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Tips and Downs



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF DR BARNARD'S HOMES

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

Below are those of a hundred boys who came from England in the Spring and Summer past of 1895.

NAME	NAME	NAME
Abbott, William	Mr. Richard Fisher	Nottawa
Abbott, Fred. M.	Mr. James Mullen	St. George
Amess, Walter T.	Mr. Thomas Hutchins	Ingersoll
Anderson, John	Mr. Matthew Andre	Seckerton
Anderson, Alfred	Mr. Mack Edwards	Seckerton
Barnhouse, William	Mr. Eli Sehart	South March
Barton, George A.	Mr. Thomas Farrel	Woodslee
Barton, Amos D.	Mr. Wm. J. Kennedy	Uxbridge
Barty, John Stephen	Mr. Wm. A. Gibson	Wilfred
Cunningham, John	Mr. Harry Hall	Millbrook
Churchill, George Ed.	Mrs. J. W. Bunning	Box 163, Sarnia
Courtney, Charles Samuel	Mr. Robert Twamley	Crawford
Dickson, Richard	Mr. J. G. Pierce	Springford
Doran, George	Mr. John A. Bruce	Glenallan
Eagles, William James	Mr. Albert H. Barrows	Dalmeny
Fowler, Herbert	Mr. James McDowall	Shawville, P.O.
Freehan, John Edward	Mr. Christopher Bayley	Ingersoll
Green, Walter	Mr. W. T. Tilson	Burk's Falls
Gates, Lancelot L.	Mr. John Wilson	Ingersoll
Gray, Henry	Mr. Archie Seabrooke	Delamere
Hutchinson, James	Mr. Thomas Barnes	Maidstone
Hollway, William	Mr. John Ashdown	Neepawa, Man.
Hawkins, Samuel	Mr. J. Murphy	Rosemont
Hawkins, John Wm.	Mr. Robert Drummond	Wallaceburg
Hambley, Henry	Mr. Thomas Roach	Holyrood
Hambley, Charles	Mr. Alex. T. Fair	Purple Grove
Harwood, Fred. Albert	Mr. Alvin H. Lougheed	Forest
Hughes, Wm. Ar.	Mr. Wm. J. Venning	Harrietsville
Jacobs, Henry Geo.	Mr. J. G. Quennel	Jordan Station
Johnson, Charles Wm.	Mr. John A. McLellan	Box 87, Bradford
Jones, James H.	Mr. George Hutton	Welland
King, John R.	Mr. James Sloane	Wallacetown
Lindley, Wm. H.	Mr. Archibald McNeil	Bentpath
Lowe, John	Mr. R. Murdock	Gordonville
McGrath, Martin	Mr. Daniel G. Blue	Wallacetown
Mehrtens, John F. W.	Mr. William Mullen	Millbrook
Mattock, Henry T.	Mr. Edwin G. Law	Don
Neil, Sylvester H.	Mr. Wm. J. Snowden	Box 109, Bowmanville
Neil, Charles H.	Mr. E. C. Dingman	Whitby
Patrick, Alfred	Mr. Emerson Featherston	Milton
Powell, George W.	Mr. James Bloom	Florence
Price, John L.	Mr. Robert Johnston	Winfield
Randall, Samuel	Mr. John Kidney	Arthur
Robinson, Albert	Mr. Robert McComey	Stroud
Reeves, Andrew F.	Mr. Thomas Hart	Orillia
Smith, Herbert F.	Mr. H. C. Hamill	Lorneville
Smith, Harold	Mr. Henry Paul	Lorneville
Smith, William	Mr. Henry Russell	Charing Cross
Smith, Alfred	Mr. Alfred G. Sparling	Forest
Tew, Thomas	Mr. John R. Graham	Box 24, Cookstown
Wainwright, Henry	Mr. Nathaniel Ryan	Elginfield
Young, William H.	Mr. Robert Porter	Janetville
Anderson, Arthur I.	Mr. Hezekiah Abernethy	Duncan
Archer, Alfred W.	Mr. Walter Keeler	Highland Creek
Atkinson, John	Mr. W. A. McMinn	Tuam
Aplin, Arthur	Mr. Duncan Housen	Redwing
Breakley, John	Mr. John Kemp	Hazeldean
Brooks, Abraham	Mrs. E. Gibson	Cobden
Bird, Joseph	Mr. Wm. Patience	Pictou
Beak, Herbert H.	Mr. Henry Armstrong	Sweaborg
Beak, Albert H.	Mr. A. E. Virtue	Eastwood
Bates, Albert N.	Mr. Thomas McElroy	Winthrop
Burnett, William	Mr. W. D. Barker	Box 195, Paris
Brydon, Charles	Mr. John H. Hazlitt	Orillia
Briggs, William	Mr. Norman McLellan	Chantler
Clarke, Sidney	Mr. Joseph Cox	Huntley
Clipson, George C. S.	Mr. Charles Quinn	Ingersoll
Cavill, George	Mr. John Appleyard	Comber
Church, John	Mr. Jacob Haynes	Ridgemount
Cottrell, Thomas E.	Mr. E. Honeywell	Skend's Mills
Davies, Fred. W.	Mr. Curtis Traver	Perry Station
Davies, Albert E.	Mr. Peter E. Hoover	Marshville
Deacon, Frederick	Mr. Theophilus Tyhurst	Pinchurst
Edgar, Leopold	Mr. Samuel G. Gourlay	Diamond
Farthing, Reginald	Mr. Alex. Thompson	Lakehurst
Fox, Henry	Mr. George Strong	Wallacetown
Fenwick, Edward	Mr. Ronald Dunlop	Warminster
Greenwood, Thomas	Mr. John Lowe	Brussels
Goffiths, Arthur	Mr. Edward Watts	Cartwright
Butt, Edgar James	Mr. Edwin Read	Dunrobin
Hughes, Samuel	Mr. Jacob Huber	Wellandport
Heddon, Richard	Mr. John Arnold	Lindsay
Hulks, Alfred	Mr. Milton G. Wain	Zion
Honeybourne, Wm.	Mr. George Abraham	Argyle
Hotham, Thomas	Mr. Augustus Spaul	Clarksburg
Hotham, George H.	Mr. John Brown	Redwing
Jacobs, William	Mr. Peter H. T. Dault	Pelham Union
Knapp, Henry J.	Mr. Andrew McGinn	Rob Roy
Lewis, John	Mr. George Thomas	Shawville, P.O.
Lewis, William	Mr. James H. Reed	Elizabethville
Lashburn, Thomas	Mr. W. Newton	Macton
Lockyer, Albert	Mr. Thomas Brewster	Box 95, Richmond
Lockey, Albert	Mr. W. H. Bennett	Kingsville
Matt, Charles	Mr. William Wilkie	Warwick
Mitchell, George	Mr. John Parsons	Rosemont
Mitchell, Charles W.	Mr. Elias Davis	St. Catharines
Middleton, Alfred	Mr. Emanuel Stacey	Allandale
Maker, Sidney F.	Mr. James Donkin	Riverview
Osbourn, Alfred	Mr. Angus D. Gill	Mainkirk
Powrie, Alfred D.	Mr. Jos. Morrison	Winthrop



Threshing on the Prairies.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Vol. V.]

OCTOBER 1ST, 1899.

[No. 1.

Editorial Notes

Our **UPS AND DOWNS** has had a birthday, and we take the liberty of wishing ourselves many happy returns of the day. We are now four years old, and begin to feel ourselves quite a lusty infant. Four years of age is a time of life when we hardly expect to find youngsters seeing themselves as others see them, and our juvenile ideas of ourselves may be altogether too high flown; but, from the present limits of our experience, we flatter ourselves that we have fairly succeeded in fulfilling the object that we had in view at the outset of our career. We think we have been successful in supplying what was needed in the shape of some little link or bond of union between our boys, as they grow up and become scattered in all parts of the country, and those who act as their guardians and wish to promote their interests. In the ups and downs of life that fall to the lot of every one of us, and not least to that of lads who are earning their daily bread and fighting their way in the world by their own exertions, we hope our little magazine may at times have helped with a word of counsel or encouragement, while it has certainly served as a record to be known and read of all men of the great number of our boys who are honourably and steadily pursuing their occupations, year by year making progress onward and upward, and earning a name for themselves as honest, upright citizens. We have saved our light from being altogether hidden under a bushel, and where, as formerly, we only appeared in print through our occasional misdeeds and shortcomings, we can now be read of as young people who are filling as useful a place as any in the community, and are entitling themselves to respect and consideration. It has unquestionably stimulated the literary capabilities of many of our friends, and we hope has given them something to occupy their leisure hours that has been of both interest and profit. To get boys to think and to give intelligent expression to their thoughts is never an easy matter, but we flatter ourselves that some of our columns containing the contributions of our numerous correspondents are a credit to their industry and ability. Few of our friends have had the advantage of "higher education," but many of the letters and essays that have appeared in **UPS AND DOWNS** show that the writers possess intelligence, powers of observation, and, better still, common sense that would be a credit to boys of any class or rank of life. Unfortunately, like many other good things in the world, we are rather costly, especially when subscriptions are not paid up, and in this respect we wish we could

inflict a good, sharp prick in the consciences of some of our subscribers who seem quite to have forgotten that "short reckonings make long friends."



A Busy Quarter. JULY, August and September have been three busy months with us all. Other people may have been taking seaside vacations and enjoying holiday trips, boating expeditions, cricket matches and what not, but these recreations have not been in the line of either the readers or the writers of UPS AND DOWNS. Haying, harvesting, threshing, fall ploughing and wheat sowing have meant long hours and hard work for the farmer and his men during the past three months, and our lads have verily been earning their bread by the sweat of their face. If there were any means of computing correctly the aggregate amount of labour that has been performed by the 8,000 of Dr. Barnardo's lads, young and old, who have been assisting in gathering in the crops from one end of Canada to another during the past twelve weeks, it would show a grand result, and every pound of it the most valuable and productive of labour and the most helpful to the development of the country. The plough is the foundation of Canada's prosperity, past, present and future, and those who are manning the plough and garnering its fruits are the mainstay of the country's growth and wealth. We could very easily spare the politicians, and if the political machinery were given a few months' rest and the strife of party tongues and pens were to cease in the land, we are uncharitable enough to doubt if the country would suffer in any way; but if the farmer rested from his labours, we should speedily find the wolf at the door.



and Time We are glad to observe that in the present season there is every prospect of the farmer getting a richer reward for

his labour than he has enjoyed for many years past. The crops are generally abundant—in some parts really magnificent, prices are advancing and the harvest has been gathered under the most favourable conditions. Farm property is improving in value, liabilities are being met, and there are signs on every hand of "things looking up." The demand for farm labour has never in the course of our experience been as active as at present, and "the harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few" has been the wail from many of the best farming districts both in the east and west. Boys of all and every age have been wanted and entreated for, and the successive weeks of the season have brought neither halt nor limit to the demand. We have done our best for our clients, but no amount of brain-racking, or physical or mental ingenuity can make one boy fill ten places and satisfactorily supply ten applications; and having placed all our boys, there has been nothing for us but to bow our heads meekly before the storm of indignant disappointment that has descended upon us with every post, and pray for the speedy arrival of another party. Our old boys, and those who are no longer boys but can do men's work and command men's wages, are profiting by the advent of better times. We have at times the charge laid to our door that the introduction of boy labour into the country districts would displace adult labour, and that men would find a difficulty in obtaining employment. Never was there a greater fallacy! We find our young men in steady employment, seldom losing a day except by their own desire, and able to command as good wages as have ever been paid in the country. We find them approached with offers of employment long before the end of their existing engagements, and able to take their choice of half a dozen or more places of service. Of course, there are a few of the restless and thriftless sort who will only hire by the

day or for some short length of time, and through their own mismanagement may now and again be without employment; but in no case is there a young man within our knowledge who is ready and willing to work but unable to obtain it, and at a rate of wages that, considering the character of the work and that board and lodging are always included, is exceedingly liberal. Our lads are seldom afraid of opening their mouths on the question of wages, and they soon learn to know the value of their services and how to demand it, and with most of them a farmer would have to get up early in the morning to get much the best of them in a bargain for wages.



A Striking Contrast.

ONE cannot, indeed, often help contrasting the absolute independence of the position of these young fellows, able to pick and choose their situations and taking their own time in the process, always secure of comfortable board and lodging and treated by their employers on terms of perfect equality, with that of the heart-sickening, relentless struggle for work that falls to the lot of so many at home; the filing up of long strings of men to wait for weary hours in the hope of an hour or two's wretchedly paid employment; the fruitless quest for situations, however humble and ill-remunerated; the curt refusals; the constant disappointments and the ever-increasing pressure of want and poverty; and the contrast does indeed awaken feelings of heart-felt thankfulness for the number of those who have been lifted out of the struggle and have now such brighter prospects before them.



Work and Overwork

FROM THE PICTURE OF THE life of the lads in the picture, and one which we have no wish to disguise. The Canadian farmers are not the men to seek after our lads and lodge, and feed, and clothe, and

pay them dollar, either from motives of philanthropy or for the purpose of having them as ornaments about their premises. Occasionally, indeed, an individual comes forward with an application for a strong, useful boy of twelve or fifteen to "adopt," to "treat him as his own," send him to Sabbath school on Sundays, etc., and displaying the most virtuous disgust when we break in upon these benevolent proposals with the suggestion that the strong, useful boy should be able to earn wages, and that "adoption" is a term that requires explanation; but negotiations with this sort of gentry usually end in our declining their applications, and we prefer to do business on a business basis and to recognize the fact that our boys have come to Canada to earn their living and make money, and that the people who offer them homes and engage their services from us expect them to earn what they receive. We endeavour to instil into the minds of all our young immigrants that in Canada they must learn to be useful and to work hard if they are to make their way in the country, and that there is no room here for the idle and shiftless. Now "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it would be a serious charge against the work of immigration and a hardship and wrong to our boys if in any appreciable number of cases they were overworked or their lives spent in drudgery and toil beyond their years and strength. Happily, we can state, without fear of contradiction, that such a charge would be an unfounded one, and emphatically disproved by the health and appearance of our lads, and their almost universal contentment with their lot. One has only to notice the growth and physical development of almost all our boys, to feel satisfied that there is nothing unfavourable in their lives and surroundings. They thrive prodigiously under the conditions in which they are placed, and when we see lads whom we took leave of as thin, pale, looking "stapling" to

veloping in an incredibly short space of time into big, brawny, athletic fellows, perfect pictures of health and vigour, we can feel no misgivings as to the physical effects of their occupation and training. We question, moreover, if one in a hundred who has spent a year on a farm in Canada could be induced to return to England, and of this one per cent. we doubt if a single individual would not wish himself back to his work in Canada before he had been a week at home. The work on the farms is splendidly healthy, and the life is one of constant interest and variety. Their time is passed in the open air in a glorious climate, in a clear and invigorating atmosphere. They are a great deal among living creatures, and there are very few youngsters who do not learn soon to take an interest in and become attached to their four-footed friends, while there is the charm that, consciously or unconsciously, Nature, with its life and growth and movement, must always exercise upon even the most unimpressionable. Work amongst the growth and activity of animals and plants is vastly more agreeable and endurable than the same degree of labour performed in the confinement and close air of a workshop or factory, amidst the clang and roar of machinery and without variety or change from one week to another. In addition to the healthfulness of their surroundings, and the variety and interest of the occupation, must be placed the fact that the work is shared by the employer himself and the members of the family, young and old. Even if the farmer is a hard driver, he is pretty sure to take the "heavy end" himself, and the "Home" boy is not asked to work harder or longer than the master himself and the members of his family. They all take their share, and during the harvest and at other busy seasons it is a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together. There is none of the spirit of task-master and henching, and we often, in talking with lads from their life

on the farm and hearing them speak of "our" crops and "our" stock and "our" new barn, gather the impression that they are almost as keenly interested in the progress of the work as the "boss," and, when occasion required, would want very little urging to keep them to their work. Where the rub comes is unquestionably with the new-comers, the lads who arrive fresh from England after a fortnight of almost complete idleness on the journey, and whose first experience of Canadian farm life is perhaps a day of drawing in a heavy crop of oats, with a few thistles among them to make things interesting, and the mercury over 80° in the shade, the sun blazing out of the heavens upon them, and "all hands" working at high pressure and staying out in the fields as long as the daylight lasts to secure as much of the crop as possible. It is hardly to be wondered at that lads under such circumstances should feel down-hearted, and then it is that a little consideration on the part of an employer, in letting the new-comer down easy, will save a great deal of suffering and discontent. A lad soon gets his muscles hardened, however, and finds that there are easy spells on the farm as well as hard ones, and the hardship of the first experience is soon a distant recollection. There are crosses and drawbacks to every lot; but when we consider their position and prospects, we have no hesitation in saying that our boys, as a whole, enjoy their full share of the roses, with as few of the thorns of life as the young people of any age or class of society.



Christmas at Home. We have to announce that we propose to organize our usual "Fall" excursion for the benefit of our friends as have made up their minds to spend Christmas with their friends at home. We have formerly referred to this announcement as our "annual inconsistency," inasmuch as we are aiding and abetting our

lads in what we believe to be an act of unwisdom, and which they will afterwards regret. We have learned, however, that while we can give plenty of good advice and can bestow the wisest injunctions as to saving money, and so forth, we cannot compel our friends to obey them, and every year there is a certain number who cannot be persuaded to deny themselves the pleasure—generally a fancied pleasure—of a trip to the old land. It seems better to us that these lads should travel comfortably by themselves in a little special party than be straggling over at different times and by different routes, and we are, therefore, prepared to organize an excursion by one of the ships leaving Montreal about the middle of November. We propose to bespeak special space for the accommodation of the members of the party, where, besides obtaining the lowest available rates, we shall be able to secure for them a good many little special privileges and comforts that they could not otherwise enjoy and that will make a great difference to the pleasure of the journey. If any of our friends, therefore, are thinking of taking a trip to England this autumn, we shall be glad to hear from them, and shall be prepared to furnish full particulars as to date of sailing, cost of ticket, etc.



The Annual Report. THE Annual Report of the Homes, recording the progress of the work during the year 1898, has recently been issued from the Head Office. In his review of the year's operations, Dr. Barnardo writes :

Seldom have I felt more strongly than during the year that is gone the sense of encouragement, of hearty co-operation of cheerful aid in frequent difficulties which has been ministered to me by many thousands of co-workers, all the world over. I look back upon the once anxious months of 1898 which have now carried their record into eternity, and I see them marked with tokens of human, loving, brotherly sympathy and of Divine and gracious blessing. The sympathy has gone hand in hand with the blessing, and each has

been grateful beyond words to the great Master from whom all real success comes, as well as to the helpers of the children. It has been a year of mercies, but also a year of trial and difficulty, and if I had not had the ready aid of the thousands who now stand by me shoulder to shoulder in the war, it would have been impossible to keep the board spread and the door open.



Facts and Figures. THE statistics embodied in the report are indeed a marvellous record of the life's work and devotion of the founder, and an evidence of the extent to which his labours have been used and blessed by God for the relief of suffering and the uplifting of the fallen and distressed. Since the establishment of the Homes in 1866, they have rescued, trained and placed out in life no fewer than 37,100 boys and girls. There are now ninety-one separate Homes in connection with the Institution, besides eighteen Mission Branches, and at these different establishments 12,688 children were dealt with during the year 1898. There were 2,406 fresh admissions, and 6,342 children were maintained in the Homes during the whole or part of the year. The total contributions, comprising the income of the Institutions for the year 1898, amounted to £143,848 19s. 6d. (equivalent in Canadian currency to seven hundred thousand dollars). This amount was contributed in 99,007 separate donations, received from donors in every country throughout the world. At the Head Office there were received during the year 181,928 letters and parcels, while 225,715 letters and parcels were dispatched during the same period. Under the heading of "Emigration," the number of children sent out and placed in the British Colonies is stated to be 10,179. Since the issue of this report, the dispatch of our last party will have increased this total to 10,135. Who can read these figures and attempt to estimate their value without thanking God that by the hand of His servant He has done His work mightily, truly, to praise His

SINCE the last issue of THE SIGNAL SERVICE we have received two more good-sized parties from the English Homes. The first of these left England on July 17th, and consisted of 103 girls and 143 boys. We have elsewhere given a little account of the experiences of the journey that ended much better than it began. Our last detachment, that comprised 101 girls and 128 boys, sailed on September 11th, by Elder, Dempster & Co.'s *S.S. Arawa* from Avonmouth Dock near Bristol, and landed in Quebec "all well" on the 21st. Our numbers for the present season now stand at 646, and we have still another party in prospect that will probably leave on November 2nd. It will not be a large party, and the numbers will probably not exceed 100 boys and girls, but they will serve to fill a few of the host of unsupplied applications, and will be a satisfactory wind-up of what has been one of the most successful seasons in the history of the work.



**A
Providential
Escape.**

THE passage on the *Arawa* was certainly not one of our most enjoyable trips, but will always be a memorable one, from our marvellously narrow escape from what must almost inevitably have proved an awful tragedy. It was only by a mere chance that the party was not booked by the ill-fated *Scotsman*, that left three days after the *Arawa*. It had been announced that we should sail on the 14th, and when the 11th was first suggested it was very uncertain if the party could be got ready by the earlier date. It meant a hurrying up of all arrangements that might have caused great inconvenience, and if any serious objection had been taken,

the idea of leaving on the 11th would have been abandoned. Had we been in that ghastly catastrophe at Belle Isle, we fear we should have added terribly to the number of its victims, and we can but feel that we have been remarkably and graciously preserved from a horrible fate. As to the good ship herself, we feel as if we had lost an old friend. Our parties have been so well accommodated on board of her, and we have received so much attention and kindness from the ship's company, that we had learned to regard her as a sort of "home" on the Atlantic, while we have always looked upon Captain Skrimshire as one of the most capable and trustworthy of navigators. We have, indeed, the same opinion of him still, in spite of the late disaster, and we believe that the result of the enquiry will be to place the responsibility for the loss of the ship and the lives of the victims upon those in charge of the signal service, by whose instruction the change in the fog signals was carried into effect upon a date so long in advance of that which had been officially announced. Had the signal gun, that for so many years has been familiar to every St. Lawrence navigator, been in use on the night of the wreck, instead of the siren that had been substituted in its place three weeks before the date fixed for the change, we believe the *Scotsman* would have entered the Straits safely. The captain had brought his ship to the usual point; but not hearing the gun, and hearing instead what he supposed to be the signal of another ship, slightly altered his course. There may have been an error of judgment, but we shall be slow to believe it of one whose reputation has stood so high and for so long as an experienced, careful and thoroughly efficient navigator.



“ God made the country and man made the town.
 What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threatened in the fields and groves?”—*Cowper.*

PONDER well, my lads, over the verses given above when next you become lonely in the hay-meadow or disconsolate and unrestful when in charge of your employer's flocks and herds out on the broad prairies of the North-West. Digest thoroughly all the wisdom contained in those five lines written so long ago by the immortal poet; stick to the plough, and go on breathing the sweet, fresh air of God's country, where “health and virtue most abound,” in preference to entering a hopeless strife in the dusky, smoke-laden air of the man-made town, and you will live to thank God for His wisdom in so directing the pen of the poet. Post after post brings the writer good news from young men in Manitoba and the North-West who have been wise enough to secure, while it can be obtained for the asking, their portion of this great British heritage, capable as it is of supplying homes for the millions in less fortunate lands who have little prospect of ever becoming land-owners in any sense of the word; and while the editor of *UPS AND DOWNS* might justly complain should we begin sending him copies of all the communications received from our young landlords, the writer believes space will be gladly afforded in the columns of our magazine for the reproduction of a letter from our old friend, Edward Mylrea, of the *Carthaginian*, April, 1892.

party, who settled in the Rapid City District a few years ago:

RAPID CITY, MAN., June 25th, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. STRUTHERS,—I received your letter last Monday, and I note that you want me to let you know just where my farm is situated. Dear Sir, I purchased the north-west quarter of Section 34, Township 13, Range 21, which is about four and one-half miles from Pettapiece Station, and I had thirty acres broken on it two years ago, which I had in crop last year on shares, which yielded twenty bushels per acre. Last year I had only nine acres broken, because I thought we would have poor crops on account of the dry spell; but I am getting thirty acres broken this year, and the present crop is looking splendid.

Dear Sir, I am still with Mr. John Shanks, and getting twenty dollars per month. I am in the best of health, which I hope you are also. I had a small stable built on my farm this season, and I have a plough and disc harrows; but besides these things I hope to get a bird and build a cage before many years!

From yours truly,

EDWARD MYLREA.

The writer is just a little in mystery regarding Mylrea's statement in connection with getting a bird. At anyrate, we can all venture a sincere wish that when he secures this pet, she will prove to be a sweet singer.

Another landed proprietor springs up in the person of Alfred J. Haynes, *Parisian* party, April, 1895. Haynes, writing from the house of Mr. Barry, of New Southwark, Idaho, Makinok, Manitoba, says:

I have been well and busy for some time, and am now jobbing about the country.

five cents per day and board. I have a home land now a mile from the town, the same section that Makinak is located upon. I have a good frame house, with shingle roof, also. I took up the land in the spring. Mr. Morrison has been very good to me and helped me in every way to get established on the land. I have done better this last two years than I did the three years before.

Makinak is understood to be a promising location, and being the station for Lord Archibald Douglas' Industrial Farm, is brought in name, at least, before the public in a way that some of its rivals envy

The writer thinks a young man who can obtain such a character as the above is entitled to some recognition, and feels sure the time will not be long till Gregory selects the broad acres that are lying somewhere in the Canadian North-West awaiting his plough and harrow.

The letters received from lads in situations during the last quarter have been of the most hopeful nature, and many a young fellow who at first felt strange in his new surroundings has shown by the tone



Mr. Somerville's "Stookers."

very much. Consequently — who knows? — Haynes may one of these days figure as a town-site magnate and be offering corner lots at boom prices to the less fortunate citizens.

Talking about farmers, who can point out a homestead for Gregory Seccombe, *Sardinian*, June party, 1894? His employer writing on July 14th of this year, says:

I can say that I have found very good promise to be a first class hand and he has given me good satisfaction since he came to me. It is now four years since he took the entire management of my farm. He is in perfect good health

of his communications that he is becoming acclimated, so to speak, and means to settle down and do for himself in a way that will not only be a credit to himself but to the country that gave him birth.

Edwin Parsons, *Vancouver* party, July, 1898, who is at the farm of Mr. James Gardiner, near Shoal Lake, writes a most cheerful letter on June 13th, thanking the Home for finding him a situation with such kind people, says he purposes staying out his year and thinks he will get on

Hill's address is care of Mr. Needham, Absaraka, Cass County, N.D.

It is always a pleasure to chronicle the news received from the young man, Henry Knaggs, *Labrador*, June, 1897, and a communication received from him on July 16th carries with it the assurance that Knaggs is doing his level best to please his employer; and from the note of Mr. Clark, who was highly fortunate when he secured the services of this earnest young fellow, we learn that Knaggs "is in good health, attends to his work and is giving satisfaction all round." Address care of Mr. John Clark, Baldur, Manitoba.

Frank Lock is another of the many young men from the Farm Home who are giving excellent satisfaction with their services. Lock is still with Mr. M. Kennedy at Lothair, Manitoba.

Space will not permit giving an account of even a small percentage of the youths who are sincerely endeavouring to give the Homes a good reputation through the medium of their own efforts, and to those who have been passed over, the writer wishes to say that though their light may be under a bushel, so to speak, to-day as regards the outside world, virtue is its own reward and they will have no occasion to regret their efforts in the line of right living as the years go on.

Left the Hive.

But a small number of youths comparatively speaking, have been placed out during the last quarter, although the demand for "our boys" has proved unceasing.

On June 28th, Bertrand V. Hassan was sent to the employ of Mr. S. Larcombe, Birtle, and on the same day James Burns was found a place with Mr. Findlay, Lippentott, Man. On July 5th, Robert Hughes was sent to southern Manitoba, finding, we believe, an excellent situation with Mr. Henry Thornborough, of the town of Glenboro.

On the 7th, Patrick Murray was found a situation with the Manitoba

and North Western Railway Company, and is, we understand, still with that company, drawing a good wage.

On July 19th, the young man, Herbert Gray, was sent to the employ of Mr. William Mott, near Russell; and on the 21st, Norman Hepton was despatched to fill a place that was offered by Mr. Arthur Kingdon, of Minnedosa. On August 10th, Edward Williams entered the employ of Mr. Charles Pittaway, and has up to date proved a most satisfactory helper. On the 14th, we were obliged to sever our relations as an institution with the veteran, Arthur George Green, by allowing him to go to a situation with the Manitoba and North-Western Railway Company. It is needless to say that we miss our old friend very much. The best of friends, however, must part, and that Green may continue an unbroken line of progression is the sincere wish of the writer. At the end of the month of August, James Martin, who has, by the way, become quite a proficient teamster, was sent to the farm of Mr. D. McLaughler, Plumas, Manitoba, and good reports have already begun to come to the office regarding this young man.

James R. Howe was sent on the same day to an excellent situation at Wabigoon, Ontario, (address Messrs. Lennard and Potts), and that this fine, large-hearted son of the Emerald Isle may secure a gold mine and become an ornament to the living structure Dr. Barnardo is daily adding bricks to in this great country, should be the prayer of all well-wishers of the Homes. The "luck" of the season, however, fell to the portion of that bright-faced, cheery-voiced young man, known by the name of "Ginger" among his most intimate friends, but addressed in a more formal manner as James Henry Russell, for through the most simple negotiations entered into on his behalf by the manager, Russell may to day be found painting the interior of the fine railway station just built at Millwood by the

Manitoba and North-Western Railway Company, and receiving for his services a rate which approximates two dollars per day. You will believe me when I tell you, readers of UPS AND DOWNS, that Russell carries a pretty expansive smile with him these days, and has no complaint in relation to his emigration to Canada under the auspices of the Homes. Good men are always appreciated in every labour market, and a man nearly always obtains about the value of his services.

In this connection the writer is very much interested in the informa-

tion he is able to record the fact that peace and harmony have had full sway all through the long summer days, when, as a matter of course, the hay fork does get a little heavy and the lads will sometimes have hard work to keep themselves from believing that their lot in Canada is a little hard. Once down at the side of the great fir-tree plank, which serves as a table, however, knife and fork in hand ready to assault the good things daily prepared by the thoughtful housekeeper, Mrs. Gray, these errors of vision disappear like a mist before the morning sun, and con-



Mark Moore in the Raspberry Patch.

tion contained in a very readable letter just received from William Chads, of April, 1895, party, now located at Lone Tree P.O. Chads, after informing the writer that he has taken a homestead and is busy building a house and stables after putting up thirty tons of hay for his stock, adds: "There are quite a few Galician immigrants working around here, but, I am pleased to say, a good Barnardo boy can always command the best wages going."

To get back to the affairs of the Home proper, the writer is pleased to

report that the Home, in its settlement, as it should, again takes its accustomed place. The behaviour of the lads has been excellent during the past quarter, and as cleanliness and good conduct generally go hand in hand, great difficulty has been experienced in selecting the prize winners at parades. The names below, however, will show who the lucky men were.

BARKER,	SMITH
J. J. MARSH,	WRIGHT,
BARKER,	GROWTH
LESLIE,	WRIGHT
SIMPSON,	KROGH
PORTER,	PARRELL

The annual picnic held at Millwood this year on June 30th was a most enjoyable affair, as the weather was all that could be wished for up to nearly the close of the programme, when a much-needed rain came down and brought the annual function to an end. This has become quite an institution in the district, and is now attended not only by old lads from a long distance, but by numbers of the local residents, who seem to value the opportunity of viewing Barnardo at play.

The illustrations accompanying these notes were prepared by our local artist, Mr. Walker, of Millwood, specially for UPS AND DOWNS, and show Mark Moore as he appears cleaning up with a hoe that wonderful exhibit of raspberry plantation which Dr. Barnardo's garden now boasts, as well as a harvesting scene, in which Mr. Somerville's 'stockmen' show to great advantage.

Obituary.

One of the saddest duties which the writer has been called upon to perform since the establishment of

the Farm is that of reporting the death by drowning of Elijah Whittle, which deplorable accident took place on Sunday, July 2nd, on the farm of his employer, Mr. W. D. Perkins, Lothair P. O., Manitoba. Poor Whittle, it appears, was bathing in a pool which forms part of the little stream of Oak River, and, accompanied by his employer's son, plunged into deep water never to rise to the surface again in life. A careful investigation by Dr. Crookshank, coroner for the district, satisfied the authorities that the sad affair was entirely accidental, and the mortal remains of one of our once brightest youths, whose life was full of promise in this young country, were laid to rest in the little rural churchyard. Loving hands prepared floral remembrances on behalf of the young man's relatives, and the Rev. Mr. Stoddart, always a warm friend of the Homes, solemnly conducted the last sad rites.



Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue:

Allan, Geo., 75c.; Beattie, J. L., 75c.; Bruce, Alf., \$2; Cameron, Harry, \$1; Child, H. E., \$1; Daubney, W. J., \$6; Foot, Edgar J., \$1.00; Foy, Fred., 75c.; Graystone, Herbert, \$1; Gillerson, Geo. A., \$1; Holmes, Alf., 75c.; Heaton, Joe, \$1; Hayward, Chas., 75c.; Jarvis, Hy.

75c.; Le Grand, Geo., \$1; Lovelock, Wm., \$1; Midland, Ernest, \$1; Mead, F. A., 75c.; Newman, R. G., \$1; Nevel, Hy., \$1; Paybody, P. H., \$5.27; Perry, Samuel, \$1; Reid, Robt., \$2.12; Rising, H. J., 50c.; Rowland, R. H., \$2; Swaine, Hy. H., \$5; Self, W. B., \$1; Savery, Wm., \$1; Smith, W. J., \$2; Stubbings, W., 50c.; Trewin, Chas., \$1; Vival T., \$1; Ward, Jos., \$1; Wright, Thos., \$1; Well, B., \$1; Wilmet, W. H., \$1.

Harvest Home

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

Lord of the fields, whose ripened grain
Fills our depleted barns again,
We gratefully ascribe to Thee
The product of our husbandry.
The vital germ of what was sown,
The constant nurture from above,
Declare the Providence we own,
And claim oblations of our love

To Thee, who blest the lesser part
By mingling Thy mysterious art
With man's receptive work, that Thou
Might'st deck the furrows of the plough,
We render thanks, most bounteous Lord
For daily bread vouchsafed again
In mercy, not as our reward ;
For Thou art God, and we are men.

And what is man? Thou knowest, Lord,
How much he owes to Thy regard.
Oft beaten by life's adverse gales,
And dwarfed when blighting sin assails,
He trusts in Thee for genial grace
To ripen ere the reapers come
To gather in the human race
For the last glorious Harvest Home

Home Chat

THE chief event in the "Home" history of the past three months was, of course, the Exhibition week gathering. We cannot attempt any detailed account of the occurrences of the week, and must confine ourselves to recording that everything passed off in a highly satisfactory manner. Our guests seem to have thoroughly appreciated their entertainment, and to have heartily enjoyed their stay with us. The numerous meetings between former friends and acquaintances were exceedingly interesting and an unfailing source of pleasure. The weather was delightful, the big show itself full of attractions, and altogether our visitors had what our American cousins will call a "real good time." It would be impossible to mention even the names of the many scores of lads, big and little, old and young, who ate at our board and found shelter under our roof during the week. "Our boys" is now a very expansive appellation, taking in anything from bearded men, responsible householders and fathers of families, down to little urchins in knickerbockers who have hardly got rid of the smell of the salt water. All alike are "our boys" during Exhibition week and are welcome to all the good cheer we can provide, and to which we can truthfully vouch for them that they do the fullest justice. Mr. Davis was the host of the occasion, and though we were not there to see, being at the time on the bosom of the deep, we know right well that the details of every arrangement will have been carefully, thoughtfully and thoroughly carried out, and that he will have suffered neither his eyes to sleep nor his eyelids to slumber while anything remained to be done that would contribute to the object of the gathering, in making all the visitors feel at home and things generally pleasant for each

and every one. This was by no means an easy task, but in Mr. Davis's, it was in the right hands. Mr. Griffith had a busy week, and to his indefatigable industry we are indebted for the formidable-looking sheaf of notes that we have found awaiting us, in which mention is made of almost every individual who visited the Institution during the week. We must content ourselves with reproducing a very few extracts from these voluminous and most valuable and interesting memoranda, selecting them almost at random from the pile before us.

Thomas Vival, the first name that catches our eye, is evidently the same old Tom, very little changed since his previous visit, and keeping the same situation at Millbrook that he has held for several years past. We hear of our worthy friend having recently insured his life, and being considerably exercised as to the whereabouts of certain relatives in England who are the intended beneficiaries, but who have not been heard of for some years past, and we are asked to help in trying to trace them. We understand that Tom came to the city with the intention of staying the week, but finding at the end of a couple of days that holiday-making was not agreeing with him, returned to his work.

A "wonderful improvement" both in appearance and manner is noted of Edwin C. Jacombe, who "appears to be settled in a good home."

Horace Blunt, described as a bright, smart lad, spent most of his holiday with his brother, Ernest, who has been for some time past in the employ of a large firm in Toronto. Both lads are thoroughly well-conducted, promising young fellows. They are looking forward to bringing out their mother from England, and making a comfortable home for her in her old age.

The brothers, George and Alfred

Springford of whom the former has been eight years in Canada, the latter eleven—spent a pleasant little time together. George is a big, strapping farm hand, able to command the best wages going. Albert has learned the trade of shoemaking since he came to Canada, and has for the last two or three years carried on a little business of his own in the village of Cookstown, where, according to the accounts given us, he has been fairly successful.

The employer of Charles W. Johnson, Mr. John McLennan, called to give us a report of Charlie, whom he described as “a fine boy, growing nicely and always to be depended upon.”

Our old and esteemed friend, Alfred Bruce, called to renew his acquaintance with us, and was agreeably surprised to discover that a small balance, amounting to \$12.00, that was left in the bank several years ago, has grown to \$17.00 by the usual arithmetical process that, unhappily, is frequently interfered with by the spendthrift habits of our youths. A generous portion of this “unearned increment” now appears in our books as Alfred’s donation to the Homes.

From another lad living on a neighbouring farm, we heard very pleasant and interesting news of Daniel Alcock, who was taken, on his arrival from England twelve years ago, by Mr. James Bick, of Bobcaygeon, on terms of practical adoption. Dan. has done well for Mr. Bick, and Mr. Bick has done equally well for his adopted son, and our friend is now established on a good farm of his own. He recently took unto himself a wife, and we hear that the wedding was the occasion for a large gathering of friends and neighbours, more than eighty couples attending the ceremony and taking part in the subsequent festivities.

Half a dozen years have passed since a vacancy was created in the kitchen staff of the Home by the departure of Tommy Wright for a farm situation; but we hear that the same happy, smiling faced Tommy

turned up for the Exhibition week, and made himself quite at home, even to the extent of dropping into his old accustomed place and giving a helping hand in the kitchen and dining hall. We have always regarded Tommy as a bright example of the principles of brotherly love. He has cared for his brother, Walter, with a degree of unselfish solicitude that is deserving of the highest praise, and is now bitterly disappointed because his sister has declined—very foolishly as it seems to us—his offer to pay the cost of her emigration to Canada.

Another former member of the kitchen staff made his appearance in our midst, in the person of Joseph Murray, now a man of twenty-seven. Joseph is still employed as caretaker of the Collegiate Institute at Woodstock, a position that he has occupied for several years past. He has come to the conclusion, however, that his health would be benefitted by returning to outdoor work, and intends to hire on a farm next spring, with the idea of ultimately migrating to the North-West. He has lately succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of his sister through the medium of the *Boys’ Own Paper*, and has since been in regular correspondence with her.

Wyndham Fitch, who came in from Brampton, brought us a cheerful account of himself, and evidently is doing well. He is at present hired for a year with Mr. William James Snyder, a member of the same family that Wyndham lived with for the past six years. Our friend has a good round sum in the bank and is looking to adding to the amount from his present season’s wages.

Edgar G. Knowles was not, we are sorry to say, able to come down on the present occasion; but we heard excellent reports of him from others living in his neighbourhood, and learned with great interest that Edgar is a great church worker, and has on one or two occasions occupied the pulpit in the absence of the regular minister. May our friend have much blessing in his share to

sow the seed of the Kingdom, and have grace given to him to bear a faithful message for the Master.

William and Joseph Breeze, two very good and bright little lads, enjoyed their holiday together, it being their first trip to the city since they left for their present places nearly six years ago. They are living near each other in the neighbourhood of Meaford, and both lads have good, comfortable homes.

Henry Muncey, from the same neighbourhood, is described as a big, strongly-built young fellow. He seems to be working steadily,



Alfred W. Budd.

but thinks he could do better in the North-West, and will probably make his way up there in the spring.

Several of our visitors were in charge of exhibits of live stock, and could spare very little time for festivities. Among these our old friend, George LeGrand, had under his care a valuable consignment of Berkshire pigs, the property of Joseph Featherstone, Esq., M.P. The animals had been the winners of several prizes, and George was mightily elated over this achievement.

Joseph Lewis, a young man from a city of a year or two, and a bright

years in Canada, brought us a budget of good news of himself and various other lads in the same locality, including his brother, John. The latter has kept the same situation for the past five years, is earning \$100 a year with board and lodging, and has a deposit of \$350 in a savings bank at Port Hope. Joseph himself has \$120 in the bank and three shares of \$100 each in a loan company, and is somewhat uneasy as to the safety of this latter investment. If we can do anything to help you in the difficulty, Joseph, let us know.

Charles Rose, now a man of twenty-eight, has found his way back to his old employer, Mr. Banford, of Iroquois. Charlie's record has been never otherwise than very good. In thirteen years he has had but two situations, and can command the highest rate of farm wages.

Among our more distinguished visitors, mention must be made of Mr. Richard Wright, who made the Home his headquarters for his fortnight's vacation, during which he visited friends at Hamilton, Niagara Falls and elsewhere. Is still general factotum for Mr. McKinnon, of Parkhill, with whom he has lived since his arrival in the country eleven years ago. His three sisters, whom he brought out from England, are doing well, two of them married to respectable tradesmen, the other in a good place of service.

We might also include in the distinguished class, Alfred W. Budd, of the March, 1889, party, who called on his way to Belleville College, where he expects to be in residence until next May. He has passed his examination, including matriculation, very successfully. Alfred has spent the vacation in travelling with and exhibiting stereoscopic views, with a view to raising the needful funds for his support at college during the winter.

Charles Potter, living with Mr. H. Craighton (or Wheatley), gave us a cheerful account of his home and surroundings in Western Ontario. In connection with his visit

Mr. Creighton had written us a short time previously: "If nothing happens, Charles will be in Toronto September 5th. I wish it to be understood that his expenses will have nothing to do with our agreement. He is well and doing well, and is filling his position satisfactorily in every particular." Evidently a good boy in a good place.

William Henry Luke reported himself to be still at his first place, his wages now being \$107 for the year, with board, lodging, etc. Our friend is evidently well and flourishing, and is described as "very quiet and nice in manner."

Harry Roberts has lately received his medal, in recognition of his having faithfully fulfilled his five years' term with Mr. Leonard Burnett, M.P. He is now with another farmer in the same neighbourhood, and seems to be comfortably located. Is said to be a big, strong-looking fellow—the picture of a farm hand.

William D. Velf has developed into a bright, manly, intelligent young fellow. He is quite satisfied with farming, and has worked with his present employer for the past three years. William brought us good news of three lads of the last party, the brothers James and Andrew Walker and Carl Olson. The employer of the latter had previously written us as follows: "I am very well satisfied with the boy so far, and as long as he continues to do as well as he is doing, I think we will get along all right. Anything he does he does it well." We learned from William that these lads are in "extra good places" and that, so far, they are much liked by their employers. He also mentioned another lad, Alfred F. Grundy, at present employed by Mr. Archibald Stewart, of Ailsa Craig, who is paying him \$90 for eleven months' work. Alfred is said to be in good health and doing remarkably well.

While on the subject of the lads of the last party, we are pleased to record that this is only one of many

such letters that have reached us from their employers, expressing their satisfaction with the boys sent them. Mr. C. J. Greenwood, of Dundonald, writes of little Thomas Ferris: "I am very well satisfied with the boy; in fact, I do not think I could have suited myself as well had I had the privilege of choosing for myself. He is obedient and willing to learn. As he is small and unable to do anything except light chores, I am sending him to school, and intend to do so for a couple of years, and want him to get all the education he can. He is well satisfied with his new home, and has no desire to go back, and I will do the best I can by him."

The employer of James Pepper writes: "I am happy to state I like the boy, James Pepper, very much. He is a respectful, obedient boy."

While of Robert Roberts, our kind friend and correspondent, the Rev. J. Little, writes: "The boy reached Chatsworth in good health. He is a bright boy. I met him at the station, and will send him on to his destination this afternoon. He goes to a good home."

Mr. Samuel Acton, of Rockingham, in returning the agreement for Albert A. Green, remarks in his letter: "I am very happy to say I am very pleased with Albert, and he is getting along very well. He seems very willing and anxious to please."

Another fortunate selection was that of George Smith, who was sent on the 15th of April to his present employer, Mr. George W. West, of Rodney. Sixteen years ago the said Mr. West was being dispatched as a "Barnardo boy" to his first Canadian situation; but times have changed with George, and, thanks to his own honest industry and steady application to business, he is now a prosperous farmer in one of the finest townships of Western Ontario. He writes us of the new concern: "I am well satisfied, and I think you are agreeable. George says he likes his home so far. I am very pleased with him, and will keep on the same in the future as

he has done in the past, and all are doing well together.

Among our Exhibition visitors were several boys who have recently returned from England, having, in one or two cases, had a rather narrow escape of being stranded over there in very unpleasant conditions. Among these was Herbert C. Graystone, of September, 1891, contingent. Herbert has made his way back to his old employer, Mr. Hipwell, with whom he has hired at a wage of \$15.00 per month, with board and lodging. Has developed into a stout, healthy, active youth.



Joseph Lewis.

James F. Bowles was glad to get back after a prolonged stay on the other side. James was indebted to the kindness of his former employer, Mr. Parkhouse, for a timely advance of the amount of the fare, or it is very doubtful if he would ever have seen Canada again. As it is, we hear from him that he has already repaid the advance, and is now working for Mr. Parkhouse at good wages.

William, the son of the late Mr. [name], came the other day, and being one of our most ready and deserving lads

seems to be having a prosperous season. He was accompanied on the occasion of his visit by his employer's son, with whom he seems to be on terms of pleasant friendship. William is still with Mr. Robert Patterson, with whom he worked up to the time of his departure for England and since his return. We fancy William has no pleasant recollection of Birkenhead, and will have to be very homesick before he starts off again in that direction.

Still another returned prodigal made his appearance in the person of Adolphus Augustine Laws, who tells us that he found the English climate agree very badly with his health. We are quite sure that it will be much better for our friend's health, and for the health of any of our other boys, to remain on this side of the Atlantic, and although we have, in another column, announced our proposals for organizing the usual autumn excursion, we cherish the hope that it will be a very small affair.

John G. Howard turned up from Millbrook during the Exhibition week, looking a perfect picture of health. He is now employed as clerk in one of the village stores, and seems to like the work and to be comfortably settled.

Samuel Perry, another Millbrook visitor, gave us a cheery account of himself and his two younger brothers, with both of whom he is in regular correspondence. Sam is still with Mr. John Allen, of Millbrook, and has been in the same situation for over five years.

Another lad, with an even longer record of steady service, greeted us in the person of Charles Henry Fenton, who has lived with Mr. James Matchett since his arrival in the country in the spring of 1892, with the exception of the short interval occupied in a trip to England. We expect this trip was a rather costly piece of extravagance; but Charles is rapidly recovering lost ground, and if he carries out his present very sensible intention of going West in

the spring, he will be able to take a nice little sum with him to help towards his getting a start on a homestead of his own. Charles brought up news of James Legg, who formerly lived at Cavanville with the stationmaster there, but is now settled in the North-West. We hear that he is in regular correspondence with Mr. Matchett and is getting on exceedingly well.

Joseph R. Eaves, a very old-time friend, made his appearance after several years' absence. Comparing the present gathering with the rather too uproarious week of jollification in which Joe was one of the leading spirits five years ago, the present occasion seemed to him altogether too "slow;" but we have neighbours to consider, and we are not sufficiently popular among the Irish population of Farley Avenue to care to run the risk of making ourselves a nuisance, as we might be considered if music, singing and dancing are prolonged to an unreasonable hour. Joe came down from Harriston and with the intention of returning there, but being offered work in Toronto as teamster to one of the big railway cartage companies, accepted the job and is now a city man. He tells us the hours are long, but he likes the work so far, and we know him sufficiently to feel satisfied that his employer will find him a willing, steady, trustworthy man.

Several very welcome visitors found their way across from the Niagara district, among whom we may especially mention George Careis, described as a stout, healthy, nice-mannered lad; and Fred. Bennett, one of the latest recipients of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service. George is at present working for Mr. Robinson Secord, of Homer, earning thirteen dollars a month with board, while Fred. is working his late employer's place "on shares," the terms of the arrangement being apparently very satisfactory. Fred. has already a nice little sum in the bank, with more to

follow, and is a lad of whom we expect good things in the future.

David Arrowsmith, from the neighbourhood of the Falls, is a small boy, but evidently built of good stuff and has the reputation of being a first-class worker. He gave us a very cheerful and satisfactory account of his present home and surroundings, as also did Albert Harwood who, having fulfilled his first engagement, has a hundred dollars in the savings bank, and is to receive the same amount as his present year's wages. We hear that Albert's relatives in England have



Charles Eyers.

been urging his coming back; but he is happily a young man with sufficient good sense to know when he is well off and to realize that his prospects are infinitely better in Canada than they could ever be in England.

Little Charlie Eyers was not a visitor to the Exhibition, but his photograph was sent to us a short time previously with the following letter from his foster mother:

A. W. K. M. A. G.
 10, York St., Toronto, Ont., Can.
 Having your name connected with the
 Exhibition, I thought I would send you a
 little photograph of my boy, and I hope

you can get it. He will not tell a lie for anyone. I had his picture taken, and will send you one so you can see him and know how he looks. I remain,

Yours truly,
MARY EDWARDS.

Charles E. Kelloway is another of our little boarders, of whom we lately received a very gratifying report. His foster-father, Mr. John Brown, of Hillside, writes of him: "He is doing very well, in good health and spirits. He does not grow very much, but he is healthy and full of life, a good honest and truthful boy, as merry as the day's long, and well liked. Every one has a good word to say for him."

From one of our visitors we received an excellent report of Thomas Wheeler, a recent arrival who has been placed with Mr. Alexander Munro, of Golspie. Thomas himself wrote us a short time ago that he liked his place and his life on the farm, although he found that he had to work a good deal harder than he had been accustomed to in England, where he had worked at the book-binding. If Tom "sticks to it," as we believe he means to, he will find that he is learning a better trade than bookbinding.

Another letter, that it gave us great pleasure to receive, came to hand during the Exhibition week from another new-comer, William H. Harwood, whom we anticipated might find it rather difficult at first to adapt himself to the loneliness and hard work of Canadian farming. He writes: "Thank you for getting me so good a situation. I think I am getting on very well here. We have finished harvesting and are now drawing grain to Whitby. I find Mr. and Mrs. Stork nice people, and Charlie Harlow has taught me a lot since I came here. Please send me George Boatman's and Frederick Spraggan's address. We can give William good news of both his friends. George Boatman is living with Mr. Colin D. Gilles, on Rodney; a good boy in a good place. Fred and I Spraggan's have been placed with Mr. Evelyn Service, of Lequoy, and very satisfied in his situation by

Mr. Griffith a short time ago. The report informs us that Fred. is doing well in every way. The best of characters was given him by his employer, and Fred himself thoroughly appreciates the very comfortable home in which he finds himself. He is treated quite as one of the family, and we hear of his receiving music and singing lessons from a niece of the family, under whose tuition he has become a proficient performer on the organ.

Frederick Purkiss divided the honour of entertaining him during his stay between the Home and his, and our, always kind and valued friend, Mrs. Riordan. Fred. has increased in wisdom and stature since his last visit to us and has developed into a smart, respectable, promising young fellow.

Another of Mrs. Riordan's *protégés*, Joseph Flory, dropped in to give us a call. Joe is now a full-fledged Grand Trunk man, having, through Dr. Riordan's influence, obtained a place in the company's shops. His brother, Edmund, is working on a farm in the county of Simcoe, but recently paid a visit to Joe. in Toronto. The lads had their photographs taken, and we are glad to be able to present to our readers a reproduction of the handsome portrait that resulted.

Through one of our visitors from the Port Hope district we learned the sad intelligence of the recent death of Frederick Rogers, of the September, 1891, party. After a rather unsettled career in Canada, Fred. left for England, but subsequently returned, and about the time of the outbreak of the Spanish war enlisted in the United States army. After serving through the campaign in Cuba, his regiment was drafted to the Philippines, and from there the news has come of his having been killed in action. We understand that his relatives in England have been informed of his death by the American authorities; and we must offer them our sincere condolence in this sad bereavement. The Philippines have already proved a

fearfully costly acquisition for the United States both in blood and money, and no one can say that the end is yet in sight. It seems as if they have now gone too far to be able to recede without serious injury to the national prestige; but it is profoundly lamentable to reflect upon the sacrifice of human life that has been entailed and for what appears so inadequate and doubtful a result.

We hear of our old friend, William Noad, as a strong Orangeman and member of the band of the local lodge. We should hardly have thought William capable of the degree of enthusiasm that we imagine must be necessary to do justice to "Boyne Water" on the drum of an Orange Band, and we should not have expected him to excel in the capacity of drummer; but, judging from what we have seen of Orangemen on the high festivals of the order, there would probably not be many in a condition to be able to criticize his performance on these occasions.

Another good Orangeman, of whom we recently heard, is our former acquaintance, Michael Kilkelly. When we first knew Michael twelve years ago, he was a zealous Roman Catholic; but later on we heard of his having blossomed out as a leading light in the order, either beating the drum or waving the red flag, or something equally conducive to the cause of Protestantism. We have no idea at the present time which side of the Church he favours with his adherence; possibly he may not know himself, being satisfied with being "agin the Government;" but we have learned with much satisfaction that our friend is happily married, has a good, industrious helpmeet, two fine little children and a comfortable home in the vicinity of Woomanton.

The following communication is what we may call good business; and the writer has our hearty congratulations. The expected withdrawal has not come yet, and we presume John has not heard of him-

self; but we hope soon to hear that he is ready to begin operations on a homestead of his own, and we have little doubt that he will make a successful settler.

INNISBEE, July 12th, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I am sending my bank book and \$280, which I want to leave in the bank. I intend to go to the North-West in September, and will likely need the money in the fall. I remain,

Your sincere friend,

J. C. BRINSMEAD.

Cookstown P.O., Ont.

Charles Harris, an old friend of whom we have not heard for some time previously, lately wrote us from Alameda, N.W.T., the object of his writing being to obtain information as to the best arrangement for his bringing his sister out from England. Of his own welfare and progress Charles tells us: "I am getting along well. I have a fine-looking crop this harvest. I have about forty-three acres in crop, about thirty acres in wheat, and about thirteen acres in oats. It is the finest crop the North-West has had for a great many years. If it turns out as good as I expect it to, I will be able to send a donation to the Home sometime this fall. I have seven more weeks' homesteading to do, and then I apply for my deed for my homestead, and then I will have 160 acres of my own earned." We presume most of our readers will understand this last paragraph; but for the information of those who are unacquainted with the provisions of the Canadian homestead law, we may state in explanation that the Dominion Government opens for homesteading all vacant lands in Manitoba and the North-West, and offers a free grant of 160 acres to all actual settlers. To obtain this grant, the intending settler must, in the first place, make an entry at the District Land Office for the quarter section 160 acres that he wishes to acquire. This is then appropriated to him, but no deed for the property can be issued to him for a period of three years. During these three years he is required to reside on his homestead for at least 180 days in the

out of each year, to erect a habitable dwelling house, and to bring at least fifteen acres under cultivation. At the end of the three years he can make an application for his deed or patent, bringing sworn statements from himself and two others that he has faithfully complied with these requirements, and the Government will then issue to him his deed, by virtue of which he becomes at once the absolute owner of the property and can dispose of it as he pleases. Our friend, Charles Harris, appears to be now almost at the end of this three years' limit, and will very shortly be entitled to receive his patent. He has the hearty congratulations of all his friends and

five feet six inches. I must now close my letter with best wishes, paying for my *Ups AND Downs* twenty-five cents, and seventy five cents for Home donation.

We remember Fred's being anxious that, if possible, we should place him near his friend, William J. Hyde, who had come to Canada the previous year. We were not able to manage this, and we do not know for certain whether the lads have ever got into communication; but Fred. will be pleased to hear that William is doing as well as he is himself. His address is care of Mr. Samuel Nicholson, Lucknow, and Mr. Griffith, who visited him in June last, reports that he is in the best of health, bears an excellent character, and is on the most pleasant terms with his master.



Edmund C. and Joseph Flory.

A recent note from Mr. Griffith respecting Frank Sargeant gives us the information that Frank is the owner of a bush lot of 100 acres in the Wiarion peninsula, the lot containing a quantity of valuable timber that, it is said, is worth considerably more than the price paid for the lot. We understand that Frank has a team of his own and is starting for him-

self in good shape.

well-wishers upon this important advance in his fortunes. The following letter from Frederick Fry, of the July, 1897, party, now with Mr. Wm. Stacey, of St. Mary's, will be read with interest by many who will remember Fred at Stepucey:

DEAR SIR:—I am writing this hoping to find you quiet, which it leaves me at present. I have now been on the farm two years, and I have not had but one sick day. I can say I like farming well, and it amuses me, and I get along fine, and hope all the boys that came to this country with me are getting through as good as I am, and I am here. I have grown a day a man, I have grown about seven inches. You could not know me. The people are asking if they never saw a boy grow like this. I am now

At Iroquois, Mr. Griffith met our old friend, William T. Curnick, whose name has already appeared in *Ups AND Downs*. We are informed that William is a well-built young man six feet four inches in height, and tipping the scales at 185 pounds. His mother, whom he brought out from England last year, is comfortably established in a nice little house in the village, and the family of seven, four members are now to

gether seem to be in their respective circumstances.

Frederick Marks is doing well and working out his eighth year in his present situation.

Edward Coward was found to be in good health and "as quiet as usual." Ed. had not received his medal up to the time of Mr. Griffith's visit, but it will have reached him since, and we are sure he has well merited this reward of good conduct by the excellent record that he has maintained during the eight years that he has lived with his present employer.

Joseph Langley has a comfortable home with a widow lady near Kingston, and is giving his mistress fairly good satisfaction. We hear that Master Joe lately won some prizes at a Sunday school picnic for racing and putting the stone. Mr. Griffith observes that the stone must have been a rather small one.

Little Percy Skinner is happy and well in his present home. His employer had been rather unfortunate in his previous experience with boys, and we had begun to regard it as one of those places where no boy would suit; but Percy seems to have succeeded in winning the hearts of the worthy old couple and to have given, so far, no cause for complaint.

Mr. Gaunt was fortunate in catching Joseph Penman at Magnewan just as our friend was leaving for the North-West. Joe is now a big, broad-shouldered young fellow, respectable in appearance and evidently well-to-do. We have no doubt that he will make his way in the North-West, and we hope he will remember his promise to write to us as soon as he is settled.

We have received an excellent account of Vivian Boston, that resulted in our at once giving an order for his receiving one of Dr. Battardo's medals. Mr. Griffith met Vivian and his employer at a threshing, and Mr. Griffith tells us that, besides Mr. Brisco three other farmers came over and spoke to him about "Bosue," as he is called,

concurring in the opinion expressed by Mr. Brisco that there is "no better boy in Canada." "Bosue" asked Mr. Griffith for news of his old chum, Benjamin Press, and we take this means of informing him that Ben. returned last March from a trip to England and is back again in his old quarters at Kenilworth. Mr. Griffith was recently in that district, but was unfortunate in finding Ben. absent at a threshing. He tells us, however, that "as usual, I heard nothing but praise as to his character, and he is as good a farm hand as there is in the neighbourhood."

Little John Milnes, of our last year's arrivals, is said to be willing and truthful. He seems to have fallen into comfortable quarters, and is happy and contented. He is not a very big boy, but that is a failing common to people of his time of life and one that we may reasonably expect time will improve.

Robert Taylor has gone up to try his fortunes in the North-West, taking with him his medal and leaving behind him a nice little sum in the savings bank. We gave Robert a letter of introduction to Mr. White, in Winnipeg, and have heard since of his having safely arrived there and proceeded to Estevan, 290 miles west of Winnipeg, where he had decided to locate.

Thomas Preen is reported to be in good health and well spoken of by his employer. He is now working at his trade in Napanee, and, although only at present earning small wages as an "improver," should soon be able to do very much better. His place with our old client, Mr. Deroche, Q.C., of Napanee, has been taken by Frank Everett, one of the last party, a steady, well-behaved lad whom we have every reason to hope will fully maintain the good name of the Home in that quarter.

Albert E. Hills was lately married and is living at Ahmic Harbour. Albert has a farm of his own about four miles from the village, and bears the character of being a hard-working, respectable young fellow who does his best to get on. The

district, however, is a wretchedly poor one, where the land is little else than rock and sand, and we wish our friend would make up his mind to migrate with his belongings to the North-West, where he could get land of immensely superior fertility and without requiring any of the laborious clearing of the brush, in which he is now expending his energies with such meagre results.

Henry H. Swaine, a March, 1889, lad, has also a hundred-acre lot near Ahmic Harbour, but works chiefly in the lumber shanties, and when seen by Mr. Gaunt at the end of August, had just returned from several weeks "on the drive," where he had been cook to the camp.

A very cheerful and in all respects satisfactory report comes to us of Richard Barker, with Mr. George Staples, of Edge Hill. He is growing rapidly, is a bright, truthful, trustworthy lad, and treated quite as one of the family. He has been with Mr. Staples since October, 1895, and has attended school each winter, where he appears to have made very creditable progress.

L. George Bovingdon was visited by Mr. Griffith at the end of the first month in the country of his adoption, and up to that point, George had won good opinions and was thoroughly happy and reconciled to the change. He seems to have dropped into a very comfortable home, and confided to Mr. Griffith that he has never lived as well in his life before. He will have to make himself useful on the farm during the summer, and will for the present attend school in the winter months.

James Ward, living with Mr. Charles Baker, of Clinton, is said to be in the best of health and equal to a good day's work. James is very saving and has managed for the past to keep himself supplied with necessities on a marvellously small expenditure. He likes farming and is a lad who takes an interest in his work.

Albert Baker, of the same place, is reported to be an excellent

worker. He is now with Mr. Thomas McElroy, of Winthrop, having gone to his present place in November, 1897. During the nineteen months that have since elapsed Albert has gained fifty-seven pounds in weight, from which circumstance we feel justified in concluding that Albert is in good quarters. He was one of our visitors during the Exhibition week, and gave us a very cheerful report of himself and his surroundings.

Alfred Percival is engaged in a good farm situation, at a wage of ten dollars a month with board and lodging, and his employer, Mr. Joseph Davidson, of Alma, spoke highly to Mr. Griffith of the lad's general conduct and smartness in his work.

In the same locality, Arthur Proctor, who has recently attained his majority, is putting in his eighth year of service with his present employer. Not being a "rolling stone," our friend has gathered considerable moss in the shape of dollars, and we hear, with great pleasure, of his having money loaned out at good interest, besides a snug little account in the local savings bank.

"An active, bright, manly little fellow, in best of health; no fault found; is truthful and can be depended upon; cheerful in manner; can handle a team; kindly treated and well cared for, has a comfortable home with a widow, her two adult sons and some daughters." Such are Mr. Griffith's concise remarks respecting Samuel R. Walker, living with Mrs. Leggitt, of Minden. We could desire nothing better, and trust we may never hear anything worse. For the first two years after his arrival in Canada, Sam. was boarded out with Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, of Aspin, Muskoka now in the North-West and in returning him to us they described him in their letter as "a good, loving, trustworthy boy." We are sure these kind folk would be greatly pleased to know that their good opinion of their little charge has been so thoroughly justified, and that Sam.

is growing up to be a credit to the training he has received.

Nearly fourteen years have passed since the cold March morning when the writer took leave of Albert E. Chappell on the platform of Iroquois station and jumped on the rear of the immigrant special that was taking the rest of the party to Toronto. On that morning, Albert entered the service of Mr. Isaiah Marsellis, of Iroquois, and he is there still. We have yet to receive the first word of complaint of Albert, and he has won the respect and good-will of all about him by his exemplary conduct and faithful service,

Mr. Reazin has not been idle during the summer, and has sent in a good-sized batch of reports relating to boys in his district. Among others, he sends us news of the brothers, Harold and Geoffrey Cushion, whom he describes as able-bodied young men, bearing an excellent character in the neighbourhood, "good citizens and sterling fellows." Harold is earning fifteen dollars a month with board, and Geoffrey fourteen.

Benjamin Willings is said to be a first-class farm hand, and an honest, well-conducted lad. Ben. will soon have completed his engagement, and the record of the long term of service is creditable both to master and man.

Richard Blake is said to be a pious young man, a member of the Church, very careful and saving and of good repute in the neighbourhood. Mr. Reazin tells us that he found him handling a fine team in the harvest field, and ascertained that he is hired for the present year at a wage of a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Tom Spread is said to have a will of his own, and to be a little too much inclined to assert it; but the report is by no means bad on the whole. We are none of us free from faults, and Tom's first employer, Mr. Cowan, who parted with him on account of changes in his establishment, remarked to Mr. Reazin

that "the Home never sent out a smarter lad." Tom's brother, Leonard, is living with Mrs. Harnden, of Bowmanville, and, as we learned from a recent report of Mr. Gaunt, is doing very fairly well.

We present our readers with a portrait of the Neil fraternity, and in doing so, we are glad to be able to state that in general conduct and character each of the trio stands in the first rank. William, the eldest of the boys, is now at Newdale, Man., having gone up last August at the invitation of an elder brother. Sylvester is comfortably settled with



The Neil Fraternity.

Mr. William J. Snowden, of Bowmanville; and Charles, the youngest, with Mr. T.C. Dingman, of Whitby. A glowing report of Charles' good behaviour and rapid progress during his last term at school is the latest entry under his name in the register, and is dated July 28th last.

John Ellison is living with Mr. and Mrs. McGlashan, whom he calls "grandfather" and "grandmother." The old couple seem genuinely interested in the lad's welfare and treat him with very kindness. John is said to be slow but sure, and can always be depended upon in his work.

Dick Whittington at the Fair

THE Toronto Exposition and Industrial Fair has come to be an event of paramount importance, as marking the time of the ingathering of the harvest and the great annual outing of the rural population of Ontario. City relatives, friends, and even remote acquaintances are then reminded of "the tie that binds" by the festive farmer, as with a smiling face and a numerous following he claims hospitality and "the run of the house." It ought to be a fact well known to our readers by this time that our Toronto Headquarters is not overlooked on this occasion. Coming to Canada as strangers in a strange land, few among our eight thousand boys have a single relative in the country, or, indeed, a single friend beyond those endeared to them by local association. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is only proper, therefore, that such of our *protéges* as have the means and the opportunity should enjoy a visit to Toronto and its great fair; and as Dr. Barnardo is not unmindful of their welfare and interests, even when they are merged into the mass of independent citizens, it becomes a pleasant duty incumbent upon Mr. Owen and the staff to fulfil the Doctor's wishes by opening the door hospitably wide to all who choose to come, and do all they can to entertain them and make them comfortable during the Fair. After that, no loafing; "business is business." Thus the Exhibition is a matter of great concern to us, as affording the means of emphasizing the fact that our boys are not forgotten, that they may still claim the privileges to be expected of relatives, and that in extreme trouble there is always a refuge for the unfortunate at 214 Parley Avenue. Of the extra expense entailed, to be met by subsequent economy, perhaps it would not be good use to speak, but I

know that it does enter into the matter of concern to the Manager, as I also know that whatever effort has to be made in this regard is made cheerfully and without grudging; and I simply mention this so that our boys, who at their age are not apt to consider this side of the question, may appreciate the quality and sincerity of the feelings which prompt the sacrifice. In this respect the institutional phase of the work gives place to the associations which exist among the members of a large family, thus eliminating the detestable method of a cold, perfunctory dispensation of benefits which chill or choke the self-respecting recipient—something which the socialistic tendencies of the age will readily endorse.

But the Fair -- that bewildering jumble of sights and sounds, things patent, and things not so patent, fat boys and liliputians, wild beast shows and tame beast shows, freaks and fireworks, tom-toms and hurdy-gurdies, the voice of the touter and the multiplied discord of vibrating brass, reed, catgut and parchment -- this is my theme.

First of all, then, what is the Fair? Let me attempt a definition: A delirious Bedlam of sense and nonsense, eloquence and stultiloquence, simplicity and duplicity, stupidity and cupidity, with a liberal dash of humour and humbug, blarney and bluster, tinpot rhetoric and big drum logic, fudge and farrago, frolic and folly, without which a fair would be no affair worth speaking of, much less going to. For to go to a Fair and not be "taken in" -- in the double sense of the phrase -- is, to the average person, synonymous with being on the wrong side of the fence.

Although the industrial exhibits were, on the whole, as numerous and interesting as in former years, the increase of amusements and accumulation of side-shows have of

late taken precedence of the educational and commercial features, and the Toronto Industrial Exposition is now a huge money-making concern, at which one may become heartily surfeited with sight-seeing at the cost of several dollars—so many are the magnets that attract the dimes and quarters from the pocket.

In fulfilment of a promise extracted from me in a moment of mental aberration, I escorted my ten-year-old heir apparent (though just now the heir is more apparent than the heritage) to the Great Show, which, as a Torontonion, it were an act of treachery not to spell with capital initials. I am, therefore, only qualified to speak from observation of the amusements, these, of course, having the principal attraction for the juvenile mind.

After many broken resolutions, he had at the last succeeded in saving twenty cents, with which he expected to glut his desire for things sensational with wonders galore. The two dimes, one in each pocket, grew very hot as soon as he was on the grounds; perhaps he was afraid that they would melt that he was in such a hurry to spend them.

A fairly patient inspection of the natural history department, a glance at the X Ray demonstration and high tension effects in electricity, a hasty tour of the Main Building, and a rush through Machinery Hall, and I found myself fairly dragged in the direction of the Midway Plaisance, where the side-shows were. On the way it was useless trying to hold his attention for more than a minute at the booth where the wireless telegraphy and telephony were being demonstrated. There were two peculiar instruments, each with an upright rod, between which, I explained, the etheric waves passed to and fro, as a message was sent and the reply returned; but there was no message to be seen, nor even the etheric waves. What was there to see, he asked. Come on; didn't I hear the music? No; I could hear no music, but I did hear a confused hubbub as of a whole menagerie let

loose in Pandemonium, in the midst of which a single pipe squeaked, squawked and squealed to the accompaniment of a flaccid drum, manipulated, as I afterwards saw, by two weary Arabs, who thus expressed their sense of fatigue instead of going to bed and snoring like civilized Christians.

We had no sooner passed beneath the imposing arch which served as the entrance to this Vanity Fair, than Harold stood aghast at a highly-coloured painting, on which was depicted an unfortunate youth afflicted with a rotundity that suggested a balloon connecting a pair of feet with a head. A red-faced man, from the stage outside, in a hoarse voice invited an intelligent public to walk up and see the Fat Boy from Texas for ten cents—only ten cents! It was a sight to see and talk about forever after. Miss this opportunity, and life wouldn't be worth living. To see the Fat Boy from Texas was a complete education in physiology and anatomy! The people were confounded and the medical profession astounded at this incomparable prodigy! Such a superabundance of adipose tissue was the greatest acquisition of mortal man, one would infer from his eulogy of human fat. Fat, did I say? 712 pounds of it, all in one single human body! Think of it!—dream of it!—see it, and be happy ever after! Fat men and lean men (here he shot a hypnotizing glance at me), long men and short men, old men and young men, married men and bachelors, boys and girls, elephants and bull pups--all--everybody should see the greatest wonder of the day, which not even the crowned heads of Europe or the King of the Cannibal Islands had the inestimable privilege of beholding as yet! Then transfixed Harold with a look that made the dime he held in his hand too hot to hold longer, he continued: "Ten cents—only ten cents! The only genuine and legitimate show on the grounds. Pass right in, my little man, he's waiting to talk to you."

This personal imitation was irresistible: another moment, and Harold would have been gazing with speechless admiration on 712 pounds of human avoirdupois, had I not clutched him at the ticket box and fairly dragged him away while the clap-trap orator indulged in sarcastic raillery at my treatment of a boy who, if left to himself, would learn more from observation in five minutes than all the colleges and schools could teach him in a lifetime.

His rémonstrances were cut short by a second appeal, in a confidential tone, from the beguiler whose especial function it was to impress upon an indifferent crowd the crowning glory of being small—infinitesimally small—like Chiquita, the living doll and smallest woman in the world. Anybody could get fat who would eat enough; but no one could get small. Ah! that was due to birth to a freak of nature; that was something to boast of. He didn't ask you to judge by the pictures; they might be exaggerations. Look cast your eyes upon the very carriage she rides in, and remember that it is a grown woman who rides in that carriage! He left it to your reason. Was she or was she not the smallest woman on earth? He was speaking to people who could appreciate facts—and so forth. This, too, was ten cents—only ten cents.

I could see that Harold was watching his opportunity, as I was watching to frustrate it. But the firing of a revolver at Hagenbach's Wild Beast Show diverted his attention from the little woman, and he disappeared in an instant. I caught him in dangerous proximity, of course, to a huge performing bear which a clown was putting through a series of antics in front of the show. Harold is fond of animals and kind to them, and I like to miss no opportunity of showing him the strange creatures that inhabit the wilds and jungles of other parts of the world; but usually there are so many repulsive features in connec-

tion with these travelling menageries, that shock alike both common-sense and a humane regard for the creatures which God gave a habitation on the earth, that I am reluctant to risk debasing his susceptible mind by taking him to them. I reminded him that he had seen this particular show the year before, and of several incidents in connection with it, and, like a good boy, he did not wish to go again.

I wonder if they who gaze with open-mouthed awe at the feats of the vaunted lion-tamer, with his senseless bravado and mock heroics, ever consider the performance from the standpoint of the lions. The lion cannot help being a lion; it is quite natural that he should act according to his instincts. What useful end is subserved, and what reason can be cited to justify the cruel abuse of that magnificent brute by lashing, cudgelling and scaring him into an asinine docility incompatible with his nature or stately bearing? The Monarch of the Jungle is, to my eye, more admirable and worthy of remark as he dozes peacefully and unmolested in his den than when leaping through hoops of fire to the report of a pistol, or when made to disport himself in extravagant vagaries for the amusement of a gaping crowd. I think he has his rights, as we have ours; and for man to use his superior intelligence in terrorizing a captive animal and making its life one long, hideous nightmare, is a cruelty and a shame to the community that suffers it in their midst. As if being deprived of liberty and confined in a small caravan, to be constantly teased and annoyed by mischievous boys were not discomfort enough, without adding to the dreary monotony of solitary confinement the terrors of penal servitude with "hard labour!" That such should be tolerated and applauded among men and women who profess to follow the teachings of the gentle Jesus, whose gospel is one of love and mercy, I consider rank hypocrisy to say nothing of the cruelty

inflicted on the animals thus persecuted; and why? Because in a wild state they are said to be a menace to human life, not being endowed with the moral faculty of discerning what we consider right from wrong.

I believe the depredating habits of beasts of prey are much exaggerated. There exists no animal on the earth to-day so wantonly destructive of life as man. The lion and the tiger kill that they may eat, and, their hunger appeased, they are satisfied until their appetite prompts them to the chase. Whereas man slays right and left, if on no other pretext than that of "sport," more often than not from a mere lust for blood. The extermination of the buffalo on the North American prairies is a lamentable instance of the cruelty and blood-thirstiness of man. And as to wild animals being a menace to human life, seldom, if ever, will any animal or reptile attack man, woman or child unless it is first molested or disturbed, and then, if it takes the initiative, it is only in a blind effort to secure its own safety, and "self-preservation," we are told, "is the first law of nature."

Let me tell you of my experience of the daring lion-tamer and the "Untamable Wallace," a lion said to have previously killed a performer in New York (they said nothing of the provocation the lion received before he was goaded to the fury which caused him to retaliate). Wallace was lying as peaceably as you please in his den, viewing with scornful contempt the many efforts of the small boy and the bigger boy, who thought himself a man because he had a moustache, to tease him. Along came a fellow with a heavy iron bar and began to prod Wallace most viciously, and did not desist until he had elicited roars from the animal and caused him to show his fangs and make some exhibition of temper. Then, after some by-play to impress upon the spectator the extreme danger of the hazard he was about to take, the lion-tamer went into the cage before Wallace had time to subside and

began to put him through his feelings with unnecessary harshness and unjustifiable cruelty. The fellow boasted of the extent, and proceeded to demonstrate it, to which he could ill-treat the lion with impunity. I say that if that lion had devoured his "trainer" before our eyes, he deserved the fate he courted, and he, and not the lion, would have been wholly to blame. What say you, boys? And the performing bear—a magnificent specimen of his kind—being muzzled, was dressed up in female attire, made to dance, wrestle and perform a lot of silly tricks, while he grunted and whined his displeasure, and snarled when buffeted or cudgelled into obedience when reluctant or refractory. When he was not dancing in the ring, he was dancing outside to attract sight-seers. All day long and all the evening until eleven o'clock poor Bruin had supported his huge bulk on his hind legs and made a clown of himself for the profit of his master, and all for his food, which, no doubt, he would have been only too glad to have found for himself far, far away from man and his wicked devices. Poor Bruin! Alas! that man, the "Lord of Creation," can exercise his lordship in no better way than despotic tyranny and a cruel, sordid commercialism in all his transactions with the lower animals. So much for the Wild Beast Show. We will pass on in disgust and righteous indignation.

Across the way was Pepper's Ghost Show. This I had seen years ago while on a visit to Cardiff, in South Wales. The apparitions are produced by mirrors, ingeniously contrived to reflect the images of living people, by which the figures are made to appear as if floating in the air or performing antics impossible to a living person. It is both mystifying and interesting from a scientific point of view. I took Harold into this show; but, alas! it was not the original, nor was it in any degree as good. The illustration of a poem, "The Colliery Dying Child," published by the

apparent decapitation of a living boy, after which, the head being replaced, the boy made a speech, was all we saw after a long delay.

Attracted to another show by the title, "The Streets of Cairo," we were treated to another display of lion-worrying and bear-dancing, some Chinese juggling, oriental dances by three young women, aborigines of the Bowery of New York, or some other place where modesty is conspicuous by its absence, and some blood-curdling "music" by the pipe and drum aforesaid. But what relation all this had to the streets of Cairo we were not told. Two elephants and two camels, the latter plying for hire under the control of two Arabs in native costume, were intended to impart an Eastern effect to an otherwise Western "fake." While petting one of the elephants, I suddenly missed Harold from my side and turned to behold him perched on the back of a camel. He had succumbed to the blandishments of the Son of the Desert, who had been inviting all and sundry to "Ride Holy Moses" for five cents, that being the name he had bestowed on his camel to flatter the predilections of the infidel Franks.

At this juncture a deep and prolonged boom was heard, followed in succession by several others, and at each report a column of water was seen to rise from the lake 100 feet into the air, which caused one of the elephants to vent its terror by trumpeting and showing alarming symptoms of running amuck through the crowd. This was due to the experiments in submarine mining by a detachment of Royal Engineers from Halifax.

In order to be done with the Midway Plaisance, Harold was bribed to leave it by the promise of a seat in the grand stand, on the way to which an amusing bit of pleasantry was observed between two rival dispensers of refreshments.

Said one: "Here y'ate here's where you get yer Coney Island weiner— all hot! red hot!" etc., and so forth. Said the other:

"All'ot! all'ot! all'ot! they are red hot! Two for five and done to a tun! How nice they are! they are delicious! We buy no dead dogs."

"O where, O where is my little dog gone?" sang his rival in derision.

"Aint that feller eating him now, you dog-gone chump? Look at him; he'll have hydrophobia directly," retorted the other, as he pointed to a customer of his rival, who was devouring a hot sausage at the booth. Then to a group of passing youths he continued:

"All'ot! all'ot! all'ot! Here's where you do get 'em hot. Eat, drink and be merry——"

"And to-morrow you will *die!*" was the ominous response of his rival.

As we sat in the grand stand awaiting the beginning of the evening's performance, I could not help reflecting upon the precarious, uncomfortable life of the side-showman. How he does have to work for what he gets, to be sure! The stump orator has never been born who exerts himself as does the showman to draw the crowd. And the happy-go-lucky life he leads, and the food and accommodation he has to put up with, and the thousand-and-one discomforts, due to his irregular habits and changeable circumstances, which he bears with careless indifference! No home life, no domestic ties, none of the social enjoyments of a settled career, his days are one long series of constant adjustments of himself and his convenience to ever-varying surroundings. A good-natured humbug—for he is rarely an arrant swindler—he gulls the public by playing on their foibles and tickling their susceptibilities. "The way of the transgressor is hard," and it seems to fit their case, yet I should hesitate to call them wicked, as a class, for at bottom they are not bad fellows, judged by their own standard. Uneducated, often illiterate, they are shrewd observers of human character, quick to seize an opportunity and apt to drop on

their feet this side up without care, in all the disturbing vicissitudes of their adventurous experience.

The more I see of life, the more am I convinced that everything must be earned, and that he who would dance to his own tune must pay the piper in the long run. Even the thief must work, and work hard, to ply his nefarious calling; indeed, we are told by detectives and criminologists that the same amount of thought, and care, and energy expended by the thief to get something for nothing would, if turned into a legitimate channel, produce far greater profit. And so of the showman; if he would follow some trade or mercantile business with the same assiduity and astuteness as he must exercise to fill his show, he would make more money and enjoy a more comfortable life. But, talents persistently perverted, the tendency toward shady transactions becomes fixed as automatic habits, until the direction of effort, like that of water, is invariably down-hill. The man who cannot see straight makes a crooked trail, and so travels over more ground to gain his end than he who goes in a straight line. Because the way of the transgressor is hard, the right way is always the easiest, the straightest and the shortest. The nearest way to a given point is in a straight line. This is a mathematical axiom. The thief and the cheat, in trying to make an impossible short cut, leave the straight and beaten track to take a zigzag course, picking their way to avoid obstacles, and, after taking the longest way, find themselves more often than not in the penitentiary instead of being in clover. Have you ever noticed, boys, that the ways and methods of a deceiver are always round-about never in a direct line to anywhere? To cover a distance of two miles, one must travel two miles; it cannot be done short of that. You may do it in shorter time by traveling fast or adopting a more expeditious means of conveyance, but the two miles must be covered

somehow; and the man or boy who travels three miles in a futile experiment to do it in less is a fool. The end of all things proves that "honesty is the best policy." In all transactions, look to the end; the outcome is what counts. One end presupposes another; when you hear a person argue that the end justifies the means, you may be sure that he alludes to the wrong end. The outcome of all things is an expression of the law of cause and effect, and this is a demonstration in the concrete of Right in the abstract; and Right can never tolerate wrong, much less be a party to it. Therefore, getting rich by theft or fraud is totally unjustifiable.

Bang! and a bomb rose high in the air, burst and scattered a host of brilliant sparks of varied hues. Bang! and another. Bang! and yet another. Everybody straightened themselves in their seats and turned their attention to the stage. The show was about to commence; this was the signal.

First, a band of Tuscarora Indians, in war-paint and feathers, executed a war-dance, whooping and yelling, gesticulating and brandishing their weapons, as they stepped to the cadence of the tribal chant.

This was followed by a musical ride of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, in which, on former occasions, one of our boys was a leader before he went to the Yukon as one of the military detachment selected for service in that far-away region. The precision with which the intricate evolutions were gone through, the horses stepping in time to the tune; the perfect alignment in marching and wheeling; the splendid bearing of man and horse; the serried array of mounted troopers moving with the regularity of clock-work to the rhythm of inspiring music composed a scene well calculated to evoke the applause with which every special incident of the performance was received. This, to me, was one of the two highlights of the program.

The other was the fancy drill of the Streetor Zouaves, who positively eclipsed everything I ever saw in infantry drill. The ingenuity and agility with which they scaled a twenty-foot wall was really wonderful. Standing on each others' shoulders, some of them formed a human ladder for the others to ascend, the last man being hauled up by means of a rifle.

Perhaps the Toozoonin Arabs, as acrobats, were equally clever. They certainly did some extraordinary feats in the throwing of somersaults, balancing and tumbling; but I must confess a lack of interest in these things.

The vaudeville entertainment, while the best of its kind in every feature, was to me a tiresome, long-winded affair, necessitating, as it did, the division of one's attention in order to see three different performances taking place simultaneously.

The double military pyrotechnical spectacle, illustrating the British victory of Omdurman in Egypt, and the American capture of Hoilo in the Philippine Islands, was an imposing sight, to be enjoyed rather than understood by those who have a taste for the sensational. A battle is most bewildering to an ordinary person who does not understand the plan of campaign. In a sham fight you may often hear the soldiers asking each other: "Are we victorious or are we licked?" How, then, shall the spectator be expected to understand the details of two battles, being fought simultaneously under vastly different conditions, even after having read a programme? And where ballet dancing, sailors' hornpipes and other "funny business" are sandwiched between various parts of the battle, the confusion is worse confounded. If one could allot one eye and one lobe of the brain to one battle and the other eye and half of the brain to the second battle one might hope to bring away, if not a feat, at any rate a vague recollection of what one has witnessed, but having tried this and

failed, I can only say that there was a booming of cannon, a crackle of musketry; blue lights and squibs; brass bands and bagpipes; lemonade sellers and programme boys walking over your feet at the critical moment when you think you are able to tell which are the Yankees and which the Filipinos; the backs of people who will stand on the seats when the Khalifi strikes an attitude; smoke, and acres of it; noise as of Bedlam let loose; gunboats that have real smoke coming out of their funnels and are propelled by equally real men on the side which you can't see; geological catastrophes in canvas landscapes; demonstrations of the value of the hinge as applied to the reduction of a city and its suburbs by siege; and other things too numerous and insignificant to mention, all of which is respectfully submitted as the disjointed fragments of two battles, which the reader is asked to put together for himself, for I am blest if I can unless the stage manager numbers them in the order as they are mutually related.

There were many things that transpired when I was absent or not looking. I went out on the verandah of the Main Building for a breath of fresh air, and was surprised to see something coming down out of the sky which looked like an angel with a parasol. It was "America's most daring lady aeronaut" coming down from her balloon with a parachute. I had forgotten all about her. The practical exhibition of saving life from wrecks by a crew from the Atlantic Coast Guard Service was something I regret exceedingly having missed. As regards the fireworks that followed the battle, well, you know what fireworks are like. These were very good; but I was too tired to appreciate them. My eyes ached, my head ached, my brain was in a whirl. What a relief it was to go home and go to bed and go to sleep!

W. J. Whittier, Jr.

Outward Bound

THE Atlantic is nothing if not changeable, and the variety of weather and experiences in Atlantic voyages is proverbial. Nevertheless, when one undertakes to give an account of a passage, one realizes that the incidents are much the same as those of former voyages that have already been narrated, and despairs of avoiding vain repetitions. However, our July passage had one distinctive feature of its own in the fact of its being our first experiment of a shipping company that, besides being new to ourselves, is almost new to the Atlantic passenger trade, the firm of Elder Dempster & Co., otherwise known as The African Steamship Company of London, Liverpool and Bristol. The original intention, announced through the customary channels, was to dispatch a party of about 250 on the 13th of July. On that date the ship of the Dominion Line was the *Ottoman*, a very fine and fairly fast cargo ship, where we looked forward to being very comfortably accommodated. It transpired, however, that the *Ottoman*, not having for some time past carried passengers, was not fitted with the requisite number of boats, lifebelts, fire extinguishing apparatus and other appliances required by the regulations of the Board of Trade. To have supplied these would have cost money, and Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. were averse to spending this money. They thought we might just as well wait for the *Vancouver*, leaving on the 20th of July, and if Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. had been the only firm running ships to the St. Lawrence, probably we should have done so. As it was, after some amount of negotiations, the party was booked by the steamer *Lake Huron*, formerly one of the Beaver Line fleet but taken over with the other vessels of that now

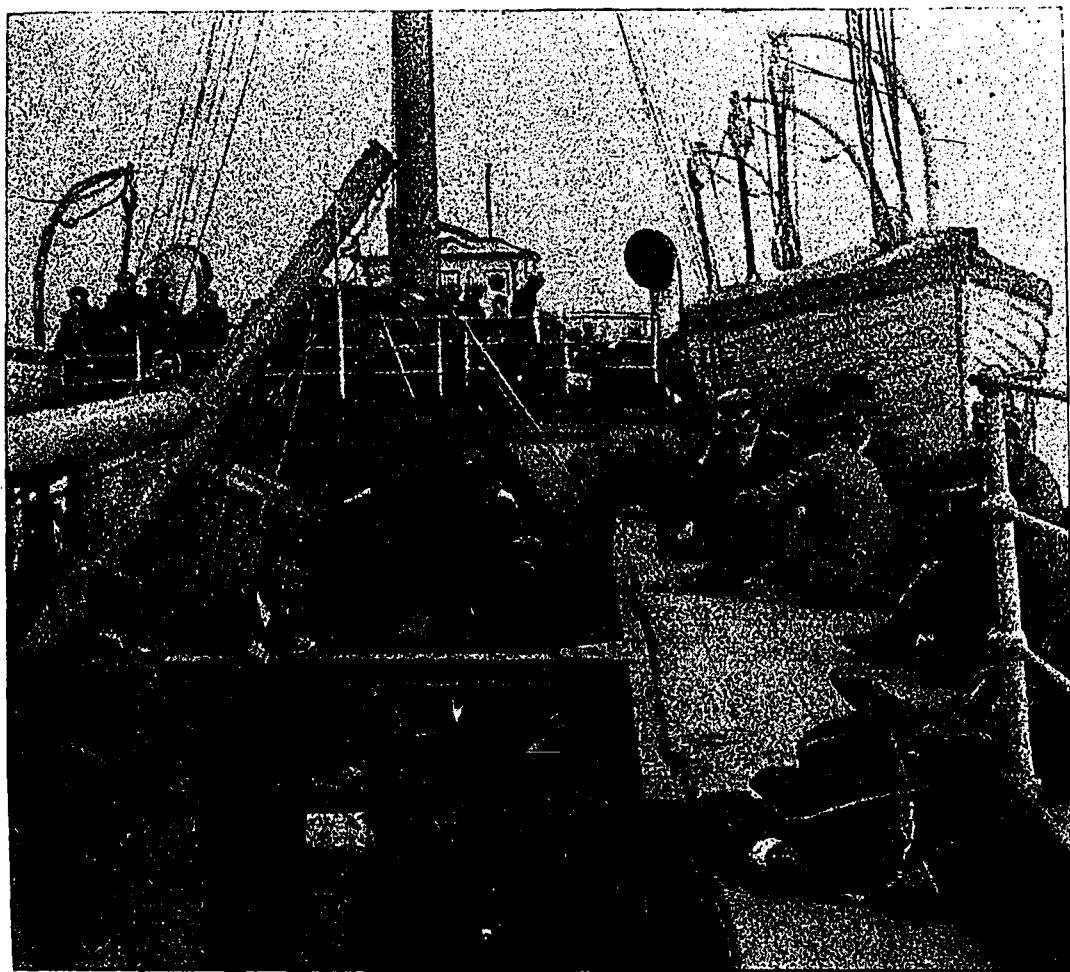
defunct, concern by Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co. Of this firm we had reason to form the highest opinion. The managing partner, Mr. Alfred Lewis Jones, is one of those Napoleons of the commercial world whose energy and resource have done so much to build up the greatness and fame of the British mercantile marine. After a very successful career in the East African trade, the firm has, within late years, extended its operations to the St. Lawrence, and has placed a fleet of immense ships in the Montreal trade, including several of the largest carriers that come to the port. The *Montfort*, the *Montcalm*, the *Monterey*, the *Monteagle*, the *Milwaukee*, and other vessels of the same type capable of carrying immense cargoes of grain, cheese, frozen meat and live stock, have developed a very profitable trade for their owners between Montreal and London and Bristol, and the directors, of whom Mr. Jones is the leading spirit, were so far encouraged by the success of their Canadian enterprise that, when the opportunity offered, they acquired the Beaver Line, consisting of the four ships, *Lake Ontario*, *Lake Superior*, *Lake Huron* and *Lake Winnipeg*. The first two are well-known ships of comparatively modern type and with very fair passenger accommodation. The last two have decidedly seen their best days, and the *Lake Huron* was described to the writer as a "good old has-been." Nevertheless, we knew sufficient of her staunchness and sea-going qualities to feel no misgiving at the idea of consigning ourselves to her, especially when a very considerable saving of rates was to be effected. Some of our friends on hearing of the fact to store for a solemn and formally took leave of us, desiring a look of our hair as a parting remembrance.

etc. We had no hair to spare, having recently sat to the barber, and intimated to the friends in question that we in no way considered ourselves a subject for their condolences. Nevertheless, although we repudiated these civilities, we must own to some rather unpleasant forebodings when we paid a preparatory visit to the *Lake Huron* in the Langton Dock at Liverpool, for the purpose of laying out the space to be occupied by the different sections of the party and settling necessary arrangements. We know what a ship looks like when she comes off a long voyage and has just landed a large consignment of cattle, and we know the marvellous transformation that can be wrought in a few hours by a well-equipped "shore gang" of joiners and painters. We have seen compartments, in which cattle had wallowed up to the knees in manure, in two days' time converted into a second cabin saloon and state-rooms, floored, carpeted, painted and varnished and furnished with fixed tables, upholstered settees, berths, sofas, washstands, piano, electric light, steam heat and all the other fittings and appliances common to a well-appointed cabin. Knowing what could be done, however, we confess that we regarded the *Lake Huron* with something like despair. She looked like a ship that needed a thorough overhauling in the dry-dock, and as if two weeks rather than two days was the time she required to fit up for sea. However, we were committed to her, and we kept our opinions to ourselves, and devoted our energies to making the best of what we feared would be a very bad job. We had to arrange a special compartment for the girls, another for the boys as far removed as possible from the first, and a small compartment separate from either for the Labour House lads of the party. There were washing and sanitary appliances to examine, and stowage hatchles, rooms for master and patron, space for baggage, pantry, etc. to locate. Bed-

ding, soap, towels, curtains for bunks, hooks for hanging clothes, filter for water, hospital accommodation, and a dozen and other little requisites had to be thought of and mentioned. We have generally found the steamship companies very willing to give us all we ask for; but they can hardly be expected to give us what we don't ask for, and if we forget any of these special requirements, we have only ourselves to thank for the consequences. In the present instance, we found Mr. Smith, the Construction Superintendent of the Company, a little inclined to demur to some of our requests; but we had previously secured Mr. Jones' order that we were to have all we wanted, and, with this generous *carte blanche*, we were not afraid to open our mouths. Our visit of inspection was paid on the 13th, the day after the ship's arrival in port, and she was then to leave on the 15th. The officials were a little slow to abandon the attempt to get her off "on time;" but we at length persuaded them not to attempt impossibilities, and her departure was deferred to the afternoon of Monday the 17th, when it was arranged that she would leave the Landing Stage at 4.30. We returned to London, hoping rather than expecting that things would be all right. Monday the 17th came round, as Mondays do come in the course of time and nature, and at nine o'clock in the morning we were mustering in the yard at Stepney and the bugle had sounded for "Canada boys" to "fall in." Mr. Mitchell had arrived with his modest contingent of nine from the Labour House, and Mr. Maillard had marched in the seventy six that formed the Leopold House section of the party, the band was playing and windows above were crowded with the heads of boys who had left their work in the shops and schools to shout farewells and cheers to those who were leaving. Mr. Anderson, big with mighty purpose as the master in charge, was making his commanding tones heard

above the tumult of voices; the arrival of the brakes was at length announced; Mr. Wright, the representative of the London and North-Western Railway appeared in our midst to superintend the arrangements; the order to march was given; the large brakes were rapidly filled at the gate, where the unsoaped of the Commercial Road, that had been gathering in considerable numbers to witness the exodus, were kept back by a couple of stal-

away we slowly move to the enthusiastic delight of the assembled crowd and the "outsides" of the numerous trams and omnibuses which meet or pass the long string of vehicles. It had been arranged that we should cross over to the Whitechapel Road, with the idea of joining the girls, who were coming up in brakes from Ilford, so as to go through the city in a body; but, after waiting at the top of Jubilee Street for a quarter of an hour with-



Life on the Ocean Wave.

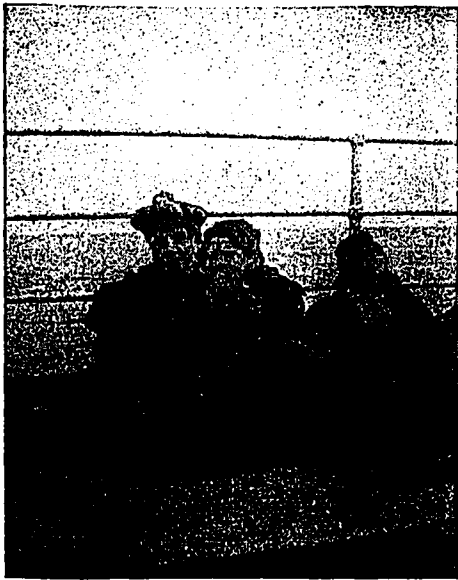
wart policemen; the numbers, as they were counted on to the brakes, checked with the list and found to be correct, the "outsiders" four youths who had come up specially to join the party and, being in unfamiliar quarters, might have stowed themselves in some remote corner at the last minute were found to be safely on board, the procession is formed, up strikes the band and

out seeing anything of the Ilford contingent, we decided that we must go on without them. It was well we did so, as they only arrived at the last moment, one of the horses—as we learned afterwards, having "given out," necessitating the unloading of one of the vehicles and the distribution of its occupants among the others. The day was a "broiler," and as we passed

through the City, the sun blazed upon us as though he meant that we should remember how he can shine in England in July when he has a mind to and the London smoke lets us see his face. Happily, the boys are no longer arrayed in corduroy trousers, hob-nailed boots and woollen Tam O'Shanters. We can hardly realize that the war of many years that we have waged against these hateful garments has at last resulted in their abolition; but patience and perseverance do in time overcome even official obsolescence and obstructiveness. It gives us hope that in process of time we may see the outfits of our young emigrants packed in strong, serviceable valises, such as are generally used in Canada and are adapted to the requirements of the country. We have accomplished the disuse of wooden boxes, with their gimcrack hinges and useless locks and faculty of breaking to pieces on their first journey; but the outfits are now sent in cotton bags, of which a number are packed in large bales, leaving the valises to be supplied in Toronto. This arrangement is inconvenient, but the English mind moves slowly and we may have to remain in this transition state for some years before the idea of a telescope valise, constructed of mill boards covered with canvas and fastened with a couple of leather straps, is grasped by the mechanical and inventive genius of the authorities. We should doubtless have had to pass through the same intermediary stage with the trousers; but there were obvious objections to sending boys away without these garments; and when once the official fiat had gone forth abolishing corduroy it was necessary at once to substitute another material. Our boys now arrive in Canada clad in the garb of the nineteenth century, and no longer excite ridicule and unpleasant remark by their grotesque appearance; and having accomplished this much, we don't despair even of valises. Apart from

the improved appearance of their clothing, we had every reason to feel proud of the lads as we saw the party drawn up on the platform at Euston, when they looked an uncommonly bright, healthy, clean, well "set up" body of young fellows, who will be a credit to themselves and the old land. Unhappily, Dr. Barnardo was not with us, and we sorely missed his presence and farewell greetings. He was obliged to leave London on urgent business, and we said good-bye to him several days previously. There were, however, many familiar faces on the platform among those who had assembled to see the last of us: Mr. Fowler, doubtless devoutly thankful to get the party off his hands, as we are sure we should have been if we were in his place; Mr. Finney, who viewed with pastoral solicitude this going forth to pastures new of such numbers of his young flock, many of whom, we doubt not, he has been the means of directing to the higher and better life; Mr. Maillard and Mr. Mitchell, taking leave of their respective charges, and Mr. Anderson, whose arduous labours for the day cease with the entraining of the party and the distribution of the sandwiches. Others have tried their hands at the charge of these "goings off," but no one is a "patch" on Mr. Anderson as generalissimo on such occasions, and whenever next we go abroad, and for many a long year to come, may we have so far the benefit of his military genius and power of command. Doubtless he oftentimes wonders how we do without him when we leave him on the platform at Euston; but the fact that we manage somehow to worry through "on our own" in no way detracts from our profound admiration of his powers and appreciation of his genial presence as far as it is vouchsafed to us. The special train of the London and North-Western Railway, by which we left Euston at 11.50, lands us at the Riverside Station in Liverpool at 4.35. We won't say we expected, but we

had been informed, that the *Lake Huron* would be at the stage by that time to embark the party; but it was with no shock of surprise that we learned that the ship had not come alongside, and that it would be some little time before she would reach the stage. We quite believed this last piece of information, but, having the platforms of the Riverside Station to ourselves, we were not in bad quarters, and having found seats for the party, the girls on the trucks and benches and the boys along the edge of the platform, we prepared ourselves for a good, long wait. The Board of Trade Medical Officer came up to the station to pass the party, dispensing in



Convalescents.

the present instance with the formal regulation that requires that all steerage passengers shall be examined on board the ship. The doctor was a wise man, and knew too much of what is good for himself as well as for other people to wait about an indefinite time for the *Lake Huron*. Sinister rumours presently reached us that the ship "wasn't coming to the stage at all," that "she hadn't left the dock," that "she wasn't going to sail at all." We said nothing but, like the parrot, thought the more and metally prepared ourselves for any eventualities. Presently a very courteous

message from Mr. Jones was the precursor of trays of buns and cakes and cases of ginger beer, with which the members of the party were regaled to their immense satisfaction. We sampled the ginger beer ourselves, but got no "furrader" on it, and came to the conclusion that it is the cup that neither cheers nor inebriates. It required more than ginger beer to raise our spirits under such circumstances. At last, relief came to the weary suspense in an official announcement that the *Lake Huron* was in the river, but would not be brought to the stage, and would embark the passengers in tenders. We were soon on the move, and a few minutes sufficed to bring us alongside the venerable craft herself. She looked particularly uninviting, having a horrible list and an uncleaned, unpainted, and generally dishevelled appearance. The muster of the crew was in progress as the tender reached the ship, and our embarkation was postponed till this was all over. We could see at a glance that it was a very "wet" sailing day, and that our troubles were only beginning when we got the party on board. We began to wonder, in fact, whether we should find anybody but the officers bordering on sobriety, and speedily came to the conclusion that we should not. The British seaman and the British steward have many useful and admirable qualities, but sobriety is not amongst them, and from time immemorial, and even on the best disciplined ships, sailing day is the occasion for a drunk, big or little, according to the financial resources of the drinker. The tribulations of chief officers, chief engineers and chief stewards with men drunk and incapable, men drunk and disorderly, and men between the two, are indescribable, and these tribulations were mighty on the sailing day of the *Lake Huron*. However we knew our way about and soon got the girls and boys into their respective quarters, having driven out before us various detachments of other passengers who had previously

taken unauthorized possession. We discovered that our fellow passengers in the steerage consisted exclusively of Polish Jews bound for New York, and that there were nearly 500 of this unsavoury humanity on board. On shore, we have a certain respect for God's chosen people, but, regarding them as fellow passengers on a steamship, we confess ourselves to be violently anti-Semitic. We have travelled with people of all nationalities and creeds, and with horses, cattle, sheep and hogs; but for filth, dirt, stench and general abomination we unhesitatingly give the palm to these Polish Jews. In appearance, speech, manners, customs and habits they were utterly and always objectionable, and we rejoiced to think that their destination was New York and that the territories of Uncle Sam, and not of the Dominion, were to receive this addition to their population. What they do in New York is a mystery; but we doubt not that wherever dirt, squalor and garbage heaps are to be found, and a trade can be carried on in rags, bottles, bones and scrap iron, these ill-favoured seed of Abraham will thrive and multiply. On the *Lake Huron* we had at first some little difficulty in educating them to the fact that their presence was not desired anywhere but in their own quarters; but, with the aid of such few words of German as we can command and the occasional exercise of a little physical force, we succeeded in impressing upon them that neither their persons, their bedding nor the bundles of rags that constitute their luggage would be offered hospitality in any of our compartments, and, if found there, would be summarily and unceremoniously ejected. Once cleared of Jews and their appurtenances, the children's quarters were comfortable and fairly commodious. We have been better off for space and much worse; but there was very little to complain of, on the whole, and the girls were remarkably snug and well housed. Mrs. Brown had her usual little cabin

below at the foot of the stair, where her vigilant eye could spot any intruder, and where she was ready for any emergency either by night or day. With the boys, and occupying the master's cabin in their quarters, we had Mr. William Notman, a member of that numerous family whose name has been a household word since the earliest days of the Institutions. Mr. Notman was making his maiden trip to sea; but before the end of the journey we had proved him to be a genuine "chip of the old block," and to have inherited in full measure the wit and wisdom that have for many years illuminated the bootmaker's shop at Stepney and been a pillar of strength to the Edinburgh Castle. Withal we found Mr. Notman a willing and valuable helper, and we highly appreciated his services. In addition to the regular staff in charge, we were favoured with the presence of Rev. H. J. Blathwayt, who travelled with us in the capacity of chaplain. In fulfilment of his duties, Mr. Blathwayt conducted morning and evening service with the boys throughout the voyage, and general services in the saloon on Sunday, at which a number of the girls were present. At other times, Mr. Blathwayt who was accompanied by Mrs. Blathwayt -- was a great deal among the children, and made himself generally popular on board by his affable and kindly bearing. His ministrations were much appreciated by his young flock, and we think he must have been gratified by the attention and good conduct that prevailed at his services. On the first evening on board, however, we felt more inclined for a commination service than any other, and if Mr. Blathwayt had offered to hold one, we could have joined heartily in the fiercest anathemas. It was the sort of experience that one lives through and can laugh at afterwards, but at the time was more provocative of thoughts of suicide than laughter. With huge exertion we succeeded by ten o'clock at night in getting the wherewithal for a meal for the chil-

dren, served to them in partial darkness, some of the lamps being without glasses, others without wicks and others without oil. The breaths of some of the attendants might perhaps have been ignited; but at the time it didn't occur to us to try the experiment, and somehow or other the youngsters succeeded in finding the way to their mouths and afterwards into their berths. The night was beautifully calm and the ship riding steadily. The usual state

had no resource but to sit up and grumble and threaten, only soothing themselves with the thought that "they'll be quiet enough this time to-morrow." And so it proved. The second day out was again gloriously fine, and things began to settle down into working order. The liquor being slept off, we found that there were good men on board and good discipline, and that everyone was anxious to make things pleasant for the young passengers. In



Mrs. Brown and Her Charges.

of excitement prevailed, begotten of the novelty of the situation, and much stern repression was required to keep the tongues still, while only pointed references to laughing "at the other side of the mouth" availed to stop tittering and play. The elders of the party, who longed to go to bed if they could conscientiously have done so and could find nothing exhilarating in the situation

Captain Jones, we soon discovered that we had at the head of affairs one of the kindest and best hearted of shipmates, who could not do enough for us. One of his earliest suggestions was to allow the girls the use of the deck at night. This was an undecidable proposition, giving the deck space, as desired, but the weather did not permit, as we were within hail of the ice and

their appointments, and had unlimited room for games or sitting about. The arrangement contributed immensely to the comfort and enjoyment of the passage, and was by no means the only obligation to which we were under to the kindly forethought of the captain. He was constantly amongst us, and took the liveliest interest in our proceedings, often coming down to the meals or services and seeing that we had everything that could be required. In the chief steward, Mr. Gaade, we had another good friend, and one whom we had known of old on the *Labrador*, *Vancouver*, and other ships. Mr. Gaade is a man who knows his business and looks well after it, and the Company is to be congratulated on having secured the services of so efficient and deservedly popular an officer. We soon, in fact, began to think that the old *Lake Huron* was not so bad after all, and when once the routine became well established, came to the conclusion we were going to be remarkably comfortable. We had not expected to make a fast passage, and as long as the old engines were kept moving, which was managed for a fair proportion of each twenty-four hours, we were not exercised on the score of speed. The Jews were an offence to the senses of sight, sound and smell, and they introduced to us in large numbers a species of passengers that was neither on the tickets or the bills of lading, and which we have heard described as "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" but we were well supplied with carbolic and other disinfectants, and used them freely. The sea-sickness was general for the first two or three days, causing much suffering to the victims, and giving a respite of peace and quietness that was an immense relief after the excitement of the departure. It was soon shaken off, however, and with the exception of two or three unfortunate who managed to "prolong the agony" the third or fourth day found everyone on their feet. On board the ship the days seem to pass

with extraordinary rapidity. They are very full days with lots of work and lots of anxiety, but the hours seem never to hang heavily. Washings, inspections, parades, meals, services seem to fill up the time from five in the morning till bedtime at night. Our aim is to keep everyone well and clean, to maintain good discipline, and to get to know each one individually, so that when the time comes for the placing out of the party we may be able to select intelligently and not put round boys into square situations. We do not trust altogether to casual meetings for this individual acquaintance, but at every spare half-hour of the day a small muster of boys may be seen round the door of "Mr. Owen's room," and each boy in turn passes in for a few minutes' private conversation, when we try to find out what sort of a boy he is, and what are his ideas and wishes for his future. Nearly everyone would like to go on to a farm, and is sent away happy with the assurance that his wish will be gratified. Some lads have got brothers or sisters already in Canada whom they wish to be near, and there are chums in the party who are anxious not to be separated and whom we promise to do the best we can to keep together. Each boy tells us his birthday, where he comes from, what friends he has living and where, and other little particulars about himself, which we carefully record and preserve for future reference, with notes of our impression of his appearance, intelligence and so forth. This interviewing fills up all the intervals between the regular functions, and it is only completed in time to enable us to select and make out the lists for the Winnipeg Home, for boarding out and for placing in situations in Ontario respectively. One halt day has to be given up to the sorting out and overhauling of the baggage, the big bales having all to be unpacked and the "kits" of the Winnipeg contingent taken out from the others and separately packed. The changing of money takes up another after

noon, and a very important business it is, involving the first introduction to the almighty dollar, or the fraction thereof, in the shape of quarters and five and ten-cent pieces. Most of the party are capitalists, their wealth ranging from a penny upwards; but we always bring with us several pounds' worth of Canadian silver, chiefly what is vulgarly known as "chicken feed," and the pennies, sixpences and shillings are speedily converted into Canadian currency, the standard of exchange being a cent for a halfpenny. While we are engaged in this money-changing business, the ship's doctor is having a field day amongst the Jews with the vaccination inspection, and we have no desire to exchange jobs with him. All the way across the western ocean the weather was propitious to the old *Lake Huron*, but in the ice-track we had an anxious time. One hundred and forty miles east of Belle Isle the first ice was sighted, and shortly after daybreak on Tuesday the 25th, the ship was in the midst of heavy pack-ice, extending as far as the eye could reach. It was impossible to proceed on the westerly course, and the captain put the ship about and proceeded south and east for over fifty miles, until a passage could be discovered through the heavy fields of ice. Fortunately fog kept off, and when once the passage was found, the ship was not long in getting through the field and into clear water. Belle Isle was reached on the morning of the 26th, and by the middle of the day we were through the Straits and in the Gulf. Here the weather became thick and very disagreeable, and the run of three hundred miles from Belle Isle to Heath Point, Anticosti, was made in fog and rain. The fog lifted just as the ship was making Heath Point on the afternoon of Thursday the 27th, enabling us to exchange signals with the telegraph station. Not long after we were ignominiously passed by the *Laconquer*, which had left Liverpool three days after us, and was evidently making a fast passage

Friday and Saturday, the two last days of the passage, were delightful. The wild and interesting scenery of the River St. Lawrence was beheld to its best advantage, and the youngsters enjoyed themselves hugely on deck, and disported themselves to their hearts' content in the bright sunshine. At Father Point, a hundred and fifty-eight miles from Quebec, the Quebec pilot was taken on board, and here we received letters and papers. The list of applications for boys, made up and dispatched by Mr. Davis in Toronto, came safely to hand, enabling us, before we reached Quebec, to settle the destinations of the majority of the party and purchase through tickets for them, thus securing the benefit of the low immigrant rate to

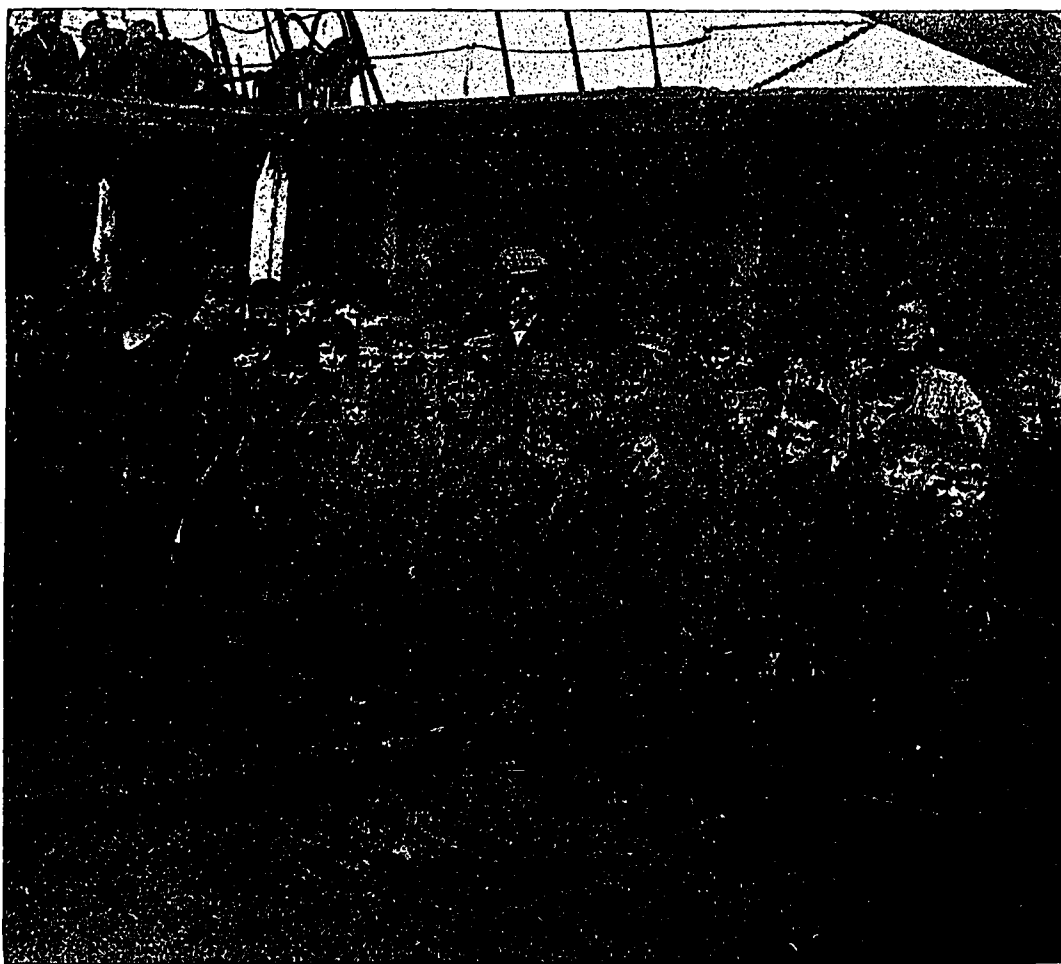


Facing the Camera.

the ultimate point of the journey. The packing up is always a heavy contract, but the engines gave us ample time for all preparations. A stoppage was made at the Quarantine Station at Grosse Isle, and the Jews were mustered and inspected by the quarantine officer. He accepted our word for the children, and although they had been mustered in readiness for passing, this formality was dispensed with. At 1:00 p.m. we were reboarding the familiar land, and very soon we were having a grand view of the Citadel and the quiet old town of

Quebec nestling under its stern shadow. By 1.30 we had made fast to the Grand Trunk wharf, and the journey, that had occupied exactly twelve days from port to port, had actually come to an end. We cannot say that we exactly regretted saying farewell to the old *Lake Huron*, but the kindness that we had met with on board, especially from Captain Jones, had made our passage a very pleasant one in spite of all drawbacks, and we parted with

lads and lassies as anyone could wish to behold. Mr. Struthers and Mr. White were waiting our arrival to take charge of their respective contingents, and soon left by tender to take the Canadian Pacific Railway from the opposite side of the river. The Ontario section travelled by the Grand Trunk, a special train being provided for us. It was decided that we should leave at 6.00, so that we were not hurried in preparations, and the ticketing,



"Fall In!"

the genial commander with the fear that we had only half expressed our grateful appreciation of all he had done for us. One of our first duties on landing was to dispatch to Dr. Barnardo the cable message, "Arrived safe; all well," that we knew he would be anxiously looking for. We certainly were "all well," and remarkably well at that, and as bright and promising a party of

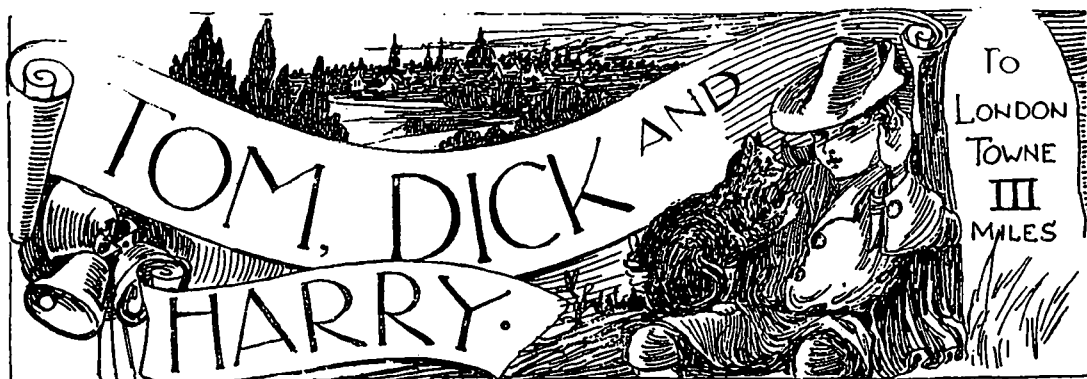
baggage-checking and entraining of the party proceeded quietly and comfortably. We had victualled ourselves amply for the journey, one end of a car being loaded up with barrels of bread, tins of corned meat, cheese, boxes of hard-boiled eggs and *et ceteras*. It looked a formidable pile on starting, but had dwindled to remarkably small dimensions before we reached the

journey's end. The railway journey was uneventful. We made splendid time, our train running as a fast passenger special, making few stops and meeting no detentions. The girls left us, under charge of Mrs. Brown, at Belleville, to take the branch line to Peterborough, the rest of the party proceeding on the main line to Toronto. Before mid-day on Sunday our travels were over, and we were safely housed at 214 Farley Avenue. Bathing, medical inspection, changing of clothes, with an interval for a short service in the dining hall, filled up the day. The service was not a very formal affair, and consisted chiefly of a short address to the lads, in which we talked to them of the fresh stage of their lives upon which they were entering, where there would be new trials and difficulties to face and fresh temptations to fight against. They were going out as strangers in a strange land; but we bid them remember that they were not friendless or alone, but took with them the best and truest of all friends, the One who had been a working boy on earth Himself and who could sympathize in every circumstance of life, and Whom we would have them look to as the Guide and Guardian of their lives. We felt much for the lads, as we talked to them, going out to fight the battle of life for themselves in a new land, at an age when most boys are under the sheltering care of home and parents; but we know that He

has promised to them "I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest," and that their future, with all its possibilities and uncertainties, is the object of the gracious care and direction of the Father of the fatherless and the Friend of the friendless, in Whose love and tenderness they have a portion which none can take from them. From service the lads march off straight to bed to get a good night's rest in readiness for an early start the next day. In the morning, we are up by daylight, and the morning trains clear everybody off to situations or foster-homes; twenty-five little lads go north with Mr. Gaunt to their boarding-out homes in Muskoka, and by the afternoon the place is once again deserted. It has been a bit of a rush, but everything has gone off without a hitch or mishap; and the general conduct and behaviour of the lads, from the beginning of the journey to the end, have been admirable. The same, indeed, must be said of the girls, who, we hear, reached Peterborough safe and sound within two hours of leaving us at Belleville. There has not been a single case of either serious misconduct or of illness among either girls or boys, and we look back upon the experiences of the fortnight with the sense that all the way His hand has indeed led us, and that the protecting care and providence of our God have been over us for good.

ALFRED B. OWEN.





WINTER is coming ; Autumn is already here ! The season of short days and long nights is at hand, when leisure for indoor amusements and mental recreation will not be wanting. What are you going to do with it, boys ? Let me hold you by the button-hole for a little chat on the subject of turning your winter evenings to good account

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We have already considered the advantage of keeping good company of the benefits to be derived from the best thoughts of the best minds by reading good books. Let us now continue the subject and discuss self-culture. You know how necessary it is to cultivate the soil in order to increase its productivity. Do you know that it is equally necessary to cultivate the mind, if you would promote its growth and that of the character ? Fallow fields bear no crops ; undeveloped minds are equally barren. It is not enough to do the day's work mechanically, without thought or care for the results ; an animal can do that. It is not even enough to use one's best endeavours to be thorough in one's work, and to learn from observation and experience how to get the most return for the least expenditure of labour, although this is necessary to success and good so far as it goes. The mind needs to be fertilized by the thoughts and experience of others to enlarge its scope for knowledge and foster the growth of ideas. This can best be done by reading and intelligent conversation and cultivated talk, than

upon what one has read, seen or heard.

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Agriculture deals with the methods to be employed in the tilling of the soil, and self-culture deals with the methods for improving the mind. Perhaps before taking up any specific study, it were better first to acquaint one's self with the means of using aright the powers that lie fallow in the mind. For this purpose I can strongly recommend the reading of four books by Samuel Smiles, viz. : " Self-Help," which shows how to help one's self to the good things of life ; " Character," which tells how to build up a character that will be most serviceable to the individual and the state ; " Thrift," which treats on the value of industry and the economical use of the rewards of work in money, talents and good habits ; " Duty," which illustrates the virtue and benefit of courage, patience, endurance and trustworthiness in the performance of duty, and the practical results of a well-regulated life. These books are not of the namby-pamby sort, too goody-goody to be interesting. I know the taste of a youth what he would prefer to read and what he would choose not to read. They are not sugar-coated pills, to be swallowed as medicine ; they are just the sort of books a boy would like to get hold of, if he knew what they are. Full of anecdotes and practical examples of men and women who have made their mark in the world, they abound with inestimable instruction drawn from biography and historical events in

the career of men and nations, and there is not a dry chapter in the four books. Every boy and young man should read them; nay, they should be possessed, so that they may be read again in after life. No one can read them without being encouraged and stimulated to make a better use of time, talents and opportunities.

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Another little book, by Sir John Lubbock, the great scientist, which can be bought for twenty-five cents, ought to be read by every person with a spark of ambition. It is entitled "The Pleasures of Life," and it is certainly 'one of life's clean pleasures to have been elevated by it. Do not imagine that because it is written by a very learned scientist it is hard to understand or a task to read. It is simple in the extreme, and charming as it is simple. It is written for young people who earn their daily bread with the sweat of hard, honest toil, and sympathetically takes them by the hand, and, under the guidance of a past master in the arts and sciences, leads them along the paths of knowledge, from which all difficulties have been removed. That you may judge of its contents, here is a synopsis of it as indicated by the heads of chapters:

The Duty of Happiness.
 The Happiness of Duty.
 A Song of Books.
 The Choice of Books.
 The Blessing of Friends.
 The Value of Time.
 The Pleasures of Travel.
 The Pleasures of Home.
 Science.
 Education.
 Ambition.
 Health.
 Wealth.
 Love.
 Art.
 Poetry.
 Music.
 The Beauty of Nature.
 The Troubles of Life.
 Labour and Rest.
 Religion.
 The Hope of Progress.
 The Destiny of Man.

Such is the bill of fare
 of a reason and flower of

you are invited to partake. When you have tasted this, you will, if you are an epicure, desire to read another little work by the same author, called "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World we Live in." It contains an introduction on foreign and English scenery, and the enjoyment of it, the aurora and the seasons, and chapters on animal life, plant life, woods and fields, mountains, water and water plants and animals, rivers, lakes and the sea, and one on the starry heavens, all of which, and much more than this outline mentions, you may have the privilege of viewing through the eye of a scientist.

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You can very well spend the winter on these six books, every one of which you should own, though you may, perhaps, be able to borrow them from the nearest library or Mechanics' Institute. If you have the time, and feel the need of some lighter literature to read between times, you will find all of Sir Walter Scott's, Dickens', Fenimore Cooper's and George Eliot's novels both entertaining and ennobling. Read also "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," by Kingsley; "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Miss Mulock; "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson; and "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne. Write to Albert Britnell, Bookseller, Yonge Street, or to any other bookseller in Toronto, if you cannot get the books you want where you live.

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The reading of the six books by Smiles and Lubbock is by way of preparation for a particular line of study, with a view to proficiency in some one line of effort. This may be compared to making ready the seed bed for sowing. It is better to be able to polish a pair of shoes perfectly than write a book in a slovenly manner. "Whatsoe'er thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

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THESE BOOKS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

ably the great majority of people don't know where they are. They don't know whether they are in the front, the middle or the end of the procession, or whether they are in the procession at all. They might, for all they care, be one of that rag-tag-and-bob-tail crowd that follows it. It is well, at the start, to know where you stand; then to decide where you are going, and how. He who goes anywhere anyhow, is likely to reach nowhere somehow. Be a traveller, not a wanderer; in taking a journey, have a destination and a defined route to travel to it.

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If you intend to be a farmer, take up a course of study in agricultural geology and chemistry, so that you may understand the nature and formation of the crust of the earth, the soil best suited for certain crops and the means and methods for making it fertile at the least cost. Then, in stock-raising, you will need to ascertain the breeds of cattle for the various purposes, how to feed them so as to afford the most nutriment at the least expense, how to care for them, and utilize their products to the best profit. Procure some reliable manual on farming for profit, of which there are many, read and study it carefully, and apply its theories as you have the occasion, noting with a critical eye the results. Perhaps you cannot do better than write to the Secretary of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont., for advice on the choice of books on the subject you wish to study. Every farmer who has a taste for poetry should read Dryden's translation of Virgil's "Georgics" and "Pastorals." Virgil is said to have been born seventy years before Christ, yet to day he is held in greater veneration than when he lived, while his works rank among the classics. Although a great poet and philosopher, he was a practical farmer, a most acute observer of the weather and seasons, and their influence upon animal and plant life, and his observations in verse on husbandry and bee-keeping

contain knowledge useful alike to this age to his own generation.

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Whether a young man is to be a farmer, a mechanic or a merchant, he should be able to express himself in his own language grammatically; he should have a fair knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, geography and history; he should know somewhat of the laws to which as a citizen he must conform; and he should be sufficiently conversant with the political institutions of the country to be able to vote intelligently on current political questions. No boy or man can be immoral, dishonest or unprincipled without coming to grief, no matter what may be his station in life. No person living but is accountable to God for his thoughts and actions, as he is to man in the transactions of social life. Religion and morality, therefore, are an indispensable part of the education of everyone, and cannot be neglected without peril to himself here and hereafter.

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Should you make up your mind to be a mechanic, having no ambition to excel or rise from the journeyman's bench, and content to be employed or discharged as suits the convenience of your employer, then you may afford to ignore your prospects by neglecting the opportunities now so plentiful for acquiring a technical training. Otherwise you must learn all you can by observation and practice as an apprentice, and in leisure hours supplement this knowledge and ability with a technical education in such branches as will be of service to you, whether it be mechanical draughting, applied science, mensuration, storing the memory with useful information and recipes, and in other ways fitting yourself for a position of trust and responsibility. Promotion follows on competency, and discharge on ignorance. Manual dexterity and industry are the desirable qualities of a workman, but for an overseer in addition to these he must possess watchfulness, resourcefulness

in emergencies, decision, tact in the handling of men as well as tools, executiveness, practical technical knowledge of all details of his branch of the business and a fair education. Such a man is marked by the watchful eye of the employer and raised to the position his abilities merit as soon as an opening offers. It is the man who is not satisfied with being as good as his fellows who is put to superintend them.

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Handing goods over a counter and making change does not constitute a merchant, nor yet a salesman. Knowledge of the goods, of how they are made, their intrinsic and marketable values; knowledge of human nature—how to serve a customer to the satisfaction of both parties to the transaction; knowledge of commercial law governing buying and selling: these and a thousand other details must be mastered before one can be a proficient salesman. From this upward to the merchant is a long stride, demanding extended experience and a wider mercantile education. He must buy as well as sell; he must control as well as serve.

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Then, what an additional value reading has! How it enlarges one's view of life and the world! It is like viewing a landscape from the top of a mountain, for do we not overlook men and things from the altitude of the great mind whose thoughts we peruse? As we think, we become. If we circumscribe the horizon of our thoughts to the dia-

meter of our own little sphere of action, we shall be narrow minded and unable to appreciate what lies beyond the circle of our observation. Ignorance is a dead weight, that holds one down to petty things and a few facts, whereas knowledge lifts a person out of himself and his familiar surroundings into a new world whose possibilities add many a charm to the dull routine of daily life, enticing him onward and upward ever to higher levels of being and nobler aspirations. Money and position without education only elevate a man to where his ignorance may be more widely seen and pitied, if not also ridiculed; but education without money or position may still command respect, for then a man is honoured for his own sterling qualities, and not for the mere circumstance of birth or wealth. We may be pardoned for what we cannot avoid; but if we choose not to profit by our opportunities, then we must bear the odium attached to the dullard. Books are the poor man's friend, the lonely man's companion, the student's mentor and the scholar's treasury. They are open to all who will help themselves.

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Now, Tom and Harry, how are you going to spend the winter? Will the spring find you any better off than you are now? Is it to be six months' study or six months' idleness? If you are not going to make any progress, what, in the name of Sam Hill, is the use of living at all?

Dick Whittington





TWO factors which enter largely into the social life of the farmer are religious sectarianism and politics. On both he is said to have pronounced opinions. We have already had an expression of the political opinions of some of our boys, and they were as intelligently stated as ably sustained. For this quarter we have asked for an expression of their denominational preferences, and their reasons for their adherence to the Church to which they belong. Four of the essays submitted in competition are very commendable indeed, one of them, which wins for its author a copy of "The Book of Praise," might have been the production of a Doctor of Divinity.

Curiously enough, the writer of this meritorious composition is none other than John A. Conway, of Kirkton, Ont., who distinguished himself as the poet laureate of our last competition. We must, therefore, rate him as our "double first" in prose and verse, with "honourable mention" for his penmanship. He has evidently been "reading up," and his industry in consulting other authorities is to be commended. It would be difficult to make a more terse and telling defence of his position, were it assailed, than the following :

WHY I BELONG TO THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"I am one that among other I have attended to the churches of different denominations, viz. English Church, Baptists, Methodists, and the Presbyterian Church; but during the last two years I have been attending the first named Church. I think, therefore, that I can safely give a few reasons for belonging to that Church. Birth, education and environment very

largely determine church, as well as political relations; but not being brought up in the Presbyterian Church, I will have to lay claim to being a naturalized Presbyterian. I will now give a few reasons for being a Presbyterian.

1. Because the Presbyterian Church fosters an intelligent faith in Christ, urging each individual to think and decide for himself as each case appeals to his reason and conscience. She provides amply for the better education of the membership, and requires that her ministers shall have completed a classical course in college and an approved course in theological training before being inducted into the ministry. She seeks to move men by intelligent conviction.

2. Because the test of fitness for true membership is only loyalty to Christ as Saviour and Lord: not subscription to a creed, but devotion to Christ, according to His Word.

3. Because the Presbyterian Church clings so tenaciously to, and is so zealous for the supremacy of, the Word of God, as the only infallible rule of life.

4. Because the Presbyterian Church suffers no man to lord it over the conscience of the individual, she having stood for civil and religious liberty even at the cost of blood and treasure.

5. Because she so emphasizes the comforting doctrine of the sovereignty of God, while also acknowledging the free agency of men.

6. Because the government of the Church is both scriptural and wise, affording the largest liberty consistent with efficiency, protecting the rights of the individual, and able to exercise discipline effectively. Only her officers are required to subscribe to her confessions of faith, and to that only as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Bible.

7. Because the Presbyterian Church exercises broad charity, showing great facility of adaptation in her work, as well as her constant readiness to co-operate with all the evangelical churches in Gospel work.

8. Because this Church is eminently a missionary Church, growing more and more in earnest to carry out the Lord's command to preach the gospel to every creature.

Apart from the reasons given above, I see no reason for belonging to one Church more than another, to such an extent as to have any ill feeling or unfriendly rivalry between one denomination and another. That such a rivalry does exist, there is no doubt. An incident which came to my notice some time ago will aptly illustrate this point. A lady holding a rooster in her arms was talking to a friend in E—some time ago. As they were conversing, two women passed them on their way to the church. "Where are they going?" asked the friend. "To the prayer-meeting," replied her companion; "I guess this rooster can pray as good as some of them." A gentleman, who overheard the remark, when commenting on it to a friend, said, "That's how it goes: one's Methodist, the other is English Church, and they bite at each other like two dogs." This is a sad state of affairs, almost as bad as the Hindoo castes. In my opinion, all the denominations should be ready and willing to co-operate in the grand cause for which they exist, taking Christ as the central pivot on which to turn. I cannot give a better illustration of this than a wheel. Take a wagon wheel, for instance. Let the hub represent Christ, and the spokes the different denominations. Now, all the spokes are, or should be, firmly centred in the hub, and though some of them may be shaped slightly different from the others, yet the tire encloses or unites them all together in the one object. Just so with the churches. Although the methods used by some churches may be slightly different from the others, yet they should all be centred in Christ, and enclosed by the grand object of carrying the gospel to every creature. Let us, therefore, remember that it is not man who is the founder of the true Church, but that

"The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ the Lord."

JOHN A. CONWAY.

The three other essays mentioned as commendable appear below, without comment, in the order of merit:

REASONS FOR MY CHOICE AS A
METHODIST.

1. Because the history of the Methodist Church is the history of something over a century and a half of existence. Little did John and Charles Wesley think when they inaugurated this religious movement what a power for good it was to become throughout all the world. Those who have read the lives of the Wesley's, know very well where we get our name as Methodists. John and Charles Wesley, with two friends, purposed in their hearts to help one another to live, as far as possible, holy lives. They laid down for themselves rules for holy living, and they planned their time so as scarcely to leave

a moment unemployed. Thus it was they earned for themselves the nickname of the "Holy Club," and it was this regularity of life that earned for them afterwards the name of Methodists. This happened in the year 1728. At this time there were only four Methodists; now there are nearly four million.

2. Its doctrine is as old as the Apostolic Church, and has repeatedly re-appeared in the writings of the fathers of the Church and the great divines of every age. She has exhibited in her history both the ordinary and extraordinary types of Christian character.

3. The aim of Methodist preaching, from the very beginning, has been to induce men and women to make a full and complete surrender of all they have and are to Jesus Christ their Saviour, and to influence them to put their trust in Him, and to continue in obedience and faith. The possession of saving faith has been regarded as the one thing essential to being a Christian. Whoever had this, whatever else he might lack, was fit for membership in the Church.

4. No Methodist pulpit has ever been closed against an accredited minister of any other evangelical Church because he was not ordained by a bishop.

5. No adult has been kept out of the Church because he would not be satisfied with baptism by sprinkling.

6. No man has ever been excluded from the communion table because he has not been baptized.

7. No Presbyterian has been refused the Lord's supper because he was unwilling to kneel to receive it.

8. The extension of the Sunday school work to the home, to systematically enlist the co-operation of the parents, is perhaps the latest move of the Sunday school. This movement is one of the wisest and most useful. The parents are requested to study the Sunday school lessons and to use the daily readings at the family altar. By so doing, special effort is made to secure the assistance of the parents in the earliest possible cultivation of the child's spiritual life, and interest in Sunday school work.

These are a few of the reasons why I am a Methodist. To me it is a deplorable fact that there are so many different sects; but let us ever remember the promise of the Master, Wheresoever two or three are met in my name there am I in the midst

CLARKE, ONT. ALFRED JOHNS.

THE RELIGIOUS BODY I AM MOST AFFILIATED WITH AND REASONS

I am a member of the Methodist Church, although reared in the Church of England while in England I did not join that religious body.

After living in various parts of the world I began to attend church. The Methodist Church in Adelaide being the nearest place

of worship, I have attended regularly until the present time.

It was not until last winter that I really became a member of the Church. It was whilst labouring under a heavy conviction of sin and feeling my need of a Saviour, that I attended a series of revival services of three weeks' duration, held at our church at Bethesda, Adelaide. With sixty others I was brought to the light and converted.

After three months' trial I was baptized and received into full membership.

I like the Methodist Church for its pure, simple form of worship, its soul-inspiring services, free from all unnecessary show and ritualism.

It seems to be the aim of all the members to always strive to do good to their fellow-creatures, to stretch out a helping hand to the helpless, and to lift up the fallen.

Another reason for preference to the Methodist Church is its rules, which are based on the Word of God, and forbid neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging in sinful tempers or words, the buying, selling or using intoxicating liquors as beverages, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse-races, circuses, dancing-parties, or any amusements as are obviously of a misleading or questionable moral tendency.

With a strict observance of such rules as these, and with the divine help and guidance of God, every true Christian should be able to lead a happy Christian life.

Although writing solely about the Methodist religion, I do not wish to cast a slur on any other religious denomination. It makes little difference as to what sect we belong to, as long as we have a desire to "flee from the wrath to come," and be saved from our sins. Our sect will avail very little at the Judgment Day. It will be our works done day by day while sojourners on the earth. May we all be ready to give an account of our services and good work done for Christ, is the earnest desire of the writer.

STRATHROY. GEO. A. GILDERSON.

SOME REASONS WHY I REGARD THE PRESBYTERIANS AS A SINCERE BAND OF CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.

I sympathize with them in their social duties. Their doctrine seems to follow on the straight Bible line. As a general thing, they seem to be very particular in their conversation and dealings with their fellowmen, and this is a great singular devotion in itself, for God says, "Let your conversation be yea! yea! and amen, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." They show in themselves the example which Christ has set before them. I have studied their careers and watched their lives in company, that they have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the

religious tenet of Christian fellowship toward their Christian band. And to-day this seems to be an item on the list of Christian duties, that should be observed more than it is in all branches of the Christian Church. In most cases, they help on the Christian work as far as their means will allow. They stand by one another as brethren. They mingle with other denominations in Christian worship and help them to build up Christ's temple. Each separate body is working away on their seemingly different lines, but on some glorious day they will meet to be separate no more. Their love will be lost in the fulness of God's own presence, and their fellowship will continue without strife or evilspeaking one of another. I would that all the churches in Christ's name should join together in one grand body, marching on to that grand city of light where God's own presence is realized. This is a stage which I believe has come into action in England, and I hope it will continue in sincerity and truth toward God. As a future movement, I would move that all Christian churches should join and hold up that blood-stained banner of the Lord's Christ in our own country. Of course, I am not criticising other churches in the least. I would rather help them to hold up Christ's name in reverence and to save some dying sinners from eternal death. I hope in some future time, by God's grace, to be a helper in God's vineyard. I am studying His Word and learning all I can understand, so that when He sees fit to launch me out, I will be prepared to do my duty to the best of my knowledge. I believe if I trust Him and look to Him for help, He will lead me on to that point. As I look back upon the years that have gone, I realize God's hand so leading me, and I am satisfied He will work His will in me and instruct me in the paths of righteousness. I intend to save all I can to educate me. I am interested in His cause, and I trust my hopes will be realized, not for my own self-ambition, but that I may be of some means in God's hands of helping on His cause. ALBERT JAMES CARPENTER.
MOOSE JAW, N.W.T.

Perhaps we should also mention a contribution received from Levi Bone, in which he tells us how he became a Presbyterian. As a boy, he was induced to attend the Presbyterian church near where he was working. The minister was thought to resemble Dr. Barnardo, and his talks to the young folk recalled to Levi the Doctor's addresses in Edinburgh Castle, and thus it was that an Episcopalian lamb was brought into the Presbyterian fold.

We should be very much grieved to know of any of our boys who

neglect the means of grace by absents themselves from the House of God. Not only do we trust that all attend regularly some church, but that they do so because they have a lively interest in their own spiritual welfare as well as in the temporal concern of that church; and we give them credit for having an intelligent appreciation of its doctrines and discipline. Why, then, have we not had a more general response to the invitation to give their reason for the faith which is in them? Every youth ought to be able to put forward some facts which appeal to him as points of merit peculiar to the Church which he attends. Surely this non-committal silence of many is not to be construed to mean that they have no special reasons for their choice of denomination? There are none, we opine, so shiftless as the young fellow who could give only one reason—and that of no religious significance—for being of a certain congregation, which was this: "You see, Mary Ann is the sweetest girl that ever lived. She goes to the Methodist church and so do I." Now, boys, is there any Mary Ann in the case, that you are so reticent?

Now that the crops are in and some of them already turned into hard cash, farmers should have a pretty fair idea as to how they stand after getting returns from the year's outlay in toil and money. As the subject of the next competition we will ask our readers to

"CONTRAST THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE FARMER TO-DAY WITH THAT OF A YEAR AGO."

We expect our essayists will write from a personal observation of crops and prevalent prices. To the author whose essay is accounted the best will be awarded a cloth-bound copy of some good work on Canadian farming. Essays not to exceed 500 words, and to reach the Editor of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Fairley Avenue, Toronto, not later than December 15th. The most

practical summary of the agricultural situation, as contrasted with that of a year ago, will be adjudged the best and receive the prize.

This is a subject that should inspire eloquence in many who have not yet contested for literary honours. Because we have had good essays in the past, there is no reason why we should not have better from some unknown genius who has kept his light under a bushel only to dazzle our eyes with its effulgence at the proper time. Every sensible young fellow can give a plain, straightforward account of this year's crops and prices, and show wherein they are better or worse than those of last year. Suppose you try your hand on this subject this time? You might be the lucky one—who knows?

William Savery has already been mentioned in the preceding number of our journal as a master blacksmith and the head of his own happy household, who has worked himself upward to this position by his own exertion. Temporarily incapacitated from work, as he tells us, he has taken advantage of his leisure to write us an appreciative letter, which, as a lucid, straightforward communication, we think is entitled to a place in our Literary Improvement Department, as an example to the silent majority who read the pages of UPS AND DOWNS and withhold their criticism, thereby depriving us of the means of knowing whether or not we cater satisfactorily to their tastes. As this magazine is published in the interests of its subscribers, words of approval such as these impart more power to the editorial elbow, if they do not also lubricate the channels of thought:

STARKVILLE, Sept. 20th, 1897

THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS.

Fairley Avenue, Toronto

DEAR SIR, I am with great pleasure taking my pen in hand to express to you my thanks for the good, sound sense, as contained in the UPS AND DOWNS. It also affords me pleasure to pay up, as the saying goes, your bill and find one dollar enclosed, for which please give me credit.

The UPS AND DOWNS is a very good

watched for by us. We like its style; its wholesome food, if properly digested, must result in the good for which it is sent. The subject, C. P. R., as contained in the last issue, is deserving of more than passing mention. Such information is what the Barnardo young man needs. Many a boy will profit by Mr. Owen's efforts to enlighten them upon so important a subject, for the Barnardo boy should not be ignorant nor lacking in knowledge upon the different systems that compose Canada's make-up. It is essential that we feed our minds upon such literature that tends to make us thoughtful men, so that when we are called upon to use our franchise, we will not be found among what is termed "the floating vote."

I am prevented from attending my humble sphere of duty by one of Job's comforters on my knee, so thought I would employ myself for a short time this morning with the pen. No doubt you notice my inability with the pen; but I have the satisfaction of assuring you I could do better execution with the sledge. I find I am more adapted to the anvil than the desk. I would like to be present among the visitors at Farley Avenue at Fair time; but circumstances have caused me to be absent from my shop so much this summer, therefore I must deny myself the treat, hoping that the editorial staff of the UPS AND DOWNS will receive some encouragement from the boys for their untiring efforts to furnish the boys with such wholesome literature.

Remain, yours very respectfully,
WM. SAVERY.

As we have a little space to spare, we may now write what we have long wished to say—a few words to the unsuccessful, whose essays or verses have been criticised rather than praised. "Taffy" is sweet, and none of us seem to get too old to enjoy it. It is nice to be patted on the back and told that we are clever or have done well what has been attempted; but, after all, the truth is more wholesome. Flattery is a polite falsehood uttered to please; and it usually does please, notwithstanding that it is injurious and a mild insult to true manhood.

He is our best friend who points out our faults; we are usually conscious of our own merits.

Years ago, when the writer of this thought a great deal more of his own literary work than he does today, some work of his was severely censured by a person of mature judgment. The work in question was the manuscript of a long story, on which the leisure time of three years had been spent, writing, revising and re-writing. To be told "plump and plain," after all that diligence, that the characters were mere dummies, the diction stilted and the story as a whole only fit for the waste-paper basket, was—well, it was not pleasant, the reader may be sure. It hurt; it inflicted a wound that rankled for many a day. But it did good, in bringing home to its author in the most forcible manner possible the faults to which at that time he was blind. That written criticism is now treasured by the writer as the best help he ever received in his literary education.

We ask our boys to believe us when we say that, though they may think we are poking fun at them and ridiculing their best efforts, we are sincerely sympathetic in our criticism and in no wise trying to be "smart" at their expense. If we hurt their feelings by pricking the tender spot, it is only because we aim at their improvement, deeming it for their own good to be honest with them by good-naturedly pointing out their defects in composition. So, boys, if you should be funny when you don't mean to be, and are chaffed about it, don't get angry—don't get discouraged. Try again, and show what you can do when you are on your mettle. That's the way to succeed.





OUR GIRLS

Hazel Brae Notes.

WE must start this issue of UPS AND DOWNS with an item of news that we feel sure will be read with regret by all our girls. Miss Code, who has worked so long and so devotedly in Canada, has decided that at present her place is in England. As you know, she left us in May, and, owing to personal bereavement and its consequent changes, she has not returned. I am sure that one and all of you who knew her will feel with us a sense of loss and will miss her gracious presence and her kindly, loving sympathy. The accompanying letter will show that, though absent, she has not forgotten you nor lost interest in your welfare :

A Letter from England to Dr. Barnardo's Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS,—There are some old lines which run thus :

"And farewells echo in our hearts
Our lips have never spoken,"

and I think that is how I am feeling about all of you, for I came away from Canada without saying good-bye to you. So it is in my heart now to write this letter, and say it in this way.

You see, when I left, I did not know I should not be returning to you. Perhaps some of you may have heard of the death of my sister, which occurred soon after I reached home, so that I felt I could not go back to Canada to be such a long way off from my mother. After being about nine years among you, dear girls, you are very dear to me, and your welfare will always be of great interest to me. I have no doubt I shall hear of you sometimes, and how glad I shall be to know you are doing well!

Perhaps you sometimes think

HOW ENGLAND IS GETTING ON.

Well, much the same as usual. You know the Mother Country is pretty well advanced in years now, and doesn't seem to make quite such rapid strides as her young daughter, Canada. Still, she is very beautiful, with her richly wooded landscapes and cultivated stretches of country. This has been a wonderful summer—so hot, and fine, and bright, beautiful sunshine day after day, and so little rain that one fears the scarcity of it must soon be much felt.

I should like to tell you one thing about which I feel rather strongly since my return, and would ask you to take notice of it when you are going to say as

THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND :

for you know we are old friends now. A long time ago, the following words, or something to the same effect, appeared in that well-known comic paper, *Punch* : "Advice to those who are about to marry. Don't!" I am not going to say *that*, oh no! *This* is what I want to say: "Advice to those who are about to return to England. Don't!" Now, of course, there may be exceptional circumstances, rendering a return desirable; but, as a rule, I would not advise you to come back with the intention of remaining. Girls, I do not believe you would like it or feel happy! You would miss the freedom, and freshness, and independence of Canada. You do not know it till you try. We are often inclined to throw a sort of halo or glamour over the past; but if we got back to the same old past scenes, probably we should find the halo vanished, like the famed mirage of the desert. All those years you have been in Canada you have been slowly, imperceptibly, but none the less surely, changing; and when we change ourselves, our views of our surroundings change, and I believe if you got back to England you would be quite startled to find how different everything would seem from what you imagined. Then, again,

ENGLAND AS SEEN FROM CANADA.

It is not so much that you should not go to England, but that you should not go to England with the intention of remaining there.

we are in some danger of falling over into the sea! But, joking apart, the overcrowded state of England seems almost appalling, and we would like to see hundreds of men and women making their way across to the broad tracts of the "Fair Dominion," where there is room enough and to spare. That is, if they go out with the determination to do their duty and prove honourable and worthy citizens where they live. So, girls, you see you really had better stay where you are to make room for all the population here; and it is indeed a grand chance that has been given you to enter on this new life in the New World.

What shall I say to you now as

A PARTING WORD?

I think I will pass something on to you from the Bible that was given to a young man lately as a sort of birthday motto. These are the words:

"EVER FOLLOW THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

Think over this, ponder over it, till it enters your hearts and influences your lives.

Good Books, read them. By that, I do not mean be always reading sermons; but read books that will give you a good, healthy view of life, not foolish ones that make a girl think she is the heroine of a novel, because it is so disappointing then to find out other people do not think of one that way.

Choose *good friends*, and flee from bad ones as you would from the tempter himself, for a bad friendship is often the beginning of a sad downfall. One does not indeed know *where* it will end.

Let your *work* be *good*, not slipshod, but good, dependable work - wipe the dishes dry! Other people will respect you, and you will respect yourselves all the more for giving the right kind of work.

Let your *clothing* be *good*. Ah, you think, yes, I quite agree with that! But then, you see, what I mean is, do not choose trashy, cheap articles that a shower of rain will spoil, but good things that will wear well.

Let your *thoughts* be of that which is *good*, and pure, and true. By-and-bye, when the time comes to settle down, of course, be sure only to take a *good man*.

Last of all, dear girls, be sure you are following *the One* who is *all Goodness*. Earnestly do I hope many of you will entrust the keeping of your souls to that Blessed *Saviour*, who says: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." May God bless, keep and protect each one of you, is the loving wish of your sincere friend,

B. CODE.

With the approach of the summer and the approach of the fall, our preparations for new arrivals begin. The first party of the girls landed

safely on Sunday, July 30th. By the kindness of the Grand Trunk officials, the cars were run up to the gates of Hazel Brae, and the party alighted at the foot of the side-walk and were soon seated at breakfast on the lawn under the tents which, for some weeks, served as dining and sitting room during the hot weather. They were a sturdy, healthy lot of girls, and were very much tanned and sunburnt. They seem to have had a good voyage and to have been well cared for by our tried and faithful friend, Mrs. Brown. Elsewhere we publish a list of names, to which we hope to add a second list, as another party is expected about the time this goes to press.

By the time this magazine reaches our readers, probably Mrs. Metcalfe will have returned and resumed her usual duties here. She is expected with the party, and we are hoping to welcome her back in good health and spirits and refreshed by her visit to the "Home Land."

Reports have reached us of Mrs. Brown's illness in England; but we are glad that she was sufficiently recovered to be able to take charge of the girls across the ocean. They would indeed have missed her vigilant, untiring care.

During Mrs. Metcalfe's absence, Hazel Brae has been in charge of Mrs. Charles Owen, a lady already known to some of the boys, as she has been for some time engaged in visiting those placed out in the North-West.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. F. Lintott, of London, England, a member of the firm of accountants who attend to the bookkeeping and financial affairs of the Institution.

Of our girls, several have paid us visits of longer or shorter duration, some coming in for a few hours while in town, others spending a few days or a week as a little summer holiday. Amongst these have been Agnes Cutler and Ada Bam-

bridge, both living near but wanting a little change. Ada has just changed her situation, the first time since she came to Canada in 1895. For four years she has lived out near Peterborough, and has now taken a good place in Whitby, with good wages. Her mistress gave her an excellent character, and was most anxious that she should be well and happily placed.

Minnie Jackson is another visitor, in whom we see a wonderful improvement. She was for three years on a farm near Peterborough, and since then has been for two and a half years with one mistress in Toronto, where she is valued and to whom she is much attached.

Bessie Sandall came from Smith's Falls to see her friend, Lizzie Perry, and spent a night here on her way. She has grown into a fine, bonnie girl, and does credit to her two years' residence in Canada. She has just made her first change of place, but is still living in Smith's Falls.

Martha Griffiths and Wally Winz came together for a couple of days, both evidently well and prospering.

We have also seen and welcomed Alice Clay, now in her third year in the same place; Annie Cook, who came out in 1886 and has since then been in the one house until this summer; Mary Ann Smith, Annie Ellen Smith, Kate Fowler, and Martha Prime, the latter bright, well-dressed and happy in being able to buy herself that day a very nice little silver watch.

We have also been glad to see Edith Herring, who came to Hazel Brae for a short rest. She seemed to have a pleasant time here, and went back feeling brighter and better for the change.

We have had but very few ailments amongst our household. Ada Westcott has had a slight attack of typhoid fever, but is quite convalescent and rapidly regaining health.

Ethel Christmas has had to go

up her situation near Paris on account of her health, much to the regret of her mistress, who speaks most highly of her, and says that she was a great comfort to her and that she misses her very much.

Eliza Palmer has had to change her situation and the neighbourhood, and is at present living in Gravenhurst. Her mistress bears excellent testimony to Eliza's faithful, conscientious service, and says she fears she will never find another girl who will suit her so well.

We have no marriages to record in this issue, but we have had a visit from a married girl, once Florence Foster, who came in to show us her baby—a dear, wee mite only a few months old. Mrs. Samuel Bush (Jane Jeffrey) also stayed a night here. She had with her a bonnie, sturdy little boy of one and a half years.

Probably a good many girls will remember Maria Spencer, who came to Canada in October, 1893, and who has worked for some time at Hazel Rae. She returned to a married brother in England last May. Maria was a reliable, conscientious girl, who worked quietly and faithfully, and gradually saved quite a nice little sum of money. We wish her happiness and success if she decides to remain in England.

We would call your attention to a letter, which we are sure a great many of you will read with pleasure, as it will take you back to your Village school days. It is from your old friend and head-mistress, Miss Fergie, who for so many years held sway in the Mossford school-rooms:

LUNDERSTON HOUSE,
WHALLEY ROAD,
MANCHESTER.

Dear Misses, — You ask me to write you something that may interest some of the girls who, in years gone by, have gone forth from the Ilford Village Home to live in Canada. I am not sure that I can, but I shall try.

As you and many of the girls get already know my own return to the "Village," permit me to mention, in December, 1896, more than two and a half years ago. It

was not with my will, nor of choice, that I did sever the connection, but the call of duty seemed to speak so loudly that I could not disregard it. But much as I liked my work at Ilford, I did not know *how* much I liked it till I had left it. From time to time I hear little bits of Village news, and I have been fortunate enough to see a goodly number of Village friends since I came here.

With some of the former teachers I still correspond, and I think perhaps it may interest some of the girls of the earlier parties if I say a little of what I know of the teachers, who, after all, had more to do with them individually than I had.

There can only be few who remember Miss Oldknow. I hear from her still, and

under the East Ham School Board. With both I correspond, and, so far as I know at present, both are very well.

Miss Watts was married to a farmer in Essex about five years ago. She has, I am told, a very happy, comfortable home. Miss Osborn is married and lives in Manchester. I saw her about two months ago.

Miss Ledingham was in Antigua, West Indies, when last I heard of her about two years ago; but I am not sure that she is still there.

Miss Blowes married some years ago and lives just outside the Village gates at Barkingside. Miss Waight is mistress of a school near Southampton, while Miss Hitchcock, who was not very long at Ilford, has been settled in a school in the Isle of Wight for some years, and is very successful in her work.

The later parties will be pleased to hear that Misses Forbes, Challenger and Courtney are still at Mossford School. I trust I have not tired you with this long list, but I have been told by several that the girls often make inquiries after some particular teacher under whose tuition they were.

Very likely they know all the Village news I could tell them. They know of the grand new schools, where each class has a room to itself, or nearly so, and where there is a huge gallery which can hold all the school girls at once, and where the singing lessons, I believe, are now taken. I am sure many would be grieved to hear that Miss Ottaway, at the laundry, had passed away after a long time of ill-health.

Perhaps some of the very old girls may like to learn that I hear frequently from Miss Godson and Miss Matthews, who worked in the Village for so many years. They live in a small country town in Oxfordshire, and I had the great pleasure of a visit from them last year, as I also had from Mrs. Guild, a former "Mother" of "Clarellen Cottage," if there should be any girl who remembers her.

Those whose memories can carry them so far back as to remember Mr. Soltau, will understand the pleasure I had when he came to see me last summer as he passed through Manchester. He was not very much changed, although he did not look so strong as he might have done. His eldest daughter is shortly to go out to China as a missionary.

I do not think that I have any more to say. I am sure the girls, whether of the early or late parties, will believe me when I say that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to hear of them and to read that Dr. Barnardo's girls have a good record and that they are growing up industrious, God-fearing citizens of the country which has received them. Please give them all a kind message of remembrance from me, and should any one care to write to me, I shall be very pleased indeed to hear from them. With very kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGINA FAROLE



Eva and Rose Bowles.

she is now head of a Home for befriending young servants, so that she is still engaged in the same kind of work. She seems to get on very well, and has been a valued help in other places where she has worked.

More of the girls will remember Miss Millar, who was several years in the Village and for two years was in Canada. I had the pleasure of seeing her for a day last week, and last autumn had a very nice little visit from her here. She has much better health than she had formerly, and has been for several years mistress in an Orphanage in Bristol, where she does much good work in a quiet and unostentatious way.

Miss Crickbank and Mrs. Alice Wood are still teaching, the former up in the wicks at Abernethy in Invernesshire, while the latter is mistress of a large school

Notices to be Remembered.

All girls who have deposited money in the bank at Peterborough will have received this year a new bank book. For the benefit of the younger ones who may not quite understand it, we will explain that the *last figures* in the *right hand column* always show the balance to their credit. We specially call attention to the fact that these books must 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.

The price of UPS AND DOWNS is twenty-five cents per year, and all subscribers wishing to continue taking the magazine must renew their subscription yearly. The time when this is due is shown by the date on the right hand corner of the address on the outside wrapper.

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

We would also remind our readers of the necessity of signing their name to all letters. It is better, too, to give the post-office and full address. Sometimes we have to spend a long time finding out who "Annie" or "Mary" is. Photos, too, are difficult to identify unless some name is written on the back. The little girl who leaves the Home for the first time is so very different from the young lady of a few years later, who has her picture taken in her new summer attire, that we may be pardoned if we sometimes fail to recognize her.

G. D. F.

For the benefit of girls just out from England, we will give a few words of explanation as to the meaning of these three letters. They stand for "*Girls' Donation Fund.*" Dr. Barnardo does not claim nor withhold any part of a girl's earnings towards defraying the expenses of her outfit, voyage, etc.; but, as a

token of appreciation and gratitude, he asks that every girl who is old enough to be doing for herself and taking wages should contribute something each year to help the Institution that has done so much for her. This Fund has been in existence for several years, and the contributions are sent yearly, about May 1st, to England, and are used towards the support of Her Majesty's Hospital, Stepney. For beginners and those who are not taking high wages, we suggest *one dollar per year*; but larger or smaller sums will all be acceptable.



Ethel Adams.

Since our last issue we have received as under:

Emily Baker, 25c; Annie Lake, 50c; Kate Clarke, \$1.00; Elizabeth Hodgson, 40c; Arabella Dunford, \$1.00; Ada Scotcher, 75c; Maggie Odd, 25c; Minnie Neville, \$1.00; Alice Elson, 75c; Florence Curtis, \$1.00; Ethel Adams, \$1.00; sale of Hazel Brae photos, \$1.00.

Our Picture Gallery

The selection of photos for the picture gallery of UPS AND DOWNS is one of the most difficult things in connection with it, not because we have so many, but because there are so many

that we should insert, and we fear some who are omitted may feel disappointed. To them we say again, as before, have patience; your turn will come in due time.

We think you will agree that these sisters, Rose and Eva Bowles, make a very pleasing picture and, better still, their record is as good as their picture. Both are keeping the first places found for them on their arrival in Canada.

Ethel Adams has kept her first place for a year, but was no longer needed. Her mistress writes: "We like Ethel very much; she has improved in her work and is worthy of a good home. We trust she will be as happy as she has been here."

Annie Lowe has for more than a year had a very good home in a doctor's family, and is giving good satisfaction.

Mary Vale, who has been in the one situation since February, 1896, certainly deserves a place of honour. Both she and her younger sister, Emily, have so far done *well* in Canada.

Extracts from Visitor's Diary.

A Few Notes from a Trip Recently Taken by Miss Gibbs.

Bridget Talbot (Sept., 1898), Stroud, has kept her place a year, and gained a fairly good character. She is fond of the baby, and is learning in many ways to be useful.

Minnie Ruffle, Nantyr. This little girl has only just come out from England, but has already won her way into the hearts of the people she lives with. She has lost no time in claiming relationship with all the family, and talks not only of her father and mother, but of her aunts, uncles and cousins, etc.

Annie Griffiths (Aug., 1899) is, as usual, with kind people, and is, we hope, going to be a very good little girl. Her sister, Martha, living near Lindsay, is a good girl, and is anxious to see Annie doing well too.

Ellen Invine, Cookstown, is also a new-comer, but, so far, is pleasing the people she lives with in the village of Cookstown. She seems quite happy, but is hoping that her little sister, Clara, will be able to come and live near her.

Alice Gray, Nicolston, just beginning too, has a good home, is learning quickly, and is indeed a bright, smart girl. Here I received kind hospitality and remained for dinner, and Alice amused us by trying her hand at some cooking, and succeeded, too, very well. She is evidently ambitious to learn all she can.

Daisy Harle (Sept., 1898), Elm Grove, has been a few months in this her first place. She has a good home, is doing well at school, and making herself quite useful when at home, especially in minding the baby, whom she loves.

Sarah J. Sedgemoore, Beeton, one of this year's party, is making a good beginning, and, we trust, will continue to do well. Is in a good home with kind people, who have also two of Dr. Barnardo's boys.

Annie C. Curtis (1894), Bondhead, is in a good home also, where she has been since last November. She is decidedly improving, and trying to overcome some little faults of the past.

Nellie Sullivan (Sept., 1895), Bondhead. A good, faithful girl, who has always borne a good character since coming to Canada. She has saved nearly a hundred dollars, and talks of returning to Paris next year. We would advise Nellie to think well before she thus spends her money.

Ellen Oliver (Sept., 1898), Beeton, has a good, comfortable home, is doing well and giving satisfaction.

Mary Vale (Sept., 1895), Cree more, has kept her one place since coming to Canada. She has had good health, and worked well. Some of her friends will be glad to see her picture in this UPS AND DOWNS

Mary A. Southworth (July, 1898), Nottawa, has kept her place a year, but is now changing to be with her sister, Lizzie, whom I have just seen in Muskoka, a change which she will, no doubt, like, and I hope will do her best to please Mrs. H.

Annie Forgan, Rob Roy. A little girl just come out, who is helping in some little ways, but has much to learn yet, and we hope will do her best and try her utmost to please the people she lives with.

Annie Stratford, Stayner. A quiet little girl, hardly recovered yet from all the strangeness around her; but she is in a good home, with nice, kind young people, who have a little baby, so we think Annie will soon feel quite at home.

Daisy Jenner, Oxmead. A new girl, who seems to have made a happy beginning. Mrs. H. is well pleased with her, finds her apt to teach, and willing to learn all she can. We trust this will prove a good, happy home for Daisy for many years.

Margaret Holland, Red Wing, one of last year's party, is doing very well. She is only a little girl and not able to do very much, but is useful and trustworthy in minding the baby and a little girl of three years. Maggie has her little work to do in her "small corner."

Grace Massey (Sept., 1895), Elm-vale, has kept her place over two years. She is a big, strong girl and can do a good deal of work, even to milking ten cows, which she was proud to tell me she had done. She is quite happy, and appears to enjoy the free country life.

Alice Clark (Nov., 1894), Kambel Pt., has only been a few months in her present place; but is quite happy and being treated as one of the family. She is dressed exactly like Mrs. C.'s own daughter, a girl about her own age, and has indeed all things in common with the whole house.

Correspondence.

Our readers will remember that in the July number we mentioned that Florence Ash had gone West to British Columbia, where she expected to settle in her new home. The following extract from her letter will show that this pleasant anticipation has become a reality.

You will see by this letter that we arrived in Nelson all right on the 24th of May, and I was married on the 25th. Jim met us at the station, and we were married by the Rev. J. A. Robertson. We went to his house to be married. Ellen and a young man named Mr. Murdock



Annie J. Lowe.

stood up with us. It would just surprise you if you knew how nicely we were treated. As we were going to the cab, Mrs. Robertson and her little boy threw rice at us. After it was all over, we came down to our own house. It is nicely papered inside and painted. One room is carpeted, the other has oilcloth on it. I got a nice lot of presents. I got a watch, a trunk, a teapot, a dozen teaspoons, half a dozen knives and forks, a dinner set, two table cloths, three quilts, etc. We both like Nelson very much. The people are very nice here. There have been quite a lot to call on me.

We live right beside the lake. I am teaching a class of little boys in the Sunday school. Ellen Harvey stayed at Mrs. Robertson's until she got a place. She got

one in less than a week, and is getting twenty dollars a month.

Goodbye, with my love, from
FLORENCE DUCK.

We are glad to insert parts of letters from several new writers. We hope their success will induce others to try to write something interesting.

Marie Baker, aged 13, who came out last year and has a nice home in Millbrook, says :

I am going to tell you about my first holiday in Canada, but I will tell you all the news first. We have had two nice parties since I have been here, but the last one was the best. We have a dear little baby, and it is a boy, and when it is fit they let me take him out in his carriage.

Sometimes Jessie comes up and spends the evening with me, and we have some very nice talks about Peterborough. I go to Sunday school every Sunday and to church. I will now tell you about my holiday. We started at seven o'clock in the morning, and did not get home until ten at night. First of all we got in a train and we stopped at Peterborough, and I looked to see if I could see anybody I knew. Then we went on till we came to Lindsay, and then we got on a ship called the *Crandella* and we sailed up the lakes, and stopped at Sturgeon Point and then at Jacob's Point and then at Bobcaygeon. Then we turned back and stopped at the same places again and got into the train again and got home. I was very tired indeed. And now I think I have told you all this time, and it is getting late, so good-bye, with my love.

Annie Whelham, another little girl of the same party, has evidently made a good start. She writes :

I like my place very much. Mr. and Mrs. W. are both very kind to me. Chrissie is very happy where she is. I see her almost every Sunday when I go to church. I am knitting myself a nice, warm pair of stockings. I like knitting very much. Mrs. W. bought me a very pretty spring dress and hat and new boots.

Alice Hughes, who has been two years in her present place in Ottawa, wrote in July as follows :

I received my bank book, which I must thank you for. I am getting on very nicely and go to church and Sunday school regularly. A few weeks ago our Sunday school teacher's mother died, and all in our class gave some money and bought some flowers. I do not hear from my little sister very often; but the last time she wrote me a nice letter. On the 24th of May, two or three of us went out to Rockcliffe

Park and took our tea. Amelia Brian came, and we had a real good time, and on Dominion Day I went out to see Amelia. I am very happy and contented here.

We are sorry to have to add that Alice is not at all well just at present and is in the hospital for a week or two. Her mistress writes most kindly about her, and is hoping to have her back again soon.

Maud Saunders, who came out in 1895, seems to be happy and doing well in the family of a clergyman in Adolphustown.

I am going to tell you how we enjoyed ourselves at our Sunday school picnic last Wednesday. We left our wharf about 7.15 in the morning, with all our refreshments under our arms. There was quite a crowd of us on such a small boat. The bay was just lovely and calm. We called at Picton and several other wharves. We went to Deseronto, and some of us went up to the Indian Grove. The next thing was to get dinner ready. I helped to lay the tables and do lots of little things. After dinner was over, the boys played football, and some of them put up a swing for the girls. It was so pleasant to walk around the park and see the lovely flowers. We had some ice cream, which was very nice for country people. It is very seldom we get any. I suppose some of the girls will feel with me about Miss Loveys leaving Cairns House. I was so sorry when I heard it. They will never get a better cottage-mother than her; she was so good to us all. I hope this letter will encourage others to make their first start to write one. Goodbye. Believe me one of your true friends.

Eliza Steele is also doing well, and happy to have her sister, Rose, near her :

Just a few lines, hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present. My sister, Rosey, seems happy in her place at Dunsford. We see each other quite often, as I go to Dunsford church nearly every Sunday, and we have a nice talk together. I have many friends among the girls in Canada. I am one of the 1897 group, and am very thankful to Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here. Mr. has got nearly all his wheat in; it is a very good harvest. I like the farm better than in town. I think it so nice to see the golden fields of grain. There are eleven cows, and we send the milk to the cheese factory. I have a little pet calf, and I feed it every morning and night. I will close now, with love to all the people at Hazel Brae.

Minnie Neville (August, 1897).

who has just made her first change, writes :

I must now tell you something about my new home. It is a farm of fifty acres, a large house and barn. There are ten head of cattle, twelve pigs and over sixty hens and chickens. We do not send our milk to the factory, but make it into butter. I have had a great deal of pleasure lately. One day last week, four girls came, and we went for a walk together. We started at nine o'clock and took our dinner. Then in the park we listened to nice music and went and had swings. Another day I spent an afternoon out and had ice cream. Georgina Grimes is coming to spend her birthday with me. I thank Dr. Barnardo heartily for his kindness to me. When I came to Canada I was thin and small, and I am now growing tall and strong.

Margaret Buck, who is a devoted sister, takes a good deal of interest in Eliza and does her best to help her along.

I got the post office order safely, and am very pleased with the way you have arranged about the money. Eliza is getting on nicely at present. I am glad to say she keeps well. I must tell you that I like my place very much. We have a cow, and I milk her. She can open all the barn doors, and will help herself to apples or potatoes or anything that is within her reach. We have also a nice little horse, "Minnie." She can open the kitchen door, and we have other pets besides.

The following is a quotation from a mistress' letter about her maid :

She is very earnest and conscientious, gentle and quiet in her manners, always cheerful and willing to work and to help. I do not think I could ever find another girl I would like as well or that would suit us as she has done.

We are always pleased to hear of our girls marrying wisely and becoming useful and permanent citizens of the country. A lady in Grimsby writes as follows of a former maid :

Lizzie (now Mrs W.) also comes from Hamilton to see us. She seems very happy in her new life, and I am sure her husband has got a good wife, and he seems a very nice, respectable young man. He gets good wages in some iron works.

New Arrivals, 1899.

July Party.

Atwood, Alice	Bagwell, Mary
Ayling, Gertrude	beth
Bailey, Elizabeth	Bailey, Louisa
Bailey, Beatrice	Boase, Clara
Barrett, Henrietta	Burns, Annie

Burns, Blanche May	King, Louisa
Burridge, Margaret	King, Rose
Frances	Kirk, Annie
Clarke, Emma	Lomas, Alice
Conway, Emily	Lomas, Sarah Jane
Conway, Mabel Lily	Langley, Fanny
Cornage, Emily	Maria
Annie	Miller, Nellie
Cox, Sarah	Milsom, Dorothy
Crossley Eliza	Winifred
Cullen, Hilda	Milnes, Margaret
Cutts, Kate	New, Kate Isabella
Dawson, Mary Jane	Norman, Violet
Davies, Mary Johns	Norman, Daisy
Davis, Mary	Pannons, Florence
Davis, Ada	May
Edgington, Alice	Patton, Margaret
Maud	Phillips, Ada
Edmondson, Jane	Purkis, Laura
Edmondson, Mary	Ray, Sarah
Ann	Rees, Mary Ann
Easton Annie	Rees, Elizabeth
Easton, Daisy	Ringrose, Alice
Ferris, Mary Em-	Riley, Sarah Ellen
ma	Robinson, Caroline
Finch, Annie	Robinson, Emily
Forgan, Annie	Louisa
Green, Jane	Rowland, Ethel
Garland, Gertrude	May
Garland, Mabel	Ruffe, Minnie
Gouge, Mary Ab-	Scott, Mary
laide	Sedgemoore, Sarah
Gray, Alice So-	Jane
sannah	Shimmon, Clara
Gregory, Alice	Florence
Goodhead, Eliza	Smith, Annie Jess
beth	Smith, Elizabeth
Hall, Clara Harriet	Amelia
Ham, Rose	Stewart, Ellen
Ham, Lily	Elizabeth
Ham, Minnie	Stratford, Annie
Harper, Rose	Strong, Elizabeth
Harper, Sarah Jane	Surridge, Edith May
Harper, Elizabeth	Taylor, Sarah Char-
Ann	lotte Mary
Harris, Florence	Terry, Ellen
Henderson, Flor-	Toye, Florence
ence	Maud
Holmwood, Olive	Trenter, Mary Jubi-
Hummerstone,	lee
Emma	Tyson, Bertha
Inglis, Jane Jessie	Vine, Christina
Invine, Ellen B.	Waller, Elizabeth
Invine, Clara Elsie	Walton, Lavina
James, Grace	Waugh, Sarah Ann
Jenner, Daisy Emily	Warren, Nellie
Julian, Emily	Woolley, Sarah

September Party.

Allen, Frank	Bachelor, John
Allen, Bertha	Baker, Fanny
Allen, Bessie	Theresa
Ashdown, Bridget	Maud
Ashdown, Ann	Mildred
Emily	Gertrude
Avery, Sarah	Bates, Annie
Anderson, M.	Bridgman, F.
Ann	Mabel

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Bush, Alice Ada | Levden, Margaret |
| Butterworth, Ruth
Clara | Elliott |
| Brind, Edith Alice | Livingstone, Jose-
phine Caroline |
| Cain, Annie | Meddings, Florence |
| Carrol, Mary | Meddings, Lily |
| Castle, Priscilla | Morris, Ellen Mary |
| Castle, Elizabeth | Mullen, Margaret |
| Castle, Ellen | Mullen, Anne |
| Clark, Maud Jane | Mullins, Edith |
| Cooper, Lucy Mary | Mullins, Clara |
| Cornish, Alice Mary | Newland, Ada
Maud |
| Delmage, Nora
Margaretta | Noquet, Caroline |
| Davis, Ellen Eliza-
beth | Noquet, Lucy |
| Dupuy, Edith | Orgill, Phoebe |
| Dance, Effie | Orgill, Ann Maria |
| Fairman, Sophia | Parker, Mary |
| Fearn, Florence | Preece, Elizabeth |
| Firth, Ethel Mary | Pinnegar, Louisa |
| Flanagan, Re-
becca | Porter, Ethel Maud |
| Fuller, Selina
Catherine | Pyner, Mary Eliza-
beth |
| Gough, Amy Louisa | Rigby, Margaret |
| Grabham, Annie
Rebecca | Rigby, Edith Anne |
| Gray, Emily Bea-
trice | Rose, Lucy |
| Gray, Clara Marion | Sage, Florence |
| Haines, Catherine | Sapsford, Eva May |
| Haines, Ellen | Sayeres, Beatrice |
| Hampson, Lily | Scott, Mary Jane |
| Harris, Florence | Scott, Georgina
Rachel |
| Hern, Alice | Shaw, Annie Eliza
beth |
| Hern, Mary Ann | Shaw, Rose Eliza
beth |
| Hilham, Lily May | Skinner, Ada |
| Holmes, Kate | Skinner, Florence
Prudence |
| Honeybourne, Flo-
rence | Steer, Annie Eliza |
| Huxley, Minnie
Elizabeth | Sullivan Mabel
Caroline |
| Hotson, Maud | Swaine, Jane |
| Hawksley, Edith
Annie | Tassel, Rose |
| Isaac, May | Thompson, Florence
Maria |
| Jepson, Mary Emma | Thompson, Alice
Mary |
| Jepson, Jessie | Toogood, Emily
Mary |
| Kirby, Florence
Emily | Tovey, Lilian May |
| Kirby, Ethel | Tracey, Elizabeth |
| Knight, Florence L. | Tyler, Emily C. |
| Lacey, Jane | Wise, Annie Sophia |
| Lewis, Louisa | Weir, Margaret E. |

In Leisure Hour.

We can a good many of our girls have been either too busy or too idle to send replies to the puzzles of last month.

We are now going to try a little competition in needlework, in which we expect a large number of entries, as it is something girls can do with out fear of being beaten by the boy.

1. To all over fourteen years of age :

On a double piece of white cotton about four (4) inches square, work two button holes and put a feather-stitch all round, about half an inch from the edge.

2. To girls under fourteen :

Take a piece of white cotton eight (8) inches square, and make into a bag, with an opening on one side, and insert a draw-tape.

These should be sent in by December 1st, with name and age clearly attached, and must not be washed after the sewing is done. For the best in Class 1, a prize of a



Mary Vale.

silver thimble is offered. In Class 2, a needle-case or small work-box.

Answers to Floral Love Tale.

1. Marigold ;
2. Sweet William ;
3. Snowball ;
4. Trumpet ;
5. Four O'clock ;
6. Golden Rod ;
7. Hops ;
8. Bachelors' Buttons ;
9. Jonquils ;
10. Buttercups ;
11. Tulips ;
12. Jack-in-the-Pulpit ;
13. Forget-me-not ;
14. Mourning Bride ;
15. Live Forever.

Beheaded Words.

John tries to scare the girl and then says, "I don't care girls are so silly."

2. *Grace ran a race with Ada and came within an ace of winning it.*

Mary Hannah Smith sends the following texts from St. John's Gospel, as asked for in July issue :

John vi., 35—"I am the bread of life."

John viii., 18—"I am one that bear witness."

John x., 9—"I am the door."

John x., 11—"I am the Good Shepherd."

John xi., 25—"I am the resurrection and the life."

John xii., 46—"I am—a light."

John xiv., 6—"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

John xv., 1—"I am the true vine."

John xv., 5—"I am the vine."

Quiet Thoughts.

We have lately started out into life a goodly number of young people, some only children, others just growing into young women ; but all alike going out into the battle of life. We want them all to be *soldiers* of the King, to fight, gain victories, and at last to be more than *conquerors*. But, listen, girls (and boys too, if you will), to the following simple lines, written by Rev. J. Hudson :

I've heard of great battles, O mother dear,
Of battles on land and sea ;
And it makes me unhappy and full of fear,
That ever such things should be.

But the greatest battle, O mother dear,
That ever on earth has been,
And all about it I want to hear,
And where and when it was seen.

The greatest battle that ever was fought,
Do you wish little child, to learn?
In the history books it is not taught ;
To the map you will vainly turn

Far away from sight is that battle fought
In the depth of each human heart,
That wrestles with evil and will not yield,
But bravely bears its part.

In the effort to do what it knows is right,
To be faithful and true each day,
And remember to act as in God's
sight,

Whatever the result may be.

And dear little child, from your heart
Almost does the strife begin
For the greatest battle in all the world
Is the battle with self and sin.

And listen again to the words of the good Book : " He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It is sometimes easier to take a city than to control one's self, especially if you are naturally hot-tempered and quick, or, on the other hand, inclined to be sulky. To take a city would bring renown and make men talk of us ; but who but God and ourselves knows of the struggles and the difficulty of this victory over ourselves? Our Queen gives the Victoria Cross to her soldiers who have done some heroic deed ; in the same way our King giveth to those who overcome " to be clothed in white raiment and to sit with Him on His throne."

You will remember the parable in which Jesus tells the story of two boys. Their father asked them to help him in his work. One said he would go, but did not. He did not fight any battle, or if he did he *lost* it. The other refused, but afterwards repented and went. What a battle he must have had ! But he *won* in the end. Do we not all know something of this struggle? We do not want to do a thing ; we want to do something else. Then comes the fight, and it is a hard struggle to trample our own wishes under our feet and to give in, and can only be done by the weapons of prayer and love. And this is one of the things which are much harder to do when you are grown up than when you are young. It will be harder to rule your spirit, harder to conquer self, harder to give you heart to Christ each year you live. But see to it that you are well armed (read Ephesians vi., 14 to 18), and then the issue is certain. And however hard and long the conflict, and however sharp and sore the wounds, " in all these things ye are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

That this may be your happy repentance is the prayer of

A SEALED LIP.

A Visit to Covent Garden Market, London.

We shall have to rise early in order to view the Market from all its different aspects. It is the largest market in the world for the sale of fruit, flowers and vegetables.

All night long the wagons from the country come rolling in, piled high with cabbages, turnips or whatever may be in season. Some of these come a distance of over thirty miles, and bring the produce in this way so that it may be fresh. About three o'clock in the morning we shall see railway wagons arrive with loads of fruit, some from distant country places and some from the docks. London chiefly imports oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and nuts, and most of these come in crates from the north and west of Africa.

Going to the north-east corner of the market, we shall find ourselves at "Flower Hall," where, as most of the produce is sold by auction, we shall see crowds of greengrocers and storekeepers congregating. There is great excitement over the bidding; but the buyers are too cute to let the public know, and so it is difficult for us to judge how things are going on.

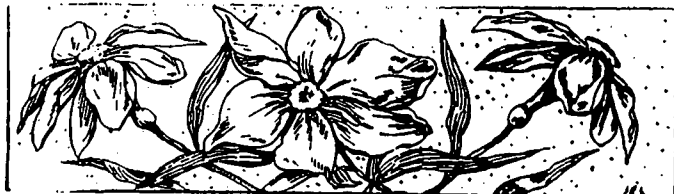
All round the market are the small stalls of the costers and the flower women. If we visit one of the former, we shall find that they

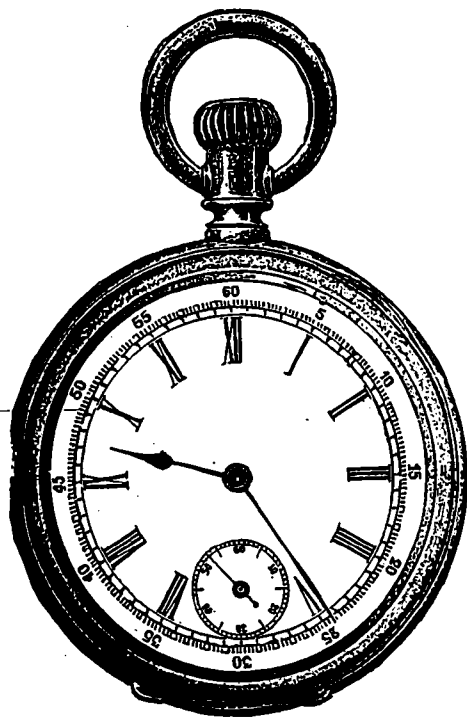
sell a little of everything, such as cabbages, pears, beetroot, potatoes, and (sometimes) ferns. They are a very curious people, leading an uncertain life, as sometimes they may get a stock that does not take with the public, and then they are bound to have a very bad day. The flower sellers, who make up "button holes" for sale to the business men, begin to throng the city after nine o'clock, and they also lead a very hard life, as the rain may come on and all their flowers get so spoilt that no one will buy them.

By ten o'clock in the morning we shall find the market deserted and all the stalls shut up. If we return to "Flower Hall," we shall find porters bringing in fresh samples of fruit for the next auction, which will probably take place about four o'clock in the afternoon. Going outside the market, we see the large warehouses of the fruit merchants ranged round the adjoining streets, and great numbers of crates being carried in.

This short sketch of the great market will, I hope, show that, although the nature of the work is more pleasant than some, yet it is not a line of business to be taken up by those who have no good connection among the buyers, as the chances of prosperity are very remote.

F. LINTOTT.



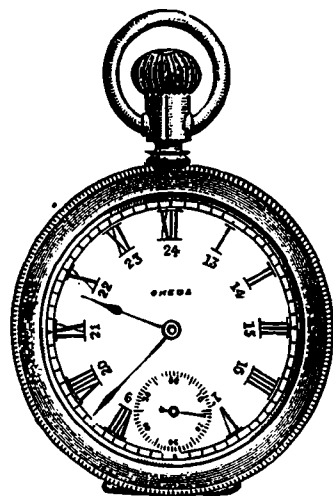


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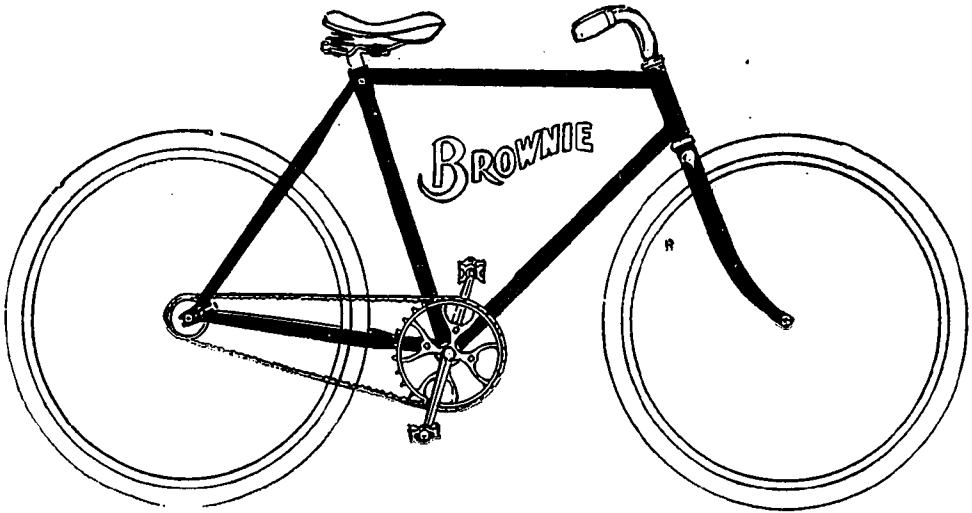
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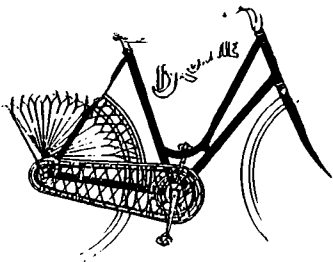
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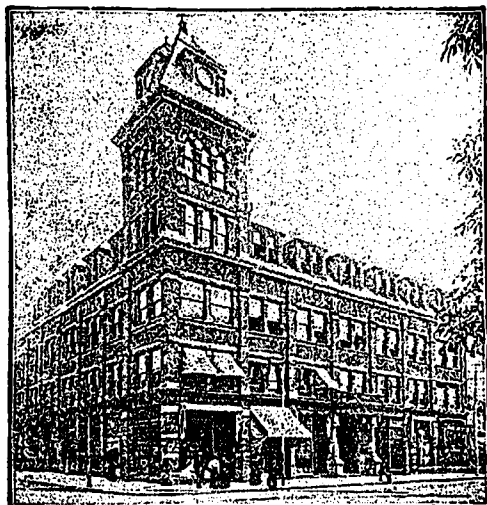
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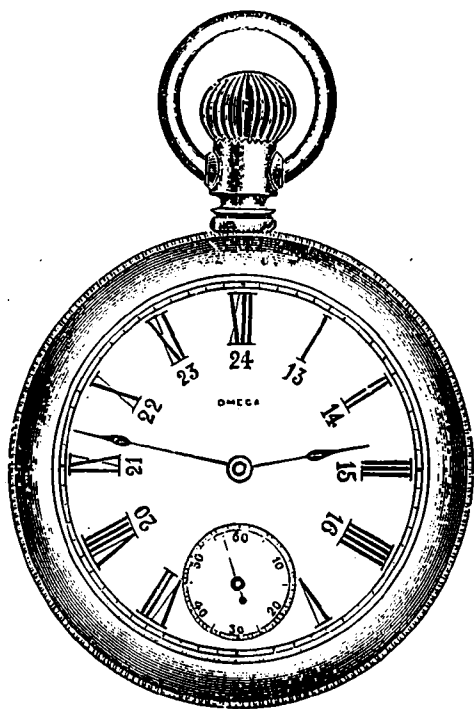
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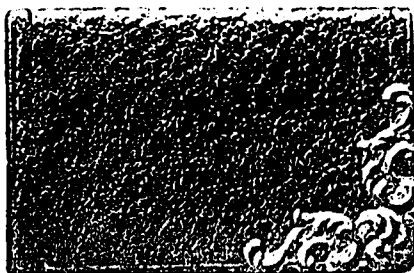


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DOMINION	" " 18,	" " 18

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CANADA	2.30 p.m., October 11
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