

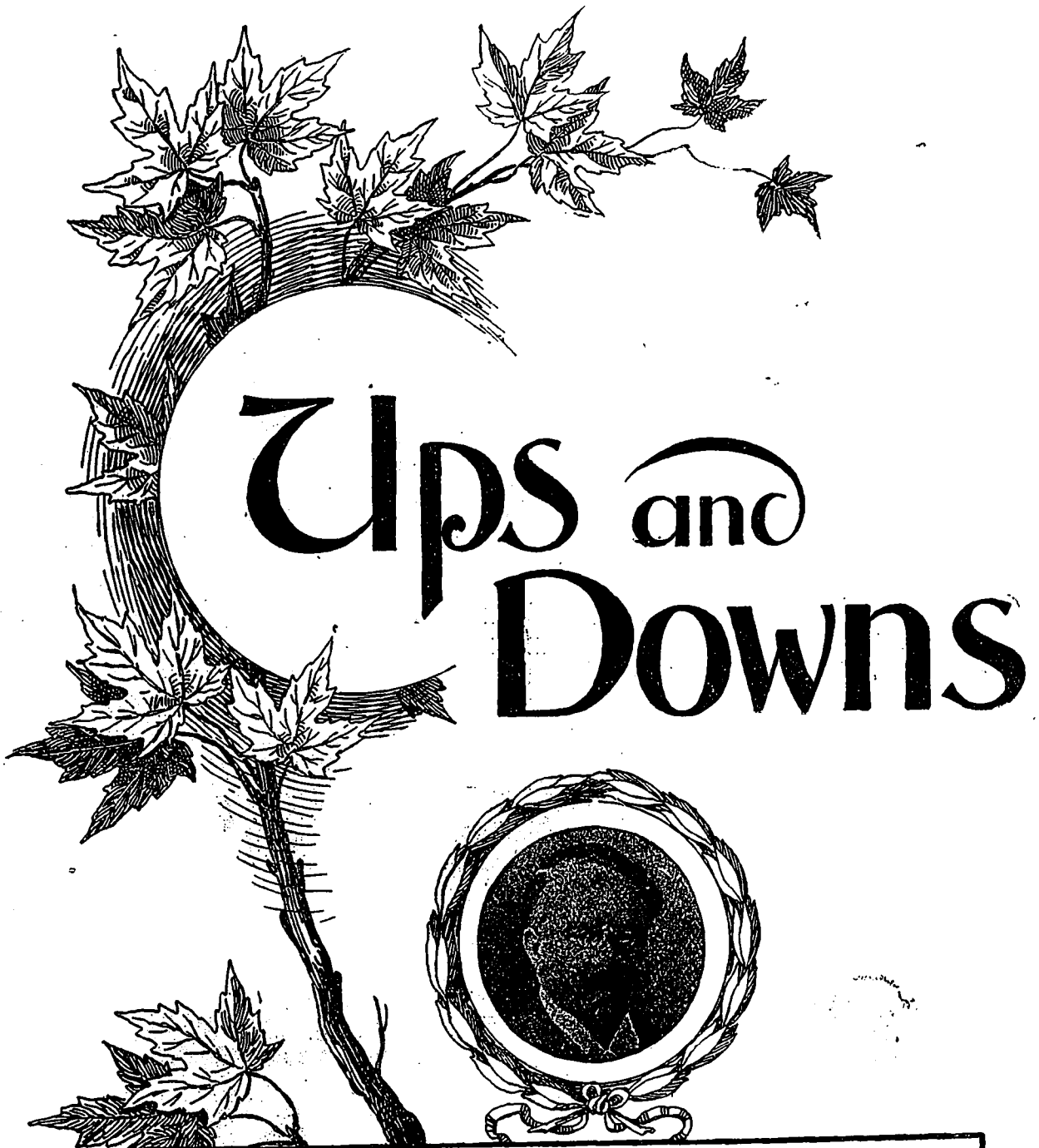
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# Tips and Downs



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES  
OF DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

Published Monthly.

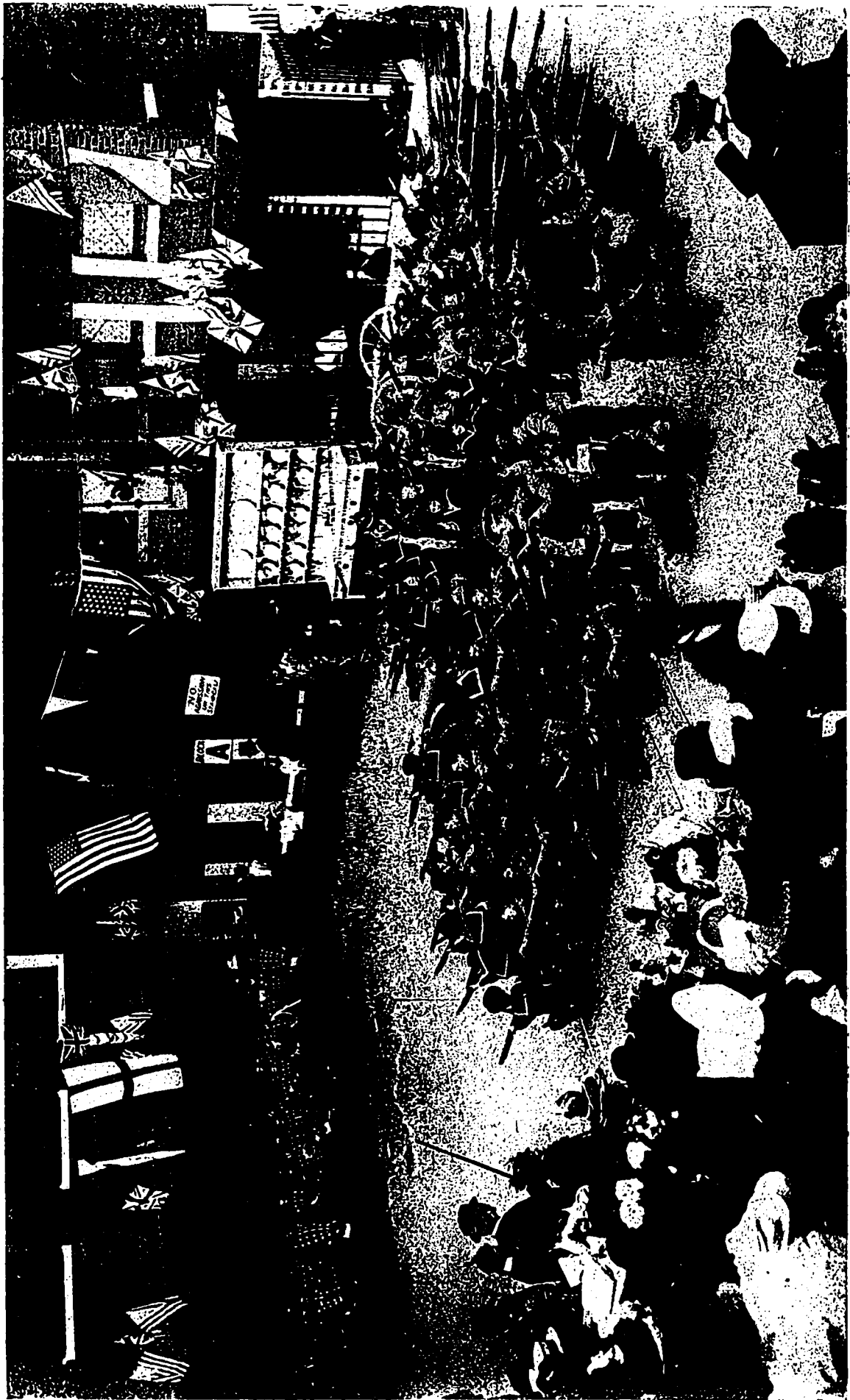
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214 FARLEY AVE., TORONTO.

25 CENTS per Annum.

## OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

The names of those who are those of 100 boys who are in England with  
the first Migration Party of 1881

NAME	ENVELOPE	POSTAL ADDRESS
Alexander, Albert	Mr. William Perryman	Hawkestone, Ont.
Bacon, Robert	Mr. Isaac Brickles	Coleman, Ont.
Booty, William Henry	Mr. John Neilson	Yeovil, Ont.
Bryant, Benjamin	Mr. William H. Irvine	Palmyra, Ont.
Bevan, James	Mr. William Scott	Forest, Ont.
Biggs, Thomas Edward	Mr. James Balmer	The Grange, Ont.
Brown, Wallace	Mr. William Ritchie	Bowling Green, Ont.
Brownell, George	Mrs. Edward Toms	Norwood, Ont.
Birt, Joseph	Mr. James Hewitt, Jr.	Mount Forest, Ont.
Brock, Henry Douglas	Mr. Wm. Jos. Giffels	Sarnia, Ont.
Baddiley, James Victor	Mr. Samuel A. Richmond	Meaford, Ont.
Burley, Philip	Mr. Jas. McCorquodale	Holiday, Ont.
Britton, William Andrew	Mr. Aaron Marshall	Fenwick, Ont.
Cooper, John Neville	Mr. James Boyle	Colchester, Ont.
Cooper, Gilbert Cecil	Mr. Ernest M. Fox	Oxley, Ont.
Coleman, Arthur James	Geo. A. Sayers, Esq.	Chatham, Ont.
Carrick, Joseph	Mr. A. D. Markham	Tralee, Ont.
Coles, Charles Frederick	Mrs. Wm. Clarke, Jr.	Bardsville, Ont.
Climpson, George F.	Mr. James Blair	Pakenham, Ont.
Christy, John	Mr. John Rendall	Loree, Ont.
Dunkley, Charles Hy.	Mr. Samuel G. Gourlay	Diamond, Ont.
Dando, William John	Mr. Jas. Bossence	Granton, Ont.
Davies, James Ernest	Mr. Herbert S. Horneck	Tilbury Centre, Ont.
Dance, Albert James	Mr. Wm. Davidson	Lang, Ont.
Down, Herbert Edwin	Mr. John T. Manley	Bowling Green, Ont.
Dillon, Rupert John	Mr. John Wallace	Ruscombe Station, Ont.
Dawson, Tom Bellinger	Mr. Gordon L. Rusk	Omemeo, Ont.
Fincham, Frederick H.	Mr. Frank E. Davis	New Durham, Ont.
Fletcher, Thomas Albert	Mr. James W. Howe	Pakenham, Ont.
Ferris, James	Mr. Kenneth McNaughton	Walkerton, Ont.
Fawcett, Robert David	Mr. Wm. A. Henderson	Ailsa Craig, Ont.
Fedrick, Ernest	Mr. Lachlan Campbell	Campbellton, Ont.
Finch, Albert	Mr. Wm. R. Lytle	Farewell, Ont.
Greentree, Frederick A.	Mr. John McKie	Glenmorris, Ont.
Goodfellow, William	Mr. Charles Gray	Laurel, Ont.
Greaves, Albert	Mr. Wm. W. Warnock	Marsville, Ont.
Gibbs, Joseph	Mr. Chas. A. Reeb	Port Colborne, Ont.
Giddings, William S.	Mr. Albert J. Souch	Kendall, Ont.
Golder, William Arthur	Mr. William H. Leask	Greenbank, Ont.
Hemming, John Henry	Mr. Andrew Touchborne	Oil Springs, Ont.
Hill, Thomas	Mr. Archibald Crawford	Shedden, Ont.
Hopkins, Alfred R. J.	Mr. John L. D. McKenzie	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Hopkins, Alfred John	Mr. Jas. G. Connerty	Jasper, Ont.
Haley, Albert Robert	Mr. Samuel James	Hazeldean, Ont.
Harvey, Henri	Mr. Campbell Dow	Gowrie, Ont.
Hook, Henry William	Mr. Robert M. McNeil	St. Pauls, Ont.
Hawley, William David	Mrs. Margaret Wright	Niagara, Ont.
Hughes, Ernest	Mr. John Gourlay	Huntley, Ont.
Hicks, Walter Edward	Mr. Wm. Pitman Hand	Stittsville, Ont.
Hungerford, Charles E.	Mr. Isaac J. Bowins	Norland, Ont.
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Jennings, Charles	Mr. Walter T. Westray	109 Dundas St., London Ont.
Jackson, Albert William	Mr. Fred G. Haynes	Port Stanley, Ont.
Knight, William V. T.	Mr. Jos. J. Spackman	Frome, Ont.
Lovell, David	Mr. Lewis Dornton	South Woodlee, Ont.
Lackington, Oscar	Mr. Andrew Knox	South Dummer, Ont.
Maddon, Horace	Mr. Frederick Harding	Thorndale, Ont.
Mintern, Benjamin Geo.	Mr. Wm. B. Aikins	Dunedin, Ont.
Muir, Sidney	Mr. Hugh Griffith	Milton, Ont.
Marks, Abraham	Mr. A. J. Fryer	Lawrence Station, Ont.
Mead, George	Mr. Wm. Hy. Spencer	Guilda, Ont.
Mitchell, Frederick	Mr. Alex. A. McDonald	Vigo, Ont.
Mitchell, John	Mr. Freeman More	Otterville, Ont.
Maddocks, Harry	Mr. Eli Day	Thamesford, Ont.
McKercher, Walter	Messrs. C. & J. White	Bethany, Ont.
Murdock, Charles	Mr. John Weeks	Caldwell, Ont.
Myers, George	Mr. Wm. H. Connell	Omemeo, Ont.
Newport, Henry	Mr. Alfred J. Barton	Fallowfield, Ont.
New, Percy	Mr. Andrew S. Newell	Box 565, Springfield, Ont.
Newman, Harold	Mr. Dugald Shaw	Rodney, Ont.
Pearce, Sidney James	Mr. John A. Robertson	St. Marys, Ont.
Portass, James	Mr. Ninian F. McCrean	Andrewsville, Ont.
Parkes, Philip	Mr. Robert McFarland	Perth, Ont.
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Packer, Edwin Leonard	Mr. Joseph Marshall	Summerville, Ont.
Pickup, Alfred George	Mr. Robert Johnston	Winfield, Ont.
Pickup, Francis H.	Mr. James Johnston	Winfield, Ont.
Pilling, Thomas	Mr. George W. Beatty	Forest, Ont.
Payne, George	Mr. Manson Hall	Orangeville, Ont.
Poole, William	Mr. Philip Fox	Ruthven, Ont.
Peters, Thomas	Mr. Dawson Elliott	Haley's Station, Ont.
Page, Henry William	Mr. Robert Grey	Ballyduff, Ont.
Rabajotti, Sidney P.	Mr. Frederick Shumaker	Williamsford, Ont.
Ritchie, David	Mr. Thomas Elgie	Dawn Mills, Ont.
Rea, James	Mr. John Sutton	Union, Ont.
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Rotheram, John	Mr. John Jackson	Elba, Ont.
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Shillito, Edward A.	Mr. Thomas Shillingford	Ottawa, Ont.
Searle, George Charles	Mr. Balthasar Heilman	Rodney, Ont.
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Smith, John Henry O.	Mr. Sinclair A. Robertson	Shirley, Ont.
Stroud, Edward John	Mr. C. W. Roberts	New Canaan, Ont.
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Founder's Fete, Day—Little Men in Khaki.

# UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. VII.—No. 4]

TORONTO, MARCH 1st, 1902.

[PER ANNUM, 25c.

## Editorial Notes

“HEARING you are the representative of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, I write to make an application, wishing to obtain a good strong lad of fourteen to sixteen years of age.” So reads, with slight variation, letter after letter that we receive at this season of the year by every morning, mid-day and afternoon mail. Sometimes we have a dozen at a time, sometimes fifty. The telephone and the door-bell are continually ringing on the same mission, and “wanted boys” would seem to be the cry throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. We have said in past years that the demand has beaten the record; but up to date in the present year all previous figures have been far and away outstript; and never have we known in our experience anything approaching the present demand we might say, outcry—for boy help. “Why don't you get a move on and go to work and bring enough out and supply the people?” said one indignant gentleman, whom we were obliged to inform that we can take no more applications for big boys, and that all but the smallest boys that we are likely to have to place are bespoken. We should have to make large additions to our clerical staff to answer all our application letters if it were not for the help of circular letters which suffice to reply to the majority of our correspon-

dents, and by this means enable us to deal promptly with the mass of manuscript matter that comes in each day, and to convey to the writers our regretful inability to meet their requirements, or only after a long period of their patience.

### Degrees and Varieties of Impertunity.

Our would-be clients approach us in many and various ways. Not a few of our correspondents appear to imagine that we keep boys hung round our establishment like sides of beef or quarters of mutton round a butcher's shop, and that they only need to describe with elaborate detail the kind of being they require, stating the size, weight, colour of hair and other particulars, to have it handed down and to be served forthwith. Some wish us to believe that their sole or principal object in taking a boy is to succour the orphan and provide a home for the friendless, the particular orphan and friendless one whom we are to select as the object of their benevolent aspirations to be, of course, a strong, able, well grown lad of fourteen or upwards. Our answers to these gentry almost always begin with a polite expression of regret. Many of our correspondents are prompt, business-like and practical in their communications, others much the reverse. Some write very long letters, other very short post-cards. Occasionally

we are brought to do something to supply help, and quite touching appeals are made to our sympathy; not infrequently we are informed that the applicant, although unfavourably inclined towards the boys, has decided, after due consideration, to give one a trial, provided we undertake to send one who shall be—and here follows a list of as many of the moral and Christian virtues as occur to the writer's mind. Others—probably gentlemen of ripe and extensive experience in the political world—have an idea that we can be bought with a price, and hint more or less obscurely that it will be made worth our while to supply them to their satisfaction. So far, we are proud to say, we have been proof against such blandishments, and with a view to future transactions in the making of agreements, payment of wages when due, etc., regard those who would thus allure us from the path of integrity as good people to avoid.



**Precautions  
and  
Safeguards**

OUR general principle in dealing with applications is primarily to secure the best, most desirable and most promising openings for our lads, and then, all other things being equal, to follow the rule "first come first served," applying this rule to the order in which the application forms are returned to us. We ask everyone whose application is entertained to fill up a form, giving particulars as to their exact location, post office, township, etc., occupation and church membership, and the name of minister or magistrate (the former preferred) who can testify to the applicant's position and character and suitability to have a boy entrusted to his care. As soon as we are in possession of the name of the person we are to refer to, we send this person another form in which he is requested to specify the length of time he has been personally acquainted with the applicant, and is asked a series of questions as to his reputation and standing, which, if answered conscientiously and accurately, should make it almost impossible for us to take on to

our list a person of ill repute or unsatisfactory character. Needless to say, all information given us in response to these enquiries is regarded as strictly confidential and privileged. We invite our correspondents to give us, on behalf of our lads, the full benefit of their knowledge and opinion, and if they do so, their confidence must be respected and they must not be involved in any unpleasantness on account of their having supplied us, at our request, with information about a person in their neighbourhood which has perhaps saved us from sending a boy to a home where he would be unhappy or exposed to undesirable influences.



**Helps towards  
the Cost of  
Distribution.**

ALL persons who are supplied with boys are charged a fee of three dollars as a contribution to the expenses of sending the boys out. This charge is generally regarded as a very moderate impost, and is readily paid by our clients. It covers, on an average, the railway fares from Toronto or Winnipeg, as the case may be, to the points to which the boys are consigned. The railway companies very kindly allow us a slight reduction from the ordinary local fares available from each of our distributing points, and, needless to say, this concession is gratefully appreciated and, in the course of the year, saves us a considerable sum of money.



**Terms  
and  
Conditions.**

THE conditions on which the boys are placed, and under which their services are engaged, necessarily vary according to their age, size, strength and capability. We have no idea of resolving ourselves into an agency for the supply of cheap labour. We aim to secure for every boy, big or little, the full market value of the work that he performs, and to see that he receives it either in the shape of board, clothing, education or cash. On the other hand, we endeavour to guard against making our demands exorbitant or giving an excuse to a hard driving employer to overwork a boy in order to get value for what he

has to pay him. Our boys are not sent out to become drudges. They all have to work, and, at times, work hard. The season on the Canadian farms is short, and in a country where grain is some times twice in the bag within ninety days there is much to do and little time to do it in. But there is all the difference in the world between hard work and drudgery, and if we have reason to believe that a youngster is being overtaxed or hardly driven, we are prompt to interfere. In making arrangements with employers, we allow, in every case, a month's trial before any binding contract is entered into, so that the employer may be able to test the boy's capabilities and his fitness for the place, and that we may see, on the other hand, how the lad is going to settle himself. At the end of the month we draw up the agreements, containing in each case the terms that appear to us fair and reasonable to both master and man. In fixing these terms we have to put on our best thinking cap, and it is a task that we always approach with a sense of important responsibility. We refer to our notes taken on the voyage and take into careful consideration the boy's size, physical strength, intelligence, and also the character of situation and the amount and kind of work that are likely to be required from him.



**Length of Engagement.**

THE younger the boy the longer, as a rule, the term of engagement. We have no faith in making short engagements for young boys. They have to become acclimatized, to learn their business and to get into the ways of the country, and while a boy is doing all this, we consider it far better for him to be settled in one place, which he will regard as a permanent home and where he will be made one of the family and grow up as a child of the household, than to be looked upon as a hiring by the month or year. The idea of being "let out" has unpleasant suggestions, and the term falls harshly upon democratic ears. But we find for young boys the usual term of an adaptation and apprenticeship

indenture, which the spirit and terms of our agreement are intended to embody, is the wisest and best method of placing them on their first start in the country. Every agreement confers the right upon the employer to close the engagement and return the boy to the Home by giving a month's notice in writing, and we reserve to ourselves the same privilege of closing the engagement, with the further proviso that we can do so summarily and without notice if we should have reason to believe that a boy is being ill-treated.



**Wages and Settlements.**

For the older boys different arrangements are made. The terms of engagement are, of course, much shorter, and we stipulate for their receiving so much wages for the year, generally divided over the eight busy months of the season and increasing each year if the term of hiring is for longer than a year. They pay for their own clothing out of their wages, so that they have no inducement to lay out their money to the best advantage and practice care and economy. All amounts advanced by the employer are kept strict account of, and we require a statement of this account at the end of the term of service, which we closely scrutinize to see that no boy is taken advantage of. There are cases in which such a scrutiny is very necessary and useful and has brought very remarkable transactions to light—second hand garments charged to boys at the price of new, or cheap, trashy watches, jewellery or fire arms sold to them at exorbitant figures, sometimes an old horse figures amongst the items, with further charges for his keep on a scale that would maintain a Derby winner. Such cases are exceptional, however, in the accounts submitted to us, possibly because they have to be thus submitted, and we can do with pleasure that a well-conducted boy are honestly and honestly and generously dealt with, and there are many farmers who are kind and just and make it their business to attempt to do good, that is, to put a good word in for a condition of things as it is.

our boys are subjected to these good sweaters for the saving to them of many dollars which is the cost of their clothing.



**Paddling  
their Own  
Canoe.**

OUR custom is to make the first bargain for each boy, whether it covers a short or long engagement, and afterwards leave him to make his own arrangements; of course, with the understanding that he can look to us for advice or help if he needs it in connection with any of these arrangements. Our idea is to keep our young charges in leading strings only as long as it is necessary, and to encourage them to act independently as soon as they have acquired sufficient experience and knowledge of the country to do so sensibly and intelligently. And wonderfully soon many of our boys reach that stage of advancement. Some naturally lack self-dependence, and if left to control their affairs, will almost always be victimized or take the advice of the least desirable counsellors; but most of our lads develop an amount of shrewdness and ability to look after their own interests that is remarkable for young fellows of their age, and which is one of the satisfactory results of their training. A boy who grows up in a community of Canadian farmers early learns the value of a dollar and how to make and how to keep it, and if he is not a pretty fair hand at a bargain after serving an apprenticeship on the average Ontario farm, he has sorely missed his opportunities and signally failed to profit from the example of those about him.



**At a Glance  
Astuteness**

WE are often and greatly amused by the proceedings of some of our more knowing ones who receive such confidence, and by the way in which a master and man will have to do with the subject of hiring. The time for a new engagement draws near, each man willing to give the other the advantage of having the best hire available. Each will see each other with him, and each will do what he can to get the best of the bargain. It is a

if some of our young friends were from Aberdeen itself where, we understand, they keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands upon, and where the only Jew whom history records to have attempted to open business there had to give up the town in despair of gain--they could not be more canny in their dealings or possessed with a keener eye to the main chance. Certainly they are not all like this, and we sometimes hear of very ridiculous arrangements, which we have to assert our authority and powers of guardianship to protest against and annul; but, as a rule, our boys seldom get much the worse of the deal in the bargains they make for themselves.



**Incomes  
and Savings**

IN the hirings we have heard of so far for the coming season, the rate of wages has been very satisfactory. Two hundred dollars for the year is not an uncommon figure, and from that down to a hundred and fifty is the general run for lads who are competent farm hands. If we translate these figures into English currency for the benefit of our readers in the Old Country, it means that our lads, many of whom are youngsters of sixteen or seventeen years of age, can live comfortably, eating and drinking of the best, clothing themselves respectably and not hurting themselves with work, but having plenty of recreation and enjoyment, and put by at the end of the year from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds. We wonder how many farm labourers, factory hands, or even mechanics at home could do this in one year or a dozen, though the standard of living and the social position they occupy are far lower than amongst our lads on the farms in Canada.



WE are also glad to find that the rate of wages in the coal-pits will have risen in England on the 1st of March, and thus be better than elsewhere. It is a pity that the same criterion ought to be in force here, for the present number of unemployed in the present depression is a large one, and the present rate of wages is not high enough to meet the



are sure that all our readers will wish *bon voyage* to our young travellers and a safe arrival on Canadian shores, and will also hope for them a kindly welcome in their new homes throughout the Dominion. The various Institutions were never so full as at the present time, so that we are justified in looking forward to both quantity and quality in our first party. We expect to cross by our old friend the Allan Line *Tunisian*, and to land at St. John, N.B., and if all is well, we shall hope to reach Toronto on the 31st of March. This, we fear, means a delay in the April number of UPS AND DOWNS, but our readers will understand the cause for this delay and, we hope, will bear with us accordingly.



APPROXIMATELY of the opening of another immigration season and the arrangement of matters of travelling and transport, may we permit ourselves the pleasure of acknowledging most cordially and gratefully the ever kind and ready assistance that we have received on so many occasions and under such various circumstances from the staff of the Immigration

Department in Montreal, Mr. John Hoolahan and his admirable and efficient assistants, Mr. A. Regimbal and Mr. Harry Lounguist. Nothing could exceed the good nature of Mr. Hoolahan in his willingness to be of service to us at any time when we have boys and girls passing through Montreal. Continually we have occasion to avail ourselves and, we fear, sometimes to trespass upon this kindness in the comings and goings of our boys and girls by railway and steamship; but whether by day or by night, whether on behalf of the sick or the whole, the arriving or departing, we have always been able to count on the same readiness on the part of Mr. Hoolahan to help us in our arrangements and to care for anyone committed to his charge. As for Mr. Regimbal, or "Alphonse"

if he will allow us to use the name under which we have known him almost from boyhood we venture to affirm that there is not among the rank and file of the civil service of the Dominion a man who knows his duties better or attends to them more conscientiously, and we certainly meet no one "on the road" more generally and deservedly popular alike with immigrants, officials, and the general public.

### Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to February 20th.

- Am. Friends: Mrs. J. C. ... \$1.00
- Burton, John ... \$1.00
- Bodger, John ... \$1.00
- Chas. ... \$1.00
- Cooper, John ... \$1.00
- Craddock, Alice ... \$1.00
- Fennell, ... \$1.00
- H. ... \$1.00
- H. ... \$1.00
- H. ... \$1.00

- 21 ... \$1.00
- 22 ... \$1.00
- 23 ... \$1.00
- 24 ... \$1.00
- 25 ... \$1.00
- 26 ... \$1.00
- 27 ... \$1.00
- 28 ... \$1.00
- 29 ... \$1.00
- 30 ... \$1.00
- 31 ... \$1.00
- Total \$76.45

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to February 20th.



“HELLO! hello! Is that Dr. Barnardo’s Winnipeg Home?”

“Yes. Who are you?” “Why, this is the Manitoba Farm office.” Well, we haven’t quite reached such a state of complete and *direct* communication between the office of Mr. Davis, the Secretary, at 115 Pacific Avenue, and the old Farm Home office at Barnardo. As a matter of fact, however, the two offices are connected by wire

telephone from the Farm to the railway station at Russell, five miles; telegraph to the general telegraph office of the Canadian Pacific in Main Street, Winnipeg, 223 miles; and telephone to our Pacific Avenue office, so that in an interval of three minutes a reasonable message can be transmitted between Dr. Barnardo’s town house and his interesting country seat in the extreme north western corner of the Province, and a reply returned thereto during a like space of time. It was only at the beginning of January of this year that, through the indulgence of our General Superintendent, Mr. Owen, who ordered the city connection, we were enabled to perform these wonders, and our number, dear reader, is 1550. These are wonderful days in which we live, with wireless telegraphy, airships and automatic telephones, so we wouldn’t be at all surprised should we see, one of these fine days, in Mr. Davis’ advertising card “If you want a boy bring up 1550,” or “Boys sent by pneumatic tube to any part of the Province.”

#### Manitoba Weather

North-West weather, generally speaking, is not so bad as you would expect it to be. It is not so hot in summer as it is

amusing articles on Manitoba weather, generally written by new-comers to our Province, all seriously trying to prove that the climate of the North-West is becoming milder, and that the winter of twenty and thirty years ago has left us. In point of fact, we did a little boasting in this line ourselves in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, showing from our Observatory records that the Industrial Farm is located in the Banana Belt. This mild term, however, young reader, is nothing new, and we old heads can well remember winters of twenty and twenty five years ago, when the ice on the Red River was covered with four and six inches of water on Christmas and New Year’s Day, so the writer was quite prepared, after perusing an exhaustive article, one evening in January, on the causes of the change in the Manitoba climate, to read the next morning a *Free Press* thermometer showing forty-five degrees below zero. The lads at the Farm, however, who are *really alive* seldom complain of these sudden drops in the mercury so long as they are not accompanied by severe winds, and, indeed, any young man who is comfortably clad and cannot move lively enough to keep himself warm in our winter climate under ordinary circumstances should at once be placed in some home for incurables.

#### Our Market Town

Our famous lads of the early years, who were the water on his journey, will make interested enquiries after the advancement of Russell—consequently we are going to ask the Editor of *Ups and Downs* to produce a photograph showing the building on the principal

street of our nearest town and market place. The growth of this flourishing village which, by the way, boasted hardly a score of houses at the time of the commencement of the Manitoba Farm thirteen years ago--has been steady and solid, and few, if any, enterprises have been established within its limits that have not held their own and gone on and flourished. The village has two good hotels, well heated and lighted by acetylene; two splendidly stocked general stores, doing a volume of business each year which would indeed open the eyes of many village storekeepers in Ontario and other parts of the East; two hardware stores,

extensive grain business of the district there is one large elevator and three smaller ones, besides numerous warehouses, which, like most buildings of their kind in Manitoba and the North West, are this winter continually full to their roofs; and just as these notes are being prepared for the mail, we are informed that a number of enterprising farmers of the district are about to commence the construction of another large elevator, and as the grain crops of the district were this year estimated by good authorities at nearly three-quarter of a million bushels, the writer believes that there will be plenty of use for it from the time it is covered in.



carrying the proverbial needle and anchor, with almost every useful metal article between; one remarkably well-conducted drug store, one harness shop, two blacksmith shops, besides a well-equipped steamfitter's establishment, two butcher shops, one furniture store, two lumber yards, one steam gristing mill, pump factory and shoe shop, also several restaurants, etc.

In the theological line, there are three neat little churches, of the Methodist, Church of England and Presbyterian denominations, presided over by most estimable and devout ministers of the Gospel. An excellent school building was also put up some four or five years ago, capable of accommodating four departments. To handle the

### Affairs at the Farm Home.

We are pleased to be able to write that the affairs of the Home have gone on in a most satisfactory manner during the past month. We have sent out no lads; on the other hand, the numbers in the hive have been somewhat increased by the arrival, on January 27th, of Schilling--not the bad shilling which is said to be always returning, but the creditable John Lewis Schilling, who was forced to come under the roof of the Farm Home owing to a temporary illness. Stephen Roberts also has had a slight difficulty with his employer, and Charles Dunder has been dramatic. The important part of the month

however, was that of Mr. Robert Elliott, who has taken his post in the furnace room and appears fully to appreciate his surroundings, although he says he much prefers city life and the Winnipeg Branch.

The health of the lads in the Home during the past month has been phenomenally good, our much-esteemed Medical Officer, who got rather the best of us in November, having been called in but twice since the last appearance of UPS AND DOWNS.

We are always pleased to meet Dr. Wright unofficially, although to the general run of mankind I fear one can justly apply the following verse as relates to their dealings with doctors:

"God and the doctor we adore  
When danger threatens, not before.  
The danger past, both are alike requited  
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.

And the doctor goes on as usual, and  
the patient is cured, and the doctor is paid.

for the appearance of the organization in a Russell concert hall, but has decided to make an effort to give the company a trip to Winnipeg during the Exhibition week in July, as he believes this trip would make a pleasant outing, and that the rendering of such music as the boys can now give would add wonderfully to the good reputation our young men have throughout the North-West where they are known.

**Prizemen.**

- January 19th,--1, J. C. Clarke: 2, Peter Smith; 3, Franklin.
- January 26th,--1, Anderson: 2, Thomas Smith; 3, R. Elliott.
- February 2nd,--1, Hetherington: 2, Michael Smith; 3, P. Smith.
- February 9th,--1, J. C. Clarke: 2, Thomas Smith; 3, Armistead.



**Young Helpers' League**

The tenth annual fete for the benefit of the funds of the Young Helpers' League (in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes) took place on Saturday afternoon in the Royal Albert Hall. Canon Fleming, chairman of the council of the League, who presided, was supported by the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The Bishop of Mackenzie River having offered up prayer, an entertainment was provided in the body of the hall which had been turned into an arena. A representation of Christmas Day and "Father Christmas" in the Gordon Ward at Her Majesty's Hospital St. Peter's was first given and this was followed by an action song by little girls while the choir sang "The Fish-baking Fair." After this

there were physical exercises by Leopold House boys. Canon Fleming next recited "The Bootblacks," and then came "A Day with our Boys from Reveille to Lights Out--and After." The boys were first seen in bed in the morning; they rose, dressed, washed, made their beds, had their breakfasts, attended school and played. Other meals followed, the boys retired to bed, and the representation concluded with a pillow fight and the pantomimic entrance of a master with a bitch, with which he threatened the "sleeping" boys. More action songs, scenes and choral music followed, each item on the long programme being introduced by Dr. Barnardo. *Weekly Times, Feb. 27th, 1902*

## Washed Ashore

Lossing in the surf that smothers  
It and others  
With an effervescent spume,  
Shoreward comes a splintered rudder—  
Think, and shudder  
At the shipwrecked sailors' doom!

Relic of that hapless vessel  
That did wrestle  
With the tempest's fury long,  
Till, by wind and water battered,  
It was shattered  
Where the seething surges throng

This, beneath the surface hidden,  
When the bidden  
Helmsman turned the steering gear  
To alter her course and kept her steady  
Till, trip and ready,  
At the fateful quest might be seen

But the ship, with rudder broken  
Was, when spoken  
By a craft that passed her by  
Helpless on the billows tumbling  
Near the rumbling  
Breakers on the coast of Skye

Yonder flotsam, leeward floating,  
And denoting  
That an argosy was lost,  
Was her cargo when, storm-driven,  
She was riven  
On the rocks where she was tossed

Strewn with driftwood from life's ocean  
Of commotion  
Is the gloomy Stygian strand  
Told of what fate betided  
Men unguided  
With a strong determination

With the caution  
To avoid the fatal snare,  
To the unblest current folly!  
Melancholy  
To men and what they do

## Home Chat

WE published in our last issue a picture of a threshing scene on the Manitoba farm of one of our most esteemed friends, Charles Harris by name. What's in a name? But evidently there is something in the present combination, as, strange to say, we have another Charles Harris, who, like his namesake, is settled in the North-West and making things go with no small measure of success. Friend Charles has lately favoured us with a report of the progress of his affairs that we are much pleased to pass on to our readers:

DEAR MR. OWEN,-  
I am writing once again to our wonderful magazine called UPS AND DOWNS, which, true to the title, we all have our ups and downs, for I know that I have lots of them, more than I wish for, and I dare say all of us boys have. It is a long time since I wrote to our paper, and I hope the Editor won't think I have forsaken it altogether. Well, I had 65 acres in crop last year, and I had 50 acres in wheat and 15 acres in oats. The wheat went 20 bushels to the acre while the oats went 27 bushels to the acre, so you see I had 1,000 bushels of wheat and 405 bushels of oats; but the worst of the thing was, I had the crop let on shares, and I only received half of the above; but I did well

out of my half. I paid my rent and my debts off with it. Now, Mr. Owen, I am going to tell you that I have had bad luck this winter, although it was my own fault. I have sold my homestead, because I was in very deep water, as the fellow said when he was drowning, and now I am on solid footing again, and I mean to stay there if I can at all. The way it was, I mortgaged my farm, which I advise none of our boys to do, for unless he keeps in debt they may be kept away from the mortgage company by all means. Oh I have learned a lesson and I will learn no more. I will tell you it put me here, here no more. I want to reward the boys of the paper. I will take no advice. Well, Mr. Owen, I am not

out of house or home yet, for I have bought a C.P.R. quarter-section right alongside of my homestead of 160 acres; but I won't have any crop for next year unless I break and crop the same year. I may put in a few oats that way; I don't know yet. Now, Mr. Owen, I am not married yet, but it will not be long, I hope; but if I do, you will hear tell of it. I am sorry to say I am still "baching" it, as my sister is working out; but I don't dislike it as long as I have lots to "bach" with. Now, Mr. Owen, I think I must draw this letter to a close and give someone else room for a few lines in UPS AND DOWNS. So good-bye, hoping to see this letter in the next issue of UPS AND DOWNS. Wishing you and all connected with the Homes the blessing of the season.

Alameda, Assa CHARLES W. HARRIS.



Charles Pope.

Another of our old-timers, Charles E. Carter, writing from St. Agathe, Man., after telling us his wishes about his sister in Ontario, adds:

Well I am getting along very good. I have straightened my partner's share, and that is all settled now. I have the farm, and every article belongs to me. I have got a little to pay on the farm, not much. I have got good machinery — binder 6 ft. new; mower 5 ft. new; 10 ft. hay rake, new; sleighs, nearly new; wagon, new; wagon, old; water tank; 18 die drill; buggy, sulky plough (new), Walkey plough, horses 7 (6 workers, 1 driver),

all weighing over 1,300 but one. I have got a good ice well, and a house on it. I shall have 100 acres of wheat in this year. I am going to put a house on this summer, then I am going to get a photo of all and send it to you.

It is a pleasure to the fact that our old friend, Harry Little, matrons doing well, and that Mrs. A. W. Downs is appreciated in her home, we publish the following:

Friend Harry Little, matrons doing well, and that Mrs. A. W. Downs is appreciated in her home, we publish the following:

five cents to pay for one year's subscription to **UPS AND DOWNS**. Please address to Mimmie B. Glastonbury, Peepahun P. O., Ont. She is one of the many girls who arrived at Hazel Brae in September, and has been with us since November. We like her very much, and she seems thoroughly satisfied with her new home. We were much pleased with the January number of **UPS AND DOWNS**, and as it was the first we ever saw, we found it very interesting, especially the article "Our Twentieth Year's Immigration Work." It is indeed a noble work that is being carried on by Dr. Barnardo and his employees, and one deserving of a great deal of praise by we Canadians, as so many of our homes are brightened and work made lighter by your boys and girls. With best wishes for future prosperity in the work,

I am, yours truly,  
ANNIE NEWSON.

We have before us a goodly batch of letters lately received from lads in Manitoba and the North-West, from which we have made the following extracts, which we present to our readers without further introduction than to say that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, each boy whose name appears is doing creditably and well.

STRASSBURG, ASSA., Jan. 20th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines, hoping to find you all well, as it leaves me at present. I like my home first-rate. We have forty head of cattle, and just now they are leaving them all to me alone, as they are busy taking wheat away. It has been such a fine winter, we could not haul wheat because there were no cars; but now we are going to get three cars, and so they are busy taking it away. I can thank Dr. Barnardo for what he has done for me. If it were not for him I would be around begging for a piece of bread. I am receiving letters from my mother, and she is receiving letters from me. My time is nearly out, and I want to be my own boss, so that I can start a living myself. We have a teacher boarding here. His name is Peter Luther Straith, and I told him to be so good as to write a few lines what he thinks about me. I think this is all I have to say.

Yours truly,  
FRED WHITE

STRASSBURG, ASSA., Jan. 20th, 1902.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

214 Farley Ave., Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR, Frederick John White, one of our boys, fast becoming a noted agriculturist, has just enclosed a letter to you, and in answer to his request I am writing you a few lines.

I have recently been employed on a farm here, and am boarding at Mr. White's place, where Fred is working. I have known him but a few weeks, and have found him to be a splendid fellow. He could not have a better home than with him and Mrs. White, and

two sons, who are to him as father and mother and brothers, and he, in turn, is very happy with them. It is a rather musician home. Gottfried, the oldest son, is a noted musician in the district, and the younger son, Emil, is fast becoming such. This is having the desired effect on Fred, as he seems to be following in their footsteps and is becoming an expert with the bagpipes. Hoping that this letter will give you a favourable insight of your boy's home, I am, yours truly,

P. L. STRAITH.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping to find you the same too. I like my place all right and I also like this country all right. I think it's the best country for health in the world. I haven't been sick since I came to this country. Well, Mr. Owen, I was very pleased to get your nice letter. Well, there's lots of work to do where I am just now. I am busy feeding cattle and horses and pigs this winter. Let me tell you how much stock we have here. We have three head of cattle, eight head of horses and six pigs and three turkeys, hens, and one great big gobbler. I tell you what, he's a snorter. Well, that is what I have got to look after this week, because the men will be busy at the bush getting their wood home. We had very good crops out here last year. We had 1,700 bushels of wheat off of fifty acres, and 1,200 bushels of oats off of twenty-five acres. I don't think that's bad for this part of the country. Well, Mr. Owen, it will soon be spring, and we will soon have to get the plough ready and roll the ground over. I can handle a team all right. I plough and harrow and I milk cows. We will be milking twenty cows this summer; we will have to pull pretty lively then. We will be putting in a big garden this year. We grow corn, beans and flowers, carrots and parsnips, and sage and onions and lots of other things. Well, Mr. Owen, I think this is the best news I can tell you this time. Well, I think I will close my letter as it is nine o'clock, saying good-bye to you and the boys,

From your sincere friend,

CYRIL RICHARDSON.

P.S.—I will try and tell you better news next time I write. Good-bye.

STONEWALL, MAN., Feb. 3rd, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN, As it is nearly a year and a half since I wrote a letter to the **UPS AND DOWNS**, that I think it will almost forget me. I wrote last year at Christmas, 1901, but I did not see it published. I have been getting along very well this year for my first year with Mr. Secter. Last summer was my first summer with him. In the spring I did harrowing, which I did very well. Then I am haying. We put up two big stacks of hay besides the two big piles left. When we were through haying then came the hay cut. We cut outly first, cuts is than cuts left of all. We had nearly 150 acres of hay in that summer when I did a lot of work in it. We got a lot of fall ploughing done, and I am

did none. This winter I got out a lot of wood, enough for two days' sawing with the sawing machine, and we cut about fifteen cords of wood. We have enough to do us for two years. I do nothing much now but the chores. We have twenty seven head of cattle and nine horses to look after, a lot of which I do. I got a nice present at the Sunday school Christmas tree. I got an album and a book for regular attendance. If I am doing anything out of the way by writing, you must excuse me this time. This all that I can say this time, as it is nearly ten o'clock. So I remain,

Yours truly,

ARTHUR J. GROVER.

to Mr. Robert J. Scott, Stonewall, Man.

MINTO, Feb. 3rd, 1902.

MR. A. B. OWEN,

DEAR SIR, -No doubt you think, as well as I do, that it was time I was giving an account of myself. It is over a year now since I wrote you last. We are having a most beautiful winter; only about half an inch of snow and most splendidly warm weather for winter. The crops last year were very good, a good quantity and a good quality. I think the farmers must have made a little profit last year. I think the majority of the farmers have got a fair start for next year's crop. It must have been pretty soft for December when people can be out harrowing in that month. I was not sorry that the UPS AND DOWNS is to be printed monthly instead of quarterly; indeed I might say that I am very glad; but I think that the subscription price should be raised to fifty cents to cover expenses. I think I will not close, hoping this will be of some use to you.

Your Barnardo boy,

JAMES W. DUNN.

to Mr. C. Campbell, Minto, Man.

P.S. Mr. Campbell would have written a piece had he been able; but I am sorry to say that he took paralysis of the side. There was for a while he couldn't use either his hand or his arm, but he is now much better. He will write a letter to you later on. -J.W.D.

GLESDENING, Man., Feb. 1st, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN, -It is quite a long time since I wrote to you last, but I am writing to you this time to tell you how I like my new place, hoping to find you and all in the Home well, as I am at present. I am living with Mr. and Mr. Clements. I think they are two very kind people; well, anyway I know they are very kind to me. I am not so near my father, I live a few, but I am only five miles away, and I am not very far off yet. When I go to school I go up the lake, which I think that I should be glad to do, and by the way, I am here at Oct. 1, and I like my place splendidly. Well, now I must tell you that I am well. When I get up between seven and half past seven, and on Friday time we get up between five and a half past five. Then I go out and milk my cows. Well, when Mr. Clements comes there, and then I go to school, and then I come home and wash and clean. Mr.

Clements feed the chickens, and I feed the pigs and water the team and the colt, and then bring some water in the house, and then I feed my little pet pup, and then we clean our stables and give the cattle some more feed, and then we cut some wood and do other odd chores. We have two horses, four cows and two calves, and two pigs, and about forty-six chickens. We had a pretty good crop of grain this year; we had about 1,300 bushels of wheat, which grades number one hard, and we had also about 600 bushels of oats, and would have had more if we had threshed them all. It has been pretty cold out here lately, but we have no snow, which makes it bad for the farmers. We have been picking up a lot of wood ready until the snow comes, so that we can draw it home on the sleighs. It is Mr. Clements' own bush. He owns quite a large piece on the bank of Pelican Lake. The lake is very strong; the ice is about two or three feet thick. There are people going across the lake with wagons because there is no snow on the prairie for them to take their sleighs. I am going to send twenty-five cents for UPS AND DOWNS when my year is up next October. I hear that our great friend, Dr. Barnardo, has been sick and has recovered again, which I am very glad of. I think this is a beautiful country both for grain and cattle raising. Mr. Clements says that I can go to school this summer any time that I have. I am too far off of the Sunday school to attend to it. It is about five miles, which I think is too far, and so does Mr. Clements. Well, I think I shall draw to a close now, as it will soon be resting time, so good bye with best wishes to you all. I am your sincere friend,

CHARLES P. HAYNE.

to WARDEN, MAN.

DEAR MR. OWEN, -Just a few more lines towards our UPS AND DOWNS from me. I am very thankful to Dr. Barnardo for having Homes all over England. It is a great help towards us boys and girls in life. I am glad that I got in the Home, for it has given me a great help towards being a farmer. I like the place very good; I don't think I could have got a better place. I was out threshing for a couple of months, then I stopped because I was a little sick. We had a pretty fair crop last year. I helped to put in the biggest part of the crop myself out of seventy acres. I put in all the wheat myself, besides oats and barley. My time will soon run out with Mr. Newton, and if he wants me after that, I will stay a while longer. I am going back to England in a year or two to meet my friends and try to get my brother to come back with me. If I go, I will stay for three months and then come back, if God spares me. The little town is small, but there are a lot of people in and around it. It is three stations from Russell Home. I give love to all the masters and assistants in the Leopold House and to the boys when you get back. I think this is all I have to say. Well, best wishes, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

W. J. RUSSELL.



FOXWARREN, MAE., Feb. 2nd, 1902.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—In regard to the young lad, W. Russell, he has been with me going on five years, and I have found him a very good boy. He is able now to do almost anything around the place. He has grown to be a fine young man and is always willing to learn more. Hoping that we will have him a while longer if we can come to an agreement when his time is up, I remain, yours truly,

A. NEWTON.

GLENBORO, MAN., Feb. 3rd, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter on the 31st January, 1902, and was very glad to hear from you. I have not much to tell. I am well satisfied to stay in Canada. I don't think I will be like some of the boys I read about in the UPS AND DOWNS. Canada is too good a country to leave. The crops up in this part of the country were very good; a lot of the oats were light. We had a good crop; they went about seventy-five bushel to the acre. The wheat turned out fairly good also. I helped to draw wheat for the first time; it was kind of hard on the hands, but soon got over that. We will have a creamery up here next summer; it will be handy for the farmers to send their cream to. Dear sir, I wish you luck going to the Old England. I would like you to speak to Mr. Smith, Secretary-Treasurer of the B.O.B.S., to send information of the B.O.B.S., as I might join. I will be pleased to receive the UPS AND DOWNS monthly. I will have been five years in this country in April, and intend to stay another before I go back to England. I think I must close for good bye. With best wishes I remain,

Your friend,

JAMES FRED

February, 2nd, 1902.

DEAR SIR, I received your welcome letter. I am writing you a few lines to let you know how I am getting on in Canada. Canada is a fine country. I would not go back to England to live if I had the money to go a thousand times. I was very lonesome when I came out here first, but now they could not drive me away with a whip. We are having a fine winter so far; there is not enough snow for a sleigh to run on or to feed the cattle. I take them down to water every day about a mile and a half. I got twelve head of cattle to look after and five pigs. We have got twelve head of horses, keeping three in the stables; the rest is staying out all winter. I have not much to do this winter. I go for the mail every morning in the summer; it does not come till eleven o'clock at night. Sometimes it was late and did not come till four o'clock in the morning, and it was enough to make a brass monkey swear to stay up all that time for the mail to come. The prospects around here were good; one man had 5,000 of wheat, and others more or less. I like to work on a farm; it is not very hard work. I can harrow and disc and roll. I have not tried the plough yet, but I am going to try it next summer, and a binder and a mower. I can give you a lot of

them. I am not afraid of them. Some people think I am, but you bet I am not. When my time is up, do you send me to another place or can I hire out myself? I would like to have a change. When is my time up? I am anxious to see spring come. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out to this country. I will send the money for the UPS AND DOWNS when my time is up. This is all for this time, hoping you will receive this letter in time for the next issue of UPS AND DOWNS, I remain, yours truly,

HERBERT NUNN.

REGINA, Dec. 29th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I think I will drop you a few lines to tell you how I am getting on, as it is a long time since I wrote to you. We had a very good crop this year; we had about three thousand bushels of oats and six hundred of wheat. We did not have much wheat because we did not sow very much. I am getting along fine in the North-West; it is a very good country. I am nearly five feet in height, and weigh ninety-four pounds. There is quite a bit of difference since I left the Old Country. I have been going to school since the 15th of November, and expect to go all winter. I am in the Third Book. We had a very fine Christmas tree at our church, and I got a good pair of skates and a nice card. We have not got so many cattle this winter as we had last winter, for we sold thirty head in the fall. We have about ninety head to feed. Mr. Outicknap's little boy and I have a fine time skating by moonlight in the evening when we come home from school. Now I will close, hoping you are all well and wishing you to write soon to Dr. Barnardo and the Home

Yours truly,

I. E. ANDERSON

Mr. Griffith has lately brought up news of our friend, Ernest Wheeler, who has found his way back to Ontario from California, and says he prefers Canada, although he was where oranges could be picked from the trees all the year round. He is hired for the present year at a wage of \$165 with board and lodging.

Among a recent list of South African casualties, we grieve to say there appears the name of Alfred Cooper, reported to be seriously wounded at Potchefstroom. Alfred came from England with the second party of 1893 and lived for several years with Mr. J. Hanbridge, of Mount Hope, in the County of Down, when he maintained an excellent record up to the time of his enlisting for service in South Africa. We have had no further particulars, but all our readers will join us in the earnest hope that the life of this

Up and Down



Edward C. Fitzgerald



Charles E. Morris



Sidney W. Scott



William C. Clarke

brave young trooper will be spared and that he will yet return in safety and health to his friends in this country.

The following report has lately reached us of our little friend, Reuben G. Fry:

Dec. 31st, 1901.

MR. OWEN,

DEAR SIR,—I guess it's time I was writing you a few lines to let you know about your boy, Gordon Fry. Well, we are very much pleased with him, as he is a good boy; could not wish better, very kind and loving and honest and willing to work. He is quite at home. He has been looking for some of you to call to see him, and you are welcome to call at any time and make a little visit.

From your friend,

MRS. R. ABERNETHY.

Almost all the letters from our boys in the North-West that have lately reached us tell the same story of abundant crops and general prosperity. Arthur Dickason informs us that he has been in Manitoba four years, and likes it far better than Ontario. He says:

When I first came away from Ontario, I thought I was going to be froze up; but it is not as cold as some people think it is. We are having lovely weather this winter; up to February we haven't had any sleighing, though we have had some very cold days. I helped to stook, and I pitched off all the loads. I have learned to plough and harrow; but I only ploughed a few days, but I like it fine. I attend to seven cows, six calves, three pigs and the hens. We had a very good crop this year; we had 2,000 bushels of wheat and 1,000 bushels of oats.

Thomas Metcalfe gives a very cheerful account of his winter's work, which is enlivened by his occasional attendance at concerts in the village, where, he tells us, he has "a good time."

John J. Burton receives an excellent testimonial of character from his employer, who writes:

I have always spoke well of John. He is quite a big man now and a very good young man. He is a splendid worker and very anxious to get along.

John T. Blake writes in his experience in the country and about it them with the rather fearful conditions in which he started out with so much shrewdness and good sense that we must reproduce his letter in full although it makes a rather long demand upon our space.

MR. ALFRED R. OWEN

DEAR SIR, I received your letter asking me to write something of my experiences since I come to Canada. If I thought that it would encourage boys to come out to this country, I would. I will try, anyhow, and give a small explanation of what I have seen and know of this country, although I know only a small amount of what there is to learn and know in this country. First of all, the people of England have altogether a wrong idea of this country; at least, where I am from. It was reported that this country was full of wild animals and Indians, and such rubbish as that; and when I first seen an Indian I was afraid of him, and I soon found that they would not hurt me, and I began to see that I had been told wrong about Canada. I had an idea that there was a lot of hills; instead of that I found that it was level, rich prairie land, which, with a little work and cultivation, a steady and good-working person can soon get comparatively settled, and a person can get a farm quicker and easier than in England. I thought it was hard to leave home and friends and come out to a strange country among strange people, but as I look back and see what I have learned since I came out, I am glad I came out. Of course, I am not getting so much schooling, but I am getting an education in farming. I know more now than I ever would if I had stayed in England. Then I have grown since I came out. I weighed 63 lbs. when I came out, and now I weigh 129 lbs., and I am 15 inches taller, and I am stronger and healthier than in England. I thought there was no place like it, but now I think that this country is not only as good but better, and I don't think I shall ever go back to stay after seeing Canada. Of course, it is colder, but people who have been in this country say it is getting warmer every winter except on some days; but then I do not have to do much and we are dressed warmer to stand the cold; but it is not as cold as I thought it would be, judging from what people said. I almost shivered from the thoughts of coming to the cold country, as I called it. Of course, there are some people who would keep a fellow out on a day when it was not fit for a dog to be out; but, thanks to Dr. Barnardo and other managers of the Home, for they don't send a boy there if they know it, and if he does happen to get in such a place as that, he has just to write and inform the Home and he is moved to a more decent place, and a man perhaps in the person of Mr. Newman, or some other person interested in the Home, will be around to see each and every boy, and he asks him how he likes his place, and if he don't like it and says he does, that is his fault, not any fault or neglect of the Home. We had a very good crop this year, thirty five bushels per acre, and we had over 5,000 bushels of grain this year, and I hope to have as much or more this coming year. It took three of us fellows to keep up to the timber stacking. We have four or five head of cattle and eight head of horses and a select flock of sheep and a few chickens. We put up a pig and

of hay last year and cut a lot of it and broke a little. I can plough and harrow, and Norman (that is the boss's only son, aged twenty years) said that my ploughing was very good, and if I did not plough worse than that I would never want bread, and I never heard the boss say anything bad of my ploughing except when I was on short rounds and I did not plough enough. I can rake and coil hay and stook, and I can load hay and sheaves, and I pitched to a machine for a while this fall, and I was out threshing on New Year's Day; but I got a good piece of pudding just the same. One night, at a Christmas tree, I counted no less than six Barnardo boys, and I happened to mention it, and a man said if we got no worse than that it would be all right. As I have no more to say, I think I will close or change the subject. How old have I to be before I get my money, and do I get it all, or do you keep some for paying my way over, and how much? Please send me Ellen Victoria Lawrence's address. I must close now.

JOHN T. BLAKE.

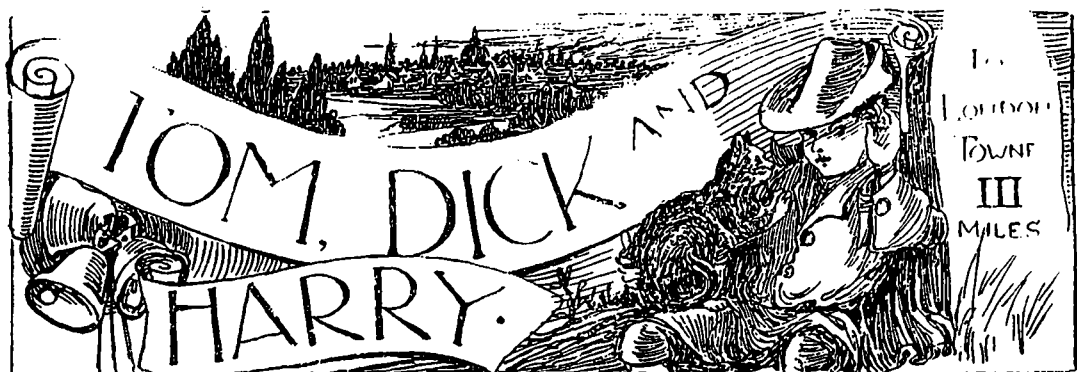
As regards Miss Ellen Victoria Lawrence, we will leave the young lady to furnish John with her address if she is so minded, but with respect to his money, we may assure friend John that Dr. Barnardo would be very sorry to appropriate any of his boys' money, and we make no deductions and charges against the monies we receive on our boys' account. Probably John's money will be paid to us when it becomes due that we may be sure it is paid and that, to begin with, it is put in the bank, where it will be in safe keeping and drawing interest. If John is wise, it will stay there and the amount will be increased until he has enough to start on a homestead of his own. If he isn't wise and we can't, unfortunately, instil wisdom into every boy's head he will write and say that he wants a watch and a lot of other things, and will we please send him fifteen or twenty dollars from his account. We shall send it with a letter of warning and advice which will fall on dead ears. A few weeks later will come another letter saying that he is very sorry to write for more money, but he is in a little trouble and must have some money to pay a debt, which will mean that he has bought a used-up bicycle and that the agent who sold it to him did enough to had out that he had a little change in the bank. Ah! let's promptly pocket for his profit. If he all over

the money—probably this time thirty or forty dollars—and the bicycle agent will tell him he is a fine fellow and to bring along his friends if they are like himself. It will then not be long before the bank book makes its appearance again, and this time he will have come to the conclusion that it will be better for him to have his money where it will be convenient and save all this writing, and will we, therefore, send the balance. Knowing that he is doing wrong and that we shall strongly disapprove of his actions, he will perhaps assume a slightly defiant tone, and we



Francis J. Clapp and Friend.

shall perhaps hear "it's my money what I earned, and I don't see why I shouldn't have it." Under the circumstances, we shall probably not attempt to make him see, and shall forward a cheque with the reflection that there are many donkeys in the world besides those that wear long ears and eat thistle. We hope all this won't happen to our friend John, but it all has happened with other Johns, and we dare say will again for the fools are not all dead yet, although we take credit for having no more than a fat tail and a big barrel.



**D**ELINQUENCY as a term to express failure or procrastination in the payment of accounts due is but another name for dishonesty. People who are delinquent in this respect rarely intend to defraud their creditors; they expect to pay some time, but put off the day of settlement until their consciences become blunted or the obligation is forgotten. In doing so they are none the less dishonest, and the evil results are not a whit the less demoralizing and embarrassing in business. The man who can pay and will not often prevents payment by another person who would pay if he could. We are all dependent one upon another, and the circulation of money in trade is a sympathetic register of public integrity. The dishonesty of one injures many; it is felt all along the line, and, in the inscrutable providence of God, comes back to the culprit, soon or late, with all the consequences to others added as the usury of crime.

+++

Unless we choose to be dishonest and escape the law, a debt has to be paid some day; why not, then, if we have to stint and deny ourselves to do it, pay when it becomes due, and be done with it? The right way is always the easiest and, in the end, the only satisfactory course to pursue. The person noted for prompt payment gets the best terms and the most consideration, while he who is habitually delinquent receives scant courtesy, and is harassed on every hand so that life becomes a burden and the morrow a day of judgment. Boys and girls, too, let me counsel you, as a matter of both principle and policy, to keep out of debt, to buy nothing that you are not able to pay for on delivery, and to regard your responsibility to your fellow-men as

something you cannot afford to ignore. How much trouble might be avoided by forethought—by counting the cost of every action before it is done, and deciding without hesitancy against doing aught that may bring trouble in its train for yourself or others.

+++

Money has an interest-earning value, and where credit is given it is usually charged for. When goods are sold on the instalment plan large profits are exacted, and the purchaser pays dearly for the privilege. It is far more economical to save your money and buy for cash, and moreover it saves much time and trouble in dealing many times with one transaction. Don't be inveigled by the packman or the book agent into a "deal" of this kind; buy for cash and get your money's worth.

+++

Where credit is given without extra charge, payment should be made when it is due. It is a source of anxiety and loss in time and effort to the creditor if he has to dun a delinquent debtor to ensure collection of his account. No one has a right to make use of money he owes for his own purposes; it is ploughing with his neighbour's ox to do this.

+++

What about your subscription to *Our Own Downs*? I sometimes hear Mr. Owen deplore the delinquency of some—shall I say many?—of our subscribers in this respect. The magazine is published at a loss for the benefit of our boys and girls, and it is hardly a "square deal" if they fail to "whack up" twenty-five cents a year for a month or two. It is "stuck out."

W. E. B. DUBOIS

## From Farm to Folly

THEY were both Barnardo boys, of much the same age, and both had creditably served their respective terms of indenture to a farmer in the same neighbourhood. Each had a steady job the year round at current wages, and neither had much to complain of on the score of treatment or fare. Their employers, like most farmers—or, for the matter of that, like almost every other employer of labour—saw to it that they earned their wages and netted a satisfactory profit. They had their personal peculiarities, which were rather irritating at times; but, on the whole, they were as tolerable as the average and not hard to get along with. But Jack and Jim had made up their minds between them that they were not going to “hoe and mow, and reap and sow, and be a farmer’s boy” all their lives. No, siree: they had both given a month’s notice and were going to Toronto on the first of November to—well, they did not know just what they would turn their hands to in the city: they were aiming at everything in general and nothing in particular.

Trusting to luck and some fifty dollars just drawn as wages, they stepped off the train at the Union Station and sauntered up Yonge Street, seeking their fortunes in the shop windows. In these windows there was much to engage attention, evoke admiration and desire, and, incidentally, to cause them to waste their time; but there was nothing in them to suggest a job or the means of finding one. Somehow, they did not know which way to turn or what to do. The fire engines came rushing down the street, and off they started post haste to follow them, arriving on the scene of the supposed conflagration breathless and disgusted to find it was a false alarm. Then they meandered into a cook-shop, ate to repletion, and afterwards wandered aimlessly about until four o’clock found them loafing on the Yonge Street Wharf.

Here there was no lack of company, for here congregated a forthright score of

so of chronic loafers, who console themselves with pessimistic reflections on perpetual “hard times” and a cruel providence that discovered the necessity of work and put a price on beer and “bacca.” Two of these ancient barnacles attached themselves to Jack and Jim, wormed their story out of them, and promised to put them on to a good job in the morning—or the next day. In the meantime they could not do better than lubricate the “ways” that were to launch them on the tide of prosperity with “a beer.” Which they did—at Jack’s expense and again at Jim’s. As it would now be growing chilly on the wharf, they might as well repair to a certain hospitable lodging house, where, if a week’s board were paid in advance for the four, all would be lovely and great things might be expected in the morning—or the next day. They were enjoying a temporary holiday themselves for their health, but they had great influence with a certain employment agent, who, for their sakes, would give their young friends an unlimited choice of genteel occupations at a salary which would amply compensate any trifling outlay their proposition might entail. They knew the ropes, and all Jack and Jim had to do was to stick to them, etc., and they would find themselves on the road to fortune. This, after some demur on the one side and much reassurance on the other, was also acceded to.

After supping on salt herring, they retired early to bed with their trousers on to ensure the safety of their money, and soon found themselves in the society of another species of parasite that did believe in work—persistent, indelible work on the human cuticle.

In the morning, having broken their rest, the four set out to the wharf, of course. No, they had not forgotten their promise, but they had said “in the morning—or the next day.” They thought the employment agent would be out of town to-day, and would likely return the morning—or the next day.

Jack and Jim exchanged a look of dissatisfaction and began to be suspicious. They said they would wait till the next morning, but no longer. Along about noon time began to hang heavily upon their hands, and Jack and Jim fell to skylarking, which resulted in Jim being fished out of the Bay with a pike-pole and the cost of a new suit of clothes, in which to interview the philanthropic employment agent. So they were steered to a shoddy store, which depended for custom on the solicitation of a touter on the sidewalk, and here Jack was easily persuaded to purchase a suit for himself also, upon the sale of which the barnacles, on the plea of privately "putting in a good word" for a close price, arranged for a commission.

After dinner back they went to the wharf again, and, after supper, back to the company of their voracious bed-fellows, that kept them awake long enough to discuss the situation and decide that they were being duped and sponged upon, and that they would quit the barnacles before their money was gone. Accordingly, in the morning they demanded to be introduced to the employment agent, and the barnacles, seeing the game was up, reluctantly escorted them thither.

"Oh, yes; I can get you both a job. Give me your name and address and sign this," said the agent.

"One dollar each, if you please," said he after this was done.

"But," objected Jack, "we were told by these gentlemen that you are a friend of theirs and would find us a good job for nothing."

"You don't call *that* anything for a good job, *surely?*" put in one of the barnacles. "Just a registration fee, that's all. Put up yer dollar; don't let that stand in the way of the good turn we're doing for yez."

So the dollar each was "put up," and they, parting with the barnacles, were dispatched to a dairy, where they were informed that no drivers were needed then and that only men who knew the city were engaged. The agent was out when they returned and did not come back for two hours. He glitly waved the question of sending them on a wild goose chase by explaining that it was

a mistake, and told them to come in again to-morrow or the next day, and he would likely have something suitable on his books. He could not make places to order, he said; they must wait until something turned up.

Having got another boarding house and forfeited the board due to them at the first place, they called at the employment agency daily for a week, being sent, on one occasion, to apply for a situation as shipper in a wholesale warehouse, only to learn that experience in this also was requisite. At length, becoming troublesome by their insistence, they were got rid of by being supplied with a line of samples at half price (and dear at that) of a patent inhaler for catarrh, influenza, headache and half the ills that flesh is heir to. They were assigned unlimited rural territory, and set forth happy in the anticipation of large sales at 100 per cent. profit.

The first day they sold seventy-five cents' worth and cleared thirty seven cents on the three sales. To do this they spent \$1.50 beside railway fare. Early next day they called at a farmhouse where there was a case of diphtheria, and having sold an inhaler and guaranteed a cure, they related the fact at their next place of call and were promptly ejected, leaving consternation in their wake. At the next place they had a lively encounter with a vicious cur, that ventilated Jim's new trousers in a part which caused him to back out from an interview farther than etiquette usually requires. At the last place of call on the second day they swapped two inhalers and considerable prevarication for a night's lodging and breakfast, and left the whole family in tears.

Notwithstanding the fact that small pox is not to be sneezed at, they offered their patent inhalers as a preventive of that dread malady, and several families suffered a paroxysm of sneezing in the sure and certain hope of immunity. One farmer had an aged and infirm horse afflicted with nasal catarrh, and was induced to apply an inhaler to its nostrils, with the result of being astonished with its agility and having a broken plough and a lean horse on its hands. Whereupon Jack's troupe came to such violent contact with the

farmers' best that Jack was incapable of entering into further business that day.

So the two medicine men made a big line for Lonelyville. Now Jim had a smooth tongue and the gift of the gab. Why not turn this to account? They resolved to do so. Taking up a position on a corner just off the main street, Jim extolled the virtues of "the greatest wonder of the age—the great Dr. Snezicker's world-renowned, newly invented patent Inhaler, guaranteed to cure the worst case of hinfleuzy, kitar, cold in the 'ead, chest, feet or limbs, wind on the stumick, water on the brane, appleplexy, yaller janders, fits of the blues, black plague, scarlet fever, brownkitus, purpletation of the 'eart, gangreen, compendesitus" and every other malady he could think of, while Jack handed them round with the invitation to "take a sniff." A credulous public, nothing loth to take anything offered gratis, took "a sniff," and—

"A *tish a!*" "A *atish a!*" ejaculated No. 1. "Tish *a tish a!*" exclaimed No. 2; while No. 3, not to be outdone, went him one better and exploded with "Tish *a tish a! tish a! tish a a a!*" In five minutes Jim could not be heard for a prolonged, incessant fit of sneezing that made the tears roll down the cheeks of the audience and checked the remonstrance that each was evidently trying to make against the violence of Dr. Snezicker's patent inhaler. It had, however, one only one—redeeming feature, and that was it restrained the flow of vituperation and prevented much unparliamentary language. One man, unable to express himself for sneezing, kicked over the stand and tray of inhalers as a clue to his feelings, and another followed suit by knocking Jack's hat off and kicking it into the middle of the road.

By this time the confiding public got the idea into its head that it had been hoaxed and was the victim of a practical joke. In less time than it takes to tell Jack and Jim were bankrupt, for their stock in creak was seized without process of law. Snoring, laughing and hustling each other everybody struggled to secure an inhaler that he might repeat the job on his acquaintance. Hypocriticism, sarcasm and threats all

were of no avail. The crowd, good-humoured but boisterous and unruly, helped themselves without money and without price, and the two quacks were left stranded in a fit of the blues which no patent inhaler could dispel.

Jack denounced the employment agent as "a fake and a fraud," and vowed to "have the law on him," while Jim sneaked off, saying as he went that he guessed he could get along for the rest of his natural life without a partner who would go and wreck a business in that fashion just as there was going to be some money in it.

Jim found his way back to his old job somehow, and was last heard of as the prospective husband of his employer's daughter. He does not like to be twitted with this escapade, but does not seem to mind telling of it himself and joining in the laugh at his own expense. He now says that farming is not so bad after all. Just about that time Mr. Owen received this touching appeal:

LONELYVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1905  
MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DERE SUR, I'me here, ded broke. Kin you lend me five dollers till I gets a job, as I'me nigh famishin and in distres? I am lookin fur werk—I reely am, sur. I'me going bak to farmin rite away, and I knows ware I kin get a job if I kin get the munny to get to it. No more sittys fur me—tilling the sile is good enuff fur me after wot I've bin threw. Don't forget I'me jest agoing to starve rite off and perrish if the five dollers don't cum imedjantly.

Yours in hunger and aste.

JOHN ———

The next post brought the following on a post card:

DERE SUR, I've jest struck a job outside the town on a farm, so I don't want the munny, thank you jest the same. Tell the boys to beware of the sittys, speshully the likes of Torontow and employmint ajints.

Your umbel friend,

JOHN

There is a man there, but he does not seem to say it any oftener than he can help, for the reason that people there never fail to urge him to "take a sniff" when he does put in an appearance. Should you meet a red-headed chap who turns green when inhalers are mentioned, that's him. Rub it in.

Dr. S. W. WATKINS



# Barnardo Old Boys' Society

## To Members of B.O.B.S.

JUST a few words regarding our duty as members of the B.O.B.S. to UPS AND DOWNS. Needless to say we are all delighted with the monthly. The Editor has done his part well; what about our part? Do we think that it is just to our good friend, Dr. Barnardo, that he should be asked to bear part of the expense of the publishing of UPS AND DOWNS when, as we are all aware, there are so many needs to be supplied by his now over-taxed purse? Brothers—yes, I will say and sisters—come to the rescue; contribute what your conscience dictates as your share, and by so doing benefit yourselves and the old Institutions that have sheltered us in

days gone by. I fancy I hear some one say, "Yes, I will do something along this line. I have been in the habit of contributing toward the Homes; I will give part now to the publication of UPS AND DOWNS, the balance going to the Homes." That would never do. Continue to contribute your usual amount to the Homes and a little something besides to UPS AND DOWNS. I have taken the liberty of thus addressing you, and I have taken care to do it when the Editor is away to the Old Land. I leave the matter with you, knowing I shall not appeal in vain and conscious that some already have done their full share. Yours fraternally,

JAMES WEBB, President.

The Auditors submit the following report for the year ending December 31st, 1901:

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE	
To Fees . . . . .	\$ 33 25	By Stationery . . . . .	13 15
To Subscriptions . . . . .		" Postage . . . . .	24 35
		" Printing . . . . .	25 83
		" Badges . . . . .	6 00
		" Annual Notices . . . . .	1 75
		" Signs . . . . .	50
		" Hall Rent, Annual Meeting . . . . .	2 50
		" Entertainment at Banquet . . . . .	5 50
		" Secretary's Fees . . . . .	10 00
		" Cr. Fee to 1902 . . . . .	1 50
		Balance in hand . . . . .	82 17
	\$ 33 25		\$ 83 25

The Secretary-Treasurer reports that he has on hand the following supplies:

Stationery, value . . . . .	\$10 00
Badges, value . . . . .	6 00
	<hr/>
	\$16 00

Fees collectable for 1901 . . . \$6 00

We are very much pleased to find that the books of the Society are posted in a creditable and business-like manner.

We hereby certify that the foregoing statement for the year ending December 31st, 1901, is correct and in accordance with the books and vouchers of the Society.

THOS. H. CLARKE, Treasurer.  
GEORGE CLARKE, Secretary.

Those members of the Society residing in or near Toronto have been from time to time by the transaction of business, most of which has been of a purely routine nature, such as the revision of our circular, postage, etc., etc. Members of the Executive who

by reason of the distance they live from Toronto, have been unable to attend the Executive meetings, have been kept advised as to the business done, and their advice and approval asked.

The growth of the Society is most encouraging, applications coming in steadily. The work of correspondence involved in this the first nine months of the Society's existence has been rather heavy, at least one letter having been written to each of our 340 members, and, in many cases, several besides, answers to enquiries innumerable. An effort is made to reply promptly to all letters received, but, as our readers are aware, the officers of the Society have a heavy load to make. The interests of the employer necessarily come first and it is sometimes impossible to reply to applications, etc., by return of mail.

AM. G. SMITH, Secy. Treas.



# OUR GIRLS

## Notes and Comments

### Moralizings.

LENGTHENING days give notice that spring is coming. Are we all ready for it, with its increased work and bustle? Have we learnt something that will make us wiser and happier next summer? Made something that will make us richer and more comfortable? Done something that will brighten someone else's life and be a pleasant memory for us? And, most of all, given our hearts' best love to Him who gave Himself for us? Let us answer these questions before the opportunity is gone and then go hopefully forward to meet the duties of another summer.



### Ashes

YES, ashes they look black and dead, but are not always safe to put into the stable. A draught may fan them into a flame, and when the horses are burnt, the hen-coop and the barn are gone and the house badly singed, we feel sorry. One or two accidents of this kind call for a word of caution. Be careful of everything connected with fire, and set no boiling water uncovered on the floor for those dear, wee, heedless feet to trip and fall into. Save yourselves the misery of seeing that little writhing form fight a hard battle for life, or go out in overwhelming anguish, leaving the careless a memory of reproach that will bring many a sleepless night.



As I pass the grave of my dear and anxious friend in our garden, I feel that this time a young woman has been born who has a mother's love.

ing husband and a baby girl a few days old. Minnie Caley was one of the small party of twenty-four girls who came to Canada in 1897. She has kept in one village and has had a uniformly good record the whole time. On December 4th, 1900, she was married to Mr. C. H. Woodward, a prosperous young farmer and a *good man*, and there seemed every prospect of a happy life before both of them. But "God's ways are not our ways," and in His providence He has willed it otherwise. A few days since we heard that, in spite of all the care and attention that doctors and friends could bestow, poor Minnie had passed away from earth to the home above. The clergyman of the district had been most kind and helpful to the girl ever since she has been in Canada, and his wife writes:

It was a largely attended funeral, Friday 7th, when Mr. Shore buried her, assisted by the Methodist minister. Yesterday none of the family (including old Mr. Woodward) could speak of her without tears in their eyes; they were one and all truly fond of Minnie, and I know the year of married life was very happy, for Minnie found besides a good husband a true mother, father and sisters in the Woodward family. From the very first they welcomed her warmly. We are both going down next Thursday afternoon, when the little one is to be christened Ida Minnie Caley. She is a lovely baby and so like Minnie.

To the bereaved husband we offer our sincere and heartfelt sympathy. We trust that the little one may grow up to be a comfort and a blessing in his household and that he may realize that his loved one is indeed "not lost but only gone before."

## Chit-Chat.

We were reminded of our "sins of omission" the other day by the following remark in a letter from one of the girls of October, 1900, party: "Would you mind telling me whether Lizzie Green is still in the same place and how she is doing? I look in every number of UPS AND DOWNS but never see anything about her, and I feel disappointed, for I think that looks as if she were not getting on." We hastened to write and assure Lily that she was quite mistaken, that her friend was keeping her first place with great credit, that she was getting a yearly increase of wages, and that she had her special friend, Gertrude Saalborne, living quite near her. Gertrude has an equally good character, and we are glad for them to see each other occasionally, as we believe this will be a pleasure to both without any undesirable effects.

We like girls to look upon it as somewhat of an honour to be mentioned in the magazine; but amongst so many we are afraid that unknowingly some very good, deserving names get overlooked and left out. The very fact of their going on steadily and faithfully for years, without giving any trouble or having new places found for them, somewhat keeps them in the back ground. If we have omitted to give due praise to any such, we offer our humble apology, and if they will remind us, they may yet have the pleasure of seeing their names in print and of obtaining the "honourable mention" due to them.

Harriet Briscoll, a girl of seventeen, has been in her present place nearly three years, and has well earned a mention in our magazine. She was visited just lately, and the report is: "Girl has good, comfortable home, and is busy and happy and valued by her employers. Has good clothes and money in the bank." Our visitor also calls attention to a remark made by Hatty when showing her new clothes and nice bedroom: "This is a proper bedroom. A good many girls have rooms like the hired men's, no furniture and no carpet." We are afraid that this is

only too true. We have ourselves seen bedrooms bare even than the "prophet's chamber." While not expecting luxuries, we do like to find that our girls have a fair share of comfort and convenience in their rooms, which greatly helps to the formation of habits of modesty and cleanliness and a general uplifting of manners and character.

Annie Shimels has just been visited by Miss Gibbs, who brings a thoroughly good report of her. Although grown much bigger, we think Annie's friends will recognize the same face of the little girl who came to Canada in November, 1894.

Ellen Anderson, now in a clergyman's family in Oxford Mills, writes most happily of her new home. In her picture you will see her with two of her late mistress's children, but some day she will perhaps be able to send a better one of herself.

We are pleased to have Violet Lewis' face on our pages this month. She looks quite womanly, and we hope to be living up to her appearance.

Ellen Birt also sends us a letter and a photograph—welcome additions to our pages.

DEAR MISS L. . . . This is my first letter to the UPS AND DOWNS, so I will try to make it interesting. I like Canada very much; it is a lovely place, especially in the winter. We have a rink close by our grounds, and I can go skating whenever the ice is fit. We have had such a lot of snow lately that when I go to Sunday school I have to wade through it. Once a month my teacher reads a story of the boys and girls of the Bible, and then we put them into sermons and get prizes for them. Last time it was of Ishmael. There are no children here, but we have a clever spaniel dog and an English cat.

I am sending my photo. I hope you will be able to find room for it. I have also enclosed twenty five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS, as I enjoy reading them very much. Wishing you every success with the UPS AND DOWNS, and with fond love, yours truly,

ELLEN BIRT.

Ellen Birt also sends us her photograph taken with some of the children of her employer. They took a very bright happy little party and we hope they will always bring surprising news to us.



ANNIE SHIMELS



ELLEN ANDERSON



VIOLET LEWIS



WINIFRED HYDE



ELLEN BIRT



KATE FAWCETT



GLADYS PERRY



PRISCILLA HALL



CAROLINE LARNER

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I like my new home very much. I have now been here four months. I like being in Leamington very much. My health is better than when I was in England. I will now tell you something about my home. I live in a cottage one block from town. There are seven in the family: Mr. and Mrs. J——, two boys and the baby, Jenny the maid and myself. My work is to take care of the baby. She is only five months old; we call her Elsie. She is just a little darling. I am sending you a photo of the boys and myself, and would like it put in UPS AND DOWNS. I received my Scripture Union card and the almanac. I take the UPS AND DOWNS. I like to look at them; I often see some pictures or read about girls I knew in England. I have not heard anything of my brother for more than a year. Could you make enquiries for me and find out if he is in Quebec yet?

I remain, yours lovingly,  
KATE FAWCETT.

Winifred Hyde, photographed with two of her mistress's little girls, looks quite motherly, as we think some of her friends will say. At any rate, she is a good, sensible girl, and is like an elder daughter in the big family of children among whom she has lived most happily for the past three years. We have never had anything but good reports of Winifred.

Priscilla Hall has sent us her very pretty, neat picture with the following letter, which speaks for itself:

DEAR FRIEND,—I have now nearly completed a term of five years in Canada. The whole of this time I have been in one situation. When my time is up, I wish very much to return to England, as my mother and sister are anxious to see me again. I have quite a little sum of money in the bank, and I hope I shall get permission to take a return trip before long. I have two brothers in Canada who came out before me. One of them visited me this winter, and we did have such a pleasant time at Christmas. I would like to live near where he is, but I suppose I must be patient and wait. I have a good home here and everything about me to make me happy. I have learned to do a great many things that would quite surprise the little girls at the Homes. I have good clothes, and I am getting now so that I am able to make my own dresses. I have done my plain sewing and mending for a long time. I have attended Sunday school regularly during the whole of my time here and church as often as possible. I was confirmed a year ago this last summer. I thank you for the beautiful Christmas card and also for the UPS AND DOWNS which I was pleased to receive. I have been to some very pleasant entertainments this winter. We have a sweet little Shetland pony which I drive about with quite often. Of all

our many pets Beauty is the favourite; she took first prize at the large Fair here one year. I had my photograph taken in the pony cart not long ago. We have not had very much snow here this winter and only a very few stormy days. The rabbits have been very plentiful, and so many sportsmen have been out to our place to hunt them. The other day I saw them hunting the rabbits with weasels and dogs; it was great sport. The men had guns. They let the weasels (which look like long, white rats with pink eyes) go near long wood piles or rubbish heaps, and if there are any rabbits there the weasel runs into their holes and hunts them out, and the men hold a large bag at the hole and the rabbits pop right into the bag, and if any escape they are shot. The rabbits gnaw the bark and destroy the young fruit trees, and although it seems cruel it is a good thing to get rid of them. I received very many nice Christmas presents. I have two new suits this winter and other clothes. Mrs. Owen saw them. So I think I must close with love to you all.

I remain, your friend,  
(Signed) PRISCILLA HALL.

Gladys A. Perry is in a comfortable farm home not far from Peterborough and near her sister, Lizzie, where she hopes to stay for a long time, as she remarked to the visitor who lately called to see her. (Of Gladys we were glad to have a good report.)

Caroline Larner has had a happy home for three years near Amprior where she has earned a good reputation. Her friends will be glad to see her picture, but we think it might have been better.

Clara M. Owen sends the following, which we are glad to make room for:

DEAR GIRLS,—I suppose you think it is time to show that I am out in Canada. I have been out one year and five months. I like it very much. I have had two places. At the first place I had to mind four children. I was there a year and two months; but I got tired of it, and now I am still in Petrolia, where I am learning housework, which I find rather difficult at times; but I guess I will get used to it. I have two little boys to attend to; but they are very fond of me, and I don't think there are two nicer boys, for I just love them. Dear girls, I have seen a lot of your names in UPS AND DOWNS whom I well remember, and I hope there are a few who remember me. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves very much at Christmas as I did for I received such a lot of presents, which was very lovely. I go to Sunday school and to church every Sunday, and my Sunday school teacher told my mistress that I was the best girl in her class, which I was very proud to hear. From your friend,

CLARA M. OWEN.

## Toronto Topics

THE Editor has undertaken to write Toronto Topics himself for the present month, thereby relieving Mrs. Owen of her usual task. He does not in the slightest degree flatter himself that the change in authorship will be at all appreciated or will add to the interest of the Topics, neither is it that he wishes to intermeddle with other

Editor has himself too great a personal interest in the subject to be competent to treat it with becoming modesty and reserve, but he will endeavour to guide his words with discretion. If he were at liberty to do so, he might, indeed, dilate long and enthusiastically upon Mrs. Owen's relations to those to whom Toronto Topics are chiefly interesting:

upon the extent to which she has devoted herself heart and soul to the welfare of her charges since Dr. Barnardo entrusted to her the oversight of the girls—now nearly 300 in number—situated in Toronto or the outskirts: of the active, unsparing efforts she has made to get in touch with each and all to win their confidence and show herself to be their friend; of the readiness with which she has given up her time—often in spite of domestic and family claims—to looking after girls, visiting them in their homes, entertaining them at her house, arranging changes in situations, following



Mrs. Alfred B. Owen.

people—men and women—had not plenty to do to look after his own particular business. The cause will be apparent, however, and all will agree that it would be unreasonable and a departure from all established literary usage to expect Mrs. Owen to "write up" herself. Possibly it will be considered that the

up those who have been inclined to run wild advising and supervising writing, planning, thinking often for many hours a day and far into the night, and, be it added, without fee, remuneration or reward except the knowledge that she is doing good work and co-operating with Dr. Barnardo in



ROSINA BOLT



ROSE BEALE



MARGARET  
ODD



ISABELLA LEE



ALICE PARSONS

the caring for and helping toward a section of his great family. No one knows better than the Editor that the duties of Mrs. Owen's position are far from being always easy or pleasant. A mistress who has been employing a girl at four dollars a month, and whose sense of justice and respect for the second great commandment is less keen than her self-interest and anxiety to save dollars, can be uncommonly disagreeable when she is told that the girl is worth double the money and must be paid double if she is to remain. There is nothing soothing in being called up by telephone at eleven o'clock at night by an irate mistress to say that Mary Ann or Betsy Jane, who was bidden to be in by nine, has only just made her appearance, and under the escort of a butcher boy of doubtful reputation, and on being taken to task about her late arrival and the presence of the butcher boy, has answered very impertinently and declared her intention of leaving the first thing in the morning. There are drawbacks in having one's private dwelling converted into club, restaurant, boarding house and home of rest for 300 girls as often as they like to avail themselves of it, and the results to carpets and upholstery are demoralizing, not to say costly. Family privacy becomes a thing of the past when one dispenses hospitality without grudging to all and sundry of such a number, to say nothing of an endless stream of callers who either come to ventilate complaints more or less trivial of girls in their employ, or with such enquiries as "How are you off for generals to-day?" or "Is this Mrs. Owen's registry office?" Mrs. Owen has accepted patiently all this and much more as part of her daily round and common task; but, on the other hand, she has, we are assured, won the respect and affection of her girls, and there are few of those under her care who have not learned to regard her as a sincere and kindly friend and to appreciate her efforts on their behalf.

We observe with pleasure that as the winter progresses the Sunday gatherings of the girls are losing none of their popularity. The tea table is generally

well filled, and there is no falling off in the numbers who assemble for the evening's singing and Bible class. The writer has to acknowledge that the entire burden of these functions falls upon Mrs. Owen. As a social entertainer he confesses himself to be a conspicuous failure, and at a tea-fight if he is not exactly a ghoulish at the feast, his presence is chiefly useful as placing a wholesome restraint upon an over-exuberance of animal spirits and checking the boisterousness of some of the livelier guests. The Thursday sewing party seems to have become an established institution, and as it is possible for tongues and needles to be busy at once, we presume a certain amount of useful work is accomplished amidst the chatter.

The sleighing party on the 12th was a great success. About seventy girls accepted Mrs. Owen's invitation and set forth at 8 p.m. in two enormous conveyances, each drawn by four horses to the accompaniment of immense laughter and general clatter of tongues. The drive lasted for two hours, and everyone seemed to consider that they had had a "real good time."

And now that the Editor is addressing the girls, to each of whom, except those over age, he fills the position, as Dr. Barnardo's Chief Agent in Canada, of sole guardian in the eyes of the law, may he add a brief word of serious counsel? He urges the boys to be manly, to cultivate true manliness, and he would in turn urge the girls to be womanly; to strive after the grace of manner and disposition, the unselfishness, the modesty, the self-restraint that make the sweetness as well as the strength of true, pure womanhood; to check in themselves and in others the frivolity, the giddiness, the craving for admiration, the love of finery, that are the slippery moss with which the devil clothes the steep and treacherous slope that leads surely and swiftly to the deep, dark precipice where the powers of evil await their victim. May our girls watch against, may they be kept by the power of God from the beginnings of wrong. May they seek after that which is pure and lovely and of good report



# Purple Poppies

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA"

[Illustrated by ...]

“Of course, you all remember the story of the ‘Sleeping Beauty,’ so you will see that I have rather copied it; but I have tried to make more than a mere fairy story of it.

“Once upon a time, there was a very charming little princess; but the time for fairies had passed, so her father and mother, as they could not ask fairies to the christening to make her presents of beauty, strength etc., engaged many wise men and clever women to give her, by lessons, all the accomplishments that they thought a princess should have. There was someone to teach her to sing, others to teach her to dance, to ride, to speak different languages, to draw; and as the king and queen wished her to be womanly as well as clever, she was taught to embroider and even to cook. Surely no little girl ever had more advantages than this princess of ours. But one thing had been forgotten, just as one fairy was left out at the christening of the other beautiful princess. There was no one to teach her charity and kindness. Her parents were so generous and kind themselves that they did not dream that anyone would need to be taught that such things were right, so, for all her teachers, the princess was somewhat spoilt; everyone did just as she wished.

“Of course, this did not make so very much difference while she was a child, but as she grew older she grew more intolerant and made life hard for her poor teachers. At last she was old enough to no longer have lessons. Then her father gave a grand ball for her, to which all the kings, queens, princes, princesses and noblemen for miles and miles away were invited. It was a grand occasion, and the princess enjoyed it very much, for everyone told her how beautiful she was, and she liked that.

“Her fame spread abroad and soon came to seek to marry her, but he was

very unkind to those that did not please her, while those that did please her she allowed to amuse her for awhile until she grew tired of them, then she was even more unkind to them than to the others; and people called her ‘The Cruel Beauty.’

“About a year after the grand ball, her father and mother were out driving one day, when the horses ran away and killed them both. There was great sorrow throughout all the land, for the king and queen had been just, wise and kind in their rule and much loved by everyone; but now the people feared that they would not have as many rights as before and that ‘The Cruel Beauty’ would make them unhappy.

“The princess was very sad at the death of her father and mother, and for quite a while left all the government to her high advisers; but she had not been taught to love anyone, but always to be loved, so she was soon cheerful again and still tormenting her lovers; and then trouble began in the kingdom. She gave so many grand balls and wanted so many rich jewels and gorgeous gowns that soon the money in the treasury became low, and the younger men, whom she had taken for her advisers instead of the wise counsellors who had stood by her father, advised her to tax the people. This she did, and while they were working hard and going cold and hungry to pay the taxes, she was laughing, dancing, feasting and flirting. While her gaiety continued, the people grew poorer and more unhappy every day, and her suitors more despondent and disheartened. Things were at a dreadful pass.

“However there was to be a change one day the princess was riding with her courtiers, when, to annoy and worry them, she bade them wait while she whipped up her horse and rode on ahead into the forest. They waited for awhile, but as she did not return they followed her, fearing that she might

have lost a better path in the forest. For over an hour they rode about looking for her; then they decided that she was lost, and divided into search parties to go all through the forest for her.

"Meanwhile the princess rode on, laughing at the consternation she could imagine her followers would feel when she did not return. As she was gaily riding she paid no attention to the path she was following until suddenly a man sprang out from a small hut and stopped her horse. She was indignant, and asked him who he was that he dared to stop her so.

"He replied, 'I am the man you are going to marry.'

"'Indeed, you are not!' cried the princess, and tried to lash him with her whip. He was too quick for her, though, and took it from her and tossed it into the bushes. Then he asked her to dismount. She refused, but he declared she would have to stay with him until he choose to let her go. Subdued and frightened, the proud princess, at last humbled, allowed him to help her from her horse.

"'Now,' said he, 'I must tell you what I am going to do. You have been very cruel, you have selfishly taxed your people who have been loyal to you, you have made them suffer that you might enjoy yourself. The crops were poor and the people in distress, but instead of helping them, you made them hate you and wish that it had been you instead of your parents who had been killed. No one loves you for yourself except me. These suitors of yours, if you were plain, would turn from you instantly; but you are beautiful, so they love you for that. Now I know that you are not as bad as the people think, so you shall marry me, and I will help you to rule your kingdom so that the people shall prosper, and love instead of hate you. You shall not leave me until you have promised to marry me.'

"At first the princess was very angry, and asked who dared to say she should marry him.

"'Who are you in your ragged clothes, that live in a woodsman's hut, that you speak to me so? When my people find me I will have you hung for your impertinence.'

"The man looked at her, and his kind eyes were so sad that the heartless princess at last began to cry. Then he said softly and soothingly, 'Poor little princess; you are very silly and very unkind. I am going away for an hour, so you may think.'

"The princess had never been alone before, and the forest was so big and black, and she was so lonesome, that she kept on crying until she was tired out and fell asleep. Then she had a wonderful dream—a dream that showed her what she was and what she might have been, how her heart was cruel and empty of the pleasure of loving and helping other people.

"When she woke up, the man had come back, and the princess went to him meekly and said:

"'I am sorry I have been so bad, but you have showed me my faults, so you shall come and help me to be good, for I will marry you.'

"Then they went back to the castle together, and the next day were married.

"It was not easy for the princess at first, but soon the poor people all through the land were blessing her, for she came to them in their sickness, and taught them how to cook their food well and how to sew; she sang to them also, and gave them presents.

"One day her husband said to her, 'You are really beautiful now. You never were perfectly so before, because your face was too cruel; but now that the love in it has been awakened, you are a really beautiful woman.'

"And the princess was satisfied."

CONCLUDED

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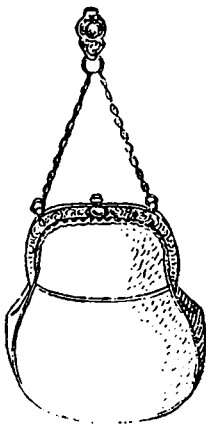
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