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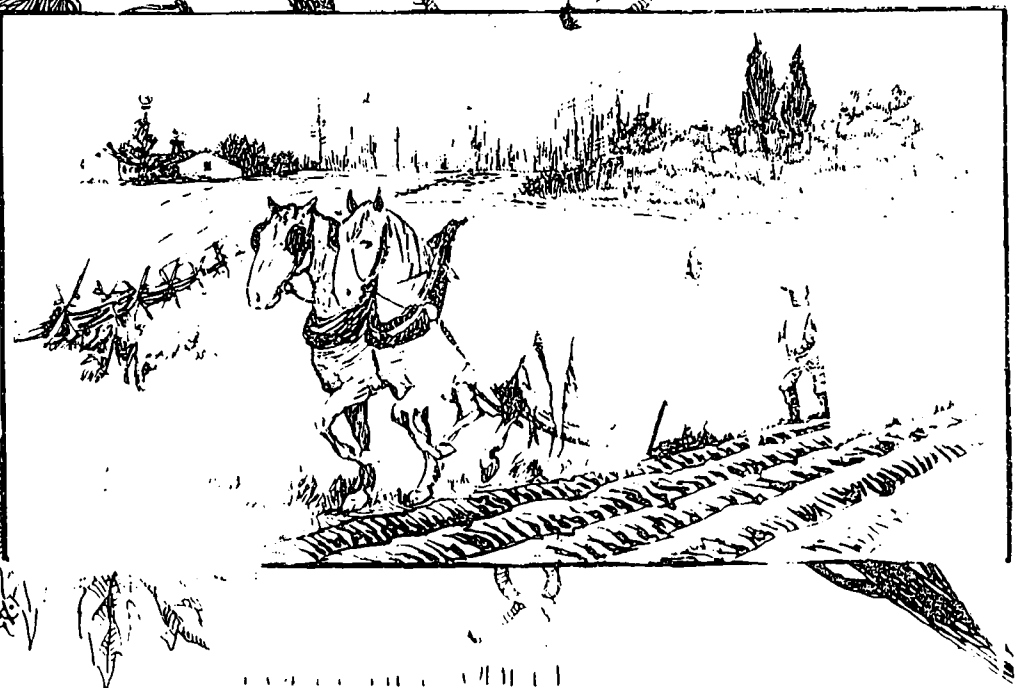
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Tips and Downs



CONSUMPTION

One-Seventh of the World's Death Rate is Caused
by a Disease that Can be Cured



MODERN ANTISEPTIC METHODS

An Eminent Physician Tells How Consumption, the Curse of the World, Can Now Positively Be Cured, and Offers His Treatment Free to All.

We have a Message

For All Sufferers.

One that is true—as true as that the sun shines—as that the rain falls to water the earth.

All his life Dr. Slocum has given to scientific pursuits; and this discovery which he has made comes as the result of years of incessant work and toil.

Thus it is we are now able to say to you that consumption can be cured.

The cry of the afflicted has not been sent up in vain.

There is hope for the hollow-chested, pale, weary consumptive.

This hope we hold up to you.

Dr. Slocum's researches have brought him face to face with the scientific fact of incalculable value to future generations—a fact that will if properly understood and acted upon, render consumption, before long, as rare amongst the civilized countries as the Black Plague.

Dr. Slocum's discovery embraces a complete system for the treatment of this dreadful disease, at present so little understood as to be called "incurable."

The system consists of three remedies which act simultaneously and supplement

each other's curative action.

The system, we call upon all to make a test of. We will send you on request, a free, full course treatment, consisting of three preparations (all different).

This will enable you to see for yourself that consumption is curable.

It will prove that mankind can now grapple with the demon which has dragged so many millions to their graves.

The hand-maidens of consumption—weak lungs, pneumonia, bronchitis and similar diseases of the throat and lungs and also diseases of weakness, loss of flesh and so forth, which so often degenerate into consumption itself—are also positively cured by the Slocum system of treatment.

Simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 17, King St. West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Sufferers should take instant advantage of this generous proposition, and when writing for them, always mention this paper.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers, will please send for samples to the Toronto label bottles.

To the

Barnardo Boys and Girls,
and Readers of
"Ups and Downs."

The world is made of Ups and Downs
With far more DOWNS than Ups:
But to have more Ups than Downs
You must ride a "**BROWNIE BICYCLE.**"



1900 BROWNIES will be made better than ever; we have all the useful up-to-date improvements that brain and money can desire. They have stood the test for years and are the most popular and thoroughly reliable, and stand as the King of Wheels to day.

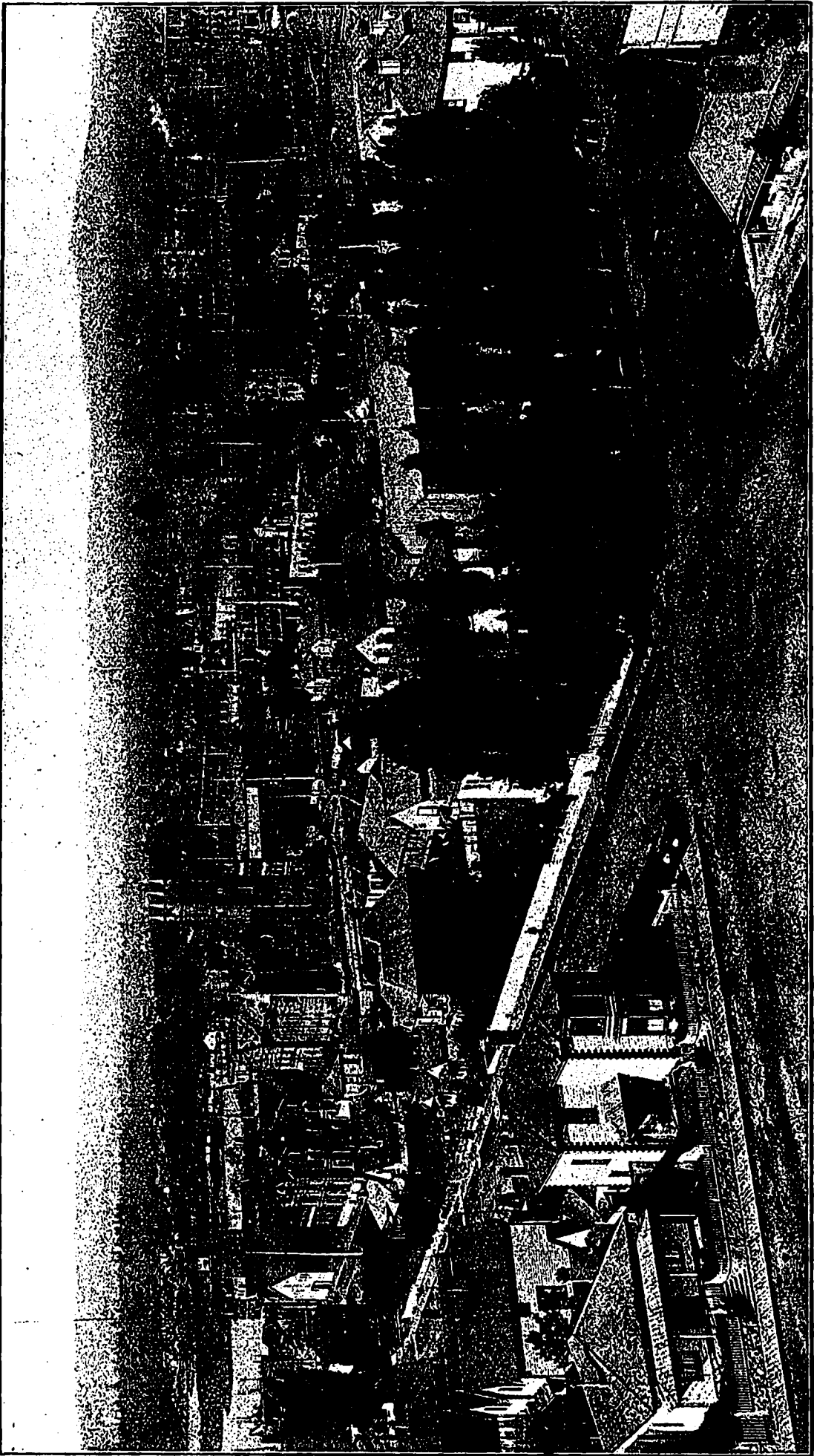
We emphatically say you cannot get **BETTER**, and we are going to sell you our "**BROWNIES**" at \$20.00 less than others, so do not be gulled into paying fancy prices to your local agents, who must have a handsome margin for their profits, so buy direct from our factory and save the agent's profit. **BROWNIES** are made in any color, tire or gear, in fact anything you want, from \$30.00 to \$40.00, and fully guaranteed, so ride a "**BROWNIE**" and have the best. We have hundreds of second-hands of all makes in perfect repair and newly enamelled, from \$15.00 to \$25.00, and good honest wheels \$10, \$11, \$12 and \$15.00, and we make you a further offer to pay charges to your railway depot. We want your trade and good will. We sell sundries of every kind. Should you want a new Tire, Saddle, Handle Bar, Pedals, Wheel Enamelled or Plated, we can save you money. Write for Catalogue, or list of Second Hand wheels. When in the City we cordially invite you to our salesroom. Kindly mention us to your friends.

THE W E BROWNJOHN CYCLE CO

Manufacturers of "**THE BROWNIE,**"

100 Queen Street West

TORONTO



Victoria, British Columbia.

UPS AND DOWNS

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Vol. V.]

APRIL 1ST, 1900.

[No. 3.]

Editorial Notes

Reading under Difficulties. OUR boys on the farms have got round once more to the beginning of another season's work, and we can fancy a good many sleepy eyes and tired heads will hang drowsily and heavily over the April number of UPS AND DOWNS. A long day's ploughing or seeding in the bright freshness of the spring air is a much better preparation for a good night's sleep than an hour or two's reading, and we sadly fear that our literary labours will be expended in vain as far as many of our readers are concerned. However, we must have our little say, though we ask no one to stay out of bed to listen to us. Our friends will have three months before they hear from us again, so there is ample time for them to read, mark, and inwardly digest all we have to offer to their mental palate.

Loyal Subjects and Brave Soldiers. THE war has made us feel a bit down in the mouth during the winter, and after reading some of those despatches that have brought the news of failure and reverses, we have felt all unhinged, and they have kept us, as it were, in a chronic fit of the blues. We do not intend to discuss the war, as we do not receive special despatches, and cannot pretend to be up to date with our information, so that we should

be commenting upon a state of affairs that may have entirely altered one way or the other by the time we are off the press. Suffice it to say that our letters from boys have teemed with the war, and we venture to affirm that Her Majesty has no more loyal subjects, or any more ready to take their share in the defence of the Empire, than Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada. The three Canadian contingents have each taken their quota of our old boys, and at least a dozen of our family are now at the front. We shall, doubtless, hear more of them later, and we have no fear but that every man of the number will do his duty as "England expects" it of him, and prove himself a brave and loyal "Soldier of the Queen."

A Highly Encouraging Record.

SOUTH African events aside, we can look back upon a busy and satisfactory three months.

We believe we are correct in saying that we have never passed weeks with so few returns to the Home, and so few serious complaints of misconduct, or cases of physical or moral break-down. The Home in Toronto has frequently been without a boy on the premises, and although winter is always "growling time" with employers, when the value of boys' services is least regarded as an offset to their absent

comings, we have had marvellously few entries on the black side of the sheet. Distinctly our "type" is improving, and while we should be sorry to express any opinion disparaging to boys who came out ten or twelve years ago, we must admit it to be a fact, and a most satisfactory fact too, that the emigrants of late years have given a far better account of themselves than their predecessors. Perhaps we understand our business a little better than in earlier days, and are more successful in adapting the right boy to the right place, and undoubtedly we are more closely in touch with our boys than we used to be; but we think more is due to education and superior training influences at homes, and more still to the fact that our boys come to us much younger than in the early days of the work, when thirteen or fourteen was considered a minimum age for emigration.



THEY CAN BE NO QUESTION THAT, FOR A BOY OF THE YOUNGER TYPE, SIXTEEN OR EIGHTEEN WHO HAS PASSED HIS TIME UP TO THIS AGE AMIDST THE STIR AND EXCITEMENT AND MINOR ADVENTURE OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY, IT IS A SEVERE TRIAL AND TEST TO HIS PRINCIPLES TO FIND HIMSELF "SENTENCED," AS IT SEEMS TO HIM, TO THE DREARY BANISHMENT OF A LONELY ONTARIO FARM, WITH PEOPLE WHOSE HABITS AND WAYS, AND MODES OF SPEECH AND LIFE, ARE AS STRANGE AND FOREIGN TO HIM AS HIS ARE TO THEM. HE CAN HARDLY BE EXPECTED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE WORK WHEN HE UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF ANYTHING HE IS SET TO DO, AND HE MAKES BLUNDERS AND MISTAKES THAT SEEM AWFULLY STUPID TO OTHER PEOPLE, AND AWFULLY STUPID TO HIMSELF WHEN HE LOOKS BACK UPON THEM AFTERWARDS, BUT ARE NATURAL ENOUGH AND PARDONABLE ENOUGH UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. THE WORK SEEMS SO TERRIBLY HARD, AND THE DAYS SO LONG, AND THE SUN SO HOT, AND THE "BOSS" GETS "MAD" WHEN HE COMES HOME AND FINDS THE MARE HAS BEEN LAMED BY BEING TORN "SHORT" ON THE

harrow, OR THE CATTLE HAVE GÓT INTO THE GRANARY BECAUSE THE DOOR WAS NOT PROPERLY FASTENED, OR THE ONIONS HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY PULLED UP INSTEAD OF THE WEEDS; AND AT LAST THE LAD LOSES HEART, AND, DISGUSTED WITH HIMSELF AND THE COUNTRY, MAKES A BOLT, AND WE NEXT HEAR OF HIM WORKING HIS WAY TO ENGLAND ON A CATTLE SHIP, OR PERHAPS DRIFTING INTO TORONTO OR MONTREAL AND GETTING HIMSELF INTO SOME SORRY PLIGHT, IN WHICH WE HAVE TO COME TO HIS RESCUE. IT IS NOT THAT HE IS A BAD BOY, OR A LAZY BOY, OR EVEN AN UNSTEADY BOY, BUT HE HAD NOT JUST ENOUGH JOHN BULL PLUCK AND GRIT IN HIS MAKE-UP TO STICK TO BUSINESS TILL HE WAS MASTER OF HIS WORK, AND COULD TURN THE TEAM IN THE FIELD WITHOUT PULLING THEM BACK ON THE HARROWS, AND UNDERSTOOD THE FASTENINGS ON THE GRANARY DOOR, AND COULD TELL ONIONS FROM WEEDS, AND COULD PUT HIS FORK INTO THE RIGHT PLACE ON A LOAD OF HAY INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TEAR AWAY WITH HIS ARMS WHAT HE WAS HOLDING DOWN WITH HIS FEET. IT IS ALL SO MUCH EASIER FOR THE YOUNGER BOYS. THEY ARE NOT EXPECTED TO DO MUCH IN THE WAY OF WORK, AND FOR THE FIRST YEAR OR TWO, WHEN PROBABLY A GOOD DEAL OF THEIR TIME IS SPENT IN PLAY WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN, THEY ARE GETTING TO KNOW THE NAMES AND USES OF THINGS, AND WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THEIR GOING OUT TO WORK IN RIGHT EARNEST, THEY HAVE GOT THE RUN OF THE FARM, AND IT ALL COMES NATURAL AND EASY TO THEM. WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS, PROBABLY SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF THE BOYS PLACED OUT IN ONTARIO HAVE BEEN UNDER THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE, AND THE RESULT, AS COMPARED WITH THE EMIGRATION OF THE OLDER BOYS OF EARLIER YEARS, HAS BEEN IMMENSELY IN FAVOUR OF THE JUVENILES. "THE YOUNGER THE BETTER" IS, IN FACT, OUR ESTABLISHED CONVICTION, AS REGARDS THE AGE FOR EMIGRATION, AND WE ONLY WISH WE COULD EDUCATE OUR CLIENTS TO ADOPT THE SAME OPINION.



TO DOUBTLESS UNFORTUNATELY OUR farmer friends will have bulk and weight, and bother us for big employers

boys of sixteen to eighteen, whom we have not got and cannot supply

we had almost said do not want to supply—whereas, if they would take little chaps who would settle down into their new places as really their homes, and whom the farmers could train into their own ways before any permanent habits were formed, they would find far better results. We do not care to speak of our work altogether in terms of profit and loss. We are not employment agents, and are not here to give employers the very best value for their money; but, on the other hand, we are not so young and unsophisticated as to imagine that the farmers take our boys for love. There are, happily, many cases—we could point them out, indeed, by many hundreds—where a very genuine affection and attachment has afterwards sprung up, and in which boys are looked after and cared for by their employers, and helped in life as well as they could have been by their own parents; but the primary object of the farmer in taking a boy is that his services may be useful to him. “A boy about a farm is always handy,” is much more the impulse that prompts men to apply for boys than any yearning desire to provide a home for the homeless. We understand and recognize this, and, as a matter of business, we assure our clients that in the end it will “pay” them much better, as it will yield much more satisfactory results to our work, if they will take small boys—little chaps who during the summer can run errands, and bring in the cows, and feed the calves, and help pick the fruit, and in the winter go to school, and in this way get “broken in” to the farm life until, a year or two later, when they are able to take a team in the field. The “breaking in” by this means becomes an easy and natural process; the boy sees what others are doing about him, the affairs of the farm and of his employer’s household become the interest of his life; the past soon fades out of his mind, and there is

seldom any thought of it being a place of service and drudgery. “It’s home to him, and he’s just like one of our own,” is a remark we have often heard of our youngsters, and it expresses just what is best and most desirable in the relations between our lads and those with whom we place them; but this is seldom possible with big boys, and hence it is that we would wish to develop more each year the demand and the supply for little lads in preference to older ones.



**Material for
Soldiers and
Colonists.**

As was natural, under present circumstances, an immense deal of attention has lately been given at home to the question of increasing the military strength of the Empire, and much has been said and written as to the importance and necessity of improving the physical training of our English lads. In this connection we have been struck with the recognition that has been given to the fact that boys who have been inmates of homes and institutions, and who, previous to their admission to these places, had passed through a considerable amount of hardship, and had even been what are called “street boys” in our big cities, have had in their early environment and training very distinct advantages over those of a more favoured class. We could often have wished that our lads, who have not unfrequently had to hear and read insulting and disparaging remarks upon their antecedents, could have heard what has been said of the class to which most of us belonged by men who deal with the subject from the point of view of expert experience in securing the best and most promising and effective material for the increase of our available fighting forces. It has been recognized and demonstrated by writer after writer that the hardships, struggles, and adventures that surround the early lives of many of the boys who are found

in such homes as Dr. Barnardo's, have had the effect of developing a degree of self reliance, quickness of wit, resource, endurance and hardiness that it would be vain to look for in boys who have been brought up under the sheltering influences of ordered home life. And, while there is so much to be said of the raw material, even greater stress is laid upon the advantages of modern institution training in developing the type of boys and men that are needed in our army and navy. The strict discipline, the drill, the enforcement of personal cleanliness, the attention paid to diet and sanitary arrangements, the generally high quality of the education, the encouragement given to physical exercises, gymnastics, swimming and athletics, are all mentioned as means to this end, and in support of the opinion that the boy trained in a well-managed institution enters life better, or, at least, as well equipped, mentally and physically, as those who have grown up amongst the comforts and refining influences of private homes. It would be out of our place to discuss the question in its connection with the supply of recruits for British regiments; but, as young colonists of the British Empire, we can claim for our boys everything that has been said in their favour as fighting material for our army. We believe that, in the great majority of cases, their early experiences, and the training through which they have passed, have supplied just those qualifications that are essential to success in a new country--manliness, self-reliance, adaptability to circumstances; and we assert once again our conviction, based on long experience and close observation, that no class of emigrants that Canada has ever absorbed into its population, British or foreign, has so well taken root in the country, has assimilated Canadian characteristics so readily, has developed so few failures, or given better promise of becoming useful and successful citizens in the future than the old established Barnardo boys.

The Supply of a Pressing Need.

THE scarcity of farm labour problem has been urgently and pressing asserting itself during the past few weeks, and the "bitter cry" of the distressed employer has been continually in our ears. At the beginning of the year we made the remark that we could easily place a thousand boys this spring. As we are situated at the present time, twice that number would not in the least disconcert us or more than supply the demand. Every "record" has been easily beaten in the number of applications that have poured in in a constant and steady stream during the months of January, February and March. Early in January we had a full list for the first party, and could only take applications for parties that we may expect next July or August, and for weeks past every letter that we have written has had to begin with "regret that we are unable." We do very genuinely regret to have had to refuse so many scores of highly eligible applications and, in many cases, old and esteemed clients; but unless we can tap a mine of boys somewhere, or discover some hidden source of supply, we can do nothing for them. Continually we receive letters, applying on behalf of the writer and "two or three neighbours," or informing us that "several others in the neighbourhood wish to get boys." Our local agents, in different parts of the country, write us that they can place six or eight or a dozen boys, and we have to tell them that we have none to place. Various circumstances have contributed to the present dearth of "help," but probably the principal cause is the remarkable development of the West, both in the farming and mining districts, that has attracted great numbers of farmers' sons and farm hands from Ontario and the older provinces and depleted the usual sources of farm labour. There has, moreover, been great activity in the lumber woods and a good deal of railway work is in pro-

gress. The country generally is in a splendidly prosperous condition, and trade and wages were probably never known to be better. That we are benefitting so fully, however, from the general condition of prosperity is attributable to the fact that our boys have made a reputation for ourselves, that they could only have gained by their own work, worth and steady industry. "By their works ye shall know them," and our boys have done their own advertising, and are wanted because they are known to be worth having and keeping.

WE are publishing in *Echoes from the West* the present issue a number of letters from our little lads in Manitoba and the North-West that will be read with much interest, as giving the experience of new-comers in the Land of Promise that so many of our older boys now in Ontario are turning their eyes towards. Exclusive of the youths who have passed through the Farm Home at Russell, of whose doings and affairs Mr. Struthers supplies us in each issue of *UPS AND DOWNS* with so much interesting and encouraging news, we have now nearly 800 youngsters in the West who have been placed out from the Winnipeg Home since its opening in November, 1896. This latest development of Dr. Barnardo's Canadian work has proved from its earliest commencement a most valuable and successful agency. It has enabled us to obtain openings in the richest and most rapidly developing part of Canada for a number of boys every year at the most desirable age for placing out, and has given us a foothold in the West that will, we hope, lead to a steady growth of the work with the settlement and opening up of the country.

Up to the present time we have placed none but the smaller boys from the Winnipeg Home, from twelve to fourteen years of age. During the sum-

mer months these little chaps are employed in herding on the prairies, following the cattle or sheep on their little Indian ponies. The animals have free range; but, in a country where fences are seldom used, the herd law requires every man to look after his own stock, and keep them from trespassing or damaging the crops of others. The herder has only to follow the cattle during the day, and bring them home to the corral at night. It involves no hard work, and the boys generally enjoy thoroughly their wild, free life, with their days spent in the saddle, and varied with gopher shooting, and fishing and bathing in the creeks and lakes, while, as for its healthfulness, we could not suggest a better advertisement for the North-West than a photographic group of our youngsters as they may be seen on the prairie mounted on their ponies. It would make one credit the legend of a western town, where it was said that the municipal authorities were obliged to kill a man in order that their cemetery might obtain exemption from taxation as a graveyard. It would certainly dishearten any medical man who was thinking of hanging out his shingle in the West and had any expectation of doing business. Often two or three youngsters join their bands of cattle for the day, so as to keep each other company, and we are afraid there is generally a combination of the kind when we hear of cattle being allowed to stray, and breaking into wheat-fields, or not being brought back at proper times and seasons. The herding season only lasts during the summer and leaves a good long spell for school. We fear the latter feature of the situation is not generally regarded as an advantage by our youngsters, or, indeed, always by their employers, and in some districts the schools are few and widely scattered, so that regular attendance is a matter of difficulty, but, in justice to our boys and their employer, we are bound to say that to

the majority of cases every effort is made to fulfil conscientiously the terms of the agreement in respect to school attendance. Most of our little lads in the West are engaged, or indentured, for four years, to receive board, lodging and clothing and a hundred dollars in cash, payable at the end of the term. By the time this amount is placed to their credit in the bank, few of the lads will be more than half way through their teens, and with this substantial nest-egg they will very soon be able to add enough to it to start on homesteads of their own. They will know where to get the land, and what to do with it when they have got it, and in ten years from now we expect to see many of the writers of the letters that we are publishing in the present number established on their own farms and prosperous settlers on the great, rich prairies. It would be unfair to leave the subject of the Manitoba branch without referring to the energy and zeal of Mr. and Mrs. White, who have been in charge of the Winnipeg Home since its first opening, and have devoted themselves unsparingly to the interests of the work. It has greatly prospered in their hands, and the record of their term of office up to the present must be considered to afford every cause for satisfaction and encouragement.



By the time this reaches our subscribers we expect to be on the wing with the first detachment, March 29th being the probable date of our departure from London. The party will most likely consist of about 200 all told, including about forty big fellows for the Farm Home at Russell, thirty or forty for placing from the Winnipeg Home, perhaps the same number for boarding out in foster homes in Muskoka, and the remainder of the contingent for situations in Ontario. We expect that leaving during the latter week in March we shall experience a "age of landing" on the

Atlantic, and if any scientific individual wishes for an opportunity of studying the phenomena of sea-sickness in its premonitory symptoms, its early stages, its climax and its after effects in the shape of prodigious appetites and general exuberance of animal spirits, we advise him to accompany us. Or if any misanthrope is curious to contemplate the most abject despair of which the human soul is capable, and to witness the extremest depth of mortal misery, he should live and move amongst the party during, say, the first two days after leaving the Irish coast. The sick and wounded after a battle is the only similitude that will compare to those rows and heaps of hopeless, helpless, apparently lifeless sufferers, lost to every sense but that of a horrible and awful aching void within, that insists periodically on being still further voided. We must go through it all, and as we cannot sympathize from our own experience and can offer no remedy, we do the next best thing for the sufferers, which is undoubtedly to laugh at them and talk to them of onions and tripe and fat pork, and by this means to awaken in their breasts some faint glimmer of hope that their misery is not eternal, and that there actually have been known cases of complete recovery even from sea-sickness. They hardly credit us at the time, for they do not suppose anyone was ever so bad as they; but a day or two later, oh, what a difference!—especially to the cook and the baker. Our readers will think of us "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and, we hope, will see the announcement of our arrival on or about the eighth or ninth of April, when as many of our old boys as feel inspired to do so, can write and congratulate us on our arrival, and give us all the news they can about themselves, and tell us how they have got through the winter. We shall be immensely pleased to hear from them, and we will send them in return all the news we can get hold of of affairs at home that will be of interest to them.

Home Chat

THE past three months have been busy ones in the office, and letters of all kinds and descriptions, bringing news of boys, good, bad and indifferent, have poured in in more than generous abundance. An average of between sixty and seventy a day keeps one's brains from stagnating, especially if one happens to be called away for a day or two and returns to find a small mountain of correspondence occupying the desk; and, of course, everyone who has written expecting a full and prompt reply. There has been material for any amount of "Home Chat," but we are devoting most of the usual space occupied in personal intelligence to our little lads in the North-West, so that we can only refer to a very few of the others of whom we have lately heard.

To begin with our little boarders, the following are typical of many scores of reports that have been received from foster parents in Muskoka:

As to George Higgins, I am glad to say he is well and doing well. He is a good boy and a trustworthy one. He is one of the best boys I have ever seen to go on an errand, and one of the quickest. You can count on George every time to go quick and do the business right. He is truthful and honest and very kind to all dumb animals. He makes pets of all kinds. It is just real nice to see him with them. Of course, he has his faults like all the rest of children, which is only natural, and it gives me great pleasure to speak well of him, for he is as dear to us both—Mrs. Green, myself and family—as if he was really one of our own. He has just come home from an entertainment, in which he and my son and two little girls all took an active part, each getting a nice present. George's was a nice mug and kerchief. I am glad to say everybody likes George. With love from George to you and best wishes from my self. I remain

WILLIAM A. GREEN.

ROYAL P. O.

John Holland is a very nice little fellow, as good a boy as any I have ever shot at. At least, I could not take for a better, for no child could have improved more than what

he has in the time he has been here. He received a prize at day school and also at Sabbath school. As for the little boy, Jenkins, he is quite a ways from being perfect yet; but I think that he is improving, and I believe that in time we may be able to give as good an account of him as I do here of Holland. They have had some colds, but nothing to prevent them from going to school. Holland has not been compelled to miss one day yet this year; but when it was stormy and bad roads I drove after him.

Yours truly,
JACOB SCHWOOR.

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA.

I received your letter for to send the little lad, Charley Howard, out, and I wish to say that he has been a very good boy since he has been with me, always ready to do what he has been told. I could write a great deal about his good qualities, but, to put it short, he is a boy that can be highly recommended.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM L. LING.

The little boy, Charley Ed. Kelloway, is getting along well, in good health and spirits, and is a good boy in every respect; obedient and truthful and well liked by all the neighbours around. He is always merry and pleasant. In fact is as good a boy as anyone could wish to have. I never knew him to tell an untruth yet. He has been with me over four years. We like him well. Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

GRASSMERE, January 29th, 1900.

Alfred Brayshaw and John Henry Edwards are well. They are in school every day and learning nicely. They are both very good boys. Yesterday was Sacrament Sunday in our church. Among the communicants at the Lord's table was our dear little Alfred. "Suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," said Mr. Clark, as he passed the bread and unfermented wine to our little boy. May the kind Lord draw our little boys by the cords of His love into the way of life.

Respectfully,

MRS. HOLLAND.

William George Darr is a very nice little fellow. He is in good health and is doing splendidly. He is a fine little fellow. We all like him. He is quick in his movements, to use a common expression, he is like a flash. He is learning well at school. He does not mind the snow. Nothing pleases him better than

Up to Down

to be tumbling about in it. I can truly say that we are pleased to have such a boy. I think that he will be a fine man when he grows up. We will try and do our duty by him.

Yours truly,

ERIAN HUI

Parkersville.

DEAR SIR, You might travel a long way before you could meet two better boys than I have. They are going to day and Sunday school. I would not wish for

young friend, George Richardson, now upholding the honour of the flag in South Africa. George came to us from Leopold House in the spring of 1893. After having been temporarily employed for a few weeks by Dr. James Thorburn, of Toronto, he was placed with Mr. John Little, of the Township of London, and



George Richardson.

When they grow up I think they will be a credit to the Home, to themselves and Queen and country.

Your obedient servant,

WM. HAYES

... thus referred to Robert W. Thomson and John Henry Arnold.

... nose portrait appears above is on.

here George remained for the following six years. His character was excellent during these years, and all the reports received, either by letter or on the occasion of Mr. Griffith's annual visits, were most satisfactory. A nice little sum of money was accumulated to George's credit in the savings bank, and we had the pleasure of awarding him Dr. Bar

cardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service. Last autumn, rather to our regret, George became fired with military ardour, and enlisted for a short course at the Wolseley Barracks in London, Ont. When it was decided to send a contingent of Canadian troops for service in South Africa, George was among the first to volunteer. He was accepted for the second contingent, and has gone out as a member of the Mounted Rifles, sailing from Halifax in Elder, Dempster & Company's steamship *Milwaukee* at the end of February.

Richard Reynolds, of the August, 1891, party, has gone out in the same company as George, having enlisted at the Wolseley Barracks only a few weeks previously. Before his enlisting, Dick was employed at a large grocery store in London, and when Mr. Griffith called to see him on his last trip, a thoroughly good report was given of his trustworthiness and general good conduct. Both lads will, we are sure, uphold the honour of the Home and of the country in any service to which they are called, and will do their duty in the field as men and Englishmen.

Our old and trusty friend, James Martin, has obtained the desire of his heart in being able to join the contingent as a shoeing smith. For the past seven years and a half James has been with the principal blacksmith in the thriving village of Jordan, and has made a record for himself as a shoer. As soon as it was known that a body of troops was likely to be sent from Canada, James wrote us, asking for advice and information as to joining the contingent, and as the result of some correspondence with the Department of Militia at Ottawa, James' application was referred to the right quarter, and ultimately accepted. According to the terms of the enlistment, he received \$1.25 a day up to the time of the arrival of the contingent at Cape Town, when the rate of pay is governed by the scale

of pay of the Imperial forces. We venture to state that there is not in the contingent a more thoroughly honest, well-conducted, sensible young fellow than our friend, James, and we are satisfied that he will do his duty faithfully, and make himself liked and esteemed wherever he may be situated.

We should be afraid to hazard a guess as to the number of letters we have received and answered from lads who were eager to offer their services for the war. We could have raised quite a respectable little contingent among our own lads, if it had been practicable, who would have undertaken the relief of Ladysmith, or the storming of Pretoria, or the repelling of a Fenian invasion. They may be wanted some day, and if it ever was really a case of the Empire in danger, there would be a fine body of "loyal men and true" among our old boys in Canada to rally round the old flag.

A very old friend, of whom we had not had tidings for several years previously, turned up a few weeks ago in the person of Harry Lord. We always regarded Harry as a sterling fellow, and one who would make his way in Canada. He was married six years ago, and for the past three years has practically had the principal management of a large fruit farm at Fruitland, near Hamilton. He owns the house and lot on which he resides, and is earning three hundred dollars a year, with firewood and other perquisites, besides receiving forty-five dollars a year as caretaker of the village church. Altogether, our friend is in prosperous circumstances and well established in life, and we have a sufficiently high opinion of his qualities as a "hustler" to expect to see him reach a still better position in years to come.

Benjamin Chapman is another young fellow who is settled on a nice little property of his own in the fruit district, bordering the southern shores of Lake Ontario. Ben was married some time ago to a

daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the locality, and evidently made an uncommonly good match. Both he and his wife are said to be much respected in the community.

The same batch of Mr. Gaunt's reports that brought us the news of our friend, Chapman, mentioned three other old boys who are "taken in and done for," and are householders and landed proprietors to boot. John Ashbee has a cosy little place at St. John's West, and seems to be making a comfortable living for himself and family. Henry Herbert, at Niagara, was visited in a charming little home, of which Mr. Gaunt has given us a full description, and where he was most hospitably entertained. Henry is an expert in pruning and in other operations connected with fruit-growing, and his services seem to be in constant request, besides which, he has charge of a large gentleman's residence, which brings him in a steady income. William Selby resides in the village of Homet, near St. Catharines, and, we hear, bears an excellent character in the neighbourhood. He is a good deal employed in ditching, for which he takes considerable contracts, and is spoken of as a well-to-do man. William has now a record of twelve years in Canada, and we have yet to hear the first word in his disfavour.

Albert Blunt, whose expressive countenance adorns the next column, is a lad who has made a reputation for himself as a fine little worker and shrewd, capable man of business. His employer, Mr. W. F. Kennedy, of Fenwick, ships a considerable amount of produce to Buffalo, and frequently sends Albert off with a load. Mr. Kennedy modestly intones that he considers Albert a better salesman than himself, and he has no hesitation in trusting him either with goods or money. A boy who can hold his own in the produce market in Buffalo, and render a satisfactory account of his stewardship when he

gets home, will make his way in the world, and we have no misgivings as to Albert's future, if he has health and strength, and continues as he is at present.

It gives us great satisfaction to be able to publish a portrait of our friend, Charles F. Wickins, of Milton. We have referred to Charles in a previous issue of UPS AND DOWNS, and need only say here, by way of introduction to the illustration, that we have nowhere among our great family a lad whose record has been more thoroughly blameless and exemplary than that of our friend.



Albert Blunt.

Herbert Frisco writes us from Appin a pleasant little account of himself. Herbert is a good boy, and on the first of next April will have completed his indentures in a very creditable manner. He says .

I am in the best of health, only I am having bad luck with the axe just now. Or else the axe has taken a dislike to me. The other day, while I was busy chopping mangels for the cows, I pretty near took two of my fingers off, and I no sooner got to the bush, a couple of days ago, when I cut quite a gash in my leg. Well, I am able to get around again, and my wounds

are healing up good and fast. While I am writing this letter I am thinking about Great Britain's terrible war, in which so many lives has been lost. Well, it looked pretty blue for the Britons at first, but to-day flags are hoisted and are flying over the good news that General French has gained Kimberley. Well, I guess I have said enough about Great Britain's war; but one thing we all hope is that Great Britain will not only gain back her own possessions, but that she will conquer the Boers, and bring them under the British flag. I now take pleasure to ask you what countryman Lord Roberts is. Some say he is an Irishman, and others say he is an Englishman. Well, I received your letter, and was glad to get it. I also received the Christmas Number of UPS AND DOWNS and thought it worth twenty-five cents itself. I am now longing for the next number. We are having pretty fine weather. So far, we only had one week's sleighing this winter, but to-day is a pretty rough day. Well, we have not many chores here—only fifteen head of cattle and four horses and nine pigs, but we are busy cutting logs. I go to church every Sunday and to the Young's People's meeting every Friday night. I am a singer in the choir. We just held our anniversary in the Presbyterian Church, and we had a tea-meeting, which I attended myself and said a recitation for them. The title was "Brave Volunteers, Show what British Boys can Do." I think I will be at a party to-morrow evening at a neighbour's house, if I am well and it does not turn too cold.

A good many of our big lads have been working during the past winter in the lumber woods in Algoma or on the railway that is being constructed through the Rainy River district in North-Western Ontario, and numerous letters have reached us from some of the large camps in these wild regions. Charlie Harris, who will be well remembered by the boys in the neighbourhood of Cottam and Essex, wrote from Hugh Mann's camp, No. 3, near Savanne, telling us that he has been earning two dollars a day as a rockman. He came there from Manitoba, where he spent last fall, and has taken up a homestead of 160 acres. His intention is to return to his new property in the spring with the money that he has earned during the winter to help in making improvements. Charlie is one who has learned to know and love his Saviour, and in his letter he tells us a little of his effort to stand up for

his Master. For a lad to confess Christ in a gang of American railroad men must have demanded no ordinary courage and self-sacrifice, and must have been inspired by a high sense of Christian duty. Assuredly we may apply to Charlie, for his strength and comfort, the promise of our Lord Himself, "Who-soever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven."

Thomas S. Marriott, one of the Stepney boys of last April's party, writes us from Waverley that he is



Charles F. Wickins.

getting on nicely at his place. He asks us about two lads who came out at the same time as himself, Samuel Sowden, and Thomas Wheeler. Sam has lately been visited by Mr. Griffith, who found him very comfortable in his place and making splendid progress. His master, Mr. John McPherson, of Campbellton, is an old client of the Homes, and we are glad to have sent him a lad who suits him so well. In connection with Samuel, we must mention the other two of the trio of Stepney apprentices who are being together. Thomas Wick

and Alfred John Craddock. Thomas is said by Mr. Veitch to be the best lad he has ever had in his employ, and Alfred has taken kindly to country life and farm life, and gives every promise of making a genuine success of himself. All three lads are in good places with well-to-do farmers and within a short distance of each other. Thomas Wheeler is settled in an equally good farming district. His employer, Mr. Alex. J. Munro, of Goldspie, finds Thomas a little slow, but he seems to do his best. Perhaps Mr. Munro himself would be a little slow if he were put to work as utterly strange and

factotum in the household of a wealthy gentleman at St. Joseph, Mo. Hugh tells us that he is getting three hundred dollars a year with board, and an allowance for clothing, and altogether he appears to be particularly fortunate in his present position and prospects.

Charles E. Hill, of the April, 1891, party, who gives his address as care of Mr. W. Stephens, Cedarville, tells us that he has hired with Mr. Stephens for another year at a wage of \$120.00. It appears that our friend, Charles, was thinking of making a change this last fall, but Mr. Stephens "would not hear tell of it," and ultimately the engagement was renewed. Charlie gives us his impressions of Canada as the result of his nine years' experience, remarking, "I like to live in Canada because it is so healthy, and a good man never needs to be out of work. My sister is pleading with me to go back to England, but I don't like the idea of going over." Needless to say, we strongly commend Charlie's decision, and advise him to try and bring his sister out to join him, when there is no doubt she could obtain plenty of good openings, and would considerably improve her position.



Hugh Piper.

different to what he has been accustomed to, as farm work in Canada must be to a boy who has lived all his life within the sound of Bow Bells. We hope that, though our friend, Thomas, is slow, he is sure, and we expect to hear another year that he has smartened himself up very considerably.

The young gentleman who appears in all the glory of evening costume is our friend, Hugh Piper, one of Mr. Phipps' old boys, and for several years employed on a farm in York County, Ontario, but now

Numerous commissions have lately been entrusted to us with a view to the emigration of mothers, sisters and other relatives of boys who are providing the means for these friends joining them in Canada. Our next party will include a good-sized contingent of these folks, young and old, and we look forward to witnessing some very delightful reunions between mothers and sons, and sisters and brothers who have been separated for many years past. Among others we may mention our friend, Arthur G. Baalim, who is sending for his sister; Horace Blunt, who has placed in our hands the full amount to cover the cost of his mother's emigration; George and Henry Jarvis, who are bringing out their sister; and James Robert and Jennie Kibble, who have com-

missioned us to bring their two younger sisters. Needless to say that we have undertaken the necessary arrangements for carrying out our friends' wishes with the greatest pleasure, and we look upon these cases as amongst the most satisfactory fruits of Dr. Barnardo's work.

Master Willie Peters, whose portrait appears below, is as smart and good a little boy as his photograph suggests. For some time past he has been living with Mr. Thomas Addison, of Puce, where he has an exceedingly pleasant home, with people who are kind and good to



William Peters.

him. Willie is a bright, happy little lad and doing well both at home and at school. Mr Griffith lately paid him a visit in the course of his rounds in the County of Essex, and brought us a report that was, in every respect, encouraging and satisfactory. In the same neighbourhood as Willie, Harry Fryer is settled, and doing well, his employer being our valued friend and staunch supporter, Mr Peter Corbett, of Puce. Mr Corbett, for the fifth year, reeve of the township

and in his official capacity is required to be frequently away from home, and during his absence the care of the stock devolves upon Harry. He is proving himself a faithful and hard-working young fellow, and is now earning high wages, and looks forward to being able to make a substantial addition to his bank account before very long.

George Whale is another of our old friends who is upholding the good name and reputation of the Homes in the same district. George has lived for several years past with Mr. Patrick Major, of Puce, but will have completed his term of engagement on the first of next April. He has not eaten the bread of idleness during the past four years, but has been thoroughly well trained in farm work, and is now able to command high wages. When visited by Mr. Griffith he was a little uncertain as to his future plans, but he is a lad who will have no difficulty in getting work, and, we have good hopes, will always do well.

Our young friend, Herbert Nicholson, has lately left farming to apprentice himself with a firm of electrical engineers in Detroit. Herbert seems to have been very fortunate in securing this opening, and, he tells us, likes the trade and expects to keep his present place. As we have written Herbert, we strongly believe, on general principles, in our boys remaining on the farm; but boys are not all made alike, and there are some whose tastes and capabilities incline in different directions to farming. Herbert is a sensible, energetic young fellow, and now that he has found an opportunity of learning what is undoubtedly the best trade of the day, we look forward to his making a success of himself.

A short time ago we received a tiny little leaflet containing the class lists of the high school at Thorold, and among the successful candidates for honours we were much pleased to see the name of

William George Raynor. George is a fortunate boy in having lived for the past five years in a place where he has been able to fulfil the duties required of him, and, at the same time, to continue his education, and we record to his credit that he has made excellent use of this opportunity. We hope to see him advancing himself steadily in life and reaching a position that will be an honour to himself and to those who have had charge of his upbringing.

The portrait of Thomas Whitnall, that we publish in the present number, will be recognized with pleasure



Thomas Whitnall.

by many to whom the name and features of our friend, Thomas, have been familiar in days past. The following is the letter that came to us with the photograph that we reproduce :

LINDSAY, February 10th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along. I am quite well, and I am getting along very well. I am working in the country on a farm, and I am about three miles north of the town of Lindsay in the township of Opa. I have been around Lindsay for over five years. Lindsay is quite a sized town and is the county town for the county of Victoria. It is noted for the manufacture of

the Sylvester farming machinery and implements, and also for its carriage and waggon works, and other important places of business. From where I am quite a bit of scenery can be seen. For instance, Sturgeon Point and Pleasant Point, Sturgeon Lake and Scugog River. Sturgeon Point is quite a nice summer resort, and people from the United States and different parts of Canada go there in the summer to enjoy their holidays, and at Lindsay there are passenger and excursion boats with which to take passengers to Sturgeon Point and other different places down the lakes. The country around here is a good farming country. We have not got much snow around here at present. What snow we did have has nearly all melted away and the ground is nearly bare, with hardly enough snow for sleighing. I had my photo taken not long ago and I am sending you one, and also you will find enclosed a dollar for the donation fund. I will close my letter now, with best wishes for Dr. Barnardo and his good work and all connected with the Homes.

From your sincere friend,
THOMAS WHITNALL.

Another recent donation to the Homes was enclosed in a letter that so strongly commended itself to us that we reproduce it in full for the benefit of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS. The cheque referred to realized eight dollars by the usual process of conversion :

ST. IVES POST OFFICE, ONT., CANADA.

DEAR SIR,—You will, no doubt, think I am a very ungrateful fellow for not having written to the Home before now, and I must confess you would be fully justified in so doing. However, as it is better late than never, I fully intend to turn over a new leaf. The most appropriate way, no doubt, would be by making the Home a little present, for which I hope you will please accept the enclosed cheque.

Very sincerely yours,

ERNEST WHEELER.

An exceedingly interesting and pleasant communication reached us a short time ago from our old friend, William Gibbs, of whom we had not heard for some years past. William tells us that he is still in the same locality and in the same situation as when we last heard of him. He says, "I belong to the Orange Order and am proud of it. I am master of the Lodge, and I am also president of the Y.P.C.T.U. in the United Brethren's Church." His letter enclosed a donation of two dollars to the funds of the Home.

The League of Liberty

BRITANNIA'S bugle blast has blown,
And on the veldt, in brave array,
From northern and from southern zone,
Her warriors muster to the fray.

“Behold thy Mother's life at stake !”
Shrieked Afric to her sons at home.
“Defend my daughter,” Britain spake,
“Until my valiant legions come.”

“Go forth, my sons,” Australia said,
“And fight thou well in Freedom's name.
Till from the soil where Britons bled
Is purged with blood Majuba's shame.”

“My sons,” cried Canada, “I see
My sister seized with violence ;
Arise, and strive to set her free,
And punish Boerish impudence.”

One watchword circled round the world,
One anger swelled an Empire's heart :
As one, beneath one flag unfurled,
They came to take the Briton's part

And thousands in the carnage fall,
And blood and treasure count for naught,
And only that is great or small
Which hinders now what shall be wrought.

For British rights and British law,
So long despised, must there prevail,
Ere from the bloody field withdraw
Such champions, who dare not fail.

Erstwhile the task, to them decreed,
To stablish firm a British state,
They spurned, because they would not bleed,
As all must bleed who would be great.

Meanwhile, molehills to mountains grew
Swart Evil towered to the sky,
And when at last the Briton drew
The tardy sword, it was to die

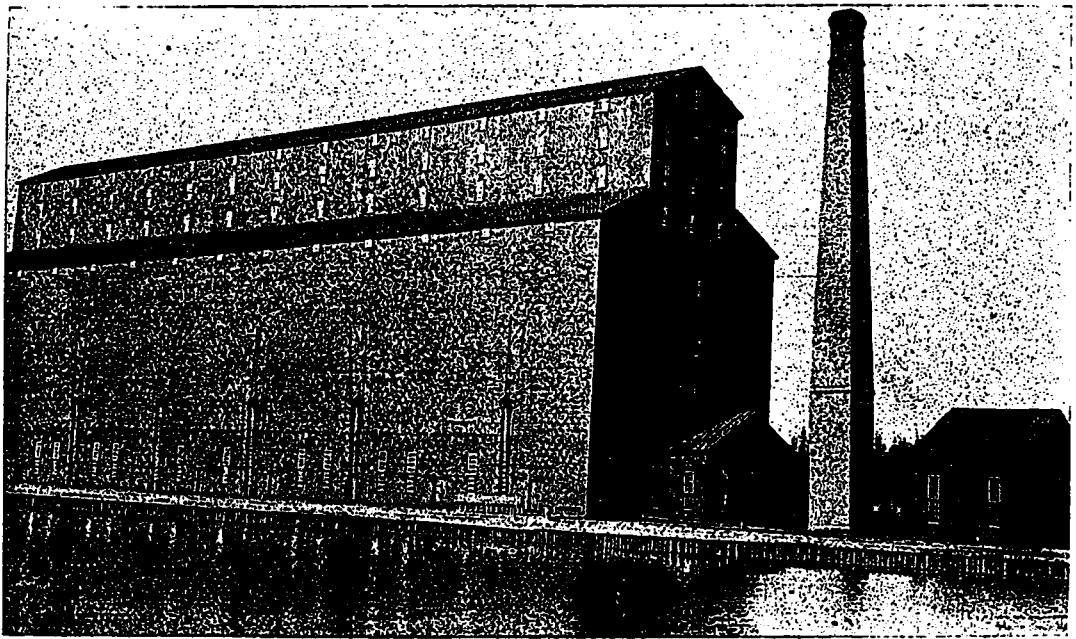
But now he will not turn or pause
Come dire disaster or defeat ;
The war is waged in Freedom's cause
And he will never now retreat

MANITOBA FARM NOTES



THE writer was, a few days ago, while waiting for a train at Fort William, Ontario (now the approved lake-port of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company), looking up admiringly and in wonder at the ponderous grain elevators along the river-front, and with a friend roughly estimating their great storage capacity, which, by reference

amount which we glibly enough describe with a few motions of the lips, teeth and tongue—really signifies. If we found an immense collection of floating timber of great value at the mouth of some large river strange to us, we would naturally ask where the valuable forests were located from which the sturdy axe-men were securing the logs, and



One of the Grain Elevators at Fort William.

to the annual report of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, was found to be 5,250,000 of bushels. Illustrations showing these mammoth store-houses have already appeared in Ups and Downs; however, it will be instructive, and perhaps set us thinking upon the great resources of our country if we consider for a moment what five and one quarter millions of bushels of wheat as

the great Canadian highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has been so fully described by your editor in these pages, may be likened to an immense river down which there is an ever-flowing stream of produce from the rich prairie farms of Manitoba and the great North West Territories on its way to feed the less fortunate millions of the old world.

The great elevators at Fort

William, you must know, do not get their fill from the thousands of cars running up to their sides day after day, and then lie idle; but, during the season of navigation, the machinery of each great structure is swiftly transferring from bin to steamer the golden grain for shipment through the great lakes and over the stormy Atlantic. Five and one-quarter million bushels of wheat—bread for 700,000 people for one year! Who grows it, and where? Follow up the stream and ascertain the nature of the Manitoba watershed of this wonderful river, and the occupation of the men who live on its banks.

Manitoba is divided by the Government for the purpose of securing agricultural statistics into five districts. First, the "Northwestern," comprising the municipalities of Shell River, Boulton, Russell, Silver Creek, Rossburn, Ellice, Birtle, Shoal Lake, Strathclair, Harrison, Clan William, Archie, Miniota, Oak River, Blanchard, Saskatchewan, Odanah and Lake Dauphin District. This district, above all others, is capable of great diversity in its farming operations, and one of the counties, Russell, inside its boundaries earned in 1893 the title of the "Banner County" by carrying off at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition the banner offered by Lord Strathcona to the county that should take the greatest number of prizes for a diversified exhibit. Russell won easily in this competition, her exhibitors carrying home the greatest number of red tickets for all kinds of grain, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry, not forgetting butter, cheese and honey. It was also in this year 1893 that Dr. Barnardo secured a medal and a diploma at the great Columbian Exhibition at Chicago for butter made in his creamery, the score for flavour and texture being very high. So we do not think it in any way disparaging to the other four districts to say that the "Northwestern," owing to its rich soil abundance of hay meadows and succulent summer

pasture, not to forget the ample supply of pure, cold water in most parts, stands at the head and front of all for mixed farming. The district is settled by highly intelligent people hailing from different parts of the world, and all intent upon making permanent homes for themselves in Manitoba.

The area of land under cultivation in the Northwestern district, as given by the Provincial Department of Agriculture, is 247,822 acres, from which was grown in 1899 over 6,500,000 of bushels of grain and 1,055,000 bushels of roots. The district is traversed by several lines of railway and has within its borders quantities of fine land open for homesteading.

The "Southwestern" is the district *par excellence* for grain and particularly for wheat growing, the surface of the country being generally level with little timber or scrub land, the soil sharp and inclined to lightness in many localities.

This district contains the municipalities of Wallace, Woodworth, Daly, Elton, Cornwallis, Whitehead, Sifton, Pipestone, Glenwood, Oakland, Arthur, Winchester, Morton, Turtle Mountain, Riverside, Cameron and Whitewater. It is settled by some of the most enterprising and successful farmers in Manitoba, and consequently we are not so much surprised when we read from the Government reports that the cultivators of the soil in the Southwestern District of Manitoba in 1899 produced from 921,672 acres of cultivation very nearly 20,000,000 of bushels of grain and about 1,000,000 bushels of root crop. The Southwestern District has the benefit of several lines of railway, and its markets are of the best, the principal feature in all its towns and villages being found in the groups of elevators which, towering as they do high in the air, can be seen sometimes at a distance of twenty five miles.

The "North Central" District covers a territory almost entirely east of the ancient shore of the once extensive Lake Agassiz and is

consequently somewhat different in its soil from the districts which have previously been mentioned, ranging from a light friable loam in the West to a heavy clay loam in the East and North-East. Being the bed of an ancient lake, the surface of this district is largely flat and in some parts it is only fit for cultivation after careful and extensive drainage. This drainage once carried out, however, the soil becomes magnificent, and in spite of the fact that a large portion of the district is owned by speculators and consequently unoccupied, while another section is held by a class of farmers very much behind the times and utterly wanting in enterprise, there was produced in 1899 from 434,860 acres of cultivation 9,500,000 bushels of grain and nearly 800,000 bushels of roots. The town of Portage la Prairie is located in this district, and the writer well remembers counting from a slight elevation in the outskirts of this town, in the fall of 1882, 160 stacks of beautiful wheat.

The "North Central" District includes inside its boundaries the municipalities of Rosedale, Lansdowne, Westbourne, North Cypress, North Norfolk, Langford, Portage la Prairie, St. Francois Xavier, Woodlands, St. Laurent, Posen and Ochre River.

At a glance the visitor would note, after entering the boundaries of the "South Central" District, that he was travelling along through a territory once covered by a great sheet of water, for the soil is made up almost entirely, in many places, of that fine rich silt which is deposited at the mouths of most great rivers. Geologists tell us that this district formed at one time a portion of the bottom of the lake before mentioned, and in its richness and fertility of soil it is probably not equalled in the Dominion of Canada, if it is in the world. The district comprises the municipalities of South Cypress, South Norfolk, Dufferin, Morris, Montclair, Rhineland, Stanley, Pembina, Lorne,

Louise, Argyle and west half of Macdonald.

This portion of the province has often been called the "Garden of Manitoba," and when we find the figures for 1899 to be 14,000,000 bushels of grain and 1,250,000 bushels of roots from a little over 500,000 acres of cultivation, the writer believes the results entitle the district to the distinction.

The "Eastern" District, including as it does nearly all the old river settlements where farming has never been carried on according to the best methods, and the Icelandic settlement on Lake Winnipeg, where fishing and lumbering occupy the attention of a large portion of the population, can hardly be expected to reach the standard of some of the Western and Southern districts in the line of agricultural productions. At the same time, this section is blessed with a most fertile soil and contributes largely to the flow of our produce stream, growing as it did in 1899 from 250,000 acres cultivated nearly 6,000,000 of bushels of grain, besides 1,425,000 bushels of roots. Land may be obtained by purchase at very low rates in all the districts mentioned, and, indeed, a few homesteads might yet be secured by sharp young men who had their wits about them and desired to settle in the province.

The statistics regarding the livestock industry, as furnished by the Government, show that some 47,000 cattle raised in Manitoba were sold and sent out of the Province during the year. This fact presents itself to the writer as most remarkable; for it was only a few years ago that the State of Minnesota supplied nearly all the beef that Manitoba and the North-West required, as well as pork and mutton; while today we are actually shipping animals by the thousand to different parts of the United States as well as to the United Kingdom.

It seems but yesterday that Manitoba's butter was being brought in from Ontario by the car load; and it was in those days the writer is

pained to say, from personal remembrance—an article of great *strength*! You have all heard of the farmer who wrote the commission merchant asking how large an advance the merchant would give him on the *strength* of his butter. To which query the wily commission man replied that it very much depended upon how *strong* the butter actually was! Well, I assure you, dear reader, on the honour of a gentleman, that if loans had been granted the owners of some of the butter coming into Manitoba in the seventies, in accordance with its *strength*, great sums would have been invested during each season. What do we find to-day in Manitoba? During 1899, thirty creameries, some of a capacity approaching 100,000 lbs. per season, were in operation. Thirty-three cheese factories were also manufacturing all through the season; and the output of dairy goods, so far as can be ascertained, was as follows:

Creamery butter.....	1,002,809 lbs
Dairy ".....	1,354,240 "
Cheese.....	848,587 "

There are estimated to be 30,000 farmers only in Manitoba; so that the reader will, if he has kept a check upon the quantities of produce given for each district mentioned, find the total of grain produced in 1899 by this small body of men (about equal to two army divisions in South Africa), to be approximately 56,000,000 of bushels, along with 5,500,000 of bushels of roots. This is wonderful work, and where is the secret? In the soil—that soil which sticks to you like a brother when the weather is wet. Look no further for the secret. As far back as May, 1872 (the very month in which the writer first saw Fort Garry, now Winnipeg), German chemists were revealing to the world the wonderful constituents of our prairie soil. Prof. Emmerling, of Kiel, Prussia, in that year made a comparative analysis of Manitoba soil versus Holstein soil. Now, we all know that the soil of Holstein—that fertile province of Germany, which is cultivated into the very hedge corners—is pro-

verbial for its extreme fertility, and could scarcely hope to see our prairie product come off with such honours as were bestowed upon it by the clever professor in his report, which is given below:

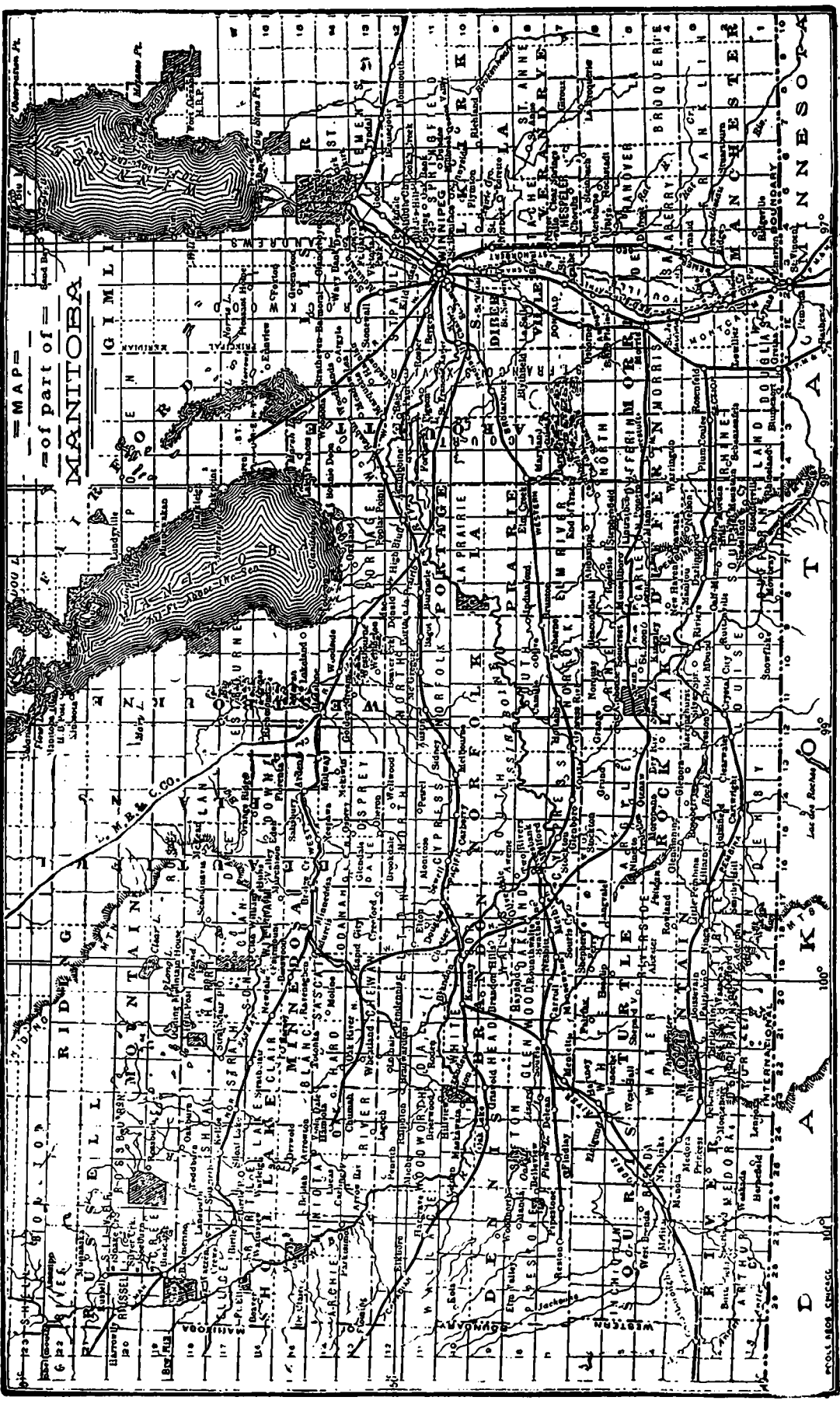
	Holstein Soil.	Manitoba Soil.
Potash.....	30	228
Sodium.....	20	33
Phosphoric Acid..	40	69
Lime.....	130	682
Magnesia.....	10	16
Nitrogen.....	40	486

Remarks upon this analysis were made as follows:

The chief nutrients are: first, nitrogen, then potash and phosphoric acid, which predominates there; but what is of particular importance is the lime contained in the soil, whereby the nitrogen is set free and ready to be absorbed in vegetable organisms. The latter property is defective in many soils, and when it is found defective, recourse must be had to artificial means by putting lime or marl (a clay which contains much lime) upon the same. According to the analysis of the Manitoba soil, there is no doubt that, to the farmer who desires to select for his future home a country which has the most productive soil and promises the richest harvest, no country in the world offers greater attractions than the Province of Manitoba, in the Dominion of Canada.

All this was in 1872, since which year practical demonstration has been made on a grand scale; and the thousands of farmers who have tilled the rich "alluvial," the hundreds of railway and steamship men who have transported the product, and the millers who have run millions of bushels of "No. 1 Hard" through their specially prepared rollers, can give ample testimony in proof of the wonderful fertility of Manitoba's soil.

Up to the year 1870 there was very little incentive to lead the early settlers to grow grain in any quantity, as there was no possible way of sending it out of the country at a profit. The Hudson's Bay Company, it is true, did buy a little wheat, but each farmer was allowed to sell a certain number of bushels only to the great monopoly of the day. Indeed, the late Governor Ranby, of Manitoba, who created the Red River Settlement in 1851,



MAP of part of MANITOBA

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles

PROLIFIC PRESS

1900

is said to have borne testimony in relation not only to the great fertility of the soil, but noted the difficulties which presented in the disposal of farm produce by the settler. Governor Ramsay, on his return to St. Paul, reported that the Red River settlers were raising so much, and had such a limited market, that they were, metaphorically speaking, "smothering in their own fat."

Previous to 1825 the grain raised in the colony had to be ground in querns, or hand-mills. In this year, however, a millwright was sent out to Red River by the executors of Lord Selkirk's estate, to set up a windmill, which the earl had furnished the colony some ten years before; and to-day, as we walk through the many beautiful flouring mills in different parts of the Province, fitted with the most modern machinery and capable of turning out thousands of barrels of high-grade flour per day, we can look back with some sympathy for the hard-working pioneer, who, shouldering his sack of wheat in the morning, tramped his weary way to the crude windmill, to arrive perchance in a dead calm, which might delay his small grist for days.

The country is indeed making great strides, and there is little fear of our "smothering in our own fat" in these days. For want of transportation facilities, the railroad mileage having now reached nearly 2,000 miles in the Province of Manitoba with one road alone, capable of moving our great cereal out of the country at the rate of 500 cars per day.

But, dear reader, it is one thing to give you in cold clear-cut figures an account of what the farmers of Manitoba are doing; but those of you who perhaps contemplate trying your wings westward will ask, What of the general features? What impression does the Manitoba prairie make upon the newcomer? Well, just listen to this from the pen of the accomplished explorer and writer Professor Hind, who visited the North-Western prairies

in the fifties. Speaking of the prairies and the impression made upon his own mind, Professor Hind says:

It must be seen at sunrise, when the vast plain suddenly flashes with rose-coloured light as the rays of the sun sparkle in the dew on the long, rich grass, gently stirred by the unfailing morning breeze. It must be seen at noon-day, when refraction swells into the form of distant hill ranges the ancient beaches and ridges of Lake Winnipeg, which mark its former extension; when each willow bush is magnified into a grove; each far-distant clump of aspens, not seen before, into wide forests, and the outline of wooded river banks, far beyond unassisted vision, rise into view. It must be seen at sunset, when just as the ball of fire is dipping below the horizon he throws a flood of red light, indescribably magnificent, upon the illimitable waving green, the colours blending and separating with the gentle roll of the long grass, seemingly magnified towards the horizon into the distant heaving swell of a parti-coloured sea. It must be seen, too, by moonlight, when the summits of the low, green grass waves are tipped with silver, and the stars in the West suddenly disappear as they touch the earth. Finally, it must be seen at night, when the distant prairies are ablaze, thirty, fifty, or seventy miles away; when the fire reaches clumps of aspens and the forked tips of the flames, magnified by refraction, flash and quiver in the horizon, and the reflected light from rolling clouds of smoke above tell of the havoc which is raging below.

Farm Home Diary.

The diary of the Farm Home shows that affairs have gone on in a most satisfactory manner since the date of the last notes. There was, of course, the usual Christmas entertainment, at which McGee, Parfitt, Haywood and other well-known artists distinguished themselves: the great feast which laid many a brave lad low for the next few days, and visits from many old lads, among whom none received a heartier welcome than Frank Lock, who came to us on December 21st, and remained until after Christmas. Frank is doing well in Manitoba and is consequently happy and contented.

1890 Dec. 11

The address of the editor of the *Manitoba Farm Notes* is 100 St. James Street, St. Paul, Minn.

the preparation of the list notes are as follows:

- Frederick Shell, care of E. G. Atkinson, Qu'Appelle.
- Herbert Lissaman, care of Francis Trout, Rapid City, Man.
- William Simpson, care of Frank Murdoch, Bru P.O., Man.
- Martin McCarthy, care of Robert Sadler, Sheppardsville, Man.
- Frank R. Whiteman, care of Robert Fox, McGregor, Man.
- Charles H. Redshaw, care of William O. Ashton, Wapella, Assa.
- George Whitham, care of Thomas Simmons, Clan William, Man.
- Francis Grower, care of John Baxter, Holmfield, Man.
- John J. Martin, care of James Fox, McGregor, Man.
- Bernard Burns, care of John McRae, Neepawa, Man.
- Arthur Haywood, care of Walter Badcock, Newdale, Man.
- Robert J. Oliver, care of Raglan Snell, Arden, Man.

Personals.

Charles J. Ruddick is now in attendance at the Provincial Dairy School, Winnipeg, and is making excellent headway in the Creamery Class.

Fred Cochrane, an old Toronto boy, entered the employ of the Farm Home on February 11th, and has now charge of the cow stable, where he is succeeding very well in keeping things in order.

A very promising letter was received from William T. Spencer, *Sardinian*, July, 1895, who, it appears, is driving H. M. mails between Fishing Lakes and Yorkton. Spencer is being well paid, and says he likes this country better every day, and would not go back to the Old Country for anything.

The power of the press has again been vindicated. Our readers will remember the efforts made in UPS AND DOWNS for January to inspire Fred. Johnson with matrimonial notions. Fred. now has a partner for life and appears as happy as a clam in high water. We shall expect to see thirty bushels of wheat to the acre on Fred's place this year, at least.

Prizes.

The following lads received first prizes at Sunday parades during the quarter.

- | | |
|-------------|----------|
| HAMBROOK, | FAIRLEY, |
| PARFITT, | DOCHREN, |
| HAYWOOD, | HAYHOE, |
| JOHN SMITH, | BENNETT, |
| NAVYOR, | GROWER. |

Obituary.

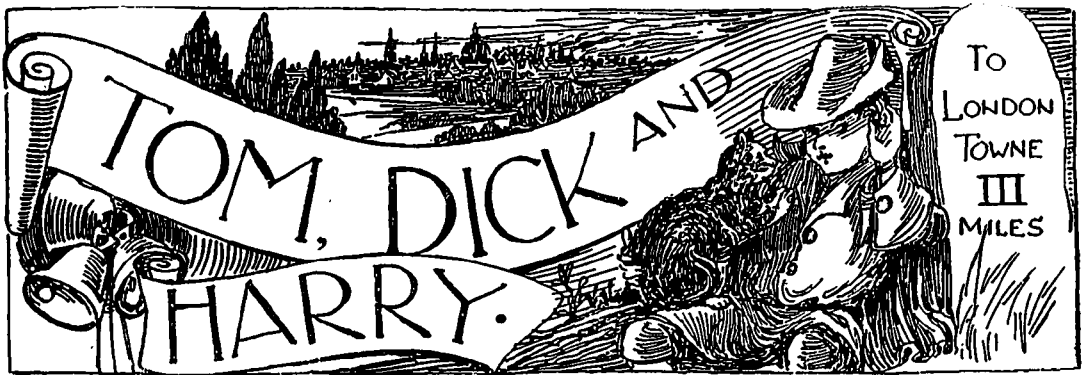
Mention was made in the last quarterly notes of the illness of the poor lad, William Woodward, and it is now our painful duty to record his death, which occurred on December 22nd, complications having set in which medical skill could not cope with. Woodward leaves affectionate brothers and sisters in the old land to mourn his loss, as well as many friends at the Farm Home, who learned to admire the young man's thoughtfulness and resignation during his last days on earth.

Partner Wanted.

William G. Chads writes the Farm Home:

Would you kindly let me hear if you know of a young man with a small capital, who would like to go into partnership on the farm in the spring.

Address, Wm. G. Chads, Lone Tree P.O., Man.



NOW, boys, I trust you will not think I have got sanctimonious and turned preacher because I wish to have a quiet talk with you, in sober earnest, on a serious subject. Many of my younger chums are about at the end of their tether, and will soon be breaking loose to shift for themselves, and if I indulge in what may seem like sermonizing, don't get out of patience with me, but hear what I have to say as you would listen to a chum who, on such an occasion, would get you into a corner and talk to you like a big uncle. It's a good thing to be in "dead earnest" once in a while, so here goes; and, mind you, no backing out till I'm through, or "dar will be trouble in de church."

+++

Launching out in life is a simile drawn from the launching of a ship. The gliding of the ship from the land into the water, which she will never again leave except to be dry-docked or broken up, is very suggestive of getting afloat on the troubled sea of life; but the parallel begins at a point anterior to this, and by way of an introduction to a discussion of this subject, we may do well to pause and examine the close analogy that exists between the building, rigging and launching of a vessel and the formation, equipment and starting out of a young fellow on a settled career.

+++

FRANCIS AND THOMAS B. [unclear]

to be built, there must be a design to which the builder shall conform, or there will be a lack of proportion and uniformity; everything would be at sixes and sevens, and the ship, if ever completed, would be liable to capsize or go to pieces in the first gale. This design, or plan, corresponds to an object in life which every youth should have, in order to bring his will, his talents and his energy to a focus, that his power of achievement may not be dissipated for the lack of proper control. We know how powerful and useful is steam when confined in a boiler attached to an engine, and we also know of what little service it is to man when allowed free expansion. Steam is the vapour given off by boiling water. By holding this steam in a boiler, and thus preventing its evaporation, or escape, the continued expansion of the water into vapour generates a tremendous pressure, which is mechanically contrived to work the piston of an engine forward and backward in the cylinder. This piston is connected to the machinery by a piston rod, and thus the enormous locomotive is propelled along the track with its train of cars. So you see it is by controlling the energy of steam for a definite purpose that its usefulness is assured. To further illustrate the meaning of concentration—that is, applying the whole of a given force to a certain purpose—let us consider an analogy which you will readily understand. Suppose you harness

one horse to six loaded wagons, he will not be able to draw them; but if you harness him first to one wagon, and let him draw that to where you wish it to go, you will see that the one horse may be made to draw the six wagons by taking them one at a time. And the moral is this, a great deal more may be accomplished by devoting one's efforts to a fixed purpose than by allowing one's energy to go to waste in trying to do too many things at once, or by working aimlessly at nothing in particular.

† † †

In beginning the building of a ship the keel is first laid down; and this may be regarded as the foundation of the superstructure. As the spinal column in man is, taken as a whole, the principal bone in his body, so the keel is the backbone of the ship. When we metaphorically speak of a person as having "backbone," we mean that he has force of character and decision. He is not to be turned here, there and every where, as the wind may blow, but he makes up his mind what he will do, and does it. Now, the keel, running from stem to stern of the ship, keeps the timbers of the hull together and imparts stability to the whole structure. Just so with decision and determination in the character of a person; it makes a man of him and keeps him from going to pieces in adversity.

† † †

The planks and decks, the bolts, braces, stanchions and bulkheads, all go to the making of a ship, to afford shape and rigidity to the hull, just as the thoughts, desires and habits of an individual go to make up his character. A rotten plank in a ship means a leak sooner or later, and defective construction may result in shipwreck. In like manner, a *bad habit* or an evil disposition may lead to disease or physical and moral collapse. A wise seaman will not put to sea in an unseaworthy ship, and a man of sense and true manliness will see that he is sound in mind and body before he ventures

out on the ocean of life. If he has a bad habit he will replace it with a good one, and if his character is not "taut and trim," he will make it so before he considers himself fit for any weather.

† † †

In the upper works of a ship there are the bulwarks, to prevent the decks being swept with the waves, which may be likened to resolution in the human being, in that it protects him from wickedness from without. Then there are the masts, which hold up the rigging, and these may be compared to the will; the spars, yards and ropes, which support and work the sails, which may be called in man his individual temperament, since it determines his type, as the rig of a vessel declares its class, whether schooner, brig, barque, full-rigged ship, or what not; and the sails themselves may not inaptly be described as abilities in man, for it is by these that he must make his way in the world. But let us not forget the wheel and the compass—two very important items in a ship's equipment, for without them the vessel could not be steered nor the right direction determined across the pathless deep. The wheel is that which moves the rudder and keeps the ship in her course, and what does this represent, pray? Why, conscience, to be sure, and the compass is the Word of God. Thus conscience guides the man according to the laws of God as shown by Holy Writ; and all other laws are supposed to be based on the fundamental laws of God. One might find many more points of resemblance between a human being and a ship, but enough have been cited to suit our purpose at present.

† † †

The first of April will find a number of you young fellows out of your apprenticeship, with seventy-five or a hundred—perhaps a hundred and fifty—dollars at your own disposal, and the wide, wide world before you. It was you whom I had more particularly in mind in writing the foregoing. It is a very

anxious time for Dr. Barnardo. I opine, when he sees his young fellows—like so many sons about to assert their independence—going out into the world, no longer under his control, to exemplify or belie the careful training he has secured to them, the watchful oversight he has had over them, the affection he and his deputies have lavished upon them, and the paternal care and providence with which he has guarded their welfare. It ought also to be an anxious time for you—a time of heart-searching, of the making of wise resolves to do right, and of a prayerful spirit that you may have the grace to be strong and quit you like men, and thus repay Dr. Barnardo in a manner he would best appreciate for what he has done for you. † † †

Ingratitude is a base, despicable fault in the young; doubly so is it in the child towards its parents. Shakespeare says of it: "Filial ingratitude! Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand for lifting food to 't?" And again he apostrophizes it as: "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!" Every son owes a measure of gratitude to his parents, and where the philanthropist steps in to assume the duties and responsibilities of a parent, the gratitude due to a father should flow to him, for has he not voluntarily taken upon himself the maintenance, the care and the solicitude attaching to that of a foster-father, when, were he to consult only his own ease and convenience, he might have shirked the responsibility as a burden which Nature had not laid upon him? I cannot imagine that any one of Dr. Barnardo's boys or girls could be so obtuse as not to recognize their duty in this respect

† † †

Now, I speak as a parent, and I say that a father is never so well repaid for his kindness to a son as when he has the satisfaction of seeing that son—the hope of his declining years—turn out well as the phrase goes. On the other hand,

nothing so embitters his life, and turns the pride of fatherhood into humiliating sorrow, as to see the son, of whom he expected so much in the way of manly endeavour and respectable citizenship, going to the dogs. Boys, if you have no respect for yourselves, do, I pray you, in the name of God, have regard to that good man who still speaks of you as "my boy." Mayhap, you will be a father yourself some day, and then you will realize from personal experience what it means to have a child whom you would not have go wrong, no not if the whole world were placed at your feet as the price of his downfall.

† † †

But I know that you are not unmindful of your own success. I give you credit for a laudable ambition to excel, and I trust that this ambition is accompanied by a conscientious desire to do right and love truth for its own sake. We all start out with good desires, but let us not forget that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions," which, for some reason or other, have been dropped as an encumbrance by those who had not the resolution when the test came to "cleave to that which is good."

† † †

Bear in mind, I am not preaching a sermon to you, Tom and Harry; I am only talking to you as a chum in a friendly way as the occasion demands. I want to see you started in life with a worthy object before you, to the accomplishment of which you will bend all your energies, and for which you will make every needful sacrifice, saying to yourselves, "Let us lay aside every weight, and *the sin which with so easily b. set us*, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

† † †

Let us all be true to our duty, and let us all set a worthy goal before us, and let us all be true to that goal, and let us all be true to each other, and let us all be true to God.

ing faithfully and industriously, adding to your savings all you do not need for current expenses, with the expectation of getting a farm of your own some day, as other lads have done. I should like to hear of your making an intelligent study of agriculture. The farmer who runs his farm in a business-like way, according to scientific principles, will surely get more off it than one who works by rote. I should like to know that you fully realize that nothing can stand between you and a respectable livelihood but your own faults; that you are in a country where everybody is taken for what he is, and no questions asked; that the democratic spirit of Canadians applauds a man the more for the higher he climbs; and that you have nothing to be ashamed of and everything to aspire to.

|||

Now, Tom or Harry, what are you going to do with yourself? Sit down and ask yourself this question in sober earnest. Are you going to be one of the many who bless God that Dr. Barnardo was the means of their coming to Canada, where they have embraced such an oppor-

tunity as may but rarely be found in the Old World, or are you likely to become one of the few who have missed their chance in life by letting it slip past them while waiting for something better? Don't be satisfied with negative virtues; don't be content to say, I am not this, or I am not that; but strive to be able to say, I am, by God's grace, a benefit to the world and a desirable inhabitant of the land of my adoption. Thus far have I prospered in that I have this or that, and thus far have I realized the ideal of true manhood, for the reason that I am accounted of good repute in such and such qualities of mind and heart. I am so reluctant to end this interview; there is so much to say—so much to desire. Yet all I might say or wish for your prosperity will avail nothing if you will not think and act for yourselves. Boys, you are about to show what you are made of; I hope it will prove to be the right kind of stuff. If I can do you a good turn, a letter will reach me, so don't forget

Your old chum,

Dick Whittington

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue, and include all contributions received up to March 15th:

Amess, Wr. J., \$2.90; Broster, Fred., \$1; Budd, A. E. J., \$2; Batten, A. E. J., \$5; Baalim, Art. G., \$1; Brown, Wr., \$1; Badcock Art., 75c.; Bayley, John B., \$1; Church, Walter, \$1; Cox, Hy. T. J., \$1; Carroll, Percy, 25c.; Chubb, C. S. W., \$1; Downs, Geo., \$2.40; Drew, Samuel, \$1; Dainton, Geo. T., 50c.; Edwards, James, \$6; Foskett, Isaac, \$1; Farthing, Reginald, \$1; Fitch, Wm., \$1; Fisk, Charles F., \$2; Farrow, Wm., \$1; Farrow, John T., \$1; Green, Alfred A., \$1; Guenier, A., \$2; Gill, Ernest W., \$1; Griffith, Herbert, \$1; Gee, Ernest, \$1; Granville, Hy. J., \$1; Gibbs, Wm., \$2; Hawkes, Geo., \$1; Hyland, James, 5c.; Hallday, Hy., \$1; Hallam, R. H., \$1; Holder, Hy., \$1; Heath, John, \$1; Hurrell Bros., \$1; Heath, John, \$1; Hutt, Wm., \$1; Jones, Enoch, \$1; Jiggins,

Wm., \$1; Lumley, J. W., \$2; Ling, Samuel, \$1.85; Luff, Wm., \$1; Lovelock, Wm., \$1; Lott, Geo. F., \$1; Lédnor, Hy., \$1; Lawrence, C. E., 75c.; Lambert, Geo. W., \$1; Morgan, Sidney, 15c.; Morgan, Ernest, 15c.; Mullard, Hy., 20c.; Martin, Geo. H., \$1; Marriott, T. S., \$1; Moule, W. C., \$1.50; Nott, John D., \$2; Prior, Chas., \$2; Parker, Fred, \$1; Palmer, John F., \$1; Piper, Hugh, \$1; Peters, Wm., 50c.; Potter, Chas., \$1.75; Richardson, Geo., \$1; Roberts, Robt., \$1; Robson, Chas. and Lott, John, 25c.; Richardson, James, 10c.; Robinson, James R., 50c.; Sharpe, Horace G., \$5; Smith, Wm. (Bracondale), \$5; Southern, W. C., \$1; Stephens, T. C., 25c.; Spread, Thos., \$1; Sage, Wm., \$1; Smith, James S. (1899), \$1; Spencer, W. H., \$1; Trim, Wm., \$1; Taylor, Wm. T., \$4; Teasdale, John, 25c.; Taylor, Wm., \$1.75; Thorne, Hy., 25c.; Underwood, Wm., 25c.; Verrall, Albert, \$1; Wright, Richard, \$2; Wright, Geo., \$1; Woodstock, Chas., \$1; Whitall, Thos., \$1; Wheeler, Ernest, \$8; Webb, Sidney J., \$1

Letters From the West

HAVING intimated to our youngsters in Manitoba and the North-West that we proposed to devote to their use and benefit a considerable portion of the present number of UPS AND DOWNS, we have been favoured with an immense budget of letters, in which our young colonists relate their experiences in the West, and discourse of their work and occupations, and give us their impressions of the country and the people in it. We are sure these letters will be read with a great deal of pleasure, as giving in their own words a sensible and intelligent idea of the life of our little boys in their homes among the settlers in the North-West. If anyone, after reading these letters, is found able to take a melancholy view of the position and prospects of these youngsters and thinks them hardly done by, well, we can only imagine that such a person has eaten something that hasn't agreed with them, and we advise a mild purgative without delay. We need make no apology for having to leave most of the writers to introduce themselves. We should be very pleased, if there was no limit to our space, to make some little reference to each individual correspondent; but this would involve throwing out other letters in proportion to the space occupied by such introductions, and we give our readers credit in the present case of much preferring to hear from our correspondents than from the editor. Hence we shall let our young friends generally speak for themselves without note or comment, but in many cases their employers have sent a few lines to accompany the boys' letters, and we are greatly pleased to be able to publish some of these communications.

WILLOW RANGE, February 10th, 1900.
MR. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your request, I am writing to tell you a little of my experience in Canada. When I first came out from England in the fall of 1895, I was sent to Muskoka for a year and a half and then sent to Manitoba. I arrived in Winnipeg about April 15th, 1897, and after staying there for a few days, I was sent to my future home, seven miles north of Plum Coulee. As Mr. Tudge was not at the station to meet me, a neighbour of his took me home with him. I stayed there all night and next day he took me home. As the snow had only just gone, there was lots of water everywhere (but it soon dried up) and we had to cross a big slough close by Mr. Tudge's house. This neighbour didn't like to cross as it was so deep, but finally he drove across after Mr. Tudge came out and told him it was all right. I went in and had my dinner and then went out to explore the farm. I found Mr. Tudge hitching three horses to a sulky plough, and I went with him to plough. He sat on the seat and took me on his knee when we were crossing a piece of water, and I thought that was the most horrible thing I ever rode on. First it would wobble one side and then the other. I was scared I would fall off. Now I can manage three horses, and a sulky plough myself. After staying near Plum Coulee for two years, we moved out to Willow Range, about thirty-five miles from Winnipeg. At Plum Coulee it was all prairie, and lots of grain grown around there; but here there is quite a lot of bush, and mixed farming is carried on. I like the bush better than the prairie. It is warmer in winter and cooler in summer because the trees shelter so much. It was very cold last winter, but this has been a lovely winter. We have not had much snow, and it has not been cold till the middle of last month it set in cold and has kept it up till now. The little town of Willow Range, just started this last summer, is only fourteen miles from our place, so we have not far to go for groceries, lumber etc. I like being out in this country far better than in England. I have a good home, plenty to eat and plenty of clothes to wear. I like my place fine, and the work which I do now is not hard. I look after eleven head of cattle, four horses, pigs and chickens. I hope we will soon be ploughing and harrowing, for I like working in the field. In the spring I plough and harrow, in summer, now,

rake and help stack hay and grain: and in the fall, plough some of the land ready for the next crop. Most of the work is done by machinery. The mower cuts the hay and the binder cuts the wheat, oats and barley; but it is hard work for a man to shock it up afterwards, especially a fellow like me, but I shocked all the grain last year. I think this is a splendid country for boys to make a home for themselves, and I think it is very good of Dr. Barnardo to send so many boys out to Canada, as they cannot do better anywhere else. I have never been sick but two days since I came to Manitoba. When I came here I was hardly four feet, now I am five feet two inches. I will be fifteen next spring. I am glad Dr. Barnardo sent me out to this country, and wishing him every success in his good work, I remain,

Yours gratefully,
JOHN W. BATKIN.

WILLOW RANGE, February 10th, 1900.

ALFRED B. OWEN, Toronto.

SIR,—With reference to John W. Batkin, I would say that he has proved entirely satisfactory. Around Plum Coulee Dr. Barnardo's boys were practically unknown, for as soon as I got one the neighbours wanted to know where he came from and all about him. I think some of them thought that I had made a mistake, but John's conduct soon proved to them that I had not, and in a little while after quite a lot of the neighbours had a boy from the Home. John was only a little fellow when I got him and couldn't do very much, but he was willing to do what he could. Sometimes he would want to do what he couldn't. The first day he came I took him with me to plough and let him drive the horses. He thought he was a pretty big man that day. In the summer I let him mow and I raked the hay. If anything went wrong I was right there to attend to it. He got along fine. He has been with me nearly three years and is quite handy. He can handle a team of horses about as good as I can, and I can trust him anywhere with them, for I know he will be as careful of them as I would myself. He can do all kinds of farm work except running the seeder and the binder; I have always done that myself. He is truthful and honest, and what he don't know he is willing to learn. He had never seen a threshing machine till the first fall he was with me, and when it came to my place I couldn't have held him with a rope he was so anxious to see it working. The binder delighted him too. If I were to tell you all the pranks John used to play I should fill a big book, so I guess I will close. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Yours truly,

GEORGE T. ...
P.O. Manitoba
I received your letter
the other party that came

Winnipeg in 1897. I was sent to Rossburn to a situation with Mr. Cochrane, in the Birdtail valley, where they do a lot of ranching and dairying. But I was too small for him, but I got a job with Mr. McAinsh, who is farming about ten miles from there, and have been with him ever since. Mr. McAinsh is a Scotchman about eleven years in Manitoba. He and his mother live together. They have seven horses; one team he works himself. I work one mare cleaning out stables in winter, and I rake the hay with her in the summer time. We have eleven cows. Mrs. McAinsh and I milk them. We have ten young cattle. Mr. McAinsh has three quarter-sections of land now. He had just a homestead when I came to him, but he bought two quarter-sections of railway land last year. I don't go to school because the boys tease me, but I learn to read and write at home. I go to church. It is a new church. Mr. McAinsh helped to build it; it is four miles from here, and the people call it Argyle Church. There are lots of nice girls go there too. One of them came to our place in the summer time to hunt a cow. Mrs. McAinsh sent me to help her catch the cow. Mrs. McAinsh showed me the house where she lived, and when I can afford it I am going to buy a pony, so I can go and see her. I like the country. Last winter I caught a lot of rabbits, and we got sick of eating them; but there are very few to be seen this winter. People round here generally get good crops. There is lots of good pasturage for cattle, but the land is getting well settled. There were lots of Galicians settled east of here last year. I won't write any more just now, so as to give the other North-West boys a chance to get in UP AND DOWNS.

Yours truly,
CHARLES GANDY.

P.S.—There are lots of Barnardo boys working round here, and please give my love and respects to Dr. Barnardo.

BAGOT, MANITOBA, February 9th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I have been in Canada six years, and my experience is small. I was in Muskoka two years around the rocks. I did nothing much in that part, but Manitoba is a fine country for farming and stock-raising. I am with a big farmer, and he hires a lot of men, and most of them are from Ontario and think of making their fortunes in a couple of weeks. If they can't get a job, they go back and say the country is no good. I got on splendidly since I came to the country, and am in the best of health. My job is chiefly to cook, and I can make good bread; nothing extra on pastry for a bachelor. The crops were good last year. The average was about fifteen to thirty bushels to the acre. The Hessian fly destroyed a certain amount of the crop. We have about 5,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of

oats. We are about four miles from Beaver Station, one mile from the Yule Siding. It is a new line of the Northern Pacific. My boss is away to Ontario this winter. This is a fine prairie country. Look to the east, you can see twenty-five miles; to the west, ten miles; to the north, twelve miles; to the south, nine miles. We are about twelve miles from the Lake Manitoba. In the summer it is pleasant—not too hot, to roast a person. At night it cools down and makes it pleasant for a good night's rest after working hard all day. In the winter time very cold at times. Take it all through, it's a good, healthy country. This is all at present. I remain,

Yours truly,
TOM ROBINSON.

In connection with this letter from Tom Robinson, we may mention that we lately received a visit from a gentleman from Pennsylvania who had accidentally met Tom's employer, and hearing such an excellent report of him, had decided to apply himself for one of Dr. Barnardo's boys.

WINLAW, ASSA., February 14th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—We have been having a beautiful winter until the last few days. The weather now is quite severe. I have been attending school. We have a new school teacher, and he is a nice, kind man. We are having school in our church, as we have no school-house; but they expect to build one this summer. I like the country very well. We have three-quarters of a section of land, and we had 2,000 bushels of wheat. We are going to have an entertainment here, so we are practising songs for it at school. I have ploughed stubble and learned how to backset. We have twelve horses and seven cattle. They have been able to eat out till February the 6th, so it was not much trouble to attend to them; but now they are in all the time, for it is much colder. I am sure there is plenty of room for more boys. I like to live out here very well. It is a splendid country. There is not much to do here in the winter, as we cannot work on the land. I got a lot of Christmas presents. Mrs. Foates sent me a nice silk handkerchief. I lived with her before I came here. I am sure the people I am with are very kind to me.

Your sincere friend,
ARTHUR G. MERRILL.

MEADOW VALE, February 18th, 1900.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines in answer to your letter. I like Canada very much and would not care to go back to the Old Country again, for I think this is just the place for boys who are willing to work. I did not do much work the first month now. I help to milk and do the chores

around the stable. I like farm work and to be among the cattle. I harrowed some last fall, and if all goes well, I shall learn to plough this spring. We live in the prettiest part of Meadow Vale, and a mile and a half from the church. The neighbours are all very nice people, and good natured and willing to give a helping hand when anyone is in trouble. I am in very good health at present, and I have grown a lot since I came to Manitoba. I have been with Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill ever since I came out, and expect to stay my full time, as I have no wish to change. They are both very kind to me and I am happy and contented. Yours faithfully,

RICHARD HUGHES.

MEADOW VALE, February 17th, 1900.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—Richard, or Dick, as we call him, has been with us for nearly a year. He is a very good boy, and we are well pleased with him. We hope to see him grow up to be a good and useful man.

Yours,
JAMES W. O'NEILL.

February 9th, 1900.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been sick a little while, but I am getting better now. I think this is a very nice country if it was not so cold; but I am getting used to it now and don't mind it so much. It is a very pretty place here in the summer, because we are living in the valley with the river running through it, and we are living on a very nice farm. The crops turned out very fair last fall, although it was good and dry for want of rain. The wheat belonging to Mr. Bisset turned out a little over 9,000 bushels off of fifty acres; then he had about sixty bushels of potatoes besides. I have been here over two years now, and I like my place very well. I have three stables to clean out and ten cows to look after. We have twenty-six cattle altogether and five pigs and eight horses. We keep two working teams in the stable and let the rest of them run loose all winter, and they get fatter than those in the stable. We also have lots of hay this year. It's a good thing to have lots of feed in this country.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM MURDOCK.

FARRISBORO, February 12th, 1900.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I must offer you an apology for not writing you long before this, but there has been no occasion for making any complaints on Wilhe's account so I have deferred writing. He is always giving satisfaction, and attending to his duties, and giving promise of being a useful citizen of our country.

Yours ever,
ANDREW B.

MEADOW VALE, February 18th, 1900.
DEAR MR. OWEN, I have been thinking of writing you long since, but I have been so busy that I could not find time to do so. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same.

time us Western boys had an innings in our paper *UP AND DOWN*. I also thought so, and was glad that you wrote about it. I like the country fine, and the people are, as a rule, very kind. I like my place fine, and it is nearly all in-door work. When I am a little older and stronger, I am going to learn to be a baker. The climate is a very healthy one, cold in winter and warm in summer. Yesterday it was thirty-eight below zero at half-past seven. It has been a beautiful winter, and there is very little sleighing as yet. Yours sincerely,

THOMAS FRAGLE.

A. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—As Thomas Fragle asked me to write to you in reference to him, I thought I would write a few lines to you by way of encouragement, as you, no doubt, are deeply interested in those boys, and, no doubt, are pleased to hear of them getting along well. Well, Tommy is a very good boy. I am very well suited with him so far. He has been at school most of his time since he came here, and is doing well. He is learning well, and, with proper treatment, I think will make a smart, intelligent man. We have no family of our own except one girl, and she is seventeen years old, so that he is as one of our own. He does his work very cheerful and pleasant, usually speaking; on the whole, I think rather smarter than the average boys of his age. I am a baker and run a bakery and boarding house in connection, so his work is mostly inside work. I am anxious to give him a good education now, and then I will finish him up with a trade, and that will see him through the world if he looks after it. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM HOWELL

DEAR SIR, I received your letter, and was very pleased to hear from you. I hope you have had as good a winter as we have had, although it has been very cold these last few days; sometimes it was forty below zero. We have had a very good crop this year. We had 2,000 bushels of wheat and 800 bushels of oats and 60 bushels of barley. We have twenty-four head of cattle altogether and twelve horses and one colt. We have five pigs, but we are going to kill them soon. We have to go six miles for wood, and this year we went twenty miles to get logs for building and fire-wood. We made granaries and stables out of logs. I think this is all I have to say, so good bye.

Your affectionate friend,

AUGUSTUS BIRCH

ROSSER, February 15th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,

DEAR SIR, I received your letter, and was very pleased to hear from you. I hope you have had as good a winter as we have had, although it has been very cold these last few days; sometimes it was forty below zero. We have had a very good crop this year. We had 2,000 bushels of wheat and 800 bushels of oats and 60 bushels of barley. We have twenty-four head of cattle altogether and twelve horses and one colt. We have five pigs, but we are going to kill them soon. We have to go six miles for wood, and this year we went twenty miles to get logs for building and fire-wood. We made granaries and stables out of logs. I think this is all I have to say, so good bye.

warm house and lots of frigg, we are very comfortable. Yours truly,

H. W. THOMPSON

Care MRS. J. CUTT, INDIAN HEAD, N. W. T.

DEAR SIR,—This is a fine country, and I like it better than England, and we have had a fine winter and hardly any snow, and we had a fine crop last summer. It was twenty bushels to the acre of wheat, and forty bushels to the acre of oats, and fine for potatoes and cabbage and onions, and father had a long sickness and he was three months helpless, and I helped mother to take him out of bed and in, and he called me a good boy, and he was longing to be home, and God heard his cry and took him home on the 29th day of January, and was buried on Sunday, the 31st of January, and now mother and me are living alone, and her sons and daughters come to see us every day, and I have no heavy work to do but mother's four cows and a pony, and a bit of wood, and I am going to be a good boy to her, and she is very kind to me and gives me lots to eat, and Indian Head is the preferment for grain, and they start drawing wheat from the time they start to thresh till April, and we have ten great stores by the small ones, two doctors, two blacksmiths' shops, two drug stores, three churches and two schools, four hotels and a wholesale liquor store, and I don't think I can say more.

I remain, your sincere friend,

ALFRED G. ELLIS

ROSSER, February 16th, 1900.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I received your kind letter in February. I am getting on fine and I like my place fine. They are very kind to me. I am going to Sunday school. I have one cow to milk and water. We have four horses. We have some hens and some ducks and turkeys. I have a great time in the summer. I go with Mr. Harris to shoot prairie chickens and wild ducks. I go on horseback and have a nice ride. I am, your sincere friend,

FRANK FOX.

ROSSER, February 16th, 1900.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, Your letter to Frank received some time ago, and as he is answering you to-night I will also enclose you a line in regard to him. He has been with me over six months, and I must say I am well pleased with him. He is smart, good-tempered and quick to learn anything in the farming line. My farming is mostly in the grain line, and do not keep many cattle, but what chores I have when I am away for a day, Frank does them as well as I could myself. I am not sending him to school this winter as it is too far for him to walk, and he is not old enough to drive himself, but another winter I intend that he shall go to school regularly. He

will be old enough then to trust with a horse and rig and more accustomed to handling one. Our winters are very severe in Manitoba, and Frank does not particularly like forty below zero (for that matter, neither do I); but I think that once summer comes again he will like this part of the country. I remain, yours truly,

S. G. HARRIS.

Dr. J. C. Bruce, of Wapella, with whom Thomas G. Dymond is living, writes of him as follows:

DEAR MR. OWEN,—The boy, Thomas George Dymond, has been with me now about eighteen months, and I am much pleased to record a great improvement in that time. He has worked well, far better as regards steadiness than I believed him capable of at first. I soon found out that he was very energetic, but I was doubtful if he would persevere; but I was very glad to see that he was not lacking in that respect, and was doing all that could be expected from a lad of his age. Although, like most boys, he is apt to be careless and not sufficiently thorough, but he is getting very much better of that, I am happy to say. I can now with truth say that if your boys turn out as well as he has, any employer will be heartily satisfied. He is growing fast and will be quite tall, I think, and I am sure if he goes on as he has been doing he will soon be, when he comes to farm for himself, an independent man. He is quite a member of our family and is *au fait* with most of its concerns and identifies himself as a very important factor of the welfare of the place.

Thomas writes us of himself as follows:

I like the country very much. We are five miles out from Wapella. I am getting to understand a lot about farming. Last fall I ploughed quite a bit, and I drove the binder and I built the grain stacks, and both my master and the threshers say that I built them good, and I expect, if I know enough, in two years' time I shall be able to run the farm myself. I am glad to say I am well and strong and contented in my place, and wish to send my best respects to Dr. Barnardo when you see him.

Dr. Bruce has very kindly contributed for publication an account of a very distressing event that formed a sad chapter in the history of our work in the West during the past year. Little Thomas William Gay, a particularly bright and promising lad, was living with a family named McRae, in the neighbourhood of Wapella. He was happy in his home and a general favourite in the family and among his boy acquaintances. His work

during the summer was to herd cattle on the prairie, and on the morning of July 22nd he left his employer's homestead in charge of his band of stock in the best of health and spirits. On the evening of that day, two men driving along one of the prairie trails leading from Wapella, found him lying near the trail in the last stage of convulsions, while near at hand was a small bottle containing strychnine, a drug frequently used as gopher poison. It seems evident that this bottle must have been dropped on the trail and that Tommy picked it up and tasted its contents with fatal results. He reached Mr. McRae's house alive, but breathed his last ten minutes after being carried in, his latest words being a faintly articulated prayer. The cutting off thus prematurely of a young life that seemed so full of hope and promise is one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence of the why and wherefore we know not now, but we shall know hereafter when that which is sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and that which was sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body.

From the Wapella district we have received very pleasant news of and from Edmund S. Brown. His employer, Mr. Garner, writes of him:

So far he has been a very good boy and we all like him very much. He is bright, willing and good tempered. If he's a good boy, I shall have much pleasure in helping him to grow up a steady, respectable colonist.

We quote the following from Edmund's own account of his Canadian experiences, that extend from the spring of 1894:

The first year I came to Canada I boarded in Muskoka, then I was sent to Mr. Hogg, a farmer owning land in a rustic, a district fourteen miles north of Wapella. I remained there two and a half years, and was very comfortable; but as Mr. Hogg has moved into Wapella, he no longer needs me. I came to my feet at home with Mr. Garner January 10th. He lives six miles north of Wapella. I like my master and mistress. They are the good

and kind to me. I have no more work to do than I can manage easily. The crops throughout the whole of the Wapella district were light last year, owing to the late, wet summer, but everyone is hoping for better luck in 1900.

Still another member of our family writes us from Wapella:

I am having a good time. I have lots of work to do, lots of play; three children—two boys and one girl. I have a dog and sleigh, and he drives fine. I cut all the wood and the dog draws it to the house. We have seven horses and a team of oxen, one calf, and three pigs and some hens. We raised 1,100 bushels of wheat and some oats. I went to the races on May 24th and the summer picnic and the fall show. I had lots of money wherever I go. I am going to start to school as soon as it gets a little warmer. It is very cold just now. I am not doing very much but catch rabbits. From one of your boys,

RICHARD HAMMOND.

Of Richard, Mrs. Rehill writes:

We are very pleased with our little boy, Richard Hammond. He is a very good boy to do anything that he is told, and he is very kind to the children. He has grown a lot since he came to us last March. We are going to send him to school as soon as it gets a little warmer.

Richard's older brother, Thomas, has sent us an account of his doings and adventures that leave little doubt but that Thomas is "all there" and will make his way as a prairie farmer:

BROOKSIDE, February 15th, 1900.

To UPS AND DOWNS,—I came out here, twelve miles south of Wapella Station on main line of C.P.R., about 230 miles west of Winnipeg, two years ago last July, after living over a year in Muskoka. I am about fifteen years old, and I have grown bigger and much stronger since I came here. My employer has 640 acres of land in three farms, and I helped some with haying the two last summers. I have been herding most of the time, but before herding started last spring, I helped some driving a team drag harrowing, and I have driven a four-horse team for a short time on the disc harrows, and my employer hired a man at \$20 a month last fall to do a lot of discing with a four-horse team, and he said he was sorry he did not put him herding and me discing, and I could drive the four horses better than the man. Last summer we had 1,500 bushels of wheat, 600 bushels of oats and we put up eighty loads of hay. We have over thirty head of cattle and ten horses. I often drive a team in a sleigh or wagon and in a rig, and I often ride on horseback after horses and cattle and on errands.

Sometimes I am permitted to take out the shot gun, and last fall I shot two prairie chickens on a wheat stack near the house. I killed them so dead I had to climb up the stack to get them. I have not got a shot at a wolf yet, but I often see them. A few nights ago I saw one at the granary door, and last summer I often drove wolves away from the cattle with my dog. We live in a bluffy country that is part bush and part prairie. Some travellers say it is the nicest place they have seen in the North-West, and most of the people are fairly well off. I expect to work most of the time next summer on the farm, driving a team part of the time. I expect to drive three or four horses, at least while seeding lasts. I have not tried the plough yet, but I expect to try it next summer. There is a school and post office less than a mile from us. I went to school some since I came out before and after herding, and I go to preaching in the school-house. My employer said I was pretty brave last fall. Our big bull got fighting with a neighbour's bull and got tangled together with their ropes. I went in between them and untied their ropes and then got on horseback and drove our bull home.

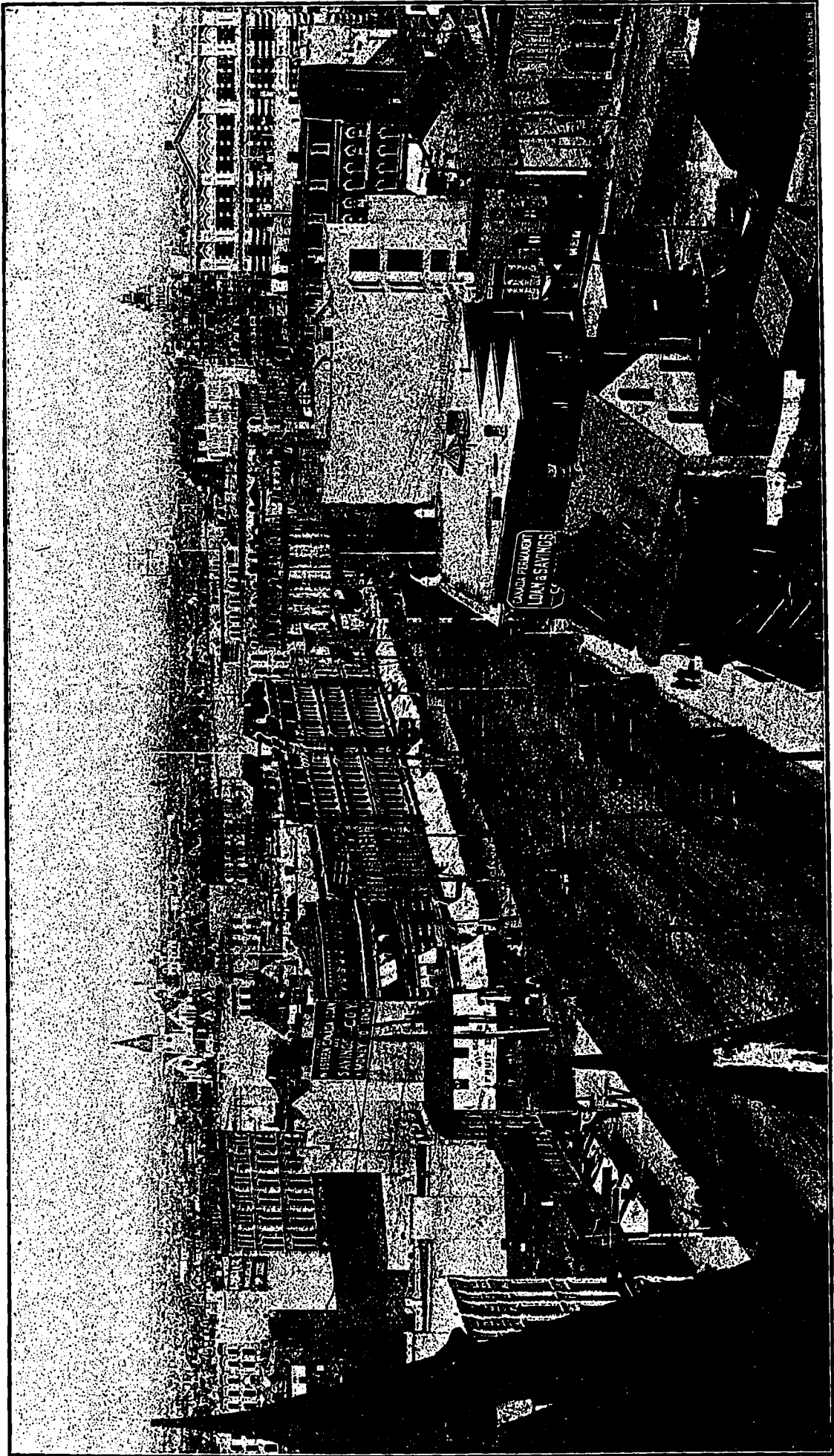
Yours truly,

THOMAS HAMMOND.

George Grabham has wrestled very creditably with the task of writing an account of himself, and gives us a number of interesting details respecting his employer's live stock and his round of daily work among them. George is with a respectable German family recently established on their homestead, but already reaping the fruits of their industry and thrift. Our young friend is in good hands and will be well trained for his future life as a Western settler.

On an adjoining farm to George is Charlie Brown, who tells us that he can "write German, read German, talk German high or low." He says of his place: "I have lots to eat, drink and sleep. If I am hungry I can go and take something. There is no cake or pie or preserves like in Ontario; here is better. A fellow never would get strong from that; but he gets strong from buttermilk, thick milk, sour milk and potatoes. That is what a fellow needs if he wants to be a German boy."

From another thriving German settlement comes a remarkably well-written letter giving us the first im-



Main Street, Winnipeg.

pression of Edward Bishop, a little lad who began life in Canada last September :

I am getting on very good. My neighbours are mostly all Germans. I get along very well with them. I can speak their language as well as they can. My master and I we speak all German. I have a very good home. The climate is quite a change from England. We have had a very good winter. I have not got much work to do outside.

Mr. Posehn, with whom Edward is living, gives us a report of him that we have great pleasure in reproducing :

You ask me to tell you a few words about Edward. Well, I will give you no bad report. Edward is a brave boy. He is very kind to the children, and that is worth quite a bit. The children like him very well and he does his work well, and he also takes a great interest in his work. There is not a boy about I would rather have. If all your boys are like him I would advise every farmer that has work for one to get one, for they will easy deserve their pay. I remain,

Yours truly,
JOHN POSEHN.

Still another young Teutonized Englishman writes us in the person of William H. Harding :

I am situated with German people. They are very good to me and my food is just the same as they have themselves. I like this climate very much. I learned the work here very quick. I can plough, harrow, disc harrow and rake, and can make a load of hay. Now in winter I have not much to do—just to feed six horses and thirteen head of cattle. My master has 384 acres of land. He has been in this country twenty-five years now.

Willie's master, Mr. Johann Janzen, of Steinbach, Manitoba, reports of him as follows :

So far I am very much satisfied with him, just as if he is my own child. Everything what he is able to do he does it right, and in the whole family they like him good. If he will keep on that way he will be a successful boy.

Alfred Hanwell was one of the assignment of lads from the Westminster Union Schools, who came to us in July last, and was placed in the North West for the sake of his being near his elder brother, who had been in Canada for several years previous. Alfred's letter gives a capital account of his life in the far

West, and the few lines that his employer, Mr. Poyser, has sent with it is a most satisfactory supplement :

STONEY BEACH, N.W.T.

DEAR SIR,—A few lines to let you know how I like my place and how I am getting on. I have quite a bit of work to do, and some fun on the ice or a dance now and then. I am in Qu'Appelle valley, and I would rather be in the valley than on the prairie. If you talk to the people on the prairie about a storm, they tell you you don't know what a storm is in the valley. There is a lot of bush and trees, and in the summer there are cherries which make nice jam. We are working in the bush now getting wood for the summer. The climate up here is very cold but dry, and with plenty of clothing I can stand it alright; windy days are bad. I thank you very much for getting me such a nice place and getting me so near my brother, I was sent to Moose Jaw and stayed there two days, and my brother found out I was here and got me to stay with him for two days and then forwarded me to my situation, and has been to see me twice since, and we write regular. I bring forty head of cattle home every night, and before winter set in I used to milk five cows. I found it pretty awkward at first, but I am getting used to it now. We have to put the cattle in the stable at nights, and I help to tie them up. In the spring I will have to manage the outside chores myself. Mr. Poyser will sow the seeds in the garden and get it started, and I will keep the weeds down. I get all the garden things up. The farm last year averaged thirty bushels per acre of wheat, and fifty bushels of oats. There are quite a few men gone to the war from here, and we are always glad to get the mail on Saturday. Everybody talks about the war. You say you are going to England next month. If you are not too busy, I should like to know Frederick Heard's address. We were in the same orphan school for nine years. I hope you will have a pleasant voyage; once across is enough for me.

I remain, yours truly,
ALFRED HANWELL.

STONEY BEACH, February 15th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to the boy, Alfred Hanwell, I am pleased to inform you that I am perfectly satisfied with him. He is respectful, smart and intelligent and does his work cheerfully and to the best of his ability, and I must say that he is a credit to the Institutions.

I remain, yours respectfully,
JOHN POYSER.

A little batch of letters from Qu'Appelle suggest that our boys in that district are keeping their end up, and that some highly promising young citizens are established in that part of the world :

Care of Mr. T. G. ATKINSON,
QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines, hoping you are quite well, as leaves me at present. I have now been on the farm nearly three years. I like this country very much. It is rather hot in summer and a little cool in winter. I like farming very much, and it likes me. I am getting along fine, and I hope that all the boys that came with me are getting on as good as I have done since I came here. I can feed, clean and harness the horses, and go to town with wood the distance of five miles. Also harrow and disc the land. We had nine cows milking last summer. Sometimes I would milk four and my mistress five. We had lots of fruit this year, both wild and garden. My heifer is getting a big cow now. My pony is also fat. We have got fifteen head of cattle altogether, six horses and one pig. There is another Barnardo boy with me. We had a pretty fair crop last year. We had 714 bushels of wheat and 400 bushels of oats. I go to church and Sunday school. I was the vice-president of a mission band last year. I grew a dollar's worth of onions for the mission band. I have enclosed one dollar for the Homes, and twenty-five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS.
CHARLES WOODSTOCK.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Feb. 12th, 1900
MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, -I enclose a few lines respecting Charles Woodstock. He is getting along all right and does his work all right, and is good to the stock and can do most of the chores. He is well-behaved, and gives us no trouble, and is always happy and cheerful. Yours truly,

T. G. ATKINSON

QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.,
February 13th, 1900.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter. I am getting along fine. I like my place very well. In the summer time I herd the cattle I have a nice pony to ride on, too. In the winter I cut wood and work in the stables. It has not been very cold here this winter till about a week ago it was forty below zero. There is a dam not far from the house, and when it is not too cold, I go down and skate and have lots of fun. There were lots of gooseberries and strawberries last summer, and I earned some money for picking. I had two long rows of potatoes, and I sold them. I am saving up my money to buy a watch. And so I will bring my letter to a close, and so I wish you good bye. Your little friend,

ARTHUR J. KINCHIN

QU'APPELLE STATION,
February 16th, 1900.

DEAR SIR, I write these few lines to you hoping to find you quite well, as the same leaves me at present. Last summer I herded thirty head of cattle. I had a

good time herding them, for I built a little shanty and a garden, and I picked five quarts of wild strawberries and one quart of raspberries. My master gave me ten cents a quart for them. Last summer we did not have a very good crop, for a quarter of it was killed by the frost—650 bushels of wheat, and 750 bushels of oats. This winter I helped to feed the cattle and horses. We have thirty-five head of cattle and eight horses. We have three cows. I milk two of them and my master's boy milks one. This winter I helped to clean out the stable for fifteen head and to water thirty-five head of cattle by a pump. The pump is now broken and I have to pull the water up by hand, for last week it has been about forty below zero. I can harness the horses now and hitch them up, and I do the churning and washing, and carry the water for the house, and get the wood in, and saw wood the rest of the time. I am glad to say I have never been sick since I have been out here. I think this is a very good country for our boys to get on here. I have a good master and mistress. I remain,

Your sincere friend,

ALFRED DOWNES

QU'APPELLE STATION,
February 16th, 1900

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR, - I write you these few lines in Alfred's behalf for my husband and my self. I think you will find by his own letter that he is well and happy. We try to do the best we can for him in learning him how to do things properly, and can say that we think he tries to do the best he can, although at times he may make mistakes; but then we are none of us proof against making mistakes. He was delighted at having Mrs. Owen visit him, and talked of her for days after. I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

J. L. G. BAILEY.

QU'APPELLE STATION,
February 10th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to write to you about myself and the country. I got to my situation just before threshing. We have just had a new house built, and it is warm and comfortable. We are having a splendid winter. There has not been much snow fallen. I like my situation very well. I can milk the cows, clean out the stables and water the horses. We had a very good crop this year. I would like you to tell me one boy's address. His name is Eddie Chambers. He came out along with me. I have grown out of all my clothes. We go to the English Church very nearly every Sunday. I find that there are very much different words than we say in England, and the threshing engines are very different to the English ones, and the buggies are different than English carriages. We don't hear of ponds and woods. I hope you have some bluffs. Our nearest neighbour is about

half or three quarters of a mile. They are very kind to us and we are kind to them. Very nearly all the land around us is bought and settled. We have eight chickens and two pigs.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM WALKER.

By way of saving ourselves trouble, we may take this opportunity of informing Willie that his friend, Eddie Chambers, is boarded out with Mrs. Thomas Adamson, of Novar, Ontario, and only a few days ago we received a letter from Mrs. Adamson, telling us that he is in good health, getting on nicely at school and doing well in every way. Willie's employer, Mr. Bulstrode, in addition to a report of his conduct and progress, has sent us a little account of his own experiences in the country, that we have very great pleasure in inserting as a means of encouragement to many of our older lads who are passing through the early struggles of pioneer settlers in establishing themselves on land.

ONATELLE STATION,
Box 112, ASSA, N.W.T.,
February 10th, 1900

ALFRED B. OWEN, Esq., Toronto.

DEAR SIR, It is with great pleasure I send you a few lines to tell you that my wife and I are well satisfied with the little lad, Willie Walker, who has now been with us nearly five months. He is willing to learn and takes pains with his work and an intelligent interest in all going on. He has learned to milk, and has been milking two cows till lately, and now one; helps look after the horses, cuts wood, peels potatoes and makes himself generally useful. He is growing very fast and looks well and happy. During the winter he cannot attend Sunday school, as we live five miles from church and school; but we attend church most Sundays, weather permitting, and I hope he will be able to go to Sunday school in the spring and summer. Perhaps you may be interested to hear a little of his employer's experiences. I came out here from Berkshire, England, in May, 1882, to Campbellford, Ont., and worked on a farm till February, 1883, when I left for Indian Head N.W.T. (then only a few small stores and tents), worked out for different farmers several years, married in 1891. I have farmed on my own account since and am just beginning, after many "ups and downs" to make a little head-way. I have been on the farm we now own a little over five years, have seven horses, three cows, pigs, and poultry and implements for running the farm. We have one little girl seven years old, who gets on

well with Willie. I trust I shall be able to send you further reports of Willie's progress from time to time. I think that in nine cases out of ten it is the fault of employers when your boys do not give satisfaction. If they are treated kindly and not made to work beyond their strength, and encouraged rather than grumbled at, I think they will give good results as a rule. Wishing you success in your efforts to help the lads, believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. G. BULSTRODE.

Edward C. Winchester writes us from Silver Creek that his master has twenty-four head of cattle and that he delights to look after them. Edward adds:

There are two more Barnardo boys quite close to here, and they seem to be well liked by their employers, and are chums of mine. There are lots of wolves around, and they stole about half of our chickens last summer, and I hear them howl every night. I have grown like a weed since I came out here, as this is the kind of a country to grow in. Our crop was very good last summer, as we had 800 bushels of oats and 500 bushels of wheat, which is "No. 1 hard." I kept three traps set all last summer, and I caught about forty gophers. I am greatly interested in the war. It is my opinion that the British will be defeated, as they cannot get a good chance at the Boers, who are such cunning, sneaking fellows; but I hope the British will come out all right. We get the *Mail* once a week, and by it I see the British are getting the worst; but I hope they win if it takes them two years to do it. And now I must close. From yours truly,

E. C. WINCHESTER.

Edward's employer, Mr. Keating, writes of him:

I am pleased to say that I am very well satisfied with him, as he is a fairly trustworthy boy. I advise those wishing to secure a boy to get one from the Home. They could not do better, as you can train them to your own liking. He is a great boy to read, and goes in for good, common-sense reading, and has a good memory.

Little Edwin Priest came from England with the same shipment as Edward Winchester, and was a great man in the wrestling matches that afforded so much interest and amusement during the voyage. Edwin is settled now with a farmer near Elkhorn, where he appears to have fallen into comfortable quarters, and when he tells us, he "likes it very much."

Another Elkhorn correspondent, Thomas J. Williams, informs us that "the country suits me first rate," and doesn't know "what better a fellow would want." An exceedingly sensible spirit for a young settler in a new country, and altogether Thomas' letter is a thoroughly creditable production, which we were much pleased to receive.

Reginald Wood, writing after an experience of two years and a half in the West, gives us a very cheerful little report of himself, to which his employer adds a little note, informing us that Reggie is "a very good boy."

Albert Solomon enumerates the cattle, horses, hens, ducks and turkeys on his employer's farm and proceeds to tell us that he is learning to skate and making good progress in that accomplishment. Evidently Santa Claus remembered Albert at the proper season, as he tells us that he got a checker board, a jack knife and a bag of candies off a Christmas tree that he helped to clear.

Our esteemed young friend, Barney Rees, confides to us that he learned to plough last fall, but "could not do it very well." He means to "try and do better this spring," and we have very little doubt but that he will succeed, as we believe that Barney is one of that sort who obeys the commandment, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Adolph Goldstein, one of last season's arrivals, sends us an account of the "ups and downs" of his earliest attempts to ride a horse and of his first experiences with the cows, who seem to have responded to his attentions by kicking him over. Our young friend, Adolph, is a gentleman of varied and extensive experience in the highways and byways of the continent of Europe, and we shall watch his career with a great deal of interest and curiosity. We could never feel justified in saying of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." We

think there can have been only once a case in history in which this could be said; but we hope he may make a successful farmer of himself and belie the traditions of his race. We should rather expect, however, to hear of him at some future date operating a corner in the market in scrap iron or to see his energies devoted to that line of business in which the centres of activity are usually indicated by three golden balls. "Time will show," and in the meantime we are glad to know that Adolph is settled in a comfortable home and conducting himself creditably.

Algernon Maitland communicates the intelligence that he will have been in his present situation near Regina two years next May. Shortly after his arrival he had the unpleasant experience of being lost on the prairie, but evidently he has found his bearings since then, as last summer he herded his employer's cattle, and in the fall learned to plough.

Little Joseph Windred is a very young colonist, having only arrived from England last September, after being for several years boarded out in the south of England. This is Joe's account of his first impressions of his surroundings, and his master's of his first impressions of Joe:

FORT QU'APPELLE, ASSA.,

MR. OWEN. February 20th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, and, according to your wish, I will try and send you a few lines. Dear Sir, I like my place very well and am pleased that I came here. I help to feed the cattle and horses and cut the wood for the house, and am learning to milk the cows. I think by spring I will be able to milk. I like the North-West very well. We have had a nice winter until about the first week in February, then it was very cold for about two weeks. I did not like the cold very much, but I kept myself warm working. When I first came here I did not like the buck saw, but now I like it and can cut all the wood. Mr. Griffiths has promised me a calf in the spring if I work good. I also had some presents at Christmas. Dear Mr. Owen, I think I have told you all this time, but I will write you again. Wishing the Home every success, I remain,

Your sincere,

JOSEPH WINDRED.

My boy, Joseph A.

die I, is writing to you, I thought it would not be out of place for me to send you a few lines. Dear Sir, I must say that I am very pleased with Joseph. I don't think I could have got a better boy if I had gone to the Home and picked one for myself. The only fault I have to find with him he is a little slow; but I hope you will not think I am complaining, as I am very well satisfied, also with your terms, which I think are very reasonable. I am sorry I cannot send him to school; but I am about eighteen miles from the nearest school; but I have got a slate and books for him, and he is a good scholar for his age. ; ;Wishing you every success in your good work, I remain, yours sincere,

GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Robert Mills writes that he is "very well satisfied with this country," and thinks it is "just the place for Barnardo boys." The summer is "very nice," and in the winter



Robert and John Mills.

"we have a good time going places and people coming here." He encloses a photograph of himself and his twin brother, John, that we are much pleased to reproduce for the benefit of our readers.

The following letter, signed by means ourselves, and it is unnecessary that we should do more than thank the writer's cash and all for their very acceptable communication.

OSLER SETTLEMENT, SASK.

MR. OWEN

Feb. 13th, 1900.

I would like room for my statement in regards to how I am getting on. My name is Herbert Girdler, and I am fourteen years old. I have been in Canada two years, and I like the country. It is a good, healthy country, and I often have a good time. My master's name is David Caswell, and I like him. I am working in Osler settlement. We have eight horses, seven yearling heifers and steers, seven calves, one cow and two shorthorn bulls, three hogs, forty hens, eight ducks. In the summer I work on the farm; in the spring I harrow and roll. In the summer I help to put up the hay. I mow and rake a little, but I do more of cocking hay up than anything else. When we get done we let it dry, and while it is drying we cut the grain, and while it is drying we fetch the hay home and stack. We have to handle the hay a good many times before it is out of the field. When we get the hay home we fetch the grain and stack it for threshing. We raise a good many vegetables, which helps to add to the labour. There is a lot of wild animals running around, and wild fowls. I have had lots of holidays. I made a trip to Prince Albert, which is eighty miles. I was there for a week, which I enjoyed myself. When I left Prince Albert on the way home I stayed at a place called Rostern, and I stayed there for three days, which I enjoyed myself, and then home. And then I made several trips to Saskatoon, which is eighteen miles, and last winter I spent a week, and I am going to spend another week now. I think this is all I have to say for this time. With love to you and all the boys, I remain,

Yours truly,

HERBERT GIRDLER.

DEAR SIR,—I told Herbert that I would write to you. I think that he will make a good man, if rightly handled. He has faults, like other boys; but he does all I want and I can trust him to do chores. He will do them better than some men I have had, and you can see I give him holidays that encourage him.

STRASSBURG.

DEAR SIR, I am four feet nine inches high and weigh ninety pounds. On the south side is a colony, and on the north side are high hills and ponds. The colonists are mostly all Germans. Their industry is mostly farming. There is a good supply of hay and wood, but water is very scarce. I know how to cultivate fields and how to make hay, and how to stack and load grain. There are all kinds of animals, such as deer, fox, wolf, lynx, skunk, water cat, gopher, mice, rabbits, antelopes, squirrels, bats, and mostly all kinds of wild fowls, geese, chickens, turkeys, ducks, swans, crows, and all kinds of little birds. I think the country

is very good for farming and ranching. Population of Strassburg is 120.

I remain, yours truly, T. J. WHITE

GLEN ADELAIDE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must tell you a little about my experiences since I came out here, and my surroundings. I must say that I like the country very well, and that it is a fine country to live in and that we can always find lots of work to do. I like my place very well, and we get lots of good clothing to wear and lots of food to eat. When I first came here I found the country very strange, but I soon got used to it; and we have a church about half a mile from us, and I go to church every Sunday, and we don't have to go only a few miles to get our timber. I have lots of work to do this winter, for we have thirty head of cattle, and ten horses, two of which are brood mares, and pigs and chickens and pigeons. This has been a fine winter so far for both man and beast, but have not had much snow yet. The crops this year didn't yield as good as last year, as most of the farmers around here had some of their grain frozen. The actual yield was about fifteen bushels to the acre, and oats about thirty bushels to the acre. We had 400 bushels of wheat, and 600 bushels of oats. Our potato crop only turned out this year about half as good as last year. I have learned quite a lot of farming since I came here, for I can almost do anything. I can drive two horses on a waggon, and three horses on a sulkey plough, and I raked all the hay this year and helped to stack it. It is very hot here in the summer when we stack the hay. I send my best wishes to you all.

S. W. MOORE.

LONE TREE, MAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to state that I have been getting along very well since I came out to Manitoba. I am situated about twenty-three (23) miles N.W. from Shoal Lake Station, on the Man. and N. W. Ry., in a first-class mixed farming locality. I am about one mile from P.O. and school, and about four miles from church. I like this country fine. I also like the work on a farm. My master is now away for a trip to the Old Country, and I am expecting him back in about two weeks. His brother and another young man and myself are looking after his stock, etc., until he returns. He has seven (7) horses and over fifty (50) head of cattle, pigs and hens, etc. The crops out here last summer were very good. Hay is also plentiful this winter, and stock are all in first-class condition. The farmers will now soon be getting ready for their spring work, as there is not much snow on the ground, and a few days thawing will soon leave the ground bare. I have nothing further of any importance to write at present. I remain,

Yours very truly,

HORACE

RAIMONDAL, MAN., care Mr. Jacob Fines
February 14, 1900.

DEAR SIR, I am going to try and give a description of my place and how I like it. I like my master very much. I am going to school now. I am in the fourth book. I do not do much in the winter, and we are having very sharp weather. When I come home from school I milk the cows and get the wood in for the night. I am getting along very well now. I think this country just suits me, although it is pretty cold. I think I am going to work on the farm in the spring. Yours truly,

ALFRED HINTON.

MR. OWEN,

DEAR SIR,—I am very well satisfied with Alfred. He has proved to be a good boy, and he has never given me any back-lip, and he has always done everything that I told him. Yours truly,

JACOB G. FINES.

Robert Henry Rolfe, writing from Hillburn, Assa., tells us that he has learned to do "quite a few things" since he arrived in the North-West, which he thinks is a "very good country," better than Ontario. He asks for information regarding Joseph Plear, and we cannot do better than let Joseph answer this himself in the following quotations from the letter that we have just received from him:

STONEWALL, MAN., February 12th.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to you in answer to your kind letter. I am doing chores this winter. We have thirty head of cattle and I milk seven cows night and morning. We have six calves, three working teams, one driving horse and foal and six colts. The boss had two farms, but he has sold one to a Doukhobor settler for two thousand dollars, so we are going to move into town to work the other farm in the spring. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out to this country. Now for a few words about the crops. We can grow lots of oats, wheat, barley, besides lots of potatoes. We had about 600 bushels of potatoes last year, and would have had lots more only they did not come up. Dear Sir, in the spring time I drive a team on the plough, harrow and the disc-harrow. Then in the Summer we put up hay and weed potatoes, turnips and many other things. Then in the fall we plough and do road jobs, such as grading and ditching, then we do chores, haul hay and wood. Dear Sir, I am sending in my bank book, as I wish to draw my nine dollars, but I have in the bank, as I want to buy a watch and a few other things.

The following letter from a settler in the North West has it about as life every other country, but that

they need not dishearten anyone who has courage and perseverance or, in other words, who possess the qualities essential to success in any new country. Frank is a lad who has his head screwed on in the right way and, we believe, will make his mark in the world as he grows up:

ST. CHARLES, February 18th.

A. B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—It is nearly two years since I came to my present place. I am getting along nicely. I have seen a few blizzards since I came here. When going from the barn to the house I could scarcely breathe, and I have been out on horseback hunting cattle in July and was nearly crazy with mosquitoes. They are not midgets, you know. I am eight miles from Winnipeg, on Murray Park Farm. We are near the railway. Just now my master is in bed with a frozen foot, so I have to feed and clean our cattle, feed the pigs and chickens, carry in wood and many things. I go to Sunday school on Sunday. It is about a mile. I like the climate fine; it is cold in winter, but not wet and never foggy. The summer is nice, sometimes very hot. We grow wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, turnips and other things. We have thirty-five cattle and horses. They eat a lot of hay. I like this country fine and would not go back to England to live. I don't know yet what I will do when my time is out. My health is good. They say I am twice as big as when I came. Your loving friend,

FRANK FRANCIS.

DEAR SIR, Frank has answered your letter to night, and I wish to say he is getting on well. He is very willing to do his work; but, of course, like other boys, forgets sometimes. His health is improving and also his appetite, which is a good sign. He thinks he might go into the city when his time is up. I think he will take care of his money wherever he is.

Yours friendly,

JOHN M. MORRIS.

Albert Benfort writes us that he is growing fast and has "never been sick and never been lonesome" since he came to the North-West. He is learning to speak French and "understands lots of words."

James C. Chambers, whose new name is at Cannington Manor, expatiated upon the attractions of a Christmas party that he attended. He has a nice little pony called "Daisy" and rides after the cattle in the summer time and runs up with the remark, "I love the country and my place very much and I am very happy and content."

Arthur L. Dunning arrived in Manitoba last June, having for the three years previously been boarded out in Muskoka with Mr. and Mrs. John A. Patterson, sr., Utterson. He is now with Mr. R. H. Climie, of Solsgirth, and the following is Mr. Climie's report:

I may say that he is really a good boy. So far I have found him truthful and obedient. If he continues as he has begun he will, I hope, be a credit to himself as well as to the people that was so kind as to bring him out to this country. I had no idea that a lad of his age could be so useful. In fact, when I am away he will do the greater part of the chores. He has got to be a good milker. I might say for a lad of his age he is really a good stockman, careful and trustworthy and takes such an interest in the work. I hope to have him with me for many a year. He appears to be quite happy. He is either singing or whistling all the time.

Arthur writes us of himself:

I like Manitoba first-rate. The winter is pretty cold and the summer is all right. I like my place well. The people are kind to me, and I do not have much work to do. In the summer, when we were hauling hay in, I used to go and be head teamster. We put up about eighty loads; and when five o'clock came I would go out after the cattle and fetch them up. There is a good place for cattle around here. They go down in the valley to graze, and in the winter I help do chores, put feed in and clean stables and such like. Mr. Climie is going to get a pony for me instead of riding one of the drivers to hunt the cattle up in the summer and run around with. There is sixty head of cattle on the place and eleven horses and four more expected in the spring, and the farm consists of a whole section (640 acres) and our crop was good—oats, barley and wheat—and when it was threshed we had 2,642 bushels. I did not help in the threshing. I just played around on the straw-stack and around the machine. In the summer I went to four or five picnics. I went to a Sunday school picnic down at a place called Fry's Bridge, where I run a race and got ten cents. There was lots of good things, and I eat lots of cakes and four dishes of ice cream, and I went to another one in Solsgirth, which was the best one of all. There was horse racing, and men's and boy's races, and Indian and squaw races, a tub race and a greasy pole, and it was laughable to see the men fall in and get a good wetting. I run but it was for nothing, for I got beat. Solsgirth is about four miles away, and there is another town about twelve miles away which is called Birtle, and I have been there three times. I was

down on the 16th to a Bijou Comedy of Winnipeg, which was very good, and at Christmas I got a watch (it keeps good time), a game of checkers and some candies. There are churches in Solsgirth and I attend both church and Sunday school regularly. I guess that is all this time. From yours sincerely,

ARTHUR DUNNING.

Alfred Denyer is one of the smaller boys in the last party, and these are early days in his experiences of the great Canadian North-West. His employer, Mr. Simeon Smith, of Ridgeville, Man., writes of him in a most kindly manner, saying that he finds our little friend faithful and obedient and "not requiring watching." Mr. Smith is himself the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and Alfred attends regularly both school and church. Mr. Smith writes in conclusion, "I have to say that we could not have possibly had a much better boy." Alfred sends us a sensible, well-written little letter, from which we extract the following :

I came at the start of winter, and the snow is on the ground yet, so I have not seen much of the country ; but the home in which I live is a good one. The master and mistress are good people. I have good health, plenty to eat and drink. The clothes I wore are getting too small for me, so I must be growing. I like to be among the cattle, and I can tie them up in their places, and I shall soon be able to go among the horses. I like sleighing very much. The farmers around where I am are pretty well-to-do. They reap large crops and own lots of land, so it means plenty of work. I suppose I will know more about the country another year, then I will be better able to write for the UPS AND DOWNS.

Several little lads who came from England at the same time as Alfred have given us the benefit of their first impressions. Fred. Singer is living three and a half miles from Newdale, and evidently is happily settled in his place. He managed to get lost on the prairie on his first attempt to find the cows, but next summer he is to have a pony, and evidently thinks that he and the pony will manage between them to find their way about. We should imagine that some itinerant phrenologist has been practicing his art

"working his fake" we should describe it ourselves in the neighbourhood of Newdale, as Fred tells us that he has had his head "read" and that the man told him he would make "a better singer than a farmer." Probably "the man" himself would have a strong prejudice against farming ; as involving and being associated in his mind with the idea of hard work, a theory of life altogether alien and repugnant, we should imagine, to the mind of a man who "reads heads." With all respect to the verdict of the phrenologist, we hope and believe that Fred. will make a successful farmer, and we look forward to his having a good farm of his own some of these fine days.

William Roden, after signifying his approval of UPS AND DOWNS, proceeds :

And now to tell you what I think of the country. It is splendid looking country indeed ; although I have only been in the country not yet five months, I can see it is a healthy and prosperous country. The crops around here was not so bad in some places, but there are a few that did not turn out very grand at all ; but we shall hope for better luck next harvest. The winter is not so cold as we expected it would be. I have been told all about the blizzards and snow-storms that we have to pass in the winter in this country, but the months soon pass into summer. Ploughing will soon begin again. Then is the time for work, not sitting in the house reading like we do in most of the winter.

George Martell tells us that the first month or two in Manitoba "passed away lonesome" because "I didn't know anyone, but now I know lots of people. The country is beautiful. My employer is very good and kind to me."

Arthur Saville is in the same place as George, their employer being Mr. R. Wade, of Birtle, Man. Arthur writes us as follows :

I have got along very well in my place in Manitoba. I think it is a fine country. I like my employer and my place very well. I came to Manitoba in the year of 1857, and I started to herd forty head of cattle, the next day I reached my place, and herded three summers, and now I am going to start farm work this

spring. We have had a very nice winter so far; it has only been about thirty below zero once or twice this winter. We had a very good crop of wheat this year. This country is a very healthy one. I have never been sick once yet. My employer is very kind and good to me. We have one heavy team, and one light team, and a two-year-old colt, thirteen cows and one shorthorn bull. I like my new mate Mr Wade got last fall. We have good fun together when the work is done.

Mr. Wade gives a very satisfactory report of both boys, who are evidently very useful to him.

Willie Porter relates rather a gruesome story of his attempts to wring a fowl's neck after the manner of his mistress, when, "to my surprise, he ran off as smartly as ever." Willie has learned by this time the knack of dislocating a fowl's neck, and the knack of a good many other things equally useful. He thinks he isn't quite such a good boy as some of those he reads about in UPS AND DOWNS. He should certainly know himself, but otherwise we have no reason to agree with him, as we observe that the visitor who called to see him a short time ago describes his conduct and behaviour as "excellent." His brother, Arthur, writes us that his master's house is at the top of a hill overlooking Rock Lake, where, he says, "people go fishing and in the spring throw spears and get lots of fish." He likes his place, and says "my master and mistress are very good to me."

Mr. Robert Hall, of Fox Warren, informs us that Willie Wills is "getting on all right for a boy of his age." He adds, "I am well satisfied with him. I have sent him to school steady since he came to me, and he is improving in his writing. Willie must forgive us for remarking from his own little note that there is room for considerable further improvement; but we have deciphered sufficient to satisfy us that he is happy and comfortable in his home."

James D. Smith writes that his little boy, a very nice, gentle natured child, is very much liked by his master and mistress. They are very kind to me. I have learned to milk the cows and to take care of the calves, and

learned to ride the horses. I have had good health ever since I came out here. I had a very nice Christmas and New Year's, and plenty of plum pudding and turkey, and lots of candies and other good things."

For a little boy of seven, Willie Stubbington has written a wonderfully good little letter. He has been practically adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Randall, of Glen Adelaide, and writes of his "Mamma," who is giving him lessons at home during the present winter, while it is too cold for him to attend school; and of "Father," who is going to buy him a pony in the summer. He says, "I am very glad you have sent me to such a good home;" and altogether we think Willie is a fortunate little boy. Willie's brother, Albert, is with Mr. John E. Easton, of Moosomin, who describes him as an "honest, conscientious and all-round good boy," and adds, "I don't know how I should get along without him."

Willie Smart is in a Mennonite settlement, but his employer is an Englishman. He can plough and harrow, has worked a gang-plough by himself with "five and six horses," and "liked it pretty good." James Hayes thinks his place is "all right." His master's farm is near Elkhorn. Percy Sinnott has "nice sheltered road" to travel the half mile to school, where he has a very good schoolmaster. He likes the country and seems to be thriving generally.

John Henry Richards favours us with a well-written, pleasant, little narrative of his experiences. His first winter in the country seems to have very much discouraged him. He thought it would "never end;" but he has found out that "every winter turns to spring;" and he now thinks Manitoba is "just the country for anyone who wants to start farming." Mr. Dutton, of Stephentfield, the employer of Thomas Cuthbert, writes that he is "making very good progress, is a very good boy," and a "big help to me." Thomas gives us a cheerful account

of himself, and seems to be a good boy in a good place.

Freddie Francis has longings after his English foster-home at Marden, in Kent, which he says he shall never forget; but in Manitoba he has found a "nice and comfortable home." He went to school last summer and was in the fourth class.

Ernest Routledge has evidently fallen on his feet in his new home. He says "I go wherever they go, and I can't be treated any better if I was one of their own family." Ernest's master, Mr. Harding, of Austin, writes of him: "I have found him a fine, smart boy, ready and willing to do all he can. He seems to be of good temperament, and he has a way of being very kind and affectionate with everything he has to do with. He is very fond of all the dumb animals on the place. We treat him as one of our own, and he shows his appreciation of it by doing as he thinks we best like."

Ernest and Fred. Cleaver are neighbours and, we understand, occasionally exchange visits. Fred. has sent us an interesting account of himself that we were very much pleased to receive. He is now quite an old settler in Manitoba, and it is over three years since he started on his "new career as a farm hand." They have been well spent years with Fred.; and we have confidence that he will fulfil his resolution to be a credit to Dr. Barnardo as he grows up.

Thomas Finch complains of the delay in his receiving our letter, which he says is the fault of the mail carrier wasting his time "in flirting the girls." He likes being on the farm and thinks it a "nice place." Mr. Henry, of Kissina, gives the following report of Thomas: "The boy that we received from the Home has proved satisfactory in every respect. He has made himself useful to me in many different ways. He helps us look after the cows in summer time, and has learned to milk, so that he can milk three cows night and morning. He is very kind to all the animals. He

has taken naturally to carpenter work. Some of his efforts along this line. I might mention, are, hanging a door on the calf-pen, building a doghouse, and making a sleigh, besides keeping the stove going with wood all cut the proper length. We have no trouble in getting him to go to church or Christian Endeavour. We have never heard him use bad language; he does not seem to know any. He is a very affectionate child and has endeared himself to us all, so that we could not bear to part with him."

Two other boys of the same party are referred to in the following letters:

MINNEDOSA, Feb. 10th, 1900.

Re Ernest Whittingham.

DEAR SIR,—At first he was for play all the time, and it seemed he could not remember anything he was told for five minutes. Of course I did not expect him to take hold at once, everything being new to him. But now he is doing first-rate; no one could expect a boy to do better. He has milked one cow all winter and does it well. He has not been sick since he came here, but gained in weight six pounds in the month of November. The doctor seems to agree with him.

DALESBORO, Feb. 10th, 1900.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I got one of your boys from the Winnipeg branch of the Home last August, a lad of thirteen years, to do chores and herd the stock. His name is Ivor Robert Grabham. From being raised on a farm in England he took quickly to his work in this country. He is small for his age, but surprisingly strong. He says he likes the country very well, and that when he is old enough he will be a farmer. We are within half a mile of a school-house, so that by next fall he will be able to write you a letter himself. He is quite a broncho-buster for his size. He seems very apt at learning, and if he continues as he is doing he will get on all right."

DEAR SIR, As Henry Thorne is writing you to day, I will drop you a few lines according to your request. In respect of him I might say that at the first he almost broke my patience trying to get him to do his chores right, but I am glad to say that the trouble is all over with now. He is remarkable quick to learn, and is very truthful and mannerly. For instance, my wife asked him one evening if he had shut up all the flocks. The reply was "Yes." The next morning he went out and saw one that had not been shut up.

so he came in and told my wife that he had told her wrong, as one of the fowls was out over night; so that a boy or man that is so truthful and honest as that is valuable about a place. In conclusion, we are highly pleased with our boy. Hoping that all boys will give their employers as good satisfaction, Yours respectfully,

JOHN LONDON.

Thomas Marsh, who came from England at the same time as Tommy Finch, has learnt to ride and to milk. He writes us: "I like the North-West and my situation and farm-work. His employer, Mr. Trood, of Cotham, encloses a few lines with Tommy's letter, in which he says:

I am very happy to say that, taking him all round, we are very well satisfied with him. He is quick to learn, and a good little worker, and fond of animals, and goes about his work singing; so I suppose and hope he is quite happy. These lads should, if they are careful, become farmers in comfortable circumstances.

Ernest Crook, with Mr Robert Hall, of Dundee, says: "I am still happy as the day is long. I like living in Manitoba. I find the winter very cold, but I am always well and strong, and able to do my work and eat a hearty meal three times a day." Of Ernest's conduct and progress Mr. Hall reports:

We have always found him a good, steady, trustworthy boy. The first winter he was with us he was very slow, but this winter he gets his work done up very nicely. You can tell him to do a thing and you can depend on him doing it, and he will do it the way it should be done. He is liked by all the people around.

John Henry Andrews informs us that he intends to save his money and buy a farm for himself. He distinguished himself at a Christmas entertainment in the village of Roland; where he says, "I sang in quite a few of the pieces and had a good time."

Henry Collinson writes that he has a good place, but has not grown very much yet. Last summer he herded seventy five head of cattle and a small band of sheep. George Hughes has got a better place than he expected. He likes the country, which seem like "a new world" to him. We remember George as a

useful little worker in the Commissariat Department during the voyage from England, and we should have been very much surprised if he had not turned out well. We thank him for his interesting and sensibly expressed letter.

Willie Houlder, writing from Oxbow, tells us that in that section of the country there is good land and good crops, and he has made up his mind to take up land there as soon as he can start farming for himself. He is now in his seventeenth year; and as soon as he is eighteen he will be eligible under the Homestead Act to take up a grant of 160 acres.

A long letter has come to hand from James R. Peel, in which he gives a number of interesting particulars respecting his home and school life. He says: "We have several kinds of sports—hockey, skating, curling and many other games. I am getting to be quite a pony-back rider. We had a fine Christmas-tree. I was captain of the brigade." James' employer, Mr. Duncan, of Glenboro', describes him as "a smart, bright boy," and adds, "We like him well. The only fault I find with him, he don't learn fast at school. He has been going constant since he came here, only a while last summer. He feeds the chickens, and brings in the wood, and feeds the cows, and chores morning and evening, runs to town on errands. He is going to learn music; I think he will learn fast, because he likes it. He is fond of reading, and has lots of good books to read."

Chas. Pickard goes to the skating rink every Saturday night, and has "good fun there," and on other days in sliding down the hills with his playmates at school. When he comes home from school he "piles up a little of the wood if he has time," from which we should imagine that Master Charles is certainly not overworking himself this winter. His master, Mr. Porter, of Morris, writes, "I am well pleased with him; he is a good boy. I think as good as I have seen from the Home

He has all appearance of making a promising young man. If he continues as he has been doing for the last six months I may do better for him than his agreement calls for."

Robert Thalman likes farming, stands the cold well, is in the best of health, and has never been sick a day since he came to Manitoba. Robert's mistress, Mrs. Tainlick, tells us that she and her husband are much pleased with Robert, and find him obedient and trusty and always good to their children.

Henry E. Coventry has sent us a bright and interesting account of his experiences, mentioning some of his equestrian exploits, and telling us of the jack-rabbit hunt that he and his chum had over the prairie with their ponies and dogs. A jack-rabbit, we may state for the information of our Eastern readers, is an animal rather larger than an English hare; and we quite imagine that our young friends had a good bit of sport. We only hope their cattle weren't straying into somebody's wheat in the meantime. We don't think so, however, for Henry's employer, Mr. Weltway, has added a few lines to Henry's letter, in which he says, "We are pleased with him in every way. He is willing, good-tempered, polite, does his best, and takes great interest in all he has to do."

The following letters, that we publish in full, speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR,—I just write a few lines to tell you I was glad to receive your letter. We are having a splendid winter this year. We are getting our summer wood up and we will have over 100 loads by spring, so you see we are not loafing. We had a very good crop last year, and we had the new threshing outfit with the new blower. I take my team and I go and fetch a load of wood by myself. There was a big wolf shot here by a man not many miles from here. Its hide was six feet long and the wolf weighed a little over 200 pounds. I believe it was a timber wolf. When I first came out here I weighed sixty-five pounds and now I weigh close on to 100 pounds. When I came out here I was as green as grass. I did not know nothing, but I know quite a little. I can plough, and I can drive a three horse team as well as my boss himself. I like my home well. It is a healthy country, and I advise everybody to come out here.

WILLIAM THALMAN.

DEAR SIR, In reply to your letter to Will, I would say he is a flourisher and doing well here, and my wife and I like him well. He will soon command good wages here when his time has expired, as he is well known by my neighbours as a good boy. Wishing you all success I remain a well-wisher of Dr. Barnardo,
M. McFARLANE.

MOUNT PLEASANT FARM,
THORNHILL P.O.

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in writing these few lines in regard to my boy, Albert Jones. He came to me about three years ago. He is doing very well. He is a very good boy. He is learning to farm very fast. He is going to make a good farmer. Albert can plough, harrow, feed stock, cut wood, milk cows. I think it is a very good thing for this country to bring those boys out to this country. I am going to have another boy before long. I must say my boy is a credit to the Old Country. I have 320 acres of land, 200 under crop. I have ten head of horses, seventeen head of cattle, a number of pigs and chickens. I like this country well. I have been in this country twenty-two years. I have been farming all the time. The winters are a little cold, but dry and healthy. The summers are just what I like. I am,
Yours truly,
GUY H. HAYDE.

MAUREN FARM, FAIRFIELD, ARIZ.

DEAR SIR, The best encouragement I can give Dr. Barnardo in his noble work is to hope that all the boys he sends out will give as much satisfaction as the one I have, A. E. Blackwell. He is not perfect; he has the faults that all human boys have, but a more reliable and willing boy for his age I could not expect to get. He came to me in June, 1868, twelve years old, and last year, 1890, he followed the seeder with a team and set of harrows all seeding, and, during season, ploughed 100 acres with sulky and three horses. He shocked 125 acres of grain and helped me harvest same and fifty tons of hay. This winter he cuts all the wood, feeds, waters and cleans after twenty head of stock, besides hens and pigs, and still has time for play. I can trust him to drive a team to town and do business for me when it is not convenient to go myself. I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
HENRY HAYDE.

The hardest and most thankless part of our task lies before us. There is a limit to our space, and that limit has unhappily been reached, while there lies before us a large pile of letters that must remain unattended. There is not one of them that does not contain an interesting and most of them a most useful and

written sensibly expressed little narratives of novel experiences and adventures that would have been highly acceptable to our readers, and which we should have been delighted to publish for their benefit if we had not arrived at our last page. There are long, interesting letters from Thomas Bradfield, with a letter of high commendation from his employer; from John J. Burton, whose employer describes him as "a boy with an old man's head, truthful, honest and obedient;" from Willie Sutherland, a boy who has a bright future before him if he continues as he has done up to the present, and from many others. There are letters from points scattered all over the West, from the Red River to the Pacific, from the mountains and from the

American boundary to the head waters of the Saskatchewan. Our young correspondents have taken a great deal of pains to relate their experiences, and we must ask each and every one to accept our cordial and grateful thanks to them. We only hope that those whose productions we are forced to reject will not feel themselves disappointed or discouraged from trying again; and for the rest, we are sure that all our readers will join us in very heartily congratulating our little lads in the West upon the accounts they have been able to give of themselves, and of the unmistakable evidences contained in their letters that they are happy and thriving and doing credit to themselves and their friends in the new land of their adoption.

The Prairies

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert - these
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
 For which the speech of England has no name
 The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
 And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
 In airy undulations, far away,
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
 And motionless forever! Motionless?
 No - they are all unchained again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows and, beneath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
 Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers
 And pass the prairie hawk that, poised on high,
 Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not - ye have
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines
 Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid waters
 That from the fountains of Sonora glide
 Into the calm Pacific - have ye fanned
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?

Dick Whittington Among the Archives

EVERYBODY who has had occasion to consult the archives of Dr. Barnardo's Canadian headquarters in Toronto must have been struck with the ingenious system of registration that has been evolved to record the particulars of eight thousand boys received and distributed over Ontario and the West, and subsequent transactions concerning them. Apart from the books pertaining to the financial and business departments, which are subject to the periodical inspection of an official auditor from the London headquarters, there are the interminable fyles of Visitors' Reports containing the detailed records of personal visits made to the boys from time to time; the long rows of bulky folios, containing entries of every transaction with every boy, or his guardians, from the time of his coming to the country until—as it sometimes happens in after life—no further tidings of him are forthcoming, and hundreds of letter-books, in which the outgoing correspondence is copied by the familiar mechanical process that to the average office boy is one of the trials of daily life. It is to these letter books that I must confine myself in this article.

They are in two series, one relating exclusively to applications for boys, and the other to general correspondence. Originally the latter were designated by alphabetical characters, but as the work grew so rapidly, Z trod so soon upon the heels of A, that figures were substituted.

How I became interested in these letter books was in this way: I had, on several occasions, seen the lady

I should say young lady stenographers pretending to manufacture intelligible English out of what seemed to me the peregrinations of an inebriated spider on pencil stipes, and one day I ventured to enquire

of a lady, who shall be nameless, whether she was translating from Chinese or Cherokee.

She said she was not translating at all, but typewriting a letter dictated by Mr. Owen.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you heard Mr. Owen say that?"

"Yes; of course I did."

"But surely he didn't talk like that?"

"Oh, yes, he did!"

"Are you sure you didn't misunderstand him?"

"Quite sure!"

I was so loth to believe Mr. Owen guilty of such a state of incoherency that I was about to walk away without another word, indignant at so gross a slander, when she explained that she had simply taken down in shorthand what Mr. Owen had said.

I remarked that I had never yet been in such a condition that I could write like that, and if I had, I couldn't imagine how I could possibly read it afterwards.

She said she had no difficulty whatever in reading it; to which I replied that she was wasting her valuable time in writing letters when there were so many archaic tablets in the British Museum that were covered with hieroglyphics which no man could read.

She actually accused me of flattery.

The curiosity with which I took down one of these letter books to see what those erratic characters meant when done into English was, after such an experience, I think, both natural and pardonable.

I was surprised to notice that had before escaped observation, namely, the number of these books, and the volume of correspondence they contained. The book opened was numbered 2, and contained 500 pages besides the index. As near as

I could tell these were about 400 letters copied in it, the date of the first being November 18th, 1800, and that of the last, December 12th, 1809, which means that 400 letters, in addition to probably an equal number dealing with applications for boys, were despatched in twenty working days, many of them long, and all requiring more than perfunctory attention, some of them having evidently received careful study and the exercise of keen judgment, as a glance over the nature of many evinced.

There were letters of counsel to the wayward, encouragement for the persevering, admonition for the erring, advice for the inexperienced, exhortation to the spendthrift, demands for redress of the aggrieved, paternal blessings for the newly-wed benedict, letters of sympathy, letters of congratulation, letters of praise and letters of censure—in fact, a biography in outline of boys big and little, good, bad and indifferent, not to mention the glimpses of human nature, as revealed in gain and loss, satisfaction and complaint, generosity and selfishness, and the thousand and one transactions involved by Dr. Barnardo, through his deputy, as standing *in loco parentis* to so large a family of lads, engaged by so many different employers under such a variety of circumstances.

I felt like a man who had discovered a gold mine in his back yard. Here was good "copy"—pages, reams of it, and matter, too, of a most interesting description, which, more than anything I or anybody else interested in the work might say in its behalf, would show the thoroughness of its practical administration, and the degree of thoughtfulness bestowed upon the affairs of the lads, even in their trivial details. I asked myself as I read this letter and that—how many sons were watched and helped by a father through the vicissitudes of life with as much solicitude as were the fatherless lad. For few indeed are the fathers who could be

equal to the demands of difficulties, multifarious and perplexing, which must be assumed as a personal responsibility by the agent of him who stands in the eye of the law as a foster-father to 8,000 lads, in all stages of growth and mental unfoldment. "To him that hath shall be given" is no longer a phrase of doubtful significance; for to him that has the ability for a task of such magnitude more shall be given—it is a natural law—as the result of increased experience. In such a work every talent must be put to a profitable use; and talents—like every other gift from above—increase in the same ratio as they are beneficently employed, as they also diminish—or, rather, atrophize—for lack of proper exercise.

A boy who has found a wasps' nest is only one degree happier than the journalist who has discovered the subject matter of good "copy." The boy throws stones at the wasps' nest, as the journalist throws himself into the subject, with utter abandon, and neither considers the pains until they have to be endured, and then they both wish they hadn't.

No sooner had I got permission to make use of the letter books than I was in tribulation. Of course, the books must not be taken away, for they might be needed for reference at any moment. Moreover, one more trying to work in an office that is already overcrowded is a matter of serious inconvenience, particularly to that extra one.

I had pounced upon the only vacant chair, outflanked Mr. Griffith, and occupied a desk in a corner, and, under a galling cross-fire of questions and remarks, retired into myself to be as much out of the way as possible. The first idea, like reinforcements, is always a long time coming. I had it, however, and with it came a comprehensive plan of campaign, in which I saw an unbroken line of communication from the base of supply to the end of the chapter, when the door opened and I awaited one of the visitors. Behind the desk I occupied

ferential plane, and is recommended to try a specialist named, or come to the Toronto hospital.

Here is another that tastes of physic, but really relates to physique. The writer is loaded up with anti-vaccination spleen, and can find no other outlet for it than the way that leads to the waste paper basket. He has evidently been inoculated with something that has broken out in a rash utterance, showing symptoms of chronic crankiness. He was, it would appear, "treated" for an acute attack only, as is shown by a subsequent relapse. In defiance of public opinion, our reformer refuses to be "cowed," and still prefers to take his veal by a means other than hypodermic injection.

John H. Thornes wants to commission Mr. Owen to buy a shot-gun for him. He had not enough money in the bank, but that was only a matter of secondary importance. As there is no imminent danger of a Boer invasion of Canada, he did not get one. Boys of sporting proclivities and little means are advised to revert to the primitive bow and arrow; they will score a "duck egg" every time they draw a head on the manager with a proposition like that.

Here is a letter to the Minister of Militia on behalf of James Martin, who desires to enlist as a farrier in the Second Canadian Contingent. This, as I find from a subsequent epistle, led to the addition to the force of a first-class horse-shoer, who, when this is in type, will be shoeing Her Majesty's horses at the front, and incidentally potting a few Boers for export to the Sweet By and Bye.

Further on to an answer to an emphatic protest from a little chaperon who objects to wearing his master's cast-off clothes. While going the rounds in Oxford County last summer I passed a youngster on the road "crawling like a snail in a full length school in a pair of abbreviated breeches whose diametrical dimensions bespeak their descent from a fat man. He was a sight to

make one laugh with one eye and cry with the other. He walked (I know he walked, because, although I could scarcely see his legs, the fact that he was moving forward, his steps being indicated by a see-saw motion of the garment just above the knees, proved it); he walked, then, with an apologetic diffidence, which was evidently to be interpreted as: "Please, mister, don't look; 'taint my fault. I don't like 'em, either." I can, therefore, sympathize with our little protestant. To adapt the clothes of one generation to a younger, where such economy is necessary, is all very well; but to take the breeches of a Falstaff into the wood-shed and chop off six inches of one leg and a foot off another, and then expect a lad to wear them without even taking in a reef in the mizzen spanker (if I may be pardoned this naughty-call simile) is, I submit, a crying outrage. Nor can it be said that the victim is in a fit state to be at large, or that he is clothed or in his right mind. This case, being traced through several letters to the finale, I was gratified to learn that with a change of place came a change of apparel. It is not expected that Dr. Barnardo's boys shall be clothed in purple and fine linen, but I think our readers will rejoice to see that the Doctor is not the man to have his lads made a laughing-stock of, but that he insists on that degree of respectability to which their personal merit entitles them.

One letter mentions the receipt of a communication bearing an illegible postmark and no signature, which, after a great deal of searching and comparing of handwritings, was at length successfully ascribed to Henry Bateman. Henry is scored for his carelessness, admonished as to holding his place and banking his wages, and let off with a caution. Our boys, as a rule, have so little practice that they are far from being expert correspondents, and omissions such as this, and other mistakes which, I am told sometimes occur, make the task of correspond

have not been informed; but I thought I would let you know as much as we know ourselves up to the present time. Our people in London have written to ascertain the names of the executors of the will under which you inherit this property, and they will take any steps that are necessary. Perhaps you have yourself heard from some of your friends and know more about the matter than we do; but if there is anything more that you would like us to do, I shall be glad to hear from you. The person who writes to us is a Mr. M. J. Roberts, 1 Barton Street, Queen's Square, Bath. With best wishes, I remain

Your sincere friend,
ALFRED B. OWEN.

October 16th, 1899.

MISS ELLEN WHITE,
Care of W. S. Bragg, Esq.,
Bowmanville, Ont.

MY DEAR ELLEN, -As I suppose you will have heard from your brother, Arthur, you and he are the heirs under your grandfather's will to a little property near London. This is now being looked after on your behalf by a firm of lawyers in London with whom we have been in communication; but it has been necessary to appoint an agent on the spot to collect the rents of the cottages on the property and to attend to necessary repairs. Before this agent will act he requires to have authority from your brother and yourself, and a promise from you that when you come into possession of the property you will recognize his claim for his professional services. The lawyers have sent out a paper to be signed by your brother and yourself, which I enclose herewith, and I want you to write your name in ink where it is now written in pencil, and send it back to me at once. Do not delay about it, as there are several little things that require attention on the property, and the sooner we give this agent the necessary authority to act the better it will be for you. I enclose, as well as the document to be signed, a stamped and addressed envelope that you will use in returning it to us. I remain, your sincere friend,

ALFRED B. OWEN

Do seldom do any of Dr. Barnard's ammens. family happen to be sitting under the right tree when there is a windfall of the golden apples of Hesperides. that when we have occasion to celebrate two such events on the same day we cannot but congratulate the lucky ones and wish them enjoyment of their good fortune.

From a letter to a friend in the States, I think you will be interested in the following anecdote of the French indi-

cates that his misfortune is largely due to his own fault—impertinence. Whatever else he learned in the Homes, this fault is an acquisition picked up outside. Boys whose ideas run to self-conceit readily acquire this habit, under the false notion that it is merely an expression of manly independence, whereas it is an evidence of rudeness and addle-pated rawness. Nothing like a bit of wholesome adversity to knock this sort of nonsense out of one's head. When one is out of a job and can't get another, he begins to realize that, after all, it isn't him that makes the world go round. The famine that ensues when he ceases to work is limited to himself, and it isn't long before he has to acknowledge that he is "small potatoes and few to the hill." Complainant is out of work at the end of the harvest season, and wants to know what are the prospects in the city for a fellow who is hard up. He is told pretty plainly what he may expect in Toronto—how hard it is to get a start with the winter coming on, and how he would have to "toe the mark" should he succeed in getting work here.

In another malcontent I fancy I recognize an old friend whom I visited last summer, and who was then wishing to become a butcher-boy. Now he wants to be apprenticed to a blacksmith. "Good, sharp boy—smart as you please; but just chuckful of schemes—always wanting to make a fresh start." This, if I mistake not, was the report received of him. I have a recollection of a boy—a boy I took a fancy to, too—standing beside me in a field, with a hoe in his hand, and promising to stick to one thing and make a success of that. That was Billy Burnett. So, Billy, you're still determined to be Jack of all trades and master of none, eh? Going to whang the devil and make the sparks fly, and to great things in the way of horse-shoeing till the fairy strikes you of being a horse-doctor, is that the next caper? Billy, get a job to do and read

December 1st

HERBERT LANSON,
Care of Mr. Frank Sherk,
Black Creek, Ont.

MY DEAR HERBERT, I have been thinking over your affairs of late, and have come to the conclusion that you have duly qualified yourself to receive one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals as a reward for the very creditable way in which you have kept your situation for the full term of the engagement. I have, therefore, to-day given the order to the firm here who supply the medals to have one cast and forwarded to you, and I hope it will reach you within a few days, and that you will accept it with the sincere good wishes of us all here for your future success and happiness. Believe me, my dear Herbert,
Your sincere friend,
ALFRED B. OWEN.

Another letter, dated 29th November of the same year, reviews Herbert's career at some length, and points out with congratulation the many advantages accrued to him for his persevering efforts in the right direction. Not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, by his own honest work and attention to duty, he has reached a position that any boy of his age might well envy, and now has before him a bright prospect in life. He is making a good income, has a nice little sum in the bank, and is blest with good health. So well has he sustained the good name of the Home, as well as making a reputation for himself, that he has opened the way for another Barnardo boy to a comfortable home with good people, who are pressing in their demand for an early supply. Herbert is to be commended as a good example to be followed.

Writing on December 1st, in acknowledgment of a letter from Thomas Holmes, which appeared in our previous number, Mr. Owen says:

You are to be congratulated on your kind and thoughtful action in sending me the enclosed, which will furnish an interesting item for Ups and Downs, that, I doubt not, will be read with pleasure by many to whom your name was familiar in days gone by. I am especially pleased to hear of your intention to migrate to the North West. I know that country well, and have, in fact, only just returned from a short visit to Wapiti, and I am satisfied that

while the country has its drawbacks, like every other district of the earth, there is no place that at the present time offers a better prospect to a young man to make a home and career for himself than the Canadian North-West.

While the subject under discussion in the following quotation is of a somewhat private nature, by withholding names I do not think I am violating a proper sense of propriety by printing it, as it shows how the financial interests of our boys are guarded and the means adopted to encourage thrift:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst. in reference to the amount owing on this boy's account. Our usual custom is to act as bankers for our boys, in the first place that we may ensure that the amounts that become due to them shall be fully and punctually paid, and in the second place that we may have the means of putting a check upon any tendency to reckless extravagance. To encourage them to save their money, Dr. Barnardo allows them a rather higher rate of interest than they would obtain at any ordinary savings bank, so that the arrangement is in every respect to their advantage. In the present instance, however, if the boy prefers to dispose of his money elsewhere, and provided that his receipt for the money is produced to us, we will not insist upon its being paid directly to ourselves, although on all accounts I think it would be more satisfactory that the usual custom should be adopted. We gather from your letter that he is in no way disposed to squander his money, and we have no reason to believe that he will not be paid the full amount that is owing to him, so that, as I have said, we will leave him to do as he likes in the matter; but he must give you a written receipt for the amount paid that can be sent in to us here, and that will enable us to give you a formal release and discharge from the contract between us.

As I do not find in the contract of indenture any illusion to angels, either in respect to the party of the first, second or third part, I do not feel inclined to pass over a bit of good copy because it happens to show that our boys are fallible mortals like the rest of us. Moreover, I appreciate candour in others, and think the same is expected of myself when I pose as a revealer. "Open confession is good for the soul." I have just come upon three closed, written pages dealing with a curmudgeon who, I take it, professes

to be ready to "lie down and die" because he is being "dogged about the country" since he has "tasted freedom." I am somewhat of a slinger of rhetoric myself, and the desire to string the three euphonious phrases between inverted commas together with the necessary parts of speech, and make a poem of them, would be irresistible, were I not constrained to frigid facts. (There you are—"frigid facts": I had almost begun to do so, you see). "Tasted freedom"—"dogged about the country"—"lie down and die." Three ornamental phrases, no doubt, but what do they mean? Taken as they are in their relation to the context, they mean that Percival—another euphonism!—"skipped" before his time was up, and the powers that be, being parties to the contract, bow-wowed him into a corner. But, done up into an Ode to Freedom, or The Plaint of the White Boy Slave, they might mean something altogether different, or nothing at all, just as the poet is disposed to monkey with the Queen's English. I don't know the first thing about the circumstances of the case beyond what may be gleaned from this one letter (I suppose there are others, but I have not come across them); though I do know there are boys who can't tell when they are well off, as there are also masters who don't know how well they have been served until they are left in the lurch. Judging from the way the letter "goes for" Percival, his appetite for freedom was not a recently acquired taste, but one which had asserted itself from the first, to the exclusion of all other considerations. When he took a hunk out the other side of freedom, he "bit off more than he could chew," and the fact that he lapsed into poetry may be taken as a premonitory symptom of indigestion. If his hardships were more real than fancied, he could have been removed at a month's notice, and steps were being taken to this end—as the superintendent says against his own judgment, to settle

the difficulty, when Percival bolted. He is now told that he has rendered himself liable to imprisonment as a runaway apprentice, that anyone who harbours him is liable to a heavy fine, and that he cannot recover wages due unless he returns and fulfils his engagement, or the engagement is terminated in a proper manner. The letter leaves the case *sub judice*, with Percival in another job, minus his wages, and liable to goodness knows what, and his former employer with every reason to gloat over the best end of the bargain. But the one thing more than any other that stamps Percival as a poet is his running away from a man who owes him money. I have known even poets so full of a taste for freedom that they would gush and slop over on the slightest provocation, and yet they would never forsake a debtor, though he should fight his pipe with sonnets and wrap up profits in epithalamiums.

Lubrication makes a machine run smoothly and prevents wear and tear by friction, if it does not also avoid a fracture as the result of a hot journal. "Pouring oil on troubled waters" is a phrase adapted to the same idea as applied to human intercourse. The secret of good management is in the tact displayed in a "hitch," when a refractory unit refuses to work in harmony with his immediate surroundings, and thus threatens a dislocation or a smash. The drop of oil applied to the right spot at the proper moment often prevents a jam or, at anyrate, the attrition that leaves a mark and never allows the parts to work smoothly afterwards. Many of the letters are of this kind. A misunderstanding, an idiosyncrasy, a delinquency, a bit of temper, a streak of perversity or a fit of the "bulks" develops a case that, judged from the initial letters, looks like a prospective rupture and a change of places for the boy, either at his own request or that of his employer, but often it can be seen from the second letter that the lubrication of the first

has been effected and harmony has been restored. Occasionally a vigorous push seems to have been necessary to start the obstructing factor; sometimes even that is not enough, and leverage has to be applied, with threats as the lever and the law as a fulcrum. The following adjustment of symptoms of a minor fracture called for all three measures:

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I have received your letter, and am sorry to hear of your difficulties with Mr. W—. I should say that, as a matter of law, Mr. W— is fully justified in requiring you, as his indentured apprentice residing upon his premises, to come in at a certain hour of the night; and, as a matter of common-sense, I think you are acting very foolishly in falling out with him on the matter. That he is perfectly right is proved by the statement in your letter that on one occasion, after being out late at night in opposition to his wishes, you overslept yourself next morning. My advice to you is to make up your mind to stay at home and amuse yourself in the evenings, and avoid quarrelling with your master in such a matter. It is a very good thing for a lad in your position to complete his first engagement in a creditable manner. It gives him a good start in the country and a good name in the district where he is living. No doubt, there are plenty of people to advise you to leave, and when you have done so, the same people will turn round and point to you as another instance to prove that Home boys never stay in their places, and cannot be depended upon, and run off just as they are getting useful, and so on. Mr. W— may perhaps forget that old heads cannot be looked for on young shoulders, and that boys like to meet other boys and enjoy their sports and recreations; but it is better that you should submit to him in these little matters than to be causing a lot of unpleasantness and having to leave your situation under a cloud. Moreover, it is in reality far better for you to stay in at nights and make some sensible use of your leisure time instead of running about to neighbours' houses retailing gossip and hearing and saying a good deal that had better be left unsaid. I do not say that there is any great amount of harm in it, but a lad who has got to fight his way in the world by his own exertions should look upon every hour of his time as an opportunity—as part of his capital—as it were—and as something that ought not to be wasted, and when you have done your work, it would be far better for you to pick up a good, sensible book or some instructive article in a newspaper and get that into your brain, and think it over, than to be indulging in idle talk with boys and

girls that can generally be compared, in the words of the Bible, "to the crackling of thorns under a pot." I do not think it is necessary for me to say more upon the subject, as if people have not the common-sense to settle their differences it is very seldom that anyone else can settle them for them; but I do hope that you will not have to leave your place for such a silly reason as your persisting in going out at nights in opposition to your employer's wishes.

Yours sincerely,
ALFRED B. OWEN.

A trace of the wisdom of the serpent is visible in a communication which shows that philanthropy cannot be exercised successfully without shrewdness. Evidently a boy had written to say that he would like to have more schooling, and, I should judge, at the instigation of his employer. The boy, after working for some time for his board and clothes, has nearly arrived at the age when he is to be paid wages \$10 for the first year, and there is an allusion to a proposition that instead of receiving this money he is to get more schooling than the agreement calls for. I can hardly imagine that this is the unprompted desire of a juvenile mind; I am inclined to the belief that somebody has been "teaching the young idea how to shoot" in a manner calculated to score a bull's eye for the farmer. The letter very pertinently says:

The question is how much schooling he would consider worth \$10. When we are talking to a farmer about wages, he generally tells us that a boy's time is worth very little, that there is no work for him to do, that he is kept as a sort of an ornamental appendage to the establishment, for his board, and so forth; but if we are talking about schooling, then we hear at once how valuable he is, and how much work he does at home which someone else will have to do if he goes to school. However, I think Mr. R— is a fair and honourable man, and if he will write to us and make us some proposal, we will do our best to come to an understanding with him.

But the proposition is really tipped by that of another farmer who offers to send his boy to school for ten months during the three winters of his term of apprenticeship if the boy will work ten

Will you write me a letter, the object being to tell me what you have to say about it, and, as far as possible, to try to carry out your wishes.

Here and there, in this letter and that, is to be found the oft-repeated paragraph—though by no means in stereotyped form—replying to an enquiry for news of a mother or father, or relatives or friends, in the United Kingdom, long since passed out of knowledge. It would seem that with maturity comes a sober appreciation of domestic and family ties, forgotten or ignored in the heyday of youth. One yearns to be told whether his mother is still alive. Another, whose father was last heard of as having “gone for a soldier,” wishes to learn of his whereabouts. One had a sister in domestic service in London years ago. Where is she now? He would like to know, as she is the last link in the family circle, and he feels lonesome. What means shall another take to get into communication with a sailor brother in the merchant service, who has not been heard of for eight years? Several ask in a tone of despair if they have any relatives at all living; while some profess themselves ready and willing to defray all travelling expenses to Canada of younger brothers or sisters, if they can be found. As a specimen of the solace for such aching hearts, the subjoined quotation is given as a characteristic reply:

I have received your letter, and am very pleased to hear from you once again, and to have such a thoroughly satisfactory and encouraging report of yourself and of your progress in life since last we had any communication with you. With regard to your wish to obtain information respecting your relatives in England, our immigration is now over for the season and I shall not be going to England myself before next March. It does not seem necessary that you should wait as long as this to obtain the particulars that you ask for, and I have to day written to Mr. Fowler, the superintendent of the London Homes, testing him to refer to his records and see if he can gain any clue to the present whereabouts of these people. Of course, you must remember that London is a large place, and tracing individuals there is often a good deal like

hunting for a needle in a haystack; but, however, we are always willing to do anything in our power in cases of this kind, and I know that Mr. Fowler will give his careful attention to your request, and thus we may hope before long to be successful in putting you in communication with, at anyrate, someone amongst your relatives and friends.

On page 465, I find a personal letter from Mr. Owen to a young fellow who has returned to England. Among a variety of topics, the following is very adroitly inserted.

Your friend, Fred. Cochrane, was talking to me about you the other day in Winnipeg. He was rather surprised to hear that you had started for England, and said that he had expected to hear from you in regard to a little matter of business. I told him I did not think he need make his mind uneasy, as I felt quite sure you would act honourably in any transaction you may have had with him.

The sequel to this is to be found in a subsequent letter to Fred. Cochrane, enclosing the sum of \$5 received from his friend in Gravesend, England, on whose behalf thanks were tendered for the loan of which it was the repayment. So this, then, was the little matter of business? This is one of the many little acts of kindness prompted by a spirit of good comradeship that generally prevails between chums among our lads. That the confidence of one in the integrity of the other was not misplaced, redounds to the honour and reputation of Peters—if he will pardon the disclosure of his private affairs—and I should like to shake him by the hand and exclaim in the vulgar tongue, “Peters, you are the stuff!”

Not often do we hear of the farmer playing the pedagogue; but here we have an instance of recourse to flogging as a means to compel a seventeen-year old youth to acquire a taste for study. The inculcation of knowledge by the aid of a shingle finds few advocates nowadays among those who study psychology as applied to education, Solomon to the contrary notwithstanding. It has yet to be proven that there is any mental connection between the brain centres and that

part of the anatomy to which the shingle is usually applied, other than the sensory shock which accompanies each impact, and it is certainly difficult to imagine how a wave of anguish can be transmuted into a love of learning. As well might one feed a lad on stewed books, so that as they are inwardly digested he may read, mark and learn their contents. The superintendent does not fall in with the farmer's method of discipline, either. On the contrary, he falls out with it, and pertinently remarks:

I think we must expect that as he grows older and begins to realize the independence of his position, you will find it impossible to exercise the same degree of authority as you have exercised in the past, and I should doubt the wisdom of trying to force a lad in his seventeenth year to read for a certain portion of the day, however useful and valuable such a practice might be to him. Neither do I think it advisable to attempt physical chastisement in the case of a boy of this age, and I think if you are forced to have recourse to flogging in order to assert your authority, it would be better to return him to the Home. I cannot think that the youth is naturally vicious or badly disposed; but he is perhaps a little intractable and, I should think, one of that set of individuals who can be led but whom it is a rather hard matter to drive.

Master Fred. J. White, of Strasburg, comes in for a quiet talk on the occasion of his confirmation. He is earnestly reminded of the importance of the ceremony, of the solemn vows assumed when he was "admitted as a member of the visible Church of Christ," of the necessity of living up to his professions in life and conduct, and the hope is expressed that he "will indeed fight manfully under Christ's banner against 'sin, the world, the flesh and the devil' unto his life's end."

Of letters referring to little commissions undertaken for some of the boys there are quite a number. The purchase of watches, musical instruments and various other things considered necessary to the equipment of a youth in flourishing circumstances, who would cut a

figure, is entrusted to the manager, who seems to be regarded as a factorum to whom nothing comes amiss. I am not in a position to verify the statement from actual records, but it has been hinted to me that on more occasions than one Mr. Owen, if he did not deliberately choose life partners for matrimonial clients, had something to do with their mating. But, as a rule, both the bachelors and spinsters insist on their own individual choice in this matter, and then bless or blame Providence for the result, as they are mutually affected by it. Authority carries with it its responsibilities and cares, and while it may be gratifying to have a miscellaneous collection of matrimonial bric-a-brac named after one, it must certainly be a risky venture in contributing to the determination of their fathers and mothers. From such tampering with destiny "I pray thee have me excused."

As agreements are subject to termination on one month's notice being given from either side, advantage was taken of this provision by the management to better the condition of a lad named Alderton, who, while capable of and doing the work of a man, was receiving, according to the terms of the contract, only a boy's wages, and Richard will be free on March 1st to command higher remuneration elsewhere unless his wages are raised. This is but fair, since I find in another book a case to offset this, in which a lad's wages were reduced in consideration of his alleged incapability. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. The letter in question contains the following:

Our Mr. Grandinall, in a letter written at his visit to you on the 6th, from which I am distressed to learn that this boy is not doing well, and that you have serious grounds for complaining against him. I understand that the boy is not considered to be worth the amount stated for by the agreement, and that it has been suggested that there should be a modification of the terms. As a rule, we are very reluctant to reduce a boy's wages, as it does not likely to be a very desirable effect.

upon him; but, on the other hand, we have no wish to enforce conditions that are not fair and reasonable, or to ask an employer to pay more than a boy is justly capable of earning. I have thought the matter carefully over, and have discussed it with Mr. Griffith, and, under the circumstances, we are willing to throw off \$10 from the amount at present payable, and will understand that, if the boy remains with you until April 1st, 1902, he will receive \$90 instead of \$100. We have endorsed this on the agreement, and trust that this proposal will be satisfactory to you.

Letters of acknowledgment of sums donated to the Homes by boys who have taken this practical method of expressing their gratitude for what has been done for them are frequent enough to impress one with appreciation of human fidelity, while similar communications, addressed to donors interested in the work, prove that the Homes and the work in Canada are not without warm friends and admirers.

Dunning letters by the dozen, demanding, in terms adapted to the urgency of the case, the performance of financial obligations by masters who were not so eager to pay as they were to have the work done, precluded the possibility of tracing each to the result; but, such as I investigated, were found to be ultimately successful, generally without recourse to legal proceedings, but where peaceable means were inadequate, the law has been invoked to bring the "dead-heads" to time. The costs of collection of wages due in one notable case exceeded \$19, but the victory was on the right side. Farmers who get three or five years' work out of a boy and make no provision for meeting their obligations at the end of the term are guilty of criminal negligence, and their improvidence against the day of reckoning is little short of heartless cruelty, that might have the effect of discouraging a boy from doing his best for his next employer after such an experience. And were not the rights of the lad defended, and his hard earned wages squeezed out of a heart of flint under whatever pressure can be brought

to bear upon the debtor, the loss of money due to the lad when he is about to assume his independence would be a positive hardship, crushing in its privation.

The case alluded to in which the costs were \$19, in addition to the costs of the court, which were paid by the defendant, represented a struggle for right to the last extremity. I cannot give full particulars more tersely than does the letter itself:

MY DEAR ALBERT,—I am glad to tell you that at last our lawyers have succeeded in bringing Mr. O—— to time, and have collected the full amount of our claim. There has been a good deal of trouble attending this collection, Mr. O—— proving a very "slippery customer," and I find that altogether the costs amount to \$19.84. Of course, this will be a very formidable deduction from the amount that has been paid in, and yet there is no doubt that without incurring this expense nothing would have been collected. It would seem obviously right that the costs should be charged against the amount that we have received, and if you were earning good wages at the present time I should not hesitate at all to deduct what we have just paid our lawyers, and should think, in fact, that you were very lucky to have had our own assistance without any cost or expense to yourself. As it is, however, I appreciate the fact that you are making a brave struggle to improve your position in the world, and to acquire an education, and I know well that Dr. Barnardo would sympathize very warmly with you in your efforts, and would wish to help you as far as lay in his power to do so. I have thought the matter over very carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that we will place the full amount to your credit, saying nothing whatever at present about the law expenses, which we have paid ourselves; but I would wish you to regard this as a loan from Dr. Barnardo, that will be repaid at some future date, when you have completed your present course and are in a position to spare the money from your earnings. I have come to this decision, believing that I am carrying out what would be Dr. Barnardo's wish under the circumstances, and you will accept it as his contribution in aid of your efforts to educate and improve yourself. Believe me to remain

Your sincere friend,

ALFRED B. OWEN.

It is a pity that closing an article which is already much longer than it should be, only affords a mere glimpse through several of the

hundreds of volumes of such correspondence, to quote two letters indicative of what may be termed the "collateral security" assured to Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls in case of sickness and penury. Many people do not know that Dr. Barnardo, strengthened and sustained by his many supporters under the providence of God, bears his own burdens and pays, where he must pay in order to avoid taxing local charities, with a generosity that bespeaks an unfaltering trust in the magical properties of his widow's cruse. There is something admirable—something manly in the conscientiousness that makes no compromise with a sense of right, but does justly and fears not. On the other hand, nothing so dwarfs the vitality of a church, belittles its ideals, or brings its ethics into contempt as a mean, despicable, bickering spirit.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Tradesman, doubtless this article is worth so much, but it is for the Church, you know. Can't you give it to us at half price, and thus lay up for yourself 'treasures in heaven'?" Such a paltering spirit is not the spirit of Christ, who would have us take no thought for the morrow, but do our whole duty to-day, and leave the consequences to our Father, who seeth what things we have need of. Such conduct is a libel and a slander against Him in whom we profess to have faith, who is able to take care of His own. "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," is the testimony of the Psalmist, who was also a philosopher and an astute observer. And here let me remark that the righteous man is not necessarily a snuffling whiner of canting platitudes, but a man of uprightness, of integrity, who does right toward his fellow-man and according to the laws of his God. True, I have seen men hard pressed at times who would pay out their last dollar, with never a murmur, to satisfy a just claim, but never have I seen them default. Something always turned up at the

last moment to prove God's faithfulness and lovingkindness. Why, then, should a Christian or a church seek to evade payment in full for value received? Let him be strictly just; let him, like Cromwell, demand his penny's worth, but let him pay and be paid like a man, and trust in God for a due return for his labour, who denies not to the husbandman the multiplication of the seed sown as the price of its cultivation. Herein, I take it, is the secret of the abundant success of Dr. Barnardo's vast enterprises—that, as a wise steward, having a confidence far exceeding human expectation in the power and promises of his Master, he is not afraid to spend money for any needful purpose, and that he gathers with one hand to bestow with the other with the same judicious liberality that provides what he has been chosen of God to administer. Though I speak as one indirectly associated, in an humble way, with so beneficent a work, I challenge disproof. Finding, as I do, in this conviction the motive power for enthusiastic co-operation. Perhaps I should not talk like this. Perhaps I shall be "called down" for indiscretion. Yet, shall I refrain from speaking what I believe to be the truth lest it be misconstrued? Besides, doubtless I am regarded as a crank by this time, and cranks, like the king's jester in the olden time, are privileged persons, who may say what they will because they are not held accountable.

However, I have let off all my fireworks now, except a few squibs and a set piece, which, if the design and motto are approved by the editor, may furnish another performance at a later date. Perhaps some of my blue lights and bombs may shock nervous people, and it may be that the sky rockets were erratic in their flight; but I can assure the reader they were all carefully loaded and let off with mature aforethought and due regard to protective effect. If I have failed to burn or outed to us, and hence don't blame me for your alarm, fault I can

know a boy who inadvertently let off a sixpenny sky rocket in a fifty pound bedroom, and who still feels that anything he may do in after-life will never eclipse the glory with which he covered himself on that occasion. One such luxury imparts a lasting lustre to a lifetime. Here beginneth the first and second epistles of the correspondence according to Mr. Owen :

With regard to the question of the expenses that have been incurred, I have thought the matter carefully over with the desire to do what is just to yourself, without exceeding the limits that we are at liberty to go to in fulfilment of our responsibilities as the trustees of public funds that are placed in our hands by benevolent people for certain specified objects. We recognize that you have shown the greatest kindness in the matter, and we would wish to go as far as possible to meet you in the same spirit. We understand that the expenses of the funeral will exceed \$30, and that besides this there is the doctor's fee to pay, while against this, I suppose, we are justified in setting off the value of the boy's services up to the time that he was taken ill. Taking everything into consideration, I have decided to offer you the enclosed cheque for twenty five dollars as our contribution towards the expenses, and we shall be very glad if you will accept this from us with the renewed expression of our thanks to yourself and Mrs. Ragg for the kindness and affection that has been shown to the little one who has gone, and for the thoughtfulness and generosity that was shown in all the arrangements in connection with his interment.

I am, dear Mr. Ragg,

Yours very truly,

(Sgd.) ALFRED B. OWEN.

TORONTO, June 10th, 1899.

Re George B. Wright.

MR. JOHN PURVIS, Puce, Ont.

DEAR SIR,- I am in receipt of your letter of the 13th, and have very carefully noted and considered its contents. In a case of this kind it is naturally our wish to act justly, and, indeed, generously ; but, unfortunately, the means at our disposal are exceedingly limited, and do not permit of our accepting any heavy liabilities. Our Home here is open at any time for the reception of boys who, through failure in health, misconduct, the inability of their

employers to keep them, or from any other reason, are without a home, and we are prepared here to nurse and tend those who are ailing and to provide care and shelter for all comers ; but our managers do not place at my disposal any large funds for meeting payments outside the support of the Home, as they consider that the boys should be, as a rule, self-supporting, and that their earnings should cover their general expenses. While this is the rule, however, we quite recognize that there are exceptions, of which this is one, and that this is a case in which it was impossible to return the boy to the Home for nursing, and where there are no wages to draw upon, and not likely to be for some considerable time to come. We also recognize, and very warmly appreciate, the care and kindness that the boy has received at your hands, and to which, under God's good providence, he no doubt owes his escape from death. We can quite understand that you do not yourself feel able to undertake the payment of the doctors' bill, in addition to what you have done for the boy in other ways. I suppose we might make an application to the Council ; but we should very much dislike to do this, as our rule is to bear our own burdens, and give no institution or municipality an excuse for saying that our young immigrants are in any way a source of expense to them. I suppose, under the circumstances, we must try and pay the doctors' bills ; but I hope we shall find them prepared to act reasonably with us. At the present time we are having a very hard struggle to make ends meet, and I could not just now pay out any considerable sum to anybody. If, however, these gentlemen will meet us in the matter of charges, we will try and settle their accounts as soon as possible ; but, as I have said, it is of no use their looking to us for any very heavy amount, as we simply have not got it, and our income is an exceedingly limited one, and never more than barely sufficient for ordinary current expenses.

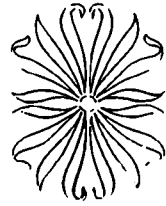
I cannot conclude without expressing anew our gratitude to you for all you have done on behalf of the little sufferer, and which I trust will be rewarded by your seeing him fully restored to health and strength, and growing up to be a good, useful member of society, and a great credit to himself and his friends.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) ALFRED B. OWEN.

W. J. Phillips, Esq.



FOR this number of UPS AND DOWNS we invited replies from our boys to a letter of enquiry from a boy in the Stepney Home, who wished to get some advice and information about Canada and its prospects before making up his mind whether or not to volunteer for one of Dr. Barnardo's Canadian contingents. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and in asking our juvenile immigrants to relate their experience and offer their opinions for the benefit of this doubting Thomas, the most impartial evidence that could be adduced is thus elicited.

The finding of this jury of "twelve good men and true" is published as it was received with no further alteration than the punctuation, and the verdict is unanimously, "Come, if you are of the right sort." Not a single correspondent spoke discouragingly of the prospects, and all speak with praise and warm affection of the land of their adoption. Good, sensible, well-written letters they are, too, for the most part. To be sure, some are a little patronizing, and some paternal in their big-brotherliness; but they all show an earnest, fraternal desire to share with the sojourner in the land of Egypt the milk and honey of the land of Canaan. If Doubting Thomas is not in the next batch, we shall conclude that he is not a lad of spirit, and that the Land of Promise is no place for him.

This is not the first time that John A. Conway has carried off the prize with his rhetoric and ornate diction, but never before have we

known him to be so enthusiastic or persuasive. Lest an admirable essay in prose should fail to reach the mark, he calls in the Muse to augment his eloquence, and makes such an imposing state entry into the subject that we are led to fear a glamour will be cast over so many lads in England that the rush to get to Canada will necessitate the chartering of transports. This is the prize essay:

MY DEAR FRIEND, In reply to your letter asking for some kind of prospectus as to the life and prospects that lie before you if you emigrate to Canada, I shall endeavour, though feebly, to set before you some of the advantages to be gained from taking such a step. In the first place, I bid you welcome in the words of an Indian chief: "Welcome, brother; there is room on the prairie for another warrior. But you want to know why you are welcome? Quite natural that you should, considering the step you are contemplating. I will divide the reason you are welcome into a series of "comes," which, I hope, though poorly expressed, may have some influence in persuading you to embark your fortunes in our glorious West. I say, come, if you would exchange the comparatively meagre prospects of settling down in England for the brighter and more certain chances of life in Canada. Come, if you would leave behind you an over-populated country, and try your fortune in a land where there is at least "elbow room." Come, if you would cast in your lot with one of the most hardy, persevering and, with few exceptions, the most hospitable, God-fearing race of people on the face of the earth. Come, if you would see for yourself the marvellous transformation which the axe of the pioneer and his successors have wrought during the last half century, transforming primeval forest into cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings. Come, if you would, by industry and diligent perseverance, make for yourself a comfortable home, build up a character, and earn a

Albert James Carpenter, who returned from Moose Jaw, N.W.T., in November last to work for his former employer, Mr. Richards, of Raysville, with whom he has made arrangements to attend school this winter with a view to passing his entrance examination next June, contributes the following :

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I can look back, and, if I knew you, I can imagine ourselves face to face discussing this subject. I am just going to outline a few thoughts to you, which may be of some benefit to your future welfare and prosperity. This Canada of ours is a flourishing, progressive country with good laws and just government. It is represented by a numerous amount of valuable trades and occupations. Farming is very prosperous, and no matter what occupation a person may prefer there is always work and wages to be had. My experience in this country has been of great benefit to me. When I first came out here I couldn't find anything to attract my attention. But, thank God, it is different with me now. I can realize that Providence has placed me amid the comfort and joy of his people, and has planned out the way of success for me, both in the comfort of this world and in the joy of the world to come. I would just say, if you come to this country, and be alive and active in the duties that are devolved upon you, I am sure you will make a good mark in life and prosper as long as you have the courage to meet difficulties that may come before you. I cannot give you a better illustration of life and its true reality of earnestness than the "Psalm of Life." The verses of that poem ring in my ears, and I can feel the necessity of being up and doing while are opportunities are in my way, not only to improve my own abilities, but also to try and improve the character of those who seem, it may be, despondent and discouraged by their failures in life. Let us be active and earnest in this battle of life, and leave some prints of our character behind us, that will help someone in after years to see that this life is not a mere form of vanity and drudgery, but is a period of noble activity and progressive improvement, both in the talented values of this life and in the joyful preparation of the life to come. In coming to this country, the prospects that you meet will be a good, healthy atmosphere to breathe and work in, a good civilized people to make friends with, a good hope of prosperity before you—a bright prospect in life, knowing that you must labour and achieve to obtain a lively result in talents of any description. You will find plenty of good employment in almost any trade, and you will be paid for the work you do. No doubt you will find some little difficulties—but in a case of that kind I only have

tact and energy, and push forward and meet hindrances as they come. This is what we are in this world for—to conquer whatever may betide and be strengthened thereby. I am in this country nearly seven years, and experience has taught me a good many lessons of the prosperity of this country. One of which is that if the person has energy and the ambition, and is made of the right stuff, he will go in and win to the very last. My friend, I say come to this country, get accustomed to its ways, make a new start in life, and say you are going to be of some benefit to the big world outside of you, and to yourself, and if you keep this motto, you will never regret the thought that made you spread your wings.

ALBERT JAMES CARPENTER.
Baysville, Ont.

The next four deserve honourable mention as the authors of very creditable epistolary efforts :

DEAR FRIEND,—I take great pleasure in giving you a little information regarding Canada and its opportunities. I have been out here since March, 1893, and judging from my own experience and by reports of others, I have no hesitation in advising you to come to Canada.

In England, trades and professions are overcrowded, competition is keen and wages are small, so that the working man has no chance. In Canada, it is different: there is a chance for everybody.

Now, I take it for granted that you are quite willing to go on a farm; if so, then your chances are better. There is always a big demand for farm help, the trouble being to get a supply. The wages of a good man are from \$130 to \$160 per year with board, lodging and washing, which is equal to £26 to £32 per year; and then I might say the circumstances under which you labour are entirely different to England. There is a *social equality* between master and man, which makes work a pleasure. And then as soon as people see you are trying to get along, they will put their shoulder to the wheel and help you along. There are lots of Dr. Barnardo's boys out here who have farms of their own.

Now, as regards the climatic conditions of Canada, I must say that in England they are greatly exaggerated. It is true we have it very warm in summer and cold in winter; but, clad in proper clothes, you would enjoy the Canadian weather better than the English. Just at present we are having splendid weather; the thermometer has been between thirty and forty degrees above zero for two weeks which you must admit is not bad at all. We have had one week of sleighing.

Now, in regard to the opportunities you will meet with, I think that depends a lot on yourself and your abilities. If you have never been on a farm, you will feel, like I

did at first, a little strange; but, as I said before, you will find the people will help you all they can. But, in spite of these good opportunities that surround you in Canada, success can only be had when you are determined and willing to work; *to be successful you must be a worker*, and the boy who comes to Canada with the idea that dollars are to be picked up on the streets and roads makes a grave mistake; but a lad who is willing to work and at the same time live a good, steady, moral life, cannot fail to succeed.

Trusting you will take my advice to bid farewell to England and set sail for Canada, the land of the happy, the brave and the free, I have the honour to remain,

Yours truly,

FRANK A. EDWARDS,

Campbell's Cross P.O., Ontario, Canada.

DEAR FRIEND,—I noticed in a recent issue of *UPS AND DOWNS* that you wished to get advice that would help you make up your mind whether to volunteer for Canada or to remain where you are, and also to get some idea as to the sort of experience you will meet with if you do come, and what will be the prospects before you. As I have spent nearly ten years in Canada, I think I ought to be able to give you the advice you need, which I will try to do in as few words as possible from my own experience. To your first question, Shall I come to Canada or not? I would say that that depends entirely upon yourself, your character, your ambitions, and your intentions. Let me deal with these qualities separately.

The first I mentioned was your character. There are many things in our existence which go to make up character, for instance, truth, honesty, politeness, civility, temperance; all these and a lot more besides go towards building up character. Someone has said that actions, looks, words and steps form the alphabet by which we may spell character. But of these characteristics I only wish to speak at present of two, viz., truth and honesty. These two always, to my mind, go together; if we would be truthful we must also be honest. If you, my friend, would come to Canada, I would say, be truthful and honest in all your transactions, and always bear in mind that "The honest man, though e'er so poor, is king of men for all that." If, on the other hand, truth and honesty do not form a part of your character, please stay where you are; we have no room for you here.

The second thing I mentioned was your ambitions. What are they? If your ambitions lead you to look forward to success in every thing, you undertake to do that is honest and right in the sight of God and man, even though you have to work by the sweat of your brow all your days, then I would say you are eligible for Canada as far as your ambitions are concerned.

Thirdly, your intentions. Is it your intention, if you come to Canada, to work for a living, willingly and faithfully to serve your employers, and live such a life that will be a credit to yourself and also a credit to the old "Home" to which you once belonged? If so, come along as soon as possible, and you will find lots of friends out here who will give you a helping hand whenever it is needed.

And now, I suppose, you want to know what experience you are likely to meet with when once you are out here? Experience varies with every business. If you would be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a mechanic, or a surveyor, or a blacksmith, you would want experience in the profession or trade you wished to follow, and as I am only a farmer, I can, naturally, only give you a farmer's experience. My experience in Canada has been varied, but yet interesting and, I might say, instructive. I have found out if a man would have friends here, he must do the same as in any other place—he must show himself friendly. As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. True, you will find those who will take advantage of kindness, and will give you in its place trouble if they possibly can. This class of people, however, I am glad to say, are very scarce. Canadians are, on the whole, a generous, honest, warm-hearted, help-giving people. As such I have no doubt you would find them. The first thing perhaps which you would notice, as many a hundred of young people before you have done, is a sense of "home-sickness." I do not intend to lead you to believe that it is all sunshine here; we too have our dark clouds as everybody else has, but we do not forget that behind every dark cloud there is a silver lining. As I said before, you will no doubt feel home-sick for a while, and rightly so. Who does not love his own country better than all the rest? It is only natural. But if we leave our own land to find another where we have more show, more chance to get on in the world, and gain for ourselves a name which we could never expect to gain in our own land, and still at the same time not have to tear the love of the old land from our hearts, but still remain true to the British flag, and have the chance, if we wish, to have all our loved ones with us, I say it would be foolishness on our part if we gave way to home-sickness so much that it would mar our happiness and prosperity, and eventually take us back to the place from where we started. I would say, then, when home sickness occurs, if it ever does, to go to work with a stronger and greater determination to overcome all difficulties that may fall in your pathway, and you will as many die-sands have done before you, come off victorious. Again you will find in your experience as a farmer that you will be called upon sometimes to give a helping hand to some other fellow-cow-

regular working hours, and it will be in your own hands whether you show yourself obliging or otherwise. I may, however, add for your information, that the time will come—and perhaps a good many times—when you will want to get off at night an hour or so earlier than usual; then it is you will find out whether it pays to be obliging to others, or to be selfish. Selfishness keeps a penny so close to the eye that it cannot see the dollar which very often is close behind it. Then again you will prove from experience, sooner or later, that it pays to keep good company. Associate with men who are at least your equal, and, if possible, your betters. If you would succeed in farming, or in anything else, never taste or touch that which befores the mind and dethrones the reason. A drunken man is always at the mercy of his enemies. Once more, you will find from your experience here in Canada that you will have to work hard, and early and late, and it is of no use you or anyone else coming to Canada to farm if you do not intend to do this, but think you are going to have a good time, lots of money, and nothing to do just about as soon as you set your foot on Canadian soil. But, on the other hand, you will meet with lots of things in your experience, which are too numerous for me to mention, that will make you glad you came, if you only do your duty. But if you neglect your duty, and become lazy and careless, you will become the talk and gossip of all who know you, and the consequences will be that none will want to employ you at any cost, and you will also bring disgrace upon the old Home and its founder.

The prospects before you are those which are before every young man in Canada; your fortune is in your own hands to use as you see fit. By coming to Canada and settling down to business, you will be able in two or three years to command as high wages as any Canadian. By strict attention to business, by truthfulness, honesty and industry, it is possible for you to do in a few years what thousands of others have done already, that is, to make a home for yourself which you would never have in England; and with a good wife at the head of it, and with a family growing up around you, perhaps that will be a blessing to you in your old days. What better prospect, let me ask, would you want before you than that which is before you, viz., a contented life, a happy home, and a knowledge that so long as you are willing to work you will never want? Hoping, my dear friend, that this advice and counsel, though somewhat lengthy, will enable you to see your way clear to come to Canada and settle down, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED JONES.

ALFRED JONES, Editor.

ALFRED JONES, Editor.

landed in Canada. Since then I have worked in several places in town, city and country, and I shall write as I have seen.

Whether to come to Canada or not depends a great deal on what you intend to do after your arrival. You may be thinking of becoming a mechanic. If so, I do not advise you very strongly to come here. Of course, you have your chance with the rest; but I would like to say that those lines are pretty well crowded, also some of the professions.

You may be rather young. If so, you had better come, if you want to have a good chance to rise. It is a large and growing country; and a good place to be brought up in; and you may settle about the trade later on.

Or you might want to become a farmer, stock-raiser or a dairyman. If so, you are the man to come here. You need not be long idle. You cannot find a better country under the sun; if so, we have not heard of it. Should you wish to gain experience and earn some money, you could come to Ontario and work on a farm as most do, and then when you are ready, you may go West and get a farm of your own on very easy terms.

The climate is considered to be very healthy. You will find the winters a little colder and the summers somewhat warmer than the Old Land; but you will soon become accustomed to that. Almost anything will grow here that is found in the temperate zone.

Our educational system is one of the finest to be found. We also enjoy liberty in its best sense, both civil and religious. I need not speak of our great resources—our minerals, timber, fisheries; of our great lakes, railways and canals; of our prairies and wooded lands of the West. You may obtain that knowledge from the emigration agents at home.

There is one more thing about coming to Canada. You do not leave the good old Union Jack behind; but it still floats over you as you saw it in the Old Land, but supported by the emblems of a strong daughter of the Empire, fair Canada.

"O Canada, thy regal head
Lift higher to the skies;
Pride with humility be wed,
Deep in thy tender eyes.
Stand forth to a more honoured place
Proud though thy past hath been;
Stand forth and vindicate thy race,
Thou Daughter of a Queen."

ALFRED JONES.

ALFRED JONES.

DEAR MR. JONES:—I read with great pleasure that I am crying to answer the letter received from the boy in the Stepney Causeway Home, which we are to have for our essay this quarter. In reply to his letter I could say, by all means, come to Canada, as there is plenty for all in this country, that is flowing with milk and honey. It is also called the Garden of Eden. Of course if you come

to this country, you may find things different, and things may seem strange; but as I got used to the country everything went on much smoother than at first. Of course, you will have things to learn; perhaps they may be hard at first, but when you get used to the country all will be bright and well, and I am sure you will reap the benefit of your labour. For as you sow so shall you reap. But if you are honest and industrious, and try to do what your master tells you to the best of your ability, I can say for you that you will get along in this country all right, as, from what I know of the people in this community, they will do their best to help such a person. I have been almost seven years in this country, and I can say truthfully it was the best thing when I volunteered for Canada, and I would strongly advise you, by all means, to come to Canada. I am, yours truly,

ARTHUR RANSOM.

Brampton, Ont.

The remaining four are by no means to be despised for any little literary shortcomings they may present to the critical eye, embodying as they do sound advice, useful information and practical suggestions:

DEAR FRIEND, In order to get along in this country, will depend largely on your disposition. If you are ambitious and faithful in whatever you do, you cannot help but get along. Be faithful and true to your master and mistress also. The experience you will meet depends on what kind of a boy you are, what kind of people you are with, and the kind of employment you get. But if you are a good boy, you need not fear of any bad experience.

In reference to the prospects of a young man starting to make a home for himself without capital, I would say, I think no country offers better advantages than Western Canada. The Government gives a free grant of 160 acres of land, and judicious expenditure of wages earned, together with brawn and muscle, does the rest.

This may seem strange, but let me explain that when people have no money with which to buy building material they make use of sod buildings, which remain serviceable for five or six years.

Yours truly,

SMITH HILL.

W. F.

DEAR SIR, I have no literary or literary competition before me, I think I can do so much as to tell you to whether he should come out or not. I say come, by all means, if you can. I know you will never regret the day you came. Here is the best place for a young fellow to make out at in life. There is no better trade or profession than farming.

I speak only from my knowledge, but I read Mrs. W. DAVIS, and have not once read of one who is sorry to come. The work you will have to do is not so very hard for a strong fellow. The farmer is, on the whole, a busy man, and an idle and indolent fellow will never make a good farmer. I live on the Eastern Mennonite Reserve, and in spare hours I have learnt myself to read and write German, and about a month after my arrival I could talk the language, and now there is not a word I cannot understand. We have a pretty big farm of 400 acres. I am quite well and contented with my place, and I can never thank the kind Dr. Barnardo enough for sending me out here, where I can, if I will, have a good home. Good wishes for future happiness from

Yours truly,

CLARENCE MORRIS NEW.

Niverville P.O., Man.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you would like to come to Canada, and you would like to know what kind of experience you will meet, I must say you could not make a better move than to come to Canada. This is a fine country for a lad to start in. Of course, it will be kind of strange to you at first. If you go on the farm, you will likely meet a lot of hard work; but you will soon get used to it. But I will warn you of farm hands. They will, no doubt, try to play some tricks on you. If you did not like your place, you could write to Mr. Owen and he would go into it, and I know he will try and make you at home. But, on the other hand, if you are sent back to the Home, you will, no doubt, find Mr. Owen at home to receive you. But if you come out, I hope this won't happen, as it will be a disgrace to the Home and to yourself. Dear friend, the climate is very cold in the winter and the summer is very hot indeed. Of course, along in September the mornings and evenings are very chilly, and warm in the daytime. If you come out right away, you will be here ready for spring work. Most likely you will not have very hard work at first; but the work will increase as you go along. Of course, seeding and harvesting is the hardest work, but a fellow soon gets used to it. In the winter you may have to go to the bush and get a little wood for summer; but if you come, I know that if you are sick you could not wish for better friends than the people out here. Of course, they like to have a little fun with a new comer, but I hope you will not miss it. The wages out here are good. There are good masters, and there are some bad, but I don't think Mr. Owen could put you under a bad master, if he knew it. But all you have to do if you don't like your place, just let Mr. Owen know and he will send you home. Don't think just to send me a letter, but to come up to the settlement and see all you can see, and get a job. And if you can't find a job, I'll get you

Bible every day and your prayers. And may you ask a blessing on the Homes and those who are connected with them. My dear friend, whatever you do, if you come, try and stick to the first place as long as you can, and I know you will be a credit to the Homes, and your brothers and sisters will be proud of you then. Another thing, keep Mr. Owen informed all about you and your attendance at Sunday school and church, and give a little cash to help the Homes. As I say again, you could not do a better thing than come to our beloved Canada. I hope you will have success, and that you will grow up and be a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and then when better times come you can turn around and pay Dr. Barnardo for what he has done for you. Hoping you will come out, I remain, yours truly,

W. E. MOULE.

South Buxton, Ont., Canada.

DEAR EDITOR,—I now take the pleasure of writing from my head an essay, as I may call it. It is the first one I ever attempted to write. Well, I am glad to say that Canada is a very nice country, and I advise any person who is in good health to come out and seek their fortune, as there is a good chance. You can get lots of work in the summer and good wages, and there is no danger of starving. Of course, the climate may be disagreeable with them for a while, but they could soon get used to it. There is lots of pleasure on a farm, for when it is nice weather we work out in the fields, and there is fairs and picnics to go to, and I go to Sunday school. And when it comes winter there is Christmas trees and parties to go to, so there is lots of fun and pleasure on a farm, and that is the reason I think it is far better than the old city of London. Well, I am working on a farm that goes by the name of the Pine Grove. Excuse my mistakes. Yours truly,

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLE.

Niagara Falls South, Ont.

The subject for the next literary competition is:

Give your opinion as to the policy of sending Canadian troops to assist the British forces in South Africa, and state on what grounds you consider the Canadian Government was justified in making common cause on this occasion with the Mother Country.

The prize will be a handsome set of photographs of the principal commanding officers of the British forces. Essays not to exceed five hundred words, and to reach the Editor, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, not later than June 15th.

F. H. Beazley, who is an amateur archæologist, has written to Dick Whittington advocating the formation of an historical society and museum in connection with Our Literary and Mutual Improvement Society. Unfortunately, his letter came too late to be dealt with in the Tom, Dick and Harry department; but should we receive communications from other sources as an indication of general interest in this important subject, UPS AND DOWNS will not be found lacking the desire to cater to our antiquarian readers. In the meantime, Fred. is to be congratulated for his interest in Canadian history, shown by his perusal of such books as "Prehistoric Man" and Parkman's history of Canada, as well as for his assiduity in collecting Indian relics.



OUR GIRLS

Motto for 1900.

“Seek ye first the kingdom
of God and His right-
eousness.”

Hazel Brae Notes.

“LEST WE FORGET.” Many of you possibly will recognize these words as the refrain of a well-known poem by the famous Rudyard Kipling. We wish here to apply them to the motto above, which is the text chosen for the year, and which we should like all our girls to keep before them as their watchword and rule of conduct throughout the year. So, *lest you forget*, we have placed it again at the head of our girls' department, and again we advise you all to read once more the booklet sent to you at Christmas and lay to heart afresh the counsel given you therein.

Looking back over the months since our last issue, there does not seem much to tell of Hazel Brae persons and doings. After the Christmas festivities and New Year's greetings—which, by the way, were carried out much as usual—there generally comes what business people call a “quiet time,” with nothing very startling to disturb the ordinary routine of tail work. On looking outside we see snow, deep snow everywhere, and we are in-

clined to think we are still in the middle of winter; but what about the lengthening days, the brightening sun with its increasing heat, the squirrel taking a look around from the branches of a tree opposite, and occasionally the chirping of a few birds? Surely these are all signs of a quickly approaching spring! A more prosaic reminder we get, too, from letters, in which both mistresses and girls speak of coming house-cleaning. Yes, girls, spring is coming! and soon, very soon, we shall be able to say in the words of the good old Book, “For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.”

Already this year we have two marriages to record—those of Jane Cartledge and Sophia Willis, while death has taken away two of our number—Margaret Chambers, one of the very early arrivals, whom but few of you will remember—and Emma Flint, a novice of whom you will not else hear.

In January we were visited by a Miss Hatcher, via a patient at the Nichols Hospital, who came to

will be pleased to hear that Lizzie was discharged and came to Hazel Brae in January, where she has steadily regained strength and now sometimes speaks of herself as "quite well again."

Ruth Smith, who was often ailing last summer, has also returned to us after some time in the hospital. She, too, is better than we expected at one time to see her, and we are hoping that she will get new strength with the coming spring.

Kate Rennells and Mary Ramsey are also here "recruiting," but we hope that both will be back in their respective places before this magazine reaches you.

Edith Brind, a little girl of last year's party, met with an accident. A few weeks back she slipped off some straw and broke her leg, suffering intensely for the first two or three days; but she has now regained her spirits and is delighted to be again around, though at present using crutches.

Some of our girls living on farms have taken advantage of the winter, with its less work, to visit their sisters or other friends.

Daisy, Bessie and Annie Brand, who came out in 1802, have for the first time since then had the pleasure of spending a little time together. Bessie went first to see Daisy, and then the two made a little visit to Annie. All are doing exceedingly well and are a bright, bonny trio—a credit and recommendation to all Home girls.

Julia Sheriff, the eldest of three sisters who came out in 1896, has also visited Lizzie and Nellie—a treat to which she has been looking forward for some time. Julia has been in her present place three years, and has well earned the holiday.

Alice and Annie Deane spent a Sunday together at Hazel Brae, and Alice Lawrence also was a visit for a little time to the Home.

Many of our girls who have spent a day or two here, either as a visit to the family, from one place to

another, are May Bird, Maria Careis, Emily Adcock, Mary Vale, Margaret Leyden and Margaret Rigby. All these deserve "honourable mention" as working well and giving satisfaction.

We would here record our thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for having kept us, as a household, in good health through the winter, for while there have been small ailments, such as headaches, sore throats, etc., occasionally, we have been entirely free from any serious or infectious illness, and our little "Infirmery" is quite empty through the day.

We are sure our girls will be more than pleased with the following paper from their dear and well-known friend, Miss Code, who left Canada for England last May:

Two March Days in London.

"Do you want a paper about London going mad?"

By these, or some such words, we were greeted by a news-vendor, as we wended our way through the city on that Thursday afternoon of March 1st, in the year of our Lord 1000.

"Going mad!" Aye, indeed, it verily looked pretty much like it. The brightness of the sunshine as it shone clear from the blue heavens, after days of infinitely depressing, wet, dull weather, leaden skies and muddy streets, was nothing compared to the exuberance of joy that broke out among the Londoners on that day that the relief of Ladysmith was announced, following the long, weary waiting time of anxious suspense.

Let me tell you how the news came to the writer. Staying just then in the North of London, and noticing the baker's boy with his flying streamers of red, white and blue, I asked him the meaning of it (I am told I said, "What's the matter?") How pleased he looked! His honest face was really handsome and lighted up with a smile, as he communicated the news that was to

thrill the whole of London that day, glad enough as we all are to be the bearer of good news.

The tidings spread like wild-fire, the city was electrified, flags flying from the houses to express in a tangible form the joy of the multitude; but there, in the heart of the metropolis, near the Mansion House, where some of us had the audacity to venture that afternoon, the show of feeling made what had gone before pale into insignificance. The crowd was intense, cheer after cheer rose up lustily, hats flew about, business men, apparently—usually so stolid and immovable looking—walked about with bland, benevolent smiles overspreading their features; indeed, the story is that, earlier in the day, they rushed out from their offices, mounted the top of an omnibus and cheered.

Lo, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!" It was just splendid to see the dignified Englishman off his dignity, and letting himself thaw! A soldier in khaki passed along, triumphantly borne aloft on the back of another man; the traffic near the Mansion House was absolutely stopped, a policeman remarking they did not stop it, so evidently "the traffic" thought discretion the better part of valour.

The engine of the train that took us up from the suburban part of London to the city had its flag flying; even the black cat quietly sitting in the refreshment room where we had our tea, was decked with a neck-ribbon of khaki colour and red, white and blue in stripes: everywhere there seemed to be a delirium of joy—London going mad indeed!

No doubt, over in Canada the rejoicings have been great too; one can fancy how Toronto will have shared in the enthusiasm, and to one who almost feels half a Canadian now, it has been with a feeling of pride that the news has come of the gallant conduct and valour of Canada's sons.

Now, all this has been a mere sketch of what the day witnessed in the centre of the metropolis of

England. As for the war itself, it is too terrible when one thinks of the fearful havoc it has wrought to human lives, human hearts and happy homes! May God comfort the mourners, and may all soon result in a righteous adjustment of matters in South Africa, and may peace be established.

We turn from this to another day in London.

Just one week after the relief of Ladysmith was announced, on Thursday, March 8th, Londoners were again aglow with excitement, and wherefore this time? Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria had signified her intention of coming among her people for a three days' visit. How good she was to have thought of that, just after the nation's time of extreme anxiety, thus to exhibit her interest in them! How kind, how full of tact and thought for others! And surely, if ever heart of a nation beat in kindly, loyal response to such demonstration of affection from a sovereign, it was on this occasion.

For more than two hours (indeed, we believe, nearly three) we stood outside Buckingham Palace waiting for the arrival of Royalty from Windsor. It was a cold, dull morning, but this in no way dulled the ardour of the expectant multitude. Such a crowd as it was assembled there, and such enthusiasm as there was! All sorts and conditions of people were there, enlivened by a rollicking set of medical students bearing flags in their hands, and varied by a number of girls from some charitable institution, dressed in red, white and blue.

The time passed on. Presently, just before the Queen was expected, there gleamed out a sudden bright gleam of sunshine. Shortly after this appeared, some mounted policemen, then a few—only a few—soldiers, then an open carriage with a kindly, quiet looking lady in it, then hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the bells sounded lustily forth, for the Queen was among her people. In the quick change of the

palace the assembled members of Parliament sang the "National Anthem," and then again the crowd outside took up the strains of this and "Rule Britannia."

Her Majesty was *much* touched, and thanked the people herself: "I am very grateful to my people. Thank you!—thank you!" or some such were the words she spoke. And we? Let us realize we can never be too thankful for the blessing of having *such* a Queen, who has set the example of a beautiful, pure, womanly life from beginning to end.

"A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

The last thoughtful act of Her Majesty is the signifying of her intention to visit Dublin this year, and, in consideration of the noble service her Irish soldiers have yielded during the present war, has permitted them to wear their darling shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. Erin's sons will not forget that; for right gallant they are and full of chivalrous feeling, and will be quick to appreciate such a recognition of their services, together with their noble compatriot, Lord Roberts.

The war is sad enough, but at least (as sorrow, we are glad to believe, often brings good in its rear), it has united the Motherland closer to the country of the Maple Leaf in recognizing the valour and loyalty of her sons, and has helped to heal a somewhat sore spot in the land of the shamrock.

Then let our ringing cheers be for the Maple Leaf forever! Erin go bragh! And, finally, may God save our Queen! B. CODE.

NOTICES TO BE REMEMBERED

URS AND DOWNS is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October. The price is twenty-five cents per year, and all who wish to continue taking the magazine must renew their subscription yearly. These should be sent to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

Girls are asked not only to *read* URS AND DOWNS but to *contribute* something for insertion therein, and thus help to make the magazine interesting to other girls. All letters, essays, puzzles, etc., for this purpose should be received at least three weeks before date of publication, and should be written separately from any other communication.

Photos of Hazel Brae can be obtained at ten cents each by either boys or girls, by applying to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

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

Any change of residence or difference in post office should at once be communicated to the Secretary. This may prevent a visitor taking a useless journey and perhaps a long drive, and will also help to ensure letters reaching their destination safely and quickly.

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

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

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

Frances Smith, one of the 1000, has been for about two and a half years in the neighbourhood of Fort Erie. She is now living in the family of a photographer and has lately been advanced to the care of the reception room, with the prospect of learning such parts of the business as will open to her a pleasant and profitable career, in which



Florence Smith.



Selina Smith.



Lizzie and Mary Taylor.



Grace Jays.



Mabel Stringer.

we wish her every success. She seems to have fallen into kind and careful hands and is well spoken of by her employers.

Mabel Stringer, one of the 1892 party, a thoroughly good, steady, young woman, has been for the last five years in the neighbourhood of Bowmanville, where she has given good and faithful service, which has brought her the reward of a "good name" and the respect and esteem of those who know her well.

Selina Smith came to Canada in July, 1898, and is still in her first place in a clergyman's family in Toronto. Our visitor's report says: "Found Selina looking well and giving great satisfaction, especially in her management of the four little children." We foresee great regret on the part of both mistress and girl when the time will come that Selina feels, in justice to herself and others, that she ought to take higher wages and must make a change. Selina has a younger sister, Lizzie, who is in a good home near Stayner, where she hopes to remain until she is a woman. "A good, honest, truthful girl and great friends with the baby. In every respect Lizzie seems well cared for and is perfectly happy," so runs the record of her last visit.

Other promising sisters are the two whose photos are here given, Lizzie and Mary Taylor, October, 1897, party. These girls are fortunate enough to live within a few miles of each other and to see one another from time to time. Again we will quote from the last visitor's report: "Lizzie has been with Mrs. T— through trying times of sickness and death in the family, and has proved herself a real comfort. Mary is a well-cared-for, happy, little school girl, not quite *perfect*, but her mistress is very good to her and takes the best of care of her health and comfort."

Grace Jay (August 1899) has an emblematic record. She is still in her first place in a clergyman's family to which she went a few days into her service in Canada.

She is highly respected and valued by her employers and has a good influence amongst other of our girls in the same neighbourhood. The Bible description of a servant can be well applied to her, "With good will doing service as to the Lord and not to men." Herein lies the secret of success.

In Memoriam.

At Byng, near Dunnville, on Monday, January 28th, Emma Flint went home to be with Jesus.

Emma Flint's friends among the girls will not be surprised to hear she has gone to her eternal rest. The terrible illness from which she suffered so much during the spring and summer of 1898 had so worn down her strength that when, early in the year, she was attacked by bronchitis, followed by pneumonia, there seemed from the first little chance of her recovery. Emma came to Canada in 1892, and, with the exception of the few months she was ill at Hazel Brae, had been with Mrs. Bicknell since December, 1894. News of her sickness reached the Home early in the month, and Mrs. Charles Owen went at once to Byng to see her and consult with Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell about the best measures to be adopted.

She found her a little better, surrounded with every comfort and watched over with the tenderest care. Emma at that time seemed to expect to be better in a few days, yet assured Mrs. Owen all was well, anyway, as she was trusting in Jesus and had cast every care on Him.

After a few days an acute attack of pneumonia developed, and Emma at once said, "I am going to die now." When asked if she was afraid she assured her friends that all fear of death was gone, and she spoke brightly and gladly to all, and was pleased to see and say good-bye to the kind friends and neighbours who had learned to love her dearly during her five years of life among them. The minister

came and read and prayed with her, and was well satisfied with her testimony.

So, surrounded by many comforts and upheld by loving care, she lingered a few days without a thought or word of gloom, then gladly as a child going home laid her head back on the pillow and went to be with Jesus.

When we think of all she suffered and the seeming hopelessness of her ever getting any permanent relief, we cannot but be glad that she is well now in her Father's home above.

It was gratifying to see the kindly feelings she had inspired among the neighbours, who came in such numbers to look their last upon her sleeping form that the parlour and dining room of Mrs. Bicknell's house would hardly hold them.

The sobs of her young companions mingled with our words of prayer and praise, and when we went away over the river to the pretty little cemetery many joined the simple procession and stood with us beside the open grave where we laid her suffering and wasted form to wait the Archangel's call.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell mourn as for a loved child, for Emma had grown very dear to them by her patience, her suffering, her faithfulness to duty and the sweet refinement of her life and conduct. Their goodness and affectionate care cannot be spoken of too highly, and we know that He who marks the cup of cold water given for His sake will not fail to reward them.

Girls' Donation Fund.

DEAR GIRLS, — We want this year to make a special appeal to our girls on behalf of the Girls' Donation Fund. For the sake of new comers to this country, we will again explain the meaning and object of this fund. It is a voluntary yearly offering from girls who have been started out in life in Canada (set on their feet, as it were) to the funds of the Mission in England, the money be-

ing specially used for Her Majesty's Hospital, Stepney. As we have before reminded you, Dr. Barnardo neither *claims* nor *keeps back* any thing towards repayment of your outfit, voyage, etc., etc., but he does ask that you should in some little way strive to make it easy for him to help others as he has helped you. Many of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS respond generously and regularly, and we appreciate their offerings; but there are others who are always going to send something to the "Home," but who, alas! either *forget* or spend their dollars in some other way and then have nothing left. Would it not be better to put aside *first* a certain amount as a thank-offering, and then to make the remainder sufficient for your own needs? Try that plan, girls; let it be done intelligently and cheerfully, and you will find that in helping others you will yourselves be helped and blessed.

One reason for the special appeal this year is connected with this terrible war now raging in South Africa. You have all heard how nobly and generously the people of England, and Canada too, have contributed to the Patriotic Fund, the Red Cross Fund, and other schemes for helping our soldiers and providing for their wives and children. We are all glad and proud of this, but, at the same time, it must lessen the contributions to other charitable objects, and it is probable that the funds of our own Mission will be lower than usual, while the needs will probably be greater. Think how many widows and fatherless children this fearful loss of life in battle must mean, and how many little ones will need the help and shelter so freely offered by Dr. Barnardo to all who suffer and are in distress! And will you not lend him a helping hand in this, and do your little mite towards lessening the sorrow and anxiety, and suffering of those left at home, white father, or brother, or son is fighting for his country, and his

Queen? We should like this coming 1st of May to send Dr Barnardo such a sum from the girls in Canada as shall show that they are not unmindful of past mercies, and that they are one in heart with him in the great work of helping and saving the children.

Can we not this year make our donation come up to \$500? Surely there are 500 of our girls in Canada who can afford a dollar each! If any of you who have contributed your own dollar know any others who have not, remind them to send it in to Hazel Brae before May 1st. "*Freely you have received, freely give.*" Some of you perhaps rather forget in how many ways, and to how many classes of children, the Homes in England hold out a helping hand. In this same number we reproduce from the *Young Helpers' League* an account of one branch in Yorkshire, exclusively for little ones for whose ailments there is no cure, nor hope of cure. Read carefully "A Peep at Our Incurables," and surely you will be moved to help to support such Christ-like work as that. Many of you will feel an added interest in this special branch when you know that it is now in the charge of Miss Woodgate, who was formerly at Hazel Brae.

The following donations have been received since last issue :

Annie Hansford, \$1.00; Mary Ann Rees, \$1.00; Bessie Hibberd, \$1.00; Alice Hughes, \$1.00; Sarah Newton, \$2.00; Clara Gray, \$1.00; Annie Morrish, \$5.00; Rose Chenu, \$1.00; Emily Griffiths, \$1.00; Mary Precious, \$1.00; Matilda Brown, \$1.00; Florence Smith, 75c.; Blanche Bateman, \$1.00; Alice Walder, \$5.00; Mrs. Robert Grandy, \$1.00; Mary Peterson, 25c.; Priscilla Castle, \$1.00; Elizabeth Hodgson, \$1.00; Mary Vale, \$1.00; Matilda Bye, \$1.00; G. R., \$1.00; E. Manning, \$5.00; Beatrice Thomas, 75c.; Grace Dobson, \$1.00; Hannah Wincey, \$1.00; Isabella Sewell, \$1.00; Edith Darbyshire, \$1.00; Alice Sheppard, 75c.; M. H. Smith, \$2.00; Alice Lomas, 30c.; Fizzie Dairy, \$1.00; Annie Pett, 25c.; Annie Cook, \$2.00; Sarah Tyson, \$1.00; Florence Welbourne, 50c.; Fizzie Hayter, \$1.25; Bessie Grubb, \$1.00; Ellen Garbutt, \$2.00; Alice Parsons (1896), \$1.00; Clara Foster, \$1.00; Emma Webb, \$1.00; Annie Morrish, 75c.; Hazel Brae photo. (sale) \$1.50

A Peep at Our Incurables.

Our most recently opened Shelter for Young Incurables at Bradford, No. 2 Parkfield Road, in one of the nicest suburbs, close to Manningham Station, within easy reach of park and country walks, could hardly be better situated—for a town Home, at any rate.

A nice front garden, with a carriage drive, gives quite a distinguished air to the entrance, and, the house being detached and at the end of the road, our little invalids are able to disport themselves at will, without fear of being troublesome to neighbours; whilst secluded roads, back and front, afford just the needed opportunity for quiet strolls close at hand and without touching the traffic of a busy town. The entrance hall is on a par with the outside of the house, and the staircases and landings are really quite remarkable in so modest a mansion. For this is not one of our large Homes by any means, the "incurables" of even so huge a family being happily not unlimited, though, alas, only too numerous.

The ground floor boasts of two good rooms, used, one for the reception of visitors and for office work, and the other as a day-room for the children well enough to leave their dormitories. As the door opens, a group of little faces light up into the most welcoming of smiles, for, like all our children, these young invalids are quick to remember old friends, and to glory in showing off the beauties of their new surroundings. Lily Kilbanks is quite the matron of the party, and, in spite of her helpless, paralyzed condition, she makes herself useful in many ways, and well deserves the favour with which Nurse regards her senior patient. As some of you will recollect, Lily is quite unable to put a foot to the ground, and has to be carried up and down stairs, like the veriest baby. But she has good friends in the supporters of her cot, and their gift of a carrying chair has been indeed a boon to Lily and her carriers. Then there is Sophie McLoughlin, with her clever fingers and busy ways. She, too, is a great help with the younger ones, teaching them to read, and making herself invaluable to patients more helpless than herself.

And here is dear little Alec Goddard, the Castle darling for such a long time. His bonnie yellow curls are not, perhaps, quite so golden or quite so curly as in old days, and his personal appearance is, to say the least of it, not improved by the changing-teeth stage; but he is a darling still, and gets a great deal of attention from visitors, who bring him rather more than his fair share of presents. He is able to run about freely now, but his weak chest and weak back still make him one of the very frailest of the flock, and it is doubtful whether the best of human care will succeed in steering the wee man through the many perils of an extremely delicate childhood.

Owen, another Goddard, but no relation to Alec, is slowly plodding his way up the hill of difficulty, as represented by the art of reading, but he is a good boy and does his best, so Sister comforts herself by the old adage about "slow and steady." Here, as at the Castle, Owen has his friends and admirers, and toys and treasures have to be admired, of course.

The little boys' dormitory and the girls' sleeping room are both empty, their inmates happening to be all on the day-room list; but at the top of the house we come to its special feature, in the shape of a really splendid ward, formerly a billiard-room, and now devoted to the use of the more seriously-afflicted patients. Here boys are greatly in the majority, so this spacious room is at their disposal, and on the day of my visit every cot has its inmate, more or less completely helpless.

Young Henry is the first to attract attention, his desire for a drink of milk being made known in a manner peculiar to himself. Words are not at his disposal, but all the same there is no doubt as to the meaning of his signs and curious sounds. He is just getting better of a rather sharp attack of acute illness, which caused the sending for doctors post haste in the middle of the night; but he is decidedly on the mend now, as is shown by his marked desire for the nourishment it was hard enough to make him take a day or two ago. Another well known face is that of Samuel Mions, clever fingered, but pitifully helpless as to walking. Like most elder boys, he takes a keen interest in all that goes on in the outside world, and to hear him talk you would never suppose that he is prisoner within four walls. His neighbour, Tom Varley, is of the same order, quite helpless, but *so* patient, grateful and happy!

A great pleasure to the patients in this particular ward is the number of windows on all sides, enabling them to see quite a long distance in several directions. Needless to say, the objects of interest are eagerly pointed out to the visitor, not forgetting the "trains" so delightfully close at hand, and so dear to the heart of all boys ill or well. But, with it all, the day is long when one can never go out, or get more than a window change of scene, and Sister is always grateful for toys, games and readable books that help to brighten the inevitable monotony of chronic illness. So, Companions, especially boys, see what you can do for the bairns in this direction, and remember, one and all, that it is your blessed privilege, as members of the League, to do your part in supporting and comforting these Children of Affliction! *Young Helpers' League*

Extracts from Visitors' Reports.

It is just the easiest thing in the world to visit. You sit in a buggy,

or cutter all day and are driven from one house to the other. That is how it looks, but there are stern realities about the life which destroy the picture. The actual visitor encounters storms that pierce through the warmest garments, gets stuck fast in a snow drift or, worse still, gets turned out in one, when to scramble in again all covered with snow is to find very soon a trickle of water flowing down one's neck, ready to freeze if it only gets a chance. Then, again, the horses will sometimes kick and now and then will run away and expose you to danger and terror. Summer, too, has its discomforts, in heat, dust, flies, etc.; but when we find good, happy girls in safe, comfortable homes we are more than repaid for all. Sometimes girls are very shy and reserved and we cannot get all the information we should like. If they could only understand that we come as a friend or a mother, to help and to sympathize and to comfort! Of course, we expect to hear from the mistress how the girls are getting on, and we may find it necessary to refer to very marked faults; but we do not come to scold, rather to love and care for, to help and counsel our dear girls.

Our experiences are varied in the extreme. Sometimes we stand beside the dying bed and whisper of hope beyond the grave and sweet rest in the arms of Jesus; next day, with eyes of tearful sympathy, we listen to a love story and see the preparation for a new life all full of hope and joy. To-day we speak strongly to a girl who is wanting to drink deep and bitter draughts of earthly pleasure, and to-morrow we rejoice in the new-found joy of one who has found in Christ the truest love and the deepest happiness. One and all claim our loving sympathy, and to one and all we are ready to give it, for this is a work that grows in interest. We love the girls more each day, and feel more keenly the grief and trouble a false step brings, and rejoice more deeply over the noble and honest

lives which the greater part of our girls are living

Visits Made by Mrs. C. Owen.

Annie Owlett (October, 1892) has a very nice home and many advantages. She has ability enough for them to be useful to her, and we feel a little proud that she passed the public school leaving examination before she was fourteen and has distinguished herself in grammar and a map which has won the county prize. We hope Annie will use to the utmost all the other advantages her kind friends are willing to give her and be to them and to us a continual source of comfort and pride.

Milly Bishop (October, 1892) was very busy at the time of my visit. She is making preparations for a new life. I saw her stores of household goods, and promised that next year when I came that way I would ask for Mrs. , but I must not tell you what.

Beatrice and Gertrude Storr (September, 1895) are not so near together as formerly. Beatrice has lately found a situation near to her elder sister, Edith; but they all have a good name, and if they continue to do well, no doubt they will have opportunities of meeting and the three may all be near each other some day.

Lydia Kirkby (August, 1896) has a comfortable home and is well liked and esteemed as a good, steady girl by her employer, who takes good care of her. She is especially devoted to the little son of the house, who loves her dearly.

Rose Waters (October, 1896) is steady and industrious and very good to the baby. She was not quite well at the time of my visit, but a change was about to be made for the winter, which no doubt has restored her to health.

Rosina Fox (August, 1896) is doing well. She is nursemaid in a clergyman's family and is learning daily lessons in self-control which will be useful to her in after life and help to make her a wise, strong woman.

Ada September (October, 1896) is very pleased with her home, is getting good wages and has quite a fair reputation as a cook. Her mistress thinks her a good, clever servant and would be very sorry to part with her. I was pleased with the strong, family feeling Ada showed. She was so anxious I should see and duly admire the pictures of the daughters of the house.

Louisa Mackey (August, 1896) is spoken of as a good, reliable girl, with refined manners and very neat about her work. She is pleased with her situation and would like to remain there a long time.

Blanche and Sarah Jones (October, 1897) are two sisters who are both very happy. Blanche shows a great deal of ability in work and other matters. She can make all kinds of cake and pastry and aspires to some literary work. Sarah's talents are drawn out by two restless, lovable little mortals, who tax her ingenuity and patience to keep them amused and happy. These sisters had a happy time last summer when one paid the other a visit. They hope such meetings are to be an annual festival.

Annie Clarke (August, 1897), sister to Ethel and Lily, mentioned elsewhere, has a country-side reputation for steadiness and industry. Everyone around wants "a girl like her." The Home has no better friend in Canada than the girl who wins the general esteem of all who see her at work.

Josephine Livingstone (September, 1899) has a very pleasant home, where she has won for herself a warm place in her employer's heart by her thoughtfulness and industry. She looked very sweet in her cap and apron—the prettiest completion of a girl's dress.

Banna and Laura Vale (August, 1897) had a happy meeting last summer, though it was all too brief; but they are getting bigger every year—and as there is only one change of electric cars between them, and they are both good little

girls, we hope they will soon have another and longer meeting.

Ellen Simmons (September, 1898) is living in a busy farm-house, where she is giving the utmost satisfaction. She promises to be quite a big girl and is very pleased about it, as she feared she was going to be small.

Elizabeth Martin (September, 1898). Her mistress is well pleased with Lizzie, and finds her quite a comfort, she is so steady and quiet. She is plodding and industrious, anxious to please and is much liked by the children of the family.

Olive Knott (September, 1898) is a little girl who has won for herself a warm place in the motherly heart of her mistress, who says she "is good; very good"; and Olive, in her turn, says, "I am happy, very happy, and like Canada very much." She attends the Sunday school regularly and wins golden opinions from her teacher for her knowledge of the Bible.

Daisy and Annie Easton (July, 1899) are not far apart. Annie has four little boys to care for, who certainly care very much for her, and Daisy has charge of a precious baby, who is very dear to her and to whom she makes a faithful, trusty little nurse.

Annie Kirk (July, 1899) is a happy little nurse of a healthy baby boy, and has won for herself a high place in the esteem and affection of his parents by her faithfulness to her duties.

Visits Made by Miss Gibbs.

Bessie Sandall (October, 1897), Smith's Falls, also in the town, bears a good character. Her mistress spoke kindly of her, and Bessie says she could not have a better home. Besides her wages she gets many things given to her, and as a Christmas present her mistress gave her a nice dark blue costume, as a little reward and encouragement.

Mary E. Pyner (September, 1899) Sharbot Lake, in a clergyman's family, has found it rather hard to settle down and get into the way of the work, but begins to feel more hope-

ful, and with patience and perseverance will, I think, succeed in giving satisfaction. Mary is a good, well behaved girl, and, we hope, will always be a credit to the Home.

Lucy Rose (September, 1899), Millbrook, has made a good beginning and is giving great satisfaction; has a good home and a kind mistress. Marie Baker lives next door with some of the same family, so Lucy and Marie often see each other; and both are good girls; I was told.

Lizzie Green (July, 1898), Orono, a bright, promising-looking girl, is happy where she is, is said to be a good worker, and, on the whole, doing well. Lizzie, we hope, will improve as she grows older, and, with the blessing of God, will become a good, useful woman.

Beatrice Jeffries (October, 1897), Kirby, grows a tall girl, and is becoming quite useful. She has been two years in her place, where she is kindly treated and well cared for. She can always be depended on for the truth, and has many good qualities, which are not unappreciated by her mistress.

Lizzie Goodhead (July, 1899), Winchester, a little girl living with elderly people on a farm, where she seems kindly treated and well cared for; and Lizzie, too, is making herself quite happy with her new friends and in her new surroundings.

Mildred Stevens (September, 1898), Van Camp. Also a little girl, but has had a year longer in Canada, and is quite at home with the people she went to when she first came out. She attends school regularly, and seems eager to make progress. She is in many ways a good little girl, and has endeared herself to the family, who want her to be as a child of their own.

Ada R. Lovick (September, 1899) Merivale. A happy, good natured child; is doing very well, and was specially praised for washing her dishes nicely. The children all seem fond of Ada and Ada has most things in common with them, and seems treated like one of the family.

Violet Norman (July, 1899), Mer-

ivale. A good little girl, doing what she can to help, and we hope in the future to be still able to report good things of Violet.

Jane Swain (September, 1899), Merivale, seems to have found comfortable quarters with kind people. Jane, we hope, will always be obedient and gentle, and so win the affection and esteem of the family.

Lucy M. Cooper (September, 1899), Ottawa, had every appearance of being happy and well cared for. Her mistress spoke kindly of her, and seemed quite hopeful of training her to be a good, useful servant. To the little girl Lucy had become much attached, which, no doubt, adds very considerably to her happiness.

Elizabeth Preece (September, 1899), Ottawa. A nice, bright little girl, evidently anxious to have a good name, which we hope indeed will always be the case with Lizzie, who must remember what the wise man, Solomon, said: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." So far I heard no complaints of Lizzie.

Ethel M. Rowland (July, 1899), Billings' Bridge, seems to have found a happy corner with kind English people, who have already become quite fond of Ethel; and said, indeed, that they "couldn't be more pleased" with any child than they are with this little girl. We trust Ethel will continue in the way she has begun, and we think she will always have a kind, good home.

Bertha Tyson (July, 1899), Richmond, is also settling down happily, and is said to be a good, obedient little girl. Her chief delight is minding the baby, in whom she delights. Bertha has a good deal yet to learn, and we hope she will always be a willing learner.

Ethel Clarke (August, 1899), Inby, the eldest of the three sisters, is a strong, good tempered girl, useful in many ways, and excels particularly in milking. She has been two years and a half in her place, where she seems happy, and if Ethel tries to do her best, we think she will do well in this country of Canada.

Lily Clarke (August, 1897), Ethel's youngest sister, is boarded out in one of the prettiest spots in Muskoka, a place beautifully situated across the lake from Port Sydney. The child is very happy and well cared for. Clara Inoine, a little girl who came to Canada last summer, was sent to be with her, so Lily now has company to go to school with, and the two are very happy together.

Correspondence.

Mary Selley (July, 1898, party) is still in her first place and, judging from the following letter (which was omitted in January), she appears to be very happy there. The last visitor's report says of her: "She is a nice, refined girl, good and conscientious and does a good deal of work."

DEAR MISS GIBBS,—I am now sitting down to write that letter to the UPS AND DOWNS that I promised you so long ago to write. I am now away on a visit with one of Mrs. W—'s little boys, to see his grandpa, who lives about six miles from us. We had a nice drive and arrived here quite safely.

We have spent some very happy days here already, and are expecting now some more young friends in to spend the afternoon with us. This is one of the prettiest farm-houses in this part of the country, with good barns and stables outside, and I am sure everyone ought to enjoy themselves who comes here. The last two days have been pretty stormy. I have had my pictures taken with Ewart, the second eldest boy of Mrs. W—, and I am now sending one to you. It is a pretty good photo of both of us.

We have just butchered a large pig that weighs about 300 pounds, dressed, so we have been very busy making lard.

I go to the English church and Sunday school. It is about three miles and a-half from where we live. I was going to buy a new winter coat, but I have decided to save the money or use it for something that I need more. I think if all the girls have grown as much as I have done this last year they have done well. I weighed seventy-two pounds a year and a half ago, but now I weigh exactly 100 pounds. I don't think I would like to go to England to live now, but I should like very much to go for a visit to see all my friends. I am keeping very well now except for a little cold. We have got three of the most mischievous little boys here that I ever saw, but they are good little fellows too. I think I have told you all the news now, so

with kind remembrances to all the girls and the friends at Hazel Brae, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MARY SELLEV.

Mary Emily Clements is described as a bright, healthy, happy little woman, quite a child of the house, and sharing with the grand-daughter the duties and privileges of her position. They go to school together through the week and to church and Sunday school together on Sunday.

DEAR FRIEND,—I now write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along in Canada. I came to Canada in October, 1897. I like Canada very much. The first year I came here I had grown five inches and a half. I don't think that you can beat that. I have got a good home; they use me just the same as they do their own family. I go to Sunday school and the English church. I have never been returned to the Home. I live near Niagara; it is a very nice place. My mistress and master are very good to me. I hope that other girls will get as good a place as I have got. There are lots of homes in Canada for good girls.

Yours truly,

MARY EMILY CLEMENTS.

Amongst the complaints that reach us from time to time of *faults*, *failings* and *shortcomings* many and varied, it is a comfort to receive also such testimonies as the following. The first is from a clergyman in the western part of the Province, and refers to one of our 1899 party of girls:

As I have not written about Lucy since she came to our home, I thought I should do so now, and it gives me great pleasure to say that we are very much pleased with Lucy, indeed. She is really a very excellent girl, bright, cheerful, happy and respectful, and eager to learn. She has not shown a single unpleasant trait of character or disposition since she came to us. She is scrupulously clean in her habits and appears to take pride in her work. Unless something entirely unforeseen develops, she gives promise of growing up to be an excellent woman. I am pleased also to say that she is growing and looks rosy and plump; and, as you will remember, she looked somewhat pale. You need have no concern about her.

Lucy's elder sister is also doing well, and the two are hoping to see each other during the coming summer and to compare their experiences in this new land. In both

cases they will be pleasant and hopeful ones. The other refers to a little girl of the same party, who also has an elder sister out East, of whom we have an equally good report:

Grace has been with me a month now, and has been quite well and seemingly perfectly happy. Her bright, little face and gentle and pleasant manner, together with many other good qualities, have won respect and attachment for her from all and everyone. She is always prompt and ready with her lessons every afternoon and is improving nicely in reading and spelling. For half an hour, every day, she comes to my room and reads her Scripture Union portion and repeats her Sunday lessons, so she is always ready for Sunday school and has not missed once yet. She promises to become a credit to all her friends. She is so pleased with her room and drawers and takes care of all her "treasures," as she calls them. I hope the little girls in the Home will be pleased to hear such good news of little Gracie. She received a letter—a very nice letter—from her sister, Mabel.

So many little girls have inquired about Phyllis Lee (October, 1897) and have wanted her address that we think she must have been a favourite amongst her companions in England. We are pleased to be able to add that she is also winning good opinions from her employer and her friends in Canada. Phyllis is still in the situation to which she went when she first came out in the fall of 1897, and we hear no rumours of change. Our visitor reports: "The child is good, and so bright and willing that all in the house are fond of her. She has a nice home. Her mistress keeps her well clothed and takes an interest in her general welfare." Phyllis has lately attained to the dignity of "earning wages," and announces her intention of staying another four years and saving her money. Wise little Phyllis; we hope she will keep this good resolution.

Some of you will remember that we have spoken well of Ella Wickens before this in *DEB AND DOWNS*. She has been in her present place since she came to Canada, 1896. Just lately her mistress has had a very sad bereavement, having been left a widow unexpectedly with two

small children. She has all along been good and kind to Elly, and now the girl is repaying her by devoted, self-denying service. Her mistress is touched by this and writes most warmly about it. After giving some private details of suggested arrangements, she adds, "I fully appreciate all her heart-felt sympathy." We are glad to bear this testimony to the mutual interest existing between mistress and maid, which lifts the service higher than a mere matter of dollars and cents and is a contrast and a relief from the struggle we often have to ensure a girl getting her due. We trust that matters will be settled so that this service may continue without interruption.

In Leisure Hour

Answers to Puzzles, etc., in January Issue

GREETING.

My first is in *great*, but not in *small* ;
 My second is in *cricket*, but not in *ball* .
 My third is in *mother*, but not in *son* ;
 My fourth is in *merry*, but not in *fun* ;
 My fifth is in *taught*, but not in *learn* ;
 My sixth is in *hly*, but not in *fern* ;
 My seventh is in *song*, but not in *speech* .
 My eighth is in *gnat*, but not in *tall* ;
 My whole is in what I send you all (es-
 pecially at Christmas).

Answers received from Amy Hedge and one of our boys, J Howard, of Millbrook.

1. Place a saint before an intoxicating drink and make a word meaning old. (St-ale).

2. Place a saint before skill and make a word meaning the beginning. (St-art).

3. Place a saint before atmosphere and make a means of gaining a higher elevation. (St-air).

1. What squirrels love, and one of the "Little Women." (Nut meg).

2. Miss Muffet's terror. (Spider or trying pan).

3. A country in Europe. (Greece, Greece, or Turkey).

4. Educated domestic animals. (Cats and dogs).
 One of a baseball team. (Pitcher).

Answers received from Amy Hedge only.

1. What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? (A Ditch).

2. Which is the oldest tree in England? (The Elder).

3. What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day? (A-dri-atic).

4. Why is O the noisiest of the vowels? (All the others are *in-audible*).

(No answers received to these).

Amy Hedge, Rose Chenu, Mary Hannah Smith, Ethel Pettit and Daisy Drewett gave correctly the books, chapters and verses of the texts.

Something for Sunday.

As our texts in the last number related to *war*, we will now ask you to find some verses speaking of *peace*—a brighter and happier subject, and what we are all now longing for. God grant it may soon be brought about throughout our Empire

1. And I will give peace in the land . . . and none shall make you afraid.

2. Oh that thou hadst harkened to my commandments : then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

3. I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

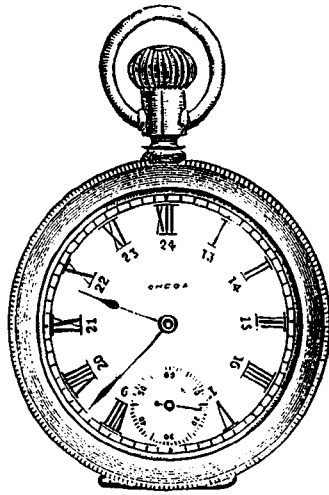
4. Seek the peace of the city . . . and pray unto the Lord for it.

5. Execute the judgments of truth and peace in your gates.

6. For the Kingdom of God is . . . righteousness and peace.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to look up and send to us other verses on this subject ; if so, we shall be glad to receive them. We will ask you to notice how closely *peace* is connected with *righteousness* and *truth*.

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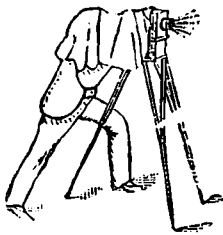
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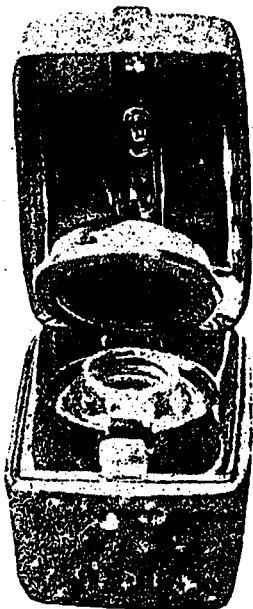
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