

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

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

Tips and Double Number Downs

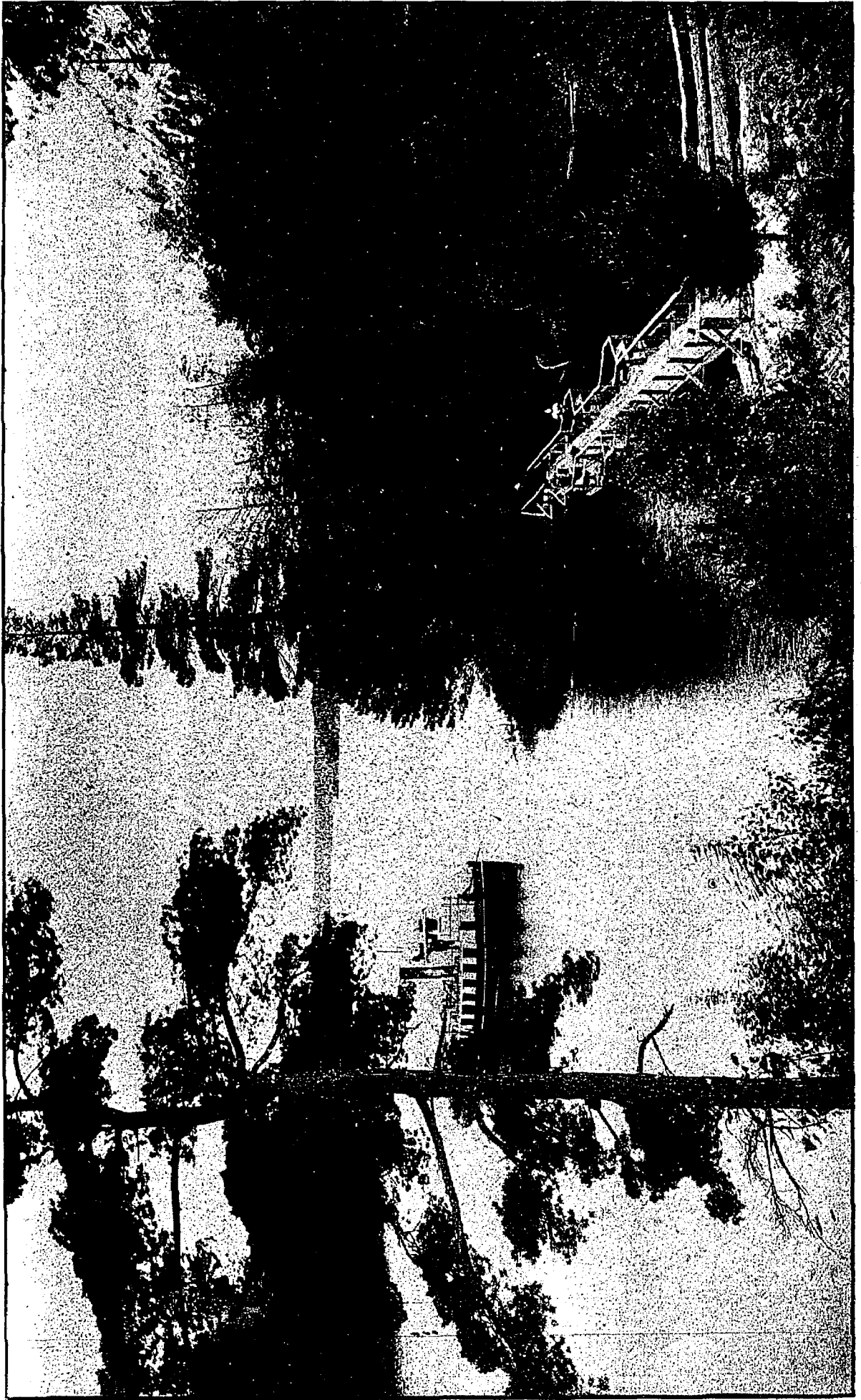


PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF DR BARNARD'S HOME S

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

The names of the 100 boys who came from England with the
 first ship of the Emigration Society (1800)

NAME OF BOY	ENGLISH	POSTAL ADDRESS
Arnall, John Edward	Mr. John Morrison	Box 15, Kincaidine, Ont.
Arnall, William Thomas	Mr. Henry Morgan	Ripley, Ont.
Alexander, Thomas	Mr. Arthur E. McNeil	Saltford, Ont.
Ansell, Joseph Randall	Mr. Thomas Ireland	Warkworth, Ont.
Arbourn, Frederick Arthur	Mr. George A. Carruthers	Christina, Ont.
Antram, Sidney John	Mr. Abraham Lyness	Mono Mills, Ont.
Atkins, Bertram	Mr. Henry Humphries	Iona Station, Ont.
Ashdown, George	Mr. Alexander Catherwood	Bolton, Ont.
Bell, William David	Mr. Charles H. Shaver	Box 2, Iroquois, Ont.
Banham, Ernest Fras.	Mr. John Naylor	Cameron, Ont.
Bruce, Herbert	Mr. William Fras. Goss	Fairvalley, Ont.
Brown, Francis William	Mr. William H. Bragg	Sweaburg, Ont.
Bradfield, Arthur	Mr. Peter Porter	Mount Vernon, Ont.
Brooks, Frederick	Mr. Raphael Meaker	Danforth, Ont.
Bull, William Benjamin Edward	Mr. Charles E. Brydges	Almonte, Ont.
Berkovitch, Bernard	Mr. Stephen W. Knight	Leaskdale, Ont.
Bagshaw, Thomas Harold	Mr. Howard Keegan	Cavan, Ont.
Bagshaw, Frederick Henry	Mr. James Foster	Cavan, Ont.
Bird, Ernest	Mr. George F. Bowles	Bradford, Ont.
Bird, Edwin	Mr. George Ottaway	Barrie, Ont.
Bird, Edward	Mr. Melville G. Hill	Munster, Ont.
Bascombe, John	Mr. Charles James Taylor, Jr.	Elm Hedge, Ont.
Bishop, Albert	Mr. John Henry	Arthur, Ont.
Bessant, Alexander	Mr. Herbert S. Cook	Corinth, Ont.
Blundell, Hubert Lawrence	Mr. William J. Patterson	Shelburne, Ont.
Butler, George Albert	Mr. Duncan McBride	Cowal, Ont.
Clarke, Robert	Mrs. Dent	Gresham, Ont.
Clark, Thomas	Mrs. Ann Carter	Atercliffe Station.
Clarke, George Henry Samuel	Mrs. Margaret Campbell	Mitchell's Bay, Ont.
Cooke, Arthur William	Mr. Newton Bicknell	Arthur, Ont.
Cook, Frederick Charles	Mr. George Wesley Down	Nilestown, Ont.
Cook, William	Mr. Robert J. Laing	Oakdale, Ont.
Cross, John	Mr. Henry Hall	Cobourg, Ont.
Chaplain, Arthur Joseph	Mr. Homer Graham	Portland, Ont.
Cox, Percy	Mr. Ganton Gibson	Uxbridge, Ont.
Cox, Frederick	Mr. Peter Ganton	Greenbank, Ont.
Collier, James	Mr. William Edward Earl	Baillieboro, Ont.
Crees, Sidney John	Mr. William Snyder	Campbell's Cross, Ont.
Cater, John	Mr. Joseph Martin	Box 101, Paris, Ont.
Crook, Frederick Joseph	Mr. R. N. McLellan	Lawrence, Ont.
Cann, William Humphrey	Mr. Nehemiah Ogden	Unionville, Ont.
Cooter, Wallace Vincent	Rev. W. T. Noble	Mortimer's Point, Ont.
Couchman, Sidney Herbert	Dr. Riordan	332 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.
Downing, Ernest	Mr. George Dickie	Elmvale, Ont.
Dickie, Norman Leslie	Mrs. Margaret D. McMeekin	Birr, Ont.
Embling, Jack	Mr. Ireton Shail	Carleton Place, Ont.
Evans, Edward Hugh	Mr. Harry A. Horton	Fingal, Ont.
Findlay, Fras. John	Mr. Herbert J. Hall	Arkona, Ont.
Foster, Benjamin Brooke	Mr. Nixon Scharf	Hazeldean, Ont.
Foster, Frederick	Mr. William Eagleson	Hazeldean, Ont.
Frederborough, Leslie Reg	Mr. C. W. McCullough	Lansdowne, Ont.
George, Alfred James	Mr. William J. Clemens	Hampton, Ont.
Goodyear, James	Mr. James Young Bird	Mandaamin, Ont.
Garrett, Herbert	Mr. John D. McArthur	Beaverdale, Ont.
Hadley, William	Mr. William John Jones	Mount View, Ont.
Hutchinson, Herbert	Mr. Albert F. Hilkie	Cottam, Ont.
Hurst, James	Mr. James Moore	Greenock, Ont.
Harvey, Arthur Sidney	Mr. Henry Patterson	Greenbush, Ont.
Headon, Thomas Walter Samuel	Mr. John Thome	Appleton, Ont.
Haynes, William Reg. Norman	Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken	Perrinton, Ont.
Hett, Thomas	Mr. Wesley Buslin	Flesherton, Ont.
Humphreys, John Henry	Mr. George Howson	Cavan, Ont.
Hempson, William James	Mrs. Ada Firth	Ottawa, Ont.
Hopkins, Henry Thomas	Mr. Charles E. Richardson	Merrickville, Ont.
Horne, Albert Samuel	Mr. Walter Boyd	Mount Pleasant, Ont.
Johnson, William Acroyd	Mr. William McClure, J. P.	Newmarket, Ont.
King, John	Mr. Christopher Crozier	Renfrew, Ont.
Killick, Walter	Mr. Duncan Leroux	Mooretown, Ont.
Keetch, Alfred George	Mr. George Tryon	Westport, Ont.
Lang, William	Mr. Leonard Vandaw	Havergal, Ont.
Lilley, Charles Henry	Mr. Archibald Duncan	Tyrconnell, Ont.
Shaw, John William	Mr. William W. Ginn	Cadmus, Ont.
Swannell, George	Mr. Edgar Devins	Heathcote, Ont.
Sutton, George	Mr. Daniel M. Haws	Marsville, Ont.
Sewell, Alfred William	Mr. William Armstrong, Sr.	Box 15, Palmyra, Ont.
Smith, William	Mr. Ernest W. Smith	Box 865, St. Catharines, Ont.
Spencer, Charles Albert	Mr. Samuel Emerson	Bervic, Ont.
Scandrett, William Charles	Mr. Thomas L. Leslie	Georgetown, Ont.
Scott, Frederick	Mr. C. H. Rutherford	Cedar Mills, Ont.
Sawle, John Sidney	Mr. Thomas H. Tabb	Carlow, Ont.
Saxton, Joseph Frederick	Mr. John Crookford, Sr.	Purbrook, Ont.
Tanner, Frank	Mr. Howard G. Ball	Port Hope, Ont.
Thompson, Charles	Mr. James I. Stevens	Virgil, Ont.
Taylor, William Henry	Mr. Robert Parker	Napperton, Ont.
Taylor, John Henry	Mr. John Anglin	Taylor, Ont.
Trudgeon, William James	Mr. John Hurst	Windsor, Ont.
Timms, Martin Henry	Mr. F. W. Balls	Sunbury, Ont.
Tipper, George Henry	Mrs. Margaret M. T. T. T.	Snelgrove, Ont.
Townsend, Herbert George	Mr. Asa O. Hansler	North Pelham, Ont.
Thomas, George	Mr. Robert Rice	Fullarton, Ont.
Thomas, Richard	Mr. Samuel Snow	St. Paul's, Ont.
Thomas, John	Mr. John G. Barr	Cromarty, Ont.
Thew, Sidney Charles J.	Mr. William C. T. T.	Elizabethville, Ont.
Tudge, Edward	Mr. Janet Pelton	Bennington, Ont.
Tacomahill, Ernest	Mr. Scott Kutherford	Mount Pleasant, Ont.
Freuter, Sydney	Mr. Thomas A. Threlkeld	Keenansville, Ont.
Vale, Henry William	Mr. Francis Bowcher	Dunrobin, Ont.
Valler, George F. Vacher	Mr. Robert H. Burns	Bloomington, Ont.
Winterton, Charles Curtis	Mr. Jacob Sen	Hanover, Ont.
Woods, Ralph Horace	Mr. William W. T. T.	Melbourne, Ont.
Woolf, Albert Edward	Mr. James F. T. T.	Cooksville, Ont.



The Highlands of Ontario: A Scene on the Muskoka Lakes.



Published Monthly under the Auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

VOL. VIII.—No. 4. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1902. PER ANNUM, 25c

Editorial Notes

Our Annual Fete. OUR Exhibition week gathering, that has, of course, been the principal event in our history for the past month, was a complete success. Our guests assembled in numbers as large as on any previous occasion. There were a good many old faces that we look forward to seeing every year, as well as a fair array of new comers who were making trial of our hospitality for the first time. The arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the visitors were carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. None of our guests had left their appetites at home, but the commissariat department proved equal to the demands placed upon it, and full justice was done to the fare provided. We think we can say that everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we also record with much gratification that we saw nowhere any inclination to rowdiness. Of noise there was plenty, as was legitimate and to be expected. Music hath charms on such occasions, and if all the instruments enumerated by King Nebuchadnezzar were not in full blast at once, and firecrackers into the bargain, there were frequently occasions when the Editor, whose office overlies the yard, could with advantage have employed a speaking trumpet as a means of communicating with his stenographers when dictating letters, and let the dit-

This, however, was all as it should be, and while having plenty of fun and merrymaking, our lads and young men conducted themselves both on the Home premises and outside in the town in a manner that was a credit to themselves and a satisfaction and pleasure to their hosts. We greatly doubt if we could have said as much had it been our lot to entertain for a week the same number of, say University undergraduates, and, at any rate, we have no desire to test the comparison. The term "gentleman" is one of those invidious expressions that, conveying different meanings to different people, it is generally best to avoid, but, using the word in the sense that "handsome is who handsome does," and not as a term of class distinction, we do not hesitate to say that our lads departed themselves as gentlemen, and could not have done more so had they been of the bluest blood in the land and been able to trace their pedigrees to the Norman Conquest or the latest successful bit of company mongering and back again.

As the Editor is not a member of the Home, he is not entitled to vote at the Annual Meeting, but he is entitled to be present, and to be heard in his own defence, if he should be called in question.

of year when the "evils" of the town and our counsel is sought as to the prospects for obtaining work and good openings and desirable positions in the city. It is the reproduction in our own little world of one of the most perplexing and troublesome social problems that disturbs the big world outside. The persistent inflow of population from the country districts to the towns, with the loss that it brings to the people of physical health, material comfort, domestic happiness, and moral tone, is an evil tendency of the age that it has seemed hopeless to counteract, and which has exercised, and is still exercising, some of the ablest brains on both sides of the Atlantic. It is admittedly the cause of many of our social difficulties, and is the stumbling block in the way of numberless efforts for the education, enlightenment and uplifting of the masses. Great cities are great evils, but, unhappily, they exercise a fatal magnetic attraction that seems irresistible, and year after year the great centres of population continue to draw thousands into the vortex of poverty, vice, and wretchedness.



By Way of Warning.

HAPPILY, the townward movement affects a comparatively very small percentage of our number, but it is present with us, and at this season of the year we hear with undesirable frequency of lads who have come or are coming into Toronto, or some other large city, to look for work, fancying that it is easy to obtain and that it will be lighter and less irksome than the labour on the farms, and be an agreeable change from the dullness of country life. Will these youths bear with a word of caution and admonition from us, even though we repeat what we have oftentimes written and said to individuals during the many years past that we have been privileged as Dr. Barnard's representative to act as a "bank counsellor" and friend to his "young Canada"? We would warn them that they will be bringing their money to an already "bank-stocked"

generally overstocked market. They will be leaving the place where their industry is in constant and active demand for a place where it is not sought and can be well dispensed with. A man out of employment in the country—presuming him to be worth employing—is an object of competition among employers. The demand for labour is always in excess of the supply, and this excess is increasing each year with the opening up of vacant lands and the development of our agricultural resources. In the town, on the other hand, it is never easy to get work, vacancies are rapidly filled, and the unskilled labourer—the man without a trade or any exceptional capability—is a drug in the market. The rate of wages, that is, after all, governed everywhere by the law of supply and demand, never, for unskilled labour in large centres of population, rises beyond the "bare living wage." A scale of pay that will provide the absolute necessities of life will always command in the city a full supply of the lower grade of labour. The farmer feeds and houses his men as a matter of course, and looks after their domestic comfort; but in the city these matters are no concern of employers. Every meal the city labourer eats must be paid for, every night's lodging, every garment washed and mended, whether work is brisk or slack, whether he is earning anything or nothing. The outgoings are steady and unfailing, however precarious and slender the incomings. The result, as we see in the experience of one after another, is almost invariably the disappearance of the savings that have accumulated during the previous years on the farm, and when these are gone, a hand-to-mouth existence, with nothing in reserve for a rainy day and no prospect for the future.



Country Prospects

It is indeed far more with a view to their future than their present interests that we would gladly to discourage the emigration of our boys. We are not so blind or so bigotted as to think that our intelligence industry

try and perseverance cannot make a living in a Canadian city and do fairly well for himself. There is room at the top in town occupations as well as in the country, and a man who is faithful, honest and attentive, will make himself appreciated and valued wherever he may be; but on the farms and as farmers, our boys have a career before them that opens up prospects in life of success and independence such as they never can realize in towns and cities. Canada is, and will be for many years to come, in a position to offer land of the richest fertility to those who will acquire and cultivate it. Our boys on the farms are gaining the training, knowledge and experience to enable them to become practical farmers for themselves. They cannot start without a small capital in hand, but, in most cases, the first hundred dollars is saved for them, so that they have a substantial nest egg in the bank by the time they are seventeen or eighteen. After that, the lad who is earning his fifteen, eighteen, or twenty dollars a month, in addition to board and lodging, if he is thrifty and careful, need be but a very few years before he has enough in hand to begin life on a homestead in the West. He is then absolutely master of a property that is every year growing rapidly in value, that he can develop and add to up to the limit of his own industry and business capabilities, that gives him a home and a livelihood and a position of respectable independence in the community, where he will be a master instead of a servant, where his life will be passed under the healthiest conditions, moral and physical, where he will least feel the pressure of competition and, in short, can obtain and enjoy the blessings of a home, an assured livelihood, a healthy occupation and a competence for himself and those dependent upon him. There are the greatest of temporal blessings and the first object of ambition to him, and under God's providence, and in spite of the teach of every one, that to get to Canada, if they will not be contented to stick to the soil in the towns and resist the attractions of the towns and cities.

Our visiting work here in the Out-door Department has been progressing actively both in the East and West, and our brethren on the road can look back upon a very satisfactory summer campaign. In Ontario, the veterans, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Gaunt, have been in journeyings oft, while in Manitoba and the North West we have been fortunate in securing the services of two gentlemen, Rev. S. O. Nixon and Mr. Calvin McRae, both of whom have done splendid work for us during the three months that they devoted to travelling amongst our boys placed out on the prairie farms. Mr. Reazin, in spite of a rather serious break-down in health that, for a time, gave rise to grave anxiety, has managed to see the majority of the boys in his territory, and Mr. Davis has been able to devote a portion of the summer to visiting both in Manitoba and Ontario. The hundreds of reports that have been coming in upon us in a steady stream have given us a mass of information that we can scarcely so widely digested as we hope it will be later on; but we have seen enough to be able to say that, with but few and rare exceptions, our boys have been found doing well in their homes and making steady and creditable progress. Complaints of anything like a serious character have been very infrequent, and a review of our Visitors' work during the past summer would be amply sufficient alone to establish in the mind of any impartial person the conviction that our work is accomplishing grand results, and justifying all that has ever been claimed for it as a benefit to those on whose behalf it exists, and as a grand Imperial asset.



It is a pleasure to be able to say that the work of our boys in the Out-door Department is progressing so well, and that the results are so satisfactory. It is a pleasure to be able to say that the work of our boys in the Out-door Department is progressing so well, and that the results are so satisfactory.

professed to regard visitation as an unnecessary source of expense, and considered that their duties were fulfilled in simply placing the children and maintaining afterwards a desultory correspondence with them or their employers. Dr. Barnardo has from the earliest commencement of his work set his face resolutely against such methods and, on the contrary, has accepted and repeatedly laid down as a paramount and essential duty the regular and systematic supervision of his children by means of surprise visits paid to them in their homes by qualified and experienced agents, whose duty it is to enquire closely into all the circumstances of the boy's or girl's life, to investigate as searchingly as is possible any complaint or cause of dissatisfaction, to see that the children are properly fed, clothed, housed and cared for, that they are subjected to no hardship or ill usage, and that the influences surrounding their lives are in the main wholesome, decent, generous and kindly. The responsibility is laid upon our Visitors to seek as far as possible to win the confidence of each of those they see, to spare no effort to find out if a child has a grievance, to let each one feel that he or she is meeting a friend who comes as the representative of those who are appointed to watch over its interests and welfare, and that we are ready and desirous of protecting him or her from hardship and unkindness in any form and prompt to demand redress on their behalf if they are wronged or imposed upon. On the other hand, the employers or foster-parents have the opportunity of discussing any difficulties they may have been meeting with in the management of their young charges, and of laying before us any complaint they may feel called upon to make in regard to their conduct and behaviour. The occasion frequently arises for a Visitor to offer a word of counsel or helpful suggestion to pour oil on troubled waters and make rough places smooth. We are glad to think that those who have been engaged in this department of our work up to the present have undertaken it in no partial spirit, but that we have thought of the chief charge of their fatherly care and

sincere to promote the welfare and interests of those to whom they are commissioned, and to make their visits really helpful by the exercise of a right and wise influence.



Keeping in Touch.

Not infrequently surprise is expressed at our continuing to visit boys and girls who are long past the age when Dr. Barnardo's legal responsibility for them has ceased. We even heard, the other day, of an ungracious individual in our family itself wondering why we should "come after" him when he was so much "over age." This is not a matter, however, in which we rest content with keeping within the four corners of the law. "The letter killeth," but, happily, the spirit that animates Dr. Barnardo's relations with those to whom he has taken the place of an earthly father is not confined to the letter of statutory requirements. We have taken broader views of our obligations, and we seek to befriend and help each one of our boys and girls under any and all circumstances and conditions, irrespective of age limit or legal exemptions. In the matter of visiting, we know right well that better results often follow from maintaining in this way our relationship with our boys and girls when they are approaching, or have actually passed, the threshold of manhood and womanhood than even in earlier years. There are many of our big boys and young men who would as much miss Mr. Griffith's annual call as he would miss and regret the pleasure of seeing them. We do not pretend to say of our esteemed colleague that his lips at all times distil counsel as the dew, but everyone knows and realizes that his word of advice or warning or congratulation will always be given in a wise and kindly spirit. They know also that his report will be eagerly looked for at headquarters, and if a good one, will give cause for pleasure and thankfulness; or if not good, will occasion distress and disappointment. We look upon the Visitor as the evidence and demonstration to every lad that we are concerned in his welfare, and that Dr.

Barnardo is still his friend and well-wisher. All this is an influence for good and a check upon wrong and downward tendencies, and even though as we look over the lists of names in our Visitors' books we see the ages running sometimes far into the twenties the names still stand; and when, as at times happens, we find on going over the route with the Visitor before he starts out for his trip that to visit some particular individual will involve a drive of many miles, and decide that we must pass him by, we always do so with great reluctance and with a lurking hope that when the Visitor gets to the locality he will find it possible to "work it in somehow," a hope which, we may say for our co-workers, is generally realized, even though a heavy day's driving is prolonged in consequence far into the night. That other night cometh when no man can work, and meanwhile we are labouring in a great cause that is worthy of the best of our efforts and the cooperation of all.

It is the best of us that we are glad to see the "The Seaman" and "The Down" there. Work has been an increase in our family of 316 souls. The party, under the usual escort, left London on the 25th September and, crossing by the Dominion Line steamer *Colonian*, disembarked in Portland on the 6th of October. Our lads and lasses had a pleasant experience of the ocean, the weather being remarkably fine for the season of the year. We arrived, thank God, all well, and the distribution of the party to situations or foster-homes was accomplished with the usual expedition. Our total for the season's emigration is thus 1,060, surpassing last year's number by 47—a modest increase, but none the less a step in advance. The number of young people emigrated to Canada by Dr. Barnardo and placed out in the Dominion now reaches the magnificent total of 12,700, a contribution to the population of that country of 127,000.

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys in the last issue, and include all contributions received up to October 5th.

Bowyer, Robert	\$2 00	Luke, William H.	\$2 00
Britt, Charles	71	Mason, Herbert	2 00
Cox, Henry T. J.	2 00	Middleton, Alfred	40
Coleman, Robert	1 00	Morris, Charles E.	2 00
Cook, Joseph	1 00	Morton, Thomas	1 00
Draper, Charles	5 00	Powley, James W.	2 00
Farley, William	10 00	Palmer, Charles C.	1 25
Farrant, William	50	Pitway, Robert G.	75
Farrant, George	50	Perry, Henry	1 00
Galey, Walter	1 00	Richards, William W.	5 00
Godsell, Thomas	1 00	Richardson, George	50
Gower, Alfred	5 00	Stanger, George W.	1 00
Holmes, Sidney	2 00	Smith, George	1 00
Knight, William (Jr.)	9 72	Sparks, James	1 00
Keeley, William	5 00	Tattersall, Frederick	1 38
Keene, Henry	2 00	Thomas, Edw.	2 00
Lashmar, William	2 00		
Ling, Saml. M.	1 00		
We have at			
AD. DOWNS and			
Atton, Mr. Henry			
Batterlee, Silas A.			
Bates, Albert			
Coles, Charles			



“COPY, copy, copy,” says the Editor; “we must have copy, and at once!” But really the taskmasters of the Hebrew children were not more exacting when they spake to the people, saying: “Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw. Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it;” for as far as Institutional affairs have been concerned during the last month, there is, we fear, in the way of news, only stubble to work with. The visiting of our small boys has, to be sure, been practically finished for the year since the appearance of the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, and a summary of the reports of our Inspectors, Messrs. Davis, McRae and Heap not forgetting, of course, the Rev. Mr. Nixon, who has also worked in the North Western field this year would, the writer feels certain, make most interesting and reassuring reading to the many thousands of supporters of Dr. Barnardo’s Homes in different parts of the world. A fresh contingent of lads was received by the way of Boston, at the close of July, from the steamer *New England*, consisting of the following-named youths:

NAME	AGE	FROM
Keuben James Bowl	17	Newcastle-on-Tyne
John Bowman	17	“
Alexander Charles	17	Kilmacduff
Gilbert E. Cockburn	19	Newcastle-on-Tyne
William Cole	21	Dublin, Ireland
Norman Davy	17	Yorkshire
Thomas Dwyer	17	Lancashire
William H. Edmond	16	Battersea, London
William Gaultford	17	Liverpool
James Hamilton	18	Belfast, Ireland
Alfred C. Hall	17	Birmingham, Eng.
William Harrington	18	London, Eng.
George H. Lee	16	London, Eng.
Clarence Underley	18	London, Eng.
Alfred H. Neeld	17	Birmingham
Fredrick W. Peck	16	London
Thomas Roy H.	16	Bolton, Lanc.

John Smith 18 . . Yorkshire
 George H. Tennant . . 21 . . Birmingham
 John Underwood . . . 18 . . Leicestershire
 George Watson 19 . . South Shields
 Thomas Woods 18 . . Chester
 George Yates 18 . . Yorkshire

With few exceptions, the above-mentioned lads are doing very well at their work, and the writer believes there is not one in the party who would now go back to the crowded and cramped old land to remain, if he were given a free passage.

The conduct and general behaviour of the Farm Home lads while performing their many and sometimes arduous duties about the estate has been excellent, and while we do not, as a rule, make comparisons, no doubt a vote of the staff and lads combined would easily place the following high upon the list, if there was in view an award for valuable service and good deportment. Alphabetically arranged, these names are:

Burchmore	Cole	Laing
Castle	Francis	Stevens
Collier	Hamilton	Tennant
Cockburn	Hurst	Worgan

Prize List.

The prizes for cleanest men on parade are awarded as per list below upon the dates mentioned:

July 20	B. Smith, 1; Collier, 2; St. Callaghan, 3
July 27	Castle, 1; Owens, 2; Redfern, 3
Aug 3	Powell, 1; Worgan, 2; Cockburn, 3
Aug 10	Laing, 1; Hayles, 2; Yates, 3
Aug 17	Cole, 1; Barnett, 2; Castle, 3
Aug 24	P. Smith, 1; Underwood, 2; Ravina, 3
Aug 30	Hamilton, 1; Hall, 2; Cockburn, 3
Sept 7	Woods, 1; Redfern, 2; Edwards, 3
Sept 14	Bowman, 1; Cockburn, 2; Hall, 3
Sept 21	Lee, 1; Underwood, 2; Woods, 3
Sept 28	Tennant, 1; Cole, 2; Hall, 3

Left the Hive

During the term covered by these notes but few boys or young men have been sent out to situations. James C. Clarke, who has so long assisted our Carpenter, was sent for by the management of the Canadian Pacific Hotel at that most interesting point in the Selkirks, Glacier House, and left the Farm Home on August 2nd to fill the post of waiter. A letter just received from his chief, among other complimentary references, says: "I am more than pleased at the way that Clarke has turned out, and I am proud of him. He is about the best man to work that I have had here this summer, and a credit to the Home he came from."

Our Creamery man, John Anderson, left us for a situation near Douglas, Manitoba, on August 12th; George Elwell, who was so long Assistant Baker in the Home bakehouse, on September 13th; and James Tipping on the same date: Elwell to Keyes, care of Mr. D. J. Gerow; Tipping to Joseph Bush, Neepawa, Manitoba.

On September 16th, Ernest Hilton left us for a situation with W. L. Preston, Beulah, and on the 18th George W. Haylis set out for the farm of Chas. J. Wardell, Edrian's P.O., Man.

Frederick W. Barnett and George Yates began their outside Manitoba careers on September 27th, Barnett going to Shoal Lake, and Yates to Carman. Both lads have been heard from since their arrival at their posts, and the writer believes they are doing well.

Dairy Department.

Affairs in our Dairy department are going on very nicely at present. Mr. Jones having charge of the stock. Mr. W. J. Buxton, who has lately come to us very highly recommended by the Provincial Dairy Department filling the posts of Engineer and Buttermaker.

In the Creamery any of our old acquaintances of ten years ago, upon a visit would recognize every old friend, and one who has been absent for several years, in the form of the Mrs. Myranda Power, Separation, who the Home purchased from the A. Tea

Company's. This machine has been out of service for some time, but on September 11th the well-known Creamery expert, Mr. Scott, of Winnipeg, set up on its foundations again the old stand by, and its business like hum can now be heard of a morning all through the farm yards. Welcome back, old party!

General Farming.

The term general farming, or "mixed farming," as it is sometimes called is pretty well exemplified on this estate of Dr. Barnardo's, and we often wonder that the General Foreman, Mr. Longmore, who, by the way, is responsible for the whole outside work of the place, from catching gophers to carting groceries, does not get so mixed up in his different enterprises and occupations as to deliver the tea and sugar to the homed cattle and the chappal feed to the boys!

The cutting of grain began very late in this part of the province this fall, and only ceased on September 10th. The threshing now is in full blast, and even with good weather, it is likely to keep our steamer and that snappy little "Cock o' the North" the best of us for some time.

Gardening.

At the beginning of the summer season, the gardening at the Home was largely placed in the hands of the lad, Alfred Redfern, one of the party of April, 1902, who has devoted himself to his work in a most satisfactory manner, thereby gaining for the Homes the bulk of the prizes for vegetables at the Russell Agricultural Exhibition on October 7th. The writer was not fortunate enough to view his collection, but having somewhat assisted the young gardener in harvesting his crop of both white and red celeriac, he possessed of the fact that he grew to top of the red variety which is strong in part out on a power. In fact, one of the little did not even admit to a small one that at the Western Horticultural Exhibition at Winnipeg he won a gold medal.

Visitors

Our old friend, James Hodgson, paid a welcome visit to his "old home" on July 16th, and informed us while here that he had secured an excellent situation in Brandon, and had no regrets in relation to his coming out to Canada.

Mr. Thomas H. Longmore, of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, brother of our General Foreman, spent his holidays at the Farm, and although the weather was none of the best while he was with us, he appears to have enjoyed himself very much while taking in the sights of North-Western Manitoba.

From a distance, we note in our visitors' book the names of

- Miss L. McNaughton, Appleton, Wis., U.S.A.
- Mrs. L. M. Main, Titusville, Pa., U.S.A.
- Mr. E. A. Stagnas, Portland, Ore., U.S.A.
- Mr. Ronald Gordon, 61 Princess Gate, London, S.W.

The last mentioned gentleman was accompanied by a friend, Mr. N. A. Dyce Sharp, of Woodfield, Beulah Hill, London, S.E. The visit of Mr. Ronald Gordon was of particular interest to us, as the young gentleman's father, the Hon. John Gordon, M.P., officiated, many years ago, as one of Dr. Barnardo's first Trustees, and has not by any means given up his interest in the work of the Institutions. Mr. Ronald Gordon was shown over the entire Farm, and has since, from Victoria, B.C., conveyed to the writer his favourable impressions gained upon the visit.

Russell Sports.

The Band boys had a great outing on August 26th, as well as the greater part of the rank and file of the Home

boys, at the Russell sports, which came off this year later than usual, and, judging from the way in which all the Barnardo visitors stuck to the grounds and the scenes of festivity, they enjoyed themselves immensely.

Personal.

Our steady-going Stenographer—or as we sometimes designate him the "Home Secretary"—Mr. Alex. Thompson, left Barnardo on September 23rd for the Winnipeg Branch to take up some temporary work in that institution; but will return, it is expected, with the incoming party of youths due at Portland, Maine, on or about October 5th.

Casualties.

It has often been remarked by our friends and neighbours that our lads appear to have charmed lives, for although there are various kinds of swift running machinery about the place to say nothing of binders, mowers and other sharp knived instruments in use seldom do we send for the doctor to set a bone or take up an artery. However, when, on a certain day, our friend, Harry Ward, began feeling the 26-inch circular saw when in motion cutting firewood at the Creamery, we regret to say he got a surprise and Doctor Wright a patient! Harry will now believe in the warning: "Don't worry the bear or fool with the buzz saw."




England, Farewell!

FAREWELL, O Land, from which I drew my birth,
The voice of Venture lures me once again;
Although thy memories vehemently call,
Saying, "Come back, come back, and here remain,
Yet must I snap their tendrils, holding fast
The strong affections of my wistful heart.
No cause have I to spurn thee for the past,
The anchor's weighed, and I must needs depart.

Farewell, my Country! Dimples in thy breast,
When seen afar, thy verdant valleys seem;
Ne'er pilgrim left an oasis' sweet rest
With more reluctance to be gone, I deem,
Than now I bid adieu to thee, to cross
An ocean trackless as Sahara's waste,
Upon its thousand leagues a week to toss
Before is sighted where my hopes are placed.

Lo! now we part, Ancestral Land and I,
And distance wraps thee in a veil of haze;
The last lone landmark sinks below the sky;
Grief's mist my vision blurs, and still I gaze
What but Experience can translate the scroll
Whereon are writ life's chapters yet unrolled?
Oh, shall I say, when I have conned the whole
By a mirage I was not from thee led?

Farewell, fair Island! Bear, O winds, the words
On thy swift pinions to my vanished home
O roving seagulls—most adventurous birds,
Now hovering in our wake of churned foam,—
When ye to English cliffs return to-night,
Still outward bound, I'll be upon the deep,
Oft wishing I could imitate thy flight,
On Albion's isle to fall, content, asleep.

Farewell once more! I never can forget
The tenderness home thoughts elicit now;
No other pain could make my cheeks so wet
The heart is bleeding when a man's tears flow
The dear departed and the living friend
Domestic scenes that linger in my mind
Are one with thee—thus thou wilt ever be
With all I cherish left for aye behind
Though absent, faithful love be a constant
Good bye! I go! I've bid adieu to thee,
And I shall never see thee more.

"On the Ocean Wave"

I was of immense interest, this voyage across the Atlantic with a party of the girls and boys. Having already become rather well acquainted with the Canadian part of this work on both sides of the sea, this trip seemed just to supply the missing link in the chain that was needed. And here we would say that what we write will naturally be principally about the girls, although there were some 176 boys who crossed the water at the same time, but the girls seem more to belong to our own particular department, though we do not think we shall be able to refrain from putting in a good word for the boys also.

On Wednesday evening, September 24th, the party of girls to leave England on the following day was complete. The balancing and counterbalancing of various claims and qualifications or non-qualifications for emigration had been adjusted, and Dr. Barnardo met with his girls in the Village church and gave them his parting address, full of good advice.

The next morning broke with fine weather, and at an early hour the girls

assembled ready for their journey. After a parting prayer from Mr. Godfrey, they got into the brakes, which had come to convey them to London, and drove off to Paddington, the station of departure. Here came the unloading, and afterwards the embarking on the train. The boys were there already, but then they had not so far to come. Warm friends of the Homes were also present to say good-bye to the travellers, among them Mr. and Mrs. Hind-Smith and their son, whose names seem indeed part and parcel of this work. Then there was an eager expectancy and enquiry for the presence of him who, notwithstanding many claims on time and health, had promised to be at the station, and when the familiar face of our dear and honoured Director appeared on the platform to bid farewell to his lads and lassies, there came a feeling of contentment. In due time the train moved away, the boys' band from Stepney having given the party a cheery "send-off" with their beautiful music, the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne" still lingering on the ear.



The Last Word of Prayer.



"Ready for Off."

At Liverpool we bade good bye to Mr. Godfrey and, later on, to Rev. P. McNeill, who had accompanied the boys thus far, and who, we believe, even then tore himself away with some reluctance. And then

"A life on the ocean wave."

Oh, the freedom and the freshness of it! the beautiful, blue sea and the fresh, pure air! The girls seemed thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the thing, although there certainly was an "initiative" period, as it were, when the qualms of sea-sickness had to be passed through, and the deck was strewn with prostrate forms, to whom Mr. Owen's epithet of the "slain" seemed particularly appropriate. But youth has recuperative powers, and most of them soon picked up again. Little "Dolly," our youngest of five years of age, was indeed proof against all the sallies of this monster of the deep, and from her constant good temper and spirits commended herself as a born traveller, and certainly had the happy knack of bringing her mind to her circumstances, for she seemed just as much at home here on board the Dominion Line S. S. *Coleridge* as if

she were running about the paths of the Village Home.

We hope we will not be accused of "blarney," but we must say the girls presented a very good appearance on the ship in their pretty blue and red outfits, and were a bright, healthy looking set of maidens, and, we venture to say, helped to brighten the voyage for others of the passengers, judging from the way in which the gentlemen and ladies would pass their time looking down on the children's play from their point of vantage up above.

The boys--why, of course they were a fine set of fellows, both the smaller ones with their honest, chubby faces, as well as the tall youths from the Labour House, and if we are not saying a great deal about them, they must please not take it as any mark of disrespect, but account for it for the reason already given. Perhaps the greatest tribute to their appearance may be found in what the Captain said when we were talking with him one day. Albeit *may be true*, he was very favourably disposed to aid the band of young emigrant, he was so careful of guiding across the "lure" as of the sleep, he somewhat slowly

expressed his regret that these fine young fellows were not being kept in England to be trained for the navy. Well, perhaps it was natural: "to every cobbler his last." But it was with great delight we were able to inform Captain Bullock of one of the newest departures of these Institutions that, through the munificent gift of the late Mr. Watts, there was shortly to be opened a new Naval Training Home for boys in Norfolk. After all, we like to think of this work as not only national but imperial, and conceive this to be one of the beauties of it, though, perhaps, some of us "Islanders" are a little slow to take that view. We rejoice in the fact, however, that the boys and girls from Dr. Barnardo's Homes are helping to form and protect this great Empire both at home and across the sea.

Here we have made a digression, and must pull ourselves up and stop this unpremeditated flow of eloquence and come back to our voyage.

On both Sundays that we passed on the steamer a simple service was held in the morning for the young people below deck; for we had two Sundays on board, the *Colonian* being one of the "slow and sure" kind. "Slow and steady," however, wins the day, and having left Liverpool on September 25th, we duly landed at Portland, Maine, on October 6th, through the good hand of our God upon us, Whose protection we would acknowledge with gratitude. The party successfully ran the gauntlet of health officer, immigration officer, customs officer, etc., etc.; "not a body was left behind," and we feel sure it must have been with a sense of relief that Mr. Owen, who conducted the party of boys and girls across and watched over them with untiring vigilance, now saw them safely

on board the train. Meanwhile also his brains had been busily at work arranging for the disposal of the boys, which, of itself, requires a good deal of organization. Mr. Struthers, of the Farm Home, met the steamer at Portland, and, when we passed through Montreal, parted from the rest of the party with his contingent for the North-West, and as we proceeded with our journey through Ontario, various boys were deposited at stations for their respective destinations, Mr. Griffith, who met us *en route*, taking one contingent with him.

At Kingston Junction we were met by Miss Loveday, who had come over from Peterborough and had been waiting at the station from about four o'clock in the morning till seven, and who at Belleville parted from us with her party of girls and took them on to Hazel Brae. Here also we think that Mrs. Davis, who had so carefully and faithfully tended them during the voyage, must have felt thankful that she had thus satisfactorily completed her task without any mishap, assisted by her daughter, who seemed to have indeed won her way into the hearts of the young people.

And now, even as we write, we can think of many of our young friends having already begun their new lives in Canadian homes, for within a week of their arrival we heard of eighty girls having by this time been placed out. May our heavenly Father watch over them for good, and may they, doubtless followed by the prayers of loving friends in the old Village Home, strive by His help to do well and faithfully their part in this life, making sure, the meanwhile, that they also are partakers of that heavenly life, which will enable them the better to encounter and rise above present things and difficulties.

B. CODE.

Toronto, Oct. 17th

Statistics of the Work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Taken from the *Charity Report for the year 1901*

Total number of Children supported, trained, clothed, etc., in the Homes in 35 years, up to 31st December, 1901	14,556
Number of Children dealt with in 1901	14,177
Fresh Applications during 1901	8,980
Children wholly maintained, educated, etc., in 1901	7,887
Total number in residence on 31st December, 1901	5,474
Fresh cases admitted during 1901	2,892
Young children admitted (under five years of age)	314
Average number of children admitted every twenty four hours during the year	9.24
Largest number of admissions in one day	39
Total number of Boys and Girls boarded out in Country Districts on 31st December, 1901	2,373
Boys and Girls assisted to situations at home, sent to sea, or otherwise placed out in life in 1901	1,539
Boys and Girls emigrated to Colonies in 1901	1,013
Total number of trained Boys and Girls emigrated up to December 31st, 1901, through the Homes to the Colonies	12,604
Number of deaths during the year	63
Rate of mortality per 1,000 for the year	7.99
Children educated, partly fed or clothed at Free Day Schools	1,656
Total number of Children maintained in whole or in part during the year	9,965
Free Meals provided through Provincial Ever-Open Doors	62,054
Free Meals supplied through the Children's Free Lodging Houses and All Night Refuge	19,763
Free Meals supplied through Copperfield Road Free Schools	57,189
Free Meals supplied through the Edinburgh Castle	9,223
Free Lodgings provided through Provincial Ever-Open Doors	20,155
Free Lodgings provided through the Children's Free Lodging Houses and All Night Refuge	29,919
Total Rations supplied through Free Meal Agencies	48,229
Total Free Lodgings provided during the year	50,074
Religious Services held at various Mission Centres	1,249
Aggregate attendances at same	11,755
Temperance, Social, Educational, and Trades Meetings held at various Mission Centres	512
Aggregate attendances at same	29,600
Total number of all kinds of Meetings and Services held during the year	1,761
Aggregate attendances at same	507,870
Publications sold, or given out from Stores	148,415
Letters and Parcels received at Head Office during 1901	101,460
Letters and Parcels sent from Head Office during 1901	204,626

Applications and Admissions for Ten Years, 1892-1901

	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.	1901.
Applications	8947	8713	7999	8280	10033	8018	8752	8840	8795	8980
Admissions	2739	2142	2279	2591	2628	2249	2406	3011	2879	2892

As is well known to the readers of *Charity* and *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*, with all their varied and far-reaching activities, are supported entirely by the free will offerings of benevolent people in all parts of the world. The following table shows the amounts received during the 35½ years from 15th July, 1867, to 15th July, 1903.

15th July, 1867, to 15th July, 1868	£ 41
16th July, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	818
1st January, 1871, to 31st March, 1871	1,459
1st April, 1871, to 31st March, 1872	7,610
" " 1872, to 31st March, 1873	8,297
" " 1873, to 31st March, 1874	12,441
" " 1874, to 31st March, 1875	15,312

1875	1876	25,540	13	1
1876	1877	31,900	11	0
1877	1878	32,124	7	8
1878	1879	29,394	18	10
1879	1880	35,754	10	0
1880	1881	38,693	8	11
1881	1882	41,367	18	9
1882	1883	45,136	2	6
1883	1884	55,714	1	6
1884	1885	60,416	12	9
1885	1886	68,466	5	11
1886	1887	76,986	17	7
1887	1888	98,708	17	1
1888 to 31st December, 1888*		84,729	8	3
1st January, 1889	1889	106,733	12	0
1890	1890	110,478	7	3
1891	1891	131,376	4	6
1892	1892	132,880	0	5
1893	1893	134,053	19	1
1894	1894	150,291	12	9
1895	1895	142,024	5	6
1896	1896	147,042	15	2
1897	1897	144,008	17	6
1898	1898	143,848	19	10
1899	1899	147,094	5	9
1900	1900	148,614	19	9
1901	1901	145,757	8	8

Gross Total in 35½ years £2,573,664 3 9

*Prior to 1888 the Institutional year for accountancy purposes was taken as from 1st April to 31st March following. In 1888, however, a change was made. Hence the income given here for 1888 is for nine months only.

The following analysis of the individual donations received during the year 1901 bears remarkable testimony to the breadth of the sympathy felt with Dr. Barnardo's work. His Homes are essentially national, broad based upon the people's confidence and love. The great number of small gifts shows that it is not from the treasury of the wealthy, but by the self-denying efforts of the poor, or people of small means, that this great work for Christ and humanity is being carried on.

87,518 separate donations were received in all. Of these

60,440	were in sums under	£1 0 0	
21,412	" " "	of 1 0 0 and under	£5 0 0
2,998	" " "	5 0 0	" 10 0 0
2,544	" " "	10 0 0	" 100 0 0
97	" " "	100 0 0	" 200 0 0
14	" " "	200 0 0	" 300 0 0
10	" " "	300 0 0	" 400 0 0
4	" " "	400 0 0	" 500 0 0
19	" " "	500 0 0 and upwards.	

Emigrants to Canada, 1867-1902

	BOYS	GIRLS	Total		BOYS	GIRLS	Total		BOYS	GIRLS	Total
1867	091	300	997	1889	390	107	593	1890	490	188	678
1883	109	75	184	1890	291		291	1897	438	226	662
1884	120	132	252	1891	417	5	422	1898	371	242	613
1885	275	118	393	1892	596	31	727	1899	446	201	647
1886	390	234	624	1893	758	76	834	1900	592	339	931
1887	371	41	412	1894	635	89	724	1901	698	315	1013
1888	395	94	489	1895	578	55	733	1902	692	369	1061

Total Boys, 3,319; Girls, 3,116. Grand total Boys and Girls, 13,192.

[In addition to the above 13,192 Boys and Girls sent out to Canada, 473 young people have been placed out in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, making a total of 13,665 emigrants to end of 1902.]

Where the Roses Bloom

WITH true refinement comes an appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and art, and among the flowers with which the summer delights to embroider her garments perhaps the most admired is the royal rose, the floral emblem of England. With it what other flower can compare? It is incomparable for loveliness and fragrance, and well it deserves the pre-eminence it continues to maintain against every rival which fashion, fickle as frivolous, would exalt to a transitory favourite. What other flower has been so assiduously cultivated, or has responded so generously to the horticulturist's skill and care? The aristocratic rose is extremely sensitive to treatment and conditions, and blooms in perfection only for him who understands the requirements of its nature and provides a suitable environment.

The out-door culture of the rose in this country is both difficult and discouraging to the amateur gardener, who has to wage a ceaseless war on the aphides and other parasites by which it is attacked, and for this and other reasons it is generally grown under glass.

It is not widely known outside of the trade that here in Ontario is one of the largest, if not the largest, rose growing concerns in the world, and the fact that the roses grown by this firm command the highest price in the New York market would seem to imply that certainly no better roses are grown on the American continent.

The H. Dale Estate, at Brampton, which now represents invested capital to the amount of \$100,000.00, was established twenty years ago; but, owing to the installation of original plans for heating, ventilation and drainage, together with the most improved methods of equipment, handling and management, it has attained its present dimensions chiefly during the last three years, doubling its capacity and output within the brief period of two

Comprising in all sixty buildings, among which are eight greenhouses 840 feet long, with 100,000 square feet

of glass, covering ten acres, we may well pause to contemplate this gigantic evidence of Canadian enterprise and to admire the skill and ingenuity of the engineer, Mr. R. W. King, who invented and patented, and will probably amass a large fortune from, the manner of construction and mechanical appliances which I am about to describe, as the result of a visit made in company with the members of the Biological Section of the Canadian Institute, of which Mr. King is a distinguished officer.

Among the first things which strike the admiration of a visitor, as soon as he has recovered from the wonder evoked by the magnitude of the concern and begins to survey the details, is the patent automatic stoker, the invention of Mr. King. The coal is dumped by the wagon load into a hopper, whence it is conveyed by buckets on an endless chain into a long collar, where it is deposited. From here it is carried as required by a similar contrivance and dropped into large bins above the boilers, from which it is automatically fed into the fires by spiral blades revolving on a shaft. The ashes are removed and carried outside in the same way, and all independent of manual labour, the machinery doing better what many men by much hard work could accomplish, at less than a tithe of the cost. By this means over 3,000 tons of coal are disposed of per annum.

Another new feature is, instead of erecting growing benches as in ordinary greenhouses, the building of them solid over tubular tiles, which serve the double purpose of perfect drainage and for the circulation and diffusion of air to promote growth.

The construction of the greenhouses themselves is in accordance with an original plan devised by Mr. King, little else than iron and glass entering into their construction and distributed in such a way as to afford capacity, strength and rigidity, as the least possible, only the supports of the roof being adapted to catch the dripping

from the glass the water being drained away through the hollow iron pillars that sustain these beam troughs.

Perhaps the greatest scientific wonder of all is the fact that every window in the greenhouses opens or closes automatically to regulate the temperature and ventilate the buildings, through the agency of a "thermostat," adapted to this purpose by the same fertile mind that originated the automatic stoker. As the temperature rises, the heat affects two plates of metal in the thermostat, which, expanding unequally, opens a delicately adjusted valve regulating a flow of water, which by hydrostatic pressure raises the windows just enough and no more. If the temperature continues to rise, up go the windows higher to admit more air. When the temperature falls below the degree to which the thermostat is set, the windows gradually close, thus maintaining an equable temperature without human intervention or supervision. I understand this system is now applied to radiators in private dwellings and public institutions for the same purpose. As nothing seems impossible now a days, if Mr. King will please adapt his thermostat to the human economy, so that we may be automatically cooled off whenever our angry passions rise, he will be esteemed a public benefactor, and we could afford to vote him an appreciable proportion of the police rates. A trap door in the cranium and another in the crown of one's hat and, with a master-stroke of Mr. King's genius, there you are! This method would be decidedly more scientific and dignified than crawling into a refrigerator when one develops symptoms of inflammation of the spleen. I am willing to forfeit my share in the patent if he will only do it.

In these greenhouses the average number of rose plants, besides carnations and other flowers, under cultivation is 300,000, from which over one million blossoms are culled annually. Of this number ninety per cent are sold in Canada and ten per cent in the American market.

To ask the manager how he ships out such an immense number of roses is to be referred to the extension now

under way, which include twenty three new greenhouses 225 feet long, and additional coal sheds, engine and boiler houses, shipping rooms and offices. You are then left to form your own conclusions. It is also proposed to bring the cut flowers from the conservatories into the shipping rooms on a moving sidewalk—a sort of tramway platform, upon which a basket of flowers is placed—or one's anatomy, for the matter of that—in the sure and certain hope of its reaching its destination. Now, if somebody could run a moving sidewalk to heaven, it would be very popular and well patronized here as elsewhere. Most of us seem to be waiting for some such a railroad that will take us there without any effort on our part. Some of us, in fact, take it so easy that one might suppose that such an arrangement is already in operation, and that we are "all aboard." But there is not, and never will be.

If there is one thing more than another that is a sign of the times it is the genius for organization. The day of small things is rapidly passing away, and with it the small producer and merchant with their slow, expensive methods. Science has become the hand maiden of Commerce, and its practical application to the economical manufacture of commodities and the adaptation of mechanical means to the doing of what has been formerly done by hand, together with the evolution of the twentieth century business man, has ushered in the new era of great enterprises, of which this is one that we as Canadians may refer to with pride as an evidence that we are actuated by the spirit of the age.

When we note how Canada is growing, when we behold the ever-increasing results of its commercial activity, its adaptability to new conditions and the development of its internal resources, we are constrained to enquire of John Bull how his sturdy, clever son, Johnny Canuck, looks in long pants and with a sprouting moustache. Says Johnny Canuck: "Paw, I guess it's most time I was took inter the business. Young blood counts, yet know. kinder keeps the old firm out o' the rut yet know."

WILLIAM T. JAMES

Home Chat

OF the subjects of our illustrations in the present number we can say nothing but what is flattering—honest flattery, of course, for we have no faith in whitewashing. We concede to all our boys their full share of original sin, although we do at times enthuse a bit when we reflect upon the great number of them who, under circumstances not the most smooth and easy, are yet manfully and loyally doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Henry William Cox, for example, the centre of the group, is a young man of bright promise and as good a citizen as any community need boast. As a farm worker he is distinctly A1, and can command high wages; but we expect to see him, one of these days, something more than a wage-earner. We can say as much of Frederick Jones, to whom we lately had the pleasure and privilege of awarding Dr. Barnardo's silver medal on his completing his apprenticeship with an exemplary record. George Hackman is a sterling lad, small in stature, but one who will make his way in the world and win the confidence and esteem of those he has to do with. Ernest J. Camm has a two years' excellent record in Canada. His employer lately wrote of him that he was a good boy and he did not think he could get a better one. He is truthful and obedient, and a faithful, willing little worker. John Ward is a Birmingham youngster and a credit to the metropolis of the Midlands. His letters are always most satisfactory, and Johnny evidently has his head screwed on the right way and will give a good account of himself as he grows up.

Our readers will naturally be offering our congratulations to Daniel O'Foole upon the excellent start he has made in the land of his adoption, judging from the following communication that lately reached our hand. It requires no great effort of the imagination to fancy our old friend to have felt himself quite at home in a land that has so many of the

famous statesman, only required twenty minutes' submerging under the Atlantic to make it a land of pure delight. Had Daniel remained in his native land, he might have degenerated into a member of Parliament and made himself as big a nuisance as any other Home Ruler; but there is now, we rejoice to think, a fair prospect of his growing up to be a peaceable, law-abiding subject and a successful farmer to boot.

JAMESTOWN, Oct. 9th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I have arrived safe in my new home, and I have got into a very nice place. The people who live here are very nice and kind to me. There is plenty of apples and plenty of everything. The reason why I am not sending you the post card was because they want to write a little bit to you. And the house is nice and clean, and I see them milk the cows every morning and evening. Your friend,
D. O'FOOLE.

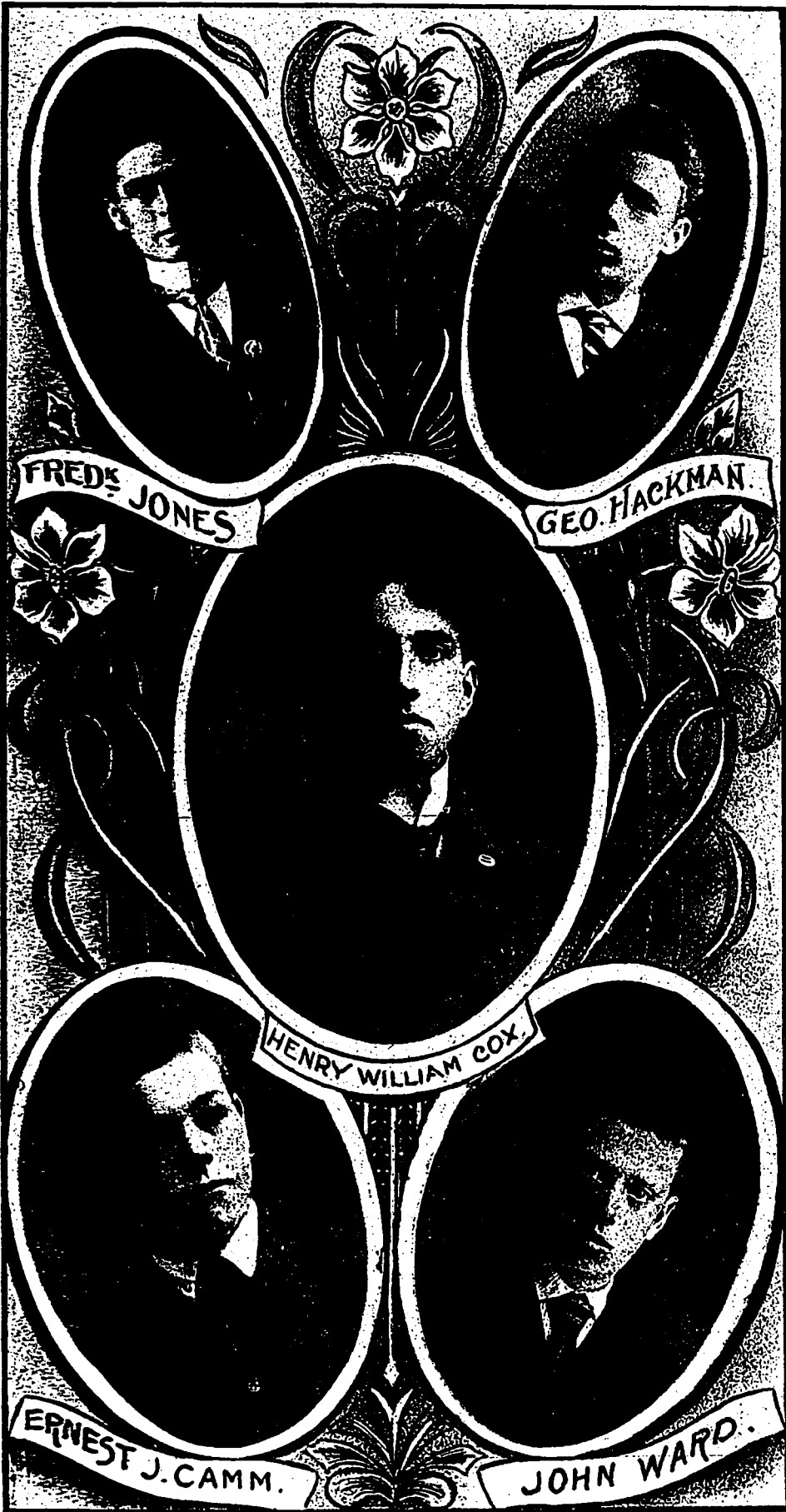
MR. OWEN,

DEAR SIR,—Our little boy has written you quite a letter. He seems as happy as a king, and we will try to do everything we can to make him comfortable. There is nothing much to do now but choring around. He appears to be very bright and smart. Hop he will prove a good boy to us. My husband will be kind to him; he is that to every person. I was pleased last night when I was reading the second chapter of Matthew to see him answer some questions so well. We will see that he is taken to church and Sunday school. We always drive; it is just a mile and a half. I am going to get him some warmer stockings and some underwear. He will have a warm room by himself, and we will see that he is kept warm. Yours respectfully,
JAMESTOWN, ONT. MRS. L. RUFAS.

Another Irishman, and one of the best of the breed, is the writer of the following. We are so often asked to advise about soldiering that we have decided to reproduce with William's letter that portion of our reply that deals with the question. Our military friends will perhaps be very indignant with us for giving such advice to young men who offer to find a lady of recreation, instead of doing manfully and bravely for their king and country, and England, and their fellow-citizens, civil and military, in a noble and patriotic cause.

WILLIAM'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, and I am glad to hear that you are



FREDS JONES

GEO. HACKMAN

HENRY WILLIAM COX

ERNEST J. CAMM.

JOHN WARD.

have just received. I am more than pleased to see how well the Doctor's good work is progressing, and I am more than pleased to see the great strides UPS AND DOWNS has taken since 1893. It was then only a baby; to day it is one of Canada's leading papers. I for one am proud of it, and I am sure every Barnardo boy ought to be the same. I tell all my comrades of the Doctor's good work out there, and I also tell them what a nice country Canada is. I suppose, Mr. Owen, you know the Canadians were in my brigade at the start of the war. I have been right through the campaign. We had a great time on the day peace was declared.

Well, Mr. Owen, here is a question I want to ask you. It is this: I have four years' service in just now, and if I complete three more years, I will be transferred to the Reserve, and I will get sixpence a day for five years for nothing. Will it be too late to start for Canada after my three years are up? If so, I will proceed when we come home. You know sixpence a day is not to be laughed at; it would mean an extra \$45.34 a year in the bank, as well as my yearly wage on a farm. I have now in the Standard Bank of South Africa £100 in gold, my earnings for the last three years, and (D.V.) I will be able to add another £100 by the end of my other three years. So you see by the time I start farming I will have at least \$1,000 in the bank as well as forty five dollars coming in every year. You know, Mr. Owen, I have a young brother who is anxious to go to Canada. He is a harness maker by trade, and a more steady fellow it would be hard to find. I have promised him, if God spares him till my time is in, I would bring him to Canada with me; and between me, you and the gate-post, I think by a little hard work and some Irish grit and a good heart, we ought to be able to have a place of our own in less than four years after we land. I do often regret the day I left Canada; but I don't think I have done too bad at all. I have no one to trouble me, and I am a staunch A. T. A. man, and, last but not least, a willing heart. I ought to know by this time how to get on. I have learnt a lot of good things by this war. Well, Mr. Owen, can I join the B.O.B.S.? If so, will you send me all particulars. You know I have the Doctor's good conduct medal. I will be proud to be a member of such a Society, and I will do all in my power towards its welfare.

May God bless the Doctor and his good work. Wishing you the best of good wishes. Enclosed find the sum of £2 in gold, as postal orders are not very handy. Will you please tell me if I can send my money to you for to put in the Home bank till I arrive there, and what is the best steps to take for its transfer? The £2 is for the Home. I will send my subscription for UPS AND DOWNS later on. Hoping this note will find you and all the staff in the best of health, and also our true and noble friend the Doctor. Please excuse the scribble, as I am under canvas, with no board, and it is very trying on one's hand to write a nice letter. I will try and send my photo to you for UPS AND DOWNS if I see my way

clear. This is all I have to say at present. Good-bye, good-bye.

WILLIAM KITCHEN, 10

"I really hardly know how to advise you with regard to the future. I have no admiration whatever for a military career, and, as a rule, I look upon the time that young men spend in the army as in most cases a wasted portion of their lives. The training in the army, it seems to me, fits men for so little and unfits them for so much that is of use to themselves and others. A soldier, on his discharge from the army, is too often a man who has learned to use neither his hands nor his brains, and as the result of his army training he drifts into becoming an idle and often a drunken loafer. These are the sort of men that you find sitting over their pipes and beer pots in a public-house while their poor slatterns of wives are toiling and struggling at home in poverty and misery, and I have too often known cases in which the army has been simply the ruin of a man's career. Of course, there are many exceptions, and, again, many wild young scapegraces who would have gone entirely to the dogs in civil life, who have been licked into shape under military discipline and taught to obey orders, keep themselves clean and maintain some degree of self-respect; but, as a rule, I cannot regard it as a hopeful or desirable career, especially for a young fellow in your position who could do so much better for himself. My opinion is that you would be infinitely better on a farm in Canada, where your life would be healthier, happier, more useful and vastly more independent. Now is the time to get hold of land. In five or ten years from now those vast areas of virgin prairie will have been appropriated and land that is now offered by the Government "free gratis for nothing" as home steads to actual settlers will be worth \$15 to \$20 an acre. We are seeing this now in the Western States, and as things have been in Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and elsewhere in the West as they will be during the next few years in Manitoba and the Canadian West. This is a capital road to pursue, and a certainty in the world of the future.

prospect to men of the right sort. I think, therefore, my advice to you would be to get out of the army as soon as you can, and let someone else have the twelve cents a day."

We have Scotchmen as well as Irishmen in our family, and indeed, for aught we know, the identical Scot who will be found in full and profitable possession of the North Pole when some explorer finally discovers it may turn out to be a Barnardo boy. Henry Thomas McMillan, for example, is a North Briton, who, even if he should not reach the North Pole, will, we hope and expect, reach a position of respectable independence in Canada. We lately received a few lines from him, from which we gather that he is well and thriving, and Mr. Griffith's report of his visit was all we could desire.

Our old friend, George N. Roden, writing a short time ago from Yorkton, Assa, with the object of drawing the amount of his bank balance, says:

I have took up a homestead fifty miles north of Yorkton, and I want the money to pay for ten acres of breaking I have hired to be done on it the first September, which will be \$25 - \$2.50 an acre - and get a wagon for \$40 and a set of harness for \$15, and I will have to get a team in the spring on time. I have a breaker now, and I am hired for this year for \$210 for the year. I have a cow too.

George evidently means business, and we have no doubt will make a success of himself as a settler in the West. We heartily wish him all the luck he deserves.

Arthur Henry Todd, another of our North-West settlers, writes us that he has taken up the north-west quarter of Section 32, Township 21, Range 12, and his brother, Charles, the south east quarter of the same section. This means that each is the owner of 160 acres of land in the great wheat belt, and they are looking forward to starting operations for themselves in the spring. The line of railway has been surveyed right through their properties and altogether we should say that our friends' prospects are most satisfactory. They have been just ten years in Canada, and all we remember the two little

urchins that we sent forth ten years ago to their new homes. We were always sure, however, that there were good brains under both their hats, and we are proud to say they have fulfilled our best expectations.

We are so thoroughly accustomed to our correspondents prefacing their communications with the remark that they "now take their pens" in hand that the opening sentence of Cyril Richardson's letter gave us rather a shock. It was speedily apparent, however, that Cyril had no intention of offering us any personal violence, and as we know that many of our readers will be interested in hearing of his welfare, we have extracted for their benefit the following from his letter, which we may say reached us on the 25th of August:

DEAR SIR,—I just thought I would take a chair and write a few lines to you, hoping this letter will reach you quite safe. Well, in the first place, we are having some very nice weather, but we have not started to cut wheat yet, which we hope we will soon be looking for in another week or so. I like my new place all right; it is a very nice place with some very nice buildings on it, but we haven't got many cattle here yet. All we have is just one cow and about fifteen head of horses, and eight pigs, and a few hens, and a very large crop to take off this fall. There's about 240 acres of wheat and eighty acres of barley and oats, and two good binders to cut it. Crops are good this year, but hay is pretty hard to get this year on account of the water; but I think we will be able to get some more later on. I haven't much news to tell you this time. I just write to you to let you know where I am and how I am getting along. Well, any way, I am all alive and kicking. I think this is just the country for everybody; it's a good country for health, and there's lots of good people in it and good work, so a fellow don't have to grumble and "chew the rag." Well, I think I have said all I could think of this time, so I think will close, saying good bye to you and your friends and the boys. So good-bye. Yours truly, CYRIL RICHARDSON.
c/o Mr. A. Doig, Birtle, Man.

Walter Foster, one of our 1890 lads, lately sent us a report of himself that we are very pleased to reproduce for the edification and encouragement of our readers. We may remark in passing that what Walter says of himself as a worker is largely borne out by Mr. Griffith's report on his return in the summer from visiting in Walter's township.

Home Chat

BRIDHAM F. O., ONE, CANADA,

October 15th, 1902

DEAR SIR, I now take the pleasure of writing to you, hoping you are quite well, as I am myself, telling you I have hired to Mr. Dan Thompson for another year. This is my third year with him. They are very kind to me, and they treat me as their own son. I suppose you would like to know how I am getting along. I do as much work as two men at a threshing or filling silos. They tell I am a very good fellow to work, and what I do I do it right. My master told me I was the best young fellow to milk cows he ever had, so I am getting my name up for an Englishman. I know just how everything goes now. I have been in Canada six years and two months. I am putting \$75 in the bank of Watford, and I am sending you my bank book, so as you can see how much I have with the full deposit. I would like you to send it to me before the first of November, as I want to put it in with twenty more dollars. I like the UPS AND DOWNS very nice. I like to read the girls' and boys' letters. I say the same as all the rest—Canada is the place for boys and girls. I like it very much better. I thank Dr. Barnardo for putting me out here; it is making a man of me. I hope Dr. Barnardo is recovering of his illness. I was very sorry when I heard of it, and I thought what would the boys and girls do in England if he die. May God bless him and give him a long life to live, that some of us may live to see him when he is an old gentleman. Please send my UPS AND DOWNS as soon as they come out. I have a lot of good neighbours around here, and I think I can stay here now. I have got along fine since I left Adelaide. There was lots of bad boys, so I am better away from there, and mind my P's and Q's. My sisters are getting all in Toronto. I think they have very good places where they are. So I will have to close my letter by saying good-bye and God bless you all till we meet again. I remain one of your loving Home boys,

WALTER FOSTER.

Mrs. Edward Greene, of Marathon, in applying recently for a little girl, gives the following report of Ernest Davis:

We are very thankful to you for selecting us such a good boy as the one you did for us—Ernest Davis. I suppose you would not know him now, for he is growing a big boy. He is healthy; we have never had any trouble with him; he has not been sick since he came, and I hope he will continue so. He is a good worker, and takes an interest in everything he goes to do, and does his work well, and can be depended on. He is over two years with us now, and is under his first wage—five shillings, and he says he is going to save his wages all along and not spend it foolishly.

The following little bits of letters are taken from letters lately received respecting boys of the July party, and will serve to show that these companies

tively recent comers are giving good promise of making a creditable name for themselves. We could multiply such items almost indefinitely, but offer these few as samples only of the quality we supply:

DEAR SIR, I enclose the agreement, signed, as I am very much pleased with Reuben Parsons, as he is a very nice little boy. I have no doubt but I will get along with him. He seems very happy, contented and very obedient. He says he wouldn't leave his place now. He is growing and getting so fat. Yours truly,

WILLIAM HENRY, JR.

We have James Goodyear with us. He, I think, will be a very smart boy when he gets used to the ways of the country. He has not missed a Sunday yet, but has been at Sunday school and at church. He seems content and satisfied with his new home. We have done all for him that we could do if he were our own. I must say he is a very nice boy and I think quite a lot of him. Yours truly,

JAMES V. BIRD.

SOUTH MONAGHAN, Oct. 13th, 1902.

The little boy, Charles S. Meese, is looking well and doing well. He was weighing himself the other day; he tells me he has gained over ten pounds since he came here, so that is not bad for Canada. He seems to be a very nice fellow, and has a nice manner. Yours truly,

ROBERT J. WILLIAMS.

GARRELLON, Sept. 31d, 1902.

I suppose you will think I have forgotten to let you know about Tommy Roberts, but as I have been so busy at the harvest and not at home all the time, I have neglected, but hope you will pardon me. Well, I am quite pleased in your choice of sending him to me, as he appears to be good natured. Of course he is not much help to me yet, as he is afraid of cows and horses and everything yet; but I think, through time, he will get over that. I will be kind to him and try and teach him all I can. I want to do what is right with him.

WM. S. HUTCHES.

ARTEMESIA, Oct. 16th, 1902.

I think I will write you a few lines to let you know how Thomas A. Mothersole—or Arthur, we call him—gets along, and how we get along with him. Well, he is well and getting fat and happy as the day is long. I think, and says he likes the country and likes us. We find him very handy to do general small work around the farm, very obedient and willing and truthful, indeed I think we could not have selected a boy our eyes more to put us than this one. I think boy like this are a credit to the Home, and all managers of these Homes, and I trust that, with God's grace, helping us, we shall be able to help to train him to be a help to the Home, in honor to his own name and in honor to us. We are it now, just as we would be any day. We only have one child to get, and they go along nicely. As you are so busy, and that there are plenty of things to do, and that there

which he enjoys. I trust he will continue to be what we think he will, that is, a good boy. We will do our best to guide him aright.

I am very much pleased with the boy, George Henry S. Clarke. He is a very smart boy and a good boy. I thank you very much for such a nice boy. I hope the Lord will bless you in abundance. George is so well since he came and happy. He is pleased with his new home.

CORINTH, Sept. 23rd, 1902.

ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I have signed the agreement and return it with this note. The boy, Alexander Bessant, is a good boy, so far, and I think he always will be. I started him to school as soon as school opened; he is getting on first-rate. I will report to you from time to time his progress. Yours truly,

H. S. COOK.

KELLWORTH PARK, Sept. 24th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find copy of agreement re William J. Ozand. I am pleased to state that Willie is all that I could desire, and in stating the latter, you will no doubt be gratified. If no unforeseen circumstance occur, he will be a credit to the Barnardo Home, and I will do my best to make a fine, self-supporting man of him. Wishing success to you in your good work, I remain, yours truly.

F. H. MITCHELL, M.D., C.M.

MUIRKIRK, Oct. 9th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, I return agreement and will say we are getting along well so far. I do not expect perfection in a boy, but if he will do as well as he has done, I think we can get along. He seems to be quite satisfied, and I am glad of that. Yours sincerely,

D. M. GILLIE.

Another King William Henry and a contemporary in the country of George Spreadbury, has just completed his engagement with Mr. Neil Campbell, of Mossley, and in writing of him Mr. Campbell says:

I would like to keep Harry longer, but I have sold my place and have no home for him just now. He wishes to go to see his sister as soon as he leaves me, if it is your pleasure for him to do so. He is going to see you first. He is a boy that is a credit to anybody that engages him. He is straightforward and truthful, and you can place all confidence in him, and he is very careful of his money.

Mr. Albert Matthew of St. Catharines, reports thus of his present boy and the one who preceded him.

William Lee makes well, doing a good deal of better boy never crossed the ocean. He can handle a team splendid and does all of his work very cheerfully. George S. King, my other boy, has went out to Manitowish. He is well and getting \$2.50 a day. He is over a lot of farm with his boss, is the thing

He is with the same man he was with last year. He wrote for him to come out.

We lately had good news of our old friend, Henry Jarvis. He is said to be in the best of health and in flourishing circumstances generally. We are told that he was recently offered for his property at Chesley \$150.00 more than he paid for it, which speaks well for the prosperity both of friend Henry and of the town of Chesley.

Henry Winkless, one of our very old pioneers, was visited last month by Mr. Griffith. Henry has been for many years in the employ of Mr. Cargill, M.P., is married and a thoroughly respectable and respected citizen. Our readers will warmly sympathize with our friend and his wife in the loss of their only child, that took place the week before Mr. Griffith's visit. May the God of all comfort be with them in their hour of sorrow and bereavement.

Robert Evans, a little lad of last April, was found by Mr. Griffith to be happy and thriving in his new quarters. At the time of Mr. Griffith's call, Robert was found doing full justice to his breakfast, the table being, as Mr. Griffith notes, "bountifully spread." Robert has, evidently, found Canada a land of plenty, and we are pleased to hear he has so far proved himself a good boy and a credit to the training of his English foster-home. We may note, in passing, that we quite frequently hear of our friend, Mr. Griffith, dropping in upon a family at breakfast, which demonstrates that our valued colleague adds to his many other excellencies the habit of early rising, and while never sparing of the midnight oil when occasion requires, is always bright and early on the scene of his labours in the morning.

Philip New and George Kenton, the boys with Messrs. Hanbridge, senior and junior, both received excellent characters from their employers. They were found together at a threshing, Mr. Griffith having previously called at Philip's home and found the house locked up and the premises in charge of a scotch dog, that he remarks, "I have known for some years past." We

often sympathize with Mr. Griffith in his extensive acquaintance with farm-house dogs generally, as we recall our own experience with these animals of uncertain breed and very uncertain temper. We suppose the prevalence of the tramp fraternity justifies the existence of these wild beasts; but we should imagine Mr. Griffith must often wish that he could add a suit of chain armour to his other equipment when approaching country houses.

We have received a splendid report of William J. Daubney. Willie will soon have been ten years with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Welsford, of Paisley, and no son could have been better looked after or have been an object of more affectionate care than Willie has at the hands of these excellent people. He has now a considerable sum of money in the bank, that he is steadily adding to, and, altogether, his prospects are of the brightest.

A rather interesting letter has just reached us from one of our family in the West. George has evidently passed through some rather exciting experiences, but his skull seems, fortunately for him, to have a good thick casing, or his experience of a horse shaking hands with him might have ended much more disastrously:

MATHER, MAN., Sept. 19th, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I hope you are as well as I am. I have not seen my name in UPS AND DOWNS, so I thought I would try to get it there. I have been out here a year Aug. 5th, and I like it well. I got a lesson about a month ago not to hold on to a horse when he means to get away, so I will tell you about it. I was weeding the garden, and I went into the stable and called Mr. Gordon, and he told me when I found him to put the horse into the pasture, so I took the horse to the bars and put them down and led him in. Then I tried to take the shank off him, and he must of tried to get away from me and kicked me in the head. I knew nothing of what happened afterwards, only what they told me. I got up and came into the house where Mr. Gordon and her mother were talking, and they thought I was playing, as I generally do, but the second time they looked at me they knew what was up. I fell on the sofa and I wanted to go asleep, but they would not let me, for they were afraid I would never wake up again. The neighbours were very kind to me and the doctor came to see me. They sat up night and day for a whole week and tended me.

I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday on the pony. She is very old, and I am afraid I will not be able to ride her there many more times, for she is twenty-seven years old, and she's going blind. I can play a mouth organ. I started to learn on Christmas Day. I have two mouth-organs now. I do chores and sometimes I help the men. I can milk and do other chores. I am a good hand to keep bread from spoiling. Mrs. Gordon is hunting for a girl and can't get one. I was telling her that if she had an English girl she would have no more hunting to do. Now I must close, for it is bedtime. Yours truly,

GEORGE LEE.

We lately heard of the death in action of William West, one of the 1887 party, who went to South Africa as a member of Strathcona's Horse. Previous to his enlistment he had worked principally in the woods, and had developed into a stalwart young lumberman. We have been unable to get any full details, but we understand he was shot and instantly killed in one of the small engagements that occurred toward the end of the war, and died, therefore, a soldier's death, and will have been buried in a soldier's grave.

Frederick Anderson is one of our most regular correspondents in the West, and keeps us well informed of his doings and general progress. The following communication is the latest that has reached us from his hand:

REGINA, ASSA., 7th Sept., 1902.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines, hoping to find you well, as it leaves me well at present. I thought I would write a few lines regarding to UPS AND DOWNS. Well, all the binders are rattling out in the district, but we are not having very fine weather, as it is always cloudy and rainy. We have had frost about four times this fall, and it froze a little bit of the grain. The crops are looking fine. Some of the people round here are going to start and thresh in about a week's time. We are going to winter about 120 head of cattle this winter, so we will have enough chores to do this winter, as there is wood to cut, feed to haul and wood to haul. I like this North West very good, only it is a little cold in the winter; but till a fellow gets used to it. I have been in the country about three years, and I like it fine. We have lots of wild animals in this country, and ducks, prairie chickens, water badgers, muskrats, and so on. And I think my letter is getting long, and I am getting sleepy. Good bye. Hoping to see you sometime. Best love to all. Yours truly,

FREDERICK ANDERSON.

1111 Broadway, Regina, Assa.

Barnardo Old Boys' Society

THE annual reunion of B.O.B.S. was a pronounced success. From the early morning of Monday, September 8th, to Saturday noon following everything went with a snap, and the committees responsible for the various arrangements are now congratulating themselves that their work and forethought met with the success so well merited. On Monday morning, Messrs. Frank Vipond and Geo. Clark, well equipped with pipes and matches, were on hand to greet the early comers, who, with all that followed, each had a short talk with our good friend, Mr. Griffith, regarding their progress during the year. Monday was given up entirely to meeting old acquaintances, renewing old friendships and "swapping" experiences. Tuesday, the day of our annual business meeting, was an important day in our history, for two or three reasons. Perhaps the most important reason was the fact that at the evening session it was decided that the members of B.O.B.S. should make a thanksgiving offering in support of Dr. Barnardo's work. A circular, giving full particulars of this undertaking, will be shortly sent to every member of the Society, and we anticipate that our lads will respond liberally. It was felt by those attending the reunion that the members of the Society would appreciate the privilege of doing something as a Society to mark their appreciation of, and gratitude for, benefits received.

O. A. Howland, Esq., C.M.G., Mayor of Toronto, attended the evening session and gave a most forceful and inspiring address. His Worship, who expressed himself as surprised and pleased with the magnitude of Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada—a work with which he was not altogether unacquainted—congratulated his hearers on the fact that each lad and young man before him was a member of the grand army of workers, with all the great opportunities afforded to the young man who possessed the virtues of honesty, industry and integrity. He emphasized the fact that a peculiar responsibility rested upon the individual Barnardo boy in that his

life and character reflected very largely upon the reputation of thousands of his fellows and upon Dr. Barnardo's work. In this young country, to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth was a disadvantage to a young man, and the Barnardo boy had reason to congratulate himself upon the fact that his success in life depended upon himself, and not upon the influence of rich or powerful friends. There was room in Canada for hard-working, persevering men. Speaking of a trip he had recently made through the Temiskaming district, he said that in that country there were opportunities for the enterprising young man that he would recommend some of his hearers to take advantage of.

A discussion followed regarding the sending of a delegate or delegates to the Temiskaming district to enquire into the advantages and disadvantages of the country. The question had been discussed pretty fully at the afternoon session, when it had been stated that land could be reserved in Temiskaming for the purpose of forming a Barnardo settlement. The Executive were empowered to expend funds necessary for sending delegates to make the investigation required and to report fully to the membership.

The annual election of officers and Executive Board resulted as follows:

Hon. President, Dr. Barnardo.
Hon. Vice-President, Alfred B. Owen, Esq.
President, James Webb, Toronto.
1st Vice-President, Thos. Harley, Hamilton.
2nd Vice-President, Ed. Rose, Toronto.
3rd Vice-President, Thos. Crawley, Toronto.
Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Smith, Toronto.
Executive, W. J. Dickason, Dungannon;
" Thos. Preen, Rochester, N.Y.;
" John Walker, Milton;
" A. E. Payne, Toronto;
" W. Smith, Bracondale;
" Henry J. Page, Pine River,
" W. Self, Norway;
" Jas. Sparkes, Frome,
" Herbert G. Chaplin, George,
" Geo. Clark, Toronto;
" Wm. Hobbs, Dublin,
" John Withers, Toronto.

The President's Secretary reported that the Auditors' reports were ready.

and adopted. A cablegram was sent to Dr. Barnardo, quoting third epistle of John, first and second verses. Our readers can look up the quotation for themselves. A letter from Dr. Barnardo, conveying his greetings and congratulations to the members of the Society, and which is published on page 30, was read and received with great enthusiasm. Messrs. F. J. Davis, Griffith, Gaunt and W. T. James were elected honorary members.

On Wednesday evening, a concert was held in Temperance Hall, the participants and audience being old Barnardo boys and girls. The programme, consisting of choruses, glees, part songs and readings, and representing some weeks of hard work on the part of Mr. Clark and his choristers, occupied about two hours—hours that passed all too quickly. Will J. White, the well-known entertainer, had been secured for the evening. He is perhaps the most genuinely funny man it has ever been our lot to see and hear, and he has certainly never had a more appreciative audience. A great hit was the singing of "B.O.B.S.," words by Mr. W. T. James, music by our own Geo. Clark. We are greatly indebted to Mr. H. W. Scott, who acted as accompanist, and to Miss Skeels, of the office staff, for a most entertaining reading.

Thursday afternoon, eighty three lads, old and young, travelled out to High Park by street car, where a picnic was held. Some of the Committee nearly turned grey with the worry caused by seeing that their charges did not board cars leading to the other end of the city, but all arrived eventually

at the picnic grounds. Here a series of sports were run off— races for old and young, married and single, a tug-of-war between teams of youngsters and another between teams of old fellows. The latter was Mr. Frank Vipond's idea, and showed that he knows more of divinity than athletics. From some unknown quarter (the park-keeper's cottage was close by) he secured a new manilla clothes line, which he doubled a number of times and then declared it strong enough to stand the strain of a tug between twelve husky farmers and twelve strong city men. His judgment proved wrong: the city men sat down suddenly and violently, the country men staggered but kept their feet, each side held a fragment of clothes line, and Mr. Vipond asked for another "match." The football match, Country vs. City, resulted in a tie, one goal each, the country lads playing the better game, however. A. E. Payne, who was responsible for the picnic arrangements, reports that he put in the time of his life, and he believes that everyone enjoyed himself.

No special events had been prepared for Friday, but, in the evening, Mr. W. T. James brought up a magnificent microscope, which was of great interest to the lads. Our good President, who is, of course, *ex officio* member of all committees, was on hand to assist whenever assistance was required, and all exerted themselves to make the gathering a huge success. That they succeeded was evident from the remarks made by the guests. The lads all returned to their homes by Saturday noon, and our reunion had closed.

The Auditors report as follows:

DR.	
To Balance from 1901	\$82 17
" Fees and Renewals	50 06
	41 00 00

CR.	
By Stamp Account	\$10 75
" Printing Account	10 15
" Stationery and Sundries	4 35
" Balance in hand	58 89
	41 00 00

"Up on" Down

THE B. O. B. S. MEETING, 1907, BAY STAMPS, COLONIES
17th August 1907

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE B. O. B. S.

MY DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS:

As the time is now drawing near when the B.O.B.S. will hold its first Annual Reunion, I thought you would allow me to send a few words of greeting to my old boys who have now, so many of them, grown up to manhood and who will probably be present at your Annual Meetings. There are so many of you now in Canada that I may be pardoned if I forget the whereabouts and the circumstances of many of your lives, and indeed that is so; but I constantly hear in the reports which Mr. Owen sends me of the welfare and prosperity of many of you, and I assure you nothing makes me feel so happy and so proud as the knowledge of your successes. The feeling that I have contributed in any small degree to your independence, to the formation of your character, and to the establishment of you in life, is a very happy one; but, at the same time, I do not conceal from myself that whatever little help I was able to render to any of you would have been of but small use if you had not possessed that natural independence of character, that "grit," as we used to call it in days gone by, and that determination to succeed which has enabled you to avail yourselves of the opportunities that arose, or, as has been the case in many of your experiences, to create fresh opportunities when there was no appearance of such occurring. My dear fellows, I congratulate you with all my heart upon the measure of success that you have realized. I constantly remember my old boys in prayer, and at our monthly meetings at Stepney, when all our fellow-workers come together for prayer, there are always special requests sent in for those who are out in life, and especially for those in the Colonies, and in the Dominion of Canada, who are fighting the battle on their own behalf.

I want to take this opportunity of thanking many of you for the contributions which you send to the old work through Mr. Owen. I know that some of you with great self denial and generous recollection of the help afforded to you when you most needed it, have been anxious to offer the same help to other lads at home who are now seeking to place their foot upon the first step in the ladder. For such help, for such sympathy, for such generous self-denial, I would thank all of you who have contributed anything like a proportionate degree from your earnings most heartily. But there are some of my old boys—and I don't think you will blame me for reminding you of the fact—who seem to think the old adage is true, "Eaten bread is soon forgotten." There are some of my fellows in Canada who never contribute anything to the work at home which has helped them so much, and there are others who send a few cents or perhaps a dollar a year. Well, of course, fifty cents or a dollar is better than nothing, and I am glad to get even those amounts, or less, because it shows that we are not quite forgotten. But I have often thought that it would make every man of you happier, and stronger, and more independent if you could resolve that you would contribute a reasonable percentage of your earnings to the funds of the old Home. Some of you by this means would perhaps be able to repay all that was originally spent on your behalf. Of course, this is only a suggestion on my part. I would be very sorry that any of you should feel it a burden, or an obligation, to do what I have said. I merely suggest that some of you who may have prospered more than others may wish to act so; but whatever you feel able to give, whether it be much or little, systematically and out of love to the old Home, I will be rejoiced to receive, as an evidence of your grateful feelings of recollection.

But now I have said quite enough about money. I did not mean to say so much. Let us express the hope that, among the members of the B.O.B.S., there will be not a few who are distinguishing themselves by living the noblest and best life that can be ours below. How happy should I be if I learned that any considerable number of the B.O.B.S. members were also friends of Christ

and servants of God. After all, my dear young men, as you get older you will feel more and more the claims of the Christian religion upon you, and you will, I am sure, feel satisfied that to be a Christian indeed, to be a sincere and true follower of Christ, is the way to live the noblest and happiest life, and that nothing else so assures our happiness, even in this life, as does the formation of those fixed principles of character, and for the governance of conduct, which flow out of a feeling of loyalty and love to our Master, Christ. God forbid that any of our fellows should be giving way to the temptations of an evil, unworthy and vicious life. I am sorry to say I have heard of one of my old fellows lately who had given way to drink. But I firmly believe his case was quite an exceptional one, and that the most of you are strong and brave in the preservation of your temperance pledge.

I dare say you read in your own papers all the news from the old land, so that there is little I can tell you that you don't already know of. I am writing this letter in Germany, where I have had to go in order to get treatment for the affection of the heart from which I have suffered for the past year and a half, and it is just possible that this letter may, therefore, not reach you as quickly as it would do if it were posted in England; but I want every lad and every young man who shall be present at your meetings to believe that with this letter I send *him specially*, whoever he may be, and to *all of you in particular*, my friendly and affectionate greetings. Remember, please, that I have stood in the position of father to many of you, and I hope you do not think that I have been a harsh or a too strict father; I intended to be only a loving one, and a wise one. At any rate, I send you my affectionate greetings, my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, and my sincere desire to hear from some of you soon accounts about your gatherings and of the doings that have interested you most in Toronto. I wish every fellow of the B.O.B.S. would make it a rule to write to me at least *once in the year*; that would be quite enough. Let him write to me, not when he is in Toronto, but from his own dwelling, wherever it may be. Let him tell me in his own language of his welfare, of his prosperity and success, or of his failure and disappointment. Let him believe that he will find in me a sympathizing and loving friend. Many of you are married and I know nothing about it. Why should you not tell me about your wife and about your children, if you have any, and what business you are engaged in, and how you get on in it? But every B.O.B.S. should be sure to say in the letter that he *is* a member of the B.O.B.S. I would be glad to have a photograph of any fellow who is married, with that of his wife and children. Such gifts would be highly prized by me. But of course I know some of you cannot afford it, and therefore you must wait until the day comes when you can manage it without inconvenience. Meanwhile, my dear fellows, God bless you all and prosper you.

Believe me to be,

Always your very sincere and affectionate friend,

THOS. J. BARNARD

Mr. A. G. Smith,
Secretary of the B.O.B.S.,
214 Farley Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario,
Canada

P.S. Remember that any of your letters should be sent to me at *this place* as I shall by the railway be going to England, and returning to England, 18, St. Sepulchre Causeway, London, E., England. If you send your photo, with your names printed on the back and dated the year you went out, F. J. B.

To England and Back

THE Editor has asked me to write an account of my trip to England.

It seems rather a funny thing to write about England to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, who all came from England; but the Editor's word is law in these parts, and if I didn't do what he says I might never get another trip, so I must try and tell my experience as best I can, and how England appeared to a Canadian from "way back" who had very vague ideas as to what the old land was like, and knew it chiefly from hearing Englishmen grumble—not always in the most civil terms—because this thing and that in Canada wasn't like England. I fancied it to be a very old-fashioned, rather dead-alive sort of country, where it was always raining, and people were not very sociable to each other, and dropped their h's, and travelled by railway in little separate compartments, which were being made smaller and smaller until, some day, there would only be room enough to contain a solitary Englishman and a bulldog. I really didn't know much more about it, and yet I was delighted when Mr. Owen told me he had obtained permission from Dr. Barnardo that I should go over for a few weeks to see something of the work of the Homes in England, after having been for so long connected with the work in Canada and been behind the scenes in different departments of the Canadian Branches.

I won't say anything about preparations and leave-takings, and the discussions about things that would be wanted and things that wouldn't. Suffice to say that I was advised to take a rain coat, and did so, and never once wore it. I started from Toronto on the morning of August 26th, hardly realizing at the time that I was really off. When about to depart from the Union Station, Mr. Owen came rushing in to wish me *bon voyage* and hand me a sheaf of letters of introduction, which, together with many other kindly acts of forethought on his part, helped to make the way smooth for a some-

what inexperienced traveller. The journey from Toronto to Boston was uneventful, and after a few hours pleasantly spent with friends at "The Hub," I embarked on the good, staunch ship *New England*, of the Dominion Line, and for the next eight days experienced the varied emotions consequent to a maiden voyage across the herring-pond. Were I able to tell of a collision in mid-ocean, a fire at sea or a shipwreck, even a shark or a flying fish, it might be entertaining; but fortunately I have none of these thrilling experiences to record, for, barring a day or two when we had a rather heavy sea, the weather was all that could be desired. Our fellow passengers were mostly Canadians and Americans, with a sprinkling of returning Englishmen thrown in to see if perchance they might leaven the whole lump. What between long go-as-you-please walks round and round the deck, games, music and gossip, the time passed pleasantly. Captain James, already known to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, was the most genial of hosts, and while always the dignified commander, contributed greatly to the pleasantness of the voyage. At 3 p.m., eight days from Boston, we were warping into the docks at Liverpool, where I found Mr. Cole awaiting our arrival, who kindly looked after my luggage and saw me off for London.

A few hours' journey by rail, and then Euston Station, London. Man-aging to extricate myself from the Babel of porters and cabbies, I arrived safely at the hotel, where I was delighted to find a letter from Miss Code, welcoming me to England, and, next day, to meet her on the platform at Ilford Station and be welcomed by her on Dr. Barnardo's behalf and piloted to that abode of comfort, Mossford Lodge, where I was received by Miss White with charming hospitality.

Thanks to the kindness of Miss Mount, Mrs. Code and Miss Westgarth, as many of the sights of London were taken in as could be crowded into so

short a time. Under the wing of either one of the above mentioned ladies, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Parliament Buildings, the Tower, Madame Tussaud's, Kensington Gardens, and many other places of interest, were visited by the way. Then there was a wonderful and novel ride through the streets on the top of an omnibus. London has a style of architecture distinctly its own. There is an entire absence of that American monstrosity, the sky-scraper. Everything is old, solid, massive, imperishable, built for the ages. And then there are the historical associations running back into by-gone centuries. What pomps and pageants, triumphs and tragedies those grey stone walls have witnessed! If they had tongues, what stories they could tell! The very pavements of the streets are set and mortared in history! But the most wonderful sight in the great modern Babylon is its people—the teeming multitudes gathered together from the ends of the earth, and its great traffic roaring and sprawling through its innumerable avenues.

I now come to the principal object of my visit. So often, at Mrs. Owen's Sunday gatherings, I have listened to descriptions of the Village Home and "the cottage I came from," delivered with such pride and affection, that I thought I had a fairly correct conception of what it looked like; but I found it was far more beautiful than I had imagined. The fifty quaint, up-to-date cottages, with their red-tiled roofs, all looped and festooned with ivy, surrounded by the well-kept lawns, studded with holly and laurel bushes, intersected by beautifully kept walks, with the groups of happy children clustering around the doors, formed a scene impossible adequately to describe and one never to be forgotten. The outside aspect does not at all surpass the interior. Upon entering the cottage, one cannot help but be impressed with the home-like feeling that prevails. Everything is so sweetly clean, comfortable and cheerful. The "Mothers" so kindly and affectionate, and, altogether, you would say they are an ideal family. It was a hot day, and I had

not the privilege of seeing the girls at their studies, but judging from the large, airy, bright school-room, I am sure the hours spent in school should be happy ones for these little maidens.

The industrial features, too, are most interesting. In one cottage, a class of girls were engaged on most exquisite needlework, embroidery, drawn work, etc. Then in the dressmaking establishment nimble fingers were busy cutting, basting, fitting and making such pretty dresses. The laundry, too, gives employment to a great number, and everything passing through their hands is so beautifully clean and well done that even John Chinaman could not compete with them.

But one of the prettiest sights was seen on Sunday morning, when each cottage sent forth its contingent of clean, orderly, well dressed girls to join the procession wending its way to the church to take part in the services, which were conducted by Mr. Godfrey. I think, at the service at Ilford, when looking at the children and listening to the thousand child voices joining in the simple gospel hymns, one can realize more than anywhere else what a noble work it is that Dr. Barnardo has done and is doing, and of which this is only a part.

My next visit was to Her Majesty's Hospital, where Miss Haslam so kindly took me round. In this noble Institution I saw a number of little folk suffering from all manner of diseases and deformities, but where their sufferings were alleviated and their lives made as bright as possible by the tender care of the staff of competent nurses, who seemed all so zealous and sympathetic in their attentions.

The Stepney Home, which is one great hive of industry, came next on the list. Here I saw the boys actively engaged in learning all manner of trades and handicrafts, and turning out work that, it seemed to me, would be a credit to any factory or workshop in the world. Everything seemed to be working with clock-like precision and order, and yet the boys all looked bright and happy, and there was none of the dead or charred aspect that is usual in

In the Youths' Labour House the big lads were busily employed in wood chopping and the manufacture of aerated waters, which we were invited to taste, and found very refreshing.

We then passed on to Leopold House, where we were most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Munro. I was informed that this Home has the distinction of being the largest of the London Institutions. Everything seemed splendidly organized and the boys under the most admirable discipline. I was greatly impressed by the schools, and here I met an old friend of many of the boys, Mr. Douglas, who enquired very kindly as to the welfare of his former charges and bemoaned that "all the best boys were sent to Canada."

By the kind arrangement of Dr. Barnardo, I was conducted by Miss Phyllis Gregg to that wonderful place, Babies' Castle. Ninety little toddlers, under the command of Sister Elliott and her company of nurses and helpers, form the force that garrisons this Castle, and a jolly lot of retainers they seem so happy in their childish games and amusements, and yet, like everything else in the world, it has its pathetic side in the case of little blind David, so patient and uncomplaining.

Soon after my trip to Hawkhurst, I went on a visit to friends in Scotland, taking in Edinburgh, Glasgow and St. Andrew's, and after despoiling bonnie Scotland of a sprig of heather and a bit of peat, I returned to England. On the journey, I had short but altogether charming glimpses of rural England, stretches of garden-like fields, sylvan homes, old-fashioned thatched cottages, white, level roads and beautiful, green, well-trimmed hedges passing swiftly like the stages of a dream.

Upon my arrival from Scotland, I was delighted to learn that the Director had returned from the Continent improved in health, and everyone seemed the brighter and more in tune for his presence again in the midst of the work.

At the Village, all were busy in preparing for the departure of the Canadian party. I had the great pleasure of hearing the Director deliver his fare-

well address to the girls, his text being from Genesis xxi., 17: "God heard the voice of the lad." I can never forget the impression made by that address, so earnest, so inspiring, so appropriate, and yet so simple that the youngest child could understand and follow it.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the memorable day when we were to say good-bye to old England, the party was assembled on the pavement in front of the church awaiting the omnibuses which were to take us to Paddington Station.

The time for departure having arrived, I had reluctantly to bid farewell to Ilford—beautiful Ilford, where I was so warmly welcomed. Good-bye, Ilford! Good-bye, everybody! My warmest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey for their welcome and hospitalities, to Miss Stent, Miss Code, Miss Westgarth, Miss White and a host of others for numberless kindnesses.

On reaching Paddington, Dr. Barnardo was there too to see us off and say good-bye. The party was quickly entrained, and with a last look round to see that everybody and everything were in place, and the Stepney Band playing cheerily, the wheels moved slowly and we were off for distant Canada.

The return trip in the company of Miss Code, who is visiting Canada for a short time, and Mr. Owen, was most enjoyable; but I am leaving a description of it to one who will do better justice to the subject, and, moreover, I fear the Editor will be asking if this article is to "go on forever," like Tennyson's brook. I have come back very proud indeed of being a Canadian, and thinking as much as ever that Canada is just *the* country; but very proud also of our dear, dear old Motherland, so great and rich and beautiful. Sin and sorrow, no doubt, abound, but so also do goodness and generosity and nobleness of spirit, and I, at least, must always look back to my trip to England, and my insight into the English work, as one of the brightest as well as the most interesting and memorable experiences of life.

J. G. KENNEDY



OUR GIRLS

Notes and Comments

Married Girls.

OUR married girls are so numerous that if we were to tell you all we know about them the space allotted to us in UPS AND DOWNS would be more than filled. Still you will like to know how some of them are faring, and though we cannot give you pictures of their homes, we will, either through their letters or our own observation, let you see a little of what married life has brought them. We will begin with a regular family party, and show you a comfortable farm house on a hill-side near Omemeë, where, amid ripening apples and glowing autumnal beauties, a young wife is busy making her new home more home like, and preparing tempting meals for her husband. They are both *ours*: the one got his training at Stepney and the other at Ilford, so we hope they will have bright, prosperous, happy lives. Of their marriage the *Guelph Daily Mercury* shall speak:

CRAFTON—POYSER.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. George's Church at eleven o'clock, Sept. 10th, when Miss Blanche Poyser became the bride of Mr. James Crafton, Omemeë. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. F. Davidson, vicar of St. George's Church. The bride looked charming in a dress of blue ladies' cloth, trimmed with cream silk and chiffon, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white asters. The bride was assisted by Miss Nellie Langwitz of Rockwood, and the Misses Mariel and Hazel Atkinson acted as flower girls, and carried pink asters. The groom was supported by Mr. R. A. Mills, Omemeë. The bride received a number of useful presents, showing the esteem in which she is held by her many friends. After the ceremony the party drove to the residence of Mr. Walter Atkinson, Marden, where a sumptuous wedding dinner was served. The

happy couple left on the 5.40 train for Toronto and other points, after which they will take up their residence in Omemeë.

A recent letter from Mrs. G. W. Locke gives us a glimpse of her new home in Ontario, and shows she does not forget the Village where, as Jessie Biddis, she was cared for and loved, and trained to be the good wife we hope she is.

Mrs. J. Healey, who was Ethel Marson, writes cheerfully and happily. She evidently has a busy life; but that is good and right, since it will, we trust, crown her youth of labour with an age of ease.

Mrs. Chas. Glair, who as Mary Emily Joyce came to Canada in 1885, and is now in New York State, says: "I would like to know if there are any of the girls here near me. I should enjoy seeing some of the Home children. I live in a pretty little village. My husband is an engineer on the Erie Railroad."

Ethel Parsons, now Mrs. Jonathan Fuller, came out in 1884. She has been married a good many years, and has four well grown children of her own, who have helped to change the bonnie, black eyed lassie into the sedate matron of to day. Life has dealt gently with Ethel. Her home is bright and pretty, with pleasant surroundings, and plenty within, and love to brighten all.

From the far West we get good news from two married women. Mrs. Jane Dack (Frances) who writes

Dear Miss Poyser, I am so glad to hear from you, and I hope you are all well. I have just come from a long trip to my sister's

and I have just read UPS AND DOWNS. My husband is at church and my children are in bed, and I thought I would write and tell you we are all well and happy. I hope everyone at the Home is the same and the Doctor better. Dear Miss Loveday, when you are writing to me do you mind telling me where Hannah Brown, Bertha Jordan and Gertie Evans are, and how they are getting along? I have looked all through UPS AND DOWNS to see if I could see anything about them, but have not so far. They were in the same cottage with me. I must tell you I expected to come East this year, but as baby is rather young to take such a trip I cannot think of it; but if all is well I hope to come next year. My husband is still working in the smelter. I think this town is picking up again; there is plenty of work for girls, and very few to be found. We are having lovely weather now; we had a very late spring and summer for this country. My husband wished me to remember him to you and say he likes UPS AND DOWNS and thinks it is a very cheap paper. With love to all, yours truly,
FLORENCE DUCK.

Rose Galway (now Mrs. Wesley Wynne) writes:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY--I took a long time to answer your letter, but it was a case of necessity. Our little village was stricken with small pox. No doubt you read of it in the paper. The post office was quarantined and a number of residents, so I thought it would be wise of me not to write till all the danger was blown away. Well, about twelve weeks ago scarlet fever was raging among the children; then they were all quarantined six weeks; but I don't make a practice of running around, and escaped everything. I hope you and all the old friends are well. I should like to be remembered to Miss Pierce, and is Julia Richard so still in the Home? I am going to write to her some day. I am not the only Home child around here. There is George Robinson, he is married and has two children; Jack Barny with one child and his brother and sister and a half-sister; Walter England and myself, all from the Home, and all have 160 acres of land and are doing well, so I think this must encourage you all in the good work you are doing. You see, 160-acre farms five of them amount to 800 acres, and valued at \$9 per acre means \$7,200; but that is the smallest price going. We are expecting Wesley's mother and step-father. She calls me all the little daughter she has, and Stanley is the first grandchild. If they come we are going to get 100 acres more, and that will be a half-section. I am baking for seven besides our boys, trying to earn myself a pony, and as so near I can get fowls and things around me. I intend to donate to the Home. Where shall I send the money for UPS AND DOWNS? Is it all paid for? I should like to take it again. I wish you could give me the last address of Fizz Bertie, the one that came to the West and perhaps I could find her. Fizzie and I had together for six years before coming to Canada, and I always loved her as a sister;

also Alice Cuttress, Polly Robinson and Caroline Simpson. I should like to write to them all. Walter England is the business man of M., and Jack Barny's brother is a section boss, getting \$50 a month. With love from Stanley and me, I remain, yours truly,
ROSE GWYNNE.



Dressing.

WE are what we make ourselves, and no girl or woman should resign herself to being a dragged drudge all her days. Of course, rough, heavy work does not demand elegant or even tasteful clothing; but if girls will be prompt and energetic, every night ought to see the heavy work done in time for a girl to wash herself and put on some tasteful, pleasant clothing. Not "any old thing," but a clean, fresh shirt waist, a neat, whole, clean skirt, some pretty ribbon or tie and a nice white apron. "Oh, I can't be bothered," says the weary girl; but just give it a trial, and you will find the wash and change of dress have rested you, and you can take up a book or your sewing with keener interest and enjoyment. It is due to yourselves, girls, once in every day to be seen respectable, neat and tidy and to forget for a time the burdens and duties of life. You will do your work better, quicker and more accurately if you make an effort daily to secure the time for this change. It may cost a little money, but you can easily spare that off your Sunday clothes, which are, generally speaking, as much too smart as the working ones are too shabby and dilapidated.



PETERBOROUGH Fair brought some of our girls in for a chat. Kitty Lloyd, doing very well and looking bright and happy; Ellen Terry, in good spirits and liking her place; and Josephine Newton, also well and full of hopes for the future.



We have some nice photographs on hand, but we wish our girls would write their names on the back of their pictures before we post them, as they are apt to get

mixed here, and sometimes we are hopelessly at sea. We have one now of a girl of twelve or so, taken in Paris, which would be a very nice picture if we only knew who she is.

Mary A. Tooth, who has had a year's happy experience on a farm not many miles from Peterborough, came back to Hazel Brae for a little visit, looking bright and happy.

Sarah Cox (of July, 1899, party) has been for more than two years in a good home near London. As she is now growing up into womanhood, we trust she will profit by all the kind and good advice she has had from her mistress.

Lizzie Limbourne and Mabel Stone-
man, who came out in May last, are living near together in Picton, and Miss Gibbs has just been there and brings a good report of each. We hope there is a bright future for both girls.

Rose D. Foster (of July, 1898, party) has returned to an old place in Iroquois, and is growing to be a big girl and learning to be quite useful. A recent report speaks well of her.

Lizzie Garwood has had but the one home since she came out in September, 1898. She is hoping her sister from England will soon come out to Canada.

Annie Turner (of September, 1898, party) has been for more than three years in one place in Hastings, has earned a good character and has worked well.

Edith Hawkins looks so nice and neat. She is keeping her situation well and, we trust, learning to be a good servant.

Gertrude Skinner's photograph does not do her justice and cannot tell you all the good things the visitor hears of this little woman, who is well liked by her employers.

Ethel Gould looks so proud of her Armstrong's little boy, that it is very her own. No doubt she feels a deep interest in the boy, she has helped to raise, and who evidently returns her interest and affection. She has been with him four years, and has a large piece of his life.

Olive Holmwood, whose picture with her well-loved charge graces an adjoining page, is a happy, bright little woman, well cared for and carefully trained. She writes as follows:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I would like to write to UPS AND DOWNS, as I never have, and send you the picture of myself and my mistress' little boy. He is little over a year old. Don't you think he looks well and happy? First thing, I am thankful for the good place and people I am with. I am thankful also to Dr. Barnardo for giving us the privilege of coming out into this nice country. I have a good mistress and master, and such a lovely baby, as you will see in the picture. I am so fond of him; he is quite a lot of company to me, so I don't get lonesome very much. I will tell you also how I enjoyed my summer holidays. We went to the seaside for about three weeks, and it was just lovely to be so close to the lake and have such nice boat rides. And then after we came home and got ready to go to Simcoe, where we stayed for about a month. There are some pretty stores in Simcoe, and I enjoyed myself just lovely. So I have put in a very good summer. Don't you think so? I have got a nice Sunday school to go to, and I get some nice papers to read. I suppose some of the girls who take UPS AND DOWNS will know me when they see my letter, especially Alice Bedford. I send my love to her and Ethel Briggs. I think if I had the choice where to live, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada, because it is far easier for anyone to make a living than it is in England, although I often wish I could go back and see some of my friends there. I am quite well and happy, and hoping all are the same at Hazel Brae. I will say good-bye with love to all, hoping to see this in print. I remain, one of your girls,
OLIVE HOLMWOOD.

Another nurse and baby will also find a place among our pictures. Harriet Nelson is very happy, and is highly prized by the baby's mother. She says:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I am writing for the first time for UPS AND DOWNS. I like my place very much and I think a lot of the baby. She is nine months old. I was very glad to see Mr. Owen and I gave her a photo of myself and the baby for UPS AND DOWNS. Miss Owen was very pleased to see I had such a nice bedroom and such good food. There are lots of Home girls round here. I am never ashamed to say I am a Home girl. I think the Home has been very good to me. I go to the Presbyterian school and I go to the Sunday school. We are praying for you. I hope you are all well. I love you all very much.
HARRIET NELSON.



MARY A. TOOTH.



ANNIE TURNER.



EDITH HAWKINS.



Mts. JONATHAN FULLER & SON.



OLIVE HOMEWOOD AND HUGH PUGSLEY.



LIZZIE GARWOOD.



SARAH COX.



LIZZIE LIMBOURNE



ROSE D. FOSTER



ETHEL GOULD



HARRIET NELSON AND
MRS. ANDERSON'S BABY



GERTRUDE SKINNER



MABEL STONEMAN

We have selected the correspondents following letters from amongst the big piles on Miss Loveday's desk. They must be taken as samples of many scores of others that we could publish if we only had the necessary space at our disposal. Annie Whelham writes:

DEAR GIRLS,—It is quite a long time since I saw my name in UPS AND DOWNS, and I was reading a letter from one of the girls, so I thought I would write a few lines for the "Sunday Hour." I saw a letter from one of the girls and agree with her that a girl can have no greater or better friend than Jesus. I have found that out for myself. I was converted in February, 1902, since I came to Mr. Gunton's, and in May I was baptized, and the next Sunday I was received into the church and am now a member of the Baptist Church. I suppose quite a few of the girls will remember my name when they see it. I have been in Canada four years last July, and I like it better than England. I would not like to go back to England to stay, though I would like to go back to see my friends. My mother is talking of coming out here soon. I hope she does, for I miss her so much. I think that the next friend to Jesus a girl can have is a mother. My sister, Christina, is living near me and I have a brother in Toronto and another in Hampton. I have a lovely place; Mr. and Mrs. Gunton are both very kind to me. There are two children and I am very fond of them. I expect Maria Urquhart will remember me when she sees my name. I think I have told you all this time, so I will close with love to all. I remain, one of the girls,

ANNIE E. C. WHELHAM.

Mary Hannah Smith, who has gone with her employers to Colorado, writes us a long letter of her journey and new life, which will be read with interest:

MY DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I think it is time for me to be writing you, as I have not done so since December. I am sending twenty-five cents for UPS AND DOWNS. About the Fund, I am sorry I have not got my name on the list this time. My mistress does not want me to take more money out of the bank, so if you will forgive me this year I will give double next year. I did not forget it. I hope you are all well; we are. My thoughts often go back to the dear old Home which has done so much for me. I shall never be able to thank Dr. Barnardo for all he has done for me and my dear sister. I have not heard from her lately. I will tell you something of what I have seen of the world since I left home. We were at the Exposition at Buffalo, and I thought it very fine. That was our first stopping place. We spent a day in the grounds, and the evening was lovely with fireworks and lights. I don't know when I saw anything so pretty. From there we went to St. Louis, and I can tell you, Miss Loveday, I don't

think I was ever in such a dirty city. We were glad to leave and come to Denver, and stayed there a few weeks, and then came into the country. We have a nice home here—four rooms and a kitchen; there are no stairs; we have a barn and coal shed. We have a nice white horse we call Tinker, and a black one, but she is too wild, and lots of poultry. The children find us lots of eggs now. Things are all very dear here. I forgot to tell you when we were in St. Louis we went to the World's Fair grounds. They are getting along quite nicely. On Christmas Day we had a lovely Christmas box—a dear, wee baby boy. He is such a darling and a comfort to us all. I don't know what we should do without him. In St. Louis we attended some very nice meetings held by Mr. Campbell Morgan. They were very good and well attended and lasted a week. UPS AND DOWNS has not come very regularly this year. I got January, March and June, and have not got this month's yet. We are having such hot weather. I hear you are having lots of rain in Canada. I suppose you are all very busy in the Home, and I hope the Doctor is keeping well. I think I have told you all the news, and with much love I remain, yours sincerely,

MARY HANNAH SMITH.

Louisa Bryant writes from her pleasant new home:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. I hope you will forgive me for not writing to you sooner. I know you will think me a very ungrateful girl, which I know I am to forget all your kindness, but I will try to mend. I must tell you what a good home and kind master and mistress I have got. I just love being here, and thank you over and over again for sending me here. I am trying to be a good girl; sometimes I miss it, but then I remember "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." I never want to leave; at least not for three years, any way. We have been very busy this while back. Mr. R—is busy ploughing, and of course we are doing lots of things in the house. There is a lot to do wherever you go. I thought I did a lot of work at my last place, but of course I can do more now. I don't mind work as long as I can learn something and get along well. I have a new suit, a waist, a skirt and a jacket. It is made very prettily with pink silk front to the waist and nice flared skirt and a shawl collar on the coat. I think I will have to close now. I hope to have my picture taken, and I will send you one. Give my love to all. Your very sincere friend,

LOUISA BRYANT.



DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, We have some pleasant notes concerning these Children little people. One says,

My sister came lately at the station and could not find me on the waggon. She has

been very happy and contented all the time, and feels right at home. We all think a great deal of her.

Her little friend, Annie Skinner, was also met at the station, and her guardians say:

She is happy with us and we are pleased with her. She is going to school and likes it well and is studying her lessons now.

Mabel Summerfield has produced a good impression from the following extract:

She seems a very sweet, gentle disposition; indeed, we like her very much so far. She seems very contented and likes it here well, she says. I am greatly taken up with Mabel; she is a very loving child. I think she will be a blessing to me, and I thank God for letting me have such a dear little girl in my home, and I hope to be a mother to her.

Edith Dell writes herself and says:

DEAR MISS HARRIS,—I thought I would write a few lines and let you know I am getting along nicely. I passed the last examination into the senior second class. I had a lovely time in vacation. I went with mother to Port Hope, and we stopped near the lake, and it was nice to go down and see the boats come in. Mother is very kind to us and takes good care of us. She was very sick when we were in Port Hope, but she is better now. I am dreading the winter; I do not like the cold. Hoping you are well. I remain, Dear

The two little Hamlets had a very happy time. Elsie says:

I will write you some and tell you I had such a nice trip to Toronto. So many people were there. I was in the big stores and up at the Exhibition, and rode on the street cars every day I was there. I am well and happy, and I have a new teacher and I like her, but she is pretty cross. With love to you all,

ELSIE HAMLET.

Annie regrets not having written to Elsie, and promises to write oftener, then tells us about herself:

I am growing very tall and stronger. I like school and the children and am getting along nicely. Hoping you are well,

ANNIE HAMLET.

Mary Newbold, who is living in Paris, says:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I like my home very much. I have grown quite a bit since last year. I went to the Sunday school picnic about a month ago. There were all kinds of games, and they had races, and I won ten cents for each. I went to the Baptist picnic too. Beatrice Cross invited me to hers, and I invited her to mine. We have electric lights in our church, and it looks very nice, and my mother is getting on. I went to Beaufort last week. I had a very nice time. I am

The Whisperer

ONCE there was a famous horse-trainer in Ireland. He would steal up close to the most vicious animal, lay a hand on its shoulder, speaking fond, soothing words. In a little while he had his arm round the horse's neck and was whispering something.

The country people were foolish enough to fancy there was some charm in the words he breathed into the horse's ear, and so there was, but not as they thought. They called the man "The Whisperer." He refused to tell his secret, for he made money by it, and if he gave it away it would ruin his business.

Before he died, however, he said "I had no secret but kindness."

People are often very cruel to young animals, but kindness will conquer

them. Two things must be carefully avoided—either breaking their spirit or spoiling their tempers. You can train animals or birds when they are young, and get a great deal of fun out of it; but you must be patient, going over the same thing again and again, and always with good humour. If you get cross you will scare them and they will not want another lesson.

Our pets have will of their own and a streak of obstinacy, a vicious habit. Do not coax them by beating and make them squeak round your ankles. Teach them to love you, and loving they will obey. Love will be repaid by their learning the rules of life, and by being pleased by your friendliness. In every new venture go to *Life by Mr. L. C. L. C.*

Toronto Topics

It seems such a very little time ago since we were planning summer holidays for one and another, making arrangements "just until September," and looking forward to Exhibition week and all the visitors we hoped to have; and now all these pleasures are things of the past and summer is over, which means settling down to regular work for the winter. We are glad to be in harness again, and during the coming months we hope for a very happy time with our girls, both on Sundays when they visit us and when we go to visit them in their homes. Summer holidays are very nice, but the Sundays seemed quite lonely, and it was a real delight to be back again and see my girls—such a number, too, as came to greet me on the first Sunday! We sat down to tea a company of fifty

just enough to fill one long table in the big tent, and two or three brought bunches of flowers, so that it was quite a pretty sight. A few called during the afternoon who could not stay for tea, and others came in the evening, and all were most welcome. Perhaps one or two who had not been over for a long time were specially so, for we miss the faces of one and another when they drop out for a while.

Isabella Sewell had been away a long time, and Elfrida Mohrman and Evelyn Smith too; but they all looked stronger and better since their last visit. The two Steele sisters, Lizzie looking well and so different from last year, and Rose much quieter and more womanly. The two Donelly's just as usual, except that Clara was looking ill and tired, evidently needing a rest, which we were so glad to be able to get for her for two weeks in Muskoka. Alice Kelly, so bright and lively, not a bit like her old self. Mary Eddy, so steady as old time. Hannah Price, looking stronger and healthier all the time. Charlotte King and Gilbert Parsons, who always seem bright and happy. Ann Hodge, who came out of her vacation two weeks earlier than usual, and returned to us looking much better than when she left.

two very quiet girls who are waking up into nice, bright young women, and Annie Brooks, such a tall girl, who is doing well and improving in looks and ways.

Mabel Bird and Evelyn Barth, Dora Guthrie and Sarah Seaby, Lizzie Goodbody and Alice Hepburn are growing such great girls we shall have to take them off the list of "little ones," and we hope and believe that they are growing in goodness too and becoming useful, reliable young girls. We must not forget our newer sisters, Daisy Compton, who is now quite strong and well; Lauris Addis, who should be a very capable, useful maid now; Mary Cobb, who had then lately come into the city and has since done splendidly well; Nellie Miller, who came to us from Weston, and Clara Shimmon, from St. Catharines, who need good companions to lead them in the right way. Josephine Appleby and Lizzie Drury were also among the guests. Last, but not by any means least, I must mention Mabel Williamson, and it is with a feeling of most grateful appreciation of her faithful care and unflinching good temper and cheerfulness while keeping house and caring for all comers, the good and the whole as well as sick and naughty ones, that we speak of her. It is impossible to mention each one by name, but it was such a pleasure to welcome them all, and we hope they will all come often. Our earnest desire is that each of our girls may feel that we have a personal interest in her and wish to help and cheer her all we can. There is often apt to be a good deal of silly tattle and gossip going on among a number of girls, but it is always best to pay no heed to it, but let us each one try honestly to do our duty as in God's sight and not mind what others say, and, above all, not repeat it. There are just one or two little things more, but I am afraid the Editor will be young and hot to get up and getting out his pen.

How nice it is to see the girls who have been so long away from home, and

from her trip to England, and is feeling so very well after the change. I have not had the heart yet to ask when she can spare us a Sunday, for, of course, her mother comes first; but I know she will come very soon. Then, too, Miss Code, whom so many have wanted to see again for so long, is in Canada, and by the time this reaches our readers we expect she will have seen a good many of our Toronto girls and be able to take home good reports to the Doctor of their being happy and doing well.

all our girls will consider themselves invited just the same. The Editor is talking now about having the country girls in for Christmas; but perhaps that's a secret, and we ought not to have mentioned it yet.

It has often of late been a source of real satisfaction to hear the testimony of so many people to the worth and goodness of our girls. One lady came to me for a girl. She was "so tired of City girls," she would not have any if not one of our's, and it was a very nice place. Strange to say, one of my girls



Annie Prior.



Bessie Kitton and Her Charges.

We have re-commenced the sewing class on Thursday evenings, and hope to have good gatherings. Next number we hope to introduce our new sisters, but have not space this time.

We must not, however, forget to say how pleased we were to welcome the girls who came in from the country for the Exhibition week and whom we entertained during their stay. We hope they all enjoyed themselves and will come again another year. It was a little disappointing that many of us were able to come, but we had hope that next year the invitation will reach them sooner and even if Uncle Sam Dow should be a little late in coming

did apply there, and not saying she was a Home girl, was refused. Another person telephoned that a nurse who had been at the house had spoken of having lived in five different houses where our girls were and said they were in each case most satisfactory. A friend told me I need to complain about Alice a good deal, but since I have been sick she has been my greatest comfort and everything has been just the same as if I were at home. One of our country girls, Miss McClellan, has been to see me and says she is very glad to be in the Home and that she is very happy. I hope to see her soon and to get her to stay with me for a while.

even nearly so, they must be a real comfort in whatever home they go to. Even our little ones get their share of praise. "Annie is perfectly satisfactory," said Mrs. R. the other day. "I could not want a better little girl." It seems to me that as the girls realize more the necessity for keeping up their good name, and if they will only each one be careful of their conduct both in the house and on the streets, we may hope that this reputation will be everywhere established.

Among our important events we must mention Sarah Dean's marriage, which took place on the evening of October 21st, and at the same time take the opportunity to wish her every success and happiness in her new life. Then, too, we have had the pleasure of seeing Margaret Buck in her new home—such a cosy little house, of which she is very proud. She too has our sincere good wishes for her future. Among the correspondence, I find a letter from Louie Mackay, who is in England. She tells of her situation there as nurse, and seems to be gaining health and strength. Lizzie Tracy, who writes from Manitoba, appears to have become quite an accomplished house-keeper: can bake and wash and iron, and is earning \$10 a month. Jessie Gregg, who writes very happily and brightly of her home, and Catherine Abram, who is still in Brampton, and sends her love to all her old friends. She is studying shorthand and hopes to take typewriting later on, so she must be working pretty hard. All will be glad to hear, as some of you know already, that Josephine Livingstone's sister, Kathleen, came out with the last party and is living near her. It is so nice for sisters to be near together.

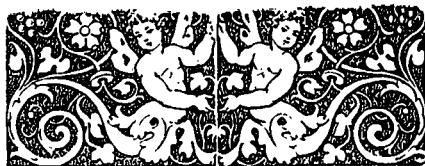
The letter that follows will, we are quite sure, be pleasant reading to all

our Toronto girls. Bessie has given us a chatty little account of her trip to England, to which she went and returned with Miss Kennedy. Needless to say we were delighted to have her back again in the family, and hope we shall see plenty of her during the winter. Bessie is one of the sort who are welcome wherever they go:

"S. S. COLONIAN," NEAR PORTLAND.

DEAR GIRLS,—As Mr. Owen asked me if I would like to write a letter on my trip to England, I said "yes," for I enjoy writing to our dear UPS AND DOWNS. Miss Kennedy crossed over the same time that I did. She was very kind to me, and the voyage was beautiful; we had such fine weather. The boat we sailed on was the *New England*, from Boston. We sailed on the 27th of August. But do you know, girls, I would far rather live in Canada. England is all right for a visit, but I shall be glad to be back in my old place in Toronto. My mistress told me I could go back if I wished to, and I shall go gladly; will be there before this is in print. My mistress is very kind to me. I like my place fine. There are two little boys, whom I think a great deal of. I spent my holiday at my boarding-out place, where my sister came and spent a week with me. We had a most delightful time together, my only disappointment being that my sister was not coming back to Canada with me. The last day of my holidays was spent at the Village Home. I did enjoy it. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey are still there. Miss Stent is still in the Village, but in different work, Miss Code taking her place in sending the girls to Canada. Those of you who remember Miss Laing, of Ilex Cottage, will be pleased to know she is still there, and sends her love to her girls. She made it very pleasant for me. We have had a delightful trip coming over to Canada. The weather has been nice, and besides Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Miss Edith, are very kind to all. Then we ought to feel proud, for Miss Code has come for a holiday, and Miss Kennedy is returning. I don't know how we should get along without Mr. Owen, who takes prayers both morning and evening. I am sure those who know Mrs. Owen will be pleased to have her back in Toronto again, where we naughty girls can bother her. Now I will close, or you will grow tired of reading. I remain, yours truly,
BESSIE KUTON.

EMILIE G. OWEN



Our Sunday Hour

There is wine will under the skin.

THE coming of winter, with the comparative leisure that it brings to those employed, as are most of the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*, and the thought of long winter evenings, and parties, and festivities, and social gatherings, raise in many of our minds questions not easy to answer as to what amongst various amusements and indulgences is wrong and harmful, and what can be enjoyed innocently and without feeling that we are acting inconsistently or bringing shame upon the name of Christ or dishonour to His cause.

In our own experience these questions are of daily occurrence. What is the harm in a game of cards? What is there more sinful in a rubber of whist than a game of chess? Why is dancing so strongly disapproved by certain Christians when it is spoken of in the Bible without condemnation and is regarded by many worthy people in the present day as a healthy and graceful accomplishment? What harm is there in a man taking his glass of beer, and what can there be to find fault with in his enjoying his pipe in moderation? What is there wrong in going to the theatre, and are not many people of high standing in the religious world often to be seen at the play? Why should a Christian man or woman be thought out of place at a ball, a card party or a football match? Why are we to set all sorts of limitations upon the enjoyment of our lives, and where are Christians bidden to go through the world with long faces, condemning and standing aloof from their fellow men? Did we not find our Master when on earth sharing in the enjoyment and festivities of the society amongst which He moved? Was He not a guest at the marriage feast and was not the first exhibition of His supernatural power the replenishing by a miracle

lous process of the stock of wine that had been exhausted, and graciously saving the host from the embarrassment that would have been caused by the failure of the supply? Do not the people who are most prone to sit in judgment upon others in respect of these amusements and indulgences commit far worse offences under the cloak of religion? Do they not often display a bitterness and intolerance, an eagerness to condemn in their attitude toward what they regard as the weaknesses or vices of their brethren, that discovers an unloveliness character, an un-Christ-like spirit that is far more intolerable than the very worst of these vices and follies? Were not the Pharisees the most scrupulous of all the Jewish community in respect of outward observance, the most rigid in the correctness of their lives, what we should now call the most Puritanical of men, and yet was it not for them that our Lord reserved His most unsparring condemnation, His sternest anathemas? Is there not some definite rule laid down for our guidance, and how can we make it apply to all the various circumstances under which these questions force themselves upon us? We cannot, if we are sincere, rest content with condemning or abstaining from certain things that from our training or circumstances or mental habits we have no taste for, and choosing to regard as harmless or venial those that we enjoy and which are habitual to us. If we do this, we shall soon involve ourselves in inconsistencies, and our conscience must condemn us. Some of us have no doubt, heard the story of the bishop who felt called upon to admonish with the vicar of a parish in his diocese upon his failures in fox-hunting. "Well, my Lord," said the clergyman, "I do not see that fox-hunting is any worse than fox-hunting. The vicar said the bishop was

that you heard of my being at Lady's ball the other night; but I can assure you that I was never at any time in the room with the dancers." "Well, my Lord," was the reply, "I can also assure you that I and my old nag are both so old that we are never in the same field with the hounds." What would the Divine Head of the Church have laid down as the rule for the fox-hunting parson and the society-loving bishop, and what is His bidding in respect of all these things to those who would take His yoke upon them and learn of Him? He cannot have left us without guidance; "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." We believe the answer to all such questions as we have suggested, and the standard by which, in the light of truth and conscience, we are to test the right or wrong, the innocence or harmfulness, the lawfulness and the expediency of our earthly pleasures, pursuits and indulgences, is found in the passage, hard to understand and still harder to accept, in which our Lord bids us to cut off the right hand or pluck out the right eye if it offend. "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it out from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell; and if thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee, for it is better for thee to enter into life maimed than having two hands to go into hell into the fire that never shall be quenched." To offend, as used in this sense, is to cause to stumble, and our Lord would teach us that if the things that seem most necessary, most a part of our being, are a hindrance to us in the heavenly way, they should forever be cast from us. Life is a march toward a goal, a journey toward a home, a narrow path often steep and difficult and beset with snares and pitfalls. There are foes on all hands, alert, treacherous, waiting for our halting, eager for our fall. To stand still is danger, to go back is death, we must ever press onward, press

toward the mark. Our own heart, our own conscience, the experience of each day, tell us what things they are that cause us to stumble, that make the upward path of duty and of service difficult or impossible and that draw us aside into the by-paths of sin where the foe of our souls waits for our destruction. We must not shirk the issue, for it is a question of life or death. We must answer each one for himself before God and his own soul the question regarding every amusement, occupation, companionship, pursuit, taste, ambition of life—is it or is it not a cause for stumbling, a hindrance, an obstacle in the path that we must tread if we would inherit eternal life? and if it is, then, even at such a sacrifice, at the cost of such suffering as the plucking out of the right eye of the body, the rending off of the right hand, Christ bids us put it from us. The loss may indeed be great, it may seem a maiming, a darkening of our lives, to do without what we have cherished and rejoiced in as the right hand and the right eye; but better this than that we should stumble and fall from the heavenly path and should be drawn down into the hell of age-long agony and remorse, to be led captive by the devil at his will, to become the slave of our own lusts and appetites, to be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, to lose our inheritance in the kingdom of Christ. "What shall it profit a man," says our Lord, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and what shall it profit us, nay, how great will be our loss, if, for the sake of some passing enjoyment, the pleasure of an hour, we raise a cloud between our souls and the sunshine of our Father's love, and entangle ourselves in the yoke of Satan's bondage? We are not bidden, we are not permitted, to judge for others what is or is not for them a cause of stumbling; we have each one for himself to answer before God. As Christians we are under no bondage to the law contained in ordinances. We have

known the truth, and the truth hath made us free. We rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God; but we are bidden to see to it that we use not our liberty as a cloak of maliciousness. We are not to look upon religion, upon Christianity, as shutting us off from earthly enjoyments, amusements, recreations; but we are to place first and foremost the service of our Master, Christ, and obedience to His will, and he bids us give up and cast from us all and everything that would

hinder the full consecration of our lives to Him; to leave all undone that we cannot do in the name of the Lord Jesus, to deny ourselves and take up our cross daily and follow Him.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close to God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO "UPS AND DOWNS"? IF NOT, DO SO NOW: SHORT RECKONINGS MAKE LONG FRIENDS

Long Printer's Bills and Long Lists of Delinquent Subscribers make a very bad combination. We dislike dunning, but must urgently request those in arrears to **PAY UP PROMPTLY**

Barnardo Old Boys' Society

A REASON why you should become a member of B. O. B. S. :

BECAUSE it is a duty you
OWE to the Institutions that
BE-FRIENDED you in time of need.
SO swell our ranks by signing and sending in
Application printed below to

ALFRED G. SMITH, Secy. 17, FINE, BOBBY, 24, FINE, 25, FINE, 17, FINE

APPLICATION

I being a member of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society,
do hereby become a member of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society.

Signature

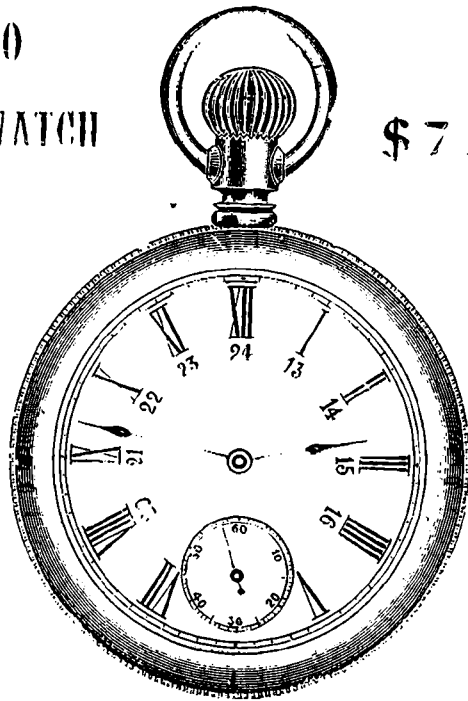
Date

OLD BARNARDO

BOYS WATCH

PRICE ONLY

\$7.50



GUARANTEED
IN EVERY
RESPECT FOR
TWO YEARS

ADMITTED THE
BEST VALUE
OBTAINABLE

SOLID SILVER.
IN DAILY USE
ON THE FARMS
THROUGHOUT
CANADA.

MAILED TO ANY
ADDRESS

B. & H. B. KENT, 144 YONGE ST TORONTO

McMurrich, Hodgins & McMurrich

W. McMurrich, K.C., Esq., F.R.S.C.
L. D. McMurrich, B.A.

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc

Globe Chambers, 5 Melinda Street
Toronto

TELEPHONE MAIN No. 642.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTIES AT
LOW RATES



ALL GIRLS AND BOYS
Should come and see the
BEAUTIFUL PHOTOS

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

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

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

FOUR PASSENGER SERVICES:

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

With the opening of next season's navigation, a regular
Weekly Passenger Service will be maintained by
the following twin screw Steamers:

... KENSINGTON, ... SOUTHWARD ...

CORRELAND TO LIVERPOOL

... CANTON ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...

... ...



COAL and WOOD

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

WILLIAMS & CO
... ..