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Cups and Downs



FOR THE CUP AND THE DOWN
OF THE FARMER'S HOPE

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY.

The names given below are those of a hundred boys, continued from the previous list who came to school during the session of the autumn of 1893.

Aiken, Alfo J. George
 Ainsworth, David
 Boll, Alfred
 Brady, Francis John
 Bray, Benjamin Richard
 Bould, George Thomas
 Barrett, George Ernest
 Barringer, Thomas James
 Bones, Horace
 Burns, Joseph
 Carter, Albert
 Coller, Edwin Walter
 Carney, Charles
 Cairns, James
 Compton, John
 Clarke, Frederick Hall
 Carless, William Arthur
 Capps, Sidney Charles
 Carpenter, James Albert
 Crowther, Wilson
 Campbell, Edward
 Digweed, Henry Thomas
 Drew, Patrick
 Dymond, Thomas George
 Dainton, Edward
 Farrow, William
 Farrow, John Thomas
 Fry, George
 Fell, William
 Foster, Simpson
 Gale, William Francis
 Hassall, John
 Hedges, Henry
 Harwood, John
 Harwood, William
 Harris, Frederick James
 Harris, William Henry
 Harris, John Henry
 Howell, Arthur
 Huxter, Frederick
 Hinton, Thomas Charles
 Hornblower, Michael
 Hornblower, George
 Hallam, Augustus Samuel
 Jewell, Charles
 Johnson, Ernest
 Knoch, Edgar George
 Lee, John William
 Lane, Henry
 Mitchell, Thomas
 Matthews, Albert
 Melson, George James
 Mc Mahon, John
 Nevel, Henry
 Nicholas, Daniel
 Newman, Ernest George
 Offredi, Battista
 Farrow, Richard
 Foster, George
 Powell, Alfred
 Parsons, Henry Alfred
 Pridham, Alfred Robert
 Pritchard, Alfred Henry
 Paybody, Percy Henry
 Potter, Charles
 Paul, William
 Page, Frederick William
 Page, George William
 Parr, Richard
 Reeve, Samuel William
 Read, John
 Reynolds, Frederick
 Rushton, John James
 Roddy, Thomas
 Ridgely, John
 Sinclair, John
 Sinclair, Thomas
 Sedgwick, Arthur Frank
 Singer, Jacob
 Smith, Ernest William
 Smith, George
 Stubbings, Walter
 Tyson, George William
 Thomas, Harry
 Taylor, Charles
 Taylor, Thomas
 Wright, Albert
 Wilkey, Henry
 Wallis, Arthur
 White, Frederick
 Ward, Frederick Charles
 Ward, Charles Edward
 Ward, Frank
 Welch, Francis
 Walters, Charles
 White, William
 Williams, Ernest
 Williams, Albert
 White, Arthur
 White, Charles

Mr. Henry Crawford
 Mr. Ralph Kalar
 Mr. Sinclair McCoy
 Mr. Henry Houlton
 Mr. James M. Edmond
 Mr. Wm. R. Jackson
 Miss Gilbert
 Mr. William Seeli
 Mr. John Brown
 Mr. James Shier
 Mr. William Thompson
 Mr. William Blair
 Ingersoll Bolt Works
 Mr. William Featherstone
 Mr. Henry Stephens
 Mr. Harry Ghent
 Mr. Daniel A. Gibson
 Mr. William Kirkpatrick
 Mr. Thomas Richards
 Mr. Thos. Bradshaw sr.
 Mr. Herbert S. Horneck
 Mr. William Pacey
 Mr. Wm. Fisher
 Mr. German Findlay
 Mr. William Gosnell
 Mr. Alfred Spencer
 Mr. W. A. Walters
 Mr. Wm. Cummings
 Mr. William Rumsey
 Mr. Bryan Sharples
 Mr. Daniel McVannel
 Mr. John Walshaw
 Mr. G. A. Knox
 Mr. Joseph Nugent
 Mr. Henry Alfred Tomlinson
 Mr. Samuel A. Davidson
 Mr. William R. Ham
 Dr. Thorburn
 Mr. James Kenner
 Mr. John Wesley Hyland
 Mr. William Baxendale
 Mr. Joseph Spackman
 Mr. J. A. Wilcock
 Mr. John Thrasher
 Mr. Alex. Clark
 Mr. James McKellar
 Mr. Thomas Glenn
 Mr. Angus McEachern
 Mr. J. W. Foster
 Mr. John Gowland
 Mr. William Craddock
 Mr. James Kerr
 Mrs. Foster
 Mr. J. W. Hescott
 Mr. J. H. Patrick
 Mr. David Jefferson
 Mr. Jonas W. Augustine
 Mr. Isaac Magee
 Mr. Thomas H. Fee
 Mr. Andrew Gorman
 Mr. Samuel Thompson
 Mr. W. J. Cunningham
 Mr. James Sanders
 Mr. Hugh Donaldson
 Mr. F. H. Creighton
 Mr. Robert Sergeant
 Mr. Robt. Clemence
 Mr. Daniel Gill
 Mr. David Campbell
 Mr. Robert Reid
 Mr. Michael Murphy
 Mr. Jacob Crozier
 Mr. Thomas Duff
 Mr. James Shaw
 Mr. James Pegue
 Mr. Richard C. Scott
 Mr. John Hastings
 Mr. James Good
 Mr. Edmund Batham
 Mr. A. Campbell
 Mr. W. A. Wallis
 Mr. George Bristow
 Mr. David Clarke
 Mr. Henry Hemsted
 Mr. John Swance
 Mr. John Gilmore
 Mr. John Grant
 Mr. J. Ed. Grant
 Mr. Gayan Goodale
 Mr. Frank Proctor
 Mr. F. Russell
 Mr. George West
 Mr. James M. Lee
 Mr. Albert Howard
 Mr. John Simpson
 Mr. John F. Hook
 Mr. Robert H. John
 Mr. A. G. Adams
 Mr. Benjamin White
 Mr. John Rutherford

Tara
 Southend
 Cornwall
 Adelaide
 Glen Meyer
 Mount Horeb
 226 Davenport Road, Davenport
 Maple Grove
 Riverstown
 Leaskdale
 Hill House, S. Orillia
 Pine River
 Ingersoll
 Trafalgar
 Northwood
 Freeman
 Cannington
 Sylvan
 Baysville
 So. Monaghan
 Tilbury Centre
 Virgil
 Cairngorm
 Walkerville
 Essex
 Morpeth
 Morpeth
 Humber Bay
 Huntsville
 Gelert
 Dutton
 Bolton
 Oxford Mills
 Woodville
 Meaford
 Glandine
 Port Perry
 406 Bloor St., Toronto
 Clarksburg
 Essex
 Grand Valley
 Frome
 Mount Brydges
 Amherstburg
 Braemar
 Dutton
 Lumley
 Farewell
 Box 146, Brampton
 Zimmerman
 Huntsville
 Huntsville
 Bobcaygeon
 Tryonville
 Colville
 Hlderton
 Guysboro
 Burnaby
 Putnam
 Onemeo
 Cottam
 Norwood
 Egbert
 Dalmeny
 Harwood
 Wheatley
 Oakville
 Box 60, Port Hope
 Box 410, Brantford
 Rutherford
 Walton
 Aurora
 Crewe
 Clifford
 Riverstown
 Little Britain
 Mount Forest
 Conn.
 Goodstown
 South Woodville
 Blenheim
 Humber
 Rob Roy
 Sandwich
 Grimston
 Tilsonburg
 Mansfield
 Kilmoryn
 Cooper's I
 Galt
 Glenora
 Coltonville
 Chippewa
 Cambachie
 Box 100, I
 Newburg
 Myrtle
 Cookstown
 Prospect Hill
 Edinburg
 So. Monaghan



Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener,
Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, and Victor of Omdurman.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. IV.]

OCTOBER 1ST, 1898.

[No. 1.

Personal Notes

AN important and interesting stage in the history of Dr.

Barnardo's emigration work has been passed since the previous issue of *UPS AND DOWNS*. The dispatch of the last party has brought the total number emigrated to a point beyond the five figures, and actually ten thousand and forty boys and girls have now gone forth from the Homes in the old land to the different quarters of the Empire, trained, educated and equipped to make their way in life as citizens of Greater Britain, and to build up by their enterprise and industry the great territories over sea that own the sovereignty of our Gracious Lady, Queen Victoria. These figures represent an amount of permanent good accomplished, a triumph of philanthropic zeal and organized effort that calls forth the deepest thankfulness and heart-felt congratulation. A population equal to that of a good-sized city has exchanged the lot of suffering, want and neglect, for the bright prospects that already many of them are realizing, of making useful and successful careers for themselves as the reward of their own honest exertion, and to the number of ten thousand, those who might otherwise have grown up to be a burden upon society, and whose lives would, in the majority of cases have been wasted

and blighted, are now in various quarters of the Empire—in Canada, in South Africa, and far away Australia—taking their place as useful, respected members of the community, reaping the fruits of their industry, and able to look forward to success and independence in the years to come. It is surely a noble tribute to the energy, courage and enthusiasm of the founder and director of the great movement that has accomplished such a result, and not less so to the munificent liberality of the people of England, who have year by year provided Dr. Barnardo with the funds for the support and carrying on of his enterprise. And yet, regarding these figures in a purely commercial aspect, where was there ever a more advantageous investment of British capital? When has such an asset been realized as these ten thousand young colonists, almost every one assisting, by his labor, in the development of the natural resources of the countries that they have made their home, and adding to the wealth of the Empire by their industry? From an Imperial standpoint, Dr. Barnardo's work, in its having placed out in the British colonies, under the most favourable conditions, over ten thousand healthy, well-trained young people has rendered incalculable service to the Empire. From

the philanthropic point of view, it has accomplished results in the cause of civilization that may well cause those who have at heart the welfare and uplifting of their fellow beings to thank God and take courage, while those who can realize that the work of child rescue is eminently Christ's work, will regard these ten thousand young people as an eloquent testimony to the power of practical consecrated Christian activity, a fulfilment indeed of the Gospel mission, a triumph of the spiritual forces that make for the ennobling and uplifting of the downcast and fallen of humanity.

It may be asked what effect will the presence of these ten thousand boys and girls, growing rapidly to manhood and womanhood, exercise upon the industrial, social, political and religious life of the young countries of their adoption? We believe in every respect the effect will be wholesome and beneficial. Our young colonists are, in the first place, British subjects, and their presence may be relied upon to strengthen in the population the elements that are in support of the British connection. They come out to work, to earn their bread by the sweat of their face, to take the first employment that offers, and mount the ladder step by step by their own exertions and merit. We add no recruits to that large class of adventurers that are the bane of every colony and young country—the men who are waiting for “something to turn up,” who are always looking for work and horrified at the idea of finding it. Our girls and boys are taught by precept, example and experience that labour is the lot of man, and that it is in the ranks of the world's workers that they have to take their place. They are not sent to the colonies to help in overcrowding the cities and towns, or to be competitors in any overstocked labour markets. They go, almost without exception, to the country districts, to live on the land at first as farm or plantation hands

as farmers on their own land. True this latter is at present nothing more than a “castle in the air” for the great majority of our lads; but every year adds to the number of those who are setting up for themselves, and many others are rapidly approaching the time when they can pass from the position of farm servants to that of “landed proprietors.” Furthermore, from the fact that they begin colonial life at so early an age they have the advantage over older emigrants, in that they are so much the more ready to adapt themselves to new ways and altered conditions of life. They have no old-fashioned ideas and prejudices to overcome, no established customs and habits of life to break through, but from the first they are at home amongst the people with whom they are placed, and adopt the ways, speech and mode of living of those about them, and by the easiest process and in an incredibly short time become assimilated into the population of the country.

With but few exceptions, we can say of our lads and lassies that they are growing up honest, sober, clean-living, law-abiding members of society. They are not of the class who come to a new country steeped in the disaffection, vice and lawlessness of the old. They are not Nihilists, Socialists, Communists or Anarchists, but boys and girls who have had a good, healthy, sensible, English training, who have been taught to have the fear of God before their eyes, and to do their duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call them. The records of our ten thousand have abundantly justified all we have said in their favor, and as we think upon their past, present and future, we can but express our fervent hope and prayer that Dr. Barnardo may be spared to send forth yet ten thousand more as well trained and as well equipped for the battle of life, and to acquit themselves as worthily and well as those who precede them.

We are, my dear friends, to be battle-

of our annual inconsistency, in offering facilities to our boys for committing what we consider is an act of very great folly, and which we would keep them from if we could. In other words, we propose to follow the example of the last two years in organizing a little excursion party for such of our old boys as feel themselves irresistibly impelled to pay a visit this winter to their friends in England. Let it not be imagined for a moment that we undertake the task with any pleasure or good will. We are morally certain that almost every boy who joins the excursion will regret that he did so before he has been long at his journey's end, that it means in most cases neither pleasure nor profit, and that the large sum of money that the trip will cost would be in every respect better employed in drawing interest in the bank, awaiting the time when it shall form part of the capital to give its owner a start for himself in life. A boy who has earned and saved a hundred dollars and spends it in a trip to England, seems to us like a man who has climbed with much labour and exertion the first steps of a ladder and suddenly turns round and slides again to the bottom; and our excursionists will appreciate the force of the simile when they find themselves at the bottom next spring, and realize that they have to make the climb all over again to regain what they have lost. However, "Froggy would a-wooing go," and the imaginary attractions of a visit to old friends and old scenes will, we know well, be too strong for a good many of our old boys, so we are making arrangements with our friends of the Dominion Line for the special accommodation of those who intend to form our party, and in our advertising columns on page 3 of the cover will be found all necessary particulars. We can vouch for the fact, from our experience in the past, that our excursionists will receive the best of attention and accommodation on board and both the *Dominion* and the

Scotsman are magnificent ships, roomy, steady, well-manned and well-found. On the *Dominion* is Captain James, the youngest commander trading to the port of Montreal, but every inch of him a sailor, careful, vigilant, and always at his post. Captain Skrimshire, of the *Scotsman*, is one of the veterans of the *St. Lawrence*, and as good a navigator and shipmaster, and as attentive to his ship and her passengers as any man could wish to find on the Atlantic or elsewhere. We can obtain no rebate or reduction in rates, which are hard and fast, but we can hold out the prospect to our young travellers of being able to secure for them, as a party, other little privileges that will contribute very materially to the comfort and enjoyment of their trip. If there are any of our readers, therefore (and we hope there are not many) who have really made up their minds to spend next Christmas in England, let them study the announcement referred to, and write to us at once if they require any further information.

Three parties of boys and girls have safely crossed the ocean since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, making a total of four parties for the season. The 14th of July found us on the wing with 120 girls and 100 boys. Once again we crossed by the Dominion Liner *Labrador*, and after a very fairly good passage disembarked at Quebec on the 23rd. A week later a small detachment, consisting of twenty-eight lads from the Youths' Labour House, destined for the Manitoba Farm Home, followed in the steamer *Vancouver*, under charge of the Superintendent of the Y. L. H., Mr. George G. Mitchell, assisted by Mr. Gowen. Our latest party, and the last of the present season, have not yet spent a fortnight on Canadian soil. The numbers were 210 all told, eighty-eight boys and 122 girls. We travelled by the steamship *Dominion* and have never been more comfortable or better quartered in any of our experiences. It was quite one of our most successful journeys, and the

party as a whole will, we feel sure, do credit in the future to themselves and the Homes. Although the season is so advanced, there were applications on the books more than sufficient to provide situations for all the youngsters in the party eligible for placing out, and we close the season's campaign and enter upon our winter's work without a boy unplaced, and the Homes both in Toronto and Winnipeg almost untenanted.

Our exhibition gathering was a great and unqualified success. I write of it with a still bitter sense of disappointment at having been absent on the other side of the Atlantic when so many old friends from far and near were assembled on the occasion that comes but once a year. The pleasure of such a meeting is the sort of thing that one looks forward to with a degree of anticipation that is only realized when it is disappointed. Our guests, upwards of three hundred in number, who made a short or long stay at the Home during the fortnight, evidently enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the reunion of old friends and former acquaintances was exceedingly interesting and pleasant. Mr. Davis, upon whose hands it fell to organize and carry out the arrangements for the feeding, housing and entertainment of the visitors, is heartily to be congratulated upon the success with which everything passed off. It only remains to say that we hope all of our old boys who gave us the pleasure of their company on this occasion, will be with us again next year, and that as many more as possible will share our hospitality with them.

Old England is in the same place still, and the conditions of life, as they were once familiar to most of our readers, remain largely unchanged. Unquestionably the con-

dition of the people, especially those who are generally spoken of as the "masses," is improved and improving. Education, the growth of an enlightened public sentiment, the labours of a multitude of philanthropic agencies, the renewed vitality of almost all branches of the Christian Church, and the general awakening in the public mind to the responsibilities of man for his fellows, are bearing noble fruit in the homes and lives and prospects of the people. One can trace in gradual but continuous progress the emancipation of the lower orders of society from squalor, vice and degradation to a higher standard of life and morals; but there still remain dark spots on the body politic; there are many grave social problems to be faced, many bitter wrongs clamouring for redress, and needs on every hand that call for increased activity, devotion and self-sacrifice. Dr. Barnardo is as foremost as ever in the van of the forces that are labouring in the cause of Rescue and Reform. His work differs from many others, inasmuch as he has devoted himself to fencing the edge of the precipice rather than expending his energies in restoring the maimed and bleeding victims in the abyss beneath. The present year is the thirty-second in the life of the Homes, and in the previous thirty-one years a total of 33,368 children have passed through his hands. Much has been accomplished, but much yet remains to be done, and we are sure every reader of *UPS AND DOWNS* will join with us in the hope and prayer that the Doctor will be spared for many years yet to come to carry forward his labour of love, to rescue in still greater numbers the needy and destitute, and thus to advance still further the Kingdom of Christ on earth, and to lay still richer trophies at the Master's feet.

The Annual Meeting

FOR some years bygone the Homes have invaded the West End for the purpose of celebrating their annual gatherings. But this year the process was reversed; and on Saturday, 9th July, the invaders—a host who stood for, probably, the most diversified *clientele* of any charitable institution in the whole world—swarmed down to the far East, and overran Stepney. In other words, our Thirty-second Annual Meeting took place this year at the head-centre of our work—dingy, dirty, dear old “Stebonhithe,” which for the occasion looked its gayest. The barometer that morning was consulted by many of us with some fear and trembling. The skies looked dull, and the forecast was none too favourable. Would it rain? Happily, it did not, and the day passed off without a shower to mar our felicity.

It was an open-air festival. All our doings were planned to happen in that “well” of a playground which has now seen so many thousands of boys disport themselves over its stony surface. On three sides rose the many storied frontage of the dormitories, offices and workshops. The railway formed the fourth, and the shriek and jar of the trains were sometimes not a little disconcerting to orators unaccustomed to such interruptions. The boys, of course, minded the locomotives not a whit.

Our Meeting, therefore, had a pleasantly informal and social air about it. We were at *home*; one felt “picnicky” out in the open, even though not a single tree or bit of green was there to gladden the eye. But there was a personal tone about the Festival, too, for that Saturday was a high day, it was FOUNDER’S DAY as well as HUNDRED THIRTY-TWO, so that there was not a little of the birthday party about the function we had gathered to celebrate.

Stepney Causeway was gay with bunting and Venetian masts, inside and out, and as our visitors followed their devious way off Commercial Road and through the maze of doors and passages that make our headquarters something of a Chinese puzzle to the uninitiated, they assuredly felt at least that we were glad to see them. One o’clock saw the first contingent of arrivals, and friends came thick and fast until by 2 P.M. we had as many as we could comfortably accommodate. The “idea” of the afternoon was that this was a working day, that every department was in full operation, and that here we were for our friends to see us! So the early afternoon was devoted to sight-seeing, and the boys having the consciousness of being on parade, laboured with a will. All our workshops were in a whirr. The bakers were as white as flour could make them, and as hot as they ought to be on a summer’s day. The bootmakers illustrated the whole duty of “clickers,” “sew-rounds” and “finishers.” The carpenters turned out box after box with praiseworthy industry. The brushmakers showed us all quite a number of the forty processes needful for the making of a hearth broom. In the matter of mats and harness, an eager crowd followed the young workmen for a couple of hours with close attention. The printers, on their big top floor, showed everybody how to manufacture a poster in two colours. There was a busy band of woodchoppers. The tailor’s shop was all agog. The engine room with its fleckless cranks, the blacksmiths with their merry smithy fire, and the wheelwrights with hubs and felloes did not lack admirers. Neatly tucked away in one corner of the playground, too, there was quite an imposing temporary laundry, worked by a score or more of neat handed girls from the Hford Village Home.

Then, besides the industries, there was a host of scarcely less attractive sights. The clean dormitories, one hundred beds on a floor, were overrun by visitors. Over the way, the little "prisoners of pain," at Her Majesty's Hospital, held a constant levee all day, and the excitement did them no harm. There was something fresh to show our friends in the shape of a new chapel for the Boys' Home. One of the school-rooms in the Bower Street block has been transformed into a really neat and commodious little chapel, pewed in pitch-pine, and pleasantly lighted. A small organ has also been added, and although the workmen were hardly out, the chapel doors were thrown open to all and sundry, and everybody peeped and duly admired. A brief Thanksgiving Service took place at two o'clock, at which God's blessing was earnestly besought upon the work and upon the children. So many auditors were there that the little chapel was almost unduly crowded.

Another welcome novelty was the addition of a large slice to the playground. Number 12 of the Causeway had at last been purchased for the Homes, the back-yard fence was removed, and the space available was satisfactorily increased. The boys were highly excited over this increase of territory, and they pointed it out to visitors with all the pride of an empire-builder indicating a new colony. After the service in the chapel, a Bazaar and Sale of useful and fancy articles was opened on this new addition to the grounds, and all the afternoon long a busy chaffering went on at the stalls. Before all these points of interest had been examined and discussed, it was time to take one's place for the afternoon meeting. The playground, it was found, contained two large timber stagings with sloping seats, and here the audience foregathered in comfort under the summer sky to listen to what the platform had to tell them.

But before the Annual Meeting began the boys and girls had come

thing to show their visitors. And at two o'clock the centre of the yard became alive with a succession of little displays, concerning which we can only say that those who have never beheld our displays at the Royal Albert Hall were equally surprised and delighted by the agility, dexterity and discipline displayed by the orderly swarms of youngsters who in successive groups occupied the arena and went through their varied evolutions for the admiration and amusement of the applauding spectators.

The march of the emigrants was a striking feature of the display. The girls looked highly picturesque in their hoods and red bonnets, and the boys—stalwart, strapping fellows arrayed in colonial outfit—showed by their bearing and manner that they were carefully picked and carefully trained young people, who are likely to be a credit to the Homes wherever they go. They marched off amidst a whirlwind of cheers. The village maypole by the girls— a very pretty entertainment — and gymnastics by the boys concluded this part of the programme, and the spectators settled down in good humour to attend to the meeting, which was the next item upon the programme.

THE PLATFORM.

We were honoured by the chairmanship at the meeting of our President, Lord Brassey, Governor of Victoria. Prompt to time a little procession wound its way on to the extemporized platform, most of the well-known faces being greeted with hearty cheers. Among those present were the following:—Rt. Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B. (Chairman); Lady Brassey; Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset; Lady Hope and Mr. T. A. Denny; Dr. Harry Guinness, Miss Bolton; Mr. Howard Williams, Mr. W. T. Stead; Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.; Rev. Dr. Monte Gibson; Rev. George Hanson, M.A.; Rev. Canon Girdlestone, M.A.; and Mr. William Fowler.

After the singing of an opening

hymn, "Awake, awake, O heart of mine!" prayer was offered by the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, and Lord Brassey at once stepped to the front to deliver his speech from the chair.

In the course of his remarks the noble lord referred to the position he occupied as President of the Institutions, and gave expression to the deep interest he entertained in the work they were carrying on. For thirty-two years the doors of the Homes had been open for the reception of orphan and destitute children, and during that time no fewer than 34,000 boys and girls from babyhood to the verge of adult age had been taken under their sheltering care, while no less a number than nearly 5,000 inmates are always under Dr. Barnardo's charge. These young people are carefully trained and educated, and afterwards given a start in life, and in referring to the after-careers of those who have been inmates of the Homes his Lordship mentioned, as an interesting circumstance, the fact that the captain of the yacht *Sunbeam*, during her commission to Australia, was an old Barnardo boy. During the year 1897, 2,249 fresh cases had been admitted into the Barnardo Home, of which number 746 only came from London, the balance, 1,503 in number, having been recruited from all parts of the United Kingdom, from the Channel Islands and in some cases from abroad. Proceeding to deal with the financial position of the Institutions, it was stated by the noble lord that during the year 1897 no less a sum than £144,008 in all was received from the benevolent public in support of the work. Large as this amount was it showed a decrease upon the income of the previous year of £3,034. This decrease was caused by a falling off in the contributions to the Special Building Fund, but the amount received for the General Purpose Fund showed an advance from £134,967 to £137,350. In his concluding remarks the noble lord in eloquent and feeling terms referred to Dr. Barnardo's activity

ing in the highest degree the recognition and gratitude of the public, his success having been achieved, as it could only be achieved, by a rare combination of skill in organization, of tenderness of heart and of an faltering resolve to dedicate the whole of his life and all the talents which God has given him to the great work which he has undertaken.

At the conclusion of the Chairman's remarks, there came what might have been a startling diversion but for the fact that it had been carefully rehearsed, and everyone knew it was only play. There was a sudden alarm of fire. Flames and smoke were seen to issue in volume from the second floor of the great building facing the audience. The alarm sounded on bugle and bell. Then a canvas fire escape was quickly thrown out from one of the top floors, and dozens of lads, with night-shirts over their ordinary clothing, slid down inside it with remarkable agility, while scores of other lads trooped down the iron staircase. It was a novel and interesting experiment, and gave great delight to the now excited audience; and when it was announced that all the lads in the building had been rescued, a hearty cheer was raised.

The first resolution re-affirming the heart-felt sympathy of the meeting with the objects of the Institutions, and gratefully acknowledging the good hand of God in the results accomplished, was moved by that staunch supporter of the Homes, Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D. "I am very happy indeed," said the Canon, "as one of the working clergy, to be able to take part at this annual meeting of my old friend, Dr. Barnardo, and to have this opportunity of wishing him continued Godspeed in his work, and in all that lies before him. We never can meet the children, as we meet them to-day, without feeling that we are all more earnest, more thankful and better men and women for doing so." (Hear, hear,

“I am not here, but, that in proportion as we have learned the spirit of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, we must be, as this resolution says, in sympathy with this saving work, which rescues the souls and bodies of these little children.” (Applause).

After referring to the work as bringing into proximity the darkest and the brightest side of Christian life, and the splendid hope opened out to each one of those who were benefitted by it, the eloquent Canon proceeded to vindicate the right of Dr. Barnardo to educate in the Christian faith each child whom he had received under his care without regard to its religion in the past, knowing and caring nothing as to what the religion of its parents might have been, knowing only that it was homeless and friendless and that it belonged to Christ. He would re-echo and endorse the words of Lord Brassey in thanking Dr. Barnardo in the name of all the churches, and in the name of his country, for the splendid work he is doing.

“I am not here to say that Dr. Barnardo has never made a mistake in his work. Have *you* never made a mistake? Have we not all made mistakes in our Christian work? But I am here to say that from the heart we thank him, and from the heart we will support the man who, in the face of anxiety, difficulty and discouragement, with his old energy, courage and wisdom, still carries on, as he has done for two-and-thirty years, this glorious work for God and man.

‘He is brave who dares to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
He is brave who dares to be
In the right with two or three.’

“My Lord, I have much pleasure in moving this resolution.” (Loud Applause.)

The resolution was seconded by Lady Hope in a speech that carried forth the enthusiastic applause of the audience, and was afterwards put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Here a most interesting diversion took place. There suddenly appeared near the platform a number of little children, simply dressed, but covered with blossoms gathered apparently that very day from the woods or with flowers sent in by kind friends for that purpose. Some of these children had with them mail carts and old perambulators, but these were “transmogrified” by the flowers with which they were tastefully and charmingly decorated, so that only those who were in the secret could have imagined that they were second-hand and worn-out vehicles which had been pressed into the service. Some tiny boys from Leopold House rode on floral tricycles. A sedan chair, borne by two sturdy youths, was an object of great interest and attention. Ropes of twining green, brightened with various blooms and blossoms, were thrown from shoulder to shoulder, and seemed to connect all the individuals of the group of young revellers, who, as they moved forward around the arena, were pelted by some of the audience with *confetti*, which they had evidently prepared beforehand. The children, nothing loth, blithely responded, and a merry battle ensued for some time, while from all sides clouds of *confetti* were showered among the combatants. The audience and those on the platform were quite enthusiastic. The game waxed fast and furious and reached its climax as the young processionists found themselves in front of the Director, whom they audaciously pelted, little expecting what he had in store for them; for a sack lay at his feet filled with grass cuttings from a lawn mower, and with both hands he showered the green stuff on the heads of the young assailants, who shrieked with laughter as they threw back their *confetti*. Ammunition, however, shortly became exhausted, and this exciting interlude thereupon came to an end.

The resolution was then carried, and congratulations of the meeting to

Lord Brassey upon his appointment to the Governorship of the Colony of Victoria, and thanking him for the part he has taken in the anniversary meeting, was moved by Mr. William Fowler, M.P., who for many years has acted as Hon. Treasurer of the Homes. In his remarks upon the progress of the Institutions, he observed that he had watched their growth since the year 1870, and considered that no institution has done more good during that time. Money is carefully expended, the strictest economy is observed, and no money ever contributed to an institution did more good.

Rev. Dr. Munro Gibson, who seconded the resolution, after congratulating Lord Brassey upon his appointment, and the Colony of Victoria upon having him as its Governor, referred to Dr. Barnardo's work as having called the attention of the country at large to the duty of rescuing the lost. Dr. Barnardo has shown the way to accomplish this, and his work is a witness to the faith of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Harry Guinness, speaking in support of the resolution, spoke of the extent to which the tendencies of heredity can be surmounted by the power of environment as evidenced under the grace of God in the lives of those who have been

brought under the training of the Institutions, and in the percentage of those who have turned out well.

"I am inclined to think my friends, that the gathering here represented to-day will agree with me when I say that it would be difficult to find so splendid a work as this anywhere else in the world. It has something like eighty-six different departments, and I say that indicates a power of organization that it would be exceedingly difficult to transcend. From my heart I say, May God bless the founder of these Homes! May God spare his life, and may God increase his blessed work! (Loud applause). Allow me just to add my support to the resolution that has already been moved and seconded."

The Resolution was then put to the meeting and carried amidst great cheering.

The collection was at once taken up, after which the Duchess of Somerset awarded prizes to the young people who had distinguished themselves in the Battle of Flowers, while Lady Brassey presented prizes to nearly 400 old boys and old girls who had kept their situations with credit to themselves for from one to ten years. Lady Brassey most kindly shook hands with each prize-winner, to whom in many cases she addressed words of encouragement and congratulation.

Donations to the Homes

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

Brooks, Geo., \$2; Bate, Fred A., \$1.00; Cameron, James, \$1.06; Danton, Walter, 75c.; Dewbury, Thos., \$1; Dumord, Albert H., \$2; Folley, Charles, \$1; Forrester, Fred, \$1; Gawtray, Thomas, \$1; Guertier, A., \$1; Hassell, John, \$1; Harris, Fred J., \$1; Howard, John G., \$1;

Heard, Geo., \$1; Johnson, H., \$1; Moule, W. E., \$1; Newman, R. C., \$1.50; Newcomb, Jos. L., \$4.75; Press, B. J., \$4.75; Parker, Herbert, 50c.; Parker, Fred., \$3.10; Rothwell, John, \$6; Radcliffe, Frank, \$1; Reynolds, Fred., 75c.; Smith, Geo. W., \$2; Sessions, W., \$1; Vival, Thos., \$1.80; Watson, John H., \$2; Warriner, Peter, \$1

Ogwood, Frank, \$1.75; (Total \$114.00)

Milking-Time

OCTOBER'S twilight settles o'er the vale,
And now the kine wend upward from the marsh,
Scanning the distance for the maid and pail,
Obedient to the call heard 'twixt the harsh
Complaints of a shy corncrake in the grass—
The long and green, lush grass of swampy soil,
That sweeps the laden udders as they pass
A mouldering trophy of the settler's spoil,
Won with the axe by arms that long since ceased from toil.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" The same familiar call
That lured their dams along the devious trail
(Like a faint echo, calling, calling all
The sylvan sprites to seek it but to fail),
Coaxes at eventide the stragglers home;
And ever whisking white or dappled flank
At their own pace the laggards slowly come
In single file, and now in broken rank,
Each chewing still the cud erst grazed from sunny bank.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" And step by step are seen
The briar bush, the willow by the pool,
The startled frog, the windmill lank and lean,
The spreading elm whose branches kept them cool
In August noons till sultry hours were flown;
And then the horses in the paddock croft,
And shaggy Shep, approaching with a bone;
Above the sty a row of snouts aloft,
And in the dairy Phœbe churning, singing soft.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" Now here's the barnyard gate,
Wide open to admit them; fragrant hay
Protruding from the loft—a tempting bait;
The brimming trough they sought at break of day;
A glimpse of comfort in the empty stalls,
And there the milkmaid, waiting whom she hails,
With bare, plump arms. "Coo-boss!" again she calls.
A look of yearning o'er the orchard rails,
And soon the rich, white milk is frothing in the pails.

WALTER DE LA BECHE

Under the Old Pasture

PROMPTED by a desire to meet and get acquainted with some of our boys, the second week of the exhibition found me an interested spectator of—and, indeed, a participant in—the festivities at Dr. Barnardo's Toronto Home. Of little shavers, fresh from the London Training Homes, I had seen galore; but of the nurslings transplanted in Muskoka, and afterwards set out to flourish in various parts of Ontario and Manitoba, I had seen but few. It was, therefore, with some degree of curiosity that I took advantage of the opportunity to behold some of Dr. Barnardo's immigrants in the two stages of youth and young manhood, after a residence of from five to fifteen years in Canada.

Perhaps the exceptionally low rates on the railroad, and an exhibition so attractive that it drew half a million people to see it, coupled with the fact that our annual reunion is now an event which none of our boys will miss if he can help it, account for the extra number of visitors this year. As usual, during exhibition week, they kept open house at 214 Farley Avenue, and nearly 300 familiar faces indulged in a broad grin as they individually reflected and exaggerated the genial smile with which Brother Griffith accosted each newcomer, preparatory to a searching enquiry into all that concerns his welfare. Sunrise to sunset, sunset to bedtime, and "oft in the stilly night," they came, some by rail, some on bicycles and some on "Shank's mare," and all in a good humor.

"Hello, Tommy! Come in, Arthur," "Glad to see you, Charles!" and so forth, until I thought the vocabulary of Christian and surname names would surely be exhausted as the marvellous memory of Brother Griffith recalled in an instant the name associated with each fresh

face. Only rarely would he hesitate for a moment while he consulted his mental album, and then: "Oh, yes; you're so-and-so from Bruce County. Of course. And how are you, William?" I stood aghast, not being able to see the of-course-ness of the situation, knowing, as I do, that some 6,000 of our boys are now in the Dominion, any one of whom is liable to turn up without notice at exhibition time. Brother Griffith is a wonderful man—a wonderful man! I can only conclude that he has the portrait of every Barnardo boy in Canada duly labelled and stowed away in that capacious memory of his, so that all he has to do to recall a boy is to soliloquize, "Party 1885, third floor cerebrum, shelf thirty-six, Tommy Tompkins," and then proceed to tell you all about him. Brother Griffith is systematic to the last degree—just the man for a visitor, because when a farmer makes a promise which he means to forget, it is promptly filed away for ready reference, with a corroborative record at the Home, if the statement is challenged.

Brimful of animal spirits, a trifle frisky and frolicsome, and with lung power that shows no consumption in the family, the boys enjoyed themselves heartily and were well-behaved, no matter what the neighbours may say on the score of vociferousness. What they had to say, they were not ashamed of anyone hearing, and that should make amends for their exuberance. Even Mr. Davis, who might have posed as the phenomenal tireless, sleepless, wide-awake man, had to confess that they were nothing worse than noisy. Noisy in italics, of course, because just when Mr. Davis thought he could snatch a nice wink—and a snooze, some way—could begin to relate, in a tone more audible than entertaining, the tale of Sammie's

the blowing up of the *Morne*, or the respective points of fat stock, as witnessed at "the greatest show on earth." Exhibition comes but once a year and where is the man who would add "thank Goodness!" Not even Mr. Davis, for now all the stress and turmoil of the occasion are past, he may be heard anticipating provisions for the next meeting. Deprived of so much sleep and sorely taxed as he was, he shows more by deeds than words what an active interest he takes in the boys' comfort and welfare. And who so grateful and responsive to kindness as our boys? It is really a privilege to have the opportunity to serve them, for the appreciation shown.

Unfortunately Mr. Owen was away in England to bring out another party of boys in September, and boys who came loaded up with questions as to the prospects of settlement in the great North-West had to be content with information from other sources. They seem to imagine that there is nothing about Canada that Mr. Owen does not know. While the boys realize that Doctor Barnardo cannot leave headquarters to come to Canada, except on urgent business, there was an evident desire to see him again, and disappointment that they must leave Toronto without having met the one central figure who stands to them as the Institutions personified—the foster-father of their childhood. And for Mr. Owen to be absent, too,—he whom they expected to meet—that was too much of a deprivation to be endured without complaint. However, having slipped into reminiscence, they unconsciously drifted from the past into the future, and so fell to anticipating many improbable things; for, when the Doctor does come, they will be scattered all over Ontario, and only the lucky ones will meet him.

It was pleased to meet Mrs. Cunerty during her brief stay in Toronto, and to hear her compliments of the boys for their general air of prosperity, shown in the possession of bicycles, new suits of clothes, and

here and there a substantial bank account. Miss Pearson, who used to teach the little fellows at the Toronto Home, also dropped in occasionally to revive old friendships and to participate in the festivities by kindly accompanying many of the singers at the concert.

Mrs. Cunerty, upon whom devolved the arduous task of providing for the creature comforts of the guests, was fully equal to the occasion, and whoever left the table hungry was keeping Lent out of season. Hams, huge roasts of beef, brown bread and butter, cakes and cookies, apples, pies and other edibles disappeared as by sleight of hand. Now you saw them, anon they had vanished. But the rapidity with which the cheese went out of sight was simply appalling to one of a bilious temperament. "Though lost to sight, to memory dear" is suggested by the following epistle, which Mrs. Cunerty is expected to believe was written by an Hibernian admirer of her good taste in the buying of cheese:

MRS. CUNERTY'S CHEESE

MY DAR MRS. CUNERTY:

I take this opportunity to thank yez for the ham and pie, the butther and the cake, the apples and the home-made bread, the cold roast beef, et cetry, and also for the cookies which ye know the way to make.

The tay was very good, and all yer cooking did ye credit; the shtyle of all the ateables an epicure would plaze; but hark ye, Mrs. Cunerty (there's more than me who said it), ye've killed the bhoys wid kindness and restored 'em wid yer chaze.

Oh, 'tis ye who know the sacret and the mysteries of buying, and 'tis ye who know the nearest way to hungry mankind's heart; I guess I ate a half a chaze, and now bedad I'm dying for the docthor to prescribe for me at once—the other part.

Be jabbers! it was ancient, it was toothsome, it was tasty!—so unlike the new-made stuff that breeds dyspepsy on the farm, that when it isn't tasteless, ma'am, it's binous and pasty, and the man who fills himself wid it wakes up in dire alarm.

So I beg to move a motion that is just as good as carried. Resolved, that Mrs. Cunerty does know a thing or two, and what she doesn't know of chaze is useless to the married. Three cheers for Mrs. Cunerty—Hurrah! hooray! hooroo!

FLANNIGAN O'FLAHERTY

As a matter of course, everybody went to the exhibition and were delighted with the many things of interest there beheld; but I question whether more spontaneous fun and hearty enjoyment were derived from the great fair than from the two impromptu concerts held in the dining hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, September 8th and 9th. Everybody knew everybody else, jests were bandied to and fro, and all gave themselves up to unrestrained merriment. One of the young men, Charles Martin, had invested his savings in a small gramophone, with which, as an enterprising showman, he adds to his income by giving evening entertainments in the country. This was a source of much amusement. "The man in the box" chuckled and laughed, whistled, gave stump speeches, played a banjo and sang popular songs to repeated encores, and Mr. Martin was voted a good fellow for his kindness in introducing his queer associate. Miss Kitty Cunerty, the eight-year old daughter of our hostess, gave several recitations in a manner that bespoke her a coming elocutionist; R. J. Bryan, at one time one of Dr. Barnardo's Highland Pipers, disported himself in Highland flings, sword and clog dances with the same *fealty* precision that won for him many an encore at public entertainments; T. Johnson whistled like a nightingale, gave barnyard selections and "tripped the light, fantastic toe" to the strains of a mouth-organ; several of the boys made speeches, eulogistic of the Homes, and expressive of the filial regard they still feel for the Doctor, reference to whom never failed of applause, which shows that gratitude is still an active virtue with them; and a number of others rendered in a creditable manner songs, recitations and instrumental solos. Your humble servant was in the chair and the following composed the entertainment committee: A. Smith, John Hayes, R. J. Bryan and Arthur Sherwood.

At the close of the programme on Friday evening, Mrs. Cunerty was presented with a handsome silver-plated cake basket, as a token of esteem and of the appreciation of the old boys of her indefatigable efforts in providing for their comfort.

Mr. Davis was also tendered an expensive silver-plated butter dish, which, on the ground of discipline, he accepted as a present to the Home. In the course of his remarks, he said that this year Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo had celebrated their silver wedding, and that this was the thirty-second year of the existence of the Institution to which the Doctor has devoted his life and abilities. Some 35,000 children had been rescued and cared for in these thirty-two years of the Home's history, and of this number nearly 10,000 had been sent to the colonies, there to find, as these had found, the highway to prosperity. After alluding to the personnel of the Home staff, past and present, he assured the boys of their cordial welcome, and of Dr. Barnardo's continued interest in the welfare of each one of them after they had graduated as free and independent citizens of this great Dominion; and counselling them to so conduct themselves as to merit respect and reflect credit upon their training, he took his seat, heartily applauded.

Early on Saturday morning the final exodus began, and at noon there were but few who were not on their way to their respective spheres of employment, loth to part with their old comrades and friends, but fully persuaded that they had had a "good time" and that they would come again next year, if they could.

When Mr. Owen returns to his office he will find it "swept, and garnished" with an improvised aquarium consisting of a tin loaf pan occupied by two gold fish, brought by Arthur Ford from Amherstburg as a gift to him. I thus spent two days at the Home *in suite* to his sister at Bantledon. On how he also took some good old. He

will call again on his way home, and then perhaps he will instruct us as to the habits and appetites of gold fish. One boy suggested ants' eggs as their natural food, and another thought gold dust was essential to the maintenance of their complexion. There is neither an entomologist or millionaire about the premises, and so—well, I trust they will live until Mr. Owen comes to relieve us of the responsibility. We have heard that "silence is golden;" now the boys are gone, perhaps they will thrive on that. In the meantime, our intentions are irreproachable; we feed them according to our several opinions, and hope their digestion is good.

Now that I have seen so many of Dr. Barnardo's boys with the imprint of Canadian farm life upon their features, and conversed, and chummed, and broken bread with them, I wish to state, for the benefit of a misinformed public, that the man who says that the Barnardo boy is not an acquisition to the country, is an unconscionable prevaricator; and this is the biggest epithet short of vulgarity I can think of. In Webster's Dictionary, among the T's, he will find the word Truth; he ought to take a week off from business and become familiar with it, and peradventure he may come to respect it. They were sharp and had their wits about them, and their

sharpness and wits were turned in the right direction. They were well behaved, respectful and respectable. Evidently, they were industrious, too, for the indications were not absent that from their opportunities they had extracted the full benefits. Some had bicycles, some had bank accounts; some were well dressed, and none were unpresentable. They will succeed; they will build up the country and themselves. Some are even now "landed proprietors" and business men, slowly but surely forging ahead toward "Easy Street." Wait a bit; this is a matter to be judged years hence, when these lads, taken from unfortunate circumstances and placed where good fortune may smile upon them, shall have grown to full manhood and made their impress upon this Dominion. These shall write in deeds and manly endeavour the history of Dr. Barnardo's efforts to give the friendless and forlorn a chance in the world. Not the rabid declaimer of frothy rhetoric—not the defamer of the innocent, but the boys themselves shall show by their conduct, and the testimony of reputable lives, what the result shall be of transplanting dwarfed and blighted lives into the free, invigorating sunshine of a new country, with all its possibilities. Wait a bit, I say; time will tell.

DICK WHITTINGTON.



Deeds that Won the Empire

The Heights of Abraham.

THE hero of this historic fight wore a singularly unheroic aspect. Wolfe's face, in the famous picture by West, resembles that of a nervous and sentimental boy—he was an adjutant at sixteen, and only thirty-three when he fell, mortally wounded, under the walls of Quebec. His forehead and chin receded; his nose, tip-tilted heavenwards, formed with his other features the point of an obtuse triangle. His hair was fiery red, his shoulders narrow, his legs a pair of attenuated spindle-shanks; he was a chronic invalid. But between his fiery poll and his plebeian and upturned nose flashed a pair of eyes—keen, piercing, and steady—worthy of Cæsar or of Napoleon. In warlike genius he was on land, as Nelson was on sea, chivalrous, fiery, intense. A "magnetic" man, with a strange gift of impressing himself on the imagination of his soldiers, and of so penetrating the whole force he commanded with his own spirit that in his hands it became a terrible and almost irresistible instrument of war.

On June 21st, 1759, the advanced squadron of the fleet conveying Wolfe came working up the St. Lawrence. To deceive the enemy they flew the white flag, and, as the eight great ships came abreast of the Island of Orleans, the good people of Quebec persuaded themselves it was a French fleet bringing supplies and reinforcements. The bells rang a welcome; flags waved; boats put eagerly off to greet the approaching ships. But as these swung round at their anchorage, the white flag of France disappeared, and the red ensign of Great Britain flew in its place. The crowds, struck suddenly dumb, watched the gleam of the hostile flag, with chap-fallen faces. A priest, who was standing at the ship's trough, a tele-

scope, actually dropped dead with the excitement and passion created by the sight of the British fleet. On June 26th the main body of the fleet, bringing Wolfe himself with 7,000 troops, was in sight of the lofty cliffs on which Quebec stands; Cook, afterwards the famous navigator, master of the *Mercury*, sounding ahead of the fleet. Wolfe at once seized the Isle of Orleans, which shelters the basin of Quebec to the east and divides the St. Lawrence into two branches, and, with a few officers, quickly stood on the western point of the isle. At a glance the desperate nature of the task committed to him was apparent.

Quebec stands on the rocky nose of a promontory shaped roughly like a bull's head, looking eastward. The St. Lawrence flows eastward under the chin of the head; the St. Charles runs, so to speak, down its nose from the north to meet the St. Lawrence. The city itself stands on lofty cliffs, and as Wolfe looked upon it on that June evening far away, it was girt and crowned with batteries. The banks of the St. Lawrence, that define what we have called the throat of the bull, are precipitous and lofty, and seem by mere natural strength to defy attack, though it was just here, by an ant-like track up 250 feet of almost perpendicular cliff, Wolfe actually climbed to the plains of Abraham. To the east of Quebec is a curve of lofty shore, seven miles long, between the St. Charles and the Montmorency. When Wolfe's eye followed this seven miles of curving shore, he saw the tents of a French army doubtless his own in strength, and commanded by the most brilliant French soldier of his generation, Montcalm. Quebec in a word was a great natural fortress, attacked by 9,000 troops, and defended by

19,000; and Montcalm's daring military genius repulsed the English attack, a soldier's daring and self-reliance as Wolfe directed the French defence.

Montcalm gave a proof of his fine quality as a soldier within twenty-four hours of the appearance of the British fleet. The very afternoon the British ships dropped anchor, a terrific tempest swept over the harbour, drove the transports from their moorings, dashed the great ships of war against each other, and wrought immense mischief. The tempest dropped as quickly as it had arisen. The night fell black and moonless. Towards midnight the British sentinels on the point of the Isle of Orleans saw driftily silently through the gloom the outlines of a cluster of ships. They were eight huge fire ships, floating mines packed with explosives. The nerve of the French sailors, fortunately for the British, failed them, and they fired the ships too soon. But the spectacle of these flaming monsters, as they drifted towards the British fleet, was appalling. The river showed ebony-black under the white flames. The glare lit up the river cliffs, the roofs of the city, the tents of Montcalm, the slopes of the distant hills, the black hulls of the British ships. It was one of the most stupendous exhibitions of fireworks ever witnessed! But it was almost as harmless as a display of fireworks. The boats from the British fleet were by this time in the water, and pulling with steady daring to meet these drifting volcanoes. They were grappled, towed to the banks, and stranded, and there they spluttered and smoked and flamed till the white light of the dawn broke over them. The only mischief achieved by these fire ships was to burn alive one of their own captains and five or six of his men, who failed to escape in their boats.

Wolfe, in addition to the Isle of Orleans, seized Point Lévis opposite the city, and thus gave him complete command of the basin of Quebec, from his batteries on Point Lévis,

too, he could fire directly on the city, and destroy it if he could not capture it. He himself landed the main body of his troops on the east bank of the Montmorenci, Montcalm's position, strongly entrenched, being between him and the city. Between the two armies, however, ran the deep gorge through which the swift current of the Montmorenci rushes down to join the St. Lawrence. The gorge is barely a gunshot in width, but of stupendous depth. The Montmorenci tumbles over its rocky bed with a speed that turns the flashing waters almost to the whiteness of snow. Was there ever a more curious military position adopted by a great general in the face of superior forces? Wolfe's tiny army was distributed into three camps; his right wing on the Montmorenci was six miles distant from his left wing at Point Lévis, and between the centre, on the Isle of Orleans, and the two wings, ran the two branches of the St. Lawrence. That Wolfe deliberately made such a distribution of his forces under the very eyes of Montcalm showed his amazing daring. And yet beyond firing across the Montmorenci on Montcalm's left wing, and bombarding the city from Point Lévis, the British general could accomplish nothing. Montcalm knew that winter must compel Wolfe to retreat, and he remained stubbornly but warily on the defensive.

On July 18th the British performed a daring feat. In the darkness of the night two of the men-of-war and several sloops ran past the Quebec batteries and reached the river above the town; they destroyed some fire-ships they found there, and cut off Montcalm's communication by water with Montreal. This rendered it necessary for the French to establish guards on the line of precipices between Quebec and Cap-Rouge. On July 28th the French repeated the experiment of fire-ships on a still more gigantic scale. A vast fire-raft was constructed composed of some seventy schooners, boats and rafts, chained together, and loaded

with combustible and explosive. The fire raft is described as being too fathoms in length, and its appearance, as it came drifting on the current, a mass of roaring fire, discharging every instant a shower of missiles, was terrifying. But the British sailors dashed down upon it, broke the huge raft into fragments, and towed them easily ashore. "Hang it, Jack," one sailor was heard to say to his mate as he tugged at the oar, "didst thee ever take hell in tow before?"

Time was on Montcalm's side, and unless Wolfe could draw him from his impregnable entrenchments and compel him to fight, the game was lost. When the tide fell, a stretch of shoal a few score yards wide was left bare on the French side of the Montmorenci. The slope that covered this was steep, slippery with grass, crowned by a great battery, and swept by the cross-fire of entrenchments on either flank. Montcalm, too, holding the interior lines, could bring to the defence of this point twice the force with which Wolfe could attack it. Yet to Wolfe's keen eyes, this seemed the one vulnerable point in Montcalm's front, and on July 31st he made a desperate leap upon it.

The attack was planned with great art. The British batteries thundered across the Montmorenci; and a feint was made of fording that river higher up, so as to distract the attention of the French, whilst the boats of the fleet threatened a landing near Quebec itself. At half-past five the tide was at its lowest, and the boat-flotilla, swinging round at a signal, pulled at speed for the patch of muddy foreshore already selected. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans leaped ashore in the mud, and—waiting neither for orders, nor leaders, nor supports—dashed up the hill to storm the redoubt. They reached the first redoubt, tumbled over it and through it, only to find themselves breathless in a narrow circle of fire. The men felt faint, but yet struggled fiercely upwards. A furious storm of rain broke over the

combatants at that moment, and made the steep grass-covered slopes as slippery as mere glass. "We could not see half way down the hill," writes the French officer in command of the battery on the summit. But through the smoke and the driving rain they could still see the Grenadiers and Royal Americans in ragged clusters, scarce able to stand, yet striving desperately to climb upwards. The reckless ardour of the Grenadiers had spoiled Wolfe's attack, the sudden storm helped to save the French, and Wolfe withdrew his broken but furious battalions, having lost some 500 of his best men and officers.

The exultant French regarded the siege as practically over; but Wolfe was a man of heroic and quenchless tenacity, and never so dangerous as when he seemed to be in the last straits. He held doggedly on, in spite of cold and tempest and disease. His own frail body broke down, and for the first time the shadow of depression fell on the British camps when they no longer saw the red head and lean and scraggy body of their general moving amongst them. For a week, between August 22nd and August 29th, he lay apparently a dying man, his face, with its curious angles, white with pain and haggard with disease. But he struggled out again, and framed yet new plans of attack. On September 10th, the captains of the men-of-war held a council on board the flagship, and resolved that the approach of winter required the fleet to leave Quebec without delay. By this time, too, Wolfe's scanty force was diminished one-seventh by disease or losses in battle. Wolfe, however, had now formed the plan which ultimately gave him success, though at the cost of his own life.

From a tiny little cove, now known as Wolfe's Cove, five miles to the west of Quebec, a path, scarcely accessible to a goat, climbed up the face of the great cliff, nearly 250 feet high. The place was so inaccessible that only a post of 100 men kept guard over it. At that

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It will like that of a child's play
The path of a thread that leads to the
goal.

track, in the blackness of the night, Wolfe resolved to lead his army to the attack on Quebec! It needed the most exquisite combinations to bring the attacking force to that point from three separate quarters, in the gloom of night, at a given moment, and without a sound that could alarm the enemy. Wolfe withdrew his force from the Montmorenci, embarked them on board his ships, and made every sign of departure. Montcalm mistrusted the signs, and suspected Wolfe would make at least one more leap on Quebec before withdrawing. Yet he did not in the least suspect Wolfe's real designs. He discussed, in fact, the very plan Wolfe adopted, but dismissed it by saying, "We need not suppose that the enemy have wings." The British ships were kept moving up and down the river front for several days, so as to distract and perplex the enemy. On September 12th Wolfe's plans were complete and he issued his final orders. One sentence in them curiously anticipates Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar. "Officers and men, wrote Wolfe, "*will remember what their country expects of them.*" A feint on Beauport, five miles to the east of Quebec, as evening fell, made Montcalm mass his troops there; but it was at a point five miles west of Quebec the real attack was directed.

At two o'clock at night two lanterns appeared for a minute in the maintop shrouds of the *Sunderland*. It was the signal, and from the fleet, from the Isle of Orleans, and from Point Levi, the English boats stole silently out, freighted with some 1,700 troops, and converged towards the point in the black wall of cliffs agreed upon. Wolfe himself was in the leading boat of the flotilla. As the boats drifted silently through the darkness on that desperate adventure, Wolfe to the officers about him, commenced to recite Gray's "Elegy".

"Now, gentlemen," he added, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec." Wolfe, in fact, was half poet, half soldier. Suddenly from the great wall of rock and forest to their left broke the challenge of a French sentinel—" *Qui vive?*" A Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, who spoke French fluently, answered the challenge, "*France.*" "*A quel regiment?*" "*De la Reine,*" answered the Highlander. As it happened, the French expected a flotilla of provision boats, and after a little further dialogue, in which the cool Highlander completely deceived the French sentries, the British were allowed to slip past in the darkness. The tiny cove was safely reached, the boats stole silently up without a blunder, twenty-four volunteers from the Light Infantry leaped from their boat and lead the way in single file up the path, that ran like a thread along the face of the cliff. Wolfe sat eagerly listening in his boat below. Suddenly from the summit he saw the flash of the muskets and heard the stern shout which told him his men were up. A clear, firm order, and the troops sitting silent in the boats leaped ashore, and the long file of soldiers, like a chain of ants, went up the face of the cliff, Wolfe amongst the foremost, and formed in order on the plateau, the boats meanwhile rowing back at speed to bring up the remainder of the troops. Wolfe was at last within Montcalm's guard!

When the morning of the 13th dawned, the British army, in line of battle, stood looking down on Quebec. Montcalm quickly heard the news, and came riding furiously across the St. Charles and past the city to the scene of danger. He rode, as those who saw him tell, with a fixed look, and uttering not a word. The vigilance of months was rendered worthless by that amazing night escalade. When he reached the slopes, Montcalm saw

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before him the silent red wall of British infantry, the Highlanders with waving tartans and wind-blown plumes—all in battle array. It was not a detachment, but an army!

The fight lasted fifteen minutes, and might be told in almost as many words. Montcalm brought on his men in three powerful columns, in number double that of Wolfe's force. The British troops stood grimly silent, though they were tormented by the fire of Indians and Canadians lying in the grass. The French advanced eagerly, with a tumult of shouts and a confused fire; the British moved forward a few rods, halted, dressed their lines, and when the French were within forty paces threw in one fierce volley, so sharply timed that the explosion of 4,000 muskets sounded like the sudden blast of a cannon. Again, again, and yet again, the flame ran from end to end of the steadfast line. When the smoke lifted, the French column were wrecked. The British instantly charged. The spirit of the clan awoke in Fraser's Highlanders; they flung aside their muskets, drew their broadswords, and with a fierce Celtic slogan rushed on the enemy. Never was a charge pressed more ruthlessly home. After the fight one of the British officers wrote: "There was not a bayonet in the three leading British regiments, nor a broadsword amongst the Highlanders, that was not crimson with the blood of a foeman." Wolfe himself charged at the head of the Grenadiers, his bright uniform making him conspicuous. He was shot in the wrist, wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, and still ran forward. Two other bullets struck him—one, it is said, fired by a British deserter, a sergeant broken by Wolfe

for brutality to a private. "Don't let the soldiers see me drop," said Wolfe, as he fell, to an officer running beside him. An officer of the Grenadiers, a gentleman volunteer, and a private carried Wolfe to a redoubt near. He refused to allow a surgeon to be called. "There is no need," he said; "it is all over with me." Then one of the little group, casting a look at the smoke-covered battlefield, cried, "They run! See how they run!" "Who run?" said the dying Wolfe, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the answer. A flash of life came back to Wolfe; the eager spirit thrust from it the swoon of death; he gave a clear, emphatic order for cutting off the enemy's retreat; then, turning on his side, he added, "Now God be praised: I die in peace."

This fight determined that the North American continent should be the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And, somehow, the popular instinct, when the news reached England, realized the historic significance of the event. "When we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deed," writes Thackeray in "The Virginians"—"of that army marshalled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of the defeat of Montcalm on the open plain by the sheer valour of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news." Not merely all London, but half England flamed into illuminations. One spot alone was dark—Blackheath, where, solitary amidst a rejoicing nation, Wolfe's mother mourned for her heroic son—like Milton's Lycidas—"dead ere his prime." *Rev. H. Fitchett in Melbourne Argus*



Home Chat

OUR annual gathering during the week of the Toronto Exhibition brought to light not a few old faces that were familiar enough some years ago, but which of late we have seen very little of. George Freeman, whom we knew as a youngster a dozen years ago, appeared in the person of a stalwart, intelligent American railway man, with a record of ten years' service on the New York Central Railway. George has had his ups and downs in life since we last saw him, and has had to learn a good deal by experience that has in his case, like many others, been a hard school-master; but he has come out on the right side, and will make his way in the world.

Wives are becoming quite an interesting and picturesque feature of our Exhibition gathering. Several of our visitors arrived accompanied by their better halves, and the presence of these ladies added a charm to the festive occasion. Among others who appeared, as it were in duplicate, we may mention Thomas S. Capel, who brought us the news that he has been married two years, and is comfortably established in a country village not far from Cobourg. Our old friend, Henry Pepper, brought Mrs. Pepper to share our hospitality. It is not the first time she has given us the pleasure of her company, and we hope it may not be the last. Henry has good steady employment and appears to be in flourishing circumstances. Others who didn't bring their wives, brought us news of them, and we heard of several old friends who have passed into the united state and taken upon themselves the cares and responsibilities of married life. Charles Church is an old '83 pioneer, and one who for fifty-five years has upheld the good name of our Home. It gives us great pleasure to hear of such an old friend and to see him established in a

home of his own. Clifford Way, another of our pioneers, is heard of at the end of eighteen years in the country, happily married and the owner of a good team of horses, with which he works under contract for a large lumber firm in North-Western Ontario.

John Tiney, a contemporary of Charles Church, was one of our Exhibition visitors. His record has been a thoroughly satisfactory one,



James A. Tiney.

and John is one of those whom we are proud to own as a member of our big family. He has developed into an able-bodied, hard-working, and in every way a first-class farm hand and a jolly good fellow to boot. We are very glad John was able to be with us, and we hope for the pleasure of his company in future years.

We have a delightful prospect of meeting our visitors with a party at Fort Erie, Ontario. For twenty years of Charles Church's life, he has never visited the place, and it is a

wise impaired his good looks. We have been looking over the letters that have passed between Robert and ourselves, and we recognize a distinct period when sensible, manly views of life began to take the place in Robert's mind of some very foolish notions that had possession of it before, especially in regard to the Home and the authority that had



Robert G. Smith

been exercised over him. We remember a letter from Robert, in which he expressed the fear that we regarded him as one of our black sheep. We can assure him that we are very far from having such an opinion of him, but that, on the contrary, he has a high place in our regard, and we look forward with confident expectation to seeing him steadily advance in the world and earn for himself the good name that is better than riches.

We have just received a capital letter from Henry J. Granville, addressed from Souris, Manitoba, and giving an interesting account of his experiences in the West. He writes:

"I am very glad to see you are all well. I think the country here is better than you are now with me, and I am sure for a while. I am a little better than

than in Ontario. That's one thing, and I believe that it's healthier, too. Well, we are through harvest, but have a lot to thresh yet. We have thirteen men, and lots of work for them all. The grain is not turning out so bad, after all. The boss is counting on having 16,000 bushels of wheat alone, and we have about 9,000 bushels already threshed, and only about half done. The weather is fine and warm, so as to give the flying ants a good chance to do their biting, and they do it, too, no mistake about that. We had a little wet spell lately, which made us start to plough. I hope they all enjoyed themselves at the Fair, as I would have if I had been there. It is a great time to renew old acquaintance. As I sit at this upstairs window and write this letter, I can count, without a single doubt, 190 stacks of grain, and it is a beautiful sight to look upon, you may depend. I do really think that this is the place for young men to come to, but it is pretty well settled here now."

We heartily echo everything Henry has to say in praise of the country, and we hope to see many of our lads going up to avail themselves of the advantage it offers.

Amongst the latest we have heard of as leaving for Manitoba is Charles Cornwall. Charles has been over six years in Ontario, and has thoroughly learned his business and will know what he is about when he gets to work in the West. We feel sure he will do well, and he has our heartiest good wishes for his success.

Frederick A. Bates has also pulled up stakes since the last issue of *URS AND DOWNS*, and gave us a call in Toronto on his way to Oak Lake, Manitoba. Fred. has decided on a good location, and when he left he had the prospect of immediate employment on his arrival with some relatives of his former employer. We have not heard from him since; but he is one of those who will fall on his feet wherever he is, and we expect to hear good accounts of him before long. We must not come to mention that on the occasion of his visit to the Home he presented a donation of one dollar towards the work. We are glad to have this opportunity of expressing our thanks to him for his generous gift, and we hope that he will be able to send us some more contributions in the future.

duty and responsibility towards the bridge that carried them over.

A former employer of Ernest Hall, who gave us a call during the Exhibition week, mentioned that Ernest has been in Manitoba for the past year, but has some idea of coming "home" to Ontario for the winter. If Ernest knows when he is well off, he will stay where he is; but unfortunately that is just what a great many boys don't know and only learn by experience. Our informant, Mr. Thomas Metherell, of Dunedin, spoke of both Ernest and his brother Herbert in the highest terms as being honest, faithful good-hearted lads.

We have received some interesting intelligence of our old friend, Charlie King, who, it appears, is now manager of a large stock farm near Guelph. Charlie was always a "brainy" lad, and now he has come to man's estate we quite expect to see him making his mark. We have a fear lest there should be a stumbling block in the road, but we hope by God's grace Charlie's good sense, self-control and self-respect will succeed in overcoming this. Not far from the scene of Charlie's labours and responsibilities is the famous Ontario Agricultural College, and from the College we have had a very interesting letter from Samuel Ling, telling us that he has entered there with the view of taking a course of study during the present winter. As far as the practical part of farming and farm labour is concerned, Sam. has served a good apprenticeship, and has learnt his business; and if he can now add to this some acquaintance with the scientific and theoretical side of his profession, he will have accomplished something that any lad may well be proud of.

The following letters we have selected, almost at random, from a formidable pile of similar communications relating to our little boarders that have lately come to hand.

FRUITLAND, September 5th.

DEAR FRIEND,—I thought I would write and tell you I go to school. I am in the third reader. We have got a new teacher. We have got a holiday to-day, as it is Labour Day. I like to go to school, and we take our dinner. We play ball every night but Sunday. We have got a swing and a bat and a ball. We get lots of grapes and fruit. All the roses are gone. We go down to the woods and gather acorns. We have got a cat. We call it Randolph Murray. We go to Sunday school every Sunday, and get a card and paper. We have a scrap book, and we put all our cards in it. I went to the city with mother and got a new suit of clothes. Mother went to Toronto and bought us a new scribbler. I think I will close, as I leave me at present.

so nicely. They go to school regularly and also are very useful. They have both had bad colds. We think Georgie must have had the whooping-cough, as it was going around the school, but is better now. They are both very healthy, as a rule. They are growing splendid, and are also honest and truthful; better boys could not be found. I close for this time, as the boys are sending you a little note.

I remain, yours truly,

E. VOLLICK.

FRUITLAND, September 5th.

DEAR FRIEND,—I thought I would write and tell you I go to school. I am in the third reader. We have got a new teacher. We have got a holiday to-day, as it is Labour Day. I like to go to school, and we take our dinner. We play ball every night but Sunday. We have got a swing and a bat and a ball. We get lots of grapes and fruit. All the roses are gone. We go down to the woods and gather acorns. We have got a cat. We call it Randolph Murray. We go to Sunday school every Sunday, and get a card and paper. We have a scrap book, and we put all our cards in it. I went to the city with mother and got a new suit of clothes. Mother went to Toronto and bought us a new scribbler. I think I will close, as I leave me at present.

HENRY LEAMING.

PORT SIDNEY P.O., ONT.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN:

DEAR SIR, Your remittance received, and am very thankful. The boys are well and doing well, and are very good boys. They are well-behaved and very bidable. As good as any Canadian boys, and a good deal better than some.

I remain your well-wisher for the prosperity of the Home.

WILLIAM ADDISON.

PARKERSVILLE, August 13, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—According to your request of the 4th inst., we have returned Arthur J. Kinchin to Toronto. We are very sorry to part with him. During his stay with us we have found him to be a cheerful, willing little lad, and whoever has the future charge of him will have a good boy. God bless him much in his new home. I have done my best to fit him up under our present circumstances. I remain,

Yours respectfully,

MRS. JAMES

on the page, they will recognize the familiar face in the portrait of Joseph S. Aule, taken from a photograph that remains to us as a souvenir of Joe's visit to the Home. He was able to give us a very satis-

factory report of himself, and to be doing thoroughly well.

Another old Stepney boy, Robert C. Newman, now a man grown and in his twenty-fifth year, has lately taken his pen in hand to send us an account of his welfare. He tells us that, after living for seven and a half years in his first place he decided to make a change, and has gone from a German to an English family. The excellent Germans seem to have been grieved at losing him, for, as Robert tells us in his letter, "When I left they were all in tears, and so was I." We learn, however, that he is doing splendidly in his new place, and he gives us a very interesting account of his successful performances in the capacity of manager of the decorations on the occasion of a recent festival at the village church, when it fell to his task to construct a couple of arches of evergreens and arrange floral decorations for the interior of the church building. It appears our friend received the public thanks of the members of the church, and we can quite imagine that he fully earned this recognition of his services. For our own part, we thank him for his letter and for its enclosure of two dollars as a donation to the Home.

The younger of the brothers, Henry and Frederick White, was among the number of our Exhibition guests. Fred is still with his old employer, Mr. Mulligan, and is engaged for the present year at a wage of \$125. He tells us that his brother, Henry, who took to himself a wife during the past year, is running a farm near Zion, in the County of Durham. Henry has himself a nice little freehold near the village of Millbrook, comprising a house and five acres of good land, and altogether is developing into an enterprising successful man of business.

The town and district of Peterboro is a locality where the Home is well represented, and the Exhibition brought to Toronto several of our old friends from that quarter, with

a very interesting budget of news of themselves and others. Among the most welcome of our visitors was Choirmaster James E. Steers, leader of the choirs of the Park Street Baptist Church and Charlotte Street Church Epworth League, Peterboro, active member of the S.O.E. and A.O.U.W., bandsman of the 57th Battalion, mechanic in one of the leading manufacturing establishments in Peterboro, and good husband, father, citizen and church-worker into the bargain.

The brothers, Francis and Charles Degan, were two others of the Peterboro contingent. Both these



Joseph S. B. Yule.

young men are married, and working for the same farmer in the neighbourhood of Peterboro, with whom they are engaged at a wage of \$175 a year. They are now entering upon their fourteenth year in the country, and have evidently made good use of their time.

We heard of another old Peterboro boy, Edward Walter, of whom to hear is always to have good news. "Ned" is now employed by a large firm in Peterboro, and doing well every day. To quote the words of the man with whom I was lately

for over ten years after coming to Canada. "We never brought a better boy to the country." We wish he could have paid us a visit, but perhaps he will some other year, and in the meantime we hope he won't forget that he has friends who still retain a warm interest in his welfare.

George Chambers, another '83 pioneer, is, we hear, working in a large foundry at Peterboro, earning an excellent character, and comfortably established in life.

Alfred Titmuss, who is described in the note of his visit as a "big, strong man," was amongst the



Joseph Mills.

number of those who partook of our hospitality. He is now working with a Mr. David Jackson, near Peterboro, earning \$15 a month with board and lodging, and we should think prospering and making his way steadily upwards.

William Moore, who came out in April, 1887, is also settled near Peterboro, and has lately become the happy husband of one of the Peterboro Home girls. This surprising event is referred to by Miss Cook in the girls' portion of the paper, and you will only be after

our sincere and heart-felt congratulations to the young couple, and our best wishes for their future happiness in married life.

We were much pleased to have a call from Charles Lawrence, whom we had not heard of for a considerable time previously. Charles was able to give a very encouraging report of himself, and is evidently making his way in the world. He has money in the bank, and is at present engaged at good wages in a first-class farm situation. His health has of late years been excellent, and he has the appearance of a stalwart, prosperous young farmer.

William Cole, from the same neighbourhood, was another of our guests, and although Willie was not looking very robust, and was not in the best of spirits about himself, he seems to be working steadily and well, and is able to command steady work and good wages.

Sidney Shaw, an old Manchester boy of the June, 1885, contingent, favoured us with his presence, and we were delighted to be able to extend him a welcome. Sidney is "all right," and we have never heard anything of him but what is satisfactory and encouraging. He has developed into a fine specimen of manhood, and we feel sure will do well in years to come. His namesake, Mr. Shaw, the devoted manager and director of the Homes in Manchester, would, we feel sure, be delighted if he could have the opportunity of seeing Sidney as he is now, and could see such admirable results of his labours. We well remember the little contingent from the Strangeways Home in Manchester that joined us on board the ship in Liverpool thirteen years ago, Sidney being almost the smallest of the dozen boys who formed the party. They have nearly all done exceedingly well, and their careers have been in every way a credit to their previous training and upbringing.

We are presenting our readers with a portrait of Joseph Mills, as he appeared before the camera on

the occasion of his visit to us in September. The picture hardly does justice to Joseph's proportions, which are on a very ample scale, and suggest that whatever else has failed him his appetite has not, or the wherewithal to satisfy it. Joseph had rather a sad disappointment on the occasion of his visit in not meeting his brother, Thomas. The latter was to have come up from Peterboro to join him, but failed to make his appearance till after the day when Joseph had to return to his work at Glencoe. We hope, however, the brothers will have another opportunity of meeting, and we shall be delighted to do anything in our power to help them in carrying out any arrangements for this purpose.

The brothers, Thomas and William Lashmar, were more fortunate in their arrangements, and the two lads had a very pleasant time together. They are both in good health and are doing as well as we could desire.

Charles Fisk contrived to arrange to meet his sister, Edith, with the result that we are able to present our readers with a portrait of the pair. It is not within our province to speak of the young lady, but we can say of Charles that during the six years that he has been in the country he has proved himself an honest, faithful, well-conducted young fellow, and one who gives every promise of doing well for himself in the future.

Alfred Bruce, one of our old "stand-bys," was with us once again, and the same Alfred Bruce as ever. He is now working out his seventh year in his present place, and has a record as "good as gold."

Albert E. Maker, another of our visitors, is a lad of bright promise, and we were delighted to welcome him again. As to whether Albert has good looks as well as a good character, we leave our readers to draw our own conclusions from the portrait that adorns our pages, and which we fancy does full justice to the subject.

We have to congratulate Fred Parker on the safe arrival from England of his sister, Carrie, in fulfilment of the arrangements he entrusted us to carry out for him, under which he has paid the entire cost of her passage. The people with whom Carrie was living in Lincolnshire were not at all willing to let her leave, but ultimately their objections were overcome and she accompanied our last party. We cannot congratulate Carrie on being by any means a good sailor, but she managed to get over her sea-sickness in time to land, and we have heard



Edith and Charles F. Fisk.

from Fred, that she has reached him safely and they are evidently very happy together.

We referred in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS to a commission of a similar kind that had been placed in our hands by William Carnick, whose mother and sister have since joined him at Truquois. We have much pleasure in introducing our readers, through the medium of photography, to one lad who has now supplied the Eastern emigration of three members of his family and provided for them in their activity.

William Rolt dropped in upon us from Newcastle, giving a very satisfactory account of himself, and tells us that his brother who was lately joined in wedlock to one of the young ladies from Hazel Brae, is doing well and comfortably settled.

Our esteemed friend, George William Smith, from Glencoe, was once again on deck. George is not given to talk much of his affairs, being evidently one of those who believe in minding their own business and letting other people mind theirs; but we have a shrewd idea that George is doing remarkably well, and has probably a nice little nest-egg somewhere or other where he knows where to find it. He and his partner, Joseph Mills, have been working chiefly by contract, cutting cordwood, husking corn, and the like, and evidently know what they are talking about. A donation of two dollars towards the funds of the Home gave evidence that George has not forgotten what he owes to those who befriended him in the past.

Our boys travel East as well as West, and foregather from all parts of the compass. Charles Martin, a young man who has been one of our Exhibition visitors in past years, and whom we are always glad to see, turned up this year from Knowlesville, N.Y., where he tells us he is making things go very satisfactorily and has no difficulty in getting work. He brought with him a gramophone, of which he is the proud possessor, and the performances of this machine were a source of much interest and amusement to the other visitors.

Our visitors included quite a number of boys of the 1893 parties, of whom we cannot do more than just mention the names. Frederick Forester from Durham, James Cairns from Tatalgat, William Hughes from Thornbury, James Whitaker from Vandean, and Albert E. Martin from Snelgrove, all lads of excellent character, doing and looking well. Austin Grant, described as a "big, well built lad" came all the way from Essex to

accept our invitation, and, we believe, thoroughly enjoyed his visit. Austin is looking forward to the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, when he will have entitled himself to his hundred dollars and one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals at the same time. Edgar G. Knowles, whose name is by this time quite a household word to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, stayed at the Home during the week, and very pleased we were to see him. He is now working with a farmer near Lumley, in the County of Perth, and evidently doing well. Fred. Harris and Fred. Ward, both looking in the best of health and with excellent accounts to give of themselves, and Horace Bones, a young man whose admirable record for the last five years has given him a high place in our estimation, made themselves at home and seemed to enjoy their visit thoroughly, the first named leaving a donation of two dollars as a souvenir of his stay.

Charley Haley, and Walter Perry, the one from the South, the other from the North, ate, drank and were merry with the rest. We hear from Walter that his two brothers, Samuel and William, are thinking of going to Manitoba in the spring. "Go West, young man" by all means. Plenty of room in the West and opportunities, to get rich and rise in the world.

The two younger of the brothers Budd spent part of the holiday week with us. The eldest, Alfred, is still attending High School at Wardsville, with the ambition of qualifying himself to enter the ministry. We sincerely hope Alfred may be spared to reach the attainment of his desires. We well know that if the Lord hath need of him, the way will be opened through all difficulties and discouragements, and we trust for Alfred that this assurance will give him patience and courage to persevere. The lads, Albert and William, have been placed near their elder brother. Both seem to be doing well, and are remarkably bright intelligent young fellows.

Francis C. Fishley, whose portrait appears herein and who was also one of our guests, impressed us as a sensible, level-headed young fellow, and built of the right stuff to get on in the world. He is now in his seventh year in Canada, and his record has been a highly satisfactory one.

Andrew Murray, a particularly fine specimen of manhood, arrived from Glencoe in company with Joseph Mills and George Smith. Andrew had a report to give of himself that was very pleasant to hear, and after doing so, it was no surprise to us to be told that he wouldn't return to the old country "for anything." He would make a poor exchange if he did.

The genial countenance of our old friend, Tom Vival, beamed upon us at an early stage of the proceedings, looking much the same as in previous days. Poor Tom met with misfortune some little time ago in the fracture of his hip-bone by a fall from a wagon; but he seems to have recovered from the effects of the accident, and is now in the service of Mr. Woods, the well-known private banker of Millbrook.

Through Tom Vival we heard of George Rouse, who is reported to be working in a brickyard at Cavanville, in good health and doing well.

Hailing from the same township came John George Howard, an honest, industrious lad, still in the employ of the mail contractor, and devoting his energies to the transport of Her Majesty's mails to and from the village of Millbrook and neighbouring post offices.

Frederick Chapman spent a couple of days with us enjoying a well-earned holiday. Fred. is now working 100 acres of land of his own, and paid for. His crops have been good, and although our friend has had a hard struggle to establish himself on his little capital, he seems to be getting on his feet. Fred. has now been married three years, and we should imagine is very happy in his domestic life.

William Deane, a young man

a lad whose eyes have fallen in pleasant places. No boy could have a more thoroughly comfortable home than he has had under his kindly and excellent mistress, Miss Carroll. We hear that lady has now rented her farm, and retains only her house and small lot of land, so that Willie is able to attend school during a considerable part of the year. He was looking remarkably well on the occasion of his visit, and indeed it would be strange if it were otherwise.

Thomas Hazell, who is again with his old employer, Mr. Albert Swaffield, of Lorraine, confided to Mr. Griffith what he is worth. Tom's "personalty" totals up to a very nice little "pile." We perhaps must not give the actual figures, as we don't want to bring Tom under the notice of the Assessment Commissioners, but we congratulate him heartily on the fruits of his thrift and industry.

The employer of Stewart Maynard called to report, and we gathered from him that Stewart is in the best of health and doing as well as any boy possibly could.

Charles Folley made his appearance just before the Exhibition, his errand being business, not pleasure; although being very keenly interested in Charlie's welfare, we took a great deal of pleasure out of it. He came to deposit a substantial addition to his bank account, that we observe is steadily growing, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, will some day be a very big one.

Our esteemed friend, John Warner, whom we may almost describe as the life and soul of last year's gathering, was this year with us in spirit only. During the past summer John has been "firing" on the steamer *Spartan* plying between Toronto and Montreal, and was himself too much of a Spartan to leave the post of duty even for the attractions of the Home in Exhibition week. We have seen John since for a hand take, and were glad to observe that he is looking well and jolly as ever, although a customer in the collection of

has relieved him of all superfluous flesh. John expects to work in the lumber woods during the winter, and looks fit for any amount of hard work in the "bush."

Walter Ricketts, who came across from Fonthill for a couple of days, made himself very popular during his stay. We heard of a bicycle transaction between Walter and William Smith (our capitalist and landed proprietor from Bracondale), and we should imagine it was a case of Greek met Greek. We have the highest opinion of the business qualifications of both young gentlemen, and cannot imagine either being "left" in a bargain.

We could find some very nice things to say of another of our visitors, Joseph T. Newcombe. Joe has proved himself a good sterling lad, and made a reputation for himself in the neighbourhood that is in every respect creditable. He lately received Dr. Barnardo's silver medal, and no boy has better qualified himself for this distinction.

James John Willis came in looking strong and well, and bringing a cheery report of his general well-being. He is employed on a farm near Ospringe, and thinks highly of that section of the country.

John Walker, an old Stepney boy, who has just completed his second year in Canada, is evidently comfortably settled and doing well. John found it rather uphill work at first, and it took him some considerable time to reconcile himself to farm work and country life, but there is nothing the matter with John now, and he is earning good wages and on the way to make a success of himself.

We were glad to extend the right hand of welcome to Alfred Peters, a lad whose four years in the country have been well spent, and whose record has been an unblemished one. This is the more to his credit as he has had to contend against a very troublesome and chronic nasal affection and has passed through a considerable amount of suffering. Alfred has had a most kind and generous

friend in Dr. James Thorburn, of Toronto, the leading specialist of the Dominion in complaints of the nose and throat, who has taken an immense amount of pains with the case, and to whose care and surgical skill our friend owes his present greatly improved condition.

An employer of one of our boys and an "old time" client from the neighbourhood of Stayner, brought us the news that Frederick R. Brice, of the July, 1888, party, is now married to a farmer's daughter and settled at Stayner. Our friend has our hearty congratulations and good wishes for his future happiness.

John H. Watson, who reported himself still with his old employer, Mr. Moorhouse, of Chatham, was registered among our visitors at the latter end of the week. His appearance betokens that he is well and flourishing, and to our personal knowledge he has money in the savings bank and a good deal more owing to him. John signified his appreciation of his visit by a small donation to the Home, which we accepted in the spirit in which it was given.

Peter Warner dropped in from Ayr to renew his acquaintance with the old Home and former friends. "Looking first-rate" is Mr. Griffith's remark in his note of Peter's arrival, and "first-rate" would be a very fair description of our friend's position and prospects.

Not the least welcome of our visitors was our friend, Albert W. Morton, of "hand-bell" fame. Albert is the only survivor in Canada of the little musical company who supported Mr. Wookey in the lecturing tour throughout Canada and the United States, that ended so tragically in the railway accident at Kingsbury, Ind., in September 1893, when two members of the little party were killed and another terribly injured. Albert returned to England with three of the others shortly after the accident, but two years later volunteered for emigration, and formed one of the party that arrived in November, 1895. Since then he has stuck well to

business, and has developed into a good, useful, steady going farm hand, taking an interest in his work and showing that he has a good practical head on his shoulders. He seemed to enjoy his stay, and we hope he will come again another year.

Charles Hill is another of the right sort. He has now entered upon his tenth year in Canada, and during the whole of that time has stuck to the one situation and given his employer faithful, honest service that we are sure has been thoroughly appreciated. The nine years' record is a creditable one to both master and man, and augurs well for the lad's future success in the country.

We grieve to find that considerations of space compel us to call halt to our jottings upon the interesting topic of our Exhibition visitors. There are many scores of names that we should like to mention of lads who are doing well and making their way steadily upwards. But we must be satisfied to restrict ourselves to the few we have referred to, and who may be taken as samples of the quality of our guests and of the many more who were not able to accept our general invitation, but of whom we hear in other ways and receive no less encouraging reports.

Our inspectors have not been letting the grass grow under their feet during the past three months, and Mr. Griffith, Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Reazin have each, in the respective districts allotted to them, accomplished a large amount of valuable work. The fruits of their labours lie before us in a huge pile of reports, containing a great quantity of interesting and varied information about our boys, big and little, most of it, we are glad to say, of the kind we like to receive. Both Mr. Griffith and Mr. Gaunt have spent several weeks in Manitoba and the North-West visiting in their homes the little boys lately placed from the Winnipeg Home. Mr. Griffith's report of his two months' work was in the highest degree satisfactory. It was his first experience of the western country, and his reports were the

most interesting on that account. He was impressed, and every one must be who travels over those mighty prairies, with the vast possibilities of the country, of the room and opportunities it offers to the right class of settlers, and of the limitless opening for colonization enterprise. He found the boys, of whom he visited over 150, in almost every case well placed and happy in their homes and enjoying their lives. The majority he found engaged in herding on the prairies, and seeing them astride of their little Indian ponies cantering after their charges, it is not remarkable that boy after boy is described as the "picture of health." The chief drawback is the distance, in a good many cases, from Church and School, but this is a drawback inseparable from a new country, and it is one that is every day being overcome. The class of settlers who are making homes for themselves in the Western Provinces of Canada are not the people to leave their children to grow up without education or religious observances, and wherever a small colony has established itself it is only a matter of time before the school-house and modest little church or meeting-house rears its head. The Government provision for the establishment and support of schools is very ample and generous, two sections (1,380 acres) having been set apart in every township as school lands, and the revenue derived from the sale or rental of these lands is exclusively appropriated for educational purposes under local administration. For the rest, Mr. Griffith's reports, both upon the work generally and the individual boys visited, fully confirm our view of the North-West as a land where our boys can eat bread without scarceness and have a bright and hopeful future before them. Our esteemed colleague, Mr. Gaunt, was not so fortunate as Mr. Griffith in the weather during his trip, and it fell to his lot to visit some less desirable sections of the country. The general report was not so good as that of Mr.

Griffith, but we know of old that Mr. Gaunt's mind is not of the



Albert E. Maker.

optimistic order, and that the gloomy and discouraging features of any situation are those which appeal most strongly to his imagination. Nevertheless, although firmly persuaded that Paradise is nowhere located between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains, we are glad to note that Mr. Gaunt's reports of the boys visited are, in most cases, highly satisfactory, and show that our little lads have taken root in the country and give promise of doing well as they grow up. We intend to devote special space in a forthcoming number of UPS AND DOWNS to our little Manitobans, and we will not, therefore, refer to any special cases, among those visited in that Province, and in fact, even amongst the others we must confine ourselves to very few of the many whom it would be pleasant to mention.

Thomas Yac... who was one of the very small boys of the June, 1895, party, but is now a fine strapping young man, was found by Mr. Reazin, at work on his good farm near Comland in the County of

Ontario. His employer spoke of his conduct as being "everything that could be desired," and Mr. Reazin describes "Tommy" as "a young man who is a credit to the Home."

Our old friend, Thomas Matthews, is now at the end of his twelfth year in Canada, established as a butcher near the town of Simcoe. When Mr. Reazin dropped in upon him he was engaged in the interesting occupation of making up his books, and Mr. Reazin mentions in his report that Tom's sales on the forenoon of that particular day had been over 350 pounds of meat. "A clever young business fellow" is Mr. Reazin's comment upon what he saw and heard.

Frederick H. Cracknell was visited by Mr. Reazin on the 25th of August, and is said to have "a good home with a wealthy farmer." The report describes him as an intelligent, promising lad, making good progress, and a lad who will "know how to take care of himself."

Little Albert Judge is said to have grown considerably since he went to his present place. He is described as a thoughtful, piously in-



William J. T. Curnick.

and boy, a great reader, a faithful little worker, slow but sure. He

evidently has an excellent home with Mr. Robert Craip, of the township of Walsingham.

The employer of Jasper Agars, we are told, "speaks very highly of him." Jasper himself seems very comfortable in his home, and is making admirable progress. We are sure he fully merits Mr. Reazin's description of him as "a very satisfactory lad."

Mr. Reazin's visit to Henry A. King, living with postmaster John McCord, of Hemlock, is the fifth visit John has received from different members of the Home staff since he went to his place on his arrival from England in the summer of 1893. To gratify our curiosity we have looked up each of the five reports that are numbered respectively in our books 3128, 4537, 6104, 7583 and 10109, and we make no apology for reproducing each visitor's remarks under the heading "progress, conduct and behaviour" (1) "Satisfactory. Is useful around the house, a really nice boy and in good hands; advised the family not to spoil him." (2) "Very satisfactory, bright, active little lad; people have no complaints to make; a very good boy." (3) "A good lad in every particular. Highly spoken of by employer and family as a faithful, industrious boy; treated as one of the family." (4). "Is making good progress. Miss McCord said they were all very fond of Alfred. Boy said he wouldn't leave for anything." (5) "An excellent young fellow, a credit to the Home; highly thought of by Mr. McCord and all his family."

Charles Cates, we hear from Mr. Reazin, is married and settled in the village of Lyndoch. We are told that he is the proud father of a "bright little black-eyed daughter," and the report further mentions that he is a good farm hand and in steady employment.

Another of our "happily married and settled" was dropped in upon by Mr. Griffith a few days ago in the person of William W. Martin, one of our June '95 contingent. William is working a farm on his

own account near We stake in Prince Edward County, and seems to be in very comfortable circumstances.

Fred. Hammond, whose name has figured before in UPS AND DOWNS, is now, we hear, "taken in and done for;" in other words, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. Fred. and his better half have taken up their quarters in the village of Athens. Fred. Rixon boards with them, and he and Hammond work together, and we are told by Mr. Griffith, can command the highest wages going in the district.

In his report of Vivian Boston, recently visited in his situation near



Francis C. Fishley.

Hawley, Mr. Griffith tells us that Vivian is maintaining his character as a truthful, willing, industrious lad. He will have completed his engagement on the first of next April, and we are pleased to think that he will have entitled himself to receive his \$100, and at the same time Dr. Barnardo's silver medal in reward for the good conduct of the past five years.

Robert Taylor is a first-class home stretch. His engagement, having but only six months to complete his apprenticeship, he

developed into a stout, healthy, useful lad. "Could not pick a better boy out of a hundred" were the words used by Robert's employer, Mr. Brown, and the lad's record has, we are inclined to think, fully merited his master's good opinion. It is somewhat uncertain what Robert will do when his engagement is completed next spring. His employer would like to re-engage him, but he is inclined to join his sister, who is married and settled in another part of the country.

Auberon Thomas James, whom many of our readers will remember at Leopold House, has grown to be a big, strong, vigorous man, and we are told that there is not a better farm hand in the district. He is settled in a good situation near Picton, and, we are glad to add, is maintaining an excellent character.

The brothers Robert and Harry Everett have lately been visited by Mr. Griffith, and good reports are forthcoming of both lads. Harry is with Mr. N. F. McCrea, of Andrews-ville, and we hear is taking an interest in his work and giving every possible satisfaction. He has evidently a comfortable home, where he is treated quite as a member of the family. Robert is equally well satisfied in his place, and has developed into a strong, active lad, able to undertake almost any kind of work on the farm. He will have completed his engagement on the first of April next, and by that time will have a very nice little sum on deposit to his credit in the bank.

From quite the opposite extremity of the Province we hear of John Lloyd Price, living with Mr. Robert Johnson of Winfield, an honest, hard working, attentive lad, receiving an excellent character from his employer. Mr. Griffith makes the observation that Mr. Johnson has "a good bargain in the lad, and that John has an equally good home."

Arthur Proctor is an old Bucks-ville boy. Four nearly eight years past Arthur has been with the same family and has made an excellent reputation for himself by his indu-

try and steady worth. He has a brother in Manitoba, and has almost made up his mind to join him in the spring. If he goes up, he will take with him a very nice little capital as the result of his savings, that should enable him very soon to take up land and establish himself successfully. We heartily congratulate Arthur on the good use he has made of his time since he arrived in Canada eight years ago.

The name of Alfred Jolly is a very familiar one to readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*, and those who, in company with ourselves, have admired the industry and literary ability that Alfred has displayed in his various contributions to our columns, will be glad to hear that he is in good health and doing thoroughly well. He has now been for the past twelve months in the employ of one of the leading painters and decorators in the City of Guelph. He evidently likes his trade, and there seems every prospect of his making a success of his new occupation.

Albert Stanley Ball is a good boy in a good place. Albert was formerly boarded out in Muskoka, and his excellent foster-mother, Mrs. McGinnis, of Huntsville, will, we are sure, be pleased to hear of his well-doing. His employer is Mr. Thomas Jackson, of Guelph.

William S. Hind, who is now approaching the end of his term of apprenticeship, is described by Mr. Griffith as a trusty, truthful, well-conducted lad. He has had a good home with Mr. Alfred C. Crane, of Guelph, for the past two years, and in all probability William will come to terms with Mr. Crane for a further engagement when we leave him next April to make his own arrangements for hiring.

Mr. Griffith reports of Henry Cummings that he is growing fast, is in good health and seems happy in his home. His employer spoke highly of him, and Henry is proving himself willing and useful and is always anxious to please.

William Eagleton is said to be one of our best eggs, but appears to be one of

those good things that are some- times done up in small parcels. "Perfectly satisfactory in all respects; can milk, drive a team, is truthful and reliable in his various duties," are the words as quoted from the visitor's report.

Incidentally we have heard of Edward Ventriss, who went to Manitoba about two years ago, and lately married the daughter of his employer and is settled on a homestead of his own, besides having the management of his father-in-law's farm.

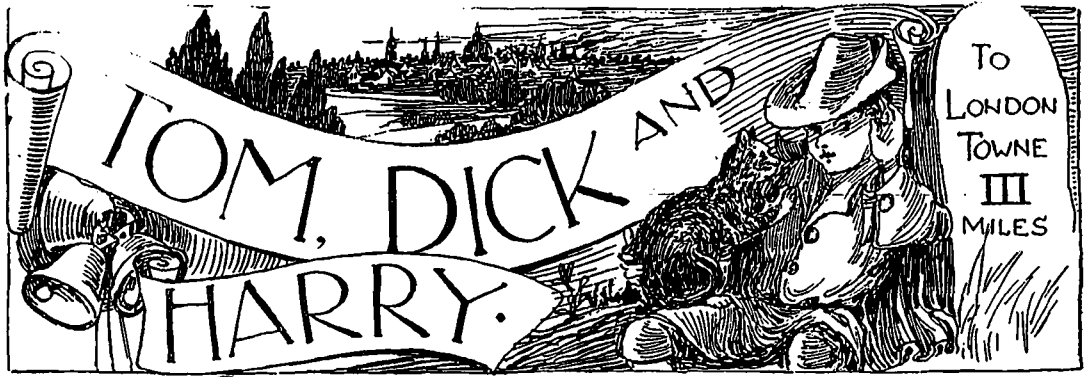
Arthur Badcock, who has just completed his first twelve months in Canada, is, we are glad to say, doing thoroughly well in every respect. He is picking up his work with a great deal of intelligence, and has "buckled to" in a sensible, cheerful spirit. Arthur has evidently a good home with an enterprising, successful farmer, who will teach him his business thoroughly well, and is treating him with kindness and consideration.

Alfred H. Pritchard, who was visited by Mr. Griffith a few weeks ago, was found doing well, and we hear excellent accounts of his conduct and general progress. He is at times left in charge of his employer's premises and the live stock of the farm, and, we are told, can always be depended upon.

The brothers, James William and George Davis, of the June, '93, party, are working with two members of the same family in the immediate neighbourhood of Andrews-ville. The brothers have the reputation of being "great workers," and are highly spoken of in the neighbourhood. Mr. Griffith tells us that both are looking the picture of health, and have grown to be smart, active, vigorous young fellows. James spent last winter in England, and has some idea of going over again to visit his friends, although evidently he has no thought of settling himself in England, and if the brothers carry out their intention we are inclined to think that they will be very glad to find their way back to Canada.

How much we wish that the space at our disposal would permit of our publishing in full the long and very interesting letter that we received a short time ago from our trusty and esteemed friend, Alfred Johns, telling us of his appointment to the post of superintendent of the village Sunday School, in which he has been for so long a devoted and active worker. We must, however, content ourselves with congratulating Alfred very heartily upon having had so interesting and important a position entrusted to him, and we desire for him that in this new sphere of work he may indeed be imbued with the grace of the Holy Spirit, and be enabled to direct others in that search of the Scriptures that shall make them wise unto everlasting life. He mentions that he has been thinking of trying his fortunes in the North-West, in company with his friend, William Dixon, and in reference to this we can but say to Alfred, as we have done to many scores of others, that any such project meets with our warmest approval, and that we should regard it as a move in quite the right direction.

A very kind and congratulatory letter has come to hand from Mr. Thomas Downs, the Superintendent of the Receiving Home at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Downs refers to *UPS AND DOWNS* as a "virtle little publication," and urges our developing the "power of the press" to the utmost of our ability as a means of refuting opposition and calumny, and as a bond of attachment between those who are in some cases bereft of almost every other earthly tie. Mr. Downs remarks upon "the value of enemies," and the effect that opposition and animity should have in developing a spirit of self-control and self-discipline, and in maintaining a close watch against breaches in our moral armour. We regret that exigencies of space will not admit of our publishing in full his interesting and helpful letter, for which we must therefore beg him to accept our sincerest thanks.



AS "all roads lead to Rome," so all methods of true courtship lead to matrimony — eventually. I say eventually, because the journey through the pleasant lanes of Courtship to the town of Wedlock is so much like going to Rome. Some people start for Rome without any defined object in view; they have no particular business to transact and no friends to visit there; moreover, they have no money to pay for their lodgings when they arrive at their journey's end. These people usually change their minds before they have gone far, and decide to give up the trip. The young man who goes a-courting before he is ready to marry, being carried away by the flutter of a petticoat and diverted from the serious purpose of making his way in the world, is like the traveller who sets out for Rome without an expectation of reaching it. He is wasting his time and trifling with his own character, besides playing fast and loose with the affections of a young woman.

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I have no sympathy with those who scoff at true love. There is nothing more beautiful under heaven nothing more in harmony with the ideal side of nature and the real poetry of life than the mutual attachment of two young hearts throbbing with true love, and enriched with a healthy hope and faith in the future, that is henceforth to be brightened by each other's companionship. Strong in the strength of the tie which binds them together, they face the stern realities of life

with a smile and go on their way rejoicing, each possessing in the sympathy and support of the other a consolation for every misfortune, and a balm for every smarting wound. The world is the richer, and the happier, and the better by the acquisition of two such optimists.

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But the shabby counterfeit of true love, — bah! it were sickening, disgusting, were it not grotesque and amusing. There is something irresistibly funny in the maudlin, simpering, sentimentally-silly twaddle of a moon-struck couple who fancy they are in love because they have not enough sense to be natural. True love never drivels, never bubbles over with nonsense. "Still waters run deep," and flow without the ripple and chatter of shallow streams. They make for themselves a channel deep and broad, sweeping out of the way by the force of their weight all obstructions that would retard their smooth current. And so it is with love worthy of the name. It need not be told. It is the outgoing of the soul from the fountains of the heart toward the great sea with which it is to mingle. It is known without speech; nothing else is so palpable as real love. It manifests itself and its power by refusing to be interrupted. Turn it here, and it is still flowing yonder, ever in the same direction — ever toward the sea. It cannot be caught in a teacup or dammed by any of the petty obstacles that thwart a mere flirtation. It is a mighty river, having all the momentum of

one's being behind it, flowing serenely without let or hindrance, or surging with the frenzy of angry passion against opposition until it be surmounted. Man may interpose his will and seek to turn the current of true love back upon itself, but he only affects the channel; the river is the same and the goal is the same. Rivers must run; deep calling unto deep, one day the river shall find the sea and be one with it, and who then shall say unto the river, "The sea is not for thee"?

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I am inclined to write in this strain, Tom, because in our eager reaching out after the "things which perish in the using," we have drifted away from nature and become grossly artificial, ignoring the realities of life and sneering at every attempt to approach a normal consideration of the claims of the spirit—the real man. Further, as I remarked in the last number of *URS AND DOWNS*, Cupid has been taking "sighting shots" at one of our fellows, and I can tell by the way he whines that he has not been hit in a vital spot. When Cupid puts an arrow through a man's heart, he doesn't need to shoot twice; and I have said that Harry is fairly bristling with arrows. Cupid has only been going in for a little target practice, just to keep his hand in—getting the range, as it were. One of these fine days, he'll hit him to some effect, and then our friend, Harry, won't be going round making an ass of himself. He'll become a hero and die without a word, or sacrifice himself on the altar of matrimony. I'll tell you an infallible test of true love: True love is self-sacrificing. It makes no bargains. You love me and I'll love you, or be mine, fair maid, be mine, and I'll buy you a new bonnet. It gives itself spontaneously, unconditionally and unreservedly; like the river, it flows only that it may reach the sea and lose itself in the sweet union of the lover and the loved. To such an attachment I

take of my life, and I'll give you anything you want.

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If a young fellow is really in love, and not yet prepared to marry, there is no reason why he should not speak out and declare himself. If she accepts him and is willing to wait until he has his feet on firm ground and five hundred or a thousand dollars in the bank, he has something definite to anticipate—a specific reason why he should strive to achieve the means to the end; for there can be no greater stimulus to his energy than the preparation for the making of a home—that is, if he is truly in love. The couple who rush headlong into matrimony without means, may find to their dismay that they are confronted with a matter of money wherewith to meet expenses and furnish a home at the same time. To know what a struggle is in store for the man who marries without means, one must realize it. He will never do it again, make no mistake about that. I speak with authority, and not as the scribes; for I have "been there," and one who has been there cannot be induced to sing:

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below!"

No, matrimony can hardly be deemed heaven under such circumstances. Cherubs there may be, but the little angels have to be fed and clothed and educated—the kind of little angels that go through a pair of boots in a month, at one dollar per pair. (And here I am reminded how Dr. Barnardo will sigh when he reads this reference to boots, and thinks that at that very moment 5,000 pairs of feet are wearing out 5,000 pairs of boots, which he must find the money to replace!)

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There! Did you see? Well, I'll tell you what has just happened. Bought a pair less than a month ago, and here Mr. Whittington has just interrupted me to say that little Dr. W. Whittington must have

a new pair of boots in the morning : "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" Boys (let me say this in italics), *Boys, take a solemn warning; don't you ever mate until you have the means to feather the nest.* If you do, when trouble comes and I hear of it, I shall not be able to resist the temptation to remark, "I told you so!"

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To jump from love, courtship and marriage to a letter which I received from "Two Little Girls in Blue," asking my advice about their going to Manitoba, will not be so impertinent as it may seem, because Manitoba is the shortest cut to matrimony I know of, for the right kind of girls. They have been wishing for a big brother, and have concluded to adopt me. I am highly flattered by their kind selection, and if they will promise not to get me into too many scrapes, I will be their big brother, and fight their battles, and they may borrow my collar and necktie when the fashion demands, and if anybody offends them, I'll dip my pen deep into the ink and write the offender out of existence, so I will. All girls like heroes and "the pen is mightier than the sword," in that it does not make such a mess of a fellow's anatomy.

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Reading Mr. Owen's remarks about Manitoba put the idea into their heads to go there, and now, as soon as I am their big brother, they want to put the responsibility upon me of advising them to go. Oh, no, Sissy; not till we are better acquainted. You say you are "what the world calls pretty good looking," and that you can bake bread and make butter to beat two of a kind, and upon this meagre data, you ask me to base my judgment. I've seen girls abuse their big brothers before to day, and all because things didn't pan out as the big brother said they would. No, not this time, some other time. You may be two little girls in blue, but I'm not going to be one big boy in green. You tell

me all about yours-Ess, and I'll tell you whether or not you ought to go to Manitoba.

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I'll tell you the kind of girls they want in Manitoba, and I mean by "they" the bachelors, for although you say you have your eyes on Manitoba, it's the bachelors of Manitoba you mean, I'll be bound. (You see I'm beginning to talk like a big brother already). Strong, healthy, level-headed, domesticated girls; if good looking, so much the better, so as to match the prairie flowers. No nonsense or "gush" about them, but girls who know how to take care of themselves, who, when they are married, can take charge of a household, and the poultry, and milk the cows. Girls who have not forgotten the training they received in Dr. Barnardo's Home; who have not forgotten their duty to God (which is to love and serve Him); who have not forgotten to pray to their Father in Heaven and read their Bibles, and lead a careless husband, chiefly by a womanly example of Christian fortitude, virtue, patience and kindness, to the footstool of Him from whom, removed as the Manitoba farmer often is from the influence of Christian intercourse, he is prone to stray. Girls who realize that to be a wife is to be a helpmeet, not an encumbrance; who are thrifty, economical and industrious; who will share without complaint the hardship and trouble which, in some form or another, invade every household. In short, girls who are fitted for good Christian wives for farmers in a land where farming means hard work, but where the soil is rich and the prospects for gaining a comfortable home are unexcelled.

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There are the girls that are to be afraid, and for every one such girl there are a hundred good prosperous men waiting to call her their wife. Now, Sissy, if you can fulfil these requirements, I say pack up your traps and go in the spring, and

in the meantime communicate with Miss Code as to the best place to go. If you cannot, you cannot begin too quickly to prepare yourself along these lines, if you propose going to Manitoba. These are accomplishments indispensable anywhere to the wife of a farmer. Lacking these, a girl risks forfeiture of the respect due to her sex, and certainly will not be sought in marriage by men of sound judgment and moral and thrifty habits.

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While we have sold a few bicycles, the demand for them has not been so great as to justify alarm. Many of our boys are already supplied, and those who have withstood the temptation, deserve great credit for their prudence in keeping their money in the bank, there to accu-

mulate again for a rainy day, to give them a start in life. The offer we made in our last number is renewed in this, and boys or girls who think that life isn't worth living without a wheel, may get one on the same terms as for those already sold, which will be made known on application to the editor of UPS AND DOWNS. While the wheels are all right and the value remarkably good, nobody is advised to buy. On the contrary, we beg our boys to save their money and not indulge in expensive luxuries. A dollar saved is a dollar earned. A bicycle in the bank is worth two on the road, when you want the money for another purpose.

Dick Whittle & Co.

“Across the Briny”

WE have elsewhere referred to our last passage across the ocean with the party of 122 girls and eighty-eight boys, that landed at Quebec on the 24th September, as one of our most successful journeys, and we cannot, in fact, recollect any occasion when our young voyagers have travelled in greater comfort, or when all the arrangements for their transportation across the Atlantic have been so satisfactorily carried out. To begin with, the weather was perfect. It was not a “mill pond” passage, there being just enough “sea” to make things interesting without being disagreeable, but there was no “heavy” or “dirty” weather; it was always enjoyable on deck, and there were none of those sudden and violent transitions from intense raw, bitter, cutting cold in the ice track, to scorching tropical heat in the Gulf and River at Bay-

ence. The unforeseen always happens! Leaving on the 15th of September we had expected to “catch it,” and had made up our minds for all sorts of horrors. Contrary to all established precedent, the winds and waves were in their blandest mood, and while ships that left almost at the same time as ourselves for New York and points further south came in reporting terrific weather, we on the northern route never saw so much as a guard on the table. Besides being thus favoured in the weather, we were particularly fortunate in our ship. From our somewhat extended experience, we should say that there is not on the Atlantic to day a finer sea boat than the *Dominion*, one of the latest additions to the splendid fleet of the Dominion Line. Built by Harland & Woollf, the famous British ship builders, it is for the particular trade for which it is de-

signed a triumph of marine architecture combining the best sea-going qualities, including almost rock-like steadiness with immense carrying capacity and admirable accommodation for all classes of passengers. For the conveyance of a party of child emigrants, nothing could be better. We were allotted compartments No. 1 and 2 on the main deck, forward of the saloon, two large airy spaces, well lighted and lofty 'tween decks. Besides these compartments, a couple of rooms from the permanent steerage at the other end of the ship were

stands for washing, and at the far end tables, giving ample seating accommodation for the party. Large open spaces are left, that give plenty of room for moving about. A master's cabin, a "locker," or cupboard, for storing food or "gear"—in other words, cups, plates and other eating utensils—a tank for fresh water always kept filled, and hooks for hanging clothes complete the fittings of the compartment, which is lighted with the electric light. On the other side of the dividing bulkhead the girls occupied a rather larger compartment, provided with similar fit-



"Out on the Ocean Sailing."—Our July Party en Route.

reserved for the small detachment of Labour House youths, it being considered desirable, for obvious reasons, to keep these lads by themselves, and here, with Mr. Mitchell taking entire charge and devoting himself exclusively to them, they were well supervised and looked after. The compartments, like those on all modern steamships, are divided by water-tight iron bulkheads. In the forward compartment of the two, the boys are housed; the space being fitted up with tiers of portable bunks for sleeping rows of wash-

tings. They were rather more amiships than the boys, and consequently felt less inconvenience from the pitching of the ship. Their bunks were curtained off from the general compartment, instead of being left open, but otherwise there was little difference in the two sections. A baggage room, containing the luggage of the party, is partitioned off in one corner of the girls' quarters, so that we can readily have access to it if required. Each compartment has its own separate entrance and stairways, both from the lower to the

main deck, and from that again to the upper deck, and until they reach the common ground of the upper and hurricane decks, each division of the party is entirely separated from, and inaccessible to, the other. There were no passengers at the forward end of the ship besides those comprising the party, so that we were monarchs of all we surveyed, and could do as we liked without giving or receiving annoyance. The daily routine for the youngsters does not, we are afraid, comprise much else than eating, drinking, sleeping and playing. We cannot flatter ourselves that we have devised any means by which the time on board ship can be profitably employed. It is something, however, to have it pass pleasantly, and as the majority of the young travellers are going out to work—and good hard work at that—a few days' play and freedom to enjoy themselves doesn't do them any harm. Of course, in speaking of play and enjoyment we leave out of consideration the first two days of the journey. The misery of these days is untold and untellable. Someone relates his experience of sea-sickness by saying that "the first half hour he feared that he would die, and the second half hour he feared that he wouldn't." Probably our young sufferers pass through similar experiences, but they are not at the time communicative as to their sensations. They moan, groan or endure in silence up to the point of explosion, when their utterances are inarticulate and neither musical nor appetizing, especially when heard in chorus several dozen strong. Of course, it's all right when one's used to it—we mean the sounds, not the sensations, which are, no doubt, very terrible indeed. However, on our last voyage, the fine weather and the absence of any "rolling" of the ship left no excuse for prolonging the agony, and Sunday morning (the third day out), most of the party had found their sea-legs, and at our Sunday morning service there were very few absentees. We have boys and girls

together for service in the large part of the two compartments, and try to make it as bright and interesting as we can for them, taking the ship for our text and the familiar illustration of the voyage of life, the chart, the compass, the motive power, the dangers of the rocks, and the undercurrents, the pilot, the haven at last. Soon after service comes Sunday dinner, a great event, and supposed to effect the final cure and banishment of sickness. Those who remain in bed after this are subject at any moment to be peremptorily ordered out and up on deck. Sea-sickness is regarded as legitimate and admissible for the first two days and excusable on the third, but is treated as a breach of discipline afterwards. Sunday afternoon is spent on deck, everyone getting well and wondering what has been the matter with them. On Monday morning "black jack" is very much in evidence, a decoction supplied by the generous provision of the steamship company in large stone jars for the health and well being of the steerage passengers. We have never quite mastered its composition, but we believe Epsom salts to be the principal ingredient. The dose is generally administered with a severe injunction to "keep that down," and a hint of unpleasant consequences if it should be prematurely reproduced. From and after Monday we shake down into the ordinary working routine, and we can say of our last voyage that if ever boys and girls enjoyed themselves and had a "good time," it was our youngsters on the *Dominion*. The day for those in charge begins about five a.m., when Mrs. Brown and the writer foregather over a welcome cup of tea, and compare notes of the night, which has seldom been an unbroken one for either of us. Signs of life are soon manifest on both sides of the iron bulkhead, and we make use of our lung power to intimate to all concerned that it is time to get up, and that their attention is particularly invited to the wash tub. The

next hour or so is a busy one both for Mrs. Brown among the girls and for the writer among the boys, everyone having to be thoroughly inspected and overhauled, so that we begin the day cleansed, brushed, with boots laced, and generally swept and garnished. Furthermore, all ailments and complaints are noted, and bruises, cuts and sores come up for treatment. The effects of the vaccination immediately preceding the departure from England furnish a brisk demand for vaseline and bandages, and the daily array of sore arms is enough to make one a "conscientious objector," but that we regard them as preferable to smallpox. Before breakfast time the last stragglers and dawdlers have been hurried through their ablutions, beds have been made, the decks swept and things generally put "ship-shape." The girls don't go on deck before breakfast, so that the boys have the upper decks to themselves, and have generally taken a sufficient amount of exercise to develop a healthy appetite for breakfast by the time the word is passed to "fall in." "Falling in" is soon succeeded by "falling to." Breakfast consists of savoury Irish stew, substantial hot rolls and fresh butter. The boys have their meals first, and we see them well under way before commencing operations in the other compartment. Grace before meals, and during the meal "teeth and not tongues" are our rules, and we believe in maintaining strict order and discipline. Breakfast is followed by morning service, first with the boys, then with the girls, the boys going on deck immediately after prayers, the girls a little later. "On deck" comprises a very large area, as those who have to watch and ward over a couple of hundred children have soon abundant cause to realize. One has to be as nearly as possible in six places at once, and to have eyes in as many more. Saws and clipping, rasps are in full employment. A few sad-faced, obnoxious individuals among the male girls

read or work, or hold communion with themselves; but the majority of the girls, and all the boys, play, shout, sing, laugh and caper from the moment they put their heads at the top of the hatchway to the moment they go down. After being up in the fresh air all the morning, we bring mighty appetites to dinner at twelve o'clock, but the victualling department is fully equal to the demands upon it. Soup, fresh beef or pork, potatoes, and some kind of wholesome, well-cooked pudding, sago, rice, or the ever-welcome "duff" is the daily bill of fare. Old Mr. Sims, the Chief Steward, is indefatigable in looking after us, and is anxious to do anything and everything to make us comfortable. Of course "Tom" is with us—Steward Thomas Nuttall—and when we say that he is as active, attentive and willing as ever, we are saying a very great deal. We have known and proved Tom for a good many years past, and we should have to look far to find his equal in the work that he undertakes for us on board. After dinner each day we have an interval of washing and cleaning up, and then again on deck till tea time. Jam and marmalade help down the bread and butter at tea, and the disappearance is mighty both in quantity and speed. Dinner is followed by evening service, when the boys go up again for a short time. With the girls we generally have half an hour's singing after service, and they seem always ready for the dear old familiar hymns. The evening passes in work, reading and, of course, chatter. The flow of spirits seems inexhaustible, and means of amusement seem never lacking. But this voyage we were indulged in a great deal more than the ordinary self-inspired frolic. Among the saloon passengers, who numbered over a hundred, were several gentlemen who took a great interest in the children, and resolved to do something to make the trip a pleasant one for them. The hat was passed round the smoking room, with the result that nearly eleven

pounds were subscribed for distribution as prizes for sports. A committee was formed to carry out arrangements, and an extensive programme of events drawn up. Captain James, than whom there is no kinder or more genial shipmaster on the Atlantic, gave full sanction to the proceedings, and in fact took a great deal of interest in the arrangements, and it all resulted in the saloon being converted for the greater part of a couple of days into a sort of athletic ground, the boundaries carefully kept by the clerk of the course, and the different "events" taking place according to the "official" programme. There were flat races for girls under twelve, between twelve and fifteen and over fifteen; the same for boys; hopping races for girls, the latter inviting a great many entries; three-legged race for boys; sack races; an obstacle race for Mr. Mitchell's big lads, that proved a source of immense amusement; wheelbarrow races; thread needle races; potato race for both girls and boys, and last but not least, wrestling matches for the boys. Some of the bouts among the smaller boys were "immense." The British "bull dog" was much in evidence, and the observation was constantly to be heard, "What soldiers these chaps would make!" And we fancy some foreigners among the spectators realized the kind of stuff the British soldier grows up from, and which accounts for that strange dullness of comprehension that prevents his ever knowing when he is beaten. Everything passed off admirably well, and if we were not instinctively modest our heads might have been quite turned by the flattering comments upon the appearance, behaviour and intelligence of the children whenever and wherever they appeared. On the afternoon before we reached Quebec, the sequel to the sports took place in the shape of the distribution of prizes. This interesting function taking place on the end of the upper deck. It was impossible to obtain on board such a small number of

enable each prize winner to receive direct the amount of his prize, but a card was handed each one, giving his or her name and the amount of the prize, and the total amount handed the writer with the understanding that the cards would be redeemed from the holders as soon as possible after landing. At the same time the following letter to Dr. Barnardo was handed over to be forwarded to him at the first opportunity:

"We, the undersigned appointed Committee of Sports, on behalf of the saloon passengers on board the *S.S. Dominion*, sailing from Liverpool on 15th Sept., 1898, for Quebec and Montreal, have much pleasure to inform Dr. Barnardo that the amount of £10 19s. 2d. was collected amongst the saloon passengers for the purpose of providing small prizes for the winners in the athletic sports held on board for the amusement of the children sent out from his Homes in England to Canada.

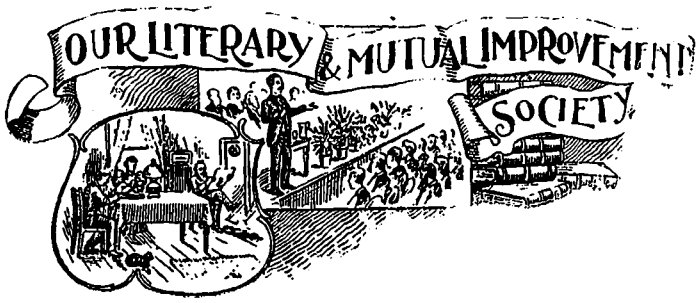
It also affords us much pleasure to add that the neat and well-cared-for appearance and exemplary behaviour of all the children have most favourably impressed all the passengers, which speaks very highly for the efficient training they have received and the care which is exercised by the superintendents during their voyage.

E. N. ROBERTSON, of Mexico.
WILLIAM CORE, Shanghai.
I. COOMBS, Redford, England.
E. R. HUNT, of India.
LUOS BELSBERG, Manchester, Eng.
D. A. CAMPBELL, Hollowgate, Eng.
H. G. WILLIAMS, St. Catharines, Ont.
J. R. PHILLIPS, Mexico.
JAS. SHAW ROBERTSON, California, U.S.

The proceedings concluded with a few very kindly words from Mr. Robertson, who had taken the lead in all the arrangements, and contributed most generously to the funds provided, followed by the writer's brief expression of thanks on behalf of the young people, which they endorsed by hearty cheers. The girls were afterwards asked for a glee, and sang with very good effect several of the musical pieces they had learned for the annual meeting. We could not have met with more kindness or feeling than was shown to us by almost everyone on board during our voyage in the *Dominion*. Had any Canadian passenger put in one word of criticism, it is very little that I could have done to avoid

although if we are not shrewdly mistaken, our youngsters would have prolonged it indefinitely. Not so their elders, however, who began to fervently long for a night's rest and a relaxation of anxious responsibility, and the lights of Quebec gleaming through the midnight darkness of Friday, the 23rd of September, were a very welcome and wished-for sight. The previous twenty-four hours had been crowded with work, as the time when the children were asleep had to be given up to sorting baggage, packing provisions, and the thousand-and-one preparations for the journey's end. Of course, there was no possibility of sleep after reaching Quebec, and by the time we reached our destination, Mrs. Brown and myself had almost learnt to regard sleep as a mere superfluity. Our debarkation at five o'clock on the following morning, after breakfast at four, in a gale of wind and in dull, cold weather, was not a very cheerful experience; but the boys and girls were soon in comfortable quarters at the Immigration Depot, and found occupation and amusement in getting rid of their "prize" money at the fruit and sweet-meat counter in the depot. Mr. Struthers did not, as usual, meet us at Quebec, having arranged with Mr. White to take charge of the nine lads for the Farm Home in addition to those who were destined for Winnipeg. We had selected twenty-six out of the party for placing in the West, and with the nine and twenty-six, and two of the girls, who were sent out specially to join friends in the West, we despatched Mr. White by the first train from Quebec, enabling him to connect at St. Martin's Junction with the Canadian Pacific main-line train for Winnipeg the same afternoon. The rest of the party leave by special train towards the middle of the day, giving us plenty of time meanwhile to get baggage passed customs and checked, tickets made out to the numerous destinations in accordance with the requisition. We have four cars, two and a half for

girls, one and a half for the fifty-three boys who are left of the party. Mr. Mitchell, relieved of the charge of his big lads, gives us the pleasure of his big company to Toronto, and is immensely delighted with what he sees of the country. Our special doesn't prove to be a "flyer," and after we leave Smith's Falls begins to lose time after the manner of specials, and to our great disgust, No. 5 express from Montreal to Toronto, of which we had two clear hours' start from Montreal, passes us at Sheffield, 199 miles west of Montreal. We lose more and more time, and it is nearly seven when we reach Peterboro, where poor Mrs. Metcalfe has been waiting at the station for us since three A.M. We land "all well" and looking bright and bonny, and we see the long file of gay red hoods marching up the street in the direction of Hazel Brae with a sensation of immense relief and thankfulness. After resuming our journey between Peterboro and Toronto, we succeed in getting all the boys washed, and then devote our energies to preventing their getting dirty again. We foresee that at the rate we are going we shall reach Toronto just at 10.30, which will mean marching through the streets just as "all the world and his wife" are on the way to church, so we persuade the conductor to kill time, which he does very obligingly, shunting us up and down the freight yard in a leisurely kind of way until everyone has had time to get into church. We then pull into the Union Station, the brake and baggage wagon are soon on hand, and before mid-day on Sunday, we have taken possession of the familiar quarters on Farley Avenue. The journey from door to door has occupied slightly over ten days—remarkably good time for the season of the year. Altogether we have had a most satisfactory journey, and we settle ourselves to the task of reporting our experiences to the Doctor, with a pleasant consciousness that we have nothing but good news to give him.



THREE months ago a subject was set which required no reference to books, no great amount of head-work and but very little effort, and our readers were invited to compete for a prize of one year's subscription to *Farming*, a weekly journal devoted to agriculture. All they were asked to do was to send in a brief report of this season's crops of the farm on which they work, or of the section in which they live. Not who could boast of the largest yield, nor who could use the most flowery language, but who could give the most straightforward report, was to be the winner. Surely the task was simple and easy enough for a dullard, and we should have had at least fifty contestants, so as to arouse a friendly rivalry and make the contest a little exciting.

But how many were there—forty? thirty? twenty? ten? No, not even ten! Two, only two, had enough energy and enterprise to tell their fellow readers to what extent God, through the wonderful chemistry of nature, had multiplied the seed they had helped to sow. Just think of it! Only two! Had we offered a prize to the boy who could eat the most plum pudding, the result would have been different—oh, so different. There would have been no lack of enterprise or appetite on the part of some of our boys, if the gastronomic capacity of some of our exhibition visitors is a fair criterion. But as we did not invite our boys to take liberties with their digestive organs, and only asked them to do something that was comparatively easy and could do them no harm, the response was limited to two.

Stomach is a master all should dread,
When it feeds itself to starve the head;
Let us eat to live, and live to think,
For ideas are more than meat and drink.

Boys, don't be a walking stomach. Boilers are useful only as they furnish steam for the engine. The stomach is the boiler, the muscles are the engine, and the mind is the engineer. A good engineer will not allow the boiler to consume fuel to no purpose; he will see that it makes the engine go, and that the engine performs its work satisfactorily. See if you cannot get up steam and send some of it into your brain, so that it may be made to grind out an essay for our next competition.

John W. Noakes had a "walk over" last time; this time he takes the prize in fair competition. His paper has the merit of being a concise, straightforward report, that could hardly be improved, and just what was asked for. It is as follows:

REPORT OF THE CROPS

ON THE FARM OF T. R. HOLMES, LOT 13,
CON. 11, TOWNSHIP OF HURON, 150
ACRES CLAY LOAM.

The crops on this farm are very fair. Hay averaged one-and-a-half tons to the acre. Wheat, twelve acres, average yield, twenty bushels per acre. Barley was a very excellent crop, ten acres yielding over 300 bushels. The peas, on account of the very heavy rain, were a complete failure, yielding but ten bushels to the acre, twenty five acres. Oats were a good crop, yielding about thirty five and forty per acre; twenty six acres.

Judging from the reports of other competitors, Huron cannot grow much better crops this year.

J. W. Noakes.

The following is from our old friend, Levi Bone, who should this year celebrate the festival of thanksgiving with zeal and rejoicing, since it is a glowing report of abundant crops on his own farm. Doubtless a good fat gobbler will be sacrificed on the altar of the tribe of Levi; and the Lord's tithes will not be lacking if the Giver of all good gifts is recognized with gratitude. Evidently, the way to the land of plenty lies through Levi's farm. Should we set out in quest of it, we might be tempted to tarry awhile in his orchard, lest in going farther we might fare worse. Having a tendency to vegetarianism, the last sentence fairly "makes our mouth water." Who would not be a farmer after reading this?

NORTHWOOD, Kent County, Ont.
September 15th, 1898.

Wheat, very good; some instances forty bushels per acre. Oats, fair to good. Barley, fair to good. Hay, very good. Beans, good. Corn, extra fine. Buckwheat, good. Potatoes, very fine. Fruit of all kinds in abundance.

LEVI BONE

On October 4th we received, too late for insertion, a crop report from George A. Gilderson, Strathroy, which, had it been received in time, would surely have taken the prize. A professional journalist could hardly have given a better report. *UPS AND DOWNS* should have been on its way to subscribers on the first of the month, but this number was delayed by our having to change printers at the last moment. Had the magazine been out on time, we could not even have noticed George Gilderson's report, for it would have been published before his letter reached us. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editor by the

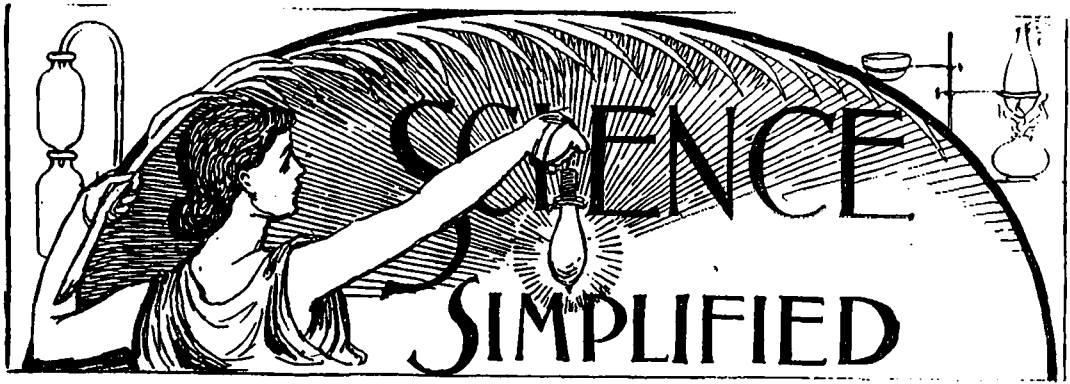
15th of the month prior to publication, at the very latest, to secure a place in the magazine. If any are received later, we cannot undertake to insert them. It is well to send in contributions as early as possible the earlier the better. "Procrastination is the thief of time;" in this case, it has forfeited insertion of a desirable contribution and cost its author a prize to which he would otherwise have been entitled.

The autumn is now well advanced and the winter will be here before the next number of *UPS AND DOWNS* is on the press. With the coming of winter, the farmer looks forward to long evenings of leisure and pastimes to make them interesting. With plenty of time on their hands, and a silver watch, valued at \$7.50, offered as a prize, our readers must surely respond in great numbers to our invitation to write an essay on the subject, "WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA."

The essay must not exceed 500 words, and should tell in plain language why the writer likes to live in Canada. There is no entrance fee - no charge whatever. The writer of the best essay will receive, free, a silver watch, worth \$7.50, and several of the next best essays may be printed in *UPS AND DOWNS*, if they possess sufficient merit to warrant their publication. These inducements should prompt our boys to enter this competition with an enthusiastic desire to win. Who wants a silver watch for nothing? Now, boys, this is your chance.

Essays should reach us not later than December 15th, and be addressed to the Editor of *UPS AND DOWNS*, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.





Geology.

GEOLGY is that branch of science which deals with the formation of the crust of the earth, and with the characteristics of various epochs in its history. The strata (or layers) of rock show the geological changes through which the surface of the earth has passed at different periods, and the fossil remains show the nature and species of animal and vegetable life which existed at the time when the layer of rock in which they are found was formed. As an example, coal is a product of the Carboniferous Age, and the fossils found embedded in the carboniferous layer are the petrified remains of plants and animals which lived on the earth in that age. Therefore Geology is a record of

1. The approximate age of the world ;
2. The various atmospheric, climatic and geographical conditions and features that prevailed at different epochs ;
3. The plants and animals native of each epoch ; and
4. The probable length of time that man has existed on the earth, the conditions under which he lived, sought his food and fought in each epoch, and the degrees of civilization through which he has passed.

The theory of evolution, in which life is traced from the primary through the various stages of the vegetable and animal kingdoms until it culminates in man, and afterwards in civilized man, derives most of its facts from the testimony of the rocks. That is, it traces in the fossil remains the bones of extinct animals, the relics of man, his habitations, weapons and implements

the efforts of nature to evolve ever higher and higher forms of life, and the efforts of man to adapt himself to the changes of his environment, and by so doing to evolve into a more noble creature.

We cannot here go into details, and we must avoid as much as possible all technicalities, or we fear our readers would find the subject as hard as the rocks. We can only briefly sketch in outline some of the main conclusions at which geologists have by research arrived.

First, then, as gravitation attracts atom to atom, and these to a common centre, the enormous upper mass of the earth must exert a tremendous pressure upon the rocks beneath. This pressure causes friction, and friction heat, which at a sufficient depth is so intense as to melt the material of which the earth is composed, and so form what are called igneous rocks—that is to say, rocks solidified from a state of fusion. Lava from volcanoes is but molten rocks thrown upward through the craters from depths below. Sedimentary rocks are those formed by deposits of sediment, solidified into layers or beds. All rocks are of one of these two kinds

The surface of the earth is changing imperceptibly all the time. Sometimes we read of terrific volcanic eruptions, which transform beautiful fertile plains into barren lava covered tracts, or of a mighty earthquake, whereby a large area of land subsides, and by the influx of the sea or of a river what was before dry land is covered into a lake, as in the Yangtze-Kiang Valley. It

China some years ago. The great Sahara Desert is supposed to have been at one time the bottom of a sea, and there is abundant evidence to prove that some land was once under water, and that where there is now water, at one time there it was dry land. From this it is argued that there has been a succession of rising and falling of land above and below water, and that in the geological structure of the surface of the earth, the changes wrought by minor local disturbances and those brought about by awful cataclysms, have resulted in a marked differentiation of the vegetable and animal life of that region. Many of these disturbances are induced by astronomical causes, as well as by the disruptive force of internal heat and agitation. It is now generally believed that the Arctic Zone had once a tropical climate, but by the gradual tilting of the axis of the earth the equator was shifted farther south, and so removed the Arctic Circle from beneath the direct rays of the sun.

These and similar changes may be held to account for some of the more recent variations in geological structure and consequent differentiation of forms of life; but taken in connection with the Nebular Hypothesis, in which the earth is said to have been a huge revolving ball of vapour or gas, which slowly condensed into a planet, and afterwards underwent many changes until water and land were formed and then vegetable and animal life, we can readily see that in the different stages of the evolution of the world there would be plants and trees, fishes, reptiles and animals, as well as men, very much unlike those of to-day.

Ignatius Donnelly has written a book, in which he attempts to prove—and indeed he brings forward a mass of evidence which imparts an air of plausibility to his theory—that the bed of the Atlantic is a submerged continent, whose table lands and mountain peaks are still visible as the Canary and other Islands. He depicts a continent by an Ameri-

can frigate and H.M.S. *Challenger* show an elevated ridge of land stretching across and below the Atlantic, which Donnelly claims was a chain of mountains. Near the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands are many hundred square miles of quiet, shallow water, called the Sargasso Sea, covered with floating seaweed, which the same writer takes to be a submerged plateau. Similar theories are entertained by others as to the subsidence of a large portion of a continent below the Pacific Ocean.

The temperature of the surface of the earth varies with summer and winter. In Canada, where the ground in winter freezes hard to a depth of several feet, this is particularly noticeable; but in Java and India, at a depth of twelve feet the thermometer is constant the year round. In London and Paris, an unvarying temperature prevails at about 100 feet. Below this variable surface layer the earth's heat begins to increase at an average rate of one degree for every fifty-five feet of depth. From the surface of the earth to its centre is about 4,000 miles. Geology has no data upon which to extend its inferences beyond a depth of from twenty to thirty miles. It cannot, therefore, tell what may be the condition of the interior of the earth below this depth. From the famous artesian well at Grenelle near Paris, the water rose from a depth of 1,794 feet. The deep boring at Sperenberg, near Berlin, showed an increase of one degree in forty-two feet at 1,000 feet; one degree in fifty-seven feet at 2,000 feet; and one degree in ninety-five feet at 3,000 and 4,000 feet. From these facts the inference has been made that temperature does not increase appreciably below a moderate external thickness of rock.

Hot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes, and the upheaval of mountain ranges are due to this internal heat. As to the origin of volcanoes, Professor H. G. Seeley, F.R.S., says

"Active volcanoes are commonly met with in regions undergoing upheaval. This is attributed to the underground compression of the rocks which causes upheaval, generating heat. The water near the shore which penetrates to the heated region is raised by that heat to an explosive temperature. Volcanoes have a linear extension; sometimes in islands rising from the sea, sometimes in mountain chains formed of islands united together. The linear arrangement is attributed to the opening of fissures, which penetrate downward along lines, in which the rocks have been folded and fractured in the process of upheaval. When rain water, in a region so bent and strained, is held back upon the land and hindered from escaping by the pressure of the sea round its shores, the water descends through the minor joints and capillary interspaces between the particles of rock. Then it rises in temperature with the internal heat of the earth, so as to facilitate the melting of rocks, with which it combines. Some of this water eventually ascends through the planes of fracture and displacement forming outlets for explosive energy, discharging steam, dust and the rock matter, both solid and molten, which builds volcanic cones."

In like manner, the generation and expansion of steam would, we presume, account for earthquakes and the development of that tremendous energy by which mountains are thrust upward from the level plain, and depressions are formed elsewhere by the collapse of the upper surface into a subterranean chasm.

Difference between superficial and internal temperature results from loss of heat from the surface by radiation. On this circumstance attempts have been made to compute the duration of geological time, which can scarcely be defined in years, but which may be more conveniently expressed in ages when some rock, such as coal, accumulated, or when an extinct plant or animal was dominant on the earth, so stupendous is the range of periods covered by geological research. "By measuring the amount of heat which the earth radiates from its surface in a year, Lord Kelvin has concluded that in a period of 20,000 millions of

years more than enough heat would have been lost to melt the entire bulk of the earth, if the rate of loss had been always what it is now, and if the earth had consisted throughout of the same materials as its surface rocks"--a presumption, we might add, most improbable and at variance with the theory of evolution. "This is the time which the physicist conceives as possible for the earth's origin and history."

These figures may seem incredible, yet they may fall far short of the actual antiquity of the earth as a planet. It has been estimated that from 15,000 to 30,000 years have been consumed by the Niagara River in cutting its channel upon the existing surface of the earth, without reaching the age when the newer layers of the globe were deposited by the sea. Of the incalculable periods of time occupied in the formation of these newer layers, and of previous ones, we can form no adequate notion. It is but juggling with cyphers to set down even an approximate date. Only God, to whom a thousand years are but as a day, knows how long this world in His inscrutable wisdom has been forming in His hand. We can only stand humbled and awe struck in the workshop of the Creator, and, like simple children, conjecture the meaning and the method of the superior intelligence and design shown in His works, exclaiming with the psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

Our next article will be on the earth's atmosphere, in which we shall have something to say about clouds, rain, snow, fog, thunder and lightning, wind, tornadoes, and cyclones, followed in the next issue by one on the subject of the weather.



OUR GIRLS

Hazel Brae Notes.

AS the time comes round once again for the issue of our paper, the mind travels back to the events that have occurred since we last wrote our "Hazel Brae Notes;" and the first and foremost event in, *our* mind at least, was the arrival on July 24th of a party of 120 girls from England. They crossed over to Canada by the Dominion Line Steamer *Labrador*, Dr. Barnardo himself seeing them safely off from Liverpool, and Mr. Owen and Mrs. Brown bringing them across the Atlantic safely, through the good hand of God upon them. By the 27th of the month, forty-eight of the party were sent out to their various destinations, and since then many more have gone to begin life in Canada, and we have received some most encouraging reports since their arrival. Elsewhere will be found a list of their names, which we have no doubt will be eagerly scanned by readers of UPS AND DOWNS, in the hope of meeting with some friend of the old days.

While writing, we are just expecting another party, and hope we may be also able to send a list of these names for this number of our paper.

There have been a few visitors at the Home; it is pleasant when old friends give us a "look up." On Dominion Day, Olive Adams and Louisa Cunningham spent the day at Hazel Brae, and Mary Downey and Ellen Macarney also came in for a short time. Amy Young, too, has been in once or

twice, much grown and apparently getting on well. Some of her old friends would hardly recognize the little girl of former days in the tall young woman of nowadays.

Mary Jeffrey also has been in. Mary has a splendid record as to the length of time she has been in her home—more than eleven years. Then, Mary Strong, Hilda Green and Margaret Buck spent some time at the old "Home," as well as Edith Oxlade, who is now quite one of the elder girls, doing for herself and going to a place where she was to receive four dollars a week. Ethel Rogers, Amy Hedge and Nellie Clay were all more or less out of health, and after being recuperated at Hazel Brae, went forth again to their spheres of work.

Emma Flint, whose name has appeared before in connection with her serious illness, has spent some time at the Home during a period of convalescence, and the return to her old place, where she is loved and valued, is now contemplated.

Agnes Cutler was working at the Home for some time this summer, giving good help with our large family of newcomers. We think it is very fitting for the elder girls to be at hand at such times.

Frances Muirhead, who had to come back some time ago on account of ill-health, is now much better and waiting to help with the next party.

This copy of our paper will, no doubt, fall into the hands of some of the new girls who have lately come out to Canada, and through its pages we should like to give

them a special word of greeting. Perhaps, girls, some of you are feeling a little bit discouraged and out of heart; the work is all so new, everything is so strange, there are so many things to be remembered, that really you feel sometimes like giving up altogether. Ah! but you must not do that. "Rome was not built in a day," you know. Just persevere and press on, and it will be wonderful how, after a time, difficulties will vanish, clouds clear away, and mountains become mole-hills.

Sometimes you feel a little bit lonely and homesick. Well, just write a letter every now and then to the Home, telling how you are getting on and have a friendly little talk, and see if it does not do you good. I think God knows how sometimes it does the heart good to talk over things a little, for He says to His people, "Pour out your heart before Him;" and after all, girls, that is the best place to go in any trouble or difficulty. Always remember He is here, as much as in the old surroundings in England, for "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

B. Codes

The following cutting from a Peterborough paper will, no doubt, be of interest:

Barnardo Girls' Reunion

The Salem correspondent of the *Marville Statesman* says: On Thursday August 25th, the girls from Dr. Barnardo's Home, who reside in the neighbourhood, met at the home of Mr. F. L. Squair for a social reunion, and put in a jolly time with games and singing, picnicking on the lawn, etc. A few other young friends had gathered to help entertain the girls, who numbered ten, namely: Misses Maud Adams, Aggie Dodds, Jeanie Kibble, Lena Kirk, Victoria Morgan, Mary Stubbs, Mabel Stringer, Mary Smith, Maggie

Simpson and Martha White. The very ladies certainly reflect much credit on the good old benefactor, Dr. Barnardo.

Girls' Donation Fund.

We acknowledge receipt of the following amounts since our last issue:—Emily Judge, \$1.00; Alice Wheeler, \$1.00; Lizzie Shipley, \$1.00; Ellen O'Brien, 75c.; Lily Sage, 50c.; Amelia Brian, 25c.; Ella Wickens, \$1.00; Florence A. Williams, 50c.; Sarah Speller, \$1.00; Annie Prior, 75c.; Annie



Mr. and Mrs. William Moore.

Kinder, \$1.00; Maud Saunders, 50c.; Ada Scotcher, 95c.; Margt. Buck, 50c.; Ada Waters, \$1.00.

Our Picture Gallery.

The accompanying photograph is that of Mr. and Mrs. William Moore; but the latter will be better recognized as *Lydia King*, an old Cambridge girl, who came out to Canada in 1889 and was married this last spring. Lydia called to see us at Hazel Brae a few weeks since, and we were glad to see her looking so bright and well, and to offer her our congratulations.

The next are brother and sister, Margaret and Willie Whitnell, who



Margaret Whitnell and Brother.

have the good fortune to be both employed by the same master and mistress. Margaret came to Canada in 1889, and has been more than four years in her present situation. Our Visitor's Report says, "she is doing well and takes quite a motherly interest in her young brother."

Maud Boynton (1895). "Maud has a good comfortable home, and seems to be getting on very happily, and with the little children she appears to be great friends."



Maud Boynton.

On the entry of our Visitor's Report to see what she is doing.

cently. No doubt many of her companions will recognize her photo and be glad to see it.

Mary Hilder came to Canada in October, 1893; in February, 1894, was placed with Mr. John Metcalf, near Picton, with whom she still remains. This is a good record, and shows that Mary is not given to change nor "running around."

In Memoriam.

Amid the brightness and joy of summer, with its visits and reunions, we have also to record the sad and unexpected death of one of our young girls.

Mary Nolan came to Canada in August, 1897, and was placed with Mr. A. E. Cole, Esq., of Niagara Falls, where she proved a careful and devoted nurse to the children during her mistress' absence for some weeks through illness. About the end of June, we heard that Mary was ailing, and soon after that she had been removed to the hospital at St. Catharines. In reply to our enquiries there, we learned that though seriously ill at first, dangerous symptoms soon abated and she was improving quickly. On July 25th we were shocked by a telegram telling of her sudden death that morning. The Superintendent of the Hospital writes: "Mary was feeling much better and begging to be allowed to get up. Was laughing and talking, when all at once she called to her nurse that she felt so queer. She became unconscious immediately, and in less than half an hour all was over. * * * The immediate cause of death was a large blood clot in the heart."

Her mistress had visited her on the Saturday previous, and Mary had spoken very brightly of being nearly well, and she hoped to be back with the children by her birthday, August 1st, when she would have been seventeen.

On the following day (Tuesday) Mary was quietly laid to rest in St. Catharines' cemetery, followed to the

grave by Mrs. G. and Mr. H. Loveday.

Mary was a good, honest girl, and her loss is felt by her employers, and especially by their little children, who were greatly distressed that Mary could not return to them.

It is a cause of thankfulness to know that her short time in Canada was a happy one. She had a good home, a kind and helpful mistress, and was not worked beyond her strength.

Surely this sudden call should speak loudly to her companions, reminding them that "In the midst of life we are in death." Dear girls, if a like call came to you, would it find you trusting in Jesus as your Saviour, and therefore *not afraid?*

The Postman's Knock.

The following letters will, we feel sure, be read with interest. We wish more of our girls would write and tell of their summer outings, picnics and excursions.

The writer of the following, Emily Baker, was for some time *boarded out* in Muskoka, and is now in a very nice home in Dundas. On a recent visit, her mistress said she "could not have a better little girl to look after her children; she had been well-trained at her foster-home and was getting on nicely."

DEAR MISS L—,—I now take pleasure in writing to you to tell you that I am back from the Beach after three months' long holidays. I am going to tell you what I did there.

In the mornings, Dorothy—that is the baby—Willie and I would go to the lake shore and pick up shells, or go paddling in the water or sit in the boat and watch the fish, and in the afternoon we go in swimming and stay in a long time and have lots of fun. Once we took little Dorothy in with us, and had great fun then. Then in the evening we go out rowing, or for a walk on the lake shore, or up to the pier, and see the steamers come in from Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton.

Once a very big storm came up on a Sunday afternoon. The wind swept every thing before it. It blew tents into the lake, blew down flags, and there were five men nearly drowned in the bay. They were out rowing, and they saw the steam com-

ing up, and one of the men lost his own, and the storm came on and tipped the boat over, and they were in the water nearly two hours before help came, and they were nearly gone.

Since Dorothy was down at the Beach she has learned to walk, and she can almost talk, and she is only one year and two months old, and she is a dear little darling. She has her cot in my bedroom, and in the morning when she wakes up, she crawls into my bed and stays there until it is time to get up. Everybody was surprised to see her walking when we came back from the Beach.

My master and mistress are very good to me. I think I must now close. Give my love to all the girls and ladies of the Home. I always look in UPS AND DOWNS to see if there are any reports of the girls who came out in 1894.



Mary F. Hilder.

Mrs. P. went to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and when she came home she brought us all home a present. Mine was a gold pin, with a large pearl in the shape of a bell attached to it. I think I must close, hoping all the girls are well.

Yours truly,

EMILY BAKER.

The letter from a little girl recently, D. is a very good one of our late arrivals, and tells her first letter to her master, which all around is new and full of wonder. So far, the lines have not been taken as her in pleasant places. We think that her hopes are well.

realize I had that she may be both happy and useful in this new land.

MY DEAR SISTER GRACE, Just a few lines to tell you that I received your letter. Warsaw is a very nice little village, and the schoolhouse is made of stone with a bell, on the side of a hill looking over the pond, on which the boys took our teacher for a sail this afternoon. The teacher's name is Mr. Kidd, and we like him very much. He is going to give us an entertainment on Friday-afternoon, and I am going to say a piece of recitation. It is about the Philosopher's Scales, and it is a very nice piece. I am in the Second Reader, and I have got all my school books. There are only four girls in the class, and I sit with Dora Blight. She is a very nice girl; I like her very much. I am getting along very well. The teacher said I did my physiology on Monday so well, he said I was nearly ready for a class higher.

There is a Methodist Church, which I attend in the evening, and the Sunday School is underneath. I attend that in the afternoon at two o'clock. After Sunday School I attend the English Church, which is just opposite our house. I have heard five different ministers.

On Saturday morning, mother, cousin Mabel and I went fishing. First we went down to the river and gathered a basket of clams for bait. I paddled in the water and it was very cool. After we had gathered the clams, we went up to Quarry Lake and caught four bass and one maski lounge. We had our dinner and tea on the rocks; but we did not have any water, and we suffered from thirst until we were coming home, when two men brought us across the lake in a big red punt, and Carlo, our dog, swam behind. We were afraid to take him in the boat for fear he would upset it. When we were coming home we found a spring in the woods and we had a lovely drink of ice-cold water. Cousin Mabel fell in and lost her fish, and I fell in, too, but we were not drowned because it was not deep enough. We had to hang our clothes on the rocks to dry in the sun. We had fish on Sunday morning for breakfast and for supper—all we could eat, and enjoyed it more because we caught it ourselves.

This morning I got up at half-past six, and mother was churning and she let me bring the butter, and we had a nice lot of butter.

I have a new white muslin dress and apron and a skirt; they are all white. Father has been away a week visiting up West, and I expect he will bring me a new hymn book when he comes on Friday. He said he would when he went to town again.

Carl sleeps on the veranda every night, take care of us. We have four lovely canaries, a pig and a yellow cow. Goldie, we call her, she has Jersey and gives lovely milk. We have lots to drink, and it is very nice.

With love from your
Sister,
GRACE

Extracts from Visitors' Diary.

We will begin, in this issue, with girls visited by Miss. Gibbs.

AROUND BOWMANVILLE.

EDITH HALLANDALE (1893), whose name has often appeared as contributor to some of the Puzzles, is still in the same place where she was first placed on coming to Canada. By her good, steady conduct, she has won the respect of the family, and is a valued servant.

ELLEN WHITE (Aug., 1897), although not feeling very strong, seemed to be making the best of things and trying to keep her place. Her mistress was out, but from some other members of the family I heard Ellen satisfactorily spoken of.

LIZZIE HATCHER (1892) has been nearly five years in her place, has always borne a good character, and has money in the bank; is hoping soon to return to England; but Mrs. G. will be very sorry to lose her.

LENA KIRK (1894). A bright, smart little girl, doing very well; is most ambitious to earn wages and to have some money in the bank.

SARAH PULL (Oct., 1897). A good-tempered little girl, with a nice disposition, her mistress says; so we hope Sarah will get on well, and become useful as well as good.

MARTHA WHITE (1895) needs to be a little more thoughtful about her work; otherwise seems a good, well-meaning girl. Has lately changed places; but has a good name, which we hope she will do her best to keep.

JANE KIBBLE (1894), who has been nearly three years in her good home, "is improving," her mistress says, and Janie is much attached to her place. She told me of a very pleasant visit she had had from her brother, James.

MARY A. SMITH (Oct. 1897) being on the opposite side, has

also a good home and a kind young mistress, and little Mary was spoken of as a good, honest, willing girl. She just "loved work," she told me, and she looked as happy and bright as the day is long. The baby, a few weeks old, was her delight.

UNIONVILLE.

MARY S. BOLTON (Oct., 1897) has a good home and seems to have settled down happily, and is learning to be quite useful. Her mistress was out; but from what I heard, Mary is evidently giving satisfaction.

NELLIE MARSHALL (1895) seems to have fallen into kind hands, in this, a new place she has just gone to. Nellie had rather a bad cold; but her mistress was very kind doctoring her, and evidently taking good care of her. Seemed pleased with Nellie, and hoped to keep her a long time.

GALT.

ELLEN O'BRIEN (Aug., 1896) is a good little girl, giving entire satisfaction. Mr. and Mrs. Watson seem really fond of her and treat her just like one of their own.

BRUSSELS.

ADA MERRIDAY (Nov., 1897) and SARAH WAGNER (June, 1897). These two lucky little girls are adopted by our kind friend, Mrs. Strachan, who not only takes two little ones into her own house, but uses all her influence to find good homes for some of the other children. Ada and Sarah are as happy as possible, going to school and being well taught and trained. They love "Auntie," and just delight to do anything they can to help her.

VIOLET E. WILSON (Oct., 1896) With a friend of Mr. Strachan's, where she is perfectly happy. The child seemed quite delighted to tell me all her "Pa" and "Ma" were doing for her. She seems quite a pet in the family, but it is to be hoped our little girl will not be spoiled.

MILBANE.

SARAH E. COOMBS (1892) has grown so much and is quite changed from the little girl she used to be. She has learnt to be very useful, and has always had a good record. She is treated just the same as the rest of the family, and Mrs. C. said it would be like parting from one of her own to lose Sarah.

VALENTIA.

ALICE E. LAWRENCE (Oct., 1897). Little Nellie has found happy quarters. You might almost think they were camping out, the house is almost surrounded by water -- a point jutting out into Scugog Lake. Nellie and the people's own little girl of six years are great friends, go to school together, and seem to have things very much in common; but Nellie helps, too, in many little ways, and is much more useful than was expected she would be. The child talked freely of her "Pa" and "Ma" and seemed quite at home.

BURKELTON.

EARLYN B. SMITH (July, 1898) seemed to be settling down happily, and her mistress seemed very pleased with her. Thought they would get on nicely together.

ROSE HANKS (1895) gives satisfaction; is a good, useful little girl; gets on nicely with the children.

PHYLLIS LEE (Oct., 1897). Very bright and happy; getting on very nicely; in a good, comfortable home. Everybody, I was told, was fond of her.

DESERONTO.

VIOLET RAMSAY (Oct., 1897) The only little girl in Deseronto, but making such a good impression that other people in the town thought they, too would like to try one of our girls.

WILSON.

EARLYN B. SMITH (Oct., 1898) seemed to be settling down happily, and her mistress seemed very pleased with her. Thought they would get on nicely together.

and considered, and does not expect too much of her. During her illness in the spring Ethel was well cared for.

KEZIAH SMART (Aug., 1896) is said to be a good, honest, truthful girl. Her only trouble was lest she should have to leave, as her people talk of giving up the farm and not needing her much longer.

FLORENCE OLIVER (Aug., 1896) has, too, a good home, and in many ways does well. These girls all meet on Sunday at Sunday School, so they are not at all lonely.

JEANNETTE COOMBES (Aug., 1896) "is improving," her mistress says; and as she has a good home, we hope she will do her best to keep it. Jeannette has lately joined the Church, and seems to have real desires to live a Christian life.

LIZZIE TAYLOR (Oct., 1897) has a good, comfortable home; is getting on nicely; and Lizzie is quite happy, learning to do useful work.

Amongst those visited by Miss Tuesday, we select the following:

LIVING IN AND NEAR PARIS.

ANNIE BROOKS (1896). Heard a good account of Annie. Mrs. A— says she has much improved, and they would not like to do without her now. A stout, healthy girl.

PHOEBE CARTER (1897). Mrs. M— is as well pleased as ever with Phœbe, who is a careful, quiet, hard-working girl. We cannot refrain from quoting further: "Mrs. M— is considerate and kind, and (which is somewhat unusual) recognizes that the girl has a good deal of work; but spares her as far as possible, pays her well, and is careful about her clothes and money."

ETHEL CHRISTMAS (1896). Mrs. M— spoke well of Ethel in many ways, as quite honest, smart and willing. She is anxious to please and to do right, and seemed pleased and brightened by my visit.

IN THE NEAR BY SCHOOLS.

ETHEL BENTLEY (1896). Heard a good account reported by Miss

from her mistress, who says she is thoroughly good and trustworthy, is learning to cook and to be very useful. Nora has been in her present place two years.

LIZZIE SPEAKS (1896). This is Nora's younger sister, and the two are near enough to see each other occasionally. Lizzie is a very good, useful little girl. Has been to school and is in the third book.

MARY SIMPSON (1892). A steady, hard-working girl, with more than five years' record in one situation. Mary is thinking of paying a visit to her friends in the Old Land this autumn. She has well earned this, and we hope will enjoy it thoroughly.

AROUND TILSONBURG.

KITTY LLOYD (1895). This is a good home, and Kitty seems to be happy there. She looked brighter and better than on my former visit. Mrs. and Miss K— always speak well of the child. Kitty attended school during the winter.

This lady's married daughter, living in Ottsville, has also a very satisfactory, capable little girl, LILIAN ALDRIDGE, who has been with her nearly two years.

ANNIE KITCHER (1897). Mrs. H— is very well pleased with Annie, who looks bright and well. Says she has a good time with the children when she has done her work.

ALICE WILMET (1897). Alice has a good home in a clergyman's family; has greatly improved and is doing well. Mr. and Mrs. H— are pleased with her, and have no complaints.

PORT ROWAN.

GRACE JAYS (1896). Grace is still with Mrs. S—, and giving good satisfaction. A steady, industrious, reliable girl, and very capable.

ALICE BLOOM (1897). Alice has a good home and looks well. Has a good, careful home, is improving and is a good girl.

PORT TOWN.

MARY WILSON (1896). Heard a good account reported by Miss

Rebecca says she is a good girl and is doing well; honest, truthful and useful. Norma looked bright and happy.

KATHLEEN MURPHY (1897). This little girl has a very comfortable home, and only the two elderly people. They like Kathleen very much, and are quite pleased with her. Have a good deal of fruit and lovely flowers. The child seems thoroughly happy.

DAISY COMPTON, from Brantford, and MINNIE WINKWORTH, from Hamilton, were with their respective mistresses, who are sisters, at Port Dover, for the summer. This was quite a new life to the girls, and they were pleased to shew me the beauties of the shore and the lake, etc.; and Minnie, especially, was looking much better for the fresh air and change. Daisy is a good-principled, reliable girl, a comfort and help to her mistress.

ARDOCH, FROM CLARENDON.

MARY GILL (1897). Mary was at school on my arrival, and came in looking clean, tidy and well cared for. She seems to have a comfortable, safe home, and to be happy and contented, and assured me she was not at all lonely.

[This visit took me through a sparsely-peopled but picturesque part of the country. Had a long stage drive through wood and swamp, which had lately been swept by fire, and then a paddle by an Indian boy in a small canoe down a river thick with lovely white water lilies, which made the air fragrant as we passed. I was told that the pitcher plant and the moccasin plant were to be found near, but heavy showers prevented our search for them in the woods]

Four Days in Muskoka.

11. DEAR GIRLS, I should like to tell you just a little about the sunny, pleasant days which I spent in Muskoka with Miss Loveday. She was going to visit some of her

little boarded-out proteges, and I gladly consented to her kind wish that I should accompany her, feeling that a few days' rest and change would sweep the cobwebs away. I think you must come with us first to Hollinshead's Farm at Fairy Lake. We will board the little steamer, *Empress Victoria*, at Huntsville. Miss Loveday has invited little Alice Clark, Katie Trow and Edith Homes to come with us this afternoon, and here they come, just in time, with their happy, smiling faces. Now we are off—past the town wharf and swing-bridge, and the banks lined with water lilies, out into Fairy Lake. And, indeed, a fairy-like scene it is, with its wooded slopes and islands, dotted here and there, washed by the silvery waters of the lake. And there, nestling cosily at the end of a miniature bay, is the farm we are steering for. A couple of shrill whistles from our steamer brings the farmer and his sons down to the primitive little wharf, and with their help we disembark, and let them pilot us to the cosy homestead standing just a few yards from the lake. Mrs. Hollinshead and her daughter are away this afternoon; but the kind old farmer and his three sons show us every hospitality. The children are wild with delight, now joined by Martha Harwood and Maria Abram, who live at this farm, and whose bonny looks speak well for the pure air and good wholesome food they get here. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto here, and they tell us they were up at four o'clock this morning, and away to the "blackberry patch." And there stand the fruits of their labours—two large pails of the black, juicy berries. Now we must go down to the milk house, where the cans of milk stand all day and night in a running stream, which flows through the house, and keeps the milk fresh and cool. And now Martha is sent for glasses, and we taste the delicious milk—cold as ice—rich and sweet. Look at Maria, as she drives the flock of turkeys out with the

band—the proud old gobbler at the rear keeping his family in order. And beyond, in the meadow, are the milky mothers, chewing the cud of contentment. But we must not linger, as the farmer's sons are beckoning us to supper, which they have themselves prepared, and I am sure we shall do justice to such an inviting meal—home-made bread, yellow butter, fresh eggs, thick rich cream, maple syrup, and plenty of hot, steaming tea—a supper fit for a queen. The children follow us, and we all enjoy the meal, for the cool, invigorating breeze has given us good appetites. But now we must bid farewell to this lovely spot and our hospitable hosts. The little steamer is on her homeward trip, and we are soon on board and Fairy Lake Farm fades from our view, but it certainly never will from our memory. I wish, dear girls, that I had time to tell you all about my drive through the lovely woods to Ravenscliffe, five miles from Huntsville, where I saw three more very happy looking little maidens who are boarded out there, Emily Vale, Becky Massey and Molly Clark. They had just come in from school, where, I heard, they are making good progress. The next day we went by train to Bracebridge and took the steamer to Beaumaris; but perhaps some of you have taken that lovely trip—first along the winding river, and then out into the beautiful Muskoka Lake, with its numerous islands and wooded shores. On the boat we met another of our little girls, Beatrice Goodall, looking very well and happy. She was going with her mistress to their pretty summer home on the lake, and had special charge of two cunning little pug dogs, evidently great pets and quite part of the family party. We were much interested in watching an encampment of Indians, who came there for the season to sell their wares—birch bark boxes, etc.—to the visitors. The children are chubby, ate little tarts. I felt like kissing one, we were very boyish when I did not know that

his name was John. There are some pretty falls at Bala, the lake waters rushing and foaming over the rocks into the Moon River. Our return to Bracebridge in the evening was, I think, the loveliest part of our little trip—the lengthening shadows, the tinted sunset water, where shore and water seemed to blend; the peace and restfulness that seemed to brood over all as the steamer glided swiftly onwards. And now our little visit to Muskoka is a thing of the past, and already the maple woods are donning their autumn tints. Summer is over; but we will not spend time in regrets, but rather let the pleasant memories brace us up for work, as we return with hearts full of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for making our world so fair, and for giving us the opportunity and capacity to enjoy its beauties.

J. MELCALFE

Our Parties of 1898

July, 1898.

Archer, Edith	Fowler, Emily
Archer, Maud	Green, Alice
Athole, Lizzie	Green, Elizabeth
Athole, Maud	Glegg, Rose
Adamthwaite, Mary	Gouch, Annie
Adamthwaite, Ethel	Guthrie, Dora
Adams, Ethel	Graham, Mary
Anderson, Ellen	Graham, Jane
Berry, Rhoda	Greenwood, Lydia
Baker, Marie	Grimes, Georgina
Burns, Rosina	Gordon, Mary
Burden, Miriam	Gordon, Florence
Burns, Edith	Hedges, Elizabeth
Boucher, Annie	Hope, Annie
Bowles, Rose	Hayos, Blanche
Bowles, Eva	Hall, Edith
Bye, Matilda	Hall, Rachel
Collier, Florence	Hall, Robina
Cato, Florence	Harris, Laura
Cartledge, Florence	Johnson, Ellen
Cartledge, Jane	Joyce, Margaret
Dobson, Mary	Kimber, Annie
Dobson, Dorothy	Larner, Caroline
Davenport, Jane	Lacchee, Sarah
Davis, Matilda	Lamplough, Elizabeth
Davis, Ellen	Lash, Daisy
Davidson, Elizabeth	Lascelles, Amelia
Davidson, Caroline	Lee, Isabel
Eaglen, Elizabeth	Marson, Edith
Eaglen, Florence	Mowbray, Anna
Eggleston, Mary	Mowbray, Lily
Everett, Florence	Moore, Maud
Foster, Rose	Muggleworth, Edith
Fowler, Nelli	Mortley, Ellen

Moss, Florence
 Moyes, Alice
 Moyes, Minnie
 Mitchell, Margaret
 Murray, Mary
 Owen Rebecca
 Ottawa, Violet
 Parsons, Gladys
 Parsons, Alice
 Powel, Selina
 Poutny, Mercy
 Poutny, Harriet
 Page, Ellen
 Pask, Florence
 Pett, Annie
 Philips, Bertha
 Parish, Caroline
 Purvis, Barbara
 Pinnoch, Dorothy
 Pond, Selina
 Richardson, Annie
 Ranchman, Annie
 Rogers, Bessie
 Ryder, Mary A.
 Reynolds, Bessie
 Seehy, Sarah

Steven, Ethel
 Smith, Selina
 Smith, Lizzie
 Smith, Evelyn
 Smith, Ada
 Simper, Mary
 Southworth, Mary
 Southworth, Lizzie
 Saunders, Yonnie
 Seeley, Mary
 Seeley, Daisy
 Sparrow, Alice
 Teasdale, Mary
 Tame, Kate
 Tyson, Margaret
 Urquhart, Jessie
 Urquhart, Maria
 Williamson, Mabel
 Way, Rose
 Way, Ellen
 Wade, Alice
 Welham, Annie
 Welham, Florence
 Walter, Christina
 Walter, Clara
 Weston, Harriet

Clayton, Jane
 Clayton, Elizabeth
 Clarke, Kate
 Coates, Emily
 Cooper, Elizabeth
 Cowley, Susan
 Cowley, Sarah
 Cobb, Mary
 Davie, Elsie
 Davidson, Jessie
 Daley, Ellen
 Daley, Louisa
 Doehren, Hannah
 Ellis, Elizabeth A.
 Fenwick, Jane
 Ford, Ellen
 Field, Annie J.
 Foster, Margaret
 Fowler, Kate
 Faithful, Rose M.
 Gale, Louisa
 Gould, Ethel
 Gough, Amelia J.
 Garwood, Elizabeth
 Goddard, Ada
 Hall, Florence B.
 Hall, Isabella
 Hawes, Laura I.
 Hawes, Minnie
 Harte, Laura
 Harte, Daisy
 Harrison, Sarah
 Hart, Maud
 Henson, Mary I.
 Herbert, Flora E.
 Hodson, Margaret
 Holland, Margaret
 Honner, Elizabeth
 Humphreys, Ellen
 Hyar, Winifred M.
 Ivy, Marion M.
 Kaltsfen, Rose M.
 Kerridge, Edith
 Knott, Olive
 King, Eliza
 Knowles, Ethel
 Kitton, Bessie
 Kettlewell, Mary
 Kennedy, Robina
 Lepine, Elizabeth
 Leigh, Ellen
 Lovick, Ada R.
 McMillan, Agnes
 McMillan, Jessie F.
 Martin Elizabeth

Maddick, Kate
 Maclellan, Emma
 Moore, James
 Mitchell, Alice
 Murdy, Ada
 Nelson, Harriet
 Newman, Edith
 Olver, Ellen
 Pearce Elizabeth C.
 Perry, Gladys A.
 Picknell, Beatrice
 Palmer, Eliza
 Rose, Amy
 Ringrose, Elizabeth
 Rosser, Beatrice
 Rosser, Maud
 Russell, Elizabeth
 Roberts, Matilda
 Roberts, Emma
 Staines, Alice
 Saunders, Florence
 Schofield, Mary
 Seager, Hannah
 Seager, Kate
 Shapcott, Rose
 Seymour, Emily I.
 Siney, Emily
 Simmons, Ellen
 Smith, Emma C.
 Smith, Eliza B.
 Smith, Violet I.
 Stevens, Alice
 Stevens, Mildred
 Summers, Ethel
 Stone, Elsie
 Talbot, Annie
 Talbot, Bridget
 Taylor, Emily
 Turner, Annie
 Thorne, Daisy
 Thorne, Alice
 Thomas, Rebecca
 Underwood, Emma
 Ward, Margaret
 Ward, Arabella
 Ward, Alice
 Wake, Lilian B.
 Wilderspin, Florice
 Wilderspin, Violet J.
 Wordland, Florence
 Wetherley, Elizabeth
 Whitehead, Frances
 Winchcombe, Ellen
 White, Cordelia
 White, Elsie A.

September, 1898.

Our second party of girls from England this year has arrived just in time, we hope, for the names to be inserted in this issue. One hundred and twenty girls made their first entrance into this land on Saturday, September 24th, and reached Peterboro early on Sunday morning 25th, a little tired and dirty after their day and night of railway travel from Quebec, but looking strong and healthy and full of wonder and expectation about the new life on which they are just entering. Amongst them are a good many little ones, and three or four quite "wee tinies," the baby of the party being only four years old. Miss Code, Secretary, will be glad to receive applications from those willing to take younger children under fourteen for board, clothes and schooling. By taking them now, they will be getting accustomed to the country and the ways of the household during the coming winter, and thus be of more use and help by the time the rush of spring and summer work begins. Their names are as under.

Arnold, Beate
 Airy, Lily Ethel
 Blombery, Louisa
 Button, Eleanora
 Butcher, Eliza
 Blythe, Edith
 Blythe, Emma
 Brown, Annie
 Bird, Edith
 Bryant, Edith

In Leisure Hours

May have been in the hands of some of our readers, and we are putting into each number of our magazine some few questions and puzzles, or something that would be a little finding out and answering. Happily we have had very few replies to these and we have to know whether our readers are interested in them and care to have

them continued. It may have been that during the summer months there has not been much time or opportunity for sitting down quietly to think out or to write answers; but soon the long winter evenings will be here, and more of you may be able to do this.

In any case, we should like to hear from a good many girls whether they are interested in this sort of thing, and, in fact, what they like best in the Magazine generally, as we want it to be of help and interest to them.

We are this month giving you something to try and do before Christmas, and we offer a prize of a Christmas Story Book for the best answers to the following. But be careful to comply with the conditions:

I. Give your *name, address and age* distinctly.

II. Do not mix with the answers any personal communication. If you want to tell any news, write it on a separate sheet of paper.

III. All answers to be sent to Miss Code, Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro, on or before December 10, 1898.

No. 1. Relate some clever or amusing thing you or any of your household have seen done by any favourite animal or bird.

No. 2.—Try how many words can be made out of the letters composing the word

COMBINATION.

(The letters may be used in any order once only, and no word must contain any letter not in the word Combination.)

Something to Smack,

1. What is your favourite item in the Bible?

(Do not think you are to make a

story to some little children who have never heard it before, and to whom you want to make it as real as possible. Tell it in your own words, with any comments you may like to add.)

Minnie Banks sends the following solution to the Scripture Poem about the "Wells," which appeared in the July issue:

1.—The well in the desert, called Beer-lahai-roi: That is, the well of Him that liveth and seeth me.—Gen. xvi., 14.

2.—The well in the Wilderness, called Shebah: That is, the well of the oath.—Gen. xxi., 14; also Gen. xxvi., 33.

3.—The well by the Township of Mesopotamia, called the well of Haran.—Gen. xxiv., 10-15; also Gen. xxix., 1-9.

4. Three wells in the valley of Gerar. The first called Esek: That is, contention. The second, called Sitnah: That is, hatred. The third, called Rehoboth: That is, room.—Gen. xxvi., 17-22.

5. The well in the field, called the well of Haran.—Gen. xxix., 1-9.

6. The well in the courtyard, called En-rogel, or the well of Bahurim (En-rogel: That is, the Fuller's well). II. Samuel, xvii., 15-23.

7.—The well in the village, called the well of Bethlehem.—I. Chron., xi., 15-20.

8.—The well near a city of Samaria, called Sychar. The well is called Jacob's well.—John iv., 5-27.

Answers to Puzzles in July issue
1-13

Friend of Editor: KEES DAVID
Staple of Scotland, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

Editorial Settings

A New Volume. OUR July number completed Volume III., and **UPS AND DOWNS** was then three years old, having continued two years as a monthly and one year as a quarterly. This is the first number of a new volume, and when we compare it with the October number of a year ago we cannot but remark that it has grown in circulation, size and good looks, if it has not also improved in the quality of its contents. While we hesitate to admit that this is a permanent feature, the last two numbers were enlarged from forty-eight to sixty-four pages—an addition of sixteen extra pages of reading matter—the subscription price remaining the same. At twenty-five cents per annum **UPS AND DOWNS** should be cheap to the pocket and dear to the heart of every Barnardo boy in Canada. No boy is too poor to subscribe for it, and no subscriber, we trust, will, after this hint, allow his or her subscription to become or remain in arrears. Twenty-five cents is not much to each subscriber, yet when many subscribers are delinquent, the quarters become hundreds of dollars, and the editor is at his wits' ends to make ends meet. If you are in arrears, this is intended as an urgent request to you to pay up without further delay. There is not a single boy or girl in all Dr. Barnardo's great Canadian family who is not interested in the doings and welfare of his foster brothers and sisters, and there should not be a boy or girl among them so mean as to begrudge a mere quarter of a dollar per year for the Home magazine. If all the arrears due to **UPS AND DOWNS** are promptly paid, what the better be enabled to maintain the magazine at its present size, sixty-four pages. We need every cent owing to us to meet the expense of publication. Our magazine

ought to be self-supporting, but it is not, nor would it be were there no subscriptions in arrears. The receipts have to be supplemented every year with a considerable grant from headquarters, in order to pay the expenses. Our subscribers will, therefore, see how manifestly it is their duty to pay what they owe and keep out of our debt in the future. "Shell out! shell out!" as the boys shout on Halloween which is good, plain English or any other tongue.

LORD HORATIO HERRERT

The Hero KITCHENER, in command of the Home of the British forces in Egypt, is justly famed as the most successful warrior of the day. He is the hero of the hour, and the fame of his exploits has shed an unfading lustre upon British arms. The prestige of his extraordinary victory imparts a weight to British diplomacy that will be felt for many a day, for is not Kitchener a British general? Shrewd, calculating, expert in the planning of a campaign, a man of infinite detail, he has shown that he knows how and when to strike the blow that shall cripple or crush his adversary. He does not believe in temporizing or juggling with the situation. Prolonging a campaign by ineffective tactics, and deferring the hour of contact with the enemy, is too often disastrous to a compact body in a hostile country far from the seaboard, for thus an opportunity is afforded to the enemy to amass his strength and resources, such an army, and it is dispersed and weakened, and can't to cost all its force and imperil at the critical moment. What another campaign for would have made a long, costly war. General Kitchener has by a single brilliant blow and one crushing attack brought us a victory which will

me were still fresh in England and in the right mettle to win. Of the Dervish army of 60,000, some 15,000 were slain, and the survivors utterly routed and dispersed, the Khalifa, with a handful of followers, escaping by "the skin of his teeth." The total British casualties were under 500. Even this seems a heavy loss, but it is only slight compared with that of the enemy and the magnitude of the battle. How many brave soldiers might have been killed, or have died of wounds or sickness, had the campaign been allowed to linger through years of desultory manœuvring, skirmishing and fighting, it would be hard to guess. Certainly it would have reached the thousands, not to mention the greater number who would be wounded and rendered incapable of further service. The conquest of arms, while great in itself as a military achievement, is the precursor of a conquest of more importance—that of peace, and the acquisition of a vast territory, long disputed by a fanatical horde of barbarians, to be brought under the benign influence and control of the most progressive and civilizing nation in the world. What England has done for the fellahs of Egypt and for the land itself in other parts of the country, will now be done for the Soudan. The power of the bigoted Dervishes is broken, and the old system of internecine warfare, together with all the unprogressive elements of insular tribal life, must now disappear to give place to the innovations of enlightened man. The beneficent results of this great victory will be seen to better advantage fifty years hence, when Egypt shall have been redeemed from barbarism and placed in line with civilized Europe.



Toronto Exhibition.

Its popularity is a proof of merit, the Toronto Exhibition has come to be a very meritorious affair, for it has attracted the streets of Toronto thronged with so many visitors, and never before was the attendance at the Exhibition so numerous, or the receipts so large. The immense grandstand—one of the largest in America—was packed at every performance, and in the vicinity of every special attraction the crowd was uncomfortably dense. The assembly provided with sound, fire, and ball at a target and red

in the lake, an exhibition of rapid firing with the Maxim gun, and the blowing up of hulks, rigged up as cruisers, were, next to the variety show and the spectacular enactment of the battle of Santiago, the central point of interest, around which the crowd surged, and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the manipulation of the guns, or the effect of the shots. As an educator in things up to date, the Toronto Exhibition is a useful institution as well as an annual entertainment for many whose amusements seldom eclipse those to be had in the villages and small towns. It brings the farmer into touch with the artizan, and gives him an opportunity to examine the products of cities, the best of animals and of things relating to his own industry, and to be stirred into a more active mentality by contact with the keen, eager, hurrying pulse of the city. It is a change, and change is rest; moreover, it pulls one out of the rut into which uninterrupted habits are sure to cause one to slip, and in breaking the monotony of humdrum existence, refreshes the mind and enables the farmer to go back to his farm with renewed energy and vigor for reflection.



Anarchy What is it?

If one should ask, What is Anarchy? he could get no more practical demonstration of its principles than that of the recent assassination of a good woman, against whom nobody—not even the assassin himself—had a grudge, and all because she was the Empress of Austria. The miscreant himself acknowledged having no personal motive; that he went to Geneva to kill the Duke of Orleans, and missing him, had turned his weapon against the victim. He did it only, he said, to create a panic among the lords of the earth, and to emphasize the aversion of anarchists to constituted authority. He had declared he would kill some great person, and he did the murderous deed without compunction, and without seeming to realize its atrociousness, or the awful penalty that God and man would attach to the crime. He was bereft of conscience, mercy and reason, and hereby we are brought to the consideration of so monstrous a system of perverted socialism capable of reducing a man to such a state of dependency. Primarily, an anarchist is

one who would do as he pleases, in defiance of everybody else—he would be a law unto himself, ignoring all other laws than those to which he chooses to assent; secondly, being an outlaw, he would be a freebooter, and remove, by any means, all organized opposition to himself; thirdly, he is an entity of frothy phrases and sounding harangue, by which he ensnares the man of unbalanced mind, who from a fool ultimately degenerates into his tool, to obey his behest. Such a poor, misguided tool was Luigi Laucheni, the murderer of Austria's Empress. Misguided, because he has appointed himself an instrument of Fate, and deems the act a meritorious one, whereby he has achieved renown; whereas he is denounced and execrated on all hands, and would be torn limb from limb were he not protected by the strong arm of the law which he professes to despise. No, he is not a hero; he is a foolhardy wretch, utterly lost to the instincts of humanity, in that he has extinguished the last spark of conscience and kindly feeling and become worse than an irresponsible beast of prey. And what, pray, would be the state of society should Anarchy ever gain the ascendancy? Order is the first law of Nature. Even among savage tribes personal rights and liberty are guarded, and a certain code of unwritten laws is observed for the protection of the community against individuals of criminal propensities. Yet the anarchist would abolish every safeguard of personal security and subvert the very foundation of justice as between man and man. Under his tyranny, society would be a howling wilderness, the strongest and most unscrupulous man a despot, and the commonality a pack of snarling, ravenous wolves, each plotting and fighting for the lion's share of the good things, and all bent on mutual extermination. From such a dog fight, heaven deliver us! The anarchist is

the meritorious murderer of the Empress
 and the ruin of the Spanish fleet in its rash attempt to
 escape, have brought the Spanish to terms and put the Philippine
 Islands, Cuba and Porto Rico under the control of the United States. Simultaneous
 with this acquisition of territory, the Americans have annexed Hawaii, of the
 Sandwich group of islands, in so expeditious a manner as to cause Europe to stand
 aghast at Yankee audacity. During the progress of the war there was a great deal
 of talk about the freedom of Cuba; now we are gradually being let into the secret
 that while political freedom was better for Cuba than Spanish tyranny, American
 control is still better for that unfortunate country. In other words, the Yankee has
 come to the conclusion that what he has he will hold, the Philippines included, if
 possible. Already American capital and enterprise are preparing to exploit these
 new fields of commerce, and companies galore, with all manner of projects, will be
 floated to allure the shy dollar within the grasp of the ever sanguine promoter.
 The mercantile instinct is fast substituting mercenary for philanthropic motives, if
 such were ever truly entertained, in dealing with territory now held as the spoils
 of war; and the American is showing more rapacity in land-grabbing than he
 ever ascribed to the eminently respectable John Bull, Esq., who, with all his faults,
 may still add to his name the honourable title of "gentleman." And the joke of it
 is that Uncle Sam wants "the governor" to back him up in monopolizing a few of
 the world's best markets. If this is not *bona fide* "check" what is it?



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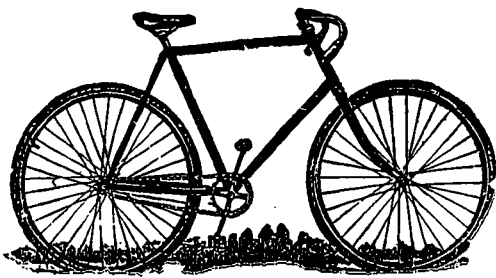
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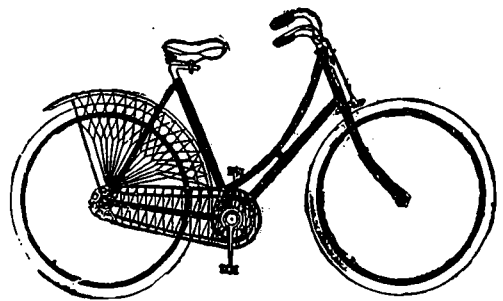
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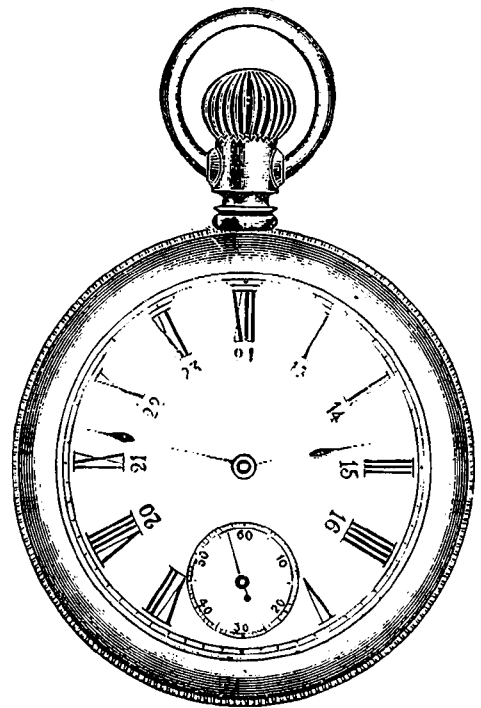
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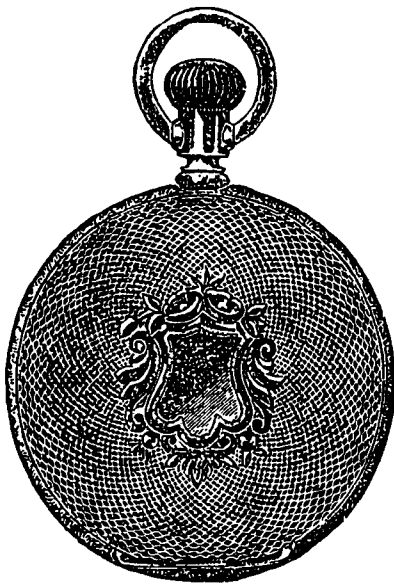
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| DOMINION  | Nov. 5, " "       | Nov. 5, " "        |
| LABRADOR  | " 12, " "         | " 12, " "          |
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