spirit. Not that contentment that lowers character, which degenerates through laziness or idleness, but that contentment which is satisfied that surrounding circumstances will give ample return for the display of energy and industry, and that does not cause the individual to see distant green fields through a mirage.

Since 1880 conditions have changed. For 300 miles west of the city of Winnipeg settlement has become solidified. Municipalities and villages are spread over the face of the country, and all the adjuncts to Canadian civilization and progress have laid their foundations. The new comers step into a national home all ready built for them. Railways directly at hand, bringing in supplies and carrying off his surplus

product; neighbors, experienced in all that is essential to successful progress, ready and willing to help new comers. Although experience is the best, and, in many cases, the only teacher, yet kindly advice always smooths the way. The road of a new and inexperienced comer or pioneer in a northern clime may be likened to a man who is struggling up to his waist in deep snow to reach his destination, or having his pathway trodden down for him by well-beaten trails. Such is the condition to-day throughout the larger part of Manitoba and the Territories; in fact, it may be said of the whole of Manitoba. Many who think that by moving westward they are leaving the comforts of civilization behind them, are astonished to find they are only moving into a new civilization, with opportunities that do not present themselves elsewhere. Naturally, there are greater difficulties to overcome in a northern clime, which will put the character of a man to a severe test: but it should not be forgotten that difficulties make the man, and the overcoming of those difficulties in no wise detract from his happiness or character. Except, perhaps, in one instance: It has been said of a minister of the gospel, who undertook to drive a yoke of oxen, that he expressed his opinion, "There must be a special dispensation for those who were unfortunately compelled to plough with oxen." Notwithstanding his experience, oxen are really the poor man's friend.

Manitoba is essentially an agricultural province, with a virgin soil of varied qualities and degrees of richness. It is 400 miles due west of Lake Superior, from which it is separated by a forest belt and by what is known as the Laurentian range of rocks, which runs diagonally through Canada from the St. Lawrence River west. After passing through this belt we emerge upon a level plateau of prairie land about thirty or forty miles east of Winnipeg. The city is situated upon the Red River of the North, a long river

which rises in the United States far to the south and empties into Lake Winnipeg five and thirty miles to the north of the city of Winnipeg, and proceeds on its way to the Hudson Bay. At Winnipeg, the Assiniboine River joins the Red River. It rises in the North-West and divides Southern from Northern Manitoba, and forms a boundary in Range 29 between Manitoba and the North-West Territories. This river is the main drainage artery of Manitoba, receiving, near Brandon, the Souris River of Southern Manitoba, and, farther west, the Little Saskatchewan, Bird Tail and Shell Rivers flowing from the Riding Mountains in the north, and the Qu'Appelle River flowing from the west. The region around the city of Winnipeg for about sixty or eighty miles east and west has been the bottom of a vast lake from which the waters have receded, leaving an alluvial deposit of great richness, representing the drainage of ages. It is a comparatively level plain, with only one drawback, namely: that in a wet season the water is not drained off sufficiently rapidly. About eighty miles west of the Red River the country rises to the first of a succession of plateaus towards the Rocky Mountains, so that while Winnipeg and Eastern Manitoba are 700 feet above the level of the sea, Western Manitoba, commencing at Ranges 8 or 9 west, is from sixteen to eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are three different classes of soil in Manitoba. The rich alluvial deposits adjacent to the Red River and around the great lakes of the province is one class. South of the River Assiniboine is a large admixture of light, sandy loam, adapted to wheat, and to the north of the Assiniboine is a black loam better adapted to mixed farming, a clay sub-soil generally underlying the whole. In Southern Manitoba the Turtle and Riding Mountains supply a limited amount of timber for fuel, the prairie, as a general rule, being treeless, and in Northern Manitoba the Riding and Duck

Mountains do the same; but in the latter districts the prairie is more or less dotted with bluffs or clumps of trees. These "mountains" are only mountains viewed from a distance. In approaching them from the south, the rise to the summit is very gradual, indeed scarcely perceptible. The system of survey by which the province is "laid out" is very mathematical in its method. The principal meridian passes through Headingly, about eighteen miles west of Winnipeg, and from this meridian, the ranges, which are six miles and a road allowance of ninety-nine feet wide, are numbered to the east and west. The townships, which are numbered from the boundary line north, like the ranges, are six miles square plus a road allowance of ninety-nine feet between the sections, so that each township and section is surrounded by a road allowance. The township is subdivided into thirty-six square miles or sections of 640 acres each, which sections are again subdivided into four quarters of 160 acres each, so that a homestead would be called the north or south, west or east quarter of section 10 of township 15, range 3 or 4, as the case may be, east or west of the principal meridian. Two sections in each township are school lands, and two sections belong to the Hudson Bay Company. The prairie land extends for about ten ranges east of the principal meridian, and twenty-nine ranges west of it. We have, therefore, thirty-nine ranges of six miles, and after allowing for the area taken up by Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, we can include twenty-five townships from the boundary to compute the area of prairie land ready for cultivation. Multiplying the thirty nine ranges by twenty-five townships, we have 775 townships, containing 23,000 acres each, or a total of 17,000,000 acres, all of which is capable of making an immediate return to the occupier, more or less, according to the quality of the land. From one third to one half of this area may be classed as

first class land in its productive power; the balance can be divided equally into second and third class land, and the whole might be classified as the Indian classified the whiskey: "No had whiskey, only some better than other." The face of the prairie is covered with pasturage, on the black soils rich, on the sandy soils light but nutritious, although a considerable admixture of weeds everywhere lessens its carrying power for stock. Cultivation, followed by reseeding, will increase its carrying capacity three or fourfold. There is in some parts alkali in the soil in surface depressions. This is, by some, attributed to the wash of the ashes left by prairie fires, a very probable reason. Alkali soil is not bad soil, but it does not produce well until cultivation has caused a thorough admixture of the surface and the sub-soil, when it is accounted good oat land. There are, in a few places, saline lakes from twenty to 100 acres in extent, and emptying into the Red River. There are one or two saline streams, but these saline spots are so rare they do not count in any estimate of the qualities of the provincial area. The water supply of the province is generally good, in most parts rising to within twenty feet of the surface. There are many natural springs along the banks of the rivers or gullies leading into them, which have washed beds for themselves far below the surface of the country. Some parts of the province lie over beds of blue clay, and where they exist, the subterranean water courses, which are fed from the Rocky Mountain region, flow underneath the blue clay, which is impenetrable, and the only recourse is to bore through the solid mass till water is reached. As a general rule, however, water is obtained near the surface. The climate of Manitoba has been given a worse character for severity than it deserves. Many people who are dissatisfied with the difficulties incidental to pioneer life in a new country, notwithstanding the prospect that can

infectious life holds out to them in it, feet fall upon the climate to ease up their consciences, and give full play to that prevalent weakness of human nature, the habit of exaggeration. Manitoba is in the latitude of Southern Russia, with modifying influences blowing up from the Gulf of Mexico, and having also the benefit of the Chinook winds from the Pacific Coast. When the north wind gets uppermost, which is not often for long, the thermometer goes down with a "bang," and it is during those periods the climate is judged. It is just like a man—he is judged by his worst points, not by his best. When once a house and stables that can resist the wind are built, we can snap our fingers at the cold. The cold is a dry cold, and does not penetrate as where moisture in the atmosphere intensifies it. Moisture with us comes with warm winds which modify the temperature. The most seasonable weather, however, is the clear, cold weather when the thermometer ranges from ten to twenty degrees below zero. Sleighing commences about the first of November and remains till the end of March, giving a continuance of easy and pleasant locomotion. Manitoba is north of the storm belt, and heavy snowfalls and blizzards are not so frequent or disastrous as they are farther south, though on the open plain, where there is nothing to resist the wind, they sometimes catch an inexperienced or venturesome traveller in a dangerous and fatal position.

Having now endeavoured to give the readers of UPS AND DOWNS a general idea of a country that has lain hidden from the eyes of the world in past generations, nursed for the British race, or rather the cosmopolitan race of which it is the prototype, and which is modelled to a uniformity by the influences of the British constitution under which it has for its political rule of life a political system which inaugurates, generates manliness, and promotes (I believe) it will not be wrong to

give them some practical knowledge of the primitive process of settlement, or, in other words, laying the foundation of a new home. It is the boast of some of our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, that their families have occupied the same homestead for 200 years and upwards. It is that tenacity that has made the Habitants of Quebec so much respected where their character is properly understood. Social reformers make the nationalization of the land a prominent plank in their programme. If it were likely to disturb the principles of fixity of ownership it would be a national evil, for there is no calling that requires so much experience to produce the best result as the cultivation of the soil. A man bred to the soil can produce from it twice, or even four times, as much as an inexperienced farmer, and even ten years' experience in farming is insufficient to do more than raise a man to the first degree of a knowledge of its capabilities. As a nation wants its people to excel in the productive power of that which is its main store of capital, it does not do to pass any law that will make the production of food in an agricultural country a temporary calling. When a man takes up a home in Manitoba, it should be with the realization that it is not only to be his future home, but a permanent home for those that come after him also, each succeeding generation adding to its beauty, its comfort and productive power. Too many have a false idea that Manitoba is not a resting-place, but a place where a fleeting residence on a homestead may result in the accumulation of money to enable its owners to transport themselves elsewhere. It is not the case. Manitoba is a place where a man by patient industry can make a home for himself, in which "he is monarch of all he surveys, and his right there is none to dispute" so long as he does not outrun the constable, by living on future crop prospects, instead of keeping the annual balance in his books on the right side so far as personal expen-

diture is concerned, or, in other words, not by living up to his personal desires, but by cutting his coat according to his cloth. There are ups and downs in farming to those who are not forehanded. But to make even the prairie blossom like the rose, and replace nature by the hand of man, and reduce all to a state of order again, takes time and work. To any of those who have come out under Dr. Barnardo's auspices, and who have grown up to man's estate with a knowledge of farming upon an Ontario or other farm, and who have saved a little money, I should say come at once. As a preliminary, he should endeavour to link his fortunes to a life partner, get married and journey west together. A man without a wife on a farm is like a horse without a cart; no matter how strong and intelligent he may be, he is handicapped in the work he is able to do, and if he comes up without one, he will find it difficult to remedy the defect, for there are too many already after the same prize. On arrival in Manitoba they can both go out and earn wages, and at the end of a year their joint capital will give them a good start. The writer has in his mind's eye a Scotch shepherd who was engaged by Mr. Galt in 1833. The *sine qua non* of his engagement was that he was to bring a wife with him, and he had only twenty-four hours to find her in. Notwithstanding that feature, he presented himself at the vessel the next day with that difficulty overcome. The shepherd is still alive after sixty-five years of Canadian life, and a large family has grown up around him, an honour to himself and an honour to the country. There is no one to say to a Manitoba settler, You must bring a wife, but if you do so, the path is smoothed for both.

In Manitoba now there are a great many free homesteads, at least such as there are, they are not easy to find; but there are old numbered sections which, as a rule, belong to railway companies and are held for

sale. There are also a large number of abandoned farms, or places upon which no improvements have been made. These have been abandoned by men who found themselves unsuited to farm life, or men who shirked the responsibility of working out their career, depending entirely upon their own brain and muscle, and sought other employments. These are not always easy to find here. After a man has been in a locality for a year or two, he will hear of any there may be in that district. It might be a good plan for Mr. Struthers, the manager of Dr. Barnardo's farm in Manitoba, to keep on hand a list of available places. It would even be a good thing if Dr. Barnardo was to establish a fund for the purchase of vacant places to be resold upon easy terms of payment to his settlers. Very cheap places are to be picked up when a settler knows where to look for a purchaser, and they are only cheap because there is no means of bringing the owner and the intending settler together. To a limited extent that could be done by a central organization like Dr. Barnardo's Manitoba farm. Purchased lands would be a security for the capital, and it would promote settlement on a healthy basis. While the C.P.R. Co. is selling lands by the thousands of acres for an average of five dollars per acre, private owners, tired of holding vacant lands, are glad to take a much smaller amount, the owner not being able to find the purchaser, or the settler not being able to find the owner. In the case of the C.P.R. Co., a purchaser can go to the land agent of the company and make his selections with reliable information before him, while the private individual, either buyer or seller, has not the same opportunity. A Barnardo fund to purchase places when opportunity offered, with the end of settlement in view, could be managed without any loss and be a great boon to many, with Dr. Barnardo as a creditor. It certainly must come to purchase places in a goodly

ment which it would take from six to eight years to pay for, than to go far afield for a free homestead, which those who have not the opportunity of purchasing must, of course, do.

The work of settlement the first year is to plough up twenty or twenty-five acres, put up a shanty or house, and a stable for horses or oxen, at the start. Building material or logs are not so easy to be got, and lumber is dear. Suppose a man were going to build a small house of lumber, 12x16, the material would cost about \$100. It would be built on four logs for sills, which should be raised from the ground by a stone foundation about two feet high. It should be the aim of a man to make improvements permanent at the start. Stones can be picked up on the prairie, and the trench for that size building should be dug down one foot, and raised above the level one foot. It should be raised with 2x4 scantling twelve feet high, lined with rough, dry lumber, a sheeting on that of brown paper and siding, a peaked roof high enough to make a storey and a half covered with shingles. Inside it should be back-plastered, that is, lined up with lath between the scantling so as to make an air space between the outer wall and the inner, leaving the inner wall to be plastered a year or two later. To economize at first, the back-plastering can easily be put on by the owner, being composed of lime, sand and hair. For two feet around the inside the earth should be packed and levelled to the floor, to keep the cold from coming in underneath it where the wall and foundation meet. With that precaution, and back-plastering on the outer wall and roof, the house will be as warm as a toad in the coldest weather. In a country where building material is scarce and expensive, the writer has used with successful tried tricks. Where the atmosphere is dry, as it is in inland countries, these bricks can be used, but in more climatic days are not so successful, they are largely used

in Russia and on the continent of Europe for very large buildings where economy is necessary. The process of manufacture is simple. A strip of land, where a sandy clay is present in the sub-soil, twenty feet wide and fifty or sixty feet long, is ploughed up, and the top sod, with some of the black loam, is removed. Then the clay sub-soil is loosened to the depth of eight inches; upon this about thirty barrels of water is poured, and three or four ponies driven round until the clay is brought to a right consistency; then a part of a load of straw is spread over this and tramped in. A small stone boat is then used to haul this to the brickmaker, who uses a smooth mould sixteen inches long, eight inches wide, and six inches thick, without a top or bottom, and two handles. A piece of this clay, about enough for a brick, is then lifted up and put into the mould, which is first swished round with water and laid on the prairie, the clay is smoothed off at the top by the hand, and the mould is lifted off and placed next it for the next brick. These bricks dry in the sun in a week, sufficiently so to pile up with a space between in piles of three or four hundred, and in six weeks they can be put together in a stable or a house, using the same clay to build with, instead of lime and sand, upon a good stone foundation. Make the walls two feet thick and extend the eaves eighteen inches or two feet over to prevent the rain dripping on the walls, and the building will last for a century. A perfectly smooth wall is the effect, washed with lime or any material after the wall has settled. At first a sod roof can be put over it, and when able, it can be replaced by a better roof. The inside walls can be plastered on without lathing, but the walls should be allowed to settle for six months or a year before plastering. This building requires no outlay except for doors and windows and flooring. As compared with a stone house, the walls do not draw the damp, and the plaster can be put directly

on the wall. Stone or concrete draws the damp, that is, the heat inside of the house condenses the cold from the outside and condenses it on the wall, and an air space must be created by strapping and lathing it, and create an inside wall of plaster. The pioneer's building is, of course, a log building for house and stables; but the process of settlement for the past twenty years has made it difficult to procure logs worth putting your labour on, except for foundation sills or joists, rafters, etc. A warm house from the beginning for man and beast wins half the battle for a successful farmer. The making of a farmer's home, which covers a long period, is an interesting occupation and contains sufficient elements of progress to gratify the ambition of anyone who undertakes it. The variety and improvement of stock, working order out of chaos, the gradual improvement of the land under your own charge and under your neighbours' charge, are all objects of interest. In the number of branches of occupation on a farm, at the plough handle, in the poultry yard, in the cattle yard, among the porkers, with the horses, in the dairy, or among the sheep, according to a man's taste or bent, the opportunity exists to give full play to his abilities and industry. Keep the mortgage off the farm, and a farmer's life can be contentment and happiness if he has a partner to share his hopes and fears. There is nothing in the climate or soil of Manitoba which will prevent a man succeeding equal to his most sanguine expectations. It is, of course, not a life of ease, but to those who find their pleasure in work, that creates no fear, or, to use a slang expression, "cuts no figure" in the calculations.

It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt an essay on agriculture and trench upon the domain of the many excellent farmers' journals now published, without one or two of which no farmer should be. There are however, one or two points which experience dictates that it is

wise to call attention to. In breaking your land, that is, turning the sod, do it in time so that it will be properly rotted before you come to turn the sod back in the fall or pulverize it with disc harrows, which is a very popular way of treating the second cultivation in the first year. If the first cultivation of the prairie is badly done, it affects crops for several seasons after. The wise farmer will never take more than two crops before he summer fallows; that keeps the land in good heart and enables it to withstand climatic changes, and insures a good average crop all the time. Once let your land run down, and it has no strength to sustain its plants through climatic changes natural to a northern clime, and it impoverishes a farmer in his efforts to revive it. Do not work your animals too young; there is great waste to the owner in doing so. The same applies to children who are willing workers. Their labour has to be utilized by parents very judiciously. It is most unwise to let the spirit be worked out in youth, from an economic or humane standpoint. In stock, breed the best, raise only the best, and do not keep more than you can feed well through the winter. Being an inland country, freights, under the most favourable circumstances, have to be calculated upon, and poor animals or poor grain will not pay the freight to market. It must be offset by best quality. The raising of good stock is a study. In horses, cattle, pigs, sheep or poultry it is all the same; all that it requires is love for your animals, and good habits will do the rest. Breed well, feed well and sell well; the one must follow the other. In turning the sod up for the first time, the soil is cold, and the sun has not had sufficient time to penetrate the soil, consequently the growth of the first crop is slow, and it keeps on growing instead of ripening till late in the fall, when frost may catch the grain in a soft state. If your first crop should be frozen, do not be discouraged. Cultivate away in the

danger of frost. Mixed farming is the safest class of farming to pursue, and distributes your labour more evenly over the year. Roots do well. In fact, Manitoba is essentially the home of the farmer, and what it wants as a foundation for its prosperity are practical, knowledgeable farmers. A man can start on a farm of 160 acres, or 640 acres, and in either case be the independent owner, modelling his improvement to suit himself. Population flows in or increases by natural means, the value of land increases by demand, and it cannot remain for many years at the low figure it is to-day. Any one of Dr. Barnardo's lads who has acquired a knowledge of, and a taste for, farming cannot do better than to move up to Manitoba. As an agricultural area it compares favourably with any other part of the continent. It has not got the elements of wealth so profusely bestowed as a more temperate zone insures, but for quality of produce within its sphere of cultivation it is hard to beat. It is destined to be the home of a large population in the future. The North West Territories to the west are much more extensive in area and similar in character. Dr. Barnardo can perform no more useful

service than to utilize his extensive organization for the purpose of assisting capable lads, with a knowledge of farm life, to search out homes for themselves in these Canadian Territories. In a country like Canada, with such an extensive producing area, it is impossible to overcrowd it. What it wants is a proper distribution of the labour. The British Constitution is the political force, and British emigrants will find the same laws and principles prevailing as those they have grown up under, and for any and every class a fair opportunity is given to all to take untrammelled advantage of their own efforts and enterprise.

In this article I have said nothing about the suitability for young women. That goes without saying. The woman is the natural helpmeet of the man, and in no sphere of life does she share so intimately, or with so much interest in her husband's work, as on the farm. The supervision of a wife over her department on a farm is of equal value to that of her husband. If a home for young women were established in Manitoba by Dr. Barnardo, it would be a valuable complement to the work his philanthropic efforts have been directed to for the past thirty years.



Home Chat

WE have been somewhat afraid that our little Winnipeg boys, among whom there are nearly 600 subscribers to *UPS AND DOWNS*, may have begun to think themselves left out in the cold, and so have made up our minds to devote "Home Chat" in the present number chiefly to our little western pioneers, and to give them the opportunity of telling their experiences and giving us their ideas about the country and life on the prairie farms. With this object we have, for several weeks past, been collecting letters that have come in from the West, and we have invited a good many of the boys to write to us for publication. We have a formidable pile of letters before us, and we scratch our heads at the thought of having to make a selection from all this rich material. There is so much of it, that we are at a loss to decide where to begin and where to end. We see at once it is useless to attempt any classification or system of arrangement, and we must take the letters as they come and let the writers speak for themselves.

The first letter that comes to our hand bears the address of one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Hudson's Bay Company, who, as a company of "merchant adventurers trading unto Hudson's Bay," received their charter of incorporation from King Charles II., is one of those great trading corporations that, like the East India Company, has extended and built up the British Empire. With the decay of the fur trade and the gradual disappearance of the Indians, the Hudson's Bay Company has lost the romance of its existence, and it no longer enjoys a monopoly of the trade of the Canadian North West, but it retains its position as a great and enterprising mercantile institution, and supports trading posts and stores all over the western

provinces. Mr. M. S. Beeston is in charge of the company's depot at Portage la Prairie. He has a boy, William Sutherland, aged fourteen, and writes of him: "Willie is a capital lad, and both Mrs. Beeston and myself like him. We are sending him to school for the winter and spring, and the probabilities are I shall get him employment with the Hudson's Bay Company here. If so, he will have a splendid chance of rising. The other lad I had, Albert Norsworthy, is now second in charge at one of the Hudson's Bay outposts and is doing splendidly." Willie himself sends us the following long, interesting and really well-written account of his experiences, beginning from his leaving England:

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Feb. 5, 1890.

DEAR SIR, I came out from England in the year 1805. I enjoyed the voyage across the blue ocean on the faithful ship *Sardinian*, Glasgow. After being ten days on the ship, we landed in Quebec the next morning, and, after staying in Quebec a short time, we went on the train to Toronto Home, and then I stayed in the Home about four days. I was sent to Muskoka, and when I got there I was met by a nice lady. From the town we drove ten miles in a lumber wagon, and I found the country very strange. I hardly knew what to make of it. After a few days had gone by, I started to watch the cows in the field with another boy, and then I started to go to school. I found the roads very rough and bushy, and also the school much the shape of a house, and I began to get acquainted with the Canadian boys. I stayed at home now and again to help the two men with their hay and harvest, but as soon as the harvest was over I went to school all through the winter till spring. We then started to prepare the land for the crops. The land is very stony and rocky and thick bush, with every kind of beasts and birds in it, and lots of lakes around it. I used to enjoy bathing in them, but we hardly ever went in row boats. We had 175 acres of land, a good team, 4 horses, two cows and one calf and about seventy five hens and chickens. After I was there a year we raised more stock and cleared more land, and I got acquainted with the country more and the people around where I was living. I did not have to work hard at all. The people

very kind to me in every way, and I can say I had a good home. I was about ten years old when I came to the Muskoka district, and I stayed there two years, and I was growing like a weed. We had three miles to walk to church on Sundays. Through the summer it was a pleasant walk all bush road; but through the winter it was not so pleasant, because it was cold, and it seemed like twelve miles to walk. It was never any colder than twenty below zero there, but the weather was very changeable. Muskoka seemed such a lonely place, although I never felt it much. I like living in Canada very much. It is a country where a man can make money better than he can in England, and it is a very healthy place for anybody. I know I have felt healthier and stronger and grown more since I came here.

The time came that I had to go, but I was sorry to leave and they did not like me to leave them. I left Muskoka in August and went to Toronto and stayed there a while, and with a party of boys came to Winnipeg, and then we were separated out to different parts of Manitoba. Mr. White sent me and two more boys to Shoal Lake to Mrs. Beeston's. I arrived there on Thursday evening, August 26th. I was in a smaller town than Winnipeg, and it looked funny to me. When I got there, I had to drive about a mile in a fast team of Mr. Beeston's to the side of the lake, and when I got to the side of the lake Mr. Beeston had built a nice cottage, and I thought it was so nice to live on the lake shore through the summer. I enjoyed it very much. We stayed till the 15th of October the first summer. I didn't have much to do. We lived about a mile out of town, and generally went up town nearly every day. It was so nice rowing on the lake; I was very fond of it. In September Mr. Beeston started to go duck shooting very often, and I generally went with him; but I did no shooting. They shot a terrible lot of ducks and chickens that season. I struck a very good home, and don't think a boy could get a better one. Both Mr. and Mrs. Beeston have been very kind to me and treat me well, and do all they can for me, and I hope I won't have to leave them for a while. I have been with them a year and five months. I like Manitoba better than Muskoka. It is cold, but there are no stones nor stumps here, and not so much bush, and better soil, and it is more level and grows better crops, but you can't grow fruit like you can in Ontario, because the climate is not as warm as Ontario. We live in town through the winter, as it is too cold beside the lake. I don't do much in the winter time; only cut wood most of the time. I generally go skating every night through the winter. Mrs. Beeston, when staying in Winnipeg a week or so, was kind enough to fetch me home a nice new watch and chain, and I was very

I think I have told you
 all with regard
 to my
 sincere friend,
 WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

Arthur G. Mann writes us from Winlaw, Assa., that he "likes the country" and is "getting along nicely." He adds that the crops were good last summer and that he himself ploughed twenty-five acres of land with three horses on the plough. He is going to school this winter, and likes the teacher "very good." He had a number of presents at Christmas.

William G. Deeks writes:

BELMONT P.O., MAN., Feb. 7, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I think this is a fine country, only it is a cold country; but we have a fine stone stable and it is good and warm. We had 400 acres of crops in last summer—wheat and oats. We have forty-six head of cattle, fourteen horses, and five pigs. We have lots of fun. Give my love to all the boys. Tell them this is a fine country. It is hot in the summer and cold in the winter. Yours truly,

W. G. J. DEEKS.

Willie's master, Mr. Spring, of Belmont, encloses a letter in the boy's, in which he says:

I would like to say a few words as regards the boy I have living with me, William G. Deeks. He has now been with me about two years. He is a good boy to work and smart to learn. I have a boy of the same size, and the two get along great. I have a good, warm stable built of stone 67x67. William is going to work a team this spring. He is handy with the lines. Take it all round, it is a fine start for the boy.

Thomas G. Dymond is living with Dr. Bruce, of Wapella. The Doctor has not found Master Thomas by any means faultless, but writes of him: "We are well pleased with his work. I think he will be smart and clever at farming. If he is rightly handled, I think he will be a fine young fellow." Thomas tells us in his letter that he likes the country, though it is colder than in Ontario. He gives us a little account of Wapella, which is evidently a busy place, as in one day there were 150 teams delimiting wheat at the elevator.

Frank Smith has a good home.

at Oak River, Man., with Mr. and Mrs. John Barr. He writes me:

DEAR MR. EDITOR. I like the place very well. They have two small children. In the summer I herd cattle and in the winter there is not very much for me to do, and it is a very good thing, for it is so cold. This part of the country is not what I expected to see. I thought it would be all level prairie and covered with buffaloes; but it is hilly, and good wheat land and cheap. The crops were not very good this year. I think they averaged about twenty bushels to the acre. This is a beautiful country in the summer. The prairie is covered with flowers and roses; but we cannot grow fruit--that is one thing we miss. The prairie is running thick with gophers and prairie chickens, and in the spring and fall wild ducks and geese are very thick. We stack the grain on the grain fields. There are not many large barns here yet. Mr. Barr put up a big barn last summer with a stone stable beneath it. I cannot go to school this winter, but we are going to have school next winter. We are about three miles from town. There are four elevators and about seven stores in this town.

I send my best wishes to the rest of the boys.

John Chalk tells us that "the country is first-rate and the crops splendid. All the folks around seem to be good people. I am used very kind and kept well clothed." John's employer, Mr. Carte, of Indian Head, adds a few lines to the letter, in which he says: "The boy you sent me is doing very well. I find him honest and willing and of good behaviour."

George J. T. Webb went up to the West in the spring of 1897, after having been boarded out for nearly three years in Muskoka. His present home is situated in the magnificent farming district on the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, sheltered by the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Lynes, with whom George is living, write of him:

WILLOW KNOLL, Feb. 6, 1899.

DEAR MR. OWEN, We are pleased to be able to say that George is growing to be a very useful help, and we are very much pleased with him during the time he has been with us. He is growing a big boy and a handy one. I fancy we should miss him if he were to leave, but George seems to reciprocate the feeling, for he often says to people "I won't leave, I'm

not going to leave here. We hope he will continue to be as doing, and he will be a good citizen for this country." Yours,

JAS. AND MRS. J. LAYNE

George himself sends us a very interesting little account of himself, from which we extract the following:

WILLOW KNOLL, Feb. 5, 1899.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I came here nearly two years ago. The first summer I was given a nice pony and I learned to ride, and often went over her head when she went into a badger hole or dropped on the prairie when she shied; but I was never much hurt, so I like riding very much. I like to bring home the cows to milk, or hunt them up if any of them go astray in the summer, for then I get a good fast ride on my pony going for them. When I was sent to weed the garden the first time, I hoed up all the onions, beets and radishes before my mistress knew what I was doing and showed me how to tell between them and weeds. I don't think I would make the same mistake again. I have learned to milk cows, harness horses and drive them, feed and care for the cattle in winter, and a lot more things. I had lots of fun at Christmas last year hunting coyotes. I often hunt them with the hounds. I got a saddle for a Christmas box last year and a bridle this year. It gets pretty cold here in winter, but I do not mind it when I have good warm clothes and good food, and we get lots of that here. I like this better than any place I ever saw. I would not like to have to go back to stay in England. I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here.

Yours truly,
 GEORGE J. T. WEBB

Percy Hetherington thinks the North-West is a "great wheat-growing country," and tells us of farmers in his neighbourhood who have as much as 18,000 bushels from the year's crop. He adds the interesting item of information that he himself "weighs about twice as much" as when he came to the West, and he evidently considers it a good country for boys as well as wheat.

George Day, writing from Elk Point, says that he can milk, feed the cattle and drive and harness horses, although "when I came here first I didn't know a horse from a cow." Mr. Walker, George's employer, adds a very kind little note, in which he says: "I am well pleased with

George; he is a very good boy and will make a good man some time. We have a considerable number of boys settled in the neighbourhood of Estevan, and Mr. Walkem tells us that he thinks they are all doing well.

Albert Henry Dolling writes a bright, cheery little account of his work and of the stock and crops on his master's farm, that shows that he is taking an intelligent interest in his surroundings and that he is a happy, contented boy.

Augustus Brookes tells us that it was fifty degrees below zero on the date of his letter; but, nevertheless, he has some very pleasant things to say about the country. He speaks of there having been fine crops and says "we had a fine time at the threshing." Mr. Thompson, of Riga, Gus.' master, says of him: "He is doing very well. I will do my best for him. We treat him as one of ourselves. There is a large family of us, so that he is not lonely. There is no school open in the winter here, or he could attend; but he has a good opportunity to learn, as he has plenty of time and books, copy books included, which he is doing very well with."

Robert Hunt "likes the country very well" and adds: "I think I shall buy a farm when I earn enough money. This country is better than the old country, for boys can make a home for themselves. I can stand the cold pretty well. We don't freeze in this country." Robert is said by his master to be doing well and "in earnest to learn."

Charles F. Merritt, one of last year's early arrivals, writes:

Osnow, Feb. 14, 1899.

Dear Sir, we live six miles from Qu'Appelle. We have a nice comfortable store house besides other out buildings. Our family consists of Mr. & Mrs., three boys, one girl and myself, of which I am the oldest of the children. We have the Souris River on the farm besides two good springs. We have quite a lot of stock. My work is helping to milk, feeding pigs, herding the cattle and sheep. I like living in Canada and have a good home and I am treated in every respect like one of the boys.

The thriving little town of Qu'Appelle is the centre of a prosperous settlement where a number of our boys have found good homes. We have before us several letters from that quarter, among which we have selected the following:

QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA., N.W.T.,
Feb. 2, 1899.

ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I think the North-West is a splendid country. If a boy has a will, he is sure to find a way up here. The soil is good, land is cheap, good facilities; in fact, everything that can be desired for a good start is found in most of the territories. Of course there are drawbacks. The gopher, for instance, is quite a menace to crops in a dry season, as they cut the grain down to drink the sap. These things are easily outbalanced, however. Around Qu'Appelle for a long distance the country is rolling prairie, particularly to the south. A good piece of country south of the C.P.R. track is all "bluff" or comparatively small bush. Excepting the gopher, alkaline water is about the only inconvenience. Crops turned out very well last summer. Mr. Cates had 2,318 bushels of wheat, and 636 bushels of oats last year. That is considered an average crop. A gentleman near Indian Head cropped 8,000 bushels of wheat last year. I remain,

Yours respectfully,
FRANK PARSONS

QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA., N.W.T.
MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I herded the cattle all last summer. I had fifty-two to look after, and milked three cows twice a day, and in the fall when we weaned the calves I had six to milk once a day. Our wheat crop was not very good this year. It was cut down on the 20th of June by a terrible hail storm. The hail stones, most of them, were as big as hen eggs, and some bigger, and they came down with such a force that they bounced four or five feet into the air after reaching the ground. Mr. Matheson said he never saw such a storm before. Even then the crop would have been very good, but we had so much rain in September, which kept the crops growing, and they had no time to ripen. The potato and oat crops were very good. We have had a pretty fair winter until the 24th of January, when we had a great snow storm, and since then it has been 40 below zero nearly all the time, but I am getting used to it. I have all I want to eat and plenty of clothing. I am in very good health, and I do not think you can send any boy in a more healthy country, and there is not a better country for anybody to learn to work. I am growing fast and getting along well with my master and mistress, and I should be unwilling to leave Canada,

as there are better prospects of getting home than there is in the old country.

From your affectionate young friend,
H. F. GREENGIBBE.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Feb. 13, 1899.

A. B. OWEN, ESQ., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a few lines respecting Charles F. Vesty. He is getting along all right at present. He is a well-behaved boy, and gives us very little trouble. He is getting very useful now, and I must say he took great care of the cattle last summer.

Yours truly,
C. A. T. WHITING.

QU'APPELLE, Feb. 10, 1899.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—The little boy, Downes, that you sent me is well and doing very well. He stands the cold fine. He don't have to go very far from the house; in fact, I don't go any farther than I can help myself. The weather is rather cool. It runs from 30 to 43 below zero.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. G. BAILEY.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Feb. 7, 1899.

MR. A. B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I like this country very much, and think it is a very good country for health. This summer I herded fifty-three head of cattle. I had one of my master's boys herding with me. We had a fairly good crop last year. There was about 1,500 bushels of wheat and 200 bushels of oats. I like the place I am at, and am not lonely, for there is nine of a family—three boys, four girls and master and mistress. We had a very good time at Christmas, and we boys have lots of fun sleigh-riding down the hill. I remain,

Your sincere friend,
ALFRED DOWNES.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Feb. 5, 1899.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—There is lots of fun herding out here on this prairie of the great North-West Territory. Last summer I had a band of eighty-seven head of cattle to herd. My pony and dog were my companions. Sometimes my master's little boy would come with me, and we used to have jolly times together. Now it is winter time he and I feed and bed cattle. Sometimes it is pretty cold, but we don't mind it very much. I am very, very happy and quite content in this my new home. If all the boys get as good a one, they will be well off. I am not very tall, but quite well and strong. I live one mile and a half from town and attend Sunday school when the weather is fine.

Hoping you are well, I remain

Yours truly,
BENJAMIN

WILSON, QU'APPELLE STATION,
N. W. T., Feb. 9, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I like the country very

much. It is better than England. It is a little cold now, but it will soon be over. We have had a fairly good crop of about 700 bushels wheat and quite a lot of oats. It is rather warm in summer, and the mosquitoes bite me up pretty well. I have got a pony to ride now, and I ride to church, and I have also a black yearling heifer named Violet. I have grown quite a lot since I came to this country. There is lots of wild fruit here. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson are very kind to me. I will soon be strong enough to handle the plough. I have two dogs named Kaiser and Nigger. We have two neighbours, with Barnardo boys.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES WOODSTOCK.

Thirty miles further west from Qu'Appelle, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories. The surrounding district is settled with a superior class of farmers, many of whom have moved up there from the Province of Ontario. We have a nice little constituency on the Regina Plains, and, judging from the following letters, our boys in that part of the world seem satisfied with their surroundings.

PROBY, P. O., Feb. 10, 1899.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I am located about twelve miles north of Regina, N. W. T., on side of the bluffs, and they are nice in the summer time and a good shelter in the winter. I have not had a day's sickness since I came to the country. I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM DUNGEY.

PASQUA, FEB. 5, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I like the country very well. We had a good crop last year. We are having a fine winter so far. It is a fine country. There is not much snow this winter like there was last. We have had some pretty cold days.

From your friend,
HERBERT NUSS.

REGINA, Feb. 5, 1899.

MR. ALFRED OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I may say I like the country, and my home well. I think it is a very good country for boys to come to. Last summer I had seventy head of cattle to herd, but I had a good pony to ride on. I have a good time in summer. I don't do any farm work.

A. J. STEPHENS.

DEAR SIR,—I like the country very much. I have a very good boy. He is well of his age, but he is very willing and good when to do what he is told. He has given good satisfaction since he came here.

W. M. DUNN.

MR. OWEN

DEAR SIR, I am quite well and like the country very well. It is very cold here in winter, but I have not got frozen yet. The crops were very good here last summer. There are two elevators just half a mile from the house, and a new railway station. I like to live here. I have lots of fun with Hugh. He is ten years old and I am thirteen. I remain, yours truly,

CHARLES SMITH.

Ernest E. Dunston has been with Mr. Miller, of Lenore, for the past two years, and his master writes: "We are very well satisfied with Ernest. He is quite like one of the family and always seems content." Ernest himself tells us that his master has a farm of 640 acres between Virden and Hamiota and that last year they had a fine crop. He has learned to plough and harrow, rides on horseback for the mail, and seems to make himself useful and to be happy and thriving generally.

James Tomkins gives us the interesting intelligence that his employer is a "big Scotchman," who is very kind to him. He likes his place well, but finds the climate very cold in the winter, "especially when the north-west wind is blowing." Other people besides James have had the same experience during the present winter; but the cold does not seem to have frightened him, as he concludes his letter with the remark, "I think it is a good country for Home boys, as there is lots of work for them and lots of farmers needing them." James' employer gives us a very satisfactory report of him, describing him as "obedient, willing to learn and to do what he can."

Willie Church sends us a cheery little account of the stock on his master's farm and of what he has to do for them. His letter says: "I like my place very well. I get lots to eat and drink and good clothes. They are very nice people I am living with. I am doing very well."

The following is from George Harnison, and will be read with interest by a good many who will remember George a little boarder at Branchbridge:

DEAR FRIEND MR. OWEN, I am about seven miles from Brandon. It is a very nice country out here. My boss has about 480 acres of land. I like my place, and I have a good time going to school. I have the job of lighting the fire in the school-house. I get five cents each morning for lighting it. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter are very good to me, and I like the baby very much. I go to Sunday school, and got a nice prize on the Christmas tree. I had a recitation that night, and we had a nice time. Mr. Hunter had about 4,000 bushels of wheat last year, and he is teaming it out now to market. He says he gets fifty-six cents per bushel for it. Mr. Hunter keeps the Post Office, and so we get plenty of papers to read.

I remain, yours truly,
GEORGE HARMISON.



Herbert and Harold Smith.

Herbert and Harold Smith, the two little lads whose photograph appears above, are two bright little fellows of thoroughly good character. Harold is boarded out with Mr. Tom Mells, of Falkenburg, Wis. Herbert has found a home with the principal merchant in the district, Mr. E. W. Hay. Both at school and at home our little friends are well spoken of, and are boys who will, we feel sure, grow up to be a credit to the Homes.

Edward S. Brown writes:

CARNOUSTIC, Feb. 6, 1900

A. B. OWEN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I have got a nice place and I like it very well. My work is to attend to a few cattle, to feed and water, and, when they are milking, to milk three cows. I also feed a few sheep, pigs and hens and keep the house going in wood and water. This is a fine farming part of the country. We always have fine crops of wheat and oats. We are not troubled with frost. We have a fine garden. I can now do a great many things I could not do when I came here. Some of them are: I can ride on horse-back, and I can milk cows, and a number of other things. In the long winter evenings I have lots of books and papers to read, and can make good use of them. One thing more, I wish that all the boys who came to this country with me have had the good fortune to get as good a home as I have got.

I remain, yours respectfully,
ED. SAMUEL BROWN.

The pleasant impression we gather from Edward's letter is fully confirmed by the report of him received at the same time from his employer, Mr. D. W. Hogg, the postmaster of Carnouastic, Assa. He says:

I am happy to state that Ed. S. Brown has greatly improved since coming to me. He is getting to be a very intelligent, trustworthy lad. I have no doubt but he will make a bright young man yet. He is naturally smart and witty, and I think with good care and culture he will come out all right. The lad is young and full of life and wants looking after just as any other boy of his age would. As the saying is, "bad masters make bad boys," and in my opinion in quite a number of cases where the boy turns out bad the master is more to blame than the boy.

Yours respectfully,
D. W. HOGG, P.M.
CARNOUSTIC P.O., ASSA., N.W.T.

Alfred Gower pleads that he is not much accustomed to letter-writing, but has done his best to send us an account of himself, and a very satisfactory account it is on the whole. He has gained forty seven pounds in weight since he came from England eighteen months ago, and now tips the scale at 103 pounds, is five feet in height and has evidently learned to do a good deal of work for a little boy of his age and strength.

James Smith thinks the North West "a good country to get on in,

though it is frosty. We are told of James that he is "getting along nicely," takes quite a bit of interest in his work "and is a good boy."

Richard Kitchenman tells us that the North-West is a fine, healthy country, and that the air "livens a lazy fellow up." Hedley J. Bracey "never was better off" in his life, and has increased in weight from sixty-five to 102 pounds. Charles Stubblings "likes the country all right." Samuel Cook gives rather a gloomy account of the injury done to the crops by the wet weather of last fall, but likes the country and tells us that he has grown five inches since he came from England in 1897; and Cornelius O'Leary has a "kind master who has taught him to plough, harrow and sow."

From Estevan, N.W.T., comes a very interesting despatch from William J. James. Willie has been five years in Canada, of which he spent the first three in a foster-home in the Muskoka district. His present employer is a clergyman, and evidently Willie has a bright, happy home. He is in a ranching district, and tells us in his letter of some long rides he has had over the prairie. He gives us his opinion that ranching pays better than farming, and hopes when he is eighteen or nineteen to start a ranch of his own. We daresay he will, and we hope to see him some day a rich stockman and perhaps one of the "cattle kings" of the West. The Rev. Guy P. Terry writes us of Willie: "Both my wife and myself and the little ones are very fond of him. He has grown quite a big, strong and useful boy since coming here, and I cannot speak too highly of him. He is very useful in the house, and when I am away from home on my mission work, I leave him in charge of my horses, and he always looks well after them. In fact, I have perfect confidence in leaving them to his care, although he is only a young boy. He can do all the necessary work around the house, such as wood cutting, feeding, washing, mucking, etc. He is too

able to drive the team, get fuel from the mine, load hay, and a hundred other things."

The following letters are from a couple of little lads, who, when boarded out, were schoolfellows and playmates at Novar :

DEAR SIR,—I am twelve years old. I work on a farm. I look after the horses, cattle and cows. I can eat as much as I want, and drink as much milk as I like. We have plenty of pork, and two pigs in the sty. I like the summer very well. I catch gophers in the summer time. We have pretty good crops out here. . . . Geo. Fulwell and Sydney Mates live not very far away, and we all go to school together. George has got the job of lighting the fires, and the trustees is paying him a dollar a month for it. It has been very cold lately —55 below zero.

I remain, your sincere friend,
ALFRED F. KNIGHT.

DEAR SIR, — I came up to Manitoba with a party of six boys in January, 1898, and was sent to Brandon, and was met there by Mr. Pitman. My work in winter is chiefly to help do the chores and help to haul feed for the stock. In the spring, before we start seeding, I help to clean the grain and also help to bluestone the seed grain, and after seeding I help to put in the potatoes and garden stuff, and when they are up I help to hoe them. When haying time comes, I help, such as raking with a horse-rake and building loads; and when harvest comes, I do chores and take up the teams to the binder, as we change teams every three or four hours. After we are through cutting, we start to stack with two wagons. Mr. Pitman builds the stacks while the men pitch the loads, and I build them. We had very good crops this year. 170 acres of wheat yielded nearly 4,000 bushels, 28 acres of barley yielded 600 bushels, and 40 acres of oats yielded 950 bushels, and two stacks of six loads in each for feed. The climate in summer is very much like Ontario, only it is hotter some days, and the winters are clear and crisp, with cold snaps now and again, when the thermometer registers from 40 to 50 below zero. I have learned quite a few things since I came to this country, such as milking, and riding a pony after the cattle, when we let them run at large on the prairies in the spring and fall. Last summer Mr. Pitman built a new house 20x28. It is heated by a No. 6 "Garnet" furnace. I think I have said all for this time. Yours truly,
Geo. F. [unclear]

of Peatrice. As boarders, these little lads earned an excellent character, and their foster parents are always anxious for news of them, and will, we are sure, hear with great pleasure that they are doing well :

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I received your letter, and was very glad to hear from you, and will try to write a few accounts of myself since I came to Manitoba. Mr. Boyd is very kind to me. He has got a big ranch and about seventy horses and forty head of cattle. We have some very good race horses. We won quite a few races last summer. I am learning to ride. I like riding very much. The crops were very good in this country last summer. We had 2,000 bushels of wheat, 1,600 bushels of oats and 150 bushels of barley. Wheat is worth fifty-eight cents a bushel here now. It was as high as \$1.40 last spring. We have had a splendid winter about here; only three or four weeks that has been very cold. It was 45 below zero last week. We had one very bad blizzard here this winter, and you could not see twenty rods in front of you. I never thought I would like to live in Manitoba, but I would sooner live out here than in Ontario now. We have very nice times here in the winter doing chores. We have a very big stable, and can drive a horse and sleigh through it when we clean it out, and it will hold about seventy horses. The cattle have a big stable of their own. There is a nice little river past the stable, so we have lots of water for our stock. I am very glad to tell you that my brother, who lived in Ontario last summer, has got a nice place with a gentleman named Mr. Powers. He has a big ranch, lots of horses and cattle and does not live very far from here, and we see him quite often. It is very nice for the three of us to be together. I think this is all I have to say this time, and am glad to tell you we are all quite well and with the best of health. Hoping to be able to pay you a visit after a few years,

With our best love to you all,
I remain, yours truly,
CHARLES DICKASON.

CARDENBY

DEAR SIR, — I now sit down to write you and let you know how I like my new home and my country. The man I am living with is a very nice man. There are lots of nice people in Manitoba and the North-West. I do not have any hard work to do. I very often see my brothers, and their master says that they are regular little gentlemen. It has been very cold, but we are having nice and mild weather now. It is the best country for wheat to grow I have ever seen. I am going to send you now for four months, and the teacher says I shall soon be in the fifth

standards. I am getting along very well and I like my home very much. I remain, yours truly,

GEORGE DURASON

SASKATOON, N.W. T.

DEAR SIR, - I have your letter, and I am very glad to hear from you. I like to stay here. I am going to school and get along fine. . . . The crops turned out fine here. We had a 100 acres of wheat, and it averaged thirty bushels to the acre. It is very cold out here. It was 35 below zero. We drove to school, and did not seem to mind the cold. In the summer I herd cattle, with a pony to ride, and when I drive out to the sand-hills, I get my pockets full of chokecherries. There are lots of Saskatoon berries and cranberries here. The Saskatoon berry is much like the huckleberry. With best wishes.

I remain, yours truly,
ALFRED JOHN TAYLOR.



Charles S. Binder.

Charles S. Binder is an old Stepney lad, and one of those whom we always look upon as a credit to the years of training in the Home. He came to Canada with the April emigration party in the year 1890, and having an idea that he could prefer some other employment than farming, was placed with a tanner in the town of Dunsmuir. He has since kept this situation and proved a conscientious and faithful worker, and in presenting his portrait to our

readers we can introduce him as a young fellow of exemplary character, of whom we have good hopes that he will make his way to a good position in the world.

CARTWRIGHT, MAN.

DEAR SIR, . . . I have had a very good time since I left the Home. The weather is very cold just now, but we are not suffering yet very bad. I like this country very well. It is very warm in the summer. There is lots of water here and there all through the prairies. We are about five miles from the bush, and it seems odd to me to be so far from it. In the summer I herd cattle and do chores in the winter. We grow lots of wheat and barley, and it was very wet and wet the stacks very bad.

Yours truly,
ERNEST HODGES.

Ernest's master writes a few lines, in which he tells us that he is behaving well and doing all that can be expected of a little boy of his age.

Three other little boys have written us, who were boarded out in the same district in Northern Ontario.

BELOO FARM, MOOSE JAW, N.W. T.

DEAR SIR, - I like my place fine and like the people. We have eighteen head of cattle and twelve horses. Ten of the horses have been running out all winter and have never been in the stable, and they are in good order. There has been no bad weather here this winter to amount to anything; only two or three severe snow storms. Our cattle were fed out until about three weeks ago. The weather is very cold and frosty now, but not snow enough for good sleighing. I herded our cattle last summer, and can ride a pony now as fast as he can go. We are six and a half miles from Moose Jaw, and we have a church three miles from here. We have three ponies, and I have lots of fun riding on them. I have a little pony two years old that I am going to break in the spring. We had good crops here last summer, and the wheat was all No. 1 hard. I like to live in the country, where I can learn to farm so that I can work a farm of my own some day. I guess I will close for this time. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES W. BINDER.

It is a pleasure to hear from you and to hear that you are getting on well. I am glad to hear that you are enjoying your life in the country. I think you are doing very well. I am glad to hear that you are getting on well. I am glad to hear that you are getting on well.

up anything I show him to do. He has got quite fat and has grown since he came here so that you would hardly know him now. I am quite satisfied with him, and I think he will get along all right."

DEAR SIR, I am quite well. I herd about fifty head of cattle. I had a dog to help me, and his name was Watch. I had to start at eight and stop at seven. John Barnet and I do the chores, and we have lots of fun. Santa Claus remembered me, and I hope he remembered the rest of our friends. When I first came here I did not like the country, but now I seem to like it better.

Yours truly,
ALFRED SOLOMON.

SINTALUTA, N.W.T.

DEAR SIR,—I came to Canada in the year 1895 and was sent to Muskoka to be boarded out, and was there two years. Then I was sent to the North-West Territories and was put with a farmer named Mr. Bishop, and am doing very well here. I like living here, and I think I will stay as long as I can. I go to school here in the winter time. The first summer I was here I sometimes drove a team on the drag harrows and chored around, and when harvest came I helped to stook and stack. Crops are not very good this year. We had about 100 acres of wheat in and some oats and barley. The winter was not so bad, but sometimes it would get cold and be cold for quite a few days. When spring came, I worked a team most of the time, and when the grain got up a bit, we had a lot of cattle I had to watch, and I had a pony to watch them with. I had to stay out with them for hours, or they would be in the grain. It was not a very nice job, but it had to be done. This winter hasn't been cold at all only until lately. I think I have given you an idea of my living since I have been here. Your friend,

ROBERT MILLS.

I may say that we are well satisfied with Robert. He is an industrious boy and willing to do whatever he can, and I trust he will grow up to be an honest, God-fearing man.

SAMUEL W. BISHOP.

Henry Thomas Hill, who will soon have been in Canada for three years, writes us:

The first winter I spent in the North-West Territory was to herd cattle. I quit this in November, when we stable the cattle. We put straw in for them, and I take the cattle to water about a mile and chop a hole in the ice for them.

At the beginning of May I begin to herd, but I do not herd all the time. I help to get in the hay and in the best field to get in the grain. Last summer I had 105 head of herds with a pony and dog to help me.

I like the place fine and have got on well so far. It is nice weather in summer, and we get nothing, but it is very cold this winter. It has been down to 69 below zero.

The three following letters come to us from the immediate neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, and they show that our little lads in the farthest West are happy and thriving:

SELBY RANGE, PER WETASKIWIN, N.W.T.

DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in giving an account of my little experiences since my coming to Canada's North-West. I came direct from England out here to Alberta, stopping over in Winnipeg part of one day and one night. I thought on my first arrival that it was a queer sort of country, with so many different ways of everything. Even the English language I could hardly understand; but after I had been here a couple of months or so, I began to realize that it was a far better country than England for a boy or young man to get ahead in, and now I do not think I would go back to England for a small fortune. You will see that I am just about seasoned in now. My master gave me a few chores to do around the farm and bought me a little pony, which he gave me to ride on fetching the cattle, and so on. As this is a new country just about getting settled, there is plenty of work, and there is not much time to think of pleasure, although we have been to a couple of picnics in the summer and two or three private parties since snow came. I had my first sleigh ride, and it was very nice. Just now sleighing is very good, and the farmers are taking advantage of it and getting timber home for building. The crops were almost a failure last year, on account of the very heavy frost in June, which knocked everything to the bottom. Mr. Owen, when you go to England, give my best respects and thanks to Dr. Barnardo for sending me to Canada.

Your faithful servant,
SYDNEY J. BRYAN.

DEAR SIR, Sydney came to me on April 15th last year, and has proved a very good, willing and useful boy, for being "green," as we Europeans are all named on our first arrival to the States or Canada. This summer he will go to school as long as the term lasts, commencing March 1st next. As far as I have learned from him, he seems to like the country, and says it is a better country than England.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
S. J. YOUNGBLACK.

INDIAN, N.W.T.

I like my place very well and am well satisfied. It is very stormy but now windy and drifting. We

have to keep the cattle in the stable most of the time. I like the country better up here. I have got much stenter since I came up here. . . . I am starting to learn to drive a team of horses, and can go to town on horseback, get the mail and do a little shopping. It is seven miles to town.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK SCULLEV.

WAVEY LAKE, PENHOLD, ALTA.

DEAR SIR,—I do some milking and I help to fill up the mangers. There are lots of gophers to eat up the crops, and I have to set traps to catch them in the summer. The weather is not like England. There is not so much wet weather and it is hotter in summer and colder in winter. Some of our horses live outside all winter, and we do not have to feed them. They scrape the grass away with their feet. I often see my friend, Skinner, and sometimes another Barnardo boy. I am saving my money to buy a calf, and have \$2.00 already.

Yours truly,
JOHN HENRY HUGHES.

John's friend, Eddie Skinner, also writes that he "likes the country very well." He says in his letter: "When I first came to Canada, I began to herd sheep. In about a month Mr. Owen came to see me. I learned to rake hay, and then I fetch home the cows on my pony. My master is very kind to me. I have two sheep of my own besides a pony. That is very good for one year. I go to parties and shows. We had a jolly time at Christmas. We and a lot of our neighbours went to a neighbour's house to spend the day. First we had our dinner, then we had a lot of games, then we had our supper, and then after we had lots of songs and recitations, and so on. On New Year's Day we had another party at our house. We have got some hounds, and they have killed about seventy coyotes."

Edwin's master, Mr. Richards, writes of Edwin: "He is a good, truthful, industrious boy, and I believe he will do well in this country. He is well liked by us and by all our neighbours who know him. He is a credit to the Home."

CALGARY, CANADA.

DEAR THE SECRETARY.—I thought I would write a few lines to tell you how I like

it in the North West. In the first place, I have had extra health and always been able to do my share of eating as well as sleeping. My work last summer was chiefly riding after stock. I have my own saddle and horse, and he can go, too. He ran away with me once through some brush and nearly tore the nose off of me. Every morning I get the cows in, and I have never missed them over once or twice in the summer. . . . I can harness a team and hitch them up. We have had beautiful weather this winter. The cattle did not require feeding until the 1st of February. My master has eighty head of cattle and twenty-five head of horses, and we have not fed over twenty-five loads of feed up to the present. I think this is all I have to say, so good-night; I must go to bed.

DANIEL ROBERTS.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to Daniel Roberts, I must say he has got to be very useful, and is a good help and a very faithful boy. If he only continues, he will make his mark some day. I only wish I could get a girl as good.

Yours truly,
T. E. JACKSON.

INNISFAH, ALTA.

DEAR SIR, I find pleasure in giving you an account of myself. I like this country very well. We have had a splendid winter. We have about a foot of snow and it is not too cold, either. We have service in the schoolhouse six and a half miles from the house. I had a very good time at Christmas. Santa Claus did not overlook me. It is beautiful here in the summer. I help my master to get the hay in and drive the mower and rake as well. I like driving a team. We milk quite a few cows and send the milk to the Government creamery. In six months we sent in 1,400 pounds of butter, and it averaged over fifteen cents clear. We threshed about 15,000 bushels last fall. My master gave me a present of a watch and chain last Christmas, and I am very proud of it. I am having a party on my birthday on the 23rd of February. I will close now with good wishes from

ALBERT MULFORD.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines to let you know how Albert and I are getting along. I am well pleased with Albert, and I think he will make a very good lad.

Yours truly,
H. J. . . .

THE J. L. H. Ferguson sends an interesting report of himself and doings. Evidently his lines have fallen in pleasant places. He is now with M. McAllister at South Edmonton, and Mrs. M. Amster writes us . . .

Yours truly, . . .

ago, and both my husband and I find him a great help and consider him a good boy. He seems to have been well brought up, and we have never heard him use any bad language. We think he is happy with us, and he takes a great interest in everything about the farm. He is very handy with horses. Last spring he made some very good attempts at ploughing, and, no doubt, will do even better this year. He helps me in the house, too. He often gets breakfast, and is a real handy boy for his age. It is a matter of regret to my husband and myself that we are so far from church. We are seven miles from a church and four miles from a Sunday school. Jack attends as often as he can conveniently, but it is not as often as we should like to have him go.

Freddie Bostock recalls the time when he arrived from England and was for a few weeks an inmate of the Home in Toronto, afterwards going to his present situation on the outskirts of the town of Calgary. He tells us :

We have four grown horses and a good garden. We had a good crop of vegetables, and the farmers around us had a good crop of grain. The first year I was at my place I undertook to break in an Indian pony. One day I got on the pony. It was a little wild and made to run away with me. It began to run round a hill as hard as it could, and just as you would think for a greenie, I hung to the horn of the saddle, and at last he made to jump over a gate, and we both went through it, and both me, horse and gate was lying on the ground; but now he is one of the best horses around here both for saddle and wagon. . . . I advise every boy to come to the North-West.

Guisseppi Offridi writes us from Dundee, Manitoba :

I like my place well, and have grown so much and got to be a good worker since I came. Just now I spend most of my time doing chores, for we have thirty-six head of cattle here. I can drive horses now, and in the summer used to rake hay and build loads. I like to see the engine work in the fall when they are thrashing. Sometimes I used to blow the whistle for dinner. Sometimes I go to Sunday school. I went to day school three months in the summer. Mr. Murphy gave me a sleigh to draw my wood on, as it takes quite a lot in this weather, as we have three boys running. I am starting the cottarell, and chint. Manitobans just die place for lead boys.

Mr. R. K. Kelly writes us from a place in the West and tells us that he has had a very good year and is very happy and

sandboy. His employer, Mr. Peck, of Crescent Lake, writes us that he has found Evan a "good, honest, faithful boy and willing to do anything he is told. In a few years, if he has his health and strength, he will make a prosperous farmer. He goes to school in the summer time and has taken a prize, which he is very proud of."

George R. Deane is located at Woolsley. The crops do not appear to have been good in that district for the last summer, but, none the less, George tells us that he "likes his home and the country as well as the people." He was a small boy when he came to this country, but he is growing fast, and thinks that it is "a very healthy and nice country for Dr. Barnardo's boys."

William H. Fella writes from Lippentott, Manitoba :

This is a fine country, there is no doubt about it. It is a good wheat-growing country and also a good stock-raising country. The crops were very good last year, but some years they are not, owing to the lack of rain. I am getting along pretty well now. There is a creek about half a mile away, and the people have started a rink on it, and we have lots of fun skating. Next summer I will be herding cattle.

Arthur J. Grover has not had a long experience in the West, but he writes us :

I like Manitoba well. It has been pretty cold here—47 below zero—but I am well clothed and seem not to mind it much. When I came here, the crops were all cut and nearly all threshed; but from the number of stacks I see, it must be a great country for crops. I helped to take in the potatoes, and some of them were as long as my head, and turnips, cabbage and roots were a good crop. There are lots of prairie wolves here, but on seeing a person they will run. I have chased them myself. I have caught lots of rabbits this winter. I set traps in their runways in the bush. There are a number of Home boys in this part of the country, and they seem to be doing very well. I have not been away from here very much, for people do not travel in the winter more than they can help.

The following letter will be read with a good deal of interest by those who have been brought into contact also here with what our correspon-

dent describes as the "best of worlds" sentiment.

KENILWORTH LODGE, ASSA,
MOOSOMIN P.O., Feb. 5, 1890

ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—The lad, Joseph Nash, came to me in July last, and I take this opportunity of saying how much pleased I am with him. I am living in what I may call an anti-Barnardo settlement, the work of the Doctor not being viewed with any degree of favour; and it was with some misgiving that I made the experiment. But since I have had some opportunity of looking into the matter, my views have undergone a change, for, aside from the fact that homes are being provided for

the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and as their names have appeared before in our columns, we will content ourselves with expressing our opinion that there are not in the country three more deserving and promising citizens than William Smith, of Bracondale, Harold Chase, of Sourisford, Manitoba, and Frederick Cochrane, of Campbellton.

Harry Henderson was one of last spring's arrivals. His letter is a very creditable production—sensible well-expressed and well-written. We can only make a brief extract:



William Smith.

Harold W. Chase.

Frederick B. Cochrane.

those who would otherwise be without them, I believe the work carried on by Dr. Barnardo will go a long way to simplify the labour question of the West.

Wishing you every success in your good work, I remain,
Yours truly,
J. W. EASTON.

The little lad who has thus vindicated the good name of the Home writes us a nice bright little letter, telling us that he is happy and comfortable in his present home, and is treated with every kindness.

The trio whose portraits of charm and beauty to our eyes will be at once recognized by most of

Things seemed strange to me at first but now I am getting pretty well accustomed to the ways of this country. As to the climate here, it gets very hot in summer time and also gets very cold in winter, but, as a general thing, I like the climate here, because it is so healthy. I have been here nearly a year now, and I may say that I have never been sick a day in that time, and the people say that I am getting to be a tough, healthy boy. As to my work I have to help to take care of eight horses, and to clean out the cattle this winter. I help in the dairy and in the garden. In fact, they try to do anything that I can do to help in the home. I have a large farm, and I have been through a number of seasons of it, but yet I have a great deal of work to do to improve the farm. I have a good

good. I think my employer had about 4,000 bushels of grain, averaging forty bushels per acre. I like the people that I am living with very well indeed. They treat me just the same as their own children.

A similar letter comes to hand from John Bradley, of the same party as Harry, and now living at Beulah, Man. John informs us that he is the proud possessor of a rifle, and has had fine sport shooting gophers, for which he receives a cent apiece. John's master, Mr. Stanley, describes him as "a good lad, very quick to learn anything and do it well." He adds, "he shall always have a place here to call home as long as he is in this country."

We must let the writers of the following half a dozen letters speak for themselves, only prefacing their remarks by saying that they are all good boys and making excellent progress:

CHICKNEV P.O., N.W.T., Feb. 10, 1899.

DEAR SIR, I like the North-West Territory. I think it is the place for boys. I am going to drive a team this summer on the land for my master. We have four horses and seventeen head of cattle, and I help to milk and gather the eggs. I get lots to eat—beef and pork. I think this is a nice, healthy country, and there are not any fogs like there are in England. In summer I have a horse to go to Sunday school. It is four miles to church. It is twenty-three miles to town and five miles to the post office.

From yours truly,

W. LATTEK.

Feb. 6, 1899.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I would not wish for a better place to work at than Mr. Eisler's. It is pretty cold, but I stand as much cold as some of the rest of the boys around here. The crops were pretty good this year, but there were lots of big weeds and wild buckwheat in the good wheat. I think now I am out here so long, that if the Home boys get to be big men, and if we try hard and work hard, we can all get a comfortable home here in Manitoba.

I remain, yours truly,

CHARLES WILSON.

CHICKNEV P.O.

BEULAH, MAN., Feb. 10, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

The climate here is very good. I like to live here. To my mind, I think I am getting on very well. I like to live here as well as a blizzard. When you get a regular lot of up-suck, the wind

goes in one side of you and out the other; but we don't get them very often. I have just seen one, and I don't care if I never see another. The climate generally is very good and very pleasant. We have lots of wild flowers and wild fruit in the summer time, and lots of mosquitoes, also lots of game in the fall—prairie chickens, ducks, geese and partridge. I think Manitoba is just the place for the right sort of boys. I get lots of work and plenty of good food and lots of fun. I am very comfortable and like the place. I have to walk two miles to Sunday school, but when I go to church I ride with Mr. and Mrs. Robbins in the cutter when it is fine, but when it is cold we find it best to keep as near to the stove as possible.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

THOMAS COLLINS.

BALGONIE, ASSA., Feb. 6, 1899.

ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been in the North-West Territory nearly two years. When I came to this country I felt lonely the first couple of days, but I soon got over it. My general work in the summer time is to herd cows. I don't like it very well, but, however, I'll try to do my duty. Now I must mention something about the climate. In the summer time it is very hot, but there is always a nice breeze waving, and in the winter it is cold some days, but little fellows like I am can stand the cold weather all right. I must say something about crops. They grow to an enormous yield if the weather permits. Horses and cattle do very good, too.

I am, yours sincerely,

ALFRED F. GILKS.

ST. CHARLES, MAN., Feb. 10, 1899.

DEAR SIR, I am having a fine time out here in Manitoba. I think Manitoba is such a lovely country, especially in summer. Of course, it is kind of cold in the winter time, but we must not mind that. I myself find it far colder this winter than any other winter; but the people say that an English person always finds it colder the third or fourth winter than he does the first. I have lots of friends around me. They all seem to think a lot of me. We have a big time out here. Every Friday night we have a literary meeting, and anybody can speak a piece. They say dialogues, recitations, and anything at all. We spend a nice evening. I always sing a song. They all seem crazy to hear me. This year I have not done anything only chore around the house; but I am preparing for spring, for I will have to get out and work, for that is my delight. We grow beets and carrots, onions, turnips, potatoes, radishes, lettuce and everything, and besides wheat, oats, barley, corn. My master is laid up now, so I have every thing to do, but that's nothing; I'm good for it.

Your faithful friend,

SIDNEY H. HOWE.

DEER FARM, Feb. 6, 1890.

DEAR SIR, - I have been in the North West nearly two years, and I don't think there is a better country. It is cold, but you are never wet after winter once sets in. We don't find cold so bad here, as we are sheltered with the bluffs. They talk about this country being so cold, but it's not. I think anybody can make a living. You can get land cheap, and that is all you want. I am thinking of taking up a quarter section when my time is up. We can hire out for a few years until we think we can start out for ourselves. I am glad I came to Canada. Well, the first summer I was here I herded the cattle. It was too lonesome for me. This summer I helped to fence eighty acres for pasture and picked stones. I have harrowed and ploughed with the sulky.

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. W. STOCKHAM.

Robert Elkins finds his work "helps to make him stronger." He and his brother are evidently getting on nicely. Robert's place is on the banks of Long Lake, and he tells us there are lots of good fish in the lake and "thousands of water-fowl." His master writes: "I am well pleased with Bobby. I find him bright, intelligent, honest and trustworthy, and I think if he goes on as he is doing at present he will grow up to be a clever man."

Percy Goodman writes from Deerwood, and his brother Frank from Beaconsfield, Man., and both give flourishing accounts of themselves. Frank thinks Manitoba "can't be beat" as a grain-growing country, and tells us of a farmer in the neighbourhood who has 6,000 bushels of good wheat from his last year's crop, while oats and barley are "always a good crop." He "likes the people and the place," and we are glad to learn from a letter from his employer, Mr. Griffith, that the liking is mutual: "He is a very smart little fellow, quick to learn anything and takes a great interest in doing things about the place." Mr. Griffith adds: "Manitoba is a fine country, and there is lots of room in it for more boys and girls." Percy informs us that he has "increased ten pounds since last summer," is 4 feet 6½ inches in height and will be fourteen on his next birthday.

Mr. Robert Kerr, of Sheldon, Feb. 4, 1890.

SELDON, Feb. 4, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I like John splendidly. He is a good boy every way you take him. He is truthful and honest and very willing to work. He is growing fast. I am sorry he has not been at the school as much as he should have been, but he is learning at home very well.

Yours truly,

ROBERT KERR.

John says of himself: "I am quite happy and well. I like my master and mistress very well. They are like father and mother to me. My master gave me an acre of land and sowed it with wheat, and I sold it and bought a calf, and I have to get it cropped as long as I stay. I have grown seven inches. I get four meals every day."

We publish in full the following letters from William Clayton and his master, and in doing so we must heartily congratulate William on having earned his first dollar.

DENNINGTON, ARIZONA, MAY 1,

DR. BARNARD'S HOME.

DEAR FRIEND, For the UPS AND DOWNS I would like room for my statement in regards to how I am getting along. My name is William Clayton, and I am thirteen years old. I have been in Canada four years, and I like the country. I have been in the North-West seven months, and I can say I like the North-West better than any place I have been. It is a good, healthy country, and I have a good time. I am working in the Assiniboine Valley for a man named John Noble, and I like him splendidly. He is a nice man to work for. He has a big farm - about 600 acres and a large stock. This winter I am working all inside feeding the stock. I don't have to go out in the cold at all, and in the summer I have a little pony and I just herd the stock. There is no hard work about any of it. There are a lot of Home boys around here, and I think they all like their places. For me, I would not leave for anything. I am going to stay here my five years. My master is a good man and the family is good also. I have a good time these long evenings. There is lots of music in the house. They play on the organ and sing nearly every night, and I sing with them. They hold church in the house every Sunday and have family prayers morning and night.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM CLAYTON.

Dear Mother, Vera,

DEAR SIR, In regard to Willie, I would say he is a fine boy. I like him splendidly and can depend on him at any time. He always does his work, and I never have to look after him. I would say he has improved greatly since he came to me.

Trusting, his master,

JOHN NORRIS.

Richard Champion writes us of his herding experiences, of last year's crops and the present winter's severe cold, and winds up with the remark, "My parents are very good to me, and I am getting on very well in the winter and summer."

Tommy Austin thinks Manitoba a better country than Muskoka. His employer had good crops and has a large band of cattle that Tommy herds on the prairie. They have to go twelve miles for wood to Moose Mountain, and are thirty miles from the town. Tommy has been there once this winter, and evidently had a great time. We should judge from his letter that he is an intelligent, observant, bright, happy little lad. His employer tells us that he is "very truthful and willing to do anything he can."

We have heard of, and from, little Walter Seward, one of the babies of the last party who has been adopted as their own by Mr. and Mrs. King, of Stuartburn. Walter tells us of his having a money box with some cents in it, of a dog sleigh on which he is drawn about by a big dog, of a Christmas social at which he recited a piece called "Christ in the Storm," and of his learning to play the organ. His letter is wonderfully well written and expressed for a child of seven, and, as Mr. King tells us, was entirely his own composition. Mr. King himself writes: "He is growing and is quite fat. We like him very well. Of course, he has his faults, the same as other children; but I am pleased to see him doing well. Letter now. Mr. King gives him a good and he is doing splendid. He is really very happy and seems to enjoy Canada. We think it will be a very smart lad in the long run. He will be a great help to her."

and him to school when the warm weather comes, as we want to make a man of him some day."

We are publishing a reproduction of the photo of Charles F. McCord, that he presented us with not long ago. In doing so, we are pleased



Charles F. McCord

to record that Charlie is well and doing well. He has fallen into good hands, and, we believe, states what is perfectly correct when he tells us in his letter: "I have settled down to do my best and serve my time." Charlie is a frequent visitor at the Winnipeg Home, and the recent accounts that we have heard of him through Mr. White have been thoroughly satisfactory.

John Lewis, of last July's party, writing from Carnduff, sends us a nice little account of himself, to which his mistress has added a postscript telling us that John is a truthful, willing little lad and a great help to her.

The following is from Thomas, a good lad, one of our lads from Manitoba now, and settled at Arrow River.

ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, I must now tell you how I have got on, and also how I am treated out here. I have a good situation and also a good master and mistress. In fact, I could not wish for better. There is lots of work to do, but I do not mind that. When I first came to Manitoba, I herded seventy head of cattle all summer, and at harvest time I helped in the field and also helped at threshing time, so I was kept busy. I like this country fine. Of course, it is very cold in winter. I have been here two years next June. There is lots of work to do in the winter time. There is forty-four head of cattle and eight horses to attend to. Mr. Howard had a fairly good crop last year. He has 700 bushels of wheat, 1,300 of oats and 200 bushels of barley. Mr. Howard went to his native country, Ireland, last summer, and he left me to do the herding while he was away. He hired another Barnardo boy, whose name is James Ward. He has a farm a mile and a-half away from Mr. Howard's and he is in partnership with another Barnardo boy named Edwin J. Sanders. They came from Russell Home. There are a few more Barnardo boys near here. I go to the skating rink and also to the picnics, and have lots of fun. Mr. Howard is going to let me work on the farm next summer and get another Barnardo boy from Winnipeg to herd the cattle. Mr. Howard has also promised me \$3 next spring if the cattle are in good condition when the herding time comes. I am growing fast and am getting fat. I have never had a day's sickness since I came to Manitoba, and I think it is a place that every Barnardo boy should get on.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS BRADFIELD.

Thomas J. Whitt, after giving us a graphic description of a Manitoba blizzard, proceeds to tell us :

When spring comes the snow melts away quickly. The meadows are full of water. When the ground thaws out, we harrow the ploughing and put in the seed. During the summer my master breaks and backsets ; that is to say, breaking the ground up and sets it back again, and I herd the cattle for a while. Then haying time comes. We cut our hay with a mower and rake it with a horsrake, then we stack it. When harvest time comes, we cut the grain with a binder. My master cuts it and I help to shock it. Then we stack the grain. When threshing is done, we plough the ground for spring. Then we get our wood for winter. My master had 1,600 bushels of grain. He had five stacks of oats and twenty of wheat. I am fourteen years old, and can plough the stubble and harrow. The land in Manitoba is very rich.

Edwin Eriq has had only a brief experience of the North West, but sufficient to enable him to tell us that he "likes the country first rate and the farm splendid." He has already made up his mind to have a farm of his own, and advises all boys to come to this country. Mr. David Wood, of Elkhorn, with whom Edwin is living, writes us that he is "a good and smart boy, and taking an interest in his work," and adds "I am sure he will do well in this country."

Frank J. Clapp, having set himself to write us an account of his experiences since he came to Manitoba, has compiled a very interesting little story, and we learn from it that Frank likes the country and is generally well and flourishing. Among other details he tells us that he has a watch, for which he paid \$6.00, that he belongs to the English Church and that he can take, toll and plough.

Mr. Eustace adds his testimony that Frank is a good boy, and expresses his opinion that he will "make a fine young man." He says : "He has been with us nearly two years now, and so far his record has been a good one."

William Bullimore is described by Mr. Chamberlain as "very honest and obedient." He is said to be "very good with little children," and Mr. Chamberlain remarks that "myself and family like the little lad, and would not care to part with him."

Frederick W. J. Thomas tells us that he has had good health since he came to Manitoba, has increased in weight, is much stronger and able to "get on much faster with his work." His employer writes that he has found him honest and industrious and "always willing to do whatever he is told."

Edward Jacobs is one of our latest arrivals, and his experiences in the North West date from the beginning of last October. He tells us that he has learned to ride and distinguish the difference between English and Mexican saddles and

describes the climate as "somewhat in the extreme"; but although the cold has been severe, it is "not unbearable." He adds, "we feel our ears pinch a little sometimes, but it is nothing when you get used to it." He has grown two and a-half inches since he came to Manitoba, and adds, "When I came here I could hardly saw off a stove wood stick; now I can saw enough wood to keep two stoves going all day."

Mr. Fitzpatrick sends us, with Edward's letter, a report of him that is highly satisfactory. We quote the following from his letter: "Edward is a very good boy. He is, I think, the very best boy I ever saw to work, and so quick to pick up anything he sees any person doing. He is very good to the animals also."

From Rapid City we have an interesting little letter from Ernest Baker. The crops in that section of the country seem to have suffered considerably from drought during the past summer. None the less Ernest has a good opinion of the country and is evidently happy and comfortable in his home. He tells us: "I am growing to be a big boy, am well and hearty and can eat three meals a day, and sometimes more."

Richard Brealey writes: "I like this country very well. It is a healthy country; lots of food, lots of work and a little play. When I first came out, I looked white and thin, and now I am quite tall and have a good healthy colour." His letter gives us a very interesting little account of his work, and evidently Richard has learned to take an interest in what is going on about him.

Mr. Falkner writes that he would like to see him develop a little more ambition in his work; but his report is, on the whole, a favourable one. He observes in his letter: "This is a splendid country for the boys as far as the climate goes. In a few months they are doing a lot of good morals along the line. There are five boys from the Herby in the party,

and all, I think, are doing well, and those who have been find them of great use."

We have received a capital letter from Johnnie Orpin, who was placed in Manitoba last June after having been boarded out for three years with Mr. Carl Brieze, of Bardsville, Muskoka. Johnnie spent some time in herding cattle on the prairies, and during the winter his time was employed in the usual chores about the house and buildings. He speaks of the wild fruit being plentiful in the neighbourhood and tells us he picked a great many wild cherries last summer, and that they make "very nice jelly." The crops were good in this part of the world, although the rain in the fall detracted from the quality. He tells us that "it is a great country for being hungry and sleepy; but I always get all I can eat of good things."

Arthur Turner writes: "I have a very good time as yet. I am going to school and I am getting on all right. I am glad I came to this country, and I like my work."

Little Charles New sends us a long letter that, on the whole, gives us a cheerful account of himself, although he seems to have had his ups and downs since he came to this country, and, as he tells us, was sent back from his first place "because I was too slow about my work." He also appears to have suffered severely from the cold. Evidently Charlie has a good deal of time to spare for reading, and tells us that he has lately read "The Life of Dr. Livingstone" and "The Life of General Grant" and is at present reading Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent." There are not many little boys of thirteen who can appreciate books of this character, and we are very much pleased and interested in hearing of Charlie's literary tastes. He must not, however, let his fondness for reading interfere with his work, as a successful farmer is not a bookworm.

We reproduce in full the letter we have just received from Albert Alexander and his employer.

DEAR SIR. This is the best country I ever lived in, only the winter is cold, but I can stand it. The work is nothing for boys here. I am well fed and clothed. There is lots of fun here, too. I like the place well, too. My master is kind to me. This is all I have to tell you, so good bye.

Your friend,

A. L. ALEXANDER.

DEAR SIR,—I like the boy I got very well. He is a smart lad, and I think he will make a successful farmer yet. This is a grand country for the boys that intend to farm. They can soon get a start and make a home for themselves.

Yours truly,

WORKMAN, MAN.

H. HARRIS.

Albert has a mother in England, who is anxiously solicitous for his welfare, and hopes some day to be able to join him in Canada, and we are sure that she will be pleased and thankful to know that he is so happily provided for.

Willie Lawrence has found a home in the German colony at Strasburg, and has learned to speak and write German. He seems to be happy and well and tells us that Mr. and Mrs. Hey, with whom he is living, are kind and good to him. Mr. Hey writes that Willie is a good boy and will make a successful farmer.

Willie Briggs must have been a busy little boy during the summer. He tells us that he and his dog herded seventy-four head of cattle and ten horses on the prairies. We can fancy that he will have become attached to his four-footed companions, and the loss of one of the dogs has evidently been a sad bereavement. His letter gives a cheery little account of himself, and it would appear that he is happy and doing well.

Barnet Rees was one of our earliest emigrants to the West. He tells us that although at first he found things very strange, he would rather live in Canada than in England, and prefers the North-West to Ontario. He gives us an account of the stock and of the crops on his master's farm, and we should imagine from his letter that he has found his way into good quarters. His employer, Mr. Caswell, of Routhern, mentions

that there are six of our boys at present employed by different members of his family, and that their experience with the lads has been highly satisfactory.

Miss Annie Ware has favoured us with the portrait of herself and her brother, which we have much pleas-



Annie and William Ware

ure in reproducing. Annie is no longer in Canada, having found a good place of service in a small town in the State of New Jersey. She occasionally visits her brother, William, who is living near Norval, Ontario, where he has had a good place since his first arrival in the country.

Mr. John H. Playfair, the employer of John H. Harmer, writes us: "We are well satisfied with John. He is a good, honest boy, and if he continues, he will grow up a good citizen and a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Homes." John himself sends us a letter that besides being an exceedingly credible piece of penmanship, gives such a sensible, intelligent account of his experiences that we reproduce it in full.

DEAR SIR. I am well and hope you are the same. I have been

about a year ago. I lived on the farm eight months and in the winter time I helped to do the chores and saw wood. We have five horses and two colts and two cows, two calves and thirty hens. In the spring I helped to get the grain ready to sow. I watched Mr. Playfair sow the grain with the seeder, for I had never seen one before, and when the grain grew up, I picked the mustard out of it. I helped to do the work in harvest, building loads of grain and hay, and sometimes I drove the horses. I dug nearly all the potatoes. We had a very good crop. We had 3,000 bushels of grain. In stacking time, the weather was pretty wet and some people got their grain wet. I like living in Manitoba. It is a nice country to live in. Some parts of it there are large prairies, but where I live there are lots of bluffs and good land. There are some wolves in this country. I like spring the best when the snow is going away. After harvest was over we came to live in town. Baldur is five miles away from where we lived on the farm. Baldur is a nice town. There are four stores, three elevators, and a grist mill and a skating rink, two livery stables, three blacksmith shops and a Massey-Harris machinery building, and others. We have a lumber yard and a furniture shop. We sell the lumber. I go to Sunday school and church. We had a Christmas tree in Sunday school. I sang with two other boys, and the rest of the boys and girls sang or gave a recitation. I have gone to school ever since I came to Baldur. I get the UPS AND DOWNS, and I saw that the other boys wrote letters, so I thought I would write one too.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN H. HARMER

William Brown writes us from Edgeley that he likes the country better than England, "although it is pretty cold some mornings."

Henry Edwards has learned since he came to the North-West to handle a team. He adds: "I think farming is a good occupation for anyone to follow. You are dependent on nobody. Your success lies in your own perseverance and power, and with an honest and upright heart you will succeed if you work with a will."

Robert White has written us an interesting little account of his experiences, which His employer, Mr. White supplemented with a letter, in which he tells us that Robert is healthy, and strong and has grown

over four inches since he came to the West. He adds that "he has always been honest and truthful, and I have not known him to tell me a lie nor use bad words."

Charles Stubbings is described by his employer, Mr. Pollock, as "a very good little boy, always cheerful and truthful, and does just what he is told."

Frank Scott, who is located a short distance from Winnipeg, writes us: "This is a very pretty place in the summer time when the flowers are in bloom, the birds singing in the trees and the green grain blowing in the breeze—fields and fields of it. Lots of mosquitoes, though, and they bite like everything when they are hungry, and they are nearly always hungry; but the frost soon kills them." Frank tells us he likes to work, and wishes he were "big and strong like a man, so that he could work a team of horses alone."

In the course of a long letter, written from his place in Saskatoon, Beresford Harris tells us that he is comfortable and happy in his place. At first he was inclined to be discouraged and found it hard to settle down. As he tells us, he "got mad about little things" and on one occasion was silly enough to run away. He appears, however, to have soon found his way back, and remarks in his letter: "It has taught me a lesson I shall never forget, and I am sure I am not off my head enough to do it again." The letter concludes with a very interesting account of the Christmas festivities, in which our little friend seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Here we must take leave of our little Manitoba lads. In doing so we feel as if we were being guilty of the act of barbarity known to Parliamentarians as the "slaughter of the innocents," and which is the term applied to the abandonment by the Government of bills that they had announced the intention of introducing. We are ruthlessly turning away from a splendid pile of letters that we should have greatly liked

to publish, or at least to refer to individually; but we have reached the limit that we can devote to our little Westerners. We must, however, ask all those who have written us to accept our warm thanks for their letters, and with the fewest exceptions—we think three out of all the hundreds—we must heartily congratulate them on the accounts they have given of themselves and that have been given of them. There is, perhaps, not much variety in their letters. It was hardly to be expected that there would be. There are no sensational incidents in their lives; but if they are very much on a level, the level is a high one, and in the actual words of our little correspondents we think we have shown that they have begun the battle of life under hopeful and happy conditions, that they are well provided for, that they have a fair share of comfort and enjoyment in their lives, and that there are bright prospects before them.

There has been no lack of news of our lads from all parts of Ontario during the past quarter. The visitors have been actively at work, and letters have poured in in rich abundance. We could fill a great many pages of UPS AND DOWNS with interesting "personals," but we must content ourselves with a few little items from the letters and reports of the last few weeks.

Robert Brandon was married last June to a farmer's daughter, and is now in charge of the school at Thorncliffe. He is a prominent member of the Independent Order of Foresters.

Daniel Holland, who was for some time in the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Chatham, has taken a similar situation with a steamship company in Detroit at double his former salary. "Bear," we are told, "an excellent character."

George Hart, who has been in the same situation for the past eight and a half years, writes us that he means to stay there for "quite a while yet." Mr. Griffith has lately seen George

in the course of his rounds, and tells us that he gets bigger and stouter every year and is a fine young fellow both in character and physique. We understand George has a horse and buggy of his own, which are doubtless the source of a considerable amount of enjoyment, if not profit.

An old friend, who has been "lost to sight" for some time past, came to light the other day in the person of Frank Edwards of the March, 1893, party. Frank has turned up at Britannia, where he is living with Mr. John Leary, a gentleman whom he describes as "an awful nice man to work for." Frank writes very sensibly of his prospects, and records his resolution—a resolution that we believe he will keep—to let the present year be a turning-point in his life, and to do his best to show himself a credit to the Doctor and the Home.

We are reminded very touchingly of the story of the "widow's mite" by the little contribution of twenty five cents that we received a short time ago, as the joint donation of John Lott and Christopher Robson, two of our little boarders, one six and the other eight years of age. It is the proceeds of some potatoes grown in their own little garden patches. On Dr. Barnardo's behalf we offer these little men our very grateful thanks, and we commend their example to others. We have to acknowledge a similar gift that came from Ernest and Sidney Morgan, with a little letter explaining that it was a joint gift and that it was to be applied to "getting something nice for the other little boys." We may say of the donors that they are two fine, manly, well-behaved little lads, and in every way a credit to the Home.

George Richardson has been an intelligent boy, and I am proud to tell you that he captured two prizes during the year at for best boy and good attendance for the year. So writes George's foster father, Mr. John Wilson, of Otterton in a letter

recently received from him of the support of his little charge.

George Tallot, aged ten, is living with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Hill, of Parkersville. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have a little lad of their own about the same age, and the two are inseparable. They seem equally the objects of the affection of their elders, and Georgie knows Mr. and Mrs. Hill as father and mother. Mr. Hill has lately written us of George: "He is a very good boy; everybody likes him. His mother says that he is a noisy little beggar; but she thinks a lot of him all the same. He is full of life and fun. His mother says that I must tell you that there is not a better boy in Muskoka. He is a great boy with horses; they seem to like him. Some way, they won't kick or bite him. We have a great big horse, and he can hitch him up and drive him anywhere. He is a good boy, every way you take him; always willing to do anything you want him."

J. Ernest Portbury has sent us a cheerful account of himself, and would like his friends to know that he is in good health. He is living with Mr. William F. Young, of Dunlop, and evidently likes his place, where, as he says, he "has a good time of it."

Since the last issue of *UPS AND DOWNS* one of our old friends, Charles H. Carpenter, has, like a sensible man, taken unto himself a wife. The happy event took place on December 28th, and the young couple have taken up their quarters at Dungannon. We speak on behalf of all Charlie's former friends and acquaintances in wishing him every happiness and blessing upon his married life.

The news of a similar event reached us in the shape of a very tasty and ornamental wedding card, in which Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coleburn, of West Bay City, Michigan, announced the marriage of their daughter Maymie, to Peter George Ward, with the stated intimation that the newly married couple would

be at home after February 1st at Oskaloosa, Iowa. This interesting announcement carries back our recollection over the space of about fifteen years, and recalls the Professor as a small and not very robust boy having rather a hard time on a farm in Northern Ontario. Then came better years, and we heard of a youth growing up to manhood and earning the regard and good will of all about him. Afterwards there developed an ambition for self-improvement, and there are entries in our Registers that tell of a young man passing his examinations with credit and success, and at length blossoming out as a country schoolmaster. Then we had letters from a gentleman occupying a good position on the staff of an American High School, giving highly gratifying accounts of himself, and now—last but not least—we hear of our esteemed friend high in the ranks of his profession and wedded and settled in life. Needless to say we offer him our most cordial and sincere congratulations, and our heartfelt desire for him that God's blessing may rest upon his career that has been so honourable and successful in the past, and which we may hope to see in the future advancing still further onward and upward.

Our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Stephenson, of the "Ever-Open Door" at Plymouth, in a letter lately received from him, sounds a note of warning that we would like to proclaim loud and clear in the ears of any and every one of our lads who is thinking and talking of getting back to England. Because they can always obtain work in Canada they fancy they can do the same in England, and fail to realize how entirely different are all the conditions of life. Mr. Stephenson says:

"There are our lads and miss, agate regularly throwing up work for a trip to the old country. I know the thought of coming home is pleasant, but the reality is often a very unprofitable. Here we have a man, a returned Canadian emigrant, a street-stoebblack, average earnings probably eight to ten shillings per week, seven days a week. Another earns twelve

shillings as labour. Eight to twelve shillings per week do not allow very luxurious food or lodging. Some others simply loaf, do odd jobs, etc. The pity of it! Judging from an experience of over twenty years' emigration work, I consider the chances for healthy, industrious and God-fearing young fellows in Canada to be immeasurably beyond those in England.

The foster-father of the two little boys, Alfred Brayshawe and John Edwards, who, with his wife, have shown themselves always most kind and affectionately disposed towards their little charges, writes of them :

They are very pretty boys and as smart as they are pretty. Henry is not a dull lad by any means. He is the life of the house. We would be dull indeed without him. When one thinks of the temptations in the world which our little boys must meet as well as others, it almost appals one ; but may God in His mercy watch over them. They have twined themselves very closely about our hearts while they have been with us, and we do not care to think of the time when we shall be separated. Alfred had word from one of his brothers last summer. Henry got a letter from his friends in Liverpool at Christmas. They enclosed his father's memorial card. The tears ran down his face as he learned the verse on the card. Poor little fatherless and motherless boys! They are good chums and love each other dearly.

We have had some very good reports of late of Louis C. Stargratt. His employer writes of him that he is "as good and steady a young fellow as any man would want. I may say a young man now, although it don't seem long since he was a little boy. He is not like the most of young fellows, running around at night, but trying to improve himself by study. His head is rather old for his body, which isn't a bad fault. If he keeps on as he is doing he will make his mark. It is his intention to go to the North-West when his time is up.

Albert D. West, who has been in Canada just a year, asks us to publish a letter he has written giving an account of his early experience. We are afraid we have not the space to do this, but we may say that Alfred is a good boy in a good place, and we are not at all surprised that he should speak of Can-

ada as a better and better country than England.

Arthur Cullen, one of our 1893 boys and one of those who recently received Dr. Barnardo's good conduct medal, writes us that he has made up his mind to go to Manitoba in the spring, and is looking forward to bringing out his mother from England to join him in the West. His letter is accompanied by a donation of three dollars to the funds of the Homes.

From Thomas W. Hill, of the June, 1894, contingent, we have received a letter that we wish we could publish in full as a boy's experience in starting life in a new country. Thomas has evidently a level head with sensible ideas in it that he knows how to express. We are afraid we can only give our readers the benefit of one passage in the letter that is very characteristic, and in which Thomas gives us his first experience in the art of ploughing : "The third summer I learned how to plough, and quite a time I had, too. First of all, the horse didn't go right ; next of all, the harness was no good ; third of all, the plough wasn't in working order ; but I found out fourth of all that I was in fault instead of all the things I blamed. I am afraid there are lots like me."

Little George Wright, living with Mr. John H. Beckett, of Kemptville, sends us a particularly interesting, nice, little account of himself and his doings. He informs us that Mr. Beckett has lately bought him "a new suit of clothes, white shirts, a tie, collars and new boots ;" that he gets all he "wants to eat and drink and had a lot of nice presents at Christmas." George is a good little lad, and when he was visited by Mr. Griffith in the fall, we heard excellent accounts of him.

From amongst a large number of reports lately handed in by Mr. Griffith we notice specially the satisfactory ones of Fred Owen, George F. Love, and Herbert Thomas Smith. Herbert is said to be doing exceedingly well and to be taking a

great interest in his work. He has a good home, where he is treated with every kindness. George has been for two years in his present place and "has never been known to tell a falsehood." Freddie is growing, and is described as a nice-looking, stout, healthy boy. He seems to have fallen into good quarters, and when Mr. Griffith visited him, was attending school, where his teacher gave a very creditable report of his conduct and progress.

Robert F. Dubois, of last April's party, was placed with Mr. Ivan R. Shepley, of Kingsville, while at the same time his little brother was boarded out in Muskoka. Robbie has done so well and so much attached himself to the kindly people whom he is with, that they have now offered to receive the younger brother also, and an arrangement for the transfer of little Victor will be carried out forthwith. The two lads will then be together in a comfortable, Christian home.

Edward Capelinop is married and living in Dresden. We are told that he is a young man of good reputation and upright character. Mr. Griffith met him a short time ago, and says in his report, "Edward sends his good wishes to all at the Home and intends sending something more substantial before long."

Sidney Head is also married, his wife being the daughter of his present employer. Sid. is described as a first-class farm hand and his father-in-law's right-hand man. We are sure that Sidney's old friends will unite with us in wishing him every happiness in married life.

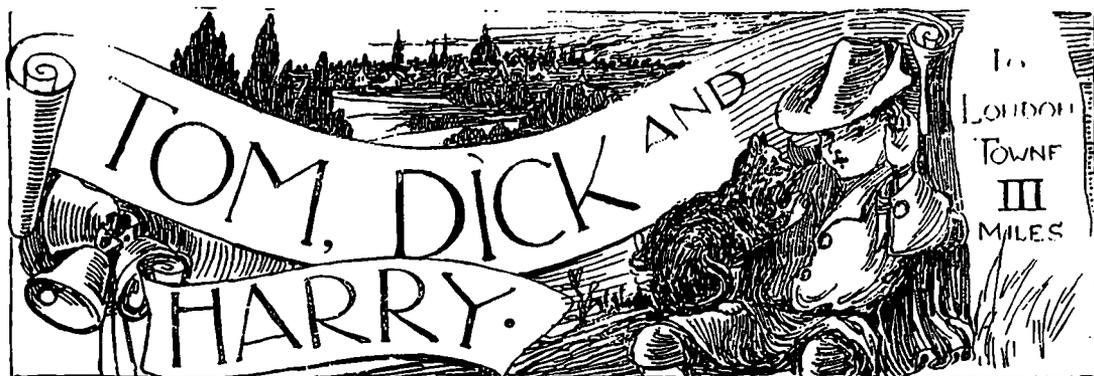
In the neighbourhood of Crediton we have a small contingent that are

in every way doing us credit. There are four boys in that locality—Claude Fisher, Robert Margerson, Alfred R. Williams and Frederick Jones, all four in comfortable homes and making commendable progress, and lads of thoroughly good character.

We hear of Ernest Williams of the March, 1891, party, that he is now at Vancouver, B.C. During the past season he was engaged at railway work in Alaska, earning thirty-five cents an hour and making seven days' work a week. He has written his employer that he saved four hundred dollars as the result of the season's work, and his photograph that was shown to Mr. Griffith gives practical evidence of his being a big, powerful, able-bodied young fellow, quite able, we should imagine, to stand the hardships and privations of railroad construction in such a climate as Alaska.

Mr. Griffith describes our friend, George Thomas Garrood, as "a fine looking young fellow, in the best of health and taller than his employer, who is himself a big, brawny Scotchman." George has lived for several years past with Mr. James Ferguson, of Bothwell, but has an idea of making a change in the spring, and Mr. Ferguson's name is already on our books as an applicant for a boy to take his place, and we are in hopes that from our first party we shall be able to find one who will prove a worthy successor.

Will one of our readers oblige Achille Guerrier with a copy of *UPS AND DOWNS* for March, 1896, Vol. I., No. 8? His address is Troy Laundry, York street, Hamilton, where he is the right-hand man of the proprietor, our old friend, Thomas Harley.



PERHAPS the most valuable of all human acquisitions is the ability to read. Books are the title-deeds to all knowledge of the past and present to which this generation is the legitimate heir. We are each the inheritor of all that has gone before, and to neglect the study of good books is to ignore our heritage. "What shall I buy?" says the young man with a dollar to spend. Buy a book buy a book, and so come into possession of as much as you can of the knowledge and wisdom bequeathed to you by the generations of the earth.

III

"When land is gone and money is spent
Then learning is most excellent."

III

Just as a man is known by the company he keeps, so a person's character may be predicated from his book-shelves. He who has no books is very much of a hermit or a hog. The hermit cuts himself off from association with his kind, and degenerates into a narrow-minded, selfish bigot, and the hog roams through the woods only to root for acorns, and deems all nature created to satisfy its appetite. The man who does not realize that life is an education—a drawing out of all the hidden possibilities of character—is human only in semblance. Why does he work? He works for a livelihood. True, but why does he live? He does not know. Every young man ought to be able to give a sufficient reason for his own existence. Is it to work? Yes, that

he may eat, be clothed and comfortably housed. But is this all? No. Is it, then, to make money, provide for those dependent upon him and become generally successful so far as material possessions are concerned? Undoubtedly. But is this the end and aim of life? No; all these are but means to the supreme purpose of his existence, which is to evolve—expand, intellectually, morally and spiritually. Thus the purpose of life is to grow—to learn and to make the best use of that which is learned. Character is the one thing that endures and expands throughout all eternity. All other things are transitory, passing away like a tale that is told; but the spirit of man is immortal, and only that which is worthy of becoming a part of its being is worth preserving. Therefore, whatever contributes to the building up of character should be of the first importance. As he who keeps good company forms good habits of thought and speech and conduct, so he who reads good books holds converse with the best minds, is a pupil of the best teachers, and cannot fail to be uplifted thereby.

III

It should not be understood, however, that one cannot learn and grow great and good apart from books. All we do, every act of the daily round of duties, rests upon our feet, and trains our limbs, slows and stunts, for better or worse. Thinking, reading, action, and action become habits, and habit becomes character. Not only so,

in significant that it may be despised as a means to the great end. He who is faithful in little things is thereby qualifying himself for greater things. Just as a boy on a farm or in a workshop, by doing his work well and industriously, is fitting himself to become a successful farmer or a skilful mechanic, so a faithful attention to the duties of the moment is a cultivation of habits and the unfoldment of powers which shall one day be the basis of action in an enlarged sphere of activity.

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What I wish especially to emphasize is the great advantage of studious reading in leisure hours. The reason why the average farm hand is said to be "small potatoes and few to the hill" is largely attributable to the fact that he is not a reader. Now don't be in a hurry to take offence if, to drive home an unpleasant truth, I have to hurt your feelings a little. The farm hand looks askant at the "Smart Abcks" from the city, while he secretly envies their shrewdness, alertness and intelligence. And, as a rule, the citizen is more bright and intelligent than the country man. Not that he is necessarily made of better stuff, or that he is more liberally endowed with brains, because some of our best and most prominent men have been reared on a farm, and afterwards have beaten the citizen at his own game on his own ground. The reason for this difference is not hard to find. City life will not allow a man to stagnate; for he must go forward or backward. The force of necessity—oftentimes felt to be a hardship—is constantly prodding him into mental action. No never disposed he may be to lie down like a cow and "chew the cud of law or content." His nerves are always tense, he is always a rest-stimulus, and his mind is in a thrum. Always some demand upon his judgment and attention, though he may think that he is relieved by the force of habit, or made to think that he is a stolid, uninteresting

the proper tension ready to be played upon, while the mind of the rustic is usually like a fiddle that needs a lot of tuning before it will vibrate at the right pitch.

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In the country—the true student's earthly paradise—there is an absence of the many incentives to mental exertion which the city affords. What then? Shall the countryman be like an inanimate clod, waiting to be kicked before it can move? Or shall he bestir himself and furnish his own stimulus to exertion, as a man should? In the country it is so easy to subside into a dull torpidity, that only the man or youth of determination has the will to overcome the deadly inertia, and avail himself of the superior opportunities for uninterrupted study which its quietude should ensure. In the city, the pressure is generally applied from without, while in the country it must come from within. "One volunteer is worth twenty pressed men." Why not be master of yourself and furnish your own motive power? Why not lay out a course of reading or study, or mental discipline, and stick to it through thick and thin? This will be hard to do at first—worse than breaking in an unruly colt; but patience, persistence and determination will soon bring the wandering mind under discipline, so that it can be controlled like an engine by simply turning on or shutting off the steam.

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So many young men complain of the monotony and hum-drum life of the farm. These have to go outside of themselves for amusement. Their minds are so ill-furnished with knowledge that it is neither comfortable nor entertaining to spend an hour with themselves; they don't know what to think about and they don't know what to do. They crave change, sensation, excitement. Now suppose they were to read English history; they would be transported to places and scenes far removed in their mind's distance from their little

Canadian village. They would review epoch making events, and the careers of persons connected with them, and trace with ever engrossing interest the rise and growth and supremacy of the English people. Would not the empty field they might be ploughing be transformed into a battle-field whereon the Magna Charta was won, or a Naseby whereon the Puritan brewer made it possible for the Parliament of England to offer him the Crown? Either "Greene's History of the English People" or "Macaulay's History of England" may be had in cheap editions, if they cannot be borrowed from a Public Library or Mechanics' Institute. "The Antiquities of Greece," by Potter, and "Roman Antiquities," by Alexander Adam, would take them back to and beyond Nero and Socrates, and show them, as in a panorama, the manners and customs of the ancient Romans and Greeks—people totally dissimilar to the little coterie of cronies who are wont to chew tobacco and talk like a five-cent spelling book around the wood-stove of the village store. "Rollin's Ancient History" a good historical work to be read in connection with the Bible—gives most interesting accounts of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and Babylonians, while Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" are as good as a trip to England in his day, and may in a sense be considered a history of the characteristics, habits, superstitions and social life of certain phases of English character of that period. Tom, you chump, you don't know what you are missing in not being a reader of history!

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Books are very cheap. In getting cheaper, you can get an armful of books for a ten dollar bill. You can't get many bicycles or gold watches for that amount. And consider the fun you can get out of them—the entertainment, the amusement, the solid comradeship, good company, instruction, knowledge, wisdom. When in doubt, buy a book.

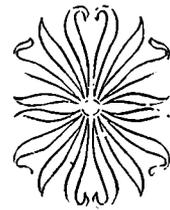
If you don't know what books to buy, tell me what you prefer, whether in history, biography, science, travel, adventure, literature, art, fiction, poetry or books of reference, and I will gladly advise you what to get.

+++

Take a turn at biography, and find out how other men "got there," and then "go thou and do likewise." Nothing encourages and inspires one like a noble example. A hero will make a dozen cowards brave. Because one succeeds, many will try, and of those who try some will also attain the end of their desires. Look above those who are in the mud to those who are on the mountain. See them climbing steadily upward, never looking backward but ever ahead; behold them reach the summit, and know that what they did, you may do, if you will only try as persistently as they. Never mind John Smith, who is waiting to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," while there are men like Edison (who rose from a newspaper boy to be the great inventor in the world) to be imitated.

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"Get a move on!" Be somebody; don't be a vegetable in trousers. Understand yourself; pick yourself to pieces, and then very carefully put yourself together again in better shape than you were before. Find out what stuff you are made of; perhaps there's a genius stowed away in that anatomy of yours. If there is, bring him out and make him show himself. Read how others found themselves out a bit at a time until they awoke one fine morning to find themselves famous. Buy a book and read it, then get another, and another, and by and by you will realize that books are the best chums you ever chummed with. Don't be a fool while books are so cheap, and knowledge stands at the door of your mind waiting to be let in.



IT is one thing to be the author of an essay, and another thing to get it into print; but rare indeed is the honour of seeing one's literary work reprinted by another journal. Yet the authors of the seven essays on "Why I Like to Live in Canada," which appeared in the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, enjoy the unique distinction of having their essays copied in full in one of the best newspapers in Canada, viz., *The Montreal Daily Witness*, of Saturday, March 14th. No less than three columns are devoted to a complimentary notice and quotation of their essays, and it would be a safe prediction to assert that seven of our boys will each think he beholds a genius the next time he looks in a mirror after reading this. Indeed, we would not be surprised if within the next month our esteemed contemporary received seven applications for the post of managing editor of the *Witness*. Such recognition as this ought to encourage our boys to take a greater interest in this department, if only to show that there are considerably more than seven among them with a talent as well as a taste for literature.

If our readers will study the features of John W. Noakes as they appear in the accompanying portrait, they will rightly infer from the air of conscious dignity that pervades his face that it was he who got the largest number of votes, and therefore, the watch, in the lucky big game! If you want to pass the time of day with John, by telegraph, be it recalled, that he has just been appointed Town Clerk of Belleville.

Our readers, and particularly those who are engaged in farming, will be glad to know that they may have, free, by applying to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, a very useful and instructive book on "The Birds of Ontario in Re-



John W. Noakes.

lation to Agriculture," by Charles W. Nash, Esq., of Toronto. Mr. Nash is, perhaps, the best ornithologist in Canada, and his work has been very favourably reviewed by the press of the Dominion. The book contains excellent illustrations by the author of the various birds described, from which, and the information given as to their habits and characteristics, the farmer should have no difficulty in recognizing his friends and foes among the feathered tribe.

Farmers are proverbial for their pronounced political opinions, and we are not surprised that the subject of the present competition has evoked a fairly large number of entries as well as a vigorous defence of both political parties. Some of the essays show a clear insight into political economy, and not a few prove the authors to be close observers, capable of forming a shrewd judgment on current political questions and policies. The task of making an impartial selection of what we consider the best composition, has been one of no little difficulty, and we are not sure that our choice, viewed from other standpoints, would be concurred in by more competent judges. In awarding the prize, we have named as the winner the writer whose essay seems to us to have made the most concise and explicit statement and defence of his political opinions, and in doing so made the greatest number of points. Our readers will remember that the subject given in the January number for this quarter was, "Which Political Party do you Sympathize with, and on what Grounds?" Chas. H. Sewell, of Nelson, B.C., who has been ill for five weeks with typhoid fever, has several very close competitors, and although, all things considered, we think that he is entitled to the prize, he only "got there" by "the skin of his teeth." We wonder how many youths could give as good reasons for their political faith as the following:

REASONS WHY I AM A LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE.

The Liberal-Conservative party of Canada dates from the time of Confederation. The leaders of the two parties, then Conservatives and Liberals, joined together at that time and adopted the union and progress of Canada as their motto, and formed the great scheme of Confederation—the consolidation of the separate provinces into one Dominion. The Liberals—some of whom are living to-day—opposed this great scheme, and even tried in Nova Scotia to tear that province away, but the fruits of Confederation to-day speak for themselves in a united Canada marching on to grand prosperity, and the greatest colony of the British Empire. The Liberal policy was disintegration, the Liberal-Conservative consolidation.

The Liberal-Conservatives, under the great statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, framed the National Policy—a policy of protection to home industries and the home markets. The people of Canada were in very hard times at the time of the Mackenzie regime. There were then lots of idle men in the cities who could not get work; there were few factories or other industries in Canada, and the country was in a general state of depression. But when the Liberal-Conservatives came into power later, and placed a tariff on all articles that could be manufactured here, thereby shutting out foreign competition, manufactures were increased, factories were built and, instead of importing the products of factories, we exported. Then the opening of so large a number of industries meant employment for a large number of men who must buy the products of the farm, and the farmer, also being protected, received the benefit of the home market which was created by the National Policy.

The Liberals opposed this, and Commercial Union, Unrestricted Reciprocity, Tariff Reform, all were issues upon which they sought to obtain power, which the people turned down. And now since they have gained power they have not materially affected the tariff as left by the former Government. Their Free Trade ideas seem to have entirely gone.

The Liberal-Conservatives constructed the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has been a great factor of the prosperity and progress of Canada. It opened up the greatest wheat fields in the world and the richest minerals in Canada in the province of British Columbia. This was opposed also by the Liberals, who said the road would not pay, and that the country it was intended to open up was only fit for Indians and wild animals. But to-day they are convinced of its merits.

These are some reasons for being a Liberal-Conservative, as the facts appear to me. Taking a glance at the two parties, we find the policy of the Liberal-Conservatives has been the best for the Dominion. They have always stood by that policy, while the Liberals have changed time and time again, and have opposed the schemes put forth by the Liberal-Conservatives which have proved to be to the benefit of Canada. Our motto is the building and maintaining of this part of the British Empire. And, in the words of Sir Chas. H. Tupper, "We are with the party for the party, for the Empire and the country first, last and all the time." CHAS. H. SEWELL.

CHAS. A. GUTHRIE, a Liberal-Conservative, with his organ at "The Dominion," contended with a painful, we do not compute, of a doubtment, while William Smith, of the "Free Political," took an "with an excellent

essay, in which he disclaims prejudice and says that he has formed his opinions from careful reading of the editorials in the organs of both parties, and covers most of the ground of the first essay.

Alfred Jolley is "on the fence," and from the seat of the scornful proclaims himself an independent democrat, and declares that "any system that gives the power into a very few hands is not right. . . . The people should be the power, and not a select few, who do as they like, whether for the good of the people or their own pockets." He wants to be represented by "good men; all depends upon the men." He admires a man who will stand for the right, regardless of position, and thinks a man of character can adhere to principle and still hold his place. As a peroration, he says: "I shall continue to seek light on the subject, and to watch the different parties, and when I see clearly which is right I will stand by it. At present I shall support the best man, independent of party." Not a bad attitude to assume, this. It shows that Alfred has individuality, brains and an appreciation of principle. As an essayist Alfred is by no means devoid of ability.

John W. Noakes, intoxicated, no doubt, by a late success, begins thus: "Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious is the modern science of political economy!" After reading this, we thought we smelled Single Tax or some other radical innovation; but never a hint of something more substantial than the delusion of political economy could we discover. He makes the bald statement and lets it go at that, which is suggestive of a dullaching word somewhere. He, however, makes some good points in favour of the Liberal party, to which it is his delight to belong. Rather to die than to be a German, but on the whole a well written, practical, and good one.

Edmund C. Flory makes a short and sweet defence of the Reform party, and cites among his arguments the settlement of the Manitoba school question, reduction in postage rates, extension of the Intercolonial Railway, and the attempt to capture the Yukon trade by the proposed Stikine Railway.

James A. Carpenter in provincial politics is a Conservative, while in the Dominion elections his sympathies swing to the other side, for reasons adduced. He is a non-partizan, and somewhat a censorious critic in his airing of the grievances of the farmer, who without a political grievance is like a dog without fleas. He made a fair bid for the prize last time, and, despite the pessimism of the present occasion, he is not far behind again.

How could we have a competition without the inevitable Levi Bone as a competitor? *Nil desperandum*, Levi, which, being interpreted, means never despair; you may come out on top yet. Levi hits out right and left, and not only "knocks the spots off" the Reform Government, but also the place where they were. He waxes poetical, metaphorical, and, sometimes, so allegorical that, not being a natural mystic, we can only follow breathlessly in his dusty wake, in the fond hope of arriving at the purport of his conclusions in the sweet subsequent. Not having the time to dissect this remarkable effusion, which, like man, is "fearfully and wonderfully made," particularly in the articulation of its parts (which we are inclined to believe contain anatomy foreign to their genus), we refrain from flattery, and announce the subject for our next competition, in which the poetical faculty of Levi may be let loose without restraint.

Our readers are invited to compose a poem on any subject, in any metre, of not more than ten stanzas, and the prize for the best poem will be a nicely bound volume of one of the standard poets. All entries to be in the hands of our editor on or before June 15th.



OUR GIRLS

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,
 come ;
 And from the bosom of yon dropping
 cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a
 shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend

And see where surly Winter passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian
 blasts :

His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shattered forest and the ravished vale ;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose first
 touch,

Dissolving snows in livid torrents beat,
 The mountains lift their green heads,
 The fields are *verdant*

Hazel Brae Notes.

A GAIN the springtime is ap-
 proaching, nay, by the time
 these words are read it may
 be at our very doors.

"Will spring return,
 And birds and lambs again be gay,
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?
 Yes, prattlers, yes !"

Yes, and we will give it a hearty
 welcome. A truce to dark even-
 ings, to stoves, to temperature
 down below zero ; and although
 there is a great enjoyment in the
 crisp, cold days and bright clear
 atmosphere, and snow covered land-
 scape, with sound of merry sleigh
 bells tinging, still who is not glad
 at the first suspicion of the fatty
 Spring, leading in her wake the
 lovely, radiant Summer ?

And, apart from the direct in-
 fluences of the season, what a les-
 son it seems to teach the
 observant heart, object lesson, if
 they might be so called, of that mar-

of resurrection of which we are so
 forcibly reminded at the blessed
 Eastertide. We know that though,
 through our Father's goodness, we
 have not heard of losing by the
 hand of death any of our girls since
 the last issue of this paper, it has
 been busy in different homes in the
 land ; indeed, in one home where
 one of our girls was placed every
 member of the household but her-
 self was called away by that sad
 malady, "la grippe." It should
 make us think, all of us, it is say-
 ing, "Be ye also ready." And to
 those who have lost loved ones, how
 sweet and cheering to be reminded
 by the new life with the incoming
 spring that some day there will be a
 new life, and that forever to those
 who "sleep in Jesus."

And now let us have a little talk
 together of things and people. First
 of all, people.

The first person we want to think
 of is our honoured friend and bene-
 factor, Dr. Barnardo himself, and
 his serious illness. However, we
 are truly thankful and we know
 our girls will be, too, that the last
 report we have received tells of
 his continuing to improve. May
 God spare him yet for many a year
 to carry on his good work. A lady
 (who, by the way, has one of our
 good girls) says in a letter lately
 received:

"I am glad to hear that you
 may still be able to do some of the
 good work you have done in the
 past, and I am glad to hear that
 you are still in the hands of the
 Doctor."

"I am glad to hear that you
 are still in the hands of the
 Doctor."

time, but was raised up again; and Nellie Rolfe also came back to the Home for a little strengthening up, and went back reinvigorated.

We have had Alice Lawrence, Lilian Madden and Florence Oliver for a little holiday. All were well and bright and seeming to be happy in their homes.

Julia Anderson, too, spent a part of a day with us; a good deal altered since we last saw her here, but looking the picture of health.

Alice and Annie Bryant have had what, we trust, was a happy time together, Alice's mistress kindly letting her have her sister on a visit there.



Sarah Graham.

Again we have to mention a few names as having entered the "married state": Annie Kennett, Fanny Locke and Margaret Abernethy.

Elsewhere we are giving extracts from a letter recently received from Lella Bentall—a girl who has been married for some little time.

And now we are going to the words, be for this time, for we happen to be pretty busy, and you know of a generally people who have a lot to do. What time a great deal of work. Do we not find

that those who gossip the most are those who have the least to do?

This time, at anyrate, we feel the great attraction in our paper will be the letter, with its beautiful illustrations, that Mr. Godfrey has written from the Village Home to the girls in Canada, so, as the chairman at a public meeting would remark, we would say of him he "needs no introduction," and we are sure all will be delighted to hear or, rather, read his words.

B. Codes

Notices.

We have received a new and large supply of Hazel Brae photos from Mrs. Haultain. Price ten cents each; proceeds to go to the Girls' Donation Fund. Any girl who would like one, should write and ask for it, enclosing ten cents.

There has been a change made in the bank books this year, which we hope will meet with general satisfaction. The books should be sent to the Home every time a deposit is made.

Girls' Donation Fund.

Now, girls, you will really have to "hurry up" and be in earnest about this Girls' Fund, for we should like all the donations to be sent in by *May 1st*.

Now, the gifts ought to be pouring in willingly, lovingly, gladly, and without any urging. We should like to have a good round sum this time.

Dear me! this money business! What times we have sometimes in getting employers to pay up their girls' dues (some employers, not all); but we would expect the *free gifts* from the girls to come in without any trouble, for remember, dear girl, "He that giveth to the poor leadeth him to the Lord." And remember

ber if, by God's grace, some day you reach that better land, there will be no opportunity then to give to the poor and needy, for no one will be wanting anything there; all will be satisfied and have enough. Make the most of your opportunities now, then!

List of Donations Received.

Florence J. Hughes, \$1.00; Annie Addison, \$1.00; Charlotte King, \$1.00; Florence Porter, \$1.00; Sarah Beaton, \$1.00; Mercy Hillman, 25c.; Grace Jays, 75c.; Maria Careis, \$1.00; Keziah Smart, 50c.; Ada Corry, 40c.; Eva Bowles, 25c.; Catherine Hayes, \$1.00; Mary Ryder, \$1.00; Emily Collins, \$1.00; Emily Addison, \$1.00; Jane Kibble, \$1.00; Rose Owen, \$1.00; Elizabeth Hatcher, \$2.00; Minnie Neville, \$1.00; Maggie Richardson, \$1.00; Mary Precious, \$1.00; Kate Rennells, \$1.00; Blanche Jones, 25c.; Selina Harding, 75c.; Florence Bigney, \$1.00; Agnes Ryons, \$1.00; Agnes Attwood, \$1.00; Alice Wilmett, \$1.00; Flora Watson, \$1.75; Annie Fladburgh, \$2.00; Mary Hannah Smith, \$2.00; Daisy Pereira, \$1.00; Winifred Hyde, \$1.00; Hannah Wincey, \$1.00; Selina Smith, \$1.00; Wally Winz, \$1.00; Lizzie Lewis, \$2.00; Beatrice Purrett, 75c.; Kate Rennells, 25c.; Eleanor Newman, \$1.00; Annie Cook, \$2.00; Alice Bryant, \$1.00; Gertrude Freeman (per Florence Bigney), \$1.00; Alice Long, \$1.00; Emily Griffiths, \$1.50; Alberta Shirley, 75c.; "Trefoil" girl, \$6.21.

Extracts from Visitors' Diary.

MARY GRAHAM, Medvale, is a little lonely at first, but is settling down happily. Is said to be a good little girl and to agree so well with Mrs. H.'s own children.

MAY ADAMTHWAITE, Ellerton, living quite neat and comfortable at the same family. Is also giving satisfaction and seems to be quite happy. May and Ma. are great friends, often see each other, and

meet regularly on Sundays at church and Sunday school. We hope both these girls will go on and do well.

NELLIE THOMAS, Carp, seems to have found a happy home, and gained the affection of her "Pa" and "Ma," as she calls her new friends. Mr. and Mrs. O. have no children of their own, but seem to have taken little Nellie into their hearts. We trust she will not disappoint them.

ETHEL ADAMTHWAITE, Kinburn, we hope will improve, and with a promised visit to May, she will perhaps be encouraged to do better. She seems to have a good home and a kind mistress.

CAROLINE LARNER, Arnprior, had only arrived at her place a few days before, but so far she has made a good impression, and seems to feel she will be quite happy in this new place, which seems likely to prove a very good home.

MARY SCHOFIELD, Arnprior, living quite neat and came to her place on the same day as Carrie. Is also quite happy and already very much taken up with the baby. This, too, is a good home, and Mary, we trust, will continue to give the same satisfaction as she has done in the beginning.

ELLEN S. ANDERSON, Dirleton, I met on her way from school in her scarlet hood, looking so bright and happy. She has a good home and is hoping very much to have her little brother from England to live with her. Ellen is, on the whole, a good little girl, and we hope this may be her home for many years.

ALICE STAVING, North Augusta, in a clergyman's family, has a good home and is said to be a good girl. She unfortunately met with a rather serious accident this winter by falling on the ice and hurting her arm, but with the good care she received she is recovering nicely, and hopes soon to have the full use of it again.

Continued in next issue. H. B. L. A.

gusta, has a good home with kind people, is happy and in many ways doing well; but next time we call we hope to hear of some improvement.

BERTHA PHILLIPS, North Augusta, is a little small for her place, but is liked so well that the people do not want to part with her. Hope to train her into being a good servant. Bertha is quite happy and wants to stay in her good home.

EVA BOWLES, Iroquois. A good, satisfactory girl. Has a good home, and, we trust, will always have the good name she has now. She seems to have Christian principles, with true desires to do right.

ROSE BOWLES, Iroquois. Eva's younger sister, has also a good home quite near. Is a good little girl, goes to school in the morning and takes the little boy out in the afternoon. Rose and the little boy are great friends to assist him in her chief work.

MATHIDA DAVIS, Iroquois, who had only lately come, so far seemed quite happy, and, we hope, will improve in her work and be able to keep her good home.

WINIFRED HYDE, Iroquois, on a farm seven miles from Iroquois, was highly praised for her good conduct and good disposition. With all the six children she is a great favourite and quite takes her place as a member of the family, and hopes this will always be her home.

GRACE V. GRIFFITHS, Aultsville, in this her second place, is doing nicely, and seems to like better being on a farm than living in a town. Is bright and happy, goes to school, and makes herself useful when at home. She gets on well with the three little girls and seems altogether to feel very much at home here.

MARY ANN, Iroquois, is a good little girl, and is doing well in her place. She is a good help in the kitchen, and is very much liked by the children. She is a good help in the kitchen, and is very much liked by the children. She is a good help in the kitchen, and is very much liked by the children.

the greater responsibility of the work, and Annie chiefly minds the children. Is very good to them, her mistress says. Amy's picture appeared in the last **URS AND DOWNS**.

ETHEL BRIGGS, Toronto, in her first place, seems to be very much at home, is treated as one of the family, is with kind people, who, like Ethel, are English. Ethel's chief work is to mind the baby, whom she loves, and Mrs. H. spoke well of her and seemed to hope that she would stay a long while with them.

LOUISE BLOMBERG, Toronto. A good little girl, said to be willing and to have a good disposition; but has, of course, many things to learn. She, too, is happy, and seems to be settled in this her first place.

ISABELLA HALL, Toronto. In a gentleman's family, where there are three servants kept. Is a good, well behaved girl, has a very kind mistress, and every opportunity of improving herself and doing well. Her chief work is to look after the children, but she does some house work as well, and some day may be able to take the parlour maid's or cook's place.

ISABEL LEE, Toronto, is giving very good satisfaction, too. Seems quite contented with her lot, goes regularly to church and Sunday school, and has many little changes.

ISABEL SEWELL, Toronto, has lately changed her place, but likes her new home and seems to be getting on well. Her mistress is very well pleased with her, so we hope good things of Isabel.

LYDIA HARRIS, Toronto, is a good little girl, pleasing her mistress and learning to do many little things nicely. Is so careful not to break the dishes was one thing specially mentioned in her favour. We think many older girls may do well to take example here, for how often the complaint, "She breaks so many dishes!"

GRACE DORSON (1898), near Brichin. Grace was at school when I arrived. Came home looking bright and well, and was warmly and tidily clad. Has a good home, and seems contented and happy.

MARGARET TYSON (1898), near Oro. At present living in a tiny, wee house, the brick house and barn having been lately destroyed by fire. Maggie was ready to start for school. She looked comfortable and happy, and seemed to like her home well.

ELEANOR BUTTON (1898), Midland. Nellie has a nice home, and is giving good satisfaction. Was pleasant and chatty, and seemed to feel quite at home.

ADA DERRICH (1895), Alton. Ada has grown and looks stronger. She is said to be a capital worker and a good girl.

GLADYS FERRY (1898), Campbellford. Mr. and Mrs. --- are very pleased with this little girl. Says she is honest, willing and reliable, and bids fair to make a good useful maid.

LIZZIE PARSONS (1895), Roseneath. A very good girl, on the whole. Smart and with plenty of spirit. Called to see Lizzie at school, where she gets on well, and is in the Fourth Book. Looks healthy and well, and says she is very happy.

MARY SMITH (1894), Huntsville. Mrs. S. is pleased with her. Says she is a good, useful girl. Looked bright and intelligent, and was very comfortably dressed.

ANNIE POYNER (1894), Port Sydney. Annie seems to be very happy with Mr. and Mrs. B., and they are pleased and satisfied with her. She has grown and is well in health.

EMMA KING (1894), Port Sydney. A nice child and in a nice home. Useful and willing, and very fond of the children, who are equally fond of Emma.

DULCY DUNN (1894), Port Sydney. Dulcy seems to be a very good girl.

pity, though a little busy at first. Is quiet about the house, so far and thoughtful. Seems to be a good and useful girl.

Hazel Brae.

When we had left old England's shore
Our thoughts and hopes went on before,
And wonderingly we oft would say,
"What kind of place is Hazel Brae?"

For Canada, that unknown land,
Was foreign to our little band,
And that new home so far away
Was only known as Hazel Brae.

A name and nothing more it seemed,
A home it never could be deemed;
While all we loved were far away,
How could we care for Hazel Brae?

It might give shelter to our band
In stormy winter's snow-bound land,
A halting-place wherein to stay
Was all we thought of Hazel Brae.

Eight nights we tossed upon the deep
The next, we lost our selves in sleep,
Then found ourselves at home at last
In Canada, at Hazel Brae.

The Palace Beautiful appeared
As in the Dream of which we've heard,
You smile, dear girls, at this to-day,
For now, we all love Hazel Brae.

And tender memories gather fast
Effacing all our earlier past;
We would not change aught if we could,
We learnt to trust, and God is good.

And Canada is now our home,
There may be some who love to roam,
But feeling as I feel to-day,
My name for home is Hazel Brae.

MRS. HAUGHAIS

The Sweetest Name.

Can you tell me the sweetest name,
I asked a little child,
Quickly she answered, "Jesus,"
Looked up at me, and smiled.

The name was "William,"
A pretty name, and rare,
But with the name of Jesus
None other can compare.

Happy and full of life,
She knew her Jesus,
And that He keeps His love
In the bright home at sea.

M.



An Open Letter to all the "Village Home" Girls in Canada.

MY DEAR GIRLS, Miss Code very kindly suggests that the pages of *URS AND DOWNS* may again be the medium of communication for us who stay at home in the old nest with the great number of our young birds who have taken wing and flown away at various times to the Land of the West.

By-the-bye, some of you must be getting fairly *old* birds by this time, and setting up, I doubt not, snug nests of your own, wherein, I hope, you are putting into practice all the domestic virtues that you learned among us here.

Well, dear girls, your old friends at the village send you all the heartiest greeting. We like to feel that you remember us, and that you still have a loving interest in the home of your childhood, and I am sure there are a great many among you who would think nothing more delightful than to pay us a visit and roam over the old scenes once more.

Perhaps, as it is impossible for the great majority of you to cross the ocean in boat, we can do so in mind, and, with the help of a few pictures, I might take you on a imaginary stroll

round the village, to show and tell you all I can about it.

If you would present yourselves at our village gate to-day, you would find it much as you last saw it (only, alas, growing very old and much needing renewal), and you should have a warm welcome at the Governor's House from Mrs. Godfrey and myself. Then, on the way to the one particular cottage that you would wish above all to visit, we would have a chat about the changes that have taken place since you left it. Many of these I have mentioned in a former letter; but we should have to tell you that familiar faces, upon which in days long ago you learned to look with affection, are still disappearing from amongst us; and quite recently Cairns House has lost Miss Loveys; St. Helena, Miss Patterson; Mickleham, Miss Moss; and Wild Thyme, Miss Seabrook. Mrs. Loveys has taken charge of the Exeter Home, and Miss Patterson of the one at Cambridge, as many of you have doubtless heard direct.

You would, of course, wish to peep in at the schools, and there, also, you would miss some old faces, but

others still remaining, and which you would nearly all remember, would be sure to brighten at the sight of you again.

In the school we would show you



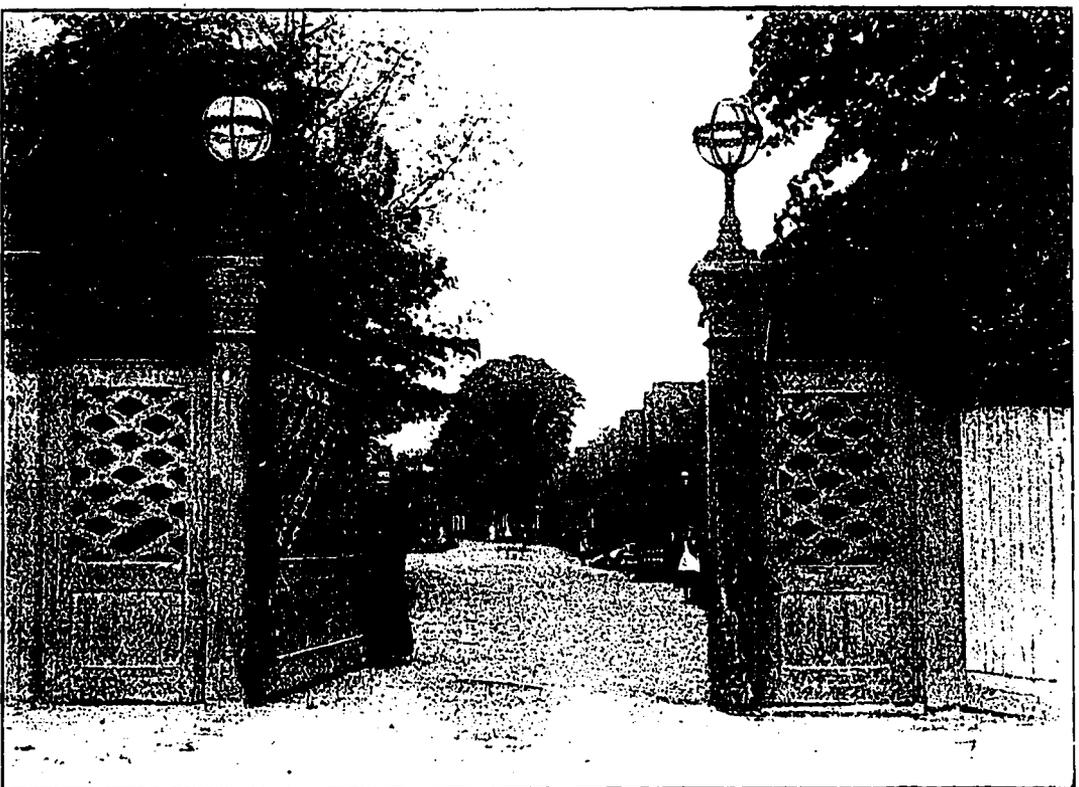
a sight which, I am sure, none of you ever saw there in *your* days—a girl, who, having no arms, yet writes beautifully, holding the pen with her

lips. We give you here a picture of her. Although she does so well, however, we have not at present adopted this method of writing generally in the school, and I think you would find all the old lessons going on much as when you were there.

The inspectors, who came a few days ago for the great annual examination, told us they thought the girls were doing very well, so I hope we are not going back in this respect.

We would point out next the renovated and enlarged Mossford Lodge, where Dr. Barnardo has his rooms and often stays; and, at the back, the old schoolrooms turned into a brand new dressmaking house, in which you would find many old friends of your village days, with Miss Page holding sway as of yore, and where you would be sorely tempted to stay for an unconscionably long gossip!

But, with a glimpse at your old playground in the meadow, we should have to pass on—and, making your way across the village, you would be almost sure to encounter Miss Westgarth, as busy as ever in the interests of all our girls, big and little, and would be *quite* sure to be



invited by Miss Steer to her own particular sanctuary, where she gathers incessantly and indefatigably the news of all the host in Canada, and plans the sending out of numbers more.

When you had answered all her questions, and given a thoroughly satisfactory account of yourself, it would be time for a look in at the laundry to find Miss Ottaway still faithfully at her post; and, among the laundry girls, a few, whom I think almost the oldest of you would know, yet remaining as valued helpers.

Then, before letting you go off to

you should be conscious that these things have been forgotten, we would earnestly bid you to seek again the grace and help that are so freely given to all who ask, and to make a fresh start heavenward, in the place where, we praise God, so many others have done the same.

Dearly would we like to have such a meeting with you; but since it cannot be, this letter is the next best alternative, and I close it, as I began, with loving greeting to each and every one of you.

Ever your affectionate friend,
J. W. GODFREY.



your "own" cottage, we would step together into our church, and, resting there a few minutes in its quiet seclusion, we would recall the old, old lessons of Bible truth—of God's great love, and the power of Christ to save—which you learned with us in days long past, perhaps so long ago even as the schoolroom services, before the church was built. We would try to remember the text that was given to you when you left us, and there would be a little heart-searching to enquire what the truth is still held, and God's word still honoured and obeyed—and if

Correspondence.

I think it is time my letter to UPS AND DOWNS should be forwarded now. I have been going to send one for the last five months, but it has never been sent, so here it comes at last.

I am going to try to explain what has been done these last few weeks around here. I will first begin by telling you what lovely, most interesting prayer-meetings we have been having. It is called the Forward Movement of the Banner. We began three weeks ago. The arrangements were for all those who would join to begin and read a chapter of St. John's Gospel every day during the week; and on the second week we were to have a service in the church given by our pastor

every night, in which special prayer were to be made for those who had not been converted to the Lord. So our meetings continued during the week, having accomplished a very good work. Quite a few came forward to the front to show that by the help of God they would turn over a new leaf; but when the week was ended, we all felt, like our pastor, that it seemed a pity to stand right still where we were after just beginning, so we continued them for another week and, indeed, God's presence was so much felt in our midst that we had to continue them still another. But we came to the conclusion, when that week of service was ended, to still have one more week, and so finish the month up, when all the young people of our League who were not members of the church could, if they desired, have their names enrolled with all the others. So I must not forget to say that I am one, and am also a member of our League; but I feel I not only want to be a member by name, but be a worker in His work, if it is only a little. I attended all the meetings but three, and really was helped and encouraged very much.

I see Eliza Williams every Sunday and Wednesday at church. She was up to tea the other night with me, and stopped to go to League and then went home.

I think you could not have found me a nicer, more Christian-like home to live in if you had tried. I am getting on nicely and am as happy as the day is long.

I had my head phrenologized the other day by Professor Dean, and really he just told me everything so correctly that I was, to the very letter—just everything you could think of, such as truthfulness, honesty, economical, industrious. He also told me my faults, what to cultivate and what not to.

I am sending in the rest of my Sunday school papers to Mrs. Metcalfe to give to the children. I think, girls, if a few more would send theirs in, it would be so nice, for the children do like something to read that they can understand. You will see I have drawn a picture of a Scripture clock, for I thought it would help to interest the children finding out the different texts all beginning with the same word. I have taken for mine "Rejoice." You will see that you only have to put the same number of words in each place, and the figures go round.

I wish we could manage to get a nice long letter from the dear old Hford Home; it is indeed so nice to read anything that comes from there, and hear how they all are. We will all have to band together and ask Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey for a letter, and tell us all the news.

Will you friends at Hford be pleased to take \$1.00 from my bank account for the Girls' Donation Fund, and the other little sum for the photo of the Home, which I will be very pleased to have forwarded to me.

Thank you so much for the volume I had sent to me. I was indeed delighted to get it, although I cannot fully say I deserved it; but I must try to do as the others are doing—to *Go forward in God's strength, conquering and to conquer.*

I spent a very pleasant afternoon in the Home last week. . . . I expect to be in before very long again, and hope to see you all then.

I have been proposing to do a little work for Dr. Barnardo in some little way of helping for all he has done for us. We are going to band together, some of us, and see how much we can have to send in a little later on. I think some other girls might find out a little plan of some description and send in theirs at the same time. I will not tell you in this letter what it is going to be; but it has been on my mind for such a very long time that we all ought to be helping our little, however small it may be, and so in some way show Dr. Barnardo how we appreciate all he has done for us. And, yet, still remembering that in the first place we must thank our Heavenly Father for ever putting it into the Doctor's hands for doing this great work. And in the first thing, bear in mind, girls, that every good and perfect gift cometh from God.

I must now close, as it is bedtime.

With much love from

FLORENCE RIGNEY.

A Letter from Leila Bentall, now Married.

It is a long time since I have written to you. I have been going to write for a long time, but it seemed that I could not get started. You will think that I have forgot the Home altogether. I do not want you to think that, for the Home is just as dear to me as it ever was, for I am sure if it had not been for the Home I would not have been where I am to-day. I had every intention of being in Peterborough last winter, but got disappointed. I guess you heard that I was married. I was going to write to you when I was married, only I expected to be there to see you all before I left for my new home; but, as I said, I was disappointed, and it seemed that with one thing and another I could not get started to write. I am living in Manitoba. . . . The young man that is my husband now, him and I went to school together. . . . I am not sorry that I came to Manitoba with him; he has been all that is good to me. He is a good-living young man; he is trying to live a Christian life. We have family prayer in our little home every morning, and only about three weeks ago we had a cottage prayer meeting at our house. There were two big sleigh loads came, we had a splendid meeting. He has good Christian parents. They live about a mile from me.

I was very pleased to get your letter, and I do hope to see you again, to get it all over.

I thank you for the letter and the

Christmas. I feel that I am still one of the number, if I am married, and I like to see the cards. I have got them all that you sent on the other years, and I prize them.

It seems good to see the dear old Doctor's picture on the cover of UPS AND DOWNS. How much I would like to see the Doctor!

I have a darling little baby boy: he is five months old to-day. He has been pretty cross and sick since he was born, but is better now and is good. I call him Willie; his right name is William John Gladstone. I will have to close for this time . . . and may God bless you all at Hazel Brae.

The Testimony of a Clergyman in Canada.

The little girl mentioned below was thirteen years of age when she went to this place, and has recently moved to another.

I think it due to Isabella, who came to us two years and three months ago from your Home in Peterborough, to say that during her stay with us she gave us entire satisfaction. She was truthful in every way, honest in the smallest matters, ready and willing to do her work and go out of her way to oblige. We were very sorry to part with her. She was so careful and kind to our children that we owe her a great debt of gratitude, and we wish her always to look upon Mrs. M. and myself as her true friends. We will always be ready to aid and help her whenever she wants us. We are glad to think the child has a comfortable place, and that all, we hope, will go well with her. She is certainly a great credit to you, and if all Dr. Barnardo's young people do as Isabella has done with us, the blessing of God will rest upon your efforts to provide homes for the innocent and pure.

I thought it well for the Home and for dear Isabella to write these few lines. I pray God will bless her and watch over her. I am, dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

J. H. M., RECTOR

From Mary Smith (November, '94, Party).

HUNTSVILLE, February 24, 1899

UPS AND DOWNS, I am a girl thirteen years old, and live in the village of Huntsville. Four years ago last November I came over from England, and arrived in Huntsville January 31st. The first place I lived on a farm three years, two miles from Huntsville, and had a nice home till the people moved away and then I went away to live in Huntsville with Mrs. Sutherland. They have two little girls whose names are Margaret and Edla, and we have a big team of St. Bernard dog, a black and white to drive just like horses, and a navy black cutter, make parquetry for the room, and driving nearly every day. One day Mr. Sutherland drove over sixty

miles. Several people have had their photos with the dogs and cutter; but they will not drive for any one, only Mr. Sutherland. I shall say good bye this time.

Yours truly,

MARY SMITH.

From Dora Guthrie, Aged Ten Years.

HUNTSVILLE, February 16, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS:

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed twenty-five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS. I am one of Dr. Barnardo's little girls, and I am living with a lady named Mrs. Dalbon. I haven't been to school very steady, because it has been so cold and I nearly froze my foot and I had a very bad cold; but I am better now, and I am going to go steady. I hear people say that this is the coldest winter we've had for eighteen years, and the snow is four feet deep. I like the snow, if Jack Frost wasn't so wicked; but for all that, I managed to go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday, and sometimes I go to church. And maybe I will be able to write another letter by next Christmas and tell you all about the summer, if I'm spared. I think I will close now, hoping to find all belonging to the Home are well.

DORA GUTHRIE

The Young Helpers' League Meeting at the Albert Hall, London, England.

The following paper was contributed by a young lady in England:

The hall was not crammed, but it was pretty full, and the children in the orchestra, the girls in their white pinafores and white hats trimmed with yellow, or blue or pink, and the boys in their white sailor blouses, looked very bright and attractive.

The chairman, Canon Fleming, took the chair at three o'clock. He was accompanied by the Duchess of Somerset, Dr. Barnardo and others. Immediately after their entrance, the children sang "Hail, Festive Day!" a bright, pretty song, given with much spirit. This was followed by an exhibition of bayonet exercise and cutlass drill by a company of small boys, in conjunction with a naval battery, which went through all the actions of a battle, firing, advancing and retreating like a miniature army, drawing its guns with them, and repairing the wheels of the carriage when this was needed, the performance ending with a grand march by combined army and navy, headed by pipers, the latter being led by a small drum major about three feet high who bore himself with a dignity suitable to the occasion, but highly amusing in so small a person.

The two flags of war, the one army and the other navy which followed were both won by the army amid much excitement amongst

combatants and spectators. Next the patriotic spirits of the audience were stirred by a song entitled "At the Thought of Britain's Glory," the last line of which was accompanied by waving of Union Jacks; and the enthusiasm raised by this song had scarcely subsided when it was again aroused by the appearance on the top of the platform steps of Canon Fleming, who recited "Mother," by the author of the poem he recited on a similar occasion last year. The little piece is intensely touching, and the splendid voice of the reciter could be heard in every part of the enormous building.

A song by the children, "The Dunces," in which all the boys were decorated with dunces' caps, was very amusing; and very pretty were the skipping-rope exercises, and musical drill by "little women" from the Ilford Village Home.

The next item on the programme was considered by some to be the prettiest in the whole entertainment. A company of little boys from the Jersey Home gave "The Sailors' Action Song." The boys, dressed in white sailor suits, went through the steps of the horn-pipe dance very prettily, finishing by each waving a Union Jack, the front row kneeling and the back row standing, while behind all, two men, similarly attired, held each a flag, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, crossed over the heads of the Jersey boys.

No. 10 event was the representation of some nursery rhymes, "The Robber Fox, in which the fox cut a most ludicrous figure; "The Frog who Would a-Wooing Go," and the "Death of Cock Robin."

This was followed by a game of football, by seven players on each side, which was very exciting to everyone, and after this, in rapid succession, came the presentation of purses to, and award of badges by, Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset; a cornet solo by a Jersey boy and "The Newquay Fisherman's Song" by the choir.

During the collection, which was now taken up, there were dumb-bell and other exercises by some small boys, followed by a song entitled "Mr. No-bod-ee," the first verse of which ran:

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as any mouse,
That does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever saw his face
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. No-bod-ee.

CHORUS NOBODEE! Mr. No-bod-ee!
Mr. No-bod, No-bod, No-bod
N-O-B-O-D-E-E! Mr. No-bod-ee!
Mr. No-bod-ee! Mr. No-bod-ee!

Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset then presented the victors in all the different games with laurels, after which the hall darkened, and the audience were conducted by the magic lantern through Dr. Barnardo's Homes, finishing with the cinematograph, showing more realistic

photographs of such events as the Scotch Highlanders entering Kenton, the switchback and others; the last of all being a picture of the Queen's coronation procession of 1838.

In Leisure Hour.

Answers to puzzles in January number:

1. Caress; 2. A Thorn; 3. Her ring;

Buried Trees.

1. Pine; 2. Cedar; 3. Elm; 4. Willow.

Answers received from Mary Hannah Smith.

Puzzles.

The following have been sent in by the girls mentioned in last month, though, of course, they are not attributed.

1. Miss Sarah A. Smith.

A Riddle

1. I have a trunk; 2, it has two lids; 3, and two caps; 4, two musical instruments; 5, two established measures; 6, a great number of articles we can't do without; 7, I always have about me two good fish; 8, a great number of small shell fish; 9, two lofty trees; 10, some fine flowers; 11, two playful domestic animals; 12, a great number of small wild animals; 13, a fine stag; 14, a number of whips without handles; 15, some weapons of warfare; 16, a number of weathercocks; 17, an entrance to a hotel; 18, at a political meeting, on the verge of a decision; 19, two students; 20, a number of Spanish grandees; 21, a big wooden box; 22, two fine buildings; 23, product of camphor tree; 24, a piece of English money; 25, an article used by artists; 26, board used in racing; 27, used in crossing a river; 28, part of blades without handles; 29, tenth letter of the alphabet framed with bows; 30, instruments used to catch music.

Dougherty, James, \$3; Digweed, H. G., \$1; Edwards, Geo., \$5; Edwards, Henry G., \$1; Evans, Joseph, \$1; Francis, Art. J., \$5; Floyd, Fred, \$1; Fitzgerald, Edward, \$2; Guerrier, Achille, \$2; Griffith, Arthur, \$2; Gee, Ernest, \$1; Garrood, G. T., \$1.75; Gouge, Edwin, \$1; Grover, M. B., \$1; Green, Walter, \$1; Granville, Henry J., \$1; Hawkes, George, \$1; Hallday, Henry, \$1; Harley, Thomas, \$1; Hearn, George, \$1; Hawkesworth, Robert, \$1; Hart, George, \$2; Hutt, William, \$1; Harvey, W. H., \$1; Jiggins, William, \$1; Knowlton, Albert, 75c.; Lott, John and Robson, Christopher, 25c.; Leonard, Henry G., \$5; Luff, William, \$1; Lott, George F., \$1; Lednor, Henry, \$1; Lever-such, W. F., \$1; Lumley, John W., \$2; Moulder, W. B., \$1; Morgan, Er. W., and

Morgan, Sid. G., 25c.; Miller, Edward, \$1; Martin, G. H., \$1; Martin, S. C., \$1; Mead, F., \$2; Morton, Albert, \$1; Musk, George, \$1; Murriner, Fred., \$1; McLachlan, Charles, \$2; McCord, C. F., \$1; Neale, George, \$1.50; O'Brien, G. B., \$1; Oates, Herbert, \$1.50; Proctor, Arthur, \$1.40; Potter, Charles, \$1; Panting, Herbert, \$3.75; Pattle, R. C., \$2; Robinson, Rupert, \$1; Radcliffe, F. D., \$1; Richardson, Herbert, W., \$1; Smith, William, (1886) \$4; Sage, William Hy., \$1; Smith, William, \$1; Spread, Leonard, \$1; Seaforth, F., \$1; Southern, W. C., \$1; Sandiford, William, \$1; Todd, Arthur, \$1; Tovee, Er. D., \$3; Thring, James, W., \$1; Verrall, Albert, \$1; Woodstock, Charles, \$1; Wiffin, F., \$1; Wright, George, \$1; Waring, S., 75c.; Young, G. J., \$4.75.

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Mr. G. A. BRODIE, Bethesda, Ont., says: "I used it with great success in castrating lambs, the wash healing the wounds rapidly and keeping the maggots away. I heartily recommend it to farmers."

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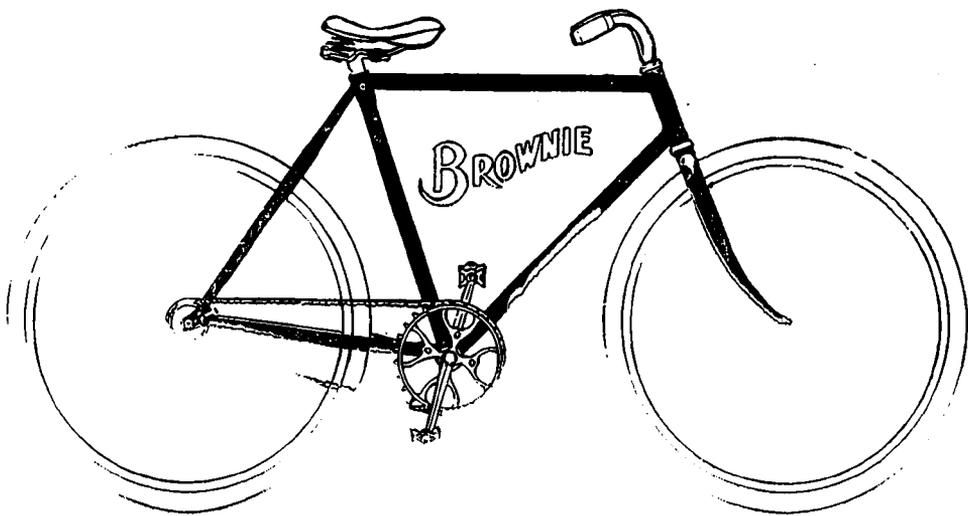
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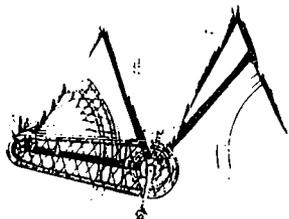
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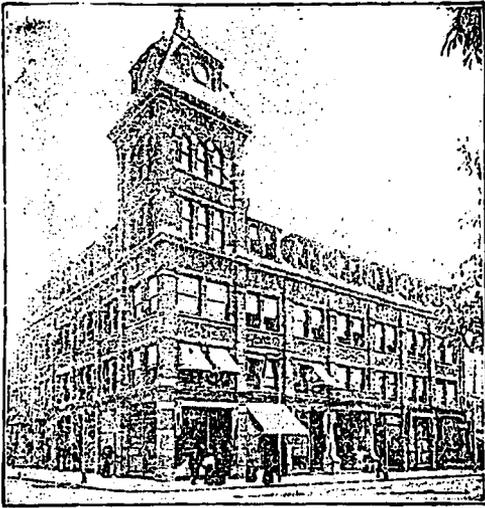


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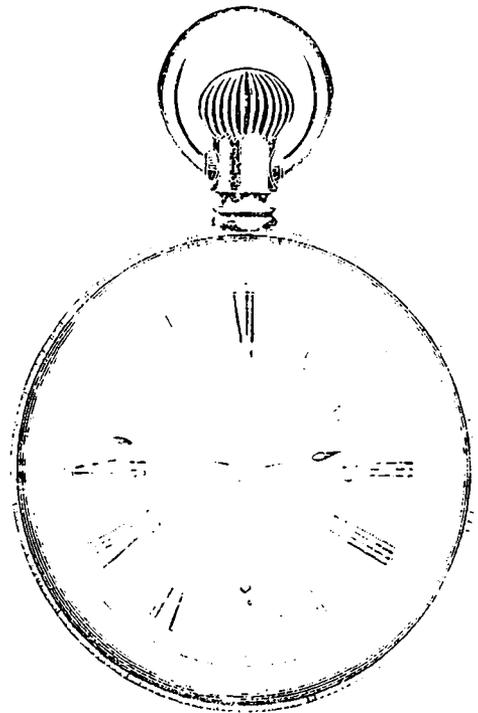
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