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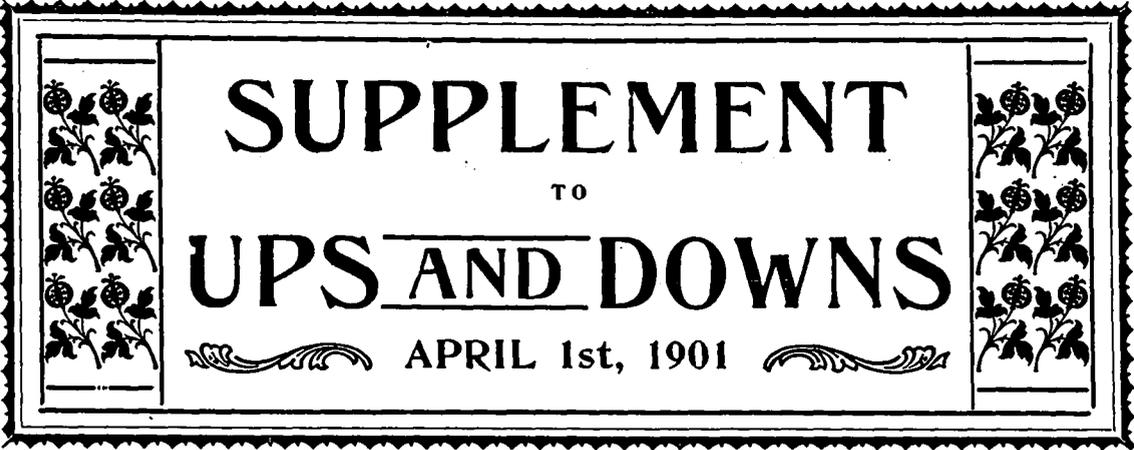
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SUPPLEMENT
TO
UPS AND DOWNS

APRIL 1st, 1901

The City Hack

NOTE.—If “the labourer is worthy of his hire,” surely the beast of burden has his rights also; yet the commercialism of the age—the consideration only for profit and loss—is responsible for many heartless cruelties inflicted upon the horse. In health, he is often overworked; in sickness, he is frequently neglected. Hay, with an occasional measure of oats, is his daily fare; the hot, dusty streets by day, and the foul, uncomfortable stable by night, would be his invariable surroundings, were these not changed for the worse by the rigour of a Canadian Winter. Green pastures and luscious grass are not for him; he is a city hack. His fate—to work for frugal fare and then die—was fore-ordained by man, his master; his birth, even, ensued as the result of mercenary motives, and when, by reason of old age or ill-treatment, he is unfit for further service, the knacker is summoned and he forfeits his right to exist until death occurs from natural causes. When we reflect upon the matter from the standpoint of the horse, we must confess that man is sometimes ungrateful, unjust and cruel to one of his most useful and faithful servants.

Full of “points,” but not of breeding,
Angular from stunted feeding,
And an animated skeleton, yclept—ye gods!—a horse;
Spavined, hide-bound, broken-winded
(Has the by-law been rescinded?)
Yet he pulled up from the depot all the scenery for a farce!

Oh! the wistful look of anguish
Of the beast, that dared not languish,
Though the load was far too heavy for a dray-horse in his prime;
Though hard usage and short rations
Had divorced humane relations
’Twixt the driver and a willing hack, played out before his time.

Little wonder that he halted,
That he trembled and—defaulted;
Little wonder that he winced beneath the lash against his hide.
Little wonder that he staggered
When, to prove he was no laggard,
He exerted all his energy and—tumbled down and died!

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Reminiscences of a Printer's Devil

The Song of the Printer.

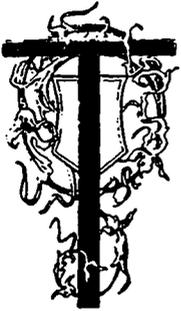
Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case:
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one, as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow:
Wonderful words that, without a sound,
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound:
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the fetters of the oppressed shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight:
Yet the types they look but leaden and dumb
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb.
But the printer smiles,

And his work beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world as I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die;
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.

Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give:
Their sway lasts only an hour:
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower.

—ANON.



O those who refuse to believe in a personal devil I stand forth, as an individual who has been one, in refutation of a scepticism founded on ignorance. But I have reformed; no matter what my friends may say to the contrary, I respectfully submit this as a fact, without a blush. Printer's devils have been known to reform, and why not I? I could point to dozens who have risen to respectability and rank from association with the "hell-box" and deeds of darkness, such as the washing of rollers.

True, a few have gone from bad to worse and become politicians, but they were among the incorrigibles; whereas I am still picking up an honest living out of a case of type, while my name is known wherever the English language is spoken, and I need only mention it to be at once recognized: it is John Smith. Though why I should be compared by the bard to "the world's chronometer" I cannot comprehend, since I am denied "tick" on every hand. I do strike occasionally, and I do feel "all run down" and in need of being wound up on Monday morning; but it does not therefore follow that my internal mechanism resembles a Waterbury watch. On the contrary.

"The devil is not as black as he is painted;" as colored inks come more into favour, he is gradually assuming a variegated complexion, which, though less sombre, is somewhat more startling in its effect upon the spectator. In time, perhaps gold bronze may, for a season, supersede the use of inks, and then the imp will be transformed into the similitude of an angel of light.

In the days of my unsullied youth, in a city of England, I was wont to watch a printing press in operation, and aspire to be the magician who fed blank paper in at one end and conjured it through a mysterious maze of perturbed mechanism, whence it appeared as knowledge pre-digested for public consumption. This led to my being apprenticed to the craft—a singularly striking illustration of how the way to the hell-box is paved with good intentions; for I protest that I chose this career without any sinister purpose, being actuated wholly and solely by the laudable ambition to become a public dispenser of knowledge by the ream or token. To show that mercenary motives had no part or lot in my side of the contract, I need only say that my wages for the first year were eighteen pence per week, with a rise of one shilling per week each subsequent year.

I was not a little shocked at being accosted as "the devil" after having been annointed on the countenance with dabs of red, green and blue ink by my predecessor, assisted by several others; but when, picking up a broken type and taking it to one of the men, I was told to "chuck it into the hell-box," associating this with my infernal sobriquet, I construed it as a personal affront and went to the foreman for an explanation, who hinted that I might venture to consult him as a sort of technical glossary as soon as my "footing" should have been paid. This was another poser; it seemed to indicate there was no rest for the sole of my foot in that office until the strong waters had gone down the thirsty gullets of some twenty compositors, who declared that they could never look upon a new apprentice without thirsting for ginger-beer or gore, but that, as they never liked to go to extremes, they usually compromised on the happy medium and took beer—plain beer, without ginger on the one hand or gore on the other. So I returned to the domestic ark and reported to my father, who was shocked to the extent of half a guinea which was spent the next day in bread and cheese, cigars and beer—principally the latter. That night I went home with an olive branch (bot. *Nicotiana*) in my mouth, which I thought I might as well drop at the corner of our street, lest it might not be understood by my father as an emblem of peace; and when I had fluttered into the ark, it pitched and tossed to such a degree that I was sea-sick all night and unable to rise on the following morning. Although I had paid for my footing, I believe to this day I did not get value for my money, for my footing was, if anything, more insecure on the day that I paid for it than it had ever been before.

Tom Fisher, the senior apprentice, had a premonition that he was not expected home that night and that his appearance might lead his mother to suppose that something had happened, and so fell asleep on the bed of the press. One compositor subsided upon a ream of full-sheet posters that had just been printed, and expatiating (chiefly to himself) upon the occasion of the celebration of his own apprenticeship, threw one arm into the ink barrel and defied interference until he had had a snooze, from which he awoke with more than two black eyes. Sim. Stephens predicted an illustrious future for me and promised to teach me the whole trade from beginning to end in less than a fortnight, provided I would roll the keg to where he could reach it without risking collapse by rising in his fatigued condition. Jerry Kickerton, a man of moods with a set of principles and feelings for each, had been standing with his back to the empty fireplace holding forth, for my particular edification, on the rights and wrongs of the working man. As his tongue ran away with the strength of his limbs, he slipped from the mantelpiece bit by bit into the grate, whence he continued to harangue the proprietor who had come to order him home. The foreman, somewhat hilarious and very authoritative, called repeatedly for "order" (interpreted by one of the apprentices as a demand for another glass of beer) while he delivered a speech from notes he was unable to read, to which everyone was good-naturedly deaf. Meanwhile a pressman warbled a comic song, with a face as grave as a sexton's and a voice as pathetic as that of an undertaker presenting his bill. Only "Popsy" Peplow, who had stuck to the ginger pop whence he derived the appellation, went home perfectly sober, and as Popsy was a law unto himself and an anomaly to others, he did not count. He was said to have the "evil eye," which had the one peculiar power of making a man's beer taste flat when he looked upon it, and everybody felt relieved when he left.

Popsy had been kind and obliging to me, and was a manly fellow who did as he pleased and never interfered with others, but secretly I despised him without attempting an analysis of my feelings, so contagious is prejudice. We either admire or hate our superiors, and more often than not "familiarity breeds contempt." The hero is no longer such when he steps down from his pedestal and walks among us on terms of familiarity. We begin to pull him to pieces to find wherein he differ from ourselves. For every point of similarity we mark one for

us and two against him; but in respect to flaws in his character in which comparison is to our own advantage, we are unjust as we are unmerciful. The weight of his own reputation is turned against him as a reactive force, and the hero falls in our estimation as far below his true level as he was before above it. Popsy had presumed to be heroic by running counter to popular opinion; Popsy had been convicted of many points of similarity in comparison with common clay, and he had his faults: therefore Popsy was a humbug—a mere upstart. As he did not pass at par in the office, I discounted everything he did, which is the way with people whose opinions come to them second-hand. Popsy was at his frame the next morning as bright as a cricket, and for three days acted in the foreman's stead, who was laid up with biliousness. To-day, Popsy is the only one of the crowd who sits in his counting-house while the other fellows have their nose in the space-box. I ascribe his success not to the virtues of pop, but to that force of character that enabled him to stand alone—and yet not alone, for he had Right on his side—against opposition and current prejudice.

Just as, with the introduction of steam into navigation, the "old salt" so familiar to us in Marryat's novels has vanished, with his idiosyncrasies, customs and nautical "lingo," so with the advent of type-setting machines the typical printer, with his eccentricities together with the glamour of the craft, its quaint institutions and odd nomenclature, is fast passing out of being and remembrance.

To one not of the trade, the printing office is invested by the imagination with the mystery of a Masonic Lodge. The strange names of the sizes of type—Pearl, Agate, Nonpareil, Minion, Brevier, Bourgeois, Long Primer, Pica, and so forth—the casual reference to the devil and the hell-box, the friar and the chapel, shooting sticks, composing sticks, formes, quoins and chases, imposing stones and dupes, frames, racks and alleys, founts, friskets, tympan, leads, slugs, rules, reglets and quotation furniture, galleys and gutters, lean and phat takes, live, dead and standing matter, jeffing and justifying, upper and lower case, caps and small caps, mackle, make-up and making ready, inset and off-set, broad-side and break-lines, clickers and companionships, dressing-on and driving-out, out of register and out of sorts, underlays and overlays, ems and ens, leaders, quads and dashes, stars, fists, daggers and double-daggers, not to mention the pi so unlike that which your mother used to make,—all these seem to suggest the gibberish of the black art and explain the mild superstition with which printing is still regarded by an intelligent public that has a fair knowledge of all handicrafts but printing. The position of the printer in the community is also unique. Call him a mechanic, and he will resent it; call him an artist or a professional man, and he is flattered; call him anything but a printer, and he will pity your ignorance. Neither fish, flesh nor fowl, he is a nondescript and refuses point blank to be classified. He is a caste unto himself, and as such he preserves his originality with a stubbornness that is thwarted only by the insidious encroachment of the spirit of the age, which is replacing his tools and methods with modern innovations too rapid in their development to accumulate tradition. As the "wayzgoose" has become the picnic, so the printer will slowly differentiate into an ordinary citizen with a definite status. When this happens, all men will be equal and the millenium not far off.

The office in which I served my time was a relic of the good old days, conservative to the last degree, from the "old man" down. We boasted that we were still entitled by law to wear a sword, and anybody who might be sceptical enough to challenge the statement was dubbed an ignoramus and told to go and read English history. Not one in the office had ever verified it; but each was so cock-sure that it was there—somewhere, that he would not wade through history from Jack Sheppard to Julius Cæsar to find it. It was a test of one's orthodoxy to accept this without question. He who pooh-poohed such a time-honoured fable—watch him with both eyes; he was a danger to society and a menace to the state. Look out for the crown jewels when he is around; traitors

such as he would seize the crown and set up for themselves. There are some things that are established beyond dispute, and so do not admit of discussion. This was one. The sceptic was told to "read history" with such an air of assurance that he inferred proof would be forthcoming on demand. Those who insisted on chapter and paragraph were told to "Go to the devil, who is fresh from school!" When we come to probe the minds of men, it is astounding to observe the extent to which cheek and make-believe may pass for knowledge.

The compositors talked ponderously of the "power of the press," while the devil demonstrated it by getting his fingers nipped in the cog-wheels. No less than three of the former came to work in a frock coat and one of the old stagers had for ten years supported the dignity of a top hat, which had for ten years previous to that been a "wrong fount" in the office and the subject of criticism on the street. The frock coats were all faded and the lapels of one furnished a toboggan slide for flies, by reason of grease, beer and snuff. The snuff-box was still in evidence among the elderly men, and, as an act of gracious condescension, the devil was occasionally invited to take a pinch. In fact, the office was redolent with the odour of antiquity.

At 11 a.m., the "cub" (*alias* the devil, *alias* John Smith), gripping two broom-handles by the middle, from which depended sundry cans, each containing the wherewithal or an I O U, sallied forth, with a brazen disregard of public opinion, for the lunch beer, being exhorted to temperance on his return by those who, having been devils themselves, opined they had received scant measure—a custom that to-day is dying a hard, lingering death in England.

We still cherished the old custom of sending the imp with a bucket to the farthest printing office, on All Fools' Day, to borrow some two-line double demy italic hair spaces, or on some other nonsensical errand. We also cultivated his love for natural history by exhibiting type-lice for his edification, which to see is never to forget. The trick was done in this wise: A galley of type was divided in the middle and the opening filled with dirty water, wherein these interesting little creatures were said to be disporting themselves. The imp was told to look very closely or he would not see them, and while doing so the type was suddenly pushed together, causing the water to spurt up into his eyes. And if this did not cure him of curiosity, there were other equally pleasant little devices to reduce him to that state of cynical stoicism for which the genus "comp." is noted. Alas! for the devastating hand of Time, the type-louse has become a scientific microbe. Where is now the romance of printing?—the artifice of "the art preservative of arts?" O Ichabod! O tempora, O Moses!

Shall I ever forget the first pi I made? I fancy I hear poor Jenkins turn over in his coffin at the bare mention of it. My wife's first pie may become a vague reminiscence, but that pie never! It was one of the greatest achievements of modern times—according to Jenkins, it was unparalleled in history. But when excited he was wont to exaggerate, and he may have overshot the mark. He called heaven and earth to witness it, and prayed for my forgiveness. Better I had never been born, much less apprenticed to printing, than perpetrate that awful act of typographical confectionery. Poor Jenkins (excuse these copious tears!) he died of an indigestion contracted through it. In after years, whenever he was thirsty or financially "out of sorts," he reminded me of that pi, and this in such a reproachful tone of heroic resignation that I had not the heart to refuse him. His demise was accelerated by futile attempts to clear his crop of it with strong waters, and the only consolation I can derive from his fate is the fact that he frankly declared he was not afraid of meeting my equal here or hereafter.

A double crown forme of intricate statistical tables in nonpareil had been set up, anathematized, excommunicated, corrected, revised and proved for press, and had just been taken off the stone to go down to the press-room, when I appeared on the scene, fell over a box of new type on the floor and put my knee

through the forme. Such a melancholy heap of small type and rules was never before seen in a printing office—or since! Such a torrent of vituperative abuse never escaped from mortal mouth as gushed forth from the blanched lips of poor Jenkins! He was an irascible Welshman. He vociferated alternately in English and Welsh, and when he ran short of expletives, he coupled Welsh words as long as his arm with compound adjectives and nouns in English and fired them at me like a gatling gun. He pranced, danced and skipped around me like a madman, while I stood dumbfounded and petrified with terror. How he fumed, and sputtered, and stuttered, and stammered, and hammered at me in a volcanic eruption of the scoria of two languages, to arouse in my dazed intellect a conception of the enormity of the mischief I had wrought! Didn't I know that he had worked on that forme for six weeks—*pwllygerygotrobsantyyffddth!*—six weeks—*cuthrel deowl!* What did I do that for? Six weeks!—worst job he ever tackled in all his life!—'nough to drive a man out of his mind!—all gone to smash!—not the ghost of a pick-up in the whole adjectival *mawrgwaithogogoch!* Look at it, *cuthrel deowl!*—pied, squabbled!—all got to be set over again!—take a week to dis. the pi before a stamp could be lifted! O you combined, concentrated, conglomerated, amalgamated, unsophisticated *kyacadruse-chariad-bach!*—contemporaneous villain-of-a-villain!—*ein-di-tri-pedwa-pinque-quaith-syth-ooith-now-theg-einapumptheg!** The logic of this was unanswerable. I was conscience-stricken, and fled in guilty dismay, closely followed down stairs by Worcester Unabridged and consolidated coagulations of elongated elocution too numerous to mention and too prolix for any Sassenach brain to comprehend.

I was detained at home for the remainder of the week by an indisposition that baffled the diagnosis of the family physician, who concluded to try what an aperient and a few days' rest would do for me. I protested that what I really needed was a complete change of air—a sea voyage, for instance. Denied this, I took to boating on the river, and inadvertently showed that I was speedily recovering by going for a swim every day. On the following Monday morning, however, I had a serious relapse, and was unable to leave my bed until a note came from my employer to the effect: "Come back to work, and all will be forgiven."

Looking as penitent as I could, in fear and trembling I crept up stairs to the composing room, much relieved to find that the man I most dreaded was absent. Poor Jenkins had not yet returned from an unpronounceable place in Wales, whither he had gone, on the day of the catastrophe, to attend the obsequies of a thrice-deceased grandmother. He had left for me, with his kind regards, an expression of his personal opinion concerning myself and future welfare that led me to believe that, if what I had heard at Sunday school was true, his own outlook, at that particular time, was more lurid than cheerful. When he did come back in sackcloth and ashes, the havoc of grief for his lamentable bereavement was touching to behold. We may know what it is to lose a grandmother, but who can imagine the utter woe of one who had lost three grandmothers—or, rather, one grandmother dead for the third time? No wonder that his hand trembled, that his eyes were bleared and red with weeping, that in the absorption of his affliction he had returned without his coat, which he supposed he had left where he had mislaid his money. His first words were:

"Is that tabular forme on the press yet?"

On receiving a reply in the negative, he went to look for his coat, continuing the search for ten days without success, but eventually turning up clothed and

* Or somewhat to this effect; I cannot be sure of the orthography. The Welsh language is treacherous to other than the native born. A friend of mine, a reporter, told me that in trying to catch a quotation from the Welsh classics in a political speech, he spelled it as he heard it, with the result that he was disabled by rheumatism in the wrist and his journal was involved in a suit for libel. This was the quotation in English: "Llewellyn, our king, behold us still true to the traditions of our country!" This is what a Welsh scholar made of it as it appeared: "Llewellyn's pork pies eat not: I, us nor we ejaculate dog!" The case, however, was dismissed, the judge, after hearing the Welsh of it, holding that this was as close an approximation to the original as might reasonably be expected of an untutored Saxon.

in his right mind. Peace to his ashes! Though I sincerely hope he has escaped incineration.

When I recall the fact that it was an itinerant printer to whom belongs the notoriety of crossing the American continent on foot with a clean shirt and a dollar bill without changing either, my memory sadly reverts to the towel that was kept hanging in the office long after it had become "high." Ugh! I smell it now. Every one was worn to a relic before it received long-deferred sepulture in the ash-bin. When decomposition set in, we had a presentiment that, somewhere on the surface of this planet, somebody was about to reap the flax from which our new towel would be made, and one of the men would propose the celebration of harvest home. But the hint seemed never to percolate beyond the foreman; who was an ultra-conservative. In the meantime, as a mild protest against the preservation of things effete, the hands began to wipe themselves with white poster paper, which was cheap, and consequently failed as a suggestion. Presently a more expensive paper was requisitioned for that purpose; but when good linen stock was ruthlessly wasted in this manner, the employer came to the conclusion that it was time to get a new towel. Only on one occasion was the office towel washed, and then when the charwoman delivered a network of holes and asked what she should do with the several acres of arable land extracted therefrom, the proprietor denied all claim to the title-deed and refused to identify his property. Some persons, I have no doubt, will deem this an exaggeration, but did they ever work in a printing office? To the consideration of such I submit the following poem by a typographical bard, who, with an eye to the æsthetic side of common things, has embalmed the remains of one printer's towel in verse. This is not to be confounded with "Ethics of the Dust":

When I think of the towel—
The old-fashioned towel,
That used to hang up near the printing house door,
I can think of nobody,
In these days of shoddy,
That could hammer out iron to wear as it wore.

The "devil" who used it,
The tramp who abused it,
The "comp." who got at it when these two were gone,
The make-up and foreman,
The editor (poor man!)
Each rubbed some grime off, while they put a heap on.

In, over and under,
'Twas blacker than thunder,
And harder than poverty, rougher than sin
On the roller suspended,
It never was bended,
And flapped on the wall like a banner of tin.

It grew harder and rougher,
And blacker and tougher,
And daily took on a much inkier hue,
Until one windy morning,
Without any warning,
It fell on the floor and was broken in two.

A good story is told in "Quads" of an inquisitive person who poked his head into a printing office door and enquired:

"Who's dead?"

"Nobody that I've heard of," replied the foreman.

"What's that crape on the door for then?"

The foreman went outside and saw at a glance that the devil had hung the office towel on the door-knob while he chased a lame pigeon up the alley.

We had a red-white-and-blue cat, of a pessimistic physiognomy, grimly gruesome with the scars of several nocturnal combats. Nobody would have taken him for a cat of literary tastes, yet he ate the mice that subsisted upon an unsold edition of "The Feast of the Gods: an Ode to the Great God Pan," by a local poet who also owed the printer, that in the course of years had become a cold collation, in which only the instinct of a mouse could find anything edible. The cat was named Japhet because he was always in search of his father, that he had seen jump into the ink barrel but never come out again, a mystery to the solution of which he devoted his declining days. He was born white, and might have continued so had he not in early youth been associated with printer's ink. It was one of my functions to provide him with a coat of many colours—one of the few duties which I performed with conscientious regularity. His tricolour tail was a thing of beauty and a joy forever—to me; to Japhet, who was colour-blind, it was a matter of indifference—except when he washed himself, and then he shook his head dubiously, the ink not suiting his epicurean palate. But he was not long for this world. One day, in quest of his sire, he meandered into a press running at full speed, and two impressions were taken of him before it could be stopped. One of the press-feeders—a wag in his way, and under notice to quit—rushed into the office with his face smeared with blood and breathlessly announced, "A catastrophe in the press-room! Nine lives lost!" The shock was so sudden that the proprietor fainted; but when he came round and learned that Japhet was the only victim, he smiled a sickly smile and tried to persuade the book-keeper that he had only fallen asleep, remarking that the next time any press-feeder made an ass of himself there would be a cataclysm, and he would be in it. Poor Japhet! he was a restless creature. Let us hope he now rests in peace—or, rather, pieces.

Of all artizans the printer is, without exception, most given to travel. In many instances, he becomes literally a journeyman as soon as he has served his apprenticeship. The conditions under which he pursues his vocation are favourable to a nomadic existence, and the number of itinerants who "carry the banner"—as tramping is called—is hardly surprising. Type-setting is in itself a varied education. The compositor is constantly picking up scraps of information about men and things and places here, there and everywhere. The monotony of his work is irksome to an active temperament, and little wonder if he picks up with other things a desire to see the world and gain a personal experience of the scenes with which he is conversant. The tools not furnished by the office he can carry in his pocket; the printing office is ubiquitous; for the newspaper hand there is always casual work to be had "subbing" (*i.e.*, working as a substitute for a regular man who wants a night off); and for the job printer temporary employment awaits him in one or another office in every city, while the country newspaper often helps him along with a few days' or a few hours' work—enough for bed and breakfast. And should he be "dead broke," he has but to make known his needs to be relieved, so generally recognized is the shiftlessness of the fraternity. Indeed, in England a union man could—and perhaps still does, for all I know to the contrary—draw from the funds of each union a mileage of one penny between the town he is in and the next.

The tramp printer—often a good mechanic, and alas! also often a tippler—has marked characteristics that call forth the raillery as well as the appreciation of his fellow craftsmen, many of whom have carried the banner in their time before settling down as family men. I remember one in particular who with the first Summer zephyr was wafted into our knowledge factory.

"Day, gentlemen! Any chance of a job?" was his greeting.

He had been preceded the day before by another of his ilk, and the milk of human kindness was dried up at its source. Although it is next to impossible to mistake the peripatetic printer, "the boys" pretended not to recognize him as such, and eyed him furtively as a peddler in disguise—a wolf in sheep's clothing.

This ruse he had probably encountered elsewhere.

"Don't know me, I see. Well, gentlemen of 'the art preservative,' I am a travelling missionary of The Society for the Dissemination of Knowledge, in whose interests I have the honour, for the time being, of carrying the banner. I am not, as you observe, arrayed in purple and fine linen, nor have I fared sumptuously to-day. I contain, at the present moment, one red herring, a penny loaf and two beers. Taking no thought for the morrow, I require for to-day's sustenance two more beers or one square meal. It is for the philanthropic among you to decide which it shall be; I have no choice in the matter."

Six having subscribed one penny each, he continued :

"I am looking for work with one eye, and the means of existing without it with the other. My right eye, gentlemen, is blind—atrophied; literally worn out with looking for employment. Nature, however, has made up for this infirmity by concentrating my whole power of vision in the other eye. For this reason, I rarely fail to minister to my appetite with some degree of regularity. I can work; I have worked—in an emergency, and have recovered from the effects thereof; but I have it on the best medical authority that a relapse might be fatal. I feel that I have not outlived my usefulness; therefore I do not wish to die yet. What useful function do I fulfil? Well, charity is a virtue, is it not? Do I not cultivate virtue, then, in the human breast? I do; the argument is unanswerable. Gentlemen, this meeting is adjourned *sine die*. I leave you better men than I found you; for, be it remembered, 'charity covereth a multitude of sins.' Adieu."

Just at this moment the foreman came up from the store with a rush job. After a whispered conversation with one of the hands, he went up to the tramp and said :

"Here's a job that's got to be out to-night. You don't go till this is in type. Off with your coat and get to work!"

"But——"

"But you've got to. You can go to the better land when this is set up if you like; not before. Here, Smith, make up this man's stick to thirty ems and get him started."

"Gentlemen, this seems to be an emergency; I succumb," said the tramp.

We all expected to see "miking" exemplified to perfection; but, to our astonishment, he was transformed in an instant. His coat was off in a jiffy, and in five minutes he was picking up type in a manner that curled our hair to see. No two men equalled his output; his spacing was even and his proofs clean. The foreman stood aghast, and when proofs of the job were pulled two hours before it was promised, he acknowledged the tramp had "one on us," and, pointing to a vacant frame, offered him a steady job at five shillings above the union scale.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am not looking for a steady job; I go in quest of the Home for Incurables. I fear I shall not survive this shock; the reaction will be tremendous. The honorarium for my services you may bestow on such as I; I would not take the bread out of any man's mouth. I am an ethical culturist; that is really my forte. I will now depart to slow music."

"There goes an enigma," said the foreman as the typographical tourist went out to absorb the sixpence.

The door was pushed ajar, and a voice exclaimed :

"Gentlemen, take my word for it, every man's an enigma. Each gets his experience in his own way. This is my way; what d'ye think of it?"

"Not much," replied the foreman.

And so said all of us.

That night, about eleven o'clock, I met the enigma on the street so overwhelmed with experience that he was unloading incoherent chunks of it upon an indifferent public. I asked him if this exhibition was a part of his system of

ethical culture, and was informed, after he had gradually identified me, that it was merely a preliminary symptom of the relapse he had predicted. I saw him safely to a shelter for the night, and went early in the morning to entice him back to work ; but he had gone, and I never saw him again.

I look back upon my life and think of my schoolmates who have gone their various ways along the highways and by-ways of life, and I sometimes ask whether, if the choice of a career were again mine to make, I would choose to be a printer. Every printer condemns his trade for its unremunerativeness, its tediousness, the exacting conditions of success it imposes, and its predisposing influences to ill-health, and, I think, justly; but I have observed how often, after shaking the dust of their feet upon it, they drift back to it again. There is a fascination in the types for the true printer which few such can long resist. They are an intelligent, industrious class of men, and deserve better of the public than they receive; yet I am inclined to the philosophy that we can best gain the experience life is intended to teach where a wise Providence has placed us. I think this life is the forerunner of another, and that the spirit in man which survives all changes is of first importance. It matters little what we do for a living so long as we do live, and live honestly as in the sight of God, making the most of our opportunities in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us. He knows all things; He knows what is best for us. Therefore, as one who was once a printer's devil and am now a printer, I try to accept my lot with equanimity.

I have sketched with a free hand some of the lights and shades of a printer's life, and if the shadows impart a sombre gloom to the picture, I can only hope that God, who sees the man behind the mask of outward appearance, may discern, even in the dissolute printer, possibilities of a wondrous unfoldment, which by the alchemy of experience may be realized through the transmutation of the base metal of animal desire into the gold of spiritual refinement.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

A Message to García

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. García was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find García for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to García. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to García, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to García; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he

at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap God, in His goodness, performs a miracle and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office; six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: Please look in the encyclopædia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio.

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopædia?

Where is the encyclopædia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the law of average, I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" on Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that book-keeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant; but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer search-

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ing for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work, and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard and work scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out, and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself, and be d——."

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear too for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming, I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it—nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for a day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labour, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence *per se* in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

ELBERT HUBBARD.



"After the Stuff."

THE following is an interesting account of the experiences of Peter Aspinall and his partner, Tom Baker, in farming, prospecting and gold mining. We trust our friend, Peter, will be ultimately successful in wresting good fortune from the several enterprises in which he is engaged, which seem to have entailed discouraging difficulties. While we wish him better luck, we cannot but admire his pluck and perseverance, and the indefatigable efforts to make their mining claim a lucrative investment.



GOLD-SEEKERS AT HOME:

The Winter Quarters of Peter Aspinall and Thomas Baker.

I send you, in as few words as I possibly can, my experience since my arrival in Canada.

It was the latter part of March, 1893, when I first set foot on Canadian soil, and on the first day of the following month I was placed in the employment of Mr. William Octoby, Leaskdale, Scott Township, Ont. My term of employment was two years, after which I received a medal for good conduct and length of service. My next situation was with Mr. D. Walker, of the same village and township. I hired with him for eight months. After serving the time agreed upon, I spent the Winter hunting with some more boys, but was unsuccessful. In the following Spring (1896) I hired with Mr. Alex. Octoby, son of my first

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master, for one year. During the Summer months I had a strong desire to go West, and when I had served seven months out of the year, I told Mr. Octoby I intended to go West and gave him one month's notice.

Towards the end of October I left for Dryden, Algoma District, accompanied by Thomas Baker, with whom I got acquainted eight months after my arrival in Canada. About the time I landed in Dryden, there were only two houses and a few shanties, and no work whatever. By the 6th of November, I had located, applied for, and made first payment on, 160 acres of land, Tom doing the same for eighty acres. We built a log shanty on the farm (might as well call it farm) and stayed there for one month. Then we heard that a man had arrived at Dryden and was going to put in a cord-wood camp. Now, as our financial basis was not very solid, we went to work in the camp.

About the 10th of January, 1897, I obtained employment in a gold mine, and in a short time was very handy with the hammer. Towards the end of February, the mine shut down; but the foreman got me a job with a party that were going to test another claim. In ten days we were through. Then I went with another testing party for ten days, where I took the job of blasting.

When I came back to Dryden, I was promised a job at the McLeod Mine, but would have to wait until May. On the 8th of May I started at the McLeod Mine, and stayed there until it shut down in the fall. About a week after the mine closed, I went with a man that was out prospecting for a company, on condition that if I found a prospect, I would get equal share in it with the company. The first two days we found nothing; the third day I found a claim. We did some work on it and sent some quartz to the company in Winnipeg, who got it assayed (\$71.15), took it up and gave me an equal share in it (being one-eighth). The following Spring (1898) Tom Baker and myself spent two months prospecting, and found two claims. As money was getting low, I sold eighty acres of my farm. Then we hired out for the rest of the Summer. In the fall we put our money together and did all the work we could on the claims with it. In a short time we were broke, so went to work in the bush for the rest of the Winter.

The next Spring (1899) I bought eighty acres of land from a young man that was called away to his home in Eastern Ontario. I then hired out for the rest of the Summer, and in the fall Tom and I put our money together again and did some more work on the claims, this time getting some free gold. In all, we have put at least \$500 into the claims.

About the end of December, I built a shanty on my farm, and again went in the bush for the rest of the Winter. Last Spring (1900) I started to work at the Independence Mine, Gold Rock, via Wabigoon, and last fall moved into my shanty on the farm. I have now seventy cords of green jack pine wood cut for sale next fall, and with the money it brings I mean to build a house. Five acres of my farm are ready for the plough.

I am sending you a photograph of Tom Baker, my shanty and myself. In case you do not know which is which, Tom Baker wears the black shirt. I expect to get Mr. H. Hiblorn, of 24 Manning Arcade, Toronto, interested in my claims.

Wishing you every happiness through the present year.

PETER ASPINALL.



The Way to Win

IN introducing this record of twelve years' faithful effort to win success, it need only be said that it is an account of a lad's experiences in Canada which is both interesting and instructive to those who would emulate a good example set forth in precept and practice. The writer is a shrewd, industrious, Christian young man, and one who will surely continue as he began until perseverance places him in an independent position, as it has already brought him into prosperity. Here is an object lesson which our boys will do well to lay to heart, and being led by so trusty a guide, they will not go far astray.

During the time I was in the Home at Stepney—about five months—I would often turn over in my mind the question, What would be the best calling for me to pursue in order to win success in life? I could not appreciate the thought of learning a trade; I felt that I would like a more independent calling. One day, while in the school-room, Mr. Turner, the head master, said he would like to pick out some of the lads to go to Canada, and asked those who would like to go to put up their hands. I at once came to the conclusion to go to Canada, and no objections being made, I was counted as one of the party.

The next two or three weeks was a series of medical examinations, vaccinations and general preparation for our new experience. On the afternoon of the 27th of March we changed our uniform for civilian clothes, and that evening we marched to Paddington Station, headed by the Stepney band, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We stopped on our way at the Exeter Hall, where a luncheon was provided for us, after which a few of the gentlemen present gave us very appropriate addresses, including Dr. Barnardo, who gave us a very encouraging address and wished us God-speed. We then sang "God be with You till We Meet Again." We gave three cheers for Dr. Barnardo and then proceeded to the station, where we boarded the train for Liverpool, which we reached in the morning. At the docks we embarked on the Allan Line Steamship, *Parisian*, where we had breakfast. About noon we steamed out of the wharf.

I seemed to enjoy the water very much until I began to experience a feeling as if I was going to turn inside out. I never felt so downright sick before. However, I got over the sea-sickness and came up on deck the fourth day pretty well dug out; but after I got filled up again, I enjoyed the voyage immensely, and we reached Portland in safety, and every one of us as sound as a bell. We took the train from there, and in three days more reached Toronto. It was about midnight of April 9th when we marched into 214 Farley Avenue. We had supper and slept there about four hours. After breakfast, Mr. Owen and Mr. Slater put us on different trains for the four points of the compass, and some of us between them.

It was the tenth day of April, 1890, when I stepped off the train at the flag-station of Varney. It was a wet day, and the roads were very muddy, and there was no one there to meet me, and altogether everything looked very discouraging. But I thought that the way to win was to look on the bright side of things. About that time two farmers came along in a wagon, who gave me a ride to Mr. D——'s, where I was received very kindly. After supper I went to bed, for I was fatigued after my long journey. I awoke the next morning very much refreshed and ready for my new experience. The sun was shining in all its glory, revealing a beautiful contrast

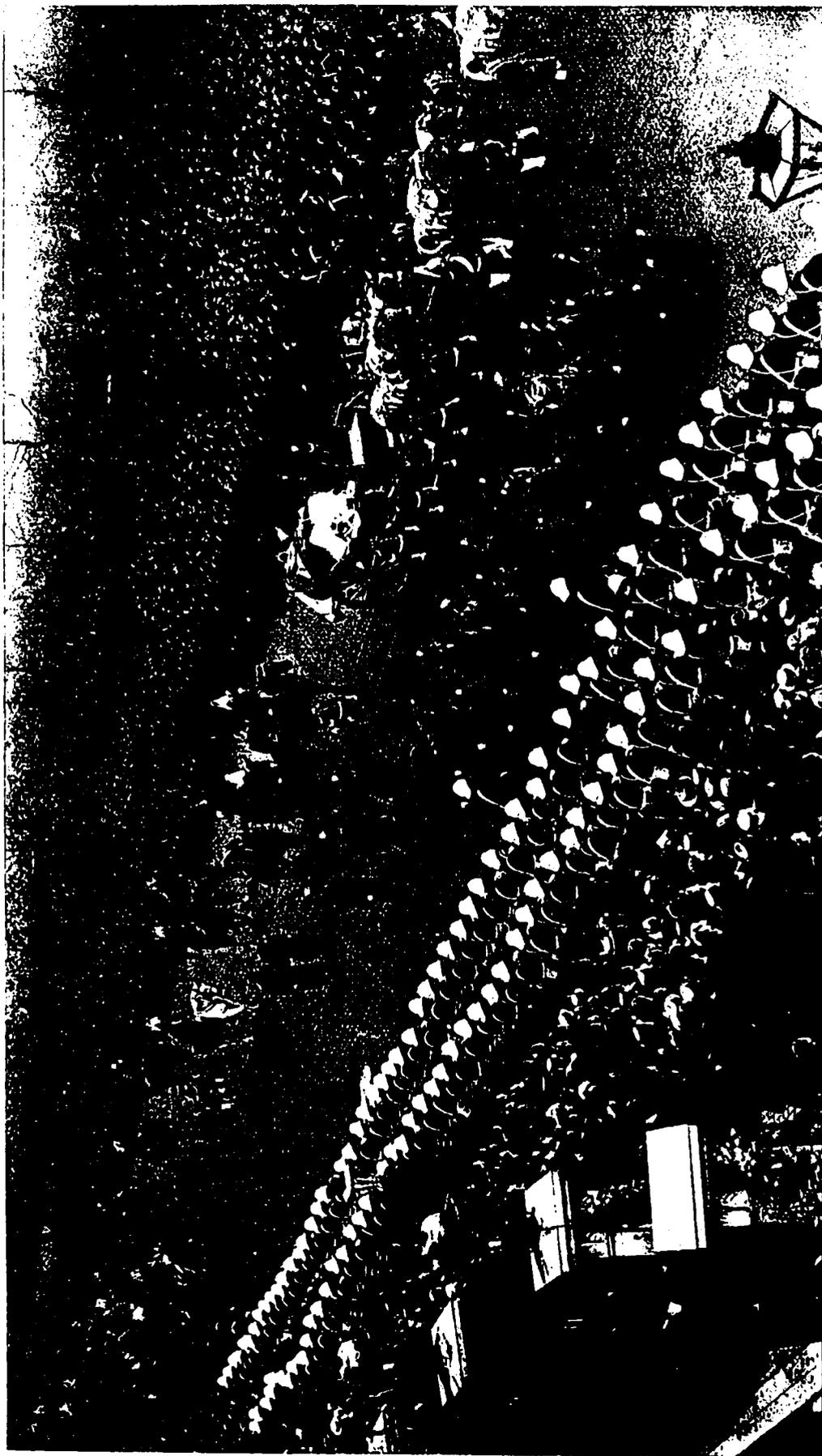
to the preceding day. The first month went on all right, and Mr. Griffith came around, an agreement was signed, and I was to remain with Mr. D—. But I must say that my first year in Canada was a trying one. Between my broad English dialect and my corduroy breeches, I was the object of a great deal of ridicule amongst the Canadians. But I learned that the way to win was to take it all in good part, and by so doing I soon won their favour. I made a great many blunders at first, so that my boss got out of all patience with me, and told me I would have to change my ways or I would never do for this country. This set me thinking, and I came to the conclusion that the way to win was to change my ways, which I at once proceeded to do, so that I soon gained the confidence and good-will of my employer, and also the favour and respect of those around.

I completed my term, and received the silver medal for good conduct, which I prized very much. I hired with the same man for three years longer, making in all seven years in my first place. At the end of that time I left Mr. D—, as he did not need me any longer. During the next two years I encountered some pretty tough places and rough, uncultured people, niggardly to the last degree. I was beginning to think that it was a hard way to win, but was encouraged by the thought that there is lots of room at the top, and so plodded on until I fell in with the people I am now working for, in which place I am now putting in the third year.

During my experience in Canada I have found that it is a country which affords opportunities for lads to work their way up into positions of independence, which are not found in any other country; but he must reach out and grasp these opportunities, or he will fail. But it is my honest conviction that the only way to win is to have a Christian character. Nothing in the world can keep a good man down. There are men constantly in trouble lest they should not be appreciated. But every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph. Learn from the story of Joseph that the world is compelled to honour a Christian character. We find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and we find them respected, honoured and successful. The secret of success and the way to win, then, is to be a Christian. This is a grand age, with grand opportunities, and he who is willing to work with an honest purpose for honest results will make life a success. My experience in Canada has shown me that the greatest men have started in their shirt sleeves. It has also shown me that it is a wise plan to make a practice of saving a little every year, and in course of time I will be found independent.

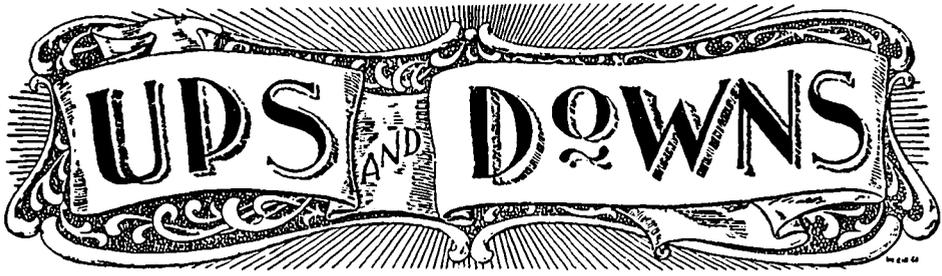
There are a great many men looking for a good salary and little work. This kind of jobs is rather scarce, and only an idle man will look for them. I remember, a few years ago, when several young men said to me that they would not work for such low wages as I was then getting, they themselves were working for high wages for a few months in the Summer, and in the Winter they were going about in their best clothes idle, spending what they had earned in the Summer, while I was steadily plodding on, always making a little. Where are those men to-day? I do not suppose there is one of them has any more than the clothes on his back. The way to win, then, is to work for the best salary or wages you can command, but work for anything rather than go idle. Necessity is always the first stimulus to industry, and those who conduct themselves with prudence, perseverance and energy, rarely fail. The substance of my few remarks in regard to the way to win, is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.

FREDERICK FORRESTER.



The Dead March :

The Funeral Procession of Queen Victoria passing through London.



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Editorial Notes

Honour to a Noble Memory.

ALL that is gracious and appropriate has been said many times over upon the subject that, during the past three months, has been uppermost in the mind of every citizen of the Empire, yet it would be unfitting that we should withhold our tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of the beloved and honoured Lady who has been called from her earthly to her heavenly crown since our last issue. By every one of her subjects, scattered over those vast domains upon which the sun never sets, her death has been felt as a personal bereavement; and nowhere more than in Canada has the grief of the people been marked by that "sorrowful, reverent and sincere enthusiasm" so gratefully and feelingly acknowledged by the King in his earliest message to his people. Nowhere more devotedly than among her Canadian subjects will her memory be cherished as the great Constitutional Monarch who, standing for sixty-three years as the pivot of the State, has set before her people an ever-shining example of devotion to public duty and private morality, and maintained in her exalted position a high and noble standard of purity, justice and honour.

A Life of Love and Duty.

THE world has never seen her like before, and it will be long before the progress of the ages produces her equal. She was not a woman of commanding genius, but her greatness consisted in her goodness of character and the love and loyalty which that goodness universally inspired. That staunch old Birmingham radical, John Bright, is reported to have said of the Queen that she was the most absolutely truthful person he had ever met. She was implicitly "straight" in every transaction of public and private life, saying what she meant and meaning what she said. The very soul of honest dealing, she was incapable of descending to the tricks of statecraft, to devious and crooked means of accomplishing political ends, to employing language as a means of disguising thought. She trusted her statesmen, and, above all, she trusted her people; and in turn, no sovereign was ever more devotedly served by her ministers; while the nation reposed in the Queen throughout the whole of her long reign the most entire and unreserved confidence in her uprightness of purpose, in the wisdom of her counsel and in the justice of her actions. As the permanent

Prime Minister of the Empire, as well as from her intimate connection with all the reigning families of Europe, she possessed vast knowledge of men and events and an unrivalled experience in the conduct of state affairs; and the great influence that her personal character, fortified with this knowledge and experience, gave her in the councils of the nation was ever exercised with prudent foresight and under a high sense of responsibility. She was a woman of superb moral as well as physical courage, following out unflinching and unfailingly whatever her sense of duty marked out for her as the discharge of her high calling. In the fullest sense a true gentlewoman, incapable of meanness or personal animosity, serene and strong in her high conception of the right, endowed in rare measure with womanly tact and kindness of feeling, the Queen was never known to commit a blunder or neglect a duty, and seldom, if ever, to fail in saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way. Well may it be said that

“She reigned by right divine of duties well fulfilled.”



**A Monument
in Every
Heart.**

As her remains were borne to the tomb amid stately and solemn pageant, and all that is mortal of Queen Victoria was laid in its last resting place in the Mausoleum at Frogmore by the side of her beloved husband, over whose grave she had herself inscribed the words “With Thee at length I shall rest, with Thee in Christ I shall rise again,” we witnessed the close of the Victorian Era, the longest, the greatest and the noblest in our annals; but she has left an ever-enduring memorial in the lustre of pure goodness that her life has shed around the throne of England. She has entered into her rest, but has bequeathed to her subjects the priceless heritage of a royal life of stainless virtue, of inflexible honour,

of unfailing loyalty to her people, of unselfish, unsparring devotion to daily duty. To follow her example, to live as she lived, is the highest earthly ideal that can be set before those who come after her, and well will it be for the Empire over which she ruled, if each citizen who has mourned her loss will strive to show himself worthy of the traditions of the great Queen by maintaining in his own life the dutifulness, the moral strength, the singleness of heart that have won the universal homage and love of her subjects and the admiration and respect of the world.



It must also be permitted us to offer our God Save the King. respectful and loyal salutations to King Edward VII., and to join in the hope and prayer that have gone up from so many hearts that he may be enabled to follow worthily in the footsteps of her who is gone and to uphold unimpaired the dignity and honour of the British Crown. There is, happily, the fullest reason to believe that His Majesty will faithfully fulfil the high and sacred responsibilities he has been called to assume. As far as concerns the relations between himself and his subjects, the new King opens his reign under the brightest auspices. No man in England enjoys a larger measure of personal popularity. He knows and thoroughly understands the character and peculiarities of emperament of all classes of those over whom he has been called to bear rule. He inherits from his mother the gift of consummate tact, strong common-sense and sound judgment. With a genial disposition and broad sympathies he combines a charm of manner and bearing that has endeared him to men of all ranks in society. A hard worker and good man of business, he has shown himself ready to take the lead in every public movement for the spread of education, the development of the arts, the encourage-

ment of science, or the betterment of the physical, moral and intellectual condition of the people, and few men in England have shown a more deep and practical interest in all questions relating to the masses. No better proof of this could be given than his sympathetic and generous support of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and many of our readers will recall the occasion of his presence at the Annual Meeting at the Albert Hall, and the gracious and kindly terms in which he expressed the warm interest with which he and the present Queen had watched the successful development of Dr. Barnardo's work, and their good wishes for its future. The British people have indeed abundant reason to feel assured that they will find in King Edward a warm friend in all that concerns their welfare and happiness, and they can feel equally assured that in state affairs his influence will make for peace, freedom and good government. With all our hearts, therefore, we can hail the accession of the King and pray that he may reign long and happily over us.



Health and Influenza. IN our own little quarter of His Majesty's possessions the past three months have witnessed no very startling developments, although, as might be expected with a family numbering over 12,000, a day never passes without something of interest occurring that is perhaps regarded by the parties concerned as almost as important as a demise of the Crown. Death has left more than one gap in our ranks, and we have had two or three cases of rather serious illness, although, considering the extraordinary prevalence of "la grippe" throughout the country and the affections of the throat and lungs and other disturbances of the system that it leaves as its after-effects, we may thankfully congratulate ourselves on the general good health of our boys and girls.

On several occasions our visitors have reported finding at a farm house everyone "down with grippe" except the boy, and we have received more than one grateful letter acknowledging the helpfulness and attention of the boy during the serious illness of the grown-up members of the household. Most of our youngsters are endowed with good, sound English constitutions, and do not easily succumb to illness, and to this is no doubt due the fact that, in spite of the almost universal influenza epidemic, our boys have been very poor customers of the doctors during the past Winter.



Employers' Liability Problems "WHO'S to pay the doctor if he gets sick?" and "Who's to pay the undertaker if he dies?" are questions very often put to us by some of our long-headed farmer friends who wish to provide against any and every contingency involving the question of dollars. It may perhaps be well that we should take this opportunity of informing our readers what reply we give to these enquiries, and in doing so we shall possibly relieve the minds of others who are exercised on the subject, and thereby save ourselves numerous individual letters. We must premise, however, that we speak from no legal authority and simply take what seems to us a fair and equitable position in the matter. We inform employers of our boys that the degree of liability we undertake to assume for the payment of medicine or funeral expenses must depend largely upon the circumstances that have made this expenditure necessary. If a boy, in the performance of his duties and in fulfilment of instructions he has received from his employer, meets with an accident—is, for example, kicked by a horse or caught in a piece of machinery—we consider ourselves in such a case under no liability whatever, and expect, and as far as we have the means of doing so, insist,

that the employer shall be responsible for the expenses that have to be incurred. He has, no doubt, a legal right, with which we cannot interfere, to apply towards these expenses any balance of wages that may be due to the boy at the time the accident occurs, or he may obtain some assistance from the local relieving authorities, if these authorities are disposed to grant it; but, for ourselves, we decline to tax the funds of the Homes in order to relieve an employer of liability he must otherwise incur on behalf of his employee who sustains injury in the discharge of his ordinary calling. In short, a farmer who sets a boy to feed and harness a vicious horse, or perches a youngster on the top of a self-binder, or sends an inexperienced hand to feed a horse-power cutting machine, must foot the bill if an accident happens as the result. Again, in the case of minor ailments, where, perhaps, a visit or two to the doctor is required, or a short course of medicine, or a few days' rest from work, we consider that it would be contrary to the terms and spirit of the agreement for the employer to charge the boy either for medical attendance or loss of time, and we should resist the attempt to enforce such a charge. On the other hand, if a boy is taken seriously ill, meets with an accident outside of his employer's service, develops some constitutional defect, becomes mentally deranged, breaks down in health and becomes incapacitated from work, we are prepared to relieve the employer as quickly as possible of the charge of the patient; to make suitable provision for him and, within reasonable limits, to defray the expenses involved; although in justice to those who supply the funds by which the work is supported, we should, as a rule, make use of any money that the boy might be possessed of as a contribution towards the expenses that we were required to incur. It would seem to us an undoubted wrong to tax the income of the Homes which

is derived from the free-will offerings of benevolent people, given often at the cost of no little self-sacrifice, to pay a hospital bill of, say, \$50 on behalf of a lad who had perhaps twice that amount in the savings bank; but, on the other hand, whether the boy had means of his own or not, we should regard it as a hardship to the employers of our children, as well as a violation of the principles upon which Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada is conducted, if we were to attempt to saddle an employer with the care and support of an invalid, or to expect him to meet a bill for medical expenses that would far exceed any profit or value that he might obtain, or have the prospects of obtaining, from the boy's services; while, further, we never, if we can prevent it, allow any case of physical or mental failure to become a burden to the institutions of the country. Such, in brief, has been the general policy and practice of those representing Dr. Barnardo in Canada in dealing with the, happily, very small number of cases of sickness or death that occur amongst our young charges; and we can but say further that, while it is difficult to maintain hard and fast rules in such matters, we have always sought to act on the principle of the Second Great Commandment, and when we have been met in the same spirit it has seldom been difficult to arrive at an understanding that has been accepted as satisfactory by all concerned.



**In Grateful
Recognition
of True
Kindliness.**

IT would indeed be ungracious if we were to leave the subject without bearing our grateful testimony to the generous kindness of employers, foster-parents, medical men and others, of which there have been not a few instances in our experience, who have not only waived their rights upon questions of expense but have refused to accept fees or recompense, and have given nursing, attendance and the kindest

of care without charge or remuneration. And if there have been cases in which employers have seemed mean and exacting, there have been other cases in which the most generous consideration has been shown, in which sick or injured boys and girls have been nursed and cared for by night and by day with a devotion and solicitude that could not have been surpassed if they had been the nearest relations of the family; while we could mention, if it were desirable, the names of medical men in Canada to whom our young people are indebted for an immense amount of professional service for which not a penny has been asked or accepted. We were perhaps not altogether happily inspired in referring to this subject of employers' liability, but we are, at any rate, grateful for the opportunity of warmly thanking all these kind friends on behalf of our boys and girls. We can but hope that the thought will be borne in upon their hearts "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."



OUR Visitors have been actively engaged during the Winter, covering between them a wide area and seeing many hundreds of boys in their homes. Mr. Griffith has been defying the elements in the counties of Western Ontario looking up our lads in that quarter, warning the unruly, stirring up the indolent, commending the well-doers, admonishing the ill-behaved, appeasing the dissatisfied, fighting the cause of the aggrieved, and if we cannot add being "patient toward all men"—it would take a man of angelic temperament to bear always with equanimity the aggravations of bad roads, deep snow-drifts, comfortless hotels, nagging women, savage dogs, grumbling employers—at any rate exercising a marvellous amount of tact, good humour and common-sense in his dealings with the motley

variety of men, women and boys that a visitor has to encounter in the course of a long day's work. Mr. Gaunt has been similarly employed in the counties of Oxford, Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand, and has been successful in "straightening out" numerous little matters in which difficulties had arisen regarding terms of agreement, wages, etc. It would indeed be impossible to find anyone more painstaking, discreet and conscientious than Mr. Gaunt in dealing with and adjusting any of the little points of difference that must necessarily occur in the course of negotiations with many thousands of employers and boys. He has the faculty of pouring oil on troubled waters, and the advice he gives is always in the best interests of the boys for whom we are acting. In the counties of Victoria and Ontario, Mr. Reazin, whose activities have been sadly hampered by a succession of unfortunate accidents and mishaps, has, we are pleased to announce, been able to discard crutches and resume the war-path. We have already received large batches of reports from him, and he is rapidly overtaking the slight arrears into which the work in his district had fallen through his being laid aside. Our lads have a warm friend in Mr. Reazin. He can see what is good in a boy and knows how to win his confidence, and we only wish we had a few more local agents as energetic, efficient and as keenly alive to the welfare and interest of the work as our valued representative at Lindsay. As a further addition to our Ontario visiting force, we have recently availed ourselves for a few days of the assistance of Dr. Bell, of Toronto, who has visited the boys in the vicinity of Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg and Colborne, doing excellent work and sending in very satisfactory reports, while for special journeys, or in cases demanding immediate attention, we have occasionally requisitioned the services of our good friend, Mr. John Hodgins, of Toronto, formerly of the City Detective

Force, whose shrewdness, capability and trustworthiness we have tried and proved on many occasions and under various circumstances.



Good, Bad and Indifferent. OF the large stock of reports that have filled our files as a result of the labours and journeyings of the various gentlemen we have mentioned, we are pleased to record that the very large majority are in all respects favourable and encouraging. It must be borne in mind that the visitors' official reports are in no sense "coloured" or compiled with any idea of making things either better or worse than they are actually found. The reports would lose their value to us if they were anything else than a strictly truthful and impartial reproduction of the information and impressions gathered by the visitors. While, as we have said, the great proportion are all we could desire, there are some which are good with qualifications—the lad is a fine worker, but has an ugly temper, or is an intelligent, willing fellow, but cannot be trusted to speak the truth. Here and there we have a decidedly unsatisfactory report, the employer threatening to return the boy to the Home, and the report probably ending with "I gave him a good sound talking to, and Mr. X. has now promised to try him a little longer." But only in one or two cases is the report what we are obliged to consider thoroughly and irredeemably bad, the boy incorrigibly lazy, or vicious and depraved in his character. Probably someone will ask how do we deal with such cases, and there is no reason that we know of for withholding the answer. Our instructions from Dr. Barnardo are to return to England, at the earliest opportunity, any child who has proved itself incorrigibly ill-behaved, whose presence in the country is a disgrace to the reputation of the Homes, or of whom there is no reasonable prospect of him or her turning out to be

a respectable member of society. We are naturally slow in taking this extreme measure with either a boy or a girl, but every year we have to send back a small number of unfortunates who have either broken down permanently in health or from other causes have to be regarded as hopeless failures. There are, happily, few of these cases, but there are black sheep in every flock, and Dr. Barnardo has repeatedly pledged himself that he will never make Canada a dumping ground for the worthless and undesirable.



Reports and Records. THE earlier weeks of the year are a busy time with us at the Toronto office in the preparation of our annual returns to the London office. For the first five or six years after their arrival in Canada we are required to send home to Dr. Barnardo an annual statement of each boy, showing in tabulated form where he is located, how he has conducted himself during the year, what has been the condition of his health, on what terms he is engaged, how many letters we have received from or about him, how many letters we have written, when he was visited and by whom, and a full account of any circumstances in connection with his career. All these particulars are afterwards carefully recorded in the great volumes provided for that purpose at the Head Office in Stepney Causeway, so that by reference to these records those who are interested can trace the history and progress of any boy who has passed through the Homes and been placed out in Canada. Some of our young friends may not have realized that their performances are watched and placed on record in this full detail, and we would impress the fact upon their minds, in the hope that it will prove an additional incentive to good behaviour and steady effort throughout the coming year, so that there may be no complaints or unpleasant

circumstances to record when we come to make up their reports for 1901.



Valued and Faithful Service.

As may be imagined, a good deal of hard thinking, comparing of notes and weighing of evidence is involved in the preparation of these reports, and in this connection we must allow ourselves the pleasure of expressing our warm and grateful appreciation of the devoted, unselfish and unwearying service that has been rendered by our office staff in Toronto, and which has never been more conspicuous than throughout the heavy Winter's work we have just got through. Office hours are a name to us, but certainly not a reality, and though we once heard of one of our esteemed colleagues, who is fond of statistics, amusing his leisure by reckoning up the number of hours of "overtime" he had worked in a year, we have never heard of anyone else troubling themselves upon the subject; and early and late, whenever the requirements of the work needed their presence, our staff have been at their posts and everyone doing their full share. Foremost in "length of days" (using the term in a double sense, as referring to hours of labour and years of service), we must place our friend, Mr. Davis, of whose multifarious capabilities and qualifications it would be impossible to speak too highly. That famous historical personage, Mrs. Gamp, was said to be equally at home at "a lying-in or a laying-out," and we are sure the same might be said of Mr. Davis; and as far as our experience goes, the remark applies in his case to any intermediate stage of existence. He is certainly equal to all occasions, can prepare a complicated statement of accounts, or draw a tooth, can conduct a religious service, or make a poultice, write an excellent business letter, or cook an excellent dinner, bandage a wound or repair a lock, and, in fact, is possessed of all-round usefulness

and general ability that he devotes with all his time and energy to the service of the Institutions. It is many years since Mr. Davis had a holiday, but we believe that Dr. Barnardo has arranged that he and Mrs. Davis will spend a few weeks in England during the coming Summer, when we hope the well-earned rest and change will be both enjoyable and beneficial to them. Mr. Malcolm E. Davis has acted for the past two years as clerk in charge of the registers, and the task of keeping these bulky records posted up from day to day is no light undertaking, demanding close application, intelligence and accuracy. Mr. Malcolm Davis has shown himself to possess all these qualifications, and we can testify to his being a most faithful, conscientious and painstaking worker. A change is in prospect, rendered necessary by the increase of work at the Winnipeg Branch, by which Mr. Malcolm Davis will be transferred to the important post of secretary of the Winnipeg Home, and while it will be a great satisfaction to us to place the duties of this position in the hands of one so capable and well trained to fulfil them, we shall find it hard to fill the vacancy on the Toronto staff. In Miss Kennedy, our chief stenographer, we have a lady whose services are invaluable to us in our large and growing correspondence, and one upon whose abilities, devotion to her work and Christian character we must always set the highest store. Miss Lake, our second stenographer, is both rapid and careful in her work, and, we venture to affirm, is as willing, punctual, attentive and uncomplaining a worker as any office in Toronto could produce, while Miss Jackson, our junior, is a pen artist of high quality, whose neat and painstaking handiwork in our books and papers is a credit to herself, as well as a comfort and satisfaction to those who have occasion to refer to them. We must not omit to mention the latest addition to our Toronto staff in the person of Miss Emma

Webb, who has been recently appointed to the post of kitchen matron. Needless to say, it has given us sincere pleasure to be able to offer this position to one of our old girls, with the certainty that the appointment is in all respects a most suitable one. Unfortunately, the gain to the Institution is the loss to Mrs. Owen, who has had to part with one who has been an invaluable help and comfort to her for several years past and had become a mainstay of the Editor's domestic establishment. We could not, however, permit private considerations to stand in the way of an arrangement that was for the welfare of the Homes and the advancement of one so highly deserving, and we look forward to excellent results from the new appointment in the efficient and economical working of the Institution in Farley Avenue.



B.O.B.S.

OUR remarks in the last Number, under the heading "Plans for Organization," in which we referred to a proposal that had been suggested for the formation of an association of our old boys, have already borne very satisfactory fruit. The nucleus of such an organization has already been created in Toronto by several of our old boys, who have formed themselves into an association entitled "The Barnardo Old Boys' Society," or, briefly, "The B.O.B.S." A president and secretary have been appointed and a few elementary rules of procedure adopted, and within a very short time it is hoped to issue a personal invitation to join the Society to as many former inmates of the Homes as are considered eligible candidates for admission to the association in its present stage, and whose addresses can be obtained. A small membership fee will be charged, but beyond this we are not at present in a position to make any definite announcement of the plans of the executive, and must content ourselves with

congratulating very heartily the gentlemen who have taken the matter in hand, and who, besides being "old Barnardo boys," are men in good positions in the community, and wishing every success to their efforts, in which we shall hope to have the privilege and pleasure of actively co-operating. Should any of our readers wish for further details without waiting for the proposed communication from the executive of the Society, we advise them to place themselves in correspondence with the secretary, Mr. Alfred G. Smith, to whom letters may be addressed at the office of the Homes, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.



First Taste of Independence.

As usual, we have a lengthy list of boys whose indentures expire on April 1st, and who will then have completed the terms of three, four or five years, for which they were engaged on their arrival from England, or when they first started to earn their own livelihood after being recalled from "boarding-out." Most of these lads are now entitled to receive a hundred dollars in cash, and will exercise for the first time the privilege of making their own bargains for hiring and engaging their services where and as they please, subject, of course, to the condition that they are not committing themselves in any way that would be discreditable either to the Homes or themselves. It is an important step in advance in a lad's career, and a critical stage of which we always watch the development with keen anxiety. We will not exactly liken ourselves to a hen with a brood of ducklings when the young creatures first take to the water, because, if occasion requires, we have the means of following them in their wanderings and are not confined to helpless cackling from the bank; but none the less we watch the manœuvres of the brood as they pass into deeper waters with something

of maternal solicitude. It is then that we can really see what there is in a lad, and can pretty confidently forecast his career. The first use he makes of his newly acquired liberty, and his little capital, is a fairly sure indication of the tendency of his disposition. Will he, in making his first bargain, proceed a little cautiously and exercise some discretion before binding himself to any engagement, making a few enquiries in the neighbourhood and taking a little advice from others, and finally making the arrangement that he thinks will give him the best return for his services; or will he develop a violent attack of "swelled head," announce to all his friends and acquaintances that he is his own "boss" and means everyone to know it, create an impression among all the employers in the neighbourhood that he is a very doubtful bargain at any price, and end by landing himself in some pickle in which we shall perhaps have to come to his assistance, and that will compel us to hear once more the remark "What a pity the Home didn't keep a tight hold on that boy for a bit longer?" We have no doubt there will be both the wise and the foolish variety among the lads who pass out of their apprenticeship on April 1st, but we are pleased to say that already we have heard of a good many lads who have hired on with their present employers for another year, and generally at excellent wages. We are by no means surprised at this, as labour is exceedingly scarce throughout the country, and a farmer who has got a good boy, whom he has trained into his ways, will offer him considerable inducements before letting him go. No doubt in some cases a change is beneficial for a lad, as adding to his experience and enlarging his ideas, but, on the other hand, rolling stones gather no moss, and our experience unquestionably shows that our most successful lads, and those who are making the best progress, are the lads who stick to the same situation year after year,

and are satisfied with a comparatively limited range of experience.



**The Wise
and
Otherwise.**

To be the possessor for the first time of a substantial bank account is also a test of a lad's strength of character and brains. Men who have accumulated large fortunes have said that the first hundred dollars was the hardest to make, and we can assuredly testify that it is the hardest to keep. We almost invariably find that if a lad leaves his first hundred dollars in the bank, and then manages to save the greater part of the next season's wages and adds seventy-five or a hundred dollars to his account, the habit of saving is established and the process of accumulation becomes as it were automatic; but, alas! the reverse is too often the case, and the attractions of a bicycle, or a watch, or an old horse and buggy that someone has got to sell—and it is marvellous how the people that have got these articles to dispose of to their own advantage seem to scent out the youth with more money than wit—prove too strong, and in comes the bank book with the familiar letter of excuses, and away goes the cheque, and we say with a sigh, "Another fool and his money soon parted." It is too early as yet to form any idea what sort of financiers our present year's "time-expired" lads will prove themselves, but we are greatly in hopes that a fair proportion of the number, at any rate, will make a sensible use of their opportunities and regard their money in the bank as a nest-egg for the future, instead of throwing away the fruit of several years' work in idle extravagance.



**The First
Contingent.**

OUR first party for the season, that we expect will number from 250 to 300, is due at the beginning of April. Our application list was full early in January for

boys of all ages over twelve, but there will be a large number of little chaps in the party between ten and twelve, and if any of our lads hear of good homes in their neighbourhood for boys of this age, we shall be glad to be told of them. For boys of fourteen to seventeen the demand is insatiable, and we could place half a dozen ship loads if we were able to bring them. As it is, we

expect very few over twelve or thirteen, and, for our own part, we are more than satisfied that such is the case, knowing well that the little lads will do better in the end, and that it is a wise policy to confine our emigration work almost exclusively to boys of an age to adapt themselves readily to the ways of the country and to attach themselves to their new homes.

Donations to the Homes

THE following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue, and include all contributions received up to March 19th :

Aplin, Arthur A., \$1; Abbott, Leonard, \$1; Anderson, Thomas F., \$1; Barlow, Edward, \$1; Bovingdon, L. George, \$1; Bray, Joseph T., 95c; Barney, Joseph, \$1; Bryan, Robert, \$1; Bransgrove, Chas. H., \$1; Blunt, Albert, \$5; Blake, Richard, \$1; Carss, Robt., \$1.50; Chapman, Benjamin, \$2; Croft, Albert, \$1; Cooper, Henry, 75c; Cundale, Charles, \$1; Campbell, Edward, \$3; Couves, William A. J., \$1; Defew, William, \$3.75; Drew, Samuel R., \$1; Digweed, Henry G., \$4; Evans, Frederick, \$1; Evans, Joseph, \$1.06; Edwards, Henry G., \$3; Foskett, Isaac, \$1; Fitch, William, \$1; Flory, Edmund C., \$1; Fox, Randal, \$1; Farrant, William, \$1; Floyd, Frederick, \$2; Farrow, William, \$1; Farrow, John T., \$1; Fisk, Charles F., 60c; Farrant, Geo., \$1; Glenister, Harold, \$1; Guerrier, Achille, \$5; Green, Albert A., \$1; Gill, Ernest W., \$1; Gawtreay, Thomas, \$1; Garrood, George, \$6.70; Griffin, Charles, \$1; Hawkes, George, \$1; Hutt, William, \$1; Hallday, Henry, \$1; Holmes, John J., \$1; Hill, Bertram H. L., \$1; Hampson, Thomas, 10c; Hedden, Richard, \$1; Hearn, George, \$1; Ireland, Ernest, \$1; Jones, Harry, \$4.31; Lednor, Henry,

\$1; Luff, William, \$1; Lenson, Herbert, \$1; Lott, George F., \$1; Lashmar, Wm., \$2; Lawder, David, \$1; Lovelock, Wm., \$1; Manning, Sidney P., \$1; Mansell, Leonard, \$1; Morgan, Ernest, 25c; Morgan, Sidney, 25c; May, George, \$1; Newman, Ernest G., \$1; Nichols, Jos., \$1.37; Neil, Sylvester, \$1; Newell, Alfred, \$3; Newman, Ernest, 10c; Oxborough, Charles, \$1; Oxford, George, \$1; Oates, Geo. E., \$1; Oslon, Carl, \$1; Prior, Charles A., \$1; Pullen, George W., \$1; Powell, Alfred, \$6; Potter, Charles H., \$1; Rowden, George N., \$1; Rodel, Wilfred, \$1; Routledge, Ernest, \$1; Radcliffe, Francis D., \$1; Richardson, Reginald, \$5; Rickson, Robert W., \$1; Southern, Wilfred C., \$1; Shapcott, Frederick, \$2; Seymour, William, \$1; Self, Walter B., \$1; Sage, William, \$1; Shipton, John, \$6; Smith, George, \$6; Spraggins, Frederick W., \$1; Smith, Jas. S., \$1; Senior, George, \$5; Stevens, Thomas, \$3; Stevens, Ernest C., \$16.25; Stubbs, Joseph T., \$3.40; Sanders, John E., \$2; Taylor, William T., \$4; Trim, William, \$1; Tomlin, Edward, \$1; Tovey, Albert, 40c; Venney, William J., \$1; Verrall, Albert, \$1; Westwood, Joseph, \$6.75; Webb, Sidney J., \$2; Wright, Richard, \$2; Wardlaw, Arthur C., \$1; Williams, George M., \$2; Wilson, Thos. E., \$1; Wilkes, Stephen, \$1; Whitnall, Thomas, \$1; Woodstock, Charles, \$1; Ward, Thomas, \$1; Webb, Joseph, \$1; White, Arthur, \$1.



“ These Winter nights, against my window-pane,
 Nature with busy pencil draws designs
 Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
 Oak leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
 Which she will make when Summer comes again.”

WHAT a happy thought, and one which should cause us to overlook the unpleasant features of a forty-below-zero morning, that Nature with busy pencil draws, all through the Winter months, designs which she will execute in bright colouring “when Summer comes again.” Nature has always been represented to us as asleep in the Winter season, but we are rather taken with the idea the verse-writer quoted has brought out—that she is only perfecting her plans for the coming Spring and Summer. Winter should certainly not be a period of idleness *among our lads*; there should be no lying-up in bachelors’ “shacks,” no renting of the squalid room we sometimes hear of, where half-a-dozen lazy fellows will put in a four or five months’ existence, which even the hibernating bear, who is said to suck his paws and live on his accumulated fat during the Winter season, would be heartily ashamed of.

The writer is a trifle warm on the above subject just now, as he has only returned from a district on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway where one of these “bears’ dens” can be seen. Happily, but two of the six sloths are disgracing the name of Dr. Barnardo; and the others are not by any means adding to the repute of “Young England” in this portion of the Empire. We sincerely trust that our young lads, many of whom are shortly severing the ties of their four or five years’ engagements, and striking out in a measure upon their own account, will ponder over and absorb the ad-

vice of one who has in past time known something of the life surroundings and evil influences of the Manitoba bachelor’s shack, and make a point of securing an engagement which will ensure healthy employment through all the Winter months, and, above all, avoid the dens of the “biped bears” as they would the Asiatic plague, carrying safely with them the familiar rhyme, that “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.”

“From the Log Cabin to the White House” is the title of a popular book published in the United States describing the wonderful change in the surroundings of one of the presidents of that great confederation, who, by virtue of magnificent ability and phenomenal exertion, transcended the bounds of a narrow frontier life, with its coarse garb, scanty food and rough manners, and rose, while in the prime of life, to occupy, not only with distinction the presidency of the Republic, but to become an accepted example to the public men of the civilized world; and if the affairs of Dr. Barnardo’s colony in the great Dominion, where the opportunities for advancement are quite as great as they are South of the forty-ninth parallel, proceed at the rate reported, we here in Manitoba will soon feel called upon to solicit the services of the versatile “Dick Whittington” for the writing of a book to be entitled “From the Cow House to the Counting House;” for did not a prominent collecting agent inform the writer only a few days ago that he had come across several cases where youths of our

clan are loaning money to their temporarily embarrassed employers? This statement the writer believes to be correct, and while very much to the credit of the lads in service in this part of the King's Dominion, he trusts that in every case ample security has been exacted; further, that when each transaction is closed there will be no attempt on the part of the borrower to put through one of those deplorable deals which, alas! are becoming too common, where the spavined and unsalable broncho, or the "coo with the broken leg," is handed over to the unsuspecting capitalist in settlement of a claim which calls for good bank notes or coin of the realm.

The man who becomes a money-lender through sheer meanness—"money grubbing" as it is sometimes aptly called—is, no doubt, a creature to be abhorred, and further, we are told to refrain from giving too much thought to laying up treasure on this perishable globe; but we certainly would like to see our youths, as a class, cultivating a reasonable economy, and showing more of a desire to lay something aside for the proverbial rainy day.

In this respect, no one knowing the facts can deny that our little lads are, by the help of the Homes, placed in an enviable position (although they may sometimes doubt the statement) in having their earnings collected for them (not in the shape of broken-winded ponies or tuberculous cows) and placed in that financially sound institution, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, a cut of whose Winnipeg Branch Office is shown on these pages.

The rate of interest allowed by the Homes—four per cent.—does not perhaps equal the rates offered by the needy borrowers above referred to; it is, however, twenty-five per cent. higher than that offered by any good bank, and the security is, of course, beyond question. While on this subject of wages and savings, and for the reason that there seems often to be doubt and misunderstanding on the

part of boys and their employers on this important topic, it is perhaps wise to reproduce in these pages the circular which has, during the last fortnight, been sent out by the Resident Superintendent of the Winnipeg Branch, under the approval of the management of the Homes:

WINNIPEG, March 1st, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I write, by Mr. Owen's instructions, to call your attention to the fact that your engagement with this boy expires on April 1st, when the sum of one hundred dollars becomes due from you. I am instructed to request that this amount shall be remitted here, to be received in trust for the boy, in accordance with the rule and practice of our managers. As soon as the amount has been paid to us, you will receive an official receipt, conveying to you a formal release and discharge from your liability under the agreement, and at the same time the boy will be supplied with a pass book, showing that the amount has been deposited to his credit. I think that he understands that the object in collecting this money is not to deprive him of any part of the wages which he has earned, and which it is fully recognized are entirely his own property, but, on the one hand, that the managers of the Homes may fulfil their responsibility in seeing that all amounts due to the boys under their care are promptly and fully paid; and, on the other hand, that they may guard against the money being foolishly squandered, and may ensure its being placed in safe keeping where it will gain interest until required for some suitable purpose. The boy can, of course, draw the whole, or any part of it, as he requires to do so, by making an application and sending in his pass book, so that the money will not be beyond his reach; but there will be a slight check upon thoughtless extravagance.

With regard to future arrangements, I am instructed to say that he will be left entirely at liberty to make a bargain for himself, as it is considered that he has now reached an age to be able to act independently in the management of his affairs, and to engage his own services. It is asked, however, that we may be informed what arrangements are arrived at; and if he should leave you, you will kindly let us have the name and address of the party with whom he hires, that we may be able to communicate with him as occasion may require. Yours faithfully,
(Signed), D. WHITE.

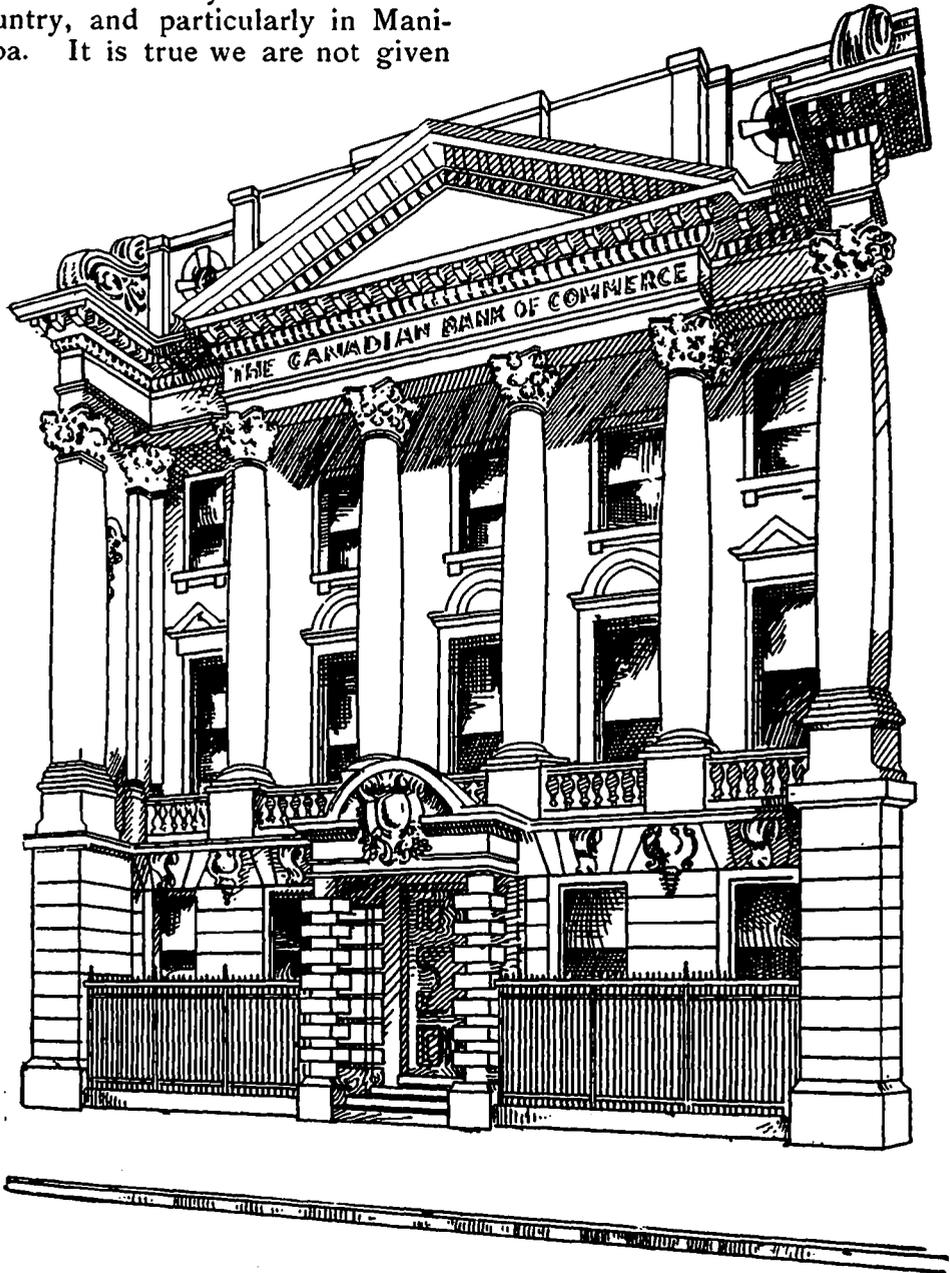
The above extract sets forth pretty clearly the position taken by our Institutions, when entering jointly with one of our boys into an agreement with an employer, and should

answer many questions which have in the past been put to the writer by farmers of the province.

The Railway Contracts.

There would seem to be natural conditions, whether electrical or otherwise, which keep up a constant agitation of society in this Western country, and particularly in Manitoba. It is true we are not given

occupies and excites the minds of the residents of Manitoba, from the smallest mite of a newsboy to the financial giants who govern the people with the interest table, is that great question of transportation as it relates to the action of



Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

to thunder-storms in the Winter season, but mental epidemics, which are to all appearances electrical in their origin and action, are always with us. Just now the topic which

the Manitoba Government in leasing the lines of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company and the re-leasing of the same railway to the Canadian Northern Rail-

way Company. Manitoba, as a glance at the map of North America will show, is placed so far from the centres of civilization that the question of freight charges on her products for export is a serious matter, and one which must be approached in a perfectly business-like manner entirely free from party bias. Unfortunately, this has not been the practice of the great political parties in Canada in the past in dealing with serious problems, and so widely did the public men of our country differ in the decade following the year 1870, that our great transcontinental railway system, now known to the world as the Canadian Pacific Railway, was well-nigh wrecked upon the rocks of pessimism and distrust, one deep-thinking and, we believe, thoroughly honest statesman of our infant Confederation going so far as to prophesy, on the floor of Parliament at Ottawa, that the traffic of the proposed line would not be sufficient to pay for the oil on the axles of the cars; and to-day, when we realize that, although the enormous sum of \$225,000,000 is said to have been invested in this road, its net earnings are sufficient to pay a most satisfactory yearly dividend upon every dollar of its stock, we may well be thankful, as a people, that we had a man at the helm in the early days of our confederated existence optimistic to a wonderful degree, and so possessed with the courage of his convictions that even against the greatest opposition he persevered and lived to see completed, in 1886, the only transcontinental railway under one management in America.

The columns of UPS AND DOWNS, being intended for the reception of non-partizan views only, the writer feels himself on delicate ground in presuming to write on this important political subject, and his desire is only to lay before the readers of our magazine the established facts as they are recorded in the archives of our young country, and in so doing, candour compels him to state that the policy of the

Conservative party and their past achievements in connection with matters of transportation have exhibited to the country at large, not only unbounded faith in the future of the great West, but shrewd business ability on the part of the administrations which have been directed by its doctrines. On the other hand, the great Liberal party, numbering in its ranks hundreds of brainy men, is perhaps required to act as a safety brake on the National Coach, which might at times, when under the control of the optimistic leaders of their opponents, go at too swift a pace, and we in Manitoba can only hope that the best interests of the community will not be sacrificed for party triumph by either section of our great political system when dealing with this most important matter—the finding of a Canadian outlet for the immense quantities of farm produce which will be grown in the years to come along the lines of railway in Southern Manitoba which were constructed by the Northern Pacific Railway Company some ten years ago.

B. P. P.

It was, no doubt, with great pride that Dr. Barnardo's boys read in the extensive lists appearing in the press last month the names of numbers of our colony who have joined their fortunes with those of that resourceful defender of Mafeking, General Baden-Powell, in his African Police Force, and in order to waken the memories of the Manitoba Farm youths who are scattered through the great West, the Manager at Barnardo purposes in the next issue of our magazine to publish the portraits of as many of these gallant young fellows as he can secure, a guessing contest to follow these publications, in which the successful competitors will be entitled to prizes. Indeed, second thought upon this matter has persuaded the writer to enliven the interest of our readers in this issue by offering a prize of two dollars' value to the subscriber who suc-

ceeds in furnishing the Manager of the Manitoba Farm with the name of the young gentleman whose portrait is produced on this page, and who, by the way, has the honour of carrying His Majesty's mails over an important route in Manitoba. The portrait in question is numbered "A1," and all answers, which must be sent by mail, are to be endorsed, "Answer to Competition 'A1.'"

Left the Hive.

All our readers who are acquainted with Ernest Hopkins will agree with the writer that the management made an excellent begin-



No. A1.

ning for their operations of the new century when Ernest Hopkins, on January 2nd, was selected after careful consideration and sent to the situation kindly offered by Mr. P. Gosling, of Arden, Manitoba, where the young man is still located. Nothing further was done in our Employment Bureau until January 18th, when Arthur Johnson was sent to fill a post offered by Mr. Charles Moulding, of Broadview, Assiniboia, and it is with pleasure that we quote from a report signed by this young man's

employer, written on February 14th, as follows :

He is giving the best of satisfaction, and I think that he will continue to do so, as he seems to have no lack of perseverance, but strives to do his best, and is always ready for work when required. I may say that if the Home turns out that class of lad generally, they are a credit to Dr. Barnardo, their masters, and the country from which they came.

Ernest Jordan was sent on January 18th to Mr. James Gardiner, of Shoal Lake, and is reported as still in his situation.

On January 23rd William Charles Brown was sent to the employ of Mr. James Moore, MacGregor, Manitoba, and is reported as giving satisfaction with his work.

George F. Gavillet was sent out on January 30th to fill a position with Mr. Angus McCallum, Newdale, Man., and, up to date, satisfactory reports have been received regarding the work of this little chap.

Arthur Brown, John Foley and Alfred Raban, who have the honour of leading the list for February, on the 1st of the month were respectively placed with Robert Hogarth, Strathclair, Man., William H. Halliday, Shoal Lake, and C. R. Guppy, Rosewood, Man.

On February 5th John C. Murray was placed with Mr. George Seatter, of Yorkton, Assiniboia, and on the 6th no less than four lads went out to try their fortune in the country, viz : Charles Bygraves, whose present address is Samuel Cochran, Solsgirth, Man.; Thomas Costello, who was located with Mr. John Sly, of Gladstone; Thomas Wilkinson, who went to the farm of Mr. R. J. Hughey, Bagot; and Alexander Ness, who was secured what promises to be an excellent situation with Mr. John W. Wood, of Holland. William J. Simpson went out on the 8th to serve with Mr. L. D. B. Constable, of Clanwilliam; James McAllister on the same day was placed in a most satisfactory manner with Mr. Wm. Huggins, of Birtle, and Joseph Mooney found his destiny with Mr. J. McPhail, of Rossburn. James

Graham left the Farm Home on February 13th to cast in his lot with Mr. James H. Moore, of MacGregor. On March 6th Robert Galway, George Martin and George H. Barry were placed in the following situations consecutively: Messrs. Isaac Bolton, Minnedosa; Walter Clayton, Gladstone; David Pogue, MacGregor.

Numerous letters have been received during the last quarter from youths who are out in situations; and as an item which will no doubt prove of great interest to all the old-timers of the Farm Home, we may mention the fact that Herbert Chapman writes us that he is now possessed of a farm in Eastern Assiniboia and is looking forward to cropping 130 acres upon his property this Spring. It may surprise some of our readers to hear that we have lads on our Manitoba list who can claim ten years' and more experience in this Western country, and among this venerable section of our colony we cannot mention a more honourable and trustworthy member, or one who has had a more varied experience, than Frederick Smith, of the party *S.S. Parisian*, April, 1890. Hear what he says:

SEEBURN, MAN., Jan. 14th, 1901.

E. A. STRUTHERS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter asking of me to write you and let you know how I am getting along. Sir, it is so seldom I write a letter that I am a very poor hand at it; but, however, I will try to give you a line or two about how I am doing. The year of 1900 is my tenth year in this country of Canada, and I really begin to think sometimes that I really was born here; but that will never do, as I must not forget old England. This last two Summers I have been working on the railroad, the first Summer doing section work. This last Summer I was working on bridges, culverts and moving houses, so I cannot talk much about farming. Sir, about railroading, I hardly know what to say. I can't say I prefer it to farming, but you don't have to work such long days as on the farm; but the expense is large staying in towns and the temptations you are thrown into with the boys you work with staying at the hotels; and so, taking all things into consideration, I think there is no place better than the homestead for us lads. I have met quite a few of our lads in the different places I worked this Summer; some are doing

well and some are not. But, sir, there is fact, and a very bad one too, I am going to tell you. Do you know I met some of the lads who came to this country with me and some after me, and when I ask how they are getting along and so on, they did not want to know me, for fear that people would know that they were Barnardo boys! What ungratefulness! After the Home bringing them to this country and making men of us, this is how they pay back their kindness to the Home that gave them their start in life! Boys, never be ashamed of being called "Barnardo boys"; it is no disgrace. At least, I think not, as a Barnardo boy, so long as we behave ourselves and do our work, by being honest, truthful and noble in all our character. It is no disgrace to be a poor orphan. Sir, I heard the Doctor was out this fall. Would like to have seen him, but could not get up to the Home, as I was in Yorkton. It must be about five years since I was at the Home, but it is not because I am ashamed of being known as a Home boy that I do not come up; but really, sir, I seem to be busy all the time and cannot get away when I would like. I am enjoying the best of health ever since I came to this country, and I always seem to be busy working. I am working at John Angus' till April 1st, looking after his stock with forty-two head of cattle. As to my character, I refer you to him for it; you have had it before, and I am not ashamed for you to have it again. Dear sir, you must excuse my letter, as I am no letter writer, as I told you before. So will close by wishing you and the Home prosperity and happiness in all its branches, and by doing my best to hold the name of the Institution to all that is good and noble.

A grateful Barnardo boy,

FREDERICK SMITH.

The writer is sorry, and we feel sure the lads out in situations will regret to hear, that our much-respected colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray, who have been connected with the work of the Farm Home since the Spring of 1895, sent in their resignations on February 11th, and left the Institution on March 13th for a farm which, we understand, they have rented near Millwood. That Mr. and Mrs. Gray have served the Homes faithfully during their terms of office goes without question, and although we can hardly challenge the wisdom of their decision in relinquishing the work, which it is quite apparent has told severely upon their health, we cannot help—selfishly no doubt—

regretting their departure from among us and wish them every success in their new venture.

Obituary.

On January 15th the management at Barnardo were pained beyond measure to learn of the death of John Schzinger (*Labrador*, March, 1893), which lamentable occurrence took place at the house of David Caswell, the young man's employer, who resides near Wolseley, Assa. The death of a young man in a strange country and among strangers is always an extremely sad occurrence, but in this case everything possible seems to have been done by the kind people of the district, and we believe that the thanks of our Committee are due to Dr. Elliott, M.L.A., and his nurse, for their devoted services in connection with the case.

The angel of death does not often strike down members of our hearty young colony, but a very terrible warning that we should at all times be prepared for a sudden summons to appear before our Maker was conveyed in the death of George Whitham at Minnedosa on February 20th. Poor Whitham—or as we all called him at the Farm, "Dicky Whitham"—had just finished an engagement with a prominent farmer of Clanwilliam, leaving this place with a most desirable certificate of character for a new post South of Minnedosa, and as the east-bound express over the North-Western branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway was being made up, he attempted—rashly, it must be said—to cross the railway yard in front of the moving coaches, with the result that he was knocked down and run over by the same. The body of our dear friend was then taken charge of by the kindly agent of the railway company, Mr. Phelps, who appears to have done all he could in the lamentable case, in spite of the fact that great obstacles were placed in his way by the really inhuman action of the town corporation in refusing to give the

remains a proper shelter while awaiting burial, and on Friday, the 22nd, the body of poor Dick was reverently consigned to its last resting place by the Rev. E. W. H. Gill, of Minnedosa. As an evidence that there are people in the pretty little town of Minnedosa who are the exemplification of kindness, in spite of the sordid policy of the town officials, we wish here to mention the voluntary attendance of Mrs. J. P. Curran, Miss Flesher and Miss Wake at the funeral, and to thank them for the beautiful floral offerings they were good enough to furnish, as well as for the arranging of the musical portion of the funeral service.

Prize-Winners.

The lads who were fortunate in securing prizes for cleanliness during the quarter are as follows:

- | | |
|-------------|----------|
| HOOPER. | HOOPER. |
| McALLISTER. | DEWAR. |
| OWENS. | JONES. |
| OWENS. | McATEER. |

Farm Home Band.

Our old friends, who can remember the fife-and-drum organization which flourished for a time and then went the way of so many musical companies, will hear with delight that, under the orders of Dr. Barnardo, a band instructor is to be on the staff of the Farm in future, instruments are to be secured, and we look forward to the day when no entertainment will be considered complete without a few members from the B.B.B.

It is most pleasing to note that the demand for our youths this Spring has been unusually great, which fact leads the writer to believe that in spite of the bad crops of last year, the farmers of Manitoba are making preparations for extensions in their farming operations for the coming season, and we only wish we were in a position to meet their demands.



The Month of Spring

WINTER'S rime and ice have gone,
 Snow has ceased to bleach the fields;
 Gladsome Springtime flecks the lawn
 With the violet blue, that yields
 Grateful odours, and, in turn,
 Trims the forest with the fern.

Now the land, in reeking sweat,
 Bursts the shackles of the frost;
 Bares its bosom to the wet
 And the warmth for vigour lost,
 Showered and shone o'er earth abroad
 From the reservoirs of God.

Higher day by day the sun
 Climbs the vernal equinox;
 Makes the sap of maples run;
 Draws the lichens from the rocks;
 Anemones from woodland nooks;
 Laughter from the brimming brooks.

Dandelions in sunny spots
 Basking, gild the vivid green;
 Blue eyes of forget-me-nots,
 Peeping half-awake, are seen;
 While wake-robins, yawning, say,
 "Pink Azalea, is it May?"

From the gay, vivacious South
 Come the immigrants of Spring,
 Songs of Summer in their mouth,
 Freedom in the trekking wing;
 Chrysalis and cocoon burst,
 Eager to be born the first.

Mating birds now build their nest;
 Sprouting trees put forth their leaves;
 Busy ants the grass infest;
 Shoots the wheat for Autumn sheaves.
 Hail this harbinger of Spring,
 Every conscious living thing!

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Home Chat

OUR space has been so largely monopolized in the present number by the letters and reports from the Western section of our family that our Ontario friends are well-nigh crowded out, and a very few jottings must suffice respecting events in the East.

To begin with our little boarders, the following half-dozen reports are typical of the sort of intelligence that almost every Muskoka mail has brought us within the past few weeks :

HUNTSVILLE, January 17th, 1901.

We are very sorry at the departure of Willie Perham, who leaves us on January 18th. Willie is a good boy, smart to learn in day school and Sunday school. He won a prize book at day school and at Sunday school. His Sunday school teacher, Mrs. S. H. Jacobs, said Willie Perham was one of her best boys in answering Bible questions.

M. A. ROBINSON.

Albert Edwards is well and doing well ; he is growing fast, and is strong and healthy. He has never been sick a day since he has been with us. He is doing well at school ; he got three nice books as prizes at the end of the year. He had attended 195 days, out of about 201 days for the year. He has a new teacher this year. His last teacher thought a lot of him, and the minister speaks well of him.

JAMES WILSON.

The boys, Edwin Patching and Cecil Smy, are well, and go to school every day and also to Sunday school. They are both good boys—the best boys I ever had. They are obedient and truthful. They both got nice prizes off the Sunday school Christmas tree.

MRS. HUGH PATTERSON.

Our little Robert Chadwick is a very good boy, and is doing well at school. He is a little slower than some boys, but he is sure. Anything he learns is never forgotten, and I am sure as he grows older he will be a credit to the Home. Robert desires me to thank you for the two addresses. He was very anxious to write to his two brothers.

ELIZABETH ETTY.

Arthur Birkett is doing really well. I am not a bit afraid to send mail or money down town with him. If he does a job quick, I give him plenty of time to play.

He is always ready to go to Sunday school, and is good-natured, and I think he is doing well at school.

MARY DALBON.

Our little boy, Sidney Summerside, keeps in splendid health. He has had a slight cold, but not to keep him home from school. He likes going splendid now, and is getting along nicely with his lessons. He is a bright, active little boy, and is very willing to do anything. Sidney received the UPS AND DOWNS and the almanac you so kindly sent, and was much pleased with them, and thanks you for the same.

HANNAH KNEESHAW.



Arthur Ford.

Our portrait gallery for the present month is fairly representative.

Arthur Ford is, we have reason to believe, a faithful, right-living lad, not very strong or robust, but with plenty of intelligence and energy. He is attached to his home, where he has always been treated with consideration and kindness. His address is care of Mr. George A. Baird, Watford.

Frederick Booby has maintained a good and creditable record during



Frederick W. Booby.

the past nine years, and is a young fellow of good parts and excellent promise. His savings bank account is a plant of slow growth, but perhaps we may see it take a jump during the next season.

Frederick and Walter Broster are both good citizens and growing up to be a credit to themselves and the Homes. We do not know that



Fred. Eroster.

either of them is likely to make any great stir in the world, but they are the sort of men whose presence is a benefit and source of wealth to the country.

Arthur Ransom is a young fellow who must always hold a high place in our esteem. Coming to Canada as a small boy, he faithfully fulfilled his apprenticeship, earning the goodwill of his employer and entitling himself to Dr. Barnardo's silver medal. With the money accumulated by himself and his brother, Herbert, during their five-year terms of service, they brought out their widowed



Walter Broster.

mother and younger brother from England, and the good lady is now established in a comfortable little home at Nortonville, near Brampton. We can only add that if she is not proud of her sons and what they have done for her, she ought to be.

George Senior has worked for a number of years past with Mr. Stephens, of Northwood, in Kent County. He is a fine farm hand, able to command the best wages going, and withal as respectable, steady and well-conducted a young fellow as there is in the community.

William E. A. Hosking is now a flock-master on a small scale, having

recently invested his savings in sheep. Willie is a thoroughly bright, well-meaning lad, and, we are sure, will do well for himself in the future.

Doubtless our readers will share the pleasure with which we read the following clipping from the *London Free Press* of January 19th :

On Tuesday evening last the Odd-fellows' Hall at Hederton was crowded to the doors by an enthusiastic audience on the occasion of the reception of Trooper George Richardson, upon his return from the front in Africa. The committee, who had worked industriously for two days, presented a splendid programme to the audi-



Arthur Ransom.

ence, which consisted of patriotic songs by Miss Telfer, Capt. T. E. Robson, M.P.P., Master Harold Summerton, and recitations by Misses Ethel Robson and May Morgan and Mr. Adam Robson. Mr. Robert Jackson, of the County Council, addressed the meeting for a few minutes. The Birr brass band delighted the audience with several fine selections. When Trooper Richardson was carried into the hall by Messrs. R. Beamish and E. Porter, great enthusiasm prevailed, and when Capt. Robson asked him to step forward, he was greeted with tremendous cheering. The captain thereon read a patriotic and complimentary address, and little Miss Myrtle Beamish presented him with a purse containing \$70. Mr. Richardson gave a very good account of the battle of Belfast, the last he was in, and



George Senior.

the one in which he received his wound in the right wrist and hand. Rev. A. H. Rhodes also addressed the audience, and welcomed back Mr. Richardson, who had been a member of his church previous to enlistment. Capt. Bart. Robson, of 26th Batt., filled the chair to the entire satisfaction of everybody, and it was his goodwill with the crowd that maintained such a good state of order throughout the concert.



Wm. E. A. Hosking.

We have just had the satisfaction of wishing God-speed to Henry Reed on his leaving for South Africa with the Canadian contingent of recruits for Baden-Powell's Police Force. Henry gives us the impression of a determined, resourceful young fellow, admirably adapted, both physically and mentally, for the rough and arduous work that the force will find waiting for them in South Africa. Henry will take with him the good wishes of a considerable circle of acquaintances, including the members of the Sons of England Lodge at Port Hope, of which he is a member in good standing.

James Clark has favoured us with a highly interesting item of personal

intelligence in announcing his marriage that took place on December 1st. We cordially wish him all possible happiness in his married life.

The tidings of another event of a similar character was conveyed to us in the following report from Mr. Griffith:

Mrs. Richardson, Camlachie, showed me a printed invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Krenerick, Albion, Mich., to the wedding of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. Daniel G. Holland. Being 100 miles west of Detroit, it was too far to go. The wedding took place November 15th, 1900. Daniel has been three years in the employ of the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company, of Detroit, and has been promoted twice, is now assistant bookkeeper to them, and is, by his letters, expecting another lift.

No man can make a good coat with bad cloth.—*Proverb.*

No victory worth having was ever won without cost.—*Ruskin.*

No wind is of service to him who is bound for nowhere.—*Proverb.*

No man doth safely rule but he hath learned gladly to obey.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

No man can be good, or great, or happy, except through inward efforts of his own.—*Wood.*

No man is so tall that he need never stretch, nor so small that he need never stoop.—*Danish Proverb.*

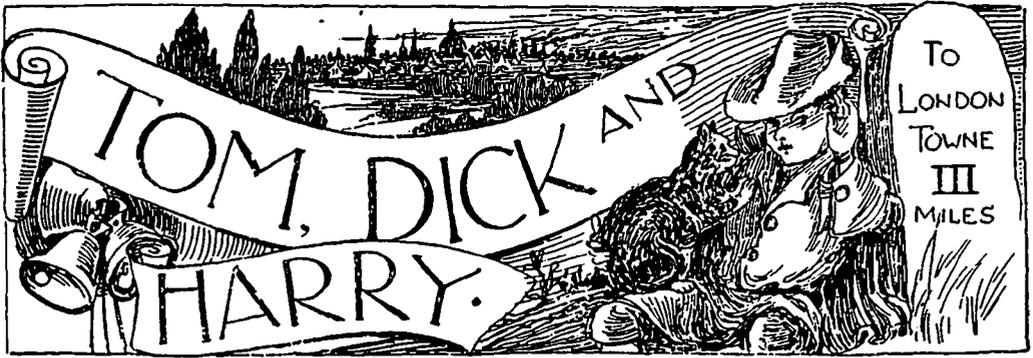
No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.—*Haliburton.*

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—*Cicero.*

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"No," a monosyllable, the easiest learned by the child, but the most difficult to practise by the man, contains within it the import of a life, the weal or woe of an eternity.—*Johnson.*

No man should form an acquaintance, nor enter into any amusements, with one of an evil character. A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if it be cold, blackeneth the hand.—*Hitopadesa.*



SECRET societies seem to be the theme of most of the letters coming to me from "our boys" of late, and as the editor suggests this subject for expatiation, I can only do my duty bravely and trust to luck to escape the consequences.

† † †

Before incurring any fresh risks, perhaps I had better apologize for something which appeared over my signature in the last number, in which Edmund C. Flory—usually a level-headed chap—thinks he has discerned an insult to the Orange Order, a respectable body of men having worthy aims, however much it may be misused by politicians and members with an axe to grind, to further their personal ends. The alleged offensive remarks were as follows :

And who, I pray, would recognize the city scavenger in a 12th of July parade, bedizened with gorgeous sash and badge, as he celebrates the solemn ceremony of escorting an ancestral relic of the good old days on its annual airing?

The "ancestral relic," as the context plainly showed, is the antiquated high hat worn year after year by the city scavenger, amongst others, in the Orange procession, and which never fails to evoke good-natured ridicule in the daily press of Toronto. From this Edmund has imagined that I have alluded to Orangemen generally as "city scavengers." How he arrived at this conclusion is past my comprehension, and how he can infer from the above that the anniversary, or the event it commemorates, is slighted would be a mystery, if the purport of his expostulation did not

plainly prove that he has wholly misunderstood and misconstrued my words. Now-a-days, when everybody is an A.B.C. or an X.Y.Z. of some lodge, secret societies is a dangerous subject for discussion, especially for a blunt, outspoken kind of a fellow like the undersigned. And when umbrage is taken at something one never said, much less intended, it is time to add another thousand to one's life insurance and look about for a second-hand suit of armour before dealing in a flippant or irreverent manner with things consecrated by a goat-ride and hidden from the profane by oath and shibboleth. However, it is a common belief that a man has to die but once, so, having made my will if not my fortune, it only remains for me to mark my linen, tackle the subject, and see what will happen.

† † †

Whenever this topic crops up, I am reminded of two episodes in my life, both of a highly entertaining and ludicrous nature, which I find difficult to dissociate from ceremonials of this kind. One was an initiation into the Knights of the Golden Griffin (or words to that effect). I was inveigled into the *dramatis personæ* of this show by a friend, the doctor of the lodge, and in due course was elevated to the distinguished position of Noble Chief of the Castle, or, in plain English, I became the clown of the pantomime. Of course, what happened while we were in solemn conclave assembled is bottled up in the inmost recesses of my being, and corked with a great, big, hair-rais-

ing oath, to violate which meant a wilful waste of the vital juices of my veins and arteries. As I am accounted a "dry" customer at the best of times, I cannot afford to bleed unnecessarily, and so I shall not tell any of the "mysteries, signs, passwords, grips, tokens, or other secrets of this society." But this I will venture to divulge: we wore *swords*—real soft-metal swords with pewter scabbards, at \$12 a dozen, that would turn to the right hand or to the left, just as they happened to get entangled in our anatomy on the most critical and solemn occasions.

"All this you do now most solemnly swear——" the Most Magnanimous Mogul's Minion would say, as he tripped over his sword and butted the trembling, blindfolded novitiate in the diaphragm, who, taking this meekly as a part of the ritual, feebly gasped, "I do, Most Valiant and Courteous Knights, one and all."

"Will you, without mental reservation, swear——" interrogated the High and Mighty Knight Guardian of the Golden Griffin, with a drawn sword at the candidate's heart (or thereabouts—generally ten degrees latitude south of the midriff), "Will you swear——" Before he could get any further, this would be the signal for one of the awkward squad to collide with the H.M.K.G.G.G., and cause that worthy to prod the inoffensive victim in the south temperate zone, when he would swear emphatically and without mental reservation.

Moreover, we had enough paraphernalia and "properties" to equip a stock company with the capacity of a tragedy in every act, not to mention one or two good comedians, who, in their enthusiastic but grotesque attempts to be impressively realistic, invariably turned what was intended as a melo-dramatic situation into a howling farce. But I must not tell anything about it, because those swords have not yet found their way to the junkshop. Enough to say that, realiz-

ing my inability to maintain the dignity of the office in the face of so much buffoonery, I gradually subsided from the eminence of a Noble Chief to the level of an ordinary mortal, and by absenting myself from the meetings and allowing my dues to accumulate, I got rid of the hallucination of knighthood and was restored to reason, though occasionally I still feel light-headed when my thoughts revert to the "Castle," with its sieges and tournaments, its banquets and mystic revels, the ride on the goat and the fearsome encounter with the Golden Griffin. Gramercy, these be parlous times to recall! Avaunt thee, spectres; I'll have none of ye!

† † †

The other episode was my sleeping in the same room with an inveterate "joiner"—an individual who was past-master in everything, from Masonry down to the lowly and unostentatious Jocular Junta of Jolly Bricks, and who had the unfortunate habit of talking in his sleep. Here no sword shall daunt me; I will quote some choice selections of the hocus-pocus:

"You haven't got that coffin in the right place; turn it around so he can see what's inside of it." "Eh? Who says the altar's not ready for the victim? Here's the knife, and here's the bucket to catch——" (mutters incoherently). "Here, Jimmy, put the saw and sword in their place and hand me that thigh-bone; and you, Teddy, stand ready to light the brimstone." "Have you made the tongs hot? Bring in the candidate, then." (Drones a weird chant; words unintelligible.) "Put your hand on your heart and repeat after me: I, Sennacherib Smith, do hereby proclaim, avow, and solemnly swear that I am the said Sennacherib Smith, and none other, and that I am in very sooth the person who was proposed and accepted and elected in this order, and none other; that I do freely, of my own free will and accord, present myself

for initiation in this society ; that I will keep inviolate all the mysteries, tokens, and——” and so on, through the whole rigmarole, until I was enabled to accost him on the following morning with the signs of recognition, and scare him out of his five senses with disclosures that shattered his oaths of secrecy in several and sundry societies, and convicted his tongue of being indeed “an unruly member.” All of which convinced me that there is more or less poppycock in secret societies, sandwiched between wholesome ethics and discipline, if adhered to.

† † †

Like many another good thing, secret societies in which the ritual and ceremonial are overdone are apt to degenerate into the burlesque, and when this happens, the salutary effect is smothered in verbiage and grandiose mummery. Some people admire—nay, prefer—grandiloquent titles and sounding rhetoric, just as some readers will read only sensational and gushing fiction, for of such is the kingdom of fools. What I would most earnestly inculcate in my readers is an appreciation of the simple, the natural, the unaffected, and an abhorrence of all shams, whether of insincerity, affectation or deceit. Ridicule and satire may offend, but he is a true friend who shocks us with our own faults.

† † †

There is much to commend and more to admire in the majority of secret societies. At their very worst, they afford pastime and keep young men away from the streets and the saloon. In their more useful aspects, they usually promote a provident disposition by inducing a person in health to provide against sickness and adversity ; they inculcate a brotherly regard for the welfare of others, and a democratic spirit that recognizes no inequalities in the lodge-room, but permits of the mingling for the time being of persons of different degrees of culture and social rank, thus creating

a sympathy between the classes and the masses, and so, perhaps, raising the manners and the morals, the aptitudes and the aspirations of those who, without such stimulus, might be indifferent to their opportunities for advancement. The young fellow who regularly attends lodge meetings gains control of his tongue (unless he prefers to be squelched) and a facility in the public utterance of his thoughts—a very useful and desirable advantage ; he observes how public meetings are conducted, and should obtain a general knowledge of parliamentary usages ; he should acquire the courtesies and etiquette of social customs and intercourse in conversation and debate ; and, in noting the faults of others, guard against the same in himself. Moreover, he enlarges the circle of his acquaintance, and to a man in business this is of great value ; even to an employe it may be of service, for we cannot foresee the circumstances in which two persons who have once met will meet again. We ought always, therefore, to strive to make ourselves agreeable and obliging to others, if for no other reason than that we might thus be making a friend for the future. The popular man is ever he who keeps his own selfishness in the background and turns the best side of his nature to the public. The association of man with his kind is an education of itself, and the gentleman is he who is correct in his manners — in other words, who comports himself towards his fellows according to the Golden Rule. To the extent that secret societies afford the means for social intercourse unhampered by artificial restraints, and promote morality and the graces of some degree of refinement, to that extent do they present opportunities for self-knowledge and self-culture. Therefore, I consider that our boys owe it as a duty to themselves and society to join some reliable friendly association that combines with the social amenities the practical desideratum of sick

and funeral benefits, which in many cases save a man from pauperism.

† † †

I have received a lengthy communication from Frederick H. Beazley, Marston P.O., in which he advocates the formation of a society exclusively for Dr. Barnardo's girls and boys, who are to be styled respectively Ladies and Gentlemen, and are to conduct themselves as such "at all times and all places, and in all kinds of company." He suggests a ribbon of red, white and blue as a badge, the national colours, the red signifying no smoking or chewing of tobacco; the white, no swearing or foul language; and the blue, temperance. He thinks the entrance fee should be three dollars, this to include medical examination fee, and seventy-five cents per quarter dues, and from the payment of this small amount he proposes to pay sick benefits and a sum of \$250 at death, which could not be done. Dr. Barnardo is proposed as Supreme Grand Gentleman, Mr. Alfred B. Owen as Supreme Grand Vice, and the visiting agents as executive officers.

† † †

While this suggestion is not without its merits, information has just reached me that a society of our boys actually exists under the name and title of Barnardo Old Boys' Society, otherwise known as B.O.B.S.—Bobs. This, it seems, has sprung into vigorous being in Toronto quite recently, and by what I hear of the zeal of its promoters, it is likely to spread rapidly through Ontario and the North-West as a kind of fraternal grip which takes hold of a fellow and makes him feel in his bones that five or six thousand other fellows are willing and determined that he shall be their brother. The question now is: Can you give me the grip, and so prove yourself a member of what, I am told, is going to be a society that

will be worth the while of every old boy of Dr. Barnardo's to join? Bravo! for the Toronto boys for starting a good thing and booming it along. Say, you fellows out in the North-West, come in out of the cold, and I'll promise you a warm reception.

† † †

Mr. Owen has told me that a committee was formed to call upon him, and that he went fully into the matter with them. A president and secretary have been elected, rules adopted, and the advanced stage has been reached when a circular is to be prepared and sent throughout the Dominion to all who are eligible for membership. This circular, I presume, will set forth the aims and objects of the society, and state the conditions necessary to enrollment among the "Bobs," which are, for those who are eligible, the filling up of an application form and the payment of a small entrance fee of fifty cents. The annual gathering during the Exhibition week, to which hitherto all comers have been welcomed, will, after this, be the festival of the society, and the hospitality of the Homes will be restricted to its members, which, it is anticipated, will practically include all our boys of good character. As the number of our lads who do not come within the terms of this broad definition are extremely limited, it appears to me that scarcely any boy need be excluded who will brighten himself up.

† † †

This is a thing that ought to go like "hot cakes," and if it doesn't, I shall be very much disappointed. But it will; make no mistake about that. The right kind of chaps have taken hold of it, and they are the boys to make it go. See if they're not!

Dick Whittington

Life on the Western Plains

ONCE again it is the turn of that section of our big family whose homes lie to the Westward of Lake Superior to give us their experiences and views of things generally. It is just a year since we heard last in *UPS AND DOWNS* from our boys in the West, and during those twelve months their number has considerably increased, and those whose letters we reproduced or mentioned a year ago have been developing in wisdom and stature,

appointment of last. Our young correspondents, at any rate, have evidently not lost their spirits over the troubles of the country, and find no occasion to repine over their lot. Western air is not favourable to the "blues" at any time, and the exhilarating brightness of the atmosphere seems to communicate itself to those whose work keeps them a great deal in it, so that we cannot wonder that Manitoba farmers can still feel cheerful under somewhat



Prairie Pastures.

and, with very few exceptions, have made good, steady progress. It has not been a year of prosperity for the Western farmers. The promise of the Spring was magnificent, but the long drought of the Summer months, followed by weeks of heavy rains at the time of harvest, brought disastrous consequences. No one, however, seems to have lost heart or faith in the future of the country, and the farmers are looking forward to a good crop next season that will compensate for the failure and dis-

adverse and distressing circumstances.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may have forgotten our previous references to the development of Dr. Barnardo's work in the Western Provinces, we may again record that the Home in Winnipeg was established in the Autumn of 1896 as a branch distributing agency for boys from ten to thirteen years of age, and has, therefore, been in existence for rather over four years. Mr. and Mrs. David White were

appointed at the opening of the Home to the posts of Resident Superintendent and Matron, and have since filled these positions with a very large and gratifying measure of success. Mr. White has under his immediate charge the placing out of the boys who are consigned to Winnipeg, and of the correspondence and oversight of those placed in situations, while Mr. Struthers, who has been so well and widely known for many years past as Manager of Dr. Barnardo's great Industrial Home for Youths, near Russell, keeps a general oversight of the work, supervises all the accounts, and is appealed to in all matters of difficulty and importance. The permanent staff consists, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. White, of Miss Betts, the clerk and stenographer, and Mr. Newman, whose time is employed in visiting the boys, while during the last year the visiting staff has been strengthened by the employment for several months of Mr. Stanley Mitchell, who saw a great many little boys in their homes, and whose visits will, we are sure, be pleasantly remembered both by the boys and their employers. The Winnipeg Home was regarded at first somewhat in the light of an experiment, but it has long since outgrown the probationary stage, and we can now claim to regard it as a most successful and valuable outgrowth of our Canadian work. The building itself is not pretentious, but the house is roomy and well built, and it gives comfortable accommodation for parties of boys on arrival from the East, and at other times provides a shelter for the sick, lame, lazy or unfortunate whom we have to receive back under our charge. In all 880 have passed through the Institution up to the present date. Most of the boys have been transferred to Winnipeg after being boarded out for some years in foster-homes in Northern Ontario, while others have come direct from England. From the first commencement there has been a brisk and rapidly increasing demand for the

little boys who were to be placed, and from all parts of the Province of Manitoba, as well as from the Territories as far West as British Columbia, and Northward to Edmonton, Battleford and Prince Albert, applications have poured in in far larger numbers than could ever be supplied. As far as in us lies, we have sought to select good homes for our little lads—that is, places where they will be treated with humanity and consideration, will be under kindly and wholesome influences, and will be well trained for their future life in the West. There have been cases in which our judgment has proved to have been in fault, but we are thankful that these mistakes have been few and inconsiderable and have been promptly rectified, and at the present time we believe that we may say as nearly as possible of all our lads in the West that they are well provided for, and that their surroundings are conducive to their happiness, health and welfare. Their work is chiefly herding cattle—that is, until they are considered men enough to take a team in the field. Our boys in the East, accustomed to small fields and fenced enclosures, will have little idea what herding means. They will have to imagine the mighty prairies rolling in vast billows of grass as far as the eye can reach, and dotted here and there with bands of cattle or sheep, that graze and wander where and whither they like among the rich herbage of the prairie. The only limit of their wanderings is when they reach the breaking or the cropped land of the settlers. This cultivated land is often unfenced, but the herd law requires the owners of stock to send someone in charge of the animals to herd them and keep them out of mischief. The herd boy has a pony and rides off with his charge in the morning, generally taking his little dinner-pail with him, keeps them in sight during the day and brings them home to the corral in the evening. It is not a very hard or irksome occupation, and our little lads become expert horsemen and

thrive and flourish prodigiously on the fine fresh air of the prairie and the healthy, out-of-door life in which they pass the Summer months. In the fall and Winter there is, of course, no herding to be done, and whenever it is possible we stipulate for their attendance at school. In most cases they are engaged for terms of from four to five years, during which time they are boarded, lodged and clothed by their employers, and receive in cash at the end of the term a hundred, a hundred and twenty, or a hundred and twenty-five dollars, as the case may be. During the last two years of this apprenticeship they will probably have ceased to be herd-boys and will have learned to plough, harrow, drive the seeder, mower and binder, and become good farm hands, so that by the time they reach the end of their engagement they will have mastered the practical work of prairie farming, will know the country and its ways, and with the hundred dollars in the bank as a nest-egg for future savings, they will have received, as we think and believe, a start in life that most of them will turn to good account. And now having said this much of our Winnipeg Home and our Winnipeg boys, we must leave them to tell their own stories. We have again a famous budget of contributions telling of their experiences, and we thank them one and all for their letters, while not less are our thanks due to their employers, who, in many cases, have kindly taken the trouble to add a few lines to their little boys' letters, reporting upon their progress and conduct. The letters are well worth reading, and we flatter ourselves that they are proof positive and incontestable that the Canadian North-West is a fine country for Dr. Barnardo's boys and that our boys are proving themselves to be good, useful and successful settlers.

James S. Boucher writes from Rapid City, Man.:

I have been here for two years. I have been in my present place the last six months, and I am getting along splendid.

I look after twenty head of cattle, two horses, cut wood, milk cows and do the chores, and this Spring I am going to start in and plough and harrow. Mr. Palen is going to teach me to run the seeder, and I can rake hay, coil and build, Mr. Palen says, with the best of them. Any boy with ambition in him can get along well in Manitoba. I am more than pleased with my present home, and I hope in time to have a farm of my own in Manitoba. I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for fetching me out to Manitoba.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES STANLEY BOUCHER.

James Boiling, a contemporary in Canada of our friend, Boucher, says of himself:

I was herding all last Summer about eighty cattle and horses. The crops were very poor last Summer on account of the heat. We had 540 bushels. I have not much to do this Winter but to clean the stable and to help feed cattle and horses. I helped to put up about seventy tons of hay last fall. I have learned a lot about farming since I came here. I can plough, harrow, disc-harrow, rake hay and cut hay. I help to build the grain stacks.

Evidently both these Jameses have been making good use of their time since they landed in the West two and a-half years ago.

The same can certainly be said of Alfred A. Hinton, whose master, Mr. Jacob G. Fines, of Balmoral, Manitoba, reports of him thus:

I am very well satisfied with him. He is a very good boy, and he is willing to do anything that I tell him to do, and I can trust him. When I go away, he will have it done when I come back. If I had had my pick out of a hundred boys I don't think I could have got any better.

Alfred himself sends us a long and interesting account of his experiences, going back to his voyage from England and his life in Muskoka, where he was boarded out at Bracebridge with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nicholls, of Bracebridge, and evidently was a very happy little boy. On his first arrival in Manitoba he met with a misfortune common enough in those Northern latitudes in having one of his toes frozen, necessitating his return to Winnipeg and a brief stay in the hospital. We imagine, however, that Alfred has by this time become thoroughly acclimatized and has learned to take care of his toes as well as the rest

of his anatomy. He says of his present home :

My master is very kind to me. The crops were not very good last year. They averaged about five to twelve bushels per acre, but a lot of the grain got blown up in the Spring and the grubs ate a lot of it too. I like this country fine. I am in very good health and get plenty to eat and plenty of clothes, and I hope all the boys have as good a home as I have. There are some wolves around here, but we cannot get a shot at them. I had a pretty good time at Christmas, and I had lots of pudding. We go out hunting sometimes, and we sometimes get a lot of game. Last Summer we went fishing, but we did not get many fish.

Mr. Ezra Shaw, of Davin, the employer of Charles Jones, informs us that he is "polite and willing to do anything that he is told," and adds, "boys like Charlie are a credit to the Homes." Charlie himself writes a very cheerful report of his surroundings, concluding his letter with the remark that he is enclosing a dollar as a donation to the Homes.

Edward Haek writes from Grenfell that he likes his place very well, and says, "I am getting so that I can do anything on the farm—plough, harrow, milk and attend to the whole of the cattle."

Henry Thomas Hill, who also lives at Grenfell, tells us that he has been five years in Canada, "likes the country fine," and is doing well. Mr. Niblock, Henry's employer, reports of him that he is giving good satisfaction. Henry will have completed his engagement in the Spring, but Mr. Niblock will be glad to hire him again if they can come to terms.

Charles R. Elliott is another member of the Grenfell community, having struck that thriving little town in October last. The following are Charlie's first impressions of the land of his adoption :

I have only been in this country four months, yet I like it very well so far. The Winter has not been so cold as I was led to believe it to be. I like living on the farm much better than living in London. I knew nothing about farming when I came here first, but now I can milk very well and I feed the cows and horses and keep their stable clean. I can put the

harness on the horses and can drive them a little bit. I have a good, comfortable home here and like it very much, and am treated like one of my master's own family. My master has given me a photo of myself and one of my new home to send you for UPS AND DOWNS. ¶

Mr. Axford, with whom Charlie is living, says of him :

Considering that he knew nothing about farming before he came here, he has done very well indeed, and I am well pleased with him so far, and I have no doubt that he will "go ahead," as he seems anxious to learn and hopes some day to start for himself.

We should have been highly pleased to have reproduced the portrait of Charlie's smiling countenance



Charles, Arthur and George Dickason

and the comfortable-looking little domicile of the Axfords, but when they reached here these photographs, like all earthly things, were fast fading away, and we fear it would have defied the skill of any Toronto engraver to produce a creditable cut from them.

With the Dickason brothers we are more fortunate, and herewith present to our readers an excellent portrait of the trio. In doing so, we are pleased to be able to say of them that they are lads whose record has been in every way a credit to the Homes, and who, we

feel sure, will make their way in the country. George has lately written to us of himself to report progress, and says :

I look after seven cows and milk three. We have ninety-two altogether, but the other men look after them. We have nine pigs and thirty horses. I worked out in the harvest field all last Fall. I build loads for two teams, but we had so much rain, and it spoiled quite a bit of the wheat. Manitoba is a splendid wheat country. I went to school four months. I go to church and Sunday school about every fortnight, and I would go every Sunday if it was not so far away. It is seven miles away. I have not been sick since I came. I have been with Mr. Power for two years and four months now, and I shall stay with him as long as he wants me.

The following appears as a little foot-note to George's letter :

As I am foreman on the Power ranch, George is under my care quite a bit. He is a very obedient boy, and a boy that I can rely on. We like him fine. He seems to be very fond of animals and takes great care of anything put under his care.

Yours truly,
D. MILLS.

Charles has also written of himself as follows :

I am glad to say we are all quite well and enjoying a good deal of the comforts of life. We have been having a very nice Winter here, but there has been a lot of snow. We have fifty horses and sixty head of cattle stabled this Winter; but we have a large stable, and it is nearly all inside work, and we keep a fire going all the time. I am looking after a stable of twenty-five horses this Winter. They are all thoroughbred horses, and some of them are good race horses. We have one black mare that made the half-mile record for Manitoba in 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. She ran three heats better than 51 seconds. I am glad to say my brothers are getting along fine.

Need we say that it gave us the heartiest pleasure to receive the half dozen letters that follow from and about our young colonists :

OAK RIVER, January 28th, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN, -In regard to George Revell, I like him very well; he is a fine boy. He can do almost any kind of work, and he is very willing to do anything that there is to do. I would not like to do without him now. Yours truly,

JAMES BLACK.

I will try and tell you some of my experiences. I did not know anything about farm work when I came here, but I am gradually learning. My employer, Mr. Black, taught me how to plough and cul-

vate and roll the land. I help to feed the cattle, and attend the horses and milk the cows. Our school opens the first Monday of February. I intend going for a while. The school is only a short distance from here. I like Manitoba very well, and think it's a fine country with lots of work for everyone, and I hope some time in the future to have a home all my own. I will be fourteen years old February 22nd. I am growing to be a big, fat boy. My employer is very kind. He was married this Winter, so I have a mistress now, who is also very kind. Yours truly,

GEORGE REVELL.

WAPPELLA, January 28th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I like the country very much and I like the people very much. This is the country for boys who are not afraid to do a little work, and I am good and healthy. Yours sincerely,

ALEX. SIDNEY PODOCK.

DEAR SIR, - Alex. is improving greatly, although sometimes a little slow; but I suppose the very best of people have their faults. He was herding the cattle last Summer, and done very well. I think it would be hard to get a boy of his age to do better. Yours truly,

DAVID MILLER.

VALLEY P.O.

DEAR SIR,—I just write a few lines to let you know how I am getting along in this West country. I like this country very much, as I think it is the best country for a young fellow to make a living. If a boy has a will, he is sure to find a way up here. The soil is good, land is cheap, good facilities, in fact, everything that can be desired for a good start is found in most of the Territories. I came out here in the Spring of 1896, and have been working for Mr. Fry ever since. We live about ten miles South of Moosomin. I have to herd cattle in the Summer and work about the stables in the Winter. Mr. Fry and his sons have 640 acres of land between them. I can drive a team as good as any man. I disc sixty-four acres of breaking four times and plough about thirty. We have to haul our firewood from the Moose Mountain, about thirty-five miles. Takes about two days to make the trip. Give my love to all the boys and girls in the Home. I hope that they will be as lucky as what I was in getting a nice home. My brother, Henry, is living with a Mr. Roe. He is quite close to me. I see him every day. Give my best respects to Dr. Barnardo when you see him and tell him that I am proud to be one of his boys. The Lord bless him and keep him. Yours truly,

JOSEPH HARRIS.

As Joseph Harris is writing to you, I will put in a few lines about him. He has grown a big, strong boy, and I must say has conducted himself pretty well since he came to me. He will make a good

farmer, and I am sure will be a credit to the Home. He is very careful about his business and does it well. Is very truthful and obedient, in fact, we like him very well.

Yours truly,
MADDISON F. FRY.

SUMMERBERRY, January 28th, 1901.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I thought I would write you a few lines. I came out in August, and I like the country very much. I herded the cows last Fall, and this Winter I do chores morning and night and go to school. I am in the Second Book. The school is one and a half miles away. Sometimes I get a ride and sometimes I walk. My brother, Jabez, lives about eight miles from me.

ARTHUR ORCHARD.

I take pleasure in writing you a few lines concerning my boy, Arthur Orchard. Arthur has proved himself a trustworthy and honest boy since he came to me last August. He has traits of character that everyone admires in a boy. He is truthful and obedient and kind, and always good-natured. He always does his work well whether I am with him or not, and I have never known him to shirk his work. Arthur is growing this Winter, and is very stout and fat. This climate seems to agree with him first-rate. He loves to go to Sunday school and church, and looks forward to it all week. We find him very handy to help either outside or about the house, and would not care to be without him. I trust Arthur may grow up into a Christian young man, and be a credit to the Homes and his kind friend, Dr. Barnardo. Yours very respectfully,

EDGAR A. BOWERING.

ROCANVILLE, January 31st, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know that I like my place well. I can drive a team of horses, I milk two cows, and do other chores. I was learning to plough last Summer and I am going to learn to harrow in the Spring. I get lots of sleigh rides. I go to church with master and mistress when they go. I went to school last fall, and I had to walk three miles to school. There is no school in Winter, but I learn every night, so I don't have much time to spare to write many letters. I went to Wapella on Christmas Day with my master and mistress, and I had a good time with the boys that I know there.

Yours truly,
ALBERT WILLCOCKS.

DEAR SIR,—As Albert Willcocks is writing you, I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you that we have got a very good boy. He is honest and industrious and truthful. My little girl, two years old, is as fond of him as she would a brother, and he is good and kind to her. He is a far better dispositioned boy than we expected. We are well pleased with him and would not like to let him go for

any reason. As we have no school in our district, he learns all he can at nights. He says he wants to have a farm of his own when he is old enough, and so he will if he keeps on as he has done since he came to us last Summer.

Yours truly, MRS. U. HYDE.

January 30th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I like this country very much and think it is a good climate for health. It is very beautiful in Summer and the Winter very cold. There has been much stormy weather for the last few weeks. The snow is piled up like big walls. The roads are very bad and there are many people upsetting. The nearest village is four miles from my home, and that is where I go to church. I can see the train every day. It runs quite close by my house. I have been here nearly two years now, and I feel very happy. We are hauling firewood from the bush now. I am going to school to learn German. I have a mile and a half to go morning and evening. My master heard that Dr. Barnardo had visited Canada. We were very sorry that we could not see him. I am not ashamed of being called a Barnardo boy, but I am only too thankful for his work which he has done for me. This is all I have to say at present. I remain,

Your friend,
W. H. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in writing these few lines in regard to my boy, William H. Harding. He came to me August 12th, 1899. He is doing very well. He is learning to farm very fast. He can plough, harrow, feed stock, cut wood. I think it is a very good thing for this country. I am going to have another boy before long. I must say my boy is a credit to the Old Country. I have 389 acres of land, 130 under crop. I have seven horses, fifteen head of cattle, a number of pigs and chickens. I like this country well. I have been in this country twenty-six years. The Winters are a little cold, but dry and healthy. We are sending him to school to learn German. Excuse bad writing. I never learnt English. I remain, your friend,

JOHANN S. JANZEN.

I enclose one dollar for Dr. Barnardo's Home.

QU'APPELLE, N.W.T.

DEAR FRIEND,—I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines to you to tell you I am well and happy, hoping it to find you the same. I have been out in this country four years next first of June, and I have learnt quite a lot of new things. I can gang-plough and harrow and disc and rake. I have to herd the cattle when it is too wet to do anything else. Mr. Pollock wants me to stay with him this Summer and herd for him. He says he will give me forty dollars and my board and clothes for the year. I think I shall work for a

few years and make a little money and try to hunt up some of my old friends and try to get them to go to England with me for a visit; but I don't think I will stay very long. I am better out here than if I were at home, because I would only be a bother to my mother and wouldn't be learning anything - perhaps in the streets blacking people's shoes or something. With best wishes for a prosperous New Year to you all, I remain your sincere friend,

BERTIE RICH.

I take great pleasure in writing you a few lines regarding the boy, Bertie Rich, who has been employed for over a year. We have found him to be a good, trustworthy boy, and getting to feel quite a farmer. He can do most anything on a farm, and if he continues on as good as he has been with me he will be a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Home. Yours truly,

JOHN E. POLLOCK.

George Morris, writing from Baldur, Manitoba, tells us that he likes his place where he has lived for the past two years, that he has two little companions to play with, is going to school, is looking forward to a concert in the village, likes UPS AND DOWNS, and thinks he will close his letter with good wishes to all.

Michael Baker says:

I have been here three years now. I have got a good home. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are good to me. I go to school every day in the Winter. I have a mile to walk to go to church and Sunday school. We are four miles from Hargrave; that is where the church is. I got quite a lot of presents at Christmas. Mrs. Patterson gave me a watch and chain, and I can tell you that I was proud of it. We have nine horses and fifteen cattle. I help with the chores when I come from school. The crops were poor last year. We had a lot of bad storms and hail. George Neal lives half a mile from us, and we have great fun at night sliding down the hill. He is a Home boy. We are getting up a new house in the Spring. Mr. Patterson tells me I will make a good farmer.

Albert Green informs us that he is "getting along first-rate." He adds: "I have been here nearly two years now. We work 120 acres of land. I can handle harrow and drag harrow. I am treated as well as the others, and clothed as well. When I first came here I went to herding, and I liked it very well, and last fall I worked the team at harrow. I have to cut wood and

feed the pigs and take the cattle down to water. It is very cold up here. There is not much work going on now. There was a nigger concert here on New Year's Eve, and I acted as a girl, and there was a dance after, and I stayed all night."

Walter Marsland has contributed a matter-of-fact narrative of his experiences that includes certain occurrences that we cannot look back upon with unmixed satisfaction. However, Walter appears to be doing well in his present place, and, we have every reason to believe, will make a good Canadian citizen when he grows up.

Cyril Williams is a little lad from the South Norwood Schools who formed one of the last party, and these are, therefore, very early days of Cyril's experiences in Canada. He gives a very cheerful account of himself, however, and his master, Mr. James Higginson, of Westwood, writes of him as follows:

It gives me great pleasure to say that Cyril Williams is trying to do what is right. I have found him truthful and honest in every respect, and he does his work very satisfactory. I notice that he is growing very fast.

George Pike, another very recent arrival, tells us that he "likes the country first-rate," and thinks "Canada is a fine place." He is going to try his best; thinks he is already growing big and strong, and has already made up his mind to have a farm of his own.

Albert E. Mothersole says:

I am living with English people. I like my master and mistress. I have all I want to eat and drink. I don't have very much work to do. We had a very bad crop. We had two hail-storms, which done very bad damage. I liked herding last Summer, and had a good time at it.

Albert's employer, Mr. Tudge, adds a few lines to his letter, in which he tells us that he has no fault to find with Albert, and adds, "he is always willing to do what he is asked, and does all he can without asking."

We heartily congratulate our

young friend, Henry Coventry, on the excellent reports he is able to give of himself, and that his employer gives of him, in the following letters :

COTHAM, February 4th, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I am glad to write you again this year to tell you how I have been getting on and how much I like my life in this country. I have grown a lot and am able to do quite a lot of work. My master can trust me with a team now, and last Summer I did all the harrowing, helped with the hay, and built the loads. I like working outside much better than in the house. This Summer I hope to be able to drive the sulky plough with three horses. This Winter, when my master is away, I can feed the cows and water them, and look after the horses, and clean the stables out and milk. I have also had quite a lot of fun this Winter. I had a good time at the Christmas tree, and often go and play with the other boys. I like my home very much and am well and happy. I don't seem to know of anything else to say, so I will say good-bye.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY COVENTRY.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to add a few lines to Willie's (as we call him) letter. Am very pleased to be able to still say, as I said last year, that we are very pleased indeed with him. He does splendidly, is most willing, and, what is even better still, can be fully trusted. Have the satisfaction of knowing that when he is left to do any work by himself that it will be done as well as he can do it. If he continues in the future to do as well as he has up to now, I am quite certain that he will do well, and be a credit to himself, the Home and his present master. Yours faithfully,

H. H. WILLWAY.

Henry's little brother, William Ernest, has just been recalled from his foster-home in Muskoka with a view to his going up to be near him, and by the time this reaches our readers the two little brothers will be settled in the immediate neighbourhood of each other.

Alfred James Bowden sends us a budget of interesting news about himself and his doings, and is evidently a happy and thriving little lad. Mr. Herbert Sykes writes of him, as follows :

CARIVALE, N. W. T., Feb. 1st, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—As you wish to hear about our lad, I send you a few lines. Alf. is a good lad generally, small but all there, and, for the work I have, does well. He herds the cattle on the prairie part of the Summer, when the grass in the fields gets

short, and this Winter he helps Mrs. Sykes in the house and milks. I could not get him to school this Winter, as I would have liked. We tried all the places in town, and offered to pay his board, but could not get him in except at the hotel. I hope to have better luck next Winter, and will try to secure some place during Summer for the Winter. He attended school Summer before last, and my wife tries to give him lessons this Winter; but, as she says, he gets more meals than lessons. I conclude by saying we are well satisfied with our lad. He is a bright, good-tempered, obedient child, and all he is lacking is size.

Mrs. Jeffrey, of Dugald, Man., gives us her opinion of her little boy, James H. Reeves, that he is trusty, useful and well-behaved, and that he will make a good Manitoba farmer. James informs us that he likes living on the farm, doesn't mind the cold, and has lots of fun at school with the football.

John Carmody has compiled the following little narrative of his Canadian experiences :

MAPLE CREEK, ASSA., Jan. 21st, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—Just a few lines to let you know how I got along since I came to Canada in 1893. I went to Mr. Ward in Huntsville, Muskoka, where I stayed four years, and from there I was sent to Mr. Blenkin, Assa., where I stayed some time, and then I had to leave on account of my eyes being bad. Then I had to begin wearing glasses. I stayed a week or two in Winnipeg, then I was sent to Mr. Halstead, Millbrook, Man., and I have been with him nearly three years. Last Summer Mr. Halstead left Millbrook for the ranching country, so you see I have quite a lot of travelling about. There is some very beautiful scenery around here and we have a splendid climate. There are lots of wolves and wild game out here; we almost live on prairie chicken. Most of the people here are ranchers. It is a good country for cattle, they feed out all Winter. It is far milder than Manitoba. Just at present we have no snow. We had a heavy snow-storm two weeks ago, but the chinook came and took it all off again. I must tell you that I am in perfect health and quite happy in my situation. Mr. Halstead has taken a trip out West to see the country, and I am left in charge of all the cattle. I have thirty head of cattle and a team of horses to look after. So now I will close my letter. I remain,

Yours respectfully, JOHN CARMODY.

William F. Oakden, whose home is on a ranch among the foot-hills of the Rockies, writes from Macleod P.O., Alberta :

I have been here very nearly one year. I am pleased to inform you that I have enjoyed good health and like the country very well. The Summer was a bit hot and we had some mosquitoes, but one does not mind them much after getting accustomed to their habits. Master's horses were brought in from the prairie in the Spring, and I used sometimes to herd them on a pony, and therefore learned to ride horse-back. No doubt I shall do more of this work in the future, as I have grown a good bit and can manage my riding-horse better. Now during the Winter I help about the house and attend to the fowls. Although at the beginning of February, we have not yet had very much cold weather nor snow, but got big gales of wind called chinooks in the early part of the season.

We heartily congratulate Willie on having become accustomed to the habits of the mosquito. We confess that personally we have never succeeded in reconciling ourselves in any degree to the habits and customs of these insects, and when we meet them the attraction, which is great, is all on one side. Mosquitoes apart, we feel satisfied that Willie's lot is a happy one, and when we visit him again in the Spring we shall expect to hear only good accounts of him.

We have the same expectations of our jolly young friend, Charlie Brown, in his home among the Germans at Wetaskiwin. He writes us that he and his brother, Willie, are "getting on fine," and are now attending an English school, where the teacher, Mr. John McVicar, was once on the staff of the Homes in England. He sends numerous kindly greetings from our German friends, for which we sincerely thank him. We hope by the time we see them next May they will have reconciled themselves to the defeat of their friends, the Boers, for whom Charlie was so full of sympathy when we last met him.

Willie Dunent has some pleasant things to say about UPS AND DOWNS and further informs us that he is in good health, is going to school at present and likes to live in the North-West. His little brother, Frank Edward, will soon be on the way to join him, and it will be a very happy re-union for both the little

chaps, who have been separated since Willie was transferred from his Muskoka foster-home in Orillia, leaving Frank behind to have another three years' schooling.

Fred. J. White, a fifteen-year-old boy, who has lately completed his third year in the West, says:

The weather is not so cold this year as other years. The crops were very good this year. Soon the Spring will start again and then there will be no time to idle around. Now we have 149 head of cattle. We killed one cow for Winter and thirteen pigs. I like the country very well. I think I will stay at Mr. Christopp's till he kicks me out, but I like the place well and am getting along well.

We observe that Fred has ingratiated himself into the favour of the lady school teacher of the district, and that lady has very kindly added the following footnote to his letter:

I am at present teaching school at Strassburg and am boarding in the home of Fred. White's employer. Fred. is a bright, energetic and truthful boy. He is exceedingly willing, and seems to be very proficient at his work. Above all, he is happy and contented, which goes a long way. Fred. certainly seems to have a bright future before him. If all the boys are placed as happily as Fred. is, then Dr. Barnardo is doing a work that should render him blessed. Yours sincerely,

W. M. LITTLE.

Ernest C. Holden, a boy who went direct to the Winnipeg Home on his arrival from England in the Spring of 1897, has sent us a capital account of his work and of his impressions of the country. He writes:

My master says I am getting along well at farming. I have worked four horses in the gang-plough, harrows and the twenty-four horse seeder. I have raked all the hay since I came to Mr. McGhie's farm. Last year we did not get much hay put up, being so dry a season, but the year before we put up 145 loads. I and another fellow stocked for three binders. It was pretty hard work, but we managed to do it. Two of Mr. McGhie's sons have a threshing machine, so we do not stack our grain. I drove a team all threshing time. We had about 3,500 bushels of wheat and 1,400 of oats and 800 of barley. After threshing was over came the fall ploughing. I drove one gang and the hired man drove the other. Mr. McGhie has a lot of land to go over, for he has eight quarter-sections. When the frost stopped the plough there was a break in the work, for

nothing could be done till snow came. Now, as it is Winter, I do nothing but chores. There are thirty-eight head of cattle, twenty-two horses, six sheep and fifteen pigs to look after, so there won't be much feed left by Spring. We draw all the straw into a back yard for the cattle. I do not like choring around as well as working in the field, but I suppose Spring will be on soon. That is all I have to say about farming in the meantime, but I am going to say something about home. This Christmas I got more letters from home than I ever got since I came here. My brothers and sisters all want me home, but I have not made up my mind to do so yet. I have a notion to take up a farm in this country. I think the atmosphere is very healthy in Manitoba. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Arden, Man. ERNEST C. HOLDEN.

We are much pleased to have a good report from Alfred Allen, who, his mistress, Mrs. Calvert, tells us, is "doing very well," has "turned out a splendid milker," and in other respects "has wonderfully improved." This is what Alfred has to say for himself :

I am getting on fine. I like my place very much. My master and mistress are very kind to me. I have six cows to milk and water. We have six horses and twenty head of cattle and one pig. I have to do the chores. I can feed the cattle now. I came to this country in 1899. I like this country better than England. I can ride a horse now. I am going to learn to drive a team next Summer in our rake. I am going to haul loads of hay. I go to Sunday school. I went to a Christmas tree, and one of the gentlemen put a present on the tree for me. I have grown to a big boy—everybody says so. You won't know me when you come round to see me in April. I would not like to go back to Stepney again, because anyone can make a living in this country. It is a good, healthy country. Of course, it is cold in the Winter. I don't mind about the cold. Dear Mr. Owen, I have not any more to say at present. I will have more news to give you in April. Wishing the Home every success, I remain your sincere friend,
ALFRED ALLEN.

Reginald G. Taylor is evidently living in the full whirl of advancing civilization, as his letter tells us that a branch railway runs within a quarter of a mile of his employer's house, and that there are three trains a week over the line. Despite the distracting effect of this rush of passing traffic, Reggie seems to be

in good health and able to attend to business, herds sheep in the Summer and does chores in the Winter. He informs us with evident pride that his master has a team of driving horses that take prizes wherever they go, and that his master is equally fortunate with his thoroughbred sheep.

William G. Roberts has evidently made a good start in the country. His employer, Mr. Gregory, of Beaver Dale, in the Yorkton district, reports that he is making steady progress, takes an interest in his work, is truthful and honest, and "very handy in doing chores." Willie writes of himself :

I arrived in Canada last April. I came out on the ship called *Cambroman* with over 200 boys. My brother and I and two other boys came from the Jersey Home. The next day thirty-seven of us were sent up to the Winnipeg Home, and then sent out to our situations. I am glad to tell you I have got a comfortable home. I like my place very much. We have some very cold days in the Winter. There is lots of snow on the ground now. My work is doing the chores. I have learned to milk and saw wood. I tried to do a little gardening last Summer, such as sowing seed and weeding. I am going to have a garden this year. We had a very dry Summer; some days the mosquitoes were very bad. I am saving all my money to buy a calf. My master says he is going to keep it for me. My mistress is going to give me a hen and a set of eggs to raise some chickens. I am glad to say I am feeling a little stronger than when I came out here. I hope I will be able to do lots of farming this Summer. This is a splendid country for boys.

From the neighbourhood of Oxbow, that has been one of our happy hunting-grounds for some time past, and where we have a fine little settlement of boys, we have received the following four letters that will be read with interest, and which suggest that the writers are good boys in good places :

I live about six miles North of the town of Oxbow. I can see the train every day from here. I will soon be here a year, and am very happy and pleased with my place. I have only one mile to go to church, school and Sunday school, which I attend regularly. I am now in the Third Book. I got the prize for good attendance last Summer. We had a Sunday school picnic, at which I enjoyed myself very

much. I learned to drive three horses last fall and harrowed for a few days with them. My master said it was all right. I have not many chores to do, there being just three horses and five head of cattle and fifty fowls to attend to. My master had 225 bushels of wheat and 170 of oats. The crops were very poor in this part of the country this year. In the Summer we milk four cows. My mistress milks two and I two. I think there are very few boys who have as good a home as I. In the Winter my master puts on the fire, and when it is going good he calls me. At Christmas I had all the turkey and plum pudding I could eat and the same on New Year's, which, you know, me being English, was no small portion.

Yours truly,

HENRY LAWRENCE.

of ducks on the river. There is a lot of wolves around where we live. We are going to put in 200 acres of wheat and oats, and I can stock wheat and pitch on the loads. There was poor crops last Summer. We expect better ones next Summer, so I will be able to give you a better account of the country the next letter I write to the UPS AND DOWNS.

Yours truly,
JOHN WATSON.

February 4th, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—In answer to your letter, I now take the pleasure in writing you a few lines. I am getting on first-rate, all but breaking a few articles. Dear sir, I came out here in 1898. I came across the ocean on the good old ship, *Labrador*, and we landed at Quebec, where we took the C.P.R. to Winnipeg, which



A Calgary Cattle Corral.

Mr. Wiggins, Henry's employer, has added a little note to Henry's letter, in which he says :

He suits me very well, being very willing to do his work. Of course, he is, like most other boys, a little forgetful at times, but on the whole, he does very well.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to you, hoping you are well. I like the country fine, and I can milk cows, and the Winter is pretty rough, and I can plough and harrow, and I herded 100 head of cattle with a pony, and I went to day school and also Sunday school in the Summer. I like the place that I am at, and there is a lot

was a three days' trip. When we got to our landing place we were all glad to stand on solid ground again. We stayed in Winnipeg three days, and then I was sent to my destination, which was Mr. Gregson. When I was going home—for that is what I call it—I did a lot of talking and asking questions about those little gophers, which were quite strange to me. When I arrived it was dinner-time, and I done justice to everything that was on the table. After dinner I went out to explore the farm. It was haying-time, so I went out to help them draw in. It was so hot that I could hardly work. They—the man and Mr. Gregson—kept telling me about the mosquitoes ; but I could not

make out what they were; but they told me to wait and see, so I waited patiently, for I wanted to see. Pretty soon some little flies settled on me. They were very bad that night. Mr. Gregson began laughing, and all at once the mosquitoes began to bite so wicked it kept me slapping my face and hands; but after a while I quit slapping myself, but I was just covered with lumps. Then the harvest began and then the Winter. We had to cut a lot of wood, and we cut 300 cords of wood. I like the country fine, all but the Winter; but it is healthy, and that is the best part of it. We have two men this Winter, and we are cutting a lot of wood. I must now bring my letter to a close with best wishes to Dr. Barnardo and all the girls and boys of the Home. I think this is all this time. Yours truly,

ERNEST S. BUCKINGHAM.

DEAR SIR,—I have been with Mr. Langrish three years now. If I had my choice, I would prefer Canada every time. The valley is very pretty in the Summer. We have the river only 200 yards to the house. I am getting quite a farmer now. I ploughed seventy-five acres last Summer. It was rather hot last June; it was so hot we could not plough. We had 400 bushels of wheat and 1,800 bushels of oats. We had 130 bushels of oats to the acre. We have six horses and a colt, and thirty head of cattle and two pigs. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I like Mr. and Mrs. Langrish very much. I get plenty to eat and some warm clothing. Mr. Langrish gave me a watch this Christmas for a present. I have a fine time on the river skating, playing hockey sometimes. I think I must close my letter now; it is ten o'clock, and I must go to bed now. With best wishes, I remain, yours truly,

ARTHUR WILLIAM PIDDOCK.

Our esteemed friend, Edward S. Dudman, tells us:

I have been in Canada over three years, and it does not seem to me so long as it is. I am among the Germans, and they are a God-fearing people. I have not much to do in the Winter as feed the cattle. I can talk German better than English, and this is a very good country for the Barnardo boys. They learn all farm work, ploughing, raking and so forth. Mr. White has been out here two times, and I have got from him two letters. In the village is a school and church, and the children go to school in the Winter, and they go every Winter till they are fourteen years of age.

Along with Edward's letter is one from his master, Mr. Jacob Wilb, in which he says a great many kind and flattering things about his boy; but the letter, being in German, would not be intelligible to the majority of our readers if it were

reproduced, and they must accept our word for its contents.

Alfred C. Ellis writes from Indian Head that he has had a fine time since he came to Canada, has gained sixty pounds in weight, is growing strong and big and can do a great many things that he couldn't do at all when he came out.

William J. Pearce is having "fine times" at school this Winter, and evidently is happy and thriving generally.

Freddie Holmes tells us that he is "making money every day" from the small premium his mistress allows him upon the products of the poultry yard. He says, "we live in a very pretty place close by a large lake; it is a large brick house. I have a nice room all to myself and a good warm bed." Mr. Calvery, with whom Freddie is living, adds a note to his letter, in which he reports that the little lad is doing very well and that they all like him.

Henry Curtis writes:

I am quite well and I am getting along nicely. I like the country very well. I have thirty-six head of cattle to look after, and it keeps me busy. I have a good home here, and they use me like one of their own. If there is anything going I always go to it. I always drive a team all Summer. I went to the Winnipeg Fair last Summer.

Mr. Walter Kerr, of Seldon, passes his verdict upon the character and conduct of our young friend, John James Burton, as follows:

I cannot say but what I have always said. John is a good boy and a good worker and can be trusted, truthful and honest, and there was never better ever sailed from old England.

Johnny himself sends us a very sensible and cheerful little account of his surroundings, and although he is evidently discouraged by the failure of his master's crops (the entire crop seems to have been destroyed by hail), he is looking forward hopefully to the future. He is already a stockman on a small scale, being the owner of a pony, a cow and two ducks. No wonder Johnny can say, "I am glad I am a

Barnardo boy and have come to Canada."

Mr. John M. Morris, of St. Charles, gives us the satisfactory news of Frank Francis that he has never given any cause of complaint, and he adds: "If all your boys turn out as I have every reason to believe he will, they will make good and useful subjects."

Frank himself relates his experiences in rabbit-catching, and gives us some interesting little details of his life on the farm, concluding by informing us that he is looking forward to taking up a homestead of his own when he is a little older.

Henry Rolfe gives a tragic account of the damage wrought by a hail-storm, that, according to his description, carried away houses and barns and destroyed the crops over a large area. Nevertheless, Henry has a good word for Manitoba, that he thinks is a good country both for boys and wheat.

Little six-year-old Cyril Milson has been practically adopted by an excellent couple at Forest, Manitoba, and his foster-father, Mr. Arlon Hamilton, describes him as a fine, manly, cheerful, intelligent, healthy boy. His brother is living in the same district, and they occasionally meet. Mr. Hamilton remarks: "There is plenty of room for all the boys of his stamp that you can bring out."

We must heartily congratulate our young friend, Ernest Basingthwaite, upon the very satisfactory extracts we are able to quote from the following letters that we have received from himself and his employer:

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to say how I am getting on at farming in Canada. I have been here for two years 8th next April, and I have two more years to spend here. I like this place all right, and I cannot grumble at anything, neither the people nor work. I can plough, harrow and lots of other things.

I am very pleased to say that Ernest is a very truthful and good boy. He is a very good worker and will do all he is able, and we cannot look for more. We are all very fond of him.

ROBERT LEFLEY.

Willie Howard gives a cheerful little account of himself that shows that he is contented and happy in his home. Claud Leopold likes his place and "can stand the cold fine." Arthur Porter thinks the boys are "much better here than in England," and tells us that he himself gets a good living, is well treated and has a chance to learn something. He adds:

When I came to Canada I knew nothing about farming. In the first place I could do nothing but look about, but I got to work doing chores. My first charge was to feed the fowls and carry wood into the house, then I got charge of the pigs. It took me some time to learn to feed so that the animals would not waste food; but I was shown a few times and told all about it, and now I can manage very well. I have been here a little over a year, and I now have charge of fowls, pigs and cattle, and I am learning to handle the horses, and I expect some day, if I am spared, to have a farm of my own. I like the work and I think it is the most independent kind of life that a man can live. We raise nearly everything that we need to live on.

Altogether Arthur's letter, which is evidently quite his own production, is a most sensible, as well as remarkably well-written contribution, and shows that our young friend has a shrewd, level head on his small shoulders.

Henry Thorne tells us of his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, "They think a lot of me, for I am the only child" This is fully confirmed by Mr. Smyth himself, who says, "Henry is setting a good example for the Barnardo boys, and there will be a number of applications from this part this Spring."

Bernard Jarvis has given us such an intelligent and graphic account of his experiences that we must reproduce his letter in full. Evidently Bernard has found the West a land of plenty, and when we read in his letter of the consumption of beef, bacon, ducks, chickens and et ceteras, we were quite prepared for the information that his master is an Englishman, and, we should imagine, one of the right good sort:

STANLEY GRANGE, MOOSOMIN,

January 30th, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me the pleasure to write to you. You will be pleased to hear I am well and happy, and getting on well at farm work. I have lots to do. My master has lots of cattle, horses and sheep, and I help him to feed them, and when my master goes to town with wheat, I have to do them alone. I am looking forward to Spring when we can work on the land, as I like to drive the horses at plough and other work. We shall have a lot of grain to sow, as we have three farms, 160 acres each. We had a good Christmas and lots of nuts and candies. I would like the boys in the Home to live in a farmhouse. We get lots of bacon and good food. This fall my master and I killed a beast, three pigs, twenty ducks, thirty chickens and turkeys, and we get lots of prairie chickens and jack-rabbits, all for our own eating. In Summer-time we kill sheep as we want them and hang the meat in the well to keep fresh. I have never been ill since I came here. I don't like the Winters, when there is so much snow, and the blizzards are a caution! We had a good granary full of wheat last fall, but the wet weather damaged it. My master has only made fifty-eight cents a bushel for it, but we have half of it to sell yet, so may be it will make a little more on to Spring. We sold a fat cow to a butcher in Moosomin. She weighed 1,270 lbs. My master and I took her in, and there was lots of snow. I like being among the young calves and lambs, and we generally have a foal. I hope to get to be a farmer myself. Sometimes my master teaches me all kinds of work, and I shall be able to manage a farm when I am old enough. My master is an Englishman, and we have some nice talks about the Old Country. He has a sister living in Nottingham. Her husband is a Wesleyan minister, and my master has asked his sister to call and see my mother. I shall be pleased if she does. My mother would like me to go home, but I can get on better here. I don't forget how poor we were when I was there. With kind respects, I am, my dear sir,
Yours respectfully, BERNARD JARVIS.

A year ago we published a letter from Edwin Priest, and during the twelve months that have since elapsed Edwin has evidently made good headway. Mr. David Wood, of Elkhorn, with whom Edwin is learning his business as a Manitoba farmer, writes of him as follows :

I might just say that he has grown to be quite a big fellow. He is a good boy. He is very steady and never neglects his work. I think he will make a good man, and I am sure he will get along well in this country.

Edwin himself writes :

I am getting along very well. In the Summer I drive three horses and a sulky plough. Last Summer we Summer-fallowed 100 acres with two three-horse teams. I can also harrow, and last Summer I drove the horses on the mower. We are going to put in 200 acres of wheat in the Spring, forty acres of oats and a little barley. We always have a nice garden. We keep quite a few stock, six horses, ten head of cattle, two pigs, 100 hens. I can milk cows. I like doing chores very much. My master owns a John Abell's Toronto Advance steam threshing outfit. I was drawing water for the engine last fall. We were out threshing about a month. I liked it fine. I have the job of starting the fire in the Woodville Presbyterian Church, and I have to go an hour before service so as to have the church nice and warm. I like the country very much. It is a little cold in the Winter, but the Summer is so nice that we forget all about that. I would rather live here than in England, as it is much easier for a boy to get along here, and if he works good, he can easy make a good home for himself. I intend to get a farm as soon as I am able.

Willie Lane evidently dreads the Manitoba cold ; but we fancy he is making the worst of things when he says, "If you put your nose outside it will pretty near take it off you." Nevertheless Willie proceeds to say that he is having a good time, that his health and appetite are good, and sums up by the philosophic remark that he "can't kick." When an Englishman can't find anything to kick at, we are justified in concluding that there is not much the matter with his lot in life, and we can set Willie down to be all right in spite of having his nose nipped by the cold.

Frank Harvey thinks Canada is a first-rate country and informs us that he is feeling "stronger than ever." Mr. Keating, with whom Frank is living, adds a little note, in which he speaks highly of Frank's usefulness to him and mentions that when he was cutting his grain there were some days when Frank shocked right up to the binder, which, he remarks, was pretty good for a boy like him. We quite agree with Mr. Keating, and we think he may be congratulated on having a very good man on his farm.

We should imagine from Master Joseph Hardwick's letter that the

commercial instinct is rather strongly developed in that young gentleman's mind. He expresses his opinion that Manitoba is a "good country to make money," and in support of this opinion he refers to the fact that in the Summer the cattle are turned loose on the prairie, where they cost nothing, while the hay for their Winter feed grows wild, and also "costs nothing only the labour to cut it." "In this way," says Joseph, "a person can save a great deal of money, so I think Manitoba is the best place to live in."

John Tyler, whose home is at Buffalo Spring Creek, West of Innisfail, Alberta, has rather a gloomy story to tell of the failure of the crops in that section and the difficulties of harvesting; but as far as he himself is concerned, he is evidently doing well, and indeed we might be accused of flattering Master John over highly if we were to give our own opinion of his good qualities of head and heart. Suffice it to say that we have no misgivings as to John turning out a credit to the Homes and a good citizen the Western Province.

Charles Vestey found the difficulties of herding considerably increased by the scarcity of water, which made it necessary to drive the cattle a long distance. He is to take part in some private theatricals that are being got up by some young folk in the neighbourhood, and he informs us that in the performance of his part he has to die. In the meantime, however, he is evidently very much alive and generally on good terms with himself and the world.

Herbert Girdler gives an interesting account of the progress of events in the neighbourhood of Osler, in the far-distant province of Saskatchewan. He tells us they are having a fine Winter out there, although occasionally stormy. The crops were poor last season, but Herbert and his master are not out of business yet, and evidently mean to be on deck for another year. He says:

I ploughed about sixty acres last fall, so we will have a lot ready for Spring. We have it all harrowed too. We have got twenty acres more to plough. We intend to put in fifty-five acres of wheat and twenty of oats and barley and five for gardening. We intend to put in a lot of turnips this Spring and a lot of potatoes, if we can.

We have to thank Fred Anderson, not only for a very interesting letter, but for a dollar that he enclosed as a donation to the Homes. Mr. Simon Anticknap, of Regina, with whom Fred is living, writes of him:

He is a smart lad and I would not be without him. He is just like one of our own. The children and he get along well, and my wife thinks there is no lad like him. He does whatever he is told and he is very truthful. I made him a present of a calf and I gave him a watch for Christmas. I will give him all the schooling I can. I did not get much myself, and I know the want of it.

Fred E. Williamson reviews the season's operations and his own share of them as follows:

I am very fond of farming. I was ploughing all Spring, and after we got through seeding I ploughed eighteen acres of Summer fallow twice, and then we went to the hay. We had poor luck with it. We only put up fifteen tons where we should have had about sixty tons. It makes us very short of feed. After we got through haying, we had about 110 acres of grain to cut. My master's son cut forty-five acres and I cut the rest. After we got through cutting, my master and I did the stacking alone. I didn't manage to get any fall ploughing done. We will have to hustle in the Spring to catch up with our behind work. My master has twenty-two head of cattle, ten horses, nine pigs and lots of fowl. Most of the people around here do mixed farming. We have had lots of snow-storms this Winter. Last Winter we had no snow hardly. It has been very cold this last week or so. My master's son and I hauled the hay with two teams. We have about twelve miles of a draw. I like teaming very much. We haul wood with two teams, too. I had a very pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year. I enjoyed myself very much. I have been hauling straw and wood myself this last two weeks. Our feed is short. I hope we will have a better Spring this year.

Howard Oakley is a little "Brumagem" lad from last Summer's party, and we learn from Howard's letter that he is very happy in his new home. Mr. Donald Paterson, his employer, writes:

DEAR MR. OWEN,—With regard to H. Oakley, I am well satisfied with him. He is becoming very useful around. He is quite happy all day long; never seems to have felt lonesome since he came here. He takes a deep interest in his Sunday school studies; also in the day school work. I am going to give him all the show possible for going to school.

We are reminded by Henry Harris' letter that life on the prairies isn't all fun and sunshine. Henry says he likes herding, but "when you get wet through to the skin it is miserable," and he thinks harrowing is nice work unless it gets windy and the dust rises and blinds him. Well, Henry, a soaking to the skin and a blinding with dust are not pleasant in any part of the world, but Manitoba is not the only country where these troubles have to be endured. There is nowhere that the roses grow without thorns or the cherries without stones. March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers, and though neither the winds nor the showers are pleasant while they last, we must bear them cheerfully, looking forward to the flowers and the harvest and remembering that the good hand of our God is over it all.

Ernest Whittingham, whom his master, Mr. Gray, of Franklin, Manitoba, describes as a "good Canadian and a credit to Dr. Barnardo," informs us that he intends to stick to farming. His master is often away, and Ernest tells us that he is "boss" of the place during his absence and has everything under his charge. Mr. Gray confirms this and writes that he is not afraid to leave things in Ernest's charge, as he "always does his work as he is told."

John James Smith likes working on a farm, "knows quite a bit about stock," and thanks Dr. Barnardo for bringing "us boys and girls" to such a good country. He has made up his mind to take up a homestead for himself as soon as he is old enough.

Alfred Boyd has been in "excellent health" since he came to Canada four years ago and says he has

grown like a weed. Mr. Angus Beaton, of Kissina, Alfred's employer, has added the following to his letter:

DEAR SIR,—As Alfred Boyd wishes me to say something on his behalf, I can say about him that he is a good boy, and a very industrious boy, and a boy that can be depended upon. No doubt some of your boys meet with hard cases of employers, and that is how some of the poor boys happen to get a bad name.

Yours respectfully, ANGUS BEATON.

George J. Millard informs us that he stands five feet in height, tips the scale at 120 lbs., likes the country, and thinks it is the very place for young boys and young men. His home is near Lorlie, thirty-five miles North of Wolseley Station on the C.P.R.

Thomas Crouch gives a cheerful little account of himself that suggests that he is passing his first Winter in Canada very happily. Thomas Marsh has, amongst other accomplishments, mastered the art of knitting, and informs us that he has knitted himself two pairs of mitts this Winter. His mistress tells us that he is "strong and healthy and getting on nicely."

Alfred Saunders has not had "the best of luck" since coming to Manitoba, complains of the cold and has had a narrow escape of being kicked by a horse. None the less he tells us that he has "got along very well" in his present place, so that we may hope Alfred will have a less doleful report to give of himself when we next hear from him.

There is nothing doleful about the following that we quote from a well-written little letter that has come to hand from Willie J. Wedgwood:

I like farming very much. I have to feed cattle and only one horse. We use oxen instead of horses. If I was asked which I liked best, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada. All the time I have been in Canada I have been in good health. I have a very good place, and I have enjoyed being in Canada. I have learned to drive the oxen and the horse. I like working with stock very much, since I have been accustomed to them. I haven't found Canada so cold as I thought it was. So far, I have seen many strange things in Canada which I never thought of in the

Old Country. I have had rides in the sleighs, and never seen them nor rode in them before. I had a ride in the electric car, and it was very wonderful to me.

Miss Clemis, of Morris, says of Willie :

I take pleasure in writing you a few lines regarding the little boy, Willie Wedgwood, we got from the Winnipeg Home. He has been with us six months now. He is getting to be a useful boy at farm work, and have found him truthful and honest, and he is very good-natured and tries to do anything I ask him to do.

Fred Robinson, writing from High Bluff, says he is glad he "struck this place," where he has a "great old time." He encloses his photograph, which we should have been greatly pleased to reproduce if we could have done justice to it; but as it is, our readers must take our word for it that Fred's looks are "all right" and that he has quite the appearance of a boy who is having a "good time."

John T. Blake contributes an exceedingly interesting account of his experiences that we wish we could publish in full. We must be content with saying that during the last few years John has gained forty-five pounds in weight, a great deal of valuable experience, an excellent character from his employer, and a good name in the neighbourhood. Messrs. Shuttleworth, of Cordova, to whom John is apprenticed, express their opinion of him that he will be an "honour to the Homes."

Walter Copping is well and happy and likes the people, a liking that, we are pleased to observe, is cordially reciprocated. Mr. John Macdonald, writing of him, says he is improving every day, making himself useful and willing to do as much as he is able. "He is fond of handling the stock and very kind to the horses."

Thomas J. Whitt has delivered himself of the following summary of his views of the country and of his individual experiences therein :

I came out to Manitoba in 1897. I think Manitoba is a healthy country, as there is plenty of work for boys, and freedom. I

was in Greenway three years with Mr. Martin. I then came to Altamont. I am staying with my present employer, who is a bachelor. Well, I have learnt to "bach" and cook my own meals once in a while. I am having a good time at present. I am supposed to do the chores in the Winter. We are having a fine Winter this year. We have plenty of snow. Well, I must tell you about an elk. As we were going to the stable, we happened to look at the top of the field, we saw a big elk standing there with his side to us, and one of the young men of the house shot him through the body. He made fine eating, and was reckoned the first of the season. I am going to Sunday school. I have only missed about nine Sundays in four years. I attend the English Church. With kind wishes for all the boys and cheers for our King and Dr. Barnardo, I remain, dear sir, yours very respectfully,
THOMAS J. WHITT.

Charles J. Magowan, one of our Pheasant Forks contingent, wishes every boy in Canada had as good a place as he. Herbert Nunn is with the postmaster at Pasqua, and fetches the mail every morning from the train. His master's crop was almost a failure last year; but he adds, "We have had a lovely Winter so far; the horses are running out all Winter."

Willie Russell is "as happy as the flowers in June," has been to school three Winters and hopes some day to have a "farm of my own and some of the boys to help me."

Robert Hancock likes farming, likes living in the North-West, thinks it is a good country and a place where anybody can make a living if they try. Joseph Murray can do his chores "without any trouble," has "lots to eat and drink, lots of good clothing and there is lots of wolves on the prairie." Mr. Freeman, Joseph's employer, adds, "We all like Joe; he is a very good boy and kind to the children. He attends English Church service every Sunday and Sunday school."

Albert Burfoot has lately been transferred to a fresh situation, and the change would appear to have been for the better, as he tells us he has learned more in the three months he has been with Mr. Sutherland

than in the eighteen months he spent at his previous place. Mr. Sutherland writes :

For the short time Albert has been here he has done very well, and if he continues to improve as he has done in the past he will soon be very helpful.

James T. Towner is described by his master as "a good, honest, hard-working boy and one who tries to do his best." James thinks he has got in with nice people and is "delighted to be out in this wild and woolly West." He sensibly observes, "If the boys in England only knew what is good for them, I think they would come out to this country. Life is so free and easy. I have been here nearly a year, and when I am twenty-one I am going to do my best to get my little brothers and sisters out here with me. Everyone thinks the younger an Englishman is when he comes to this country, the better it is for both him and the country."

John W. Batkin thinks the country must be healthy, as he has only been sick two days in four years. Richard Champion is "having a very good time and getting along all right," although last Summer a cyclone struck the section in which he is living, destroying his master's crop and overturning the neighbour's barn, 160x30 ft., as well as wrecking his house.

Joseph Windred likes his place very well, can harness and drive the team and last Summer did all the raking. The calf that Mr. Griffiths (his master) gave him is thriving, and so we imagine is its owner.

Thomas Collins has been three years in his present place, is growing, learning to plough, likes the country and does not think he will ever want to go back to England.

Joseph H. Eaves hauls cream in the Summer and is learning to be a buttermaker. Mr. and Mrs. Holden are very kind to him, and he thinks Manitoba is a far better country to live in than England.

Of the following letters we can only say that we are sure our

readers will appreciate the interesting little description they give of life and work in the West:—

BROOMHILL, February 4th, 1901.

ALFRED B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to receive your letter of 19th inst., and I will now try to give you as much about myself and experience of the past year as I can. As you know, when I arrived in this country the Spring of 1897, I was with Mr. T. Noon, near Virden, where I remained for three years until last Spring, when I left him and came South of Reston and hired with Mr. W. E. Oberlin, and I am still there, and I like my situation splendid, as they are kind to me. I am glad to say that this last year I have learned a lot of work, such as ploughing, harrowing, disking, driving the mower and hay-raking, coiling hay and stooking grain, and I can load very good. But I have lots to learn yet. I have been going to school from the time it froze up until holiday, and I expect to go again as soon as it opens, which will be February 10th, and, if nothing happens, I will go until Spring work begins. I have very little work to do this Winter—scarcely enough to keep me out of mischief. I think this is all I can tell you this time. From your obedient servant,

WALTER L. CHAMBERS.

BROOMHILL, February 9th, 1901.

MR. A. B. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—One of your boys, Walter L. Chambers, has been with us since May 3rd, 1900, and I take much pleasure in recommending him as a good, steady, trustworthy boy, though very small in stature. He is very active and willing to learn; he is very fond of church and Sunday school, which has made him quite a favourite in the neighbourhood. We have taken a great interest in him and are sending him to school this Winter to improve his education, and he seems glad of the chance. Yours truly,

W. E. OBERLIN.

BINSARTH, MAN., Feb. 5th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines to you, hoping you are quite well. I received your letter last mail-day, and was very glad to hear from you. Now I must tell you about my experience. I came out from England in 1894 and went to Muskoka to a man named Mr. Brieese, and I thought that they were very kind to me. The work I done was to do nothing but to look after geese and hens, and I thought it was great fun to be chased with the gander, for he was such a cross one; and in the Winter I went to school, and when I was done there, I thought it was all fun; and it is pretty near all work now, but I do not have much more to do than do the chores and to cut a little wood. I was in Muskoka four years, and then I left there and went to Toronto, and was in there about a week, and then left for Winnipeg, and I

was in Winnipeg two days; and I left there and went to a man called Wm. Douglas, and I was in there eighteen months; and I left there, for I had a pain in my side; and I went to the Winnipeg Hospital, and I was in there nine days; and I went to the Winnipeg Home, and was there three weeks; and then I was sent to a man called Robert Calvert, near Binscarth, four miles out of town. It is a very nice place. I do not have much to do but to herd the cattle and milk in the Summer, and to go to school in the Winter. I am a quarter of a mile off of school, and I go every day. There are just ten scholars going to it, but they are not rough; they are good children and kind. We have fun playing and wrestling. I am the boss of them all. None of them can put me down. We have twenty-three

I herd in Summer about fifty head of cattle and nine horses. I have a nice dog, and I like to herd in Summer. There are lots of ducks and prairie chicken and gophers. We had a bad hail-storm. I was out with the cattle; one of the stones hit my dog and made it howl. Some of the stones were almost as big as hen eggs. I like Canada very well, and I hope to have a farm of my own some day. I don't feel the cold as bad as last Winter. I got my nose frozen once when driving the cattle to the well, but it never felt sore at all. Now I will conclude, hoping that Dr. Barnardo and all helping in his work will have a bright and happy New Year.

JAMES SIDNEY SMITH.

WAPELLA, February 8th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—This to say that James



A Calgary Sheep Ranch.

head of cattle, three horses, wagons, sleighs, cutter, covered buggy, seventeen hens, four ducks. We did not have a crop this year, for the boss is going into raising cattle. I like the country fine, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here, for I think I am better off now than I ever was; and I think that if every boy does things right, they ought to get along well too, for you will never earn anything if you don't do them right. Well, I must draw my letter to a close, for I am like a clock run down and nobody to wind me up.

Your sincere friend,

ALBERT FRYER.

DEAR SIR,—I left England a year ago last Spring, and I have been in Canada for almost two years at Mr. Murray's, and

Sidney Smith is a very good boy. He is a good and careful hand, so that is what he is most needed for. He is always obedient and willing to do what he is able. We like him very much.

Yours truly,
JAMES MURRAY.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I now take the pleasure of answering your letter, which I received a few days ago. Well, I like this country all right, but it is very cold and stormy some days, but we can't help that. Perhaps this country would not be so healthy if it was like England; but the Winters are not so severe as they used to be. This is a fine Winter, taking it all round. Well, as regards the crops, they were poor; but we had a pretty good crop to what a lot of the farmers had

around close here. Well, I get all I can eat and drink and plenty of clothes, and I like farming all right, and I like reading Ups AND Downs very much. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert are good to me, and Alfred too (that is the son). We have four little, tiny calves, but we are only milking three cows and another one which was milking in the Summer. We have eighty-three head of cattle altogether and nearly one hundred head of horses and about 100 hens and three pigs. I do nothing but herding in the Summer, and in the Winter I just chore around the place, so you see I am not working very hard. I seen Mr. Newman twice, and I was glad to see him. There are two other boys from the Home not far from here. I see them in the Summer sometimes. We have 240 acres fenced in for pasture, to put the cattle in in the fall when the nights get cold. We also put a lean-to—as they call it—to the house to put wood and coal in, and we have three wells; one we use for the house. We have them all curved in and pumps in all of them, so you see we have plenty of water. Well, I think this is all I have to say this time. So good-bye. Your sincere friend,

ALBERT HENRY DOLLIN.

CARTWRIGHT, MAN., January 29th, 1901.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am about to tell you my experience in Canada. Well, I came out here on June 25th, 1897. My first thing was to herd cattle in the Summer; in the Winter I attend to the cattle, pigs and horses, clean out stables, draw feed for the cattle, cut wood, and milk cows; in the Spring I plough and harrow. Last Spring I sowed a little. In the Summer I help with the haying, such as rake it, coil it, and help to load it, as well as herd the cattle. In the Summer you will see wild ducks and chickens, and on the prairie you will see gophers and a few foxes and wolves—not very many. The Summers are very warm some days, and in the Winter it is very cold; but it is a nice country. Just the same, it is quite different to what England is. Our nearest neighbour is about a quarter of a mile, but that is not far for Canada. I think this is all I have to say for Canada. I remain, yours truly.

SIDNEY F. G. AGGETT.

Care A. McWaldie.

LIDFORD, MAN., January 29th, 1901.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am going to write and let you know a little of my experience since I came to Canada. Well, first I was placed out in Muskoka with another young lad about the same size as myself. We were both sent there to go to school. His name was Thomas Rea, but I have never heard of him since. I was there ten months, and then I was sent out to Manitoba to work. First thing I done was to eat a good supper, and then we went out to do the chores. I did not get along very well at first. The cattle used to be very

frightened of me; at first I could not get near them, but they soon got used to me and I got used to them. We have two horses, six cows and six calves, six pigs, four geese and about forty hens. We have half a section of land. We have three hundred bushels of wheat and seven hundred of oats. The boys used to laugh at me at first. They used to say, "The blooming Englishman; hear him!" I am working for Mr. Beattie. I have been here three years now, and I expect to stay another three yet, if not longer, for I like it very well. I came out to Canada in 1897, in March party. I like Canada very well. If it was not so cold in the Winter, I would like it much better. Now I think this is all for this time.

I remain, yours truly,

ALFRED KNIGHT.

Fred Miller, like most of our correspondents, favours us with a list of his employer's live-stock, and also imparts the information that the Manitoba Winter is cold. Descending to personal matters, we learn from Fred's letter that he is going to school at present, that he and another of our boys, Fred Staples, took part in a dialogue at the Sunday school Christmas entertainment, which was much appreciated by the audience, and that he is in hopes of his mother coming out to him from England.

Mrs. Irvine, of Saskatoon, describes her little boy, Arthur Smith, as a "good, careful young one, who takes as much interest in caring for the stock as if they were his own."

Mr. J. W. Easton, of Moosomin, said of Joseph Nash that he is "willing and anxious to learn, and there has been continued improvement from the time when he first came until the present"; while Mr. John E. Easton, of the same settlement, writes of his boy, Albert Stubbington, that Albert "still sticks to his text: 'honesty and obedience.'" He adds, "He is simply a necessity. Don't know what I should do without him."

Albert's brother, Henry, is at Silver Creek with Mr. Herbert B. Gray, and evidently doing well. He tells us he likes Manitoba, especially in the Summer, and Mr. Gray's report is as follows:

So far, he has behaved very well, and I think he will make a good worker when he gets a little older and stronger. He is usually a very willing lad, and does all one can expect for a lad of his age and size. He has been going to school part of this Winter, and has made wonderful progress. When he cannot go to school I give him lessons at home in the evenings, and find him very quick at picking up things.

Charles Dillon is another boy who is evidently quick at picking up things, judging by the facility with which he has acquired the German language. His letter is written in both languages, and a most creditable production it is, showing that Master Charlie has the "makings" of an accomplished linguist. We gather that he is happy in his home and thriving generally.

Sidney V. Townsend, another German-Canadian, informs us that he can talk, read and write German, but "shall never be one, because they are Boers." We admire Sidney's patriotism, and we are proud to think that he is upholding the British cause in a foreign settlement; but none the less we hope that the time is not far distant when this feeling of antagonism will be a thing of the past, and men of British and German origin will live and work loyally and harmoniously together in the development and prosperity of the country.

George Bromley appears to have importuned his employer to say something for and against him, and Mr. Brown has gratified his wish by describing him in the first place as a mischievous little scamp, but proceeding to say that "he is always lively, good-natured and industrious." Mr. Brown observes that George seems particularly anxious to have something to call his own, and has set his heart upon the purchase of a calf. Mr. Brown has given him no encouragement so far in the transaction; but he tells us that if George does well during the coming Summer, he thinks he will make him a present of a calf and keep it for him. George himself writes a bright little account of his home and of his experiences at

farming, including his earliest attempts at milking, when he sat himself down to an animal of the wrong sex that responded to his attentions by promptly kicking him over, to the huge amusement of the on-lookers.

George James likes his place, where, he tells us, he has "plenty of food and clothing." His employer, Mr. Hanson, has kindly contributed a few lines that give us a satisfactory impression of George's conduct and progress, while the letter concludes with an expression of Mr. Hanson's opinion that the North-West territories of Canada are as desirable a place as any for the settlement of boys from institutions, and that he considers our boys as desirable as any class of emigration that comes to the country, an opinion in which we need hardly say we unreservedly concur.

Robert Thalman has compiled an intelligent and very readable account of his experiences, which we should be glad to publish in full if considerations of space permitted. He is settled in one of the principal wheat-growing districts of the Province, and tells us that "last year's crop was not so bad, considering the weather," and that the wheat is yielding about fifteen bushels to the acre. The fall was favourable for ploughing, and his employer has 300 acres in readiness for crop in the Spring. Among other incidents of his career in the West, Robert records that he has never had a day's sickness, has learnt to do almost anything on a farm, and is evidently making a success of himself generally.

John H. Bruton is another of our correspondents who expresses his approval of the country and of his position and prospects therein. His employer, Mr. Farquhar McCrea, describes him as "a bright little fellow," and gives us to understand that he is doing thoroughly well.

Arthur Dunning is at present living in Solsgirth, Manitoba, but will very shortly be moving with his

employer to Red Deer, Alberta. In asking for permission to take Arthur with him, Mr. Climie gives us a very favourable and encouraging report of our young friend's conduct and capabilities. It appears as though the move will be a good one for Arthur, and he tells us in his letters that he is looking forward to a less severe climate, in which expectations he will not be disappointed, although there is nothing very balmy about the Winter at Red Deer, and the settlers of that locality know what cold weather is as well as their brethren in Manitoba. Arthur tells us that he likes riding and working among cattle. His employer and his partner will have about 400 head of cattle between them, so that he expects his time will be fully employed in the saddle. The rest of his letter describes some festivities at which he has lately been a guest, including a dance, from which he tells us he only returned at six in the morning—rather a bad preparation, we should imagine, for a day's work.

Fred Woodhouse, who began his Canadian career in April of last year, writes :

I am very pleased to give you my little experiences since my arrival here. Mr. Black put me to herd along the Pipe Stone Valley. I took my cows to a running stream to water, and all the cattle would go into the deep, and I was many a time sure that they would be drowned till I learned cows could swim. Frank Thallbun, of the Stepney Home, and I herded together, and we put in very pleasant times. I have learned to milk two cows every day. I like milking very much. I tie up the cattle. One big steer used to play hook with me, but he is sold, and I am very glad. Mr. Black is going to learn me to plough and harrow. I like the country and my present home. I am made one of the family. Believe me, yours truly,

FRED WOODHOUSE.

Mr. Black has added a few lines to Fred's letter, in which he says :

I am very pleased to relate that Fred Woodhouse is a well-behaved boy. Trustworthy in every respect. Should he continue, I shall do my utmost to make him an honourable young man. I might add Mrs. Black and my family are very fond of Fred. Yours truly,

JOHN BLACK.

Charles J. Bright has much the same story to tell as most of our other correspondents, and we publish his letter, not on account of there being anything startlingly novel in his experiences, but that his friends may have the satisfaction of seeing that he is well and flourishing :

PHEASANT FORKS, ASSA.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. You asked me to give you a little account of myself, which I think I can. In the Summer I used to see after the cattle and horse, and bring them home every night. We were milking eight cows. I used to help to milk and feed the calves. In the hay-time I stacked most of the hay. There was about 100 loads. There was not much grain this year. There is lots of wild fruit in this part of the country. There is all kinds of wild animals, duck, geese, and a kind of a wild turkey. I was with the threshers four days cutting bands. The nearest neighbour to us is three miles off. When the cattle are put in the stables I help to feed them and clean out the stable, and sometimes water them now, because my master has got a pump; it is easy to work. I saw the wood and take it into the house. It is sometimes cold. The snow is very deep this Winter. My master has about fifty head of cattle, and three horses and one colt. My master has been sick. He is well now. This is all I can say this time. From your sincere friend,

C. J. BRIGHT.

Robert B. Lee is a very small boy and a very young settler in Manitoba, but his employer, Mr. Lelond, of Arrow River, gives an excellent account of him. He writes :

In regard to Robert Lee, will say that we have every reason to be pleased with him as yet. For so small a boy we think he is a smart little lad, never having to be told twice to do anything, and never giving any impudence. We will be sending him to school in the Summer; as yet it is too cold.

Robert himself sends us a little letter, in the course of which he tells us that he "likes the people all right and likes the country all right."

George Miller writes that he is doing very well at farming, is a pretty good rider, has not yet been frozen, and likes his place very well. His employer, Mr. James J. Boothe, reports of George that he is "a very good boy, very smart to learn,

and shows no signs of being lonely or dissatisfied."

Henry S. Damon is evidently a keen sportsman, and his letter gives us a list of the wild animals of the West, including rabbits, wolves, foxes, gophers, badgers, lynx and skunks. He tells us that there are many wild birds, among which he mentions partridges, prairie chickens, snipe, ducks and geese. Last Summer he himself killed two badgers on the prairie. This is certainly a remarkable feat for a youngster of thirteen, but we fancy the dogs must have had a hand in the killing. Personally, we should hesitate considerably before offering any violence to a badger, and when we see them snarling on the top of their badger earths, we always prefer to give them a wide berth.

The wild fruits of the country rather than the beasts and birds appeal to the imagination of our young friend, Thomas Metcalfe, and in his letter he discourses upon the raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, choke-cherries, red cherries and black currants that are found on the prairie or among the "bluffs." Like most of our other correspondents, he likes the country and is happy and contented in his present surroundings. He informs us that his master had given him some seed potatoes, from which he raised thirteen bushels that realized thirty cents a bushel.

Albert Evans has evidently made a good start in the country, his employer writing us that he is "a good, honest boy, capable of learning anything there is to do on a farm, and greatly 'taken up' with the horses." Albert himself writes us that he is breaking in some colts, and his letter gives us the idea of a man of business who will make a successful Western settler.

Hugh W. Wood, writing from Shoal Lake, informs us that he is living in the "prettiest place in town." He has learned many useful things (useful should not be spelled with a *y*, my son); has been

going to school during the Autumn and will begin to attend again very shortly. He informs us that he likes Canadian schools much better than the English, and generally prefers living in Canada, "for we get better to eat."

Alexander Guthrie, whom we remember as a sturdy little North-countryman, has evidently fallen into good hands, and writes of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Simper, of Regina, the people with whom he is living. Alex. has designs upon a collie pup of his master's, and tells us that as soon as he has grown a little bigger he intends to make a little sleigh and hitch the dog up to it. Evidently Master Alex. considers that his attainments have considerably enlarged, his letter concluding with the remark, "when I first come here I could do nothing to what I can do now." Mr. Simper has enclosed a few lines in Alex.'s letter, in which he describes him as "a good boy, very truthful and honest."

James E. Cundy, writing after an experience of eighteen months in the country, feels "very grateful to Dr. Barnardo" for placing him in the West. He speaks like an old stager of the strangeness of everything when he first arrived, but evidently nothing in the line of Manitoba farming comes very strange nowadays to our friend, James. His mistress, Mrs. Wilson, of Dugald, reports of him as follows:

I know it will please you to know that, like so many more of your boys, he is, taking him all through, a very good boy. I sometimes think in his eagerness to please he puts our own boys to shame. When trying something new, he will say, "I have tried to do it right," and be so pleased with a kind word of approval. There will creep up a little bit of the wild nature now and then, which only makes the training and discipline received in your Homes stand out the more clear. I think it is just wonderful. If it were God's will, I should be delighted to help more in this good work, for we remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; but it is mine to pray that those who can may have their hearts and purse-strings opened. God's blessing on all concerned.

Albert Hickford, as represented by himself and by his employer, will, we are sure, be an interesting subject to our readers. "I am getting along all right," writes Albert. "We are having fine weather for the present. I am in a good place and get plenty to eat. We are going to try and put up a hundred cords of wood. We have got about twenty-three cords of wood up. My employer says I am a good hand to chop wood. If there is anything I like it is chopping wood. I like this country first-rate. I will be four years in my place next Spring. I



Frank H. Harse.

thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here. There is plenty of room for the boys who like to come." Mr. Thompson says, "I find Albert is getting to be a very useful, good boy. He can handle a team very well and has got quite into the way of doing almost everything on the farm. I think when his time is in he will be able to farm for himself, and I also think that will suit him best. I would like him to settle close to me, for good advice would mean a good deal to him from some disinterested party."

The above is a good reproduction of a portrait received of a "cheerful,

willing little lad," Frank H. Harse, who, in the third year of service with Mr. Wesley Howard, of Mather, Man., is still "doing very well." Frank came to this country in November, 1894, and was boarded-out in Muskoka for several years prior to June, 1898, when, with an excellent recommendation from his foster-father, he went to his first and present situation. Our readers will see from his physiognomy that Canada may realize in him no mean citizen, but one who will doubtless contribute to its prosperity.

William John Jones considers Estevan is a "nice part of the world to live in." The town is "going ahead nicely," and evidently from his letter, William is going ahead nicely with the town.

Richard Kitcheman has contributed for publication a long and detailed account of his experiences, most of which is exceedingly satisfactory. Richard evidently has independent ideas of his prospects in life, and speaks in a philosophic spirit of such little trifles as the occasional crankiness of his master, dismissing the subject with the remark that "a fellow must expect a boss to be cranky sometimes." We can only quote the last clause in Richard's letter, that does not suggest that our friend will experience any very serious difficulty in finding a situation next Spring: "I don't know whether I shall leave Price's or not this Spring. It all depends. There are two or three fellows around here want to get me next year if they could, but I don't know who I shall work for. I ain't a good scholar, but I wrote you a splendid long letter this time."

Master Sidney James Prodgers has not written "a splendid long letter," but has said enough to confirm the statement with which he starts out, namely, that he is "getting along first-rate." Like most of our correspondents, his letter contains a reference to the Winter's cold, but he comforts us by the remark "we have a few fine days now and then."

Mrs. Dash expresses her opinion of Sidney as follows :

DEAR SIR,—As Sidney is writing, I must say a few words in his favour. I think he is a very good boy and suits me very well. I find him very clean, honest, and truthful, not so quick as some, but sometimes quickness is carelessness, and he may have the better part. I like him very much, and hope he will still improve as he has the time he has been here. Wishing you all success and a happy New Year, yours truly,

ANN DASH.

Mr. George Sunley, of Miniota, gives the following report of our young friend, Amos A. Gurr :

Amos received a letter last night from you asking him to drop you a few lines to let you know how he is getting on. I think he is doing very good; he is quite interested in farming, and a very good boy and liked by all who know him. He is a splendid plougher, and can harrow and disc-harrow, and this Summer I intend to try him at driving the binder, so you may be sure he is no sluggard on the farm.

Ernest F. Hayne, whom we must compliment upon the excellence of his penmanship, responds as follows to our invitation to contribute a little account of his doings :

I am getting along first-rate with Mr. Stephens, and I enjoy the best of health, not having any sickness of any account since I came out—only when I ate a little too much; but I am fat and strong and able to do my work easy. We have seven horses, six cows and six calves; also some hens and pigs. We got a new gang-plough last year, and I can make a pretty good job with it. It takes four horses to draw it, and all I have to do is to sit on the seat, drive the horses, put the plough in at one end and out at the other, and it does the rest. We have a lot of implements, and we need them all, for we have a lot of land to work—about 200 acres. Mr. Stephens and I work it all ourselves. We were across the lake for wood Saturday, and it is pretty hard to get. There are about thirty teams in there every day. Pelican Lake is froze about two feet thick, and there is quite a lot of fish in it, mostly all suckers. There is lots of snow here this Winter, so the sleighing is good. I can draw wood with a team and do quite a few things in the farming line. Sometimes Mr. Stephens says I am just the stuff. I do most of the chores when he is busy. He bought me a saddle, and I am proud of it. I go to church every time, which is only fortnightly, but is better than none. I am very fond of Canada; it is so free and beautiful. It is a little cold in the Winter, but it makes one nip around lively, and another thing, you can

cross anybody's field without being locked up like they do in England. I was very sorry when I heard of good Queen Victoria's death. It was so sudden, and I don't think King Edward VII. will ever be as good to the people as she was. We have the almanac you sent me hung up in our house, and it is very nice, so is the UPS AND DOWNS. Wishing the Home success, I remain yours truly,

ERNEST F. HAYNE.

Master Thomas Barnfather evidently thinks the Editor is getting lazy, or else is dissatisfied with the editorial efforts, as he has undertaken to introduce his own matter to our readers in these terms :

From the town of Whitewood comes a short letter from our young friend, Thomas S. Barnfather. Thomas is a very poor writer, speller and composer, but he has managed to put together a capital little account of his life in Canada. He writes : It was a happy day when I landed on the Canadian side. I like Canada very well. I will tell you about my work. I do all the chores around the house. I cut wood for two stoves and carry water as well. My master and mistress is like my father and mother to me. I think they are better. I was herding fifty-one head of cattle last Summer. We have finished our fall ploughing and have about one hundred acres ready for Spring work. This Winter has not been a very cold one at all. This Winter has been very scarce of feed for cattle and horses. We have about fifty-one head of cattle and eleven head of horses. We have great fun on the skates. We took the trouble to clean off a pond. It was 160 yards around it. I liked the trip very well coming to Canada and had a fine time. We had a few waves wash over the deck of the vessel. I like this country better than the Old Country. I did not care for it. It was not very healthy at all. There is lots of work on a farm from one year's end to the other. I have been sick only once. God bless Dr. Barnardo. Yours truly,

THOMAS S. BARNFATHER.

Ernest Routledge is evidently a better correspondent than his friends, as he tells us he has written six letters to his relatives at home without receiving a solitary reply. He is going to school at present, and, we imagine, is a boy who will make good use of his opportunities. One of his adventures he relates as follows :

I had quite a time this Summer. I had the geese at the well watering them, and the wolf come and got one of my geese, and I hollered as loud as I could. He

dropped the goose. It wasn't quite dead. It is getting along all right. I picked sixty quarts of raspberries and ten quarts of wild plums.

Very heartily we congratulate our young friends who are the subjects of the two following letters, that we have the utmost gratification in re-producing :

PILOT MOUND.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me pleasure to be able to report favourably of George Hughes. We find him a very truthful and trustworthy boy. We can't speak too highly of him, for we have never heard a word of complaint against him, neither from school or any other place he has been. Of course, like all other boys, he has to be corrected sometimes; but in general his conduct is good. I will close, wishing you every success in the work of the Home.

Yours truly,

ROBERT LAWSON.

GOPHER HILL FARM, LORLIE,

January 29th, 1901.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that James Joyce is writing to you a short history of his experiences since he came to me from your Homes. He asked me to write a few lines also, to go in his letter. I told him I would, and tell you how bad a boy he was; how many times I have had to flog him to make him better, etc., etc. When I told him that, he only laughed. However, when James came to me a year ago last July, which would make it about eighteen months ago, he was so small and had such a baby face on him, and such an open countenance, that I took to him at once; but I had no idea he would so soon be able to ride a horse and become so useful as he has. Before saying too much in his favour, I will just say this—and I know you will agree with me—it is this: There has never been a perfect boy, man, girl or woman since the world began, with one exception—that was our Lord and Saviour. We could not therefore expect perfection in anyone. Now, as to James' conduct since he came to me, I am very well pleased. I don't think I could be better suited if I travelled America over. The lad is not one of those smart boys who knows everything, neither is he a great, strong boy, able to do a man's work when he is only thirteen years old; but what I do like about him is, he is very willing to do anything I ask him without grumbling. He takes a great interest in everything about the farm; is very fond of the horses and colts. He does a good deal of driving with them. I can trust him in everything; is truthful. This is a good point in his favour, and, as far as my interests are concerned, he looks after them well; in fact, he is a great deal more help to me than a six-foot man I paid \$100 and found for a year, before

James came. He is liked by all the neighbours, especially his Sunday school teacher, who calls him "Little Jimmy." Never heard a bad word from the boy. This, I think, shows something of his bringing-up. His parents must have been good, and taught him how to behave. In short, I like him very well, and at some future time, if he continues as well as he has begun and looks after my interests as well, he shall not lose by it. I am the father of nine children, most all grown up now—several married, with children of their own—so James is like my younger son to me now. In closing this, I wish Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls success in their new homes in Canada. With my best respects to you, I remain,

Yours truly,

WM. H. WESTON.

The following is taken from a brief epistle from Percy Sinnett, to which is appended a note from his mistress, both of which express a satisfactory state of affairs as at present existing as well as a bright outlook for the future :

I am glad to say I am quite well and, hope, doing well in my situation, which I like very well. I have not been going to school this Winter, but am going again in the Spring, as the weather is now very cold here. I like farm work very well, and my boss says he thinks I shall make a very good farmer when I grow up. The country round here is very pretty in Summer. Where I live is close on the shore of Lake Manitoba, which is a fine, large lake, where we go bathing on warm days. I read UPS AND DOWNS, which I like very much.

OAK POINT, February 4th, 1901.

ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—As one of Percy Sinnett's employers, I take great pleasure in adding a few words in his behalf. We have now had him here for over a year, and almost regard him as one of the family. He is a bright, active boy, and bids fair to grow up a good, useful man and a credit to society.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. G. HACKLAND.

Mr. R. Wade adds a footnote to the following letter from Arthur Saville, in which he says Arthur is growing fast and fat and getting along all right at farming.

DEAR SIR,—I came to Canada in 1895 and was sent to Muskoka, and was there two years. I used to go to school and do chores in the morning and evening. And then my time came when I was sent for from the Home. And then I was sent to Manitoba and put in the care of Mr. Wade, where I am at present. I like my employer very well. When I first came to

Mr. Wade, I used to herd cattle and cut wood; but now I can drive a team of horses and do a lot of work on a farm. I ploughed about forty acres of land last Spring, and harrowed it. And after we had the crop in I drew all the manure out of the yard. And after that was done it was time to start haying. We had about forty tons cut all ready to haul in, but my boss went on cutting the grain, and all the hay got spoiled with the wet weather. But we saved the grain by turning the stooks. We had about a month of wet weather. But, after all, we got the grain into the stack dry. When we got it in, I started doing some fall ploughing, and got about twenty acres ploughed, and then it froze up, so we had to stop. And after two or three days we got threshed. I was on the straw stack. I thought it was a dusty job. My boss had about 600 bushels of wheat; but our oats did not get ripe before the frost came. But now it is Winter, and it is very cold, and we keep in the house most of the time. I got all the Winter's wood up. So you see we have nothing to do only feed the cattle and horses. We have lots of snow around our stables that came when the wind blew, and we have a lot of shovelling to do sometimes. I was very sorry when I heard that our Lady Queen Victoria was dead. I hope it will be "Long live the King!"

Birtle, Man.

Yours truly
ARTHUR SAVILLE.

Gordon G. Martell, also with Mr. R. Wade, relates his experience of life on a Western farm and herding on the plains, which seems to agree with him, for he speaks of passing "the day happy" on the prairie, and having lots of fun sliding down snow-drifts. "The daily round and common task" is not a fruitful theme to an unimaginative mind, yet a letter full of commonplaces and a catalogue of the live stock, while wholly devoid of complaint or cause for apprehension, is indicative to us of contentment and the smooth current of an uneventful life. Adventures are for the adventurous, but always somebody must pay the piper.

Percy Matthews, writing from Pheasant Forks, Man., refers to his rough passage across the Atlantic, but evidently thinks the game was worth the candle, for he says he likes Canada very well and thinks it is "the best place for a boy to get a start." Among other items of information, he mentions the fact that

"we have 200 head of cattle and about 5,000 bushels of wheat"—a good showing even for the great West.

This is what Alfred Smith has to say of himself after a residence of three years in Canada:

GRANGE P. O., January 27th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I now write to you, hoping this will find you quite well, as I am myself. I have not had much experience during the last year. I have been three years in the country next Spring. We had a good crop the year before last, but not very good last year, as it was so dry. Our Winter work is drawing cordwood. The town is about eight miles from here. We are having a very nice Winter so far. We were very sorry to hear of the death of the Queen. I suppose all are. I am seventeen years old. This is all I have to say for the present. I remain,

Yours truly,

ALFRED SMITH.

This is what Alfred's employer has to say of him:

Alfred has asked me to say a few words, and I presume it is as to his conduct and general efficiency; and I may say that he has changed a great deal. Since he came to live with me he has made a rapid growth, and is very healthy. He is very attentive to his work generally, and if he improves as much in the coming year as he has in the past, I will be able to give him a good recommend. Kept from the influences of bad company, he will become a good, reliable boy. Wishing you every success in your work for humanity,

I am yours,

R. H. ENGLISH.

From Myrtle, Man., we have received two letters, one from William Whittaker, in which he tells us what might easily be inferred from his syntax, viz.: that he is learning "the German"; and the other from his employer, Mr. John H. Dyck, a worthy German yoeman who has mastered the English tongue to the extent of expressing himself in a manner that leaves no room for doubt that he and William are on the best of terms with each other and in no mood to part. If, with the German language, William acquires the German thrift and the national traits which make our Teutonic cousins ever welcome to a home under our flag, there will be no cause for regret. For patience, prudence, perseverance and pros-

perity the German settler is hard to beat.

George T. Dymond deplors the loss in crops by hail and drought, says he is in good health, and in regard to the Empire's bereavement has this to say :

We are all very sorry about the death of Queen Victoria, and had a flag up half-mast at the house till after the funeral. We went to the memorial service at the English church.

As he is so modest in his allusions to himself, we cannot do better than quote what his master has to say of him :

WAPELLA, ASSA., February 5th, 1901.
ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the boy, Thomas George Dymond, I think I can say truthfully that, take him altogether, there are few better boys for work. He has had a great deal left to him the last year, and he has given us much satisfaction. Of course, like all lads, he has his faults, such as want of care ; but this, I hope, will be obliterated as he grows older and wiser. He still identifies himself as a member of our family, and I think if he were to leave us, he would do it with regret. I am sure we would do anything in our power to advance his prospects in life, and we live in hopes of seeing him grow up a good and trustworthy man. I remain,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. BRUCE.

Mr. R. Montgomery, whose farm is at Dennington, Assa., thus summarizes his opinion of another of our lads, upon whom our hopes are fixed : "We are very well satisfied with F. Gittings. He has now been with me nearly four years, and is a good little worker." After our having driven fifty head of cattle and other live stock out to grass in the editorial pastures of Oblivion, the residue of Fred. J. Gittings' letter reads as follows :

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines, hoping you and Mr. White are quite well. When I came to Canada first, I didn't like it at all ; but now I won't leave it for a while. I am beginning to like it better every day. I have a nice young horse to ride everywhere I want to go. I like my place very well ; couldn't wish any better.

The following communications speak for themselves :

PARKIN P. O., WAPELLA,
January 28th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I will try and make my one year's experience as interesting as possible. I came from England to Canada on the good ship, *Arawa*, with the July party of 1899. The trip up the St. Lawrence was lovely. It being a fine day, we had a good view of the river. On each side there was beautiful scenery. It was dusk when we landed, so that we did not see much of Quebec. A number of us were sent to Winnipeg *via* C.P.R., and I among them. My first place was with Mr. J. French, of Fort Qu'Appelle. I stayed with him for a few months ; but the place did not suit me, so Mr. White sent me to Mr. A. White, of Parkin, where I am at present, and intend to stay. I like the country very well ; it is just the place for boys who want to get a start in the world. In this country a fellow can get lots of money if he is a good worker. When I came here I was very pale and thin, and now if you was to see me, you would wonder how I have grown. I have not had a day's sickness since I came here. This country has made a great change in me ; even my mother would not know me ; for my boss has been very kind to me. When he saw I was willing, he would help me, and now I can do all the chores myself ; which I did all the Summer, besides herding the stock. Wishing the Home success, I remain one of your boys.

J. THORP.

Care of A. SHAW.

REGINA, January 26th, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. OWEN,—I received your letter yesterday, and I am pleased to write to you to tell you how I am getting along. I have been with Mr. Barton four years in April. I like my place very much, and the country as well. It is very cold in Winter, but I don't mind it much. I can now drive a team and milk very good. We have only four horses and one cow here now ; the others are turned out for the Winter. I have a pony to ride on in the Summer to go to town and fetch the cow home. I am going to school now. I do my work in the morning before going, and I help Mrs. Barton all I can. Our horse took first prize at the show. I have got a very good home. I go to church and school on Sunday. Mr. White was here, and he told me to learn as much as I can. I hear you are going to England next month ; I hope you will have a pleasant journey. With my best wishes, from

JOHN HENRY.

Thomas Cuthbert, an employee of Mr. Dunn, of Stevenfield, Man., tells us what he can do on a farm and enumerates the various animals that look to him for care and food ; and while he is discouraged by the failure of last season's crops, looks

forward to Spring with expectations of earning from Nature a recompense for the loss.

William Kness writes from Wawata to say that he is in good health, likes the "beautiful country" out there for its fresh air, as also his situation, where, he says, "they do all they can for me." Of our magazine he writes: "I like the UPS AND DOWNS very much; it cannot come any too soon, for I am looking for it before it comes."

The most interesting information contained in the letter received from William Wood, located at Rosenfeld, is that another of our lads sent to join him has also found a good home, where their master and mistress, he says, "are like a father and mother to us."

George Morgan speaks his mind straightforwardly, and shows his good sense in all but the one mistake, viz.: his avowed intention to quit farming when his term expires. We should like to hear in his next letter that he has reconsidered the matter and chosen to remain a farmer, which is much "the better part." He writes:

ELM VALLEY, RESTON, MAN.,

February 2nd, 1901.

I received your letter last Wednesday, and I thought I would do as you requested me to do. I heartily thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out to Manitoba, and so will many a boy if he looks on the right side of Canada. I have often thought that staying at one place for five years was nothing but slavery, and other boys have thought so too; but it isn't; it is the best that can be done for us. We are clothed and fed, and at the end we have \$100 to our names, and Dr. Barnardo sees that we get it, too. Besides the \$100, we learn a lot of valuable information. I have learned, since I have been at this place, how to make bread and butter, how to cook generally, plough, harness up horses, milk cows, and other things, all of which will come handy to me if I don't farm, which I don't intend doing after leaving here. This country is very much healthier than England; although it is very lonesome, and not much fun—not here, anyway. But we are as is the best for us. I think this is all I have to say, so good-bye, with good wishes and a happy and prosperous New Year. I remain

One of the boys,
GEORGE MORGAN.

We tenderfeet (or is it foots?) have heard of cowboys and their doings. If we are to believe the funny column of the papers, they are apt to ride into town and shoot chips off the inoffensive passer-by, just to "show off" their marksmanship. In view of these alleged facts, we have a dreadful prospect to face. Here we have one of our boys who brags that he is a real, live cowboy, known in his own neighbourhood by the hair-raising name of "Rough-rider Bill," in recognition of the feat of having ridden a frisky colt with his back towards its head—a position which we should suppose would be useful to the Boers in fighting a rear-guard action, provided the horse kept straight ahead and did not turn back. Without wishing this to be construed as a challenge, or as an invitation to come and shoot the lines of beauty off our anatomy, we may inform Rough-rider Bill that it makes little difference which way *we* may be put on a bucking broncho; in either case the result would be the same. But to return to the dreadful prospect: Bill has threatened in a postscript to write a story for UPS AND DOWNS. Now, suppose the Editor should regret to state that the story is not available for publication, not having a fire-and-burglar-proof safe on the premises, how shall the intimation be expressed to our cowboy contributor with safety to the tenderfoot? "There's the rub!" Or suppose we should come out with "Rough-rider Bill, the Broncho Buster," a lurid exposition of cow-culture *a la* Buffalo Bill, at least half a dozen feather-pated boys might "scoot" to the "wild and woolly West," and then—Bill, if you are determined to write a story, think, think of this! His letter is quite a story in itself:

CALGARY, ALTA., January 28th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I am going to write a few lines to UPS AND DOWNS. In the first place, I came to the North-West in 1896 and I am here ever since. I have learnt gardening, farming and ranching; but I like ranching best of the three, because there is more life in it, especially when it

comes to riding a young broncho, or roping a wild steer, or branding fifty or a hundred young, frisky calves. Then, you bet, there is lots of roping; then I have seen me rope fifty calves a day, and help to brand them at the same time, and, maybe, go down on my head a good deal more than fifty times a day. But when it comes to riding a bucking broncho, I can sit on the saddle with the next, or ride a wild steer either. My master has 200 head of cattle and fifteen head of horses, and one of the horses bucks every time I get on it. Last Summer I was all the time looking after cattle. But the best of the fun was one day it had been raining, and I had been riding my cow-horse (as a cowboy calls his well-trained horse) all day, and had got tired out keeping the newly-branded calves in range. I came home to get a fresh horse to fetch the calves and cows in for the night. I went into the stable, and there was no other horse than this bucking broncho, so I put my stock saddle on and took her outside the corral and got on, and I tell you she bucked good; but I sat there like one rivetted to the saddle and laid on my switch and spurs, for a good rider never tries to stop a horse. When she got through her performance, she galloped off like a race-horse; but before I got far she began again, and fell down and rolled over me, and left me to drive home seventy-five head of cattle on foot, so you see what a broncho is. I can plough and harrow and drive horses good. I rode a colt with my back to its head, and so I am called "Rough-rider Bill." This is all this time. From yours truly,

WILLIAM T. BOSTOCK.

P.S.—I am going to write a story for UPS AND DOWNS, so I will send it to the Editor.

As space is getting to be a desideratum, we must let the remainder introduce themselves:

RIDGEVILLE, January 28th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—This is my second Winter in Canada, and I like everything except the very cold weather; but our house is sheltered with a good bluff, so that we do not feel the cold winds so very much until we get out in the open. I like my place very well, and I look after the fowls and calves and help in everything I can. I don't think I shall be big enough to plough this year, but I will do what I can to let the two men keep at their work. I don't go to school; I cannot stand the cold, but I do plenty of reading and sums in the evenings. I am very well, and the people say I am growing fast. With best wishes,

I am yours truly,

ALFRED DENVER.

RIDGEVILLE, January 28th 1901.

A. B. OWEN, ESQ., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—At Alfred's request, I send a line or two. When I sent for a boy to the Home I did so in fear and trembling almost, for fear I might get a lazy or very wicked boy; but so far I am very well pleased with Alfred. He is not strong, but he is active and willing, and, as so many boys do, does not require continual watching and telling what to do. If he sees a thing wants doing and he can do it, he goes and does it. I am sorry that he is so touchy to the cold, but he cannot help it. He has had to cease going with us to Sunday school. When the weather was severe he would be crying with the cold, and that in the sleigh. So that he cannot go to week-day school, but we teach him at home. He is very fond of reading, but he just hates writing. I think he has the making of a good farmer in him if he does not get spoiled.

I am, yours truly,

SIMEON SMITH.

SHOAL LAKE, MAN., February 8th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, wishing me to tell of my experience since coming to this country. I came out in 1897 on the *Labrador* and had a fairly good passage. We arrived at Quebec and then took the train for Montreal, and arrived there at six o'clock in the morning. From there we took the train for Winnipeg. In a couple of days Mr. White sent me to Shoal Lake, to work for Mr. Dyer. I thought it a very strange place at first. It was so lonesome; the nearest house was a mile away; but I soon got used to it. I just herded the cattle and did a few chores. I was very small then and not very strong. I am a lot bigger and stronger now. I can do nearly everything on the farm. Last Spring I learnt to plough, and I liked it very much. I did some harrowing as well, and in the Summer I drove the horses for Mr. Dyer when he was breaking. We will probably milk eleven cows next Summer. As soon as we milk we separate it with an Alexandra Cream Separator, which requires two men to turn it. We then feed the milk to the calves. There is another boy working here, and we get along all right. I guess I must close now.

Yours truly

J. H. RICHARDS.

MCLEAN P.O., ASSA., N.W.T.,

February 2nd, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I received your letter of January 19th safely, and in answer I like the North-West of Canada very well, and I have had good health since I have been out here, and I like where I am now very much, and we go to church, and we had a Christmas-tree a few days after Christmas, and we had singing and reciting. I said two pieces, and had two books and several other presents given me off the tree, and I enjoyed myself very

much. I will close now, thanking you for sending UPS AND DOWNS and almanac and all your kindness to me.

I remain, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM J. SUTTON.

Care of Mr. John G. Matthews.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—The boy, William J. Sutton, is a good lad and willing, and I think will get along all right in this country. He suits me very well.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN G. MATTHEWS.

PLUM COULEE, February 3rd, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I now take time to write a few lines to you. I am now going to school and I learn both kinds of speech—English and German. I can talk good German, and when I first came here I could not speak one word. There are three more boys in this locality, one of them is about a mile off. His name is Charles Pattern. He goes to the same school as I go to. The crops were very scarce this year because it was so dry. I think this is all this time, so good-bye.

Yours truly,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

PLUM COULEE, February 4th, 1901.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to Edward received some time ago, and as he is answering you to-day, I will also enclose several lines in regard to him. He is smart, good-tempered, and quick to learn anything in the farming line, although, like most boys, he is apt to be careless and not sufficiently thorough; but he is getting much better of that. He is growing fast and will be quite tall, I think, and I am sure if he goes on as he has been doing he will soon be, when he come to farm for himself, an independent man.

Wishing you all success, I remain a well-wisher of Dr. Barnardo.

J. J. WIEBE.

SINTALUTA, February 14th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I have just sat down to write a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I like my place very much. We have twenty-eight head of cattle, and sixteen head of horses and one pig. I like the country very much. I herd the cattle and some horses, and I have a pony and two dogs to help me to drive them. I help to clean out the stable and feed them. I have no water to lift; we have a running stream and the cattle

can go and drink. I harrowed three days in the Spring. I am trying to get along as well as I can. My employer says very little to me. We had a Christmas tree in our schoolhouse. I enjoyed it very much.

I remain, very sincerely,

CHARLEY STUBBINGS.

SINTALUTA, January 29th, 1901.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in writing you a few lines regarding the boy, Charley Stubbings, who has been in my employment for nearly three years. We have found him to be a good, trustworthy boy. If he continues as he is, he will be a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Home, and I have no reason to think otherwise.

Yours truly,

GEORGE POLLOCK.

The ungracious part of our task remains. There lies before us a goodly pile of manuscripts that—alas! for the expectations of the writers—are fated not to appear in any other form. Stern necessity, arising from the fact that our space is positively limited, prohibits our extending further these records of life on the Western plains. It will, we fear, be a poor consolation to these young scribes to be told that we highly appreciate their efforts and have received and read their letters with the greatest pleasure. We wish we could have said, "Let 'em all come;" but, as it is, our friends must accept the inevitable and our sympathy in the disappointment that, we are afraid, a great many will feel keenly when they find themselves or their contributions left in the cold. On behalf of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, we thank all those who have contributed these accounts of their experiences, both those whose letters we have published and those whom we have been forced to reject, and we heartily wish them the fullest measure of success and happiness throughout their future careers as settlers in the great West.



Motto for 1901.

“A new commandment I give
unto you, That ye love
one another.”

Notes and Comments

The Queen.

WE felt this opening year was to be a marked one in our history, but we hardly thought its great event would come so early, and we should see the precious life of our beloved Queen go out in its first month. But God has willed it so, and we should now each one devoutly thank Him that He has spared our dear lady so long to guide the affairs of state with such rectitude and honour, and set to all the world such a noble example of Christian womanhood. And now, dear girls, let us look over the records we have of that noble girlhood, and see if there are not some lessons we may learn from the rules that governed her life, which will help us each to live lives full of noble self-forgetfulness and devotion to duty; for He who sees a sparrow fall cares just as much for a little kitchen girl scrubbing a dirty floor as for the highest born maiden in the land.

An Early Riser.

FOR one thing, we find the little Princess was always an early riser. Up before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, she

began her studies and her daily routine of duties. No light and trifling matters were the studies of the coming Queen; she had to be duly drilled in all the different matters connected with the government of our great country. The little girl did not always like these hard lessons, but was good and bidable when her mother's wishes were expressed on the subject.

“I will be
Good.”

WHEN at length it was thought best to let her know why she must work so much harder than other girls, the matter was told in a history lesson. Did she boast at once of all the pleasure and ease she would have? No, she clasped her little hands and, with streaming eyes, exclaimed, “*Oh, I will be good—I will be good!*” promises which have been nobly kept, and through the seventy years she lived after they were made, not acted up to now and then on state occasions, but daily and hourly, in her home, among her children, in the privacy of her country life, and among the lowliest servants of her household.

Truthfulness and Thoroughness. ANOTHER thing that was a prominent feature of her early training was the exact truthfulness daily instilled and insisted upon. It is recorded that she once reminded her governess that she had been troublesome twice, not once, as she was telling her mother during a visit to the school-room. She always had to finish one thing before she began another even in her play, and could not go from the haycock she was tired of making to chase a butterfly till the former was completed. At nine years of age she knew her Bible well, and a great many other difficult things also. Another very good rule in the early life of this little royal lady was the one that she must never get into debt. If she wanted anything ever so much, she must not exceed her allowance; and once when she did want a toy very badly, she got the man to put it on one side, and very early on the day her money came she went on her donkey and fetched it.

The Moral of Her Life. THESE seem almost enough for us to remember. Let us just sum them up and see if we can use them too, for we all want to be what the Queen's mother, the Duchéss of Kent, wanted to make her daughter—"A good woman," she added, "then you will be a good Queen."

First.—An early riser. The mornings are cold, and it is hard sometimes; but the Queen did it.

Second.—A hard worker, but not scrubbing floors and washing dishes. No, dear girls, but harder work than that—long Latin and Greek lessons and difficult questions of constitutional history.

Third.—Determined to be good, with a thousand temptations to vanity, self-indulgence and pride, and she rose triumphantly over all.

Fourth.—To speak the truth always, even if the truth brought punishment.

Fifth.—To finish what she began, and let no other pleasure draw her away from duty.

Sixth.—Never to get into debt; and her allowance was a very small one.

Will you read them over now and then, and when the temptation to be lazy, idle, naughty, untruthful, flighty, or to get into debt, comes in your way, turn aside, because you want to be like Victoria the Good—a good woman.

MISS LOVEDAY writes to us of health restored and vigour returned, so we hope we shall welcome her back in our midst by Easter, with all her vim and elasticity in full play once more. Meantime she is visiting at Ilford, renewing old friendships, and will have much to tell us all of changes and improvements in the place we love so well.

A Quilting Bee. It was my good fortune, when I went to see Amy Reynolds, to find the house all ready for the friends who were to come and help Amy with her first quilt. As I had no other girls to see in that locality, I stayed to enjoy it all. Amy soon had herself in apple-pie order, and then the girls began to come. One or two walked in from neighbouring farm-houses, others came farther in buggies, and soon there was a buzz of merry young voices in every corner of the cosy farm-house. Wraps were laid aside, cold fingers warmed, thimbles hunted up, and a thousand-and-one excuses made beforehand for the bad work they were going to do because they could not sew well, and because they never had quilted before. Then they all trooped away up-stairs to a warm room under the sloping roof, where the quilt was stretched ready for their blunders and their successes. There were chairs to be carried up, forgotten scissors to be

hunted out of coat pockets, then all were safely settled round the frame, and nothing but the clack of merry tongues and sounds of hearty laughter reached we older folk downstairs. Of course, I ventured upstairs, too, and put my stitches in one corner of the quilt, but I did not stay very long, the room being limited. Quilts are not capable of accommodating an indefinite number of workers, and I knew they would be too polite to talk about things I did not quite understand whilst I stayed with them. Quilting is evidently appetizing work, for when the dinner-bell rang, and the workers came down in answer to its summons, the dainty viands vanished with amazing celerity; and yet they did a great deal of laughing and talking, too. Amy's quilt was quite a success. Her friends were very good work-women, and when my train-time came I was quite sure that it would be finished before night-fall. And I left well-assured that Amy has prospects of a bright, happy womanhood with her kind friends in Essex.



A Day's Shopping.

ONE of the girls sent me a little note, the other day, asking me to help her with a day's shopping. Of course, I was glad to comply, so we met one morning about eleven, and set off at once for the stores. Being in the Western part of the city, we thought we would try some of those stores first, but were soon satisfied that our needs called for a larger assortment, so we went at once to Yonge Street. Here we were quite puzzled between the rival claims of Eaton and Simpson, so decided to see both stores before making our selections, and you can fancy the fun we had turning over the goods at both places; but at last our purchases were made, and we began to carry them to Jenny's patient friend, who was seated in the waiting-room at one of the stores, amusing himself as best he could, whilst we hunted

down bargains and purchased supplies enough to last an economical girl nearly a year. I do not think we forgot anything. There was a fairy boat which would hold the cents of the wee boy of the household, a warm little bonnet for the baby, besides all kinds of things useful and ornamental for Jenny herself, and you can imagine how pleased she was when she found she was to return home with some money in her purse. When we carried our last parcel to the waiting room, we were gravely asked if these were really all, as the "patient friend" before referred to thought he had better go and sell the cutter and buy a wagon if there were more to follow. Being assured those were all, he produced some string and a capacious bag, so the big parcels were tied together and the little ones put in the bag, and I hope they all reached their destination safely and are now doing their duty by making their owner as warm and pretty as any girl she meets.



Revivals.

JUST at this time of the year there are usually revival services being held in almost every district. You will all be hearing of these services, and a great many will have the chance of attending them. Dear girls, these are solemn opportunities for which you will be responsible. When the gracious, tender love of our Saviour is presented, and we turn away unheeding, we run a terrible risk of eternal loss. It may be that never again will the words of invitation come personally to us. Let no fear of ridicule or any other feeling keep you back if you desire to be enrolled among the saved. The triflers may laugh. Let them; *those laugh who win*, and the girl who wins Christ Jesus the Lord, is the only one who *can laugh* loud and clear with *joy* through every vibration. A short time ago, in one of our papers, a story was told of two men

attending a revival. The worst accepted Jesus, the other laughed. The one won back the home his sins had almost lost, and was spoken of in the newspaper as a convert; the other soon had his column in the same paper, and a home for life in the state prison. To both the message came. One laughed then, the other laughs now. Some of our girls have found true joy, and are rejoicing so much they want you all to share with them. One writes and asks us to tell you all that she just went forward when the invitation was given, and in half-an-hour all was made clear to her, and she left full of joy. Another tells how her experience is

embodied in the verse of the hymn that says :

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear.
In confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father! Abba, Father! cry.

She speaks further of her confidence and joy, and wants all her companions to know how blessed and joyous a thing it is to serve the Lord. Still another writes of her happiness and rest in Jesus, made doubly great by the fact that her dearest earthly friend has found Christ too. Let us hear from you, dear girls, when this great change comes in your life, that we may rejoice with you. S. OWEN.

Subscriptions to Girls' Donation Fund

Annie Yerby, \$1.00; Matilda Bye, \$1.00; Nellie Olver, 75c.; Lucy M. Cooper, \$1.00; Lizzie Hayter, \$1.00; Edith Allum, \$1.00; Emily Griffiths, \$1.00; Margaret Odd, 50c.; Mary Vale, 50c.; Ellen Simpkins, \$1.00; Mary Strong, \$1.00; Edith Darbyshire, \$1.00; Annie Elizabeth Ellis, \$1.00; Ethel Summers, \$1.00; Harriet Weston, 45c.; Lizzie Hatcher, \$2.00; Annie Neale, \$1.00; Edith Stevens, \$1.00; Emma J.

Lewis, \$1.00; Matilda Brown, \$1.50; Annie Brooks, \$1.00; Lizzie Perry, 50c.; Nellie Rixon, \$1.00; Emma Theresa Baker, \$1.00; Josephine Livingstone, \$1.00; Jane Hayes, 75c.; Hannah Wincey, \$1.00; Mary Cambridge, \$1.00; May Bird, \$1.00; Mary Vale, \$1.00; Harriet Weston, \$1.00; Annie Whelham, \$1.00; Minnie Moyes, 25c. Total, \$31.20.



Chit-Chat

THERE have been few changes at Hazel Brae since our last issue. Only a continued stream of girls, one coming and another going to new scenes and new duties.

Mary Hull recovers very slowly, and has not left the hospital yet.

Minnie Gouge is now able to get about a little on crutches; but it will be a long time before she can do much running. Perhaps she has done a little too much in the past.

Mabel Geer is in the hospital, a dear, patient sufferer, very ill.

Edith Rampton is at Hazel Brae convalescent, but not ready for the battle of life yet, and glad of such a loving shelter.

Lucy Fry broke her leg on a slide, and after a few weeks in the Guelph Hospital has come for a rest and to get the free use of her feet again.

Amy Hodges has grown strong enough to go out again, and is now in a position in Toronto, where she is greatly appreciated for her faithful attention to her duty and her unvarying amiability. She is missed at Hazel Brae, where she has so long been at work in the kitchen and always had a cheery word and a helpful hand for any younger girl.

From our little ones who are boarded out we get some encouraging accounts.

Lily Meddings and Alice Thompson are reported well and strong, remarkably good children—really the most obedient children I ever saw, peaceable and very fond of each other. They are quite industrious,

and seem very anxious to do little things. A note from the teacher tells us how good they are at school.

Annie and Ida Grieves, two little sisters, are very affectionate, neat, cheerful little girls, with no maladies but the toothache.

Mary Hepburn is a bright, merry little woman, well cared for and loved. She has written to tell us of all the good things Santa Claus brought, and how well she is getting on at school.

Jennie Wilson and Lucy Fane have a good home and a kind



Maggie Whitnell, with Brothers Tommy and Willie.

mother, who says, "they have been very good children, kind and obedient, since they came to me." They are doing well at school.

Maggie Whitnell looks very happy with her two brothers. She has one in the house with her, and takes the best sisterly care of him.

Mary Francis writes a bright little welcome back to Canada to Miss Woodgate, and tells us how grown up she looks in her cap and apron. She has lots of friends she wants to know about, and if she writes to all whose addresses she wanted she will have a big correspondence.



Hetty Gatehouse.

Elsie Fell is doing well in her new home and has won for herself such a good reputation that a neighbour writes for one like her. Is not that nice?

Good news comes from the far West of Elsie White. She is so well and happy, and has a good school close at hand and lots of friends to enjoy the winter fun with.

Clara Welch is doing well at school and is quite content and happy. She passed the Hazel Brae girls on their way to church one day lately in such a nice sleigh they all wanted to change places with her.

The two sisters, Ada and Annie Watson, have both written us cheery notes. Ada likes her home and the kind friends where she is sheltered, and especially a kind Annie, who acts the part of her absent sister. Annie is older, and has some light household duties which she seems to enjoy doing, and is very thankful for her kind Christian home.

Kate Holmes tells us of her home life and the good times she has had at the Sunday school Christmas treat, and her regret that she cannot get to school because the teacher has typhoid fever.

Mary Simpson is well pleased to be back again in Canada, and writes brightly about her new home and surroundings, with which she seems well pleased.

Hetty Gatehouse has a very pleasant home, where she is well and tenderly cared for, and will be brought up to be thoroughly self-helpful. Her little sister is one of our boarded-out children, and is doing well.

The following extracts are taken from recent reports of one of our lady visitors :

Kate E. Collinson is very fortunate in her home and surroundings. She has been given a real warm place in her friends' hearts, and they are pleased with all that pleases her and anxious to see her grow into a good and noble woman, and we hope she is likely to fulfil all their wishes. She looks a bonnie lassie now, with every promise for the future.

Ethel and Lily Stanley are happy in being near to each other, and Ethel went and spent Christmas with Lily, and the sisters had a real good time together and went out to tea nearly every day. It was a



Kate E. Collinson.

little hard to part when the visit was over, but they have the pleasant prospect of meeting again, and each has a good home and kind friends.

Margaret Holland finds herself in happy circumstances. She is the dear pet of the family, and has every opportunity given to her for improvement and pleasure. She was away at school when I visited the home, but we could see her little red head peeping over the snow as we went up the first hill and found the bright little maiden on the top, full of health and bright spirits.



Ethel and Lily Stanley.

Gertie Skinner was indulging in the la grippe at the time of my visit. She was well out of the way, so I heard all kinds of good things about her, and left very confident in her home and herself.

Dear little Edith Savin had hardly out-grown her shyness when she was visited, but she gave promise of being a very good little girl, which we must hope she will maintain.

Eva Sapsford, one of our little girls of September, 1899, is gaining a good record for herself as a faithful worker, obliging, truthful and pleasant to live with.

Caroline Rowe (July, 1900) thinks Canada is very lovely. She sees all through a golden halo, for she has won a warm place for herself with her employers and is consequently happy and content.

Mary and Georgina Scott are 1899 girls, who are doing their best to make a good name for themselves and all of us. I cannot find out that Mary has a fault, but I suppose she has, and if she does not take her medicine regularly and get back her vigour that grip has stolen away, she will get a big scolding. She has a good influence on other girls and tries to make them like herself—regular at church and Sunday school, and I am glad Louisa Hubble has such a nice companion and friend. It is perhaps a factor in the very good report she gets for faithfulness and industry, though Louisa had this character before she knew Mary so well.

Mary Spencer has a grand reputation. Last year I heard she was good, very good, but this, I am assured she is a perfect prize. "Yes," her mistress says, "a perfect prize. No other word expresses what Mary is to me." She has never yet given a cross look, or spoken an insolent word. She is amiable, industrious, obliging, sympathetic, intelligent and refined, anxious to improve her mind and education, and willing to work hard to do so. Girls! girls! we want 400 such.

Eliza Coles almost matches Mary Spencer. She is a dearly loved and valued friend to her mistress, and has a dearly loved and valued friend in her mistress, so that is well, and we hope they will be together till a dearer friend claims Eliza.

Violet Lewis is living with a dear "auntie," who loves her little English Violet well, and hopes she may keep her as long as she did her former English flower—twenty-five years. Well, Violet will be able to decide that matter for herself, if both live.

Alice Willmot has a good home and pleasant surroundings so near to her dear brother they can meet two

or three times every week, at Church, Sunday school and the Young People's meetings. Both of them enjoy those privileges very much and are well content with their lot in life.

Miss Gibbs, who now undertakes the visiting of all the girls situated East of Toronto, has contributed the following extracts from her diary :

Amy Gough, after a few changes, has now succeeded in getting a thoroughly good home, two or three miles from Brighton. She has many things to learn, but we feel sure if she is patient and willing, she will soon improve under her kind mistress' tuition.

Martha Fletcher is also on a farm in the same neighbourhood, is giving satisfaction, and, we trust, is seeking to live a new life, having lately received help from some special meetings she has been attending. We know God's blessing will rest on Martha if she continues to do well.

Ellen B. Andrews has been out in Canada since September, 1895, and has for more than three years kept her present place, a few miles from Grafton, where she has earned a good character, having been guided, we believe, by Christian principles. She has two sisters in Canada—Lizzie in the North-West and Ethel in Springfield-on-Credit, who has had but the one home since she went out from Hazel Brae.

Martha Skinner came out in October, 1892, and has for years been with Mrs. S——, a few miles from Cobourg, where, by her good conduct, she has won the esteem and affection of not only the people she lives with, but also of all who know her.

Florence Dewick has had a happy home for more than three years with Mrs. K—— in the neighbourhood of Bomanton. She is a good, trustworthy girl and will, we hope, try to overcome any little faults she may have.

Lily A. C. Taylor, one of last year's party, is in a good home near

Cobourg. She is learning nicely and quite enjoys farm life. Her mistress finds no fault with her, so we hope Lily will be happily settled here for a long time.

Rose M. D. Cook came out in September, 1895, as quite a little girl; has been nearly two years with Mrs. M——, not far from Cobourg, and is helpful in many little ways, and being patiently taught by her kind mistress, Rose, I think, is trying to do her best, and must remember that by being faithful in all the little things of life she may some day have greater work to do.

Florence Herbert came out in September, 1898, and is still going to school; but she is now getting old enough to earn wages. She does not, however, want to make any change, and in a pitiful way looked up at me and said, "May I stay here always?" She has evidently entwined her affections around the family she lives with, and the thought of separation is hard to bear.

Kate Holmes had had nearly a year's experience on a farm near Dunsford, and is in many ways a good little girl, and, we hope, will improve as she grows older.

Lizzie and Cinderella Boswell came out last Summer. Both are living on farms near together in the neighbourhood of Dunsford. They have, of course, much to learn, but with patience and perseverance will, we trust, become good, useful members of society.

Josephine Newton, also one of last year's party, is a good little girl, evidently enjoying country life. She is fond of animals and has some special pets among them.

Lizzie Sheriff, living on the next farm to Josephine Newton, has also a good home, is quite happy and giving satisfaction.

Jessie Schaffer, one of our elder girls who came out in November, 1894, has kept her places well and won for herself a good character.

Mary E. Hepburn. Alice, Mary's big sister, will, we feel sure, be glad to hear that "Winnie," as she is

called, is being well cared for. As she came running in from school, she looked as bright and happy as she could be, and talked freely of all she was doing. The only fear seemed lest Miss Addie and "Grandma" should spoil her.

Alice Wilson, who came out last October, is apparently settling down very happily. Her mistress is quite pleased with her and finds her useful and very willing to learn.

Gertrude Saalborn, also a newcomer, is doing well, is treated like the family, and is, no doubt, quite contented with all her surroundings.



Elizabeth Foden.

Lizzie Foden, whose portrait appears in this column, has contributed the following by way of introducing herself to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS :

DEAR GIRLS,—I think it is almost time I wrote to our paper, as it was 1898 when I wrote to it last.

I should like to know where all my old friends have gone to that came out the same time I did, in 1894.

Like many more lucky girls, I had an invitation to go to Toronto to see the Doctor, and glad I was to take the chance. I had a real good time while I was there. I hope some of you will know my face when you see it, though I have changed a great deal since 1894.

Before I bring this letter to a close there is one thing I want to say: Read the piece on rolling stones. I never want to let that kind of restlessness come over me and get our Home friends to be always changing my place. Your friend,

L. FODEN.

Lizzie Sheer has asked us to find space for the following letter of greeting to her old friends :

DEAR SISTERS,—I am sorry that I have not been able to write a letter to you before, but I will try and make up for it this time. I hope you are all well, as it leaves me the same. I was at a lady's social, and we had all a good time, and I was at a concert the next night, and there was a lot there, and we had a good time, and I saw in the Christmas number that there are a few of the girls that I know, so I would like to remember them.

Dear girls, I have not much time to write this time, so I must come to a close, with all my best wishes, and hope to see this letter in the UPS AND DOWNS; and may we all give Dr. Barnardo three cheers for his kindness to us all. I think that we should speak of the Queen. She has been a good Queen over us all, so I think that it would be wrong to forget the Queen, as she has been a good Queen.

I think this is all for the present, from your dear sister. I remain, yours truly,
LIZZIE SHEER,
Care of J. A. S. Macpherson,
Islington, P.O., Ont.

Jane Lingard has sent us the following account of her first holiday in Canada :

DEAR GIRLS,—Some of you will be glad to see a letter from me, and hear how my holiday was spent.

It was New Year's morning. I started on a short journey to Peterborough, arriving there about nine o'clock. When I got there I was taken to the waiting-room to see Miss Woodgate and Miss Gibbs. I had the warmest welcome I could want.

I was very much delighted to see Miss Woodgate, for it was so long since I had that pleasure, never in Canada before. She just looks the same as ever—so kind and loving, and her sweet smile. I don't think she has changed a bit. Miss Gibbs is also just the same.

I don't think we could find another Home in the world where the managers have such unchanging love as our Home ladies have for us. You will all agree with me when I say I think our Home is the happiest place in the world.

The next thing we did was to go to prayers, which I enjoyed very much. It is such a privilege to have family prayers. After prayers I had a nice lunch, then went upstairs to the Infirmary and spent the morning with the sick girls. Then we had

dinner, composed of turkey and other good things. After dinner I walked down to the post office with Bessie Smith. We enjoyed the walk very much, and I got back in time to have a nice long visit with Miss Woodgate and Miss Gibbs. They had lots of news for me, for I had not heard anything about the Home for a long time. After tea we all went to the schoolroom and played games for a long time, then we sang together. I sang a piece and recited something, too, and one or two others gave us some pieces, which were very nice indeed. Then we had some candies and oranges, and it came to the time when I had to go home. Well, I will bring this letter to a close, with love to all, from

JANE LINGARD.

Kate Tane tells us of her life in Canada and her duties and pleasures :

I am writing in answer to your letter, and I thank you for sending me the UPS AND DOWNS. I got my Scripture Union Card, and I have not been to bed one night since I got it without reading my portion.

My master was reading the UPS AND DOWNS, and he said he did not see my name or picture or any of my letters in it, so I made up my mind I would write a letter and ask you to put it in the next number. So I suppose I must try and make it as interesting as possible. I will tell you all about my home. It is not on a farm. My master is a carriage-maker, with six children and no mother. There are four girls and two boys. Four go to school when the roads are good, but only three are going now. It is a whole concession to the school. The church is only five minutes' walk. It is a Methodist one. I go regularly to church and Sunday school, and my teacher gave me a nice card at Christmas.

We are holding revival services now every evening during the week. I have only missed once, and I think that is pretty good, as it starts at seven o'clock and closes at eight, so you see I am home in good time.

We live right next to a store, and there is another one not far away where one of our girls lives, named Daisy Hotson. I often go there to do trading, and I have had tea there twice. They are very nice people.

There are six or seven Home girls round here, but I must not take the room to tell all their names. I see four of them at Sunday school every Sunday. I wish you would give my love to Maud Jeffrey and tell her I hope she will soon be back. I miss her so much.

I think I must close now, so good-bye.

I remain, yours respectfully,

KATE TANE.

Cavan, January 17th, 1901.

Mary H. Smith has had the opportunity of seeing something of

New York at Christmas time, and sends us a long letter which is full of interest :

DEAR GIRLS,—It is not very long since I wrote to UPS AND DOWNS, but as this is Christmas time, I think you will like to hear something about the stores in New York. We must take it for granted we are talking together whilst I try and tell you all I saw.

My mistress and another lady and myself went down town on Tuesday, December 18th. We went by train and came back on the cars, reaching home by half-past eleven. We had a very nice time, though we had pretty hard work to get through the crowds. Mrs. H— kept hold of my hand for fear she should lose me.

The stores were all grand, decked with evergreens and Christmas greetings, and Santa Claus standing up here and there, waiting with his bag for letters and things. Then there were toys of all kinds—dolls, horses, ships, games, cradles, dolls' beds and chairs, sleighs, books, sets of dishes, little cook-stoves, washtubs and boards, and hundreds of other things which would take up too much room to tell.

Then we saw Santa Claus in his sleigh, with four reindeer running over the hills and mountains and through the tunnels. We saw him again with three geese flying over the Brooklyn Bridge, then we crossed the road and saw him in his automobile, the wheels going round as fast as possible, and a big load of toys. Then, girls—will you believe it?—we saw his house, with a pond beside it with fishes in it. There was also a little boat, too, but we did not see Santa. Then we saw in one of the windows a real, live Santa. There were such crowds round him, but we pushed our way pretty well up to the window. There he was, taking some of the names down with a great, big red and blue pencil, which I guess was to last him for several years. He looked all round, then pointed to some of the toys he was going to send them. He pointed to me, and showed me a doll, and put my name down. Well, girls, we did have a good laugh. I think you would have laughed, too, had you been there. We went through all kinds of stores, and in one we saw a church. It was in the wall, and the snow was falling and the stars shining, and just at the door a lady and little girl were going in. It was all lit up, and the organ was playing a well-known anthem, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." It all seemed so natural.

I enjoyed myself very much. Now, dear girls, I will bring my letter to a close by wishing you all a bright and happy New Year. Let us spend the new year better than the old by following closely after our Heavenly Father. Now I must say no more, but love to you all.

I remain, yours truly.

MARY HARRIET SMITH.

We have the greatest pleasure in publishing the following letter from one of our Toronto girls, of whom we can conscientiously say that she is one of the best, and of whom we believe that in the "daily round and common task" she is walking faithfully "in His steps."

27 CALLENDAR STREET, PARKDALE,
February 15th, 1901.

DEAR GIRLS,—As I have never written to the UPS AND DOWNS, I thought I would try and write a short one. I came out to Canada in the year 1897, in the September party. My first place was out on a farm, and I shall never forget the good times I used to have there. But I took sick and had to leave; but I am in a good place now. I have been here since August, 1899. There is just one little boy, but he is just full of mischief; he runs all over the place, and he is just beginning to talk. I think the weather we are having now is just fine. I do love to hear the sleigh-bells going, it makes it seem so much brighter.

Last Summer we were away for six weeks, and I did have a fine time. I had to look after baby, and we almost lived out of doors.

I think those of us who live in Toronto ought to feel very thankful for the kind friend we have in Mrs. Owen, and the pleasant Sundays we may spend there. I was there last Sunday, and I did enjoy myself real well. You can't help it, and for awhile, at least, all our silly and trifling troubles are forgotten. I think most of the girls were at the Christmas party, and we were all very sorry that Mrs. Owen was so sick, but we are glad she is better now. But I am sure we all left feeling somewhat brighter, and encouraged to press forward.

Dear girls, I think if we all tried to do our best, we should and would be far happier than we are. We are all too ready to get cross at any little thing that comes

up; at least, I know I have to try hard to overcome such feelings sometimes. But even if we do fail, we can try again.

I can wash and iron nicely now and I can bake just a few things. My mistress has promised to learn me if I stay with her.

And now, girls, I will say good-bye for this time, as you will be tired of reading such a letter. I will write a few verses at the end, which I hope we may all feel are true. I remain, yours truly,

BESSIE KITTON.

I ALWAYS GO TO JESUS.

I always go to Jesus
When troubled or distressed;
I always find a refuge
Upon His loving breast.
I tell Him all my trials,
I tell Him all my grief,
And while my lips are speaking
He gives my heart relief.

When full of dread foreboding,
And flowing o'er with tears,
He calms away my sorrow
And hushes all my fears.
He comprehends my weakness,
The peril I am in,
And He supplies the armour
I need to conquer sin.

When those are cold and faithless
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new,
I turn to Him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end;
I always find in Jesus
A never-failing Friend.

I always go to Jesus;
No matter when or where
I seek His gracious presence,
I'm sure to find Him there.
In times of joy and sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me.

No cloth is too fine for moth to devour.—*Proverb.*

No greater promisers than those who have nothing to give.—*Proverb.*

No bees, no honey; no work, no money; no gains without pains.—*Proverb.*

No bird ever flew so high but it had to come to the ground for food.—*Dutch Proverb.*

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.—*Seneca.*

No girl who is well bred, kind and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners or of heart.—*Ruskin.*

Toronto Topics

ANOTHER three months, and here we are still, most of us jogging along quite cheerily, for all the varied experiences that have fallen to our lot, some bright, some not so good, and one or two that have made us feel rather sad. Still, if we look for the good things in our lives, it is wonderful how numberless they are, and the sad ones seem to shrink up and look so small beside them.

Some members of our family have dropped out and gone back to Peterborough to start out again and try if the country suits them better; while two have been more enterprising still and gone to the North-West—Matilda Roberts, who has a nice situation at Headingly, about two miles from Winnipeg; and May Hammond, who has gone to be with her brothers. Among the other changes most are decidedly for the better, some of the girls just doubling the wages they had in their last places. We have now about six girls receiving \$10 a month and more; and most of the girls from fifteen to eighteen years old are getting from \$6 to \$9 a month, with the promise of “more to follow,” while our little girls are having \$3 to \$4, or the value in clothing. One or two sick ones, who have been down to Peterborough for rest and change, have returned to us doing great credit to Miss Woodgate’s care and kindness, looking so bright and well, it is like getting a breath of Hazel Brae air to see and talk to them. And now Margaret Buck and Florence Flack are in very comfortable places, much thought of, and apparently very happy.

The visiting has been rather neglected, but the girls have tried to make up for the deficiency by visiting us, and very welcome they always are.

Sunday gatherings have been very large, and our lassies seem really to enjoy them. On Sunday there were twenty-six, and the singing goes splendidly. The next thing is to be the Bible Class; not a stiff class such as we have at Sunday school, but just a cosy talk among ourselves, in which all will take part and we will each one try to help and encourage the other.

And we had a Christmas party! Such a party! But someone else must tell all about it, as I only saw crowds of bright-faced, happy-looking girls and heard such a noise as only a crowd of girls can make. So far as we could count, there were a hundred and ten here, who were welcomed by Mr. Owen and made to feel at home by Miss Kennedy, who was so kind to all and won the hearts of most by her kind, bright words and ready sympathy in all kinds of fun and chatter. I can’t remember half the nice things the girls have to say about her; but for my own part, I cannot say enough of her kindness in giving up the evening to fill such a tiring position and do the duties of hostess for me, and I hope we shall very often see her among us.

One very encouraging feature in the last few months’ work has been the way some old girls, who had been lost sight of in the Toronto crowds, have re-appeared, in most instances filling good positions, and they little know what a real pleasure it is to see them among us again. Isabella Thornton is quite a young woman, and has been on her own account for three years, and is now holding a good position with a very good salary, and is in every way a “daughter” to be proud of, as we are. But Isabella has had to fight her way there and stick at it. Sometimes it seems to me that what a



1, Elizabeth Goodbody; 2, Mary Ellen Massey; 3, Lydia Grimwood; 4, Jessie Waters; 5. Laura Haarle; 6, Fanny Donnelly; 7, Annie Hubbard.

great many of our girls lack is the energy to stick at a thing and do it thoroughly, notwithstanding difficulties and discouragements. So often the complaint is, "She is a good girl, but so careless about her work; she is not thorough enough." Our Heavenly Father, in His Word, tells us "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, with good will, doing service." Heartily, thoroughly and willingly, not half-heartedly and then sulkily. But here I am away into another "sugar-coated sermon," with Isabella for a starting point. What will she say to me?

Arabella Dunford has been for years in one place and is getting on splendidly. We quite hope to see her at our Sunday gatherings very soon.

Annie Cogley is in a very good place on Avenue Road, and we hope she will settle down now and get herself well supplied with clothing and a bank account. How grand it sounds! But really it is very fine to have one and another coming along with her money to be "sent to the bank," as the girls are beginning to realize the importance and comfort of a "bank account," and are trying to start or increase one already started.

We have new members in our family too. Annie Hubbard has come into Toronto from near Collingwood, where she has lived so many years in the Scotch settlement and has learned to talk Gaelic and sing very sweet Scotch hymns. She has a very good situation, with big pay and not much work. Very nice, is it not, girls? Amy Hedge, who has been laid up at Hazel Brae for so long, is among us, and, to all appearances, getting on very nicely in her city home.

Clara Donnelly, too, came last month from Milliken to take a situation in Parkdale, where we hope soon to place her sister, Fanny, near her. Clara is getting good wages and has not a hard place, and is very much liked, and says she has one of the nicest places in Toronto. Annie Kane came at the beginning

of the year, and is living as housemaid away up Yonge Street. She has learned her work so quickly, and does it very well. The only complaint is that she is too enterprising and attempts more than she has strength to accomplish; but she seems thoroughly happy and is liked very much. Then there is Jessie Foster from Cooksville, who went straight off to a place, where she has settled down "just as if she belonged there always."

We have another aspiring little housemaid in Alice Hornby, who, I quite expect, will push her way right up into the front rank; but it is early days yet to know how she will get along, though I have little doubt but that she will do well.

Another one is Gertrude Woods, who has been for four years with her mistress and moved in with her from the country. She is a bright, lively girl, strong and healthy, and quite a capable little servant, and with all her experience and knowledge of her mistress' ways, is worth good wages; for it really is a great thing to us mistresses to have a girl who knows just how we like things done and when, and can do them even if we are absent and, better still, are willing to do them.

The last is Violet Smith. She is quite a new-comer; but we hope she is going to uphold the good reputation of our Toronto girls.

So much for our new members, and about the old? Well, of course, they are good! Now and then a little one is sulky and inclined to be wilful. It is naughty and very silly; but they are quite our "little ones," and will know better soon. And some of the bigger ones do a little "kicking" for privileges that they do not really wish for; but because others have them who are a little older and more staid, they think they must too. But our girls generally listen to reason and are sensible enough to settle down again like the most of them, who plod along quite contentedly and happily, just doing each day's work as it comes along as well as possible,

and thoroughly appreciating and enjoying the outings in their due course.

Bessie Kitton is one of these. She does not get big wages, but is thoroughly "at home" and very much liked, and she works steadily

along, learning all she can, doing all she can, and always looking so bright and happy, for Bessie has found the secret of true strength and real happiness.

EMILIE G. OWEN.

Faithful Service

A LITTLE kitchen-maid was sitting, the first night of her arrival in a great household, feeling very lonesome and wishing herself at home.

She was going to bed in the little attic that was to be her own room, sitting on her box with a sort of affection for the one thing that came from home, when her eye fell on an old bit of newspaper that was in the drawer for her clothes, and was more than a year old.

It was a list of deaths, and the word "servant" catching her eye, she read it, hardly thinking of what she was doing.

This is what she read :

On the 4th inst., at Piccadilly, Mrs. Joan Jarvis, for fifty years a faithful servant and friend in the family of James Lewis, Esq. She lived respected and died lamented.

The girl sat still on her box, thinking how much was summed up in fifty years of faithful service—how many days of good, honest work, how many good times and cross-going times ; and what a thing to have said of her, that she was friend

as well as servant, and lived respected and died lamented !

And she thought how that Mrs. Joan Jarvis must have stayed on day after day and year after year in her old place, till she loved all in it, and all loved her.

"Perhaps she began as a kitchen-maid, crying on her box," thought the poor little girl ; "but think how she ended—and why shouldn't I do the same?"

And she did, too !

She listened to nobody who advised her to change ; she went steadily on through good days and bad ones, till she rose to be cook, and then afterwards housekeeper, and did indeed die in the family of a son, who was a little child when she came to his father's.

To have served long and well in one family is a sure token of not a few Christian graces, not a little real goodness.

Such servants serve their earthly masters well, because they also "serve the Lord Christ."

[Copied and sent by Mrs. Haultain, with many good wishes for the dear girls who may read it.—December, 1900.]

Gertie's Confession

GERTIE was a really good little girl, and her record of seven years in Canada had been an altogether unblemished one. During this time she had grown from a rather dwarfish, unshapely little person to a remarkably comely, graceful young woman, and if not a beauty, was in face, features and general make-up a sight pleasant to behold. The peculiar Ilford waddle, suggestive of boots three sizes too large and three times too heavy, and which conveys the idea of trying to walk and sit down at the same time, had developed into a trim and sprightly carriage without a trace of the old-time institutional shuffle. We will not assert that Gertie was altogether indifferent to those personal attractions. She had a decided notion of herself, but was withal a sensible, level-headed little party, and blessed with a decidedly smaller share of vanity and self-admiration than falls to the lot of most young people of her age and condition of life. She could find plenty of objects for her gaze at least as interesting and attractive as the looking glass, and "where-withal shall I be clothed" was by no means the great problem of Gertie's life. She had had a good home for the seven years of her life in Canada with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, of Michigan Street, in Toronto, and these excellent people had trained her from the first in a wise and kindly spirit. She had never been formally adopted, but in the seven years that she had been a member of the Morgan household she had been cared for and watched over as one of their own, and had almost learned to forget that she was not one of the family. In the household arrangements, no distinction was ever made or thought of between Gertie and the Morgans' own children, and Mrs. Morgan,

who was in delicate health, had learned to depend upon her as an elder daughter, and a considerable share of the domestic management rested upon Gertie's capable little shoulders. Outside of the household she had few acquaintances. She had been for some time a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was one of the most regular attendants at Sabbath school and Endeavour meeting, and was thought a great deal of both by her teacher and the pastor; but, being rather a reserved, self-contained little person, had never got much beyond a speaking acquaintance with the girls of her class or of the Christian Endeavour Society. For the boys Gertie had not, up to this time, displayed any great fondness, and often had Mrs. Morgan remarked, with satisfaction and thankfulness, that there was nothing "fast" about Gertie. Joe, a youth of somewhat rough exterior, who delivered milk at the Morgan house, had at one time paid some little attention to Gertie, and had taken her to the Island one Saturday afternoon in company with the Morgans' little boy, but a few evenings later Gertie, having an errand to a shop on Yonge Street, encountered Master Joe issuing forth from a saloon, held up by two companions and evidently in a very "far gone" condition. He caught sight of her, and, making a drunken lurch in her direction, lost his balance and fell heavily to the sidewalk, dragging down his equally drunken escort, to the huge delight of the spectators. Gertie fled in horror and dismay, and during the few days that followed before Joe's misdeeds led to his receiving the "sack" from his employer she would neither speak nor look at him, and the milk was received in severe and solemn silence. With this very unpropri-

tious exception, Gertie had kept the boys at arm's length, and although more than one eligible youth had made some advances towards acquaintanceship, none had received any encouragement. But now at length a very great and important transformation had come to pass in Gertie's ideas and prospects, and a great ruffling had occurred in the hitherto smooth and placid current of her life. The cause was none other than a handsome young gentleman, Walter Rigby by name, whom Mr. Morgan had brought home to supper one evening to discuss the affairs of the Sons of England lodge, in which they both held office, and who had since become rather a frequent visitor of the Morgan household. It was not long in becoming evident that these visits had some other object than the discussion of lodge business with Mr. Morgan and the balancing of the lodge books, and soon it dawned upon Gertie's mind, with a sense of consciousness that was very delightful, that it was for her sake that Walter could devise so many excuses for calls upon the Morgans. She was a very proud and happy little person in those days when Walter's attentions grew more and more pronounced, and when his coming to tea on Sunday evenings became an established institution, with the invariable sequel of his taking her to church and their strolling slowly home afterwards, when she would take his arm, and they would talk—well, like young people under the same circumstances always have talked, and, we suppose, always will talk. She didn't trouble to enquire very closely into Walter's position and prospects, but she knew that he was practically the manager of a thriving manufacturing concern down town, and she had heard Mr. Morgan speak of him as a young man of excellent business qualifications who would certainly make his way in the world. She knew he came originally from England, and she had an impression, although it must be admitted this

arose rather in her own imagination than from anything Walter had ever said on the subject, that his family were people of high social standing in the Old Country. For the rest, Walter was undeniably as good-looking, well-informed, pleasant-mannered a young fellow as could be met in a day's march, and Gertie was very deeply and very earnestly in love. And then came the happy evening when Walter asked her to be his wife and told her how much he loved her and thought of her, and how happy they would be together, and so forth, and she had whispered "Yes," and they had kissed and she had cried, all in the old, old style that is often very old, and very stale, and very bitter to look back on; but, to Gertie, was all new, and sweet and lovely. And as soon as she reached home she poured out all the happy tale to Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan lovingly congratulated her and told her that she and Mr. Morgan knew Walter to be a sterling Christian young man who would make her a good husband. The next day Walter bought her a lovely diamond ring, and everybody who cared to know was soon told that Gertie was engaged to Walter Rigby and that they would be married before very long. And yet amidst all the joyfulness, and congratulations, and bright prospects, there was a dark shadow in Gertie's mind that would at times persist in casting itself over her very happiest moments. Walter did not know she was a Home girl, and if he found out, might it not make a considerable difference in his feeling towards her? She felt sure he ought to be told, and yet she could not bear to tell him. Such horrible things were said about Barnardo boys and girls, and whatever might he think of her? She had been introduced to him as Miss Gertie "Morgan," and she knew that he supposed she was a relation of the Morgans, although he had never pressed her about her family or antecedents. He never seemed, in fact, to want to talk about their

families or relations on either side, so that it had been quite easy to leave him under his mistake but it made Gertie very uneasy; and, if the truth must be told, she had had several bitter weepings on the subject after going to bed at night when nobody could see her or wonder what was the matter. She could not bear the idea of deceiving Walter. She felt sure he must find her out some time or other, and yet to risk losing his affection or making him think less of her was more than she could endure. It made her feel quite hard and bitter towards the Home, although her conscience told her how ungrateful this was, and when Mrs. Morgan suggested that she should write to the ladies at Peterborough and tell them of her engagement, she made an excuse for not doing it at present. Up to this time Gertie had always regarded Dr. Barnardo and the Home with much loyalty and affection, as, indeed, she had every reason to.

Her father had been a warehouseman in London, and a very sober, respectable man. Gertie had passed her infancy and early childhood in a very happy, well-ordered little home in the suburbs of London, but sickness had come in, and her father, after a long, painful illness that swallowed up what little money he had saved, died, leaving the mother, a sickly, delicate woman, to struggle as best she could with the two children—Gertie, aged four, and her small brother, aged two. Gertie had a very distinct recollection of the sufferings and hardships of those early days, of the wretched room in the East end of London to which the poor mother was forced to move, and where she struggled bravely by work with her needle to keep a home together for herself and her children. Gertie could well recall the severe Winter when, for weeks, they were without fire in their room, and often without food, when almost the last of the scanty belongings had gone to the pawnbroker's,

and her mother, emaciated, starved, sick and dying, struggled on to keep together even the wretched semblance of a home that was left to herself and her children. She could remember when her mother had become too weak to go to and fro with the shirts that she was making, and she used herself, with much difficulty and labour, to hug the parcel in her little arms and, with the piercing wind searching through her thread-bare garments, make her way through the streets to the big warehouse where the gentleman of dark complexion with the large nose and the very big rings on his fingers used to open the parcel and severely examine each garment before handing out the ninepence that represented, oh, so many hours of her poor mother's painful stitching. Gertie could never forget one terrible afternoon when her mother's cough had been worse than ever; when they had had nothing to eat since the day before, and she and her little brother were huddled together on the poor bundle of rags in the corner of the room that they called bed, her mother had suddenly dropped her sewing and came over and sank down beside them; and how they couldn't wake her, and they were so frightened that she ran down stairs to tell the woman who let the rooms; and how there happened to be a big, good-natured man, who turned out afterwards to be one of Dr. Barnardo's beadles, talking to the woman; and he had come upstairs with her and spoke so kindly to herself and her little brother. And then she could recall how that night they were all moved away and she and her brother taken to a house with a big lamp that had something on it about "No destitute child ever refused admission," and inside there was some lovely hot cocoa, and lots of good bread and butter, and a warm, cosy bed. Gertie could never recall quite so clearly what happened immediately after, but she remembered being told that her mother was dead, and going with

her little brother to a big building with a lot of policemen and important-looking men standing about, and being asked a great many questions by a solemn-looking man who wrote down the answers in a big book, and of her hearing something about an inquest, and a verdict and death by starvation. And she could remember more clearly than anything else being taken to see her mother, lying so still and cold, and white and thin, but so peaceful, as if she was resting quietly after the years of pain and struggle. And then came five years at the Village Home at Ilford that were very happy ones for her, as her Cottage Mother, although an austere old maid of the Plymouth Sister species, was at bottom a true-hearted, kindly soul who loved her little charges and sought prayerfully and conscientiously to do her duty by them.

When it was settled that she should come to Canada, Gertie was almost broken-hearted at leaving the Village and her Cottage Mother, and although the home-sick feeling soon passed away after she went to live with the Morgans, she had always felt a very real affection for the Village and its associations. On the voyage out Mr. Owen had made a good deal of her, and she knew Mrs. Owen well and had been often at her house in Toronto. She had always welcomed Miss Gibbs when she came each year to see her, and altogether she had felt until now quite happy in being a "Home girl," and never in the least inclined to disown it. Of course, she knew that some people did not like the Home girls and boys, and that very horrid things were written about them in the papers; but Mr. Morgan would always speak with indignation and disgust of these newspaper attacks, and Mrs. Morgan had resigned her position on the board of one of the large Toronto Institutions because of some disparaging remarks upon Barnardo children that had been made at a meeting, although not till she had given the

assembled ladies her mind upon the iniquity of their insulting and trying to injure a body of young people whose only offence was that they had been poor and orphaned. But now, under the altered circumstances of her engagement, these things came back to Gertie in a new and painful light. Would Walter, if he knew her history, imagine that she was diseased and degenerate, and all the other nasty things that she had heard ascribed to the Home girls and boys, and that had provoked Mr. Morgan's righteous indignation? Could he think the same of her if he was told that she was "one of those Barnardo girls?" The conflict of feeling was very great, but Gertie had not heard in vain of that great loving, tender Friend and Elder Brother who knows and understands all about the trials and perplexities of His children and is the Burden-Bearer for every heavy-laden soul. One night, when the thoughts of what she would have to explain to Walter had been more than usually tormenting her, she shut herself up in her room and there on her knees poured forth the whole story into the sympathizing ear of the Friend she knew and trusted, and the answer was borne in upon her heart, clear and true, bidding her to be of good courage, act honestly and leave the rest to God. Gertie rose from her knees strengthened and comforted, and with her mind resolutely made up that at the first opportunity she would unburden her mind to Walter and do what she now felt sure was her duty, regardless of consequences. It was a hard struggle, and Gertie was no heroine, but just a simple-hearted little girl who had learned to love Jesus Christ and to follow His bidding. Walter was to call for her the following evening at half-past seven and to take her to a concert at the Massey Hall. They would be sure to walk home together afterwards, and then, when they were alone, she would make a clear breast to him of the great secret that, to poor little Gertie, had by this

time come to be regarded as a most desperate disclosure. Strong in her resolution, Gertie went through her day's work cheerfully and briskly; but, alas! when the evening drew near circumstances seemed to conspire against her carrying out what she had so bravely determined upon. The evening paper was delivered about five, and glancing over its columns, the first thing that met her eye was an immense scare heading stretched across two columns, "Robbery by a Barnardo Boy!" and underneath was an account of the theft by a boy of a setting of duck's eggs from a farmer's barn in the West. The principal leading article in the paper commented upon the event, and referred to Barnardo boys and girls generally as the diseased off-scouring of humanity, gathered from the slums of Whitechapel, crowding the goals and penitentiaries of Canada, and so forth. Poor Gertie's spirits sank to zero and were not in the least revived by the whole-souled indignation that, during the whole of the evening meal, Mr. Morgan poured forth upon the writer and compiler of the offensive article and despatch, and whom he wished to see tarred and feathered, horse-whipped and otherwise chastised for their misdeeds. Gertie knew that Walter took the same paper and, of course, would have read the article, and now, with this fresh in his mind, she must tell him that she was one of the class of whom he, no doubt, would believe all the editor said of them. It seemed terribly hard, and just before they left the house for Massey Hall Gertie had to run upstairs for a minute and ask that she might be given the strength to do what she knew to be right, and not shrink from it when the time came. On the way to the Hall, another unpleasant incident happened that upset Gertie not a little. They were riding in a Queen Street car when, on the corner of Bathurst Street, there bundled in Mr. Owen and a small boy with a valise, evidently on his way to the Union Station.

At any other time she would have been pleased to see him and they would have chatted all the way down, but to-night it was so awkward, and what would Walter think, and would he know who Mr. Owen was, and suspect things? She had quite made up her mind what she would say to Walter and had, in fact, rehearsed many times over a nice little speech in which the news would be broken in the easiest and least objectionable manner possible; but now this untoward appearance of Mr. Owen seemed likely to upset all these calculations. She quite lost her self-possession, and was only conscious that Mr. Owen gave a nod in the direction of Walter and herself, and settled himself down at the other end of the car, and was looking straight before him with an amused sort of expression on his face. She then realized that Walter was looking at her with a very uncomfortable, annoyed expression that she could not in the least understand. Surely he did not suspect her of flirting with a stranger, but what made him look so vexed? Mr. Owen certainly looked the last sort of person to be exchanging smiles with a young woman in a car. He was looking rather more shabby and ill-dressed than usual, and disarmed suspicion by burying himself in a heavy-looking English paper that he read vigorously until the car stopped at Simcoe Street, when he got off with the boy without looking again in her direction. Still, what could be the meaning of the very queer look that Walter gave her? When they transferred at Yonge Street and left the second car, they were in the middle of a large crowd and had little opportunity of speaking; but all through the concert she fancied Walter seemed troubled and abstracted, and when she reflected upon what she was to tell him afterwards, a very big lump seemed to rise to her throat. The concert seemed long, and she was glad when it was over and they were on their way home. Walter proposed that they should

walk, and she made up her mind that as soon as they were crossing the Park, where everything was quiet, she would begin the story. Very little was said as they passed through the Ward on their way West, Gertie feeling her heart too full and the big lump too near her throat, and Walter seeming unusually silent. At length they were in the Park, and Gertie knew the time had come to speak. She had the first little sentence all in readiness for delivery, and she fancied she was in the act of opening her mouth, when suddenly Walter spoke very slowly and gravely, and as though the words were costing him a great effort:

"Gertie, dear, I have something to tell you that I ought to have told you long ago. I hope it won't make you think less of me. If it does, I must bear it. It's nothing I'm ashamed of, although I did wrong not to tell you sooner. Gertie, I've got no father or mother on earth, and I am one of Dr. Barnardo's boys."

"Oh, Walter!" Gertie gave a sudden little scream that made him stop short and turn quickly round to her. There was no one looking,

and the next moment Gertie's arms were round Walter's neck and her head on his shoulder. "And I meant to tell you, Walter dear, this very night, I am one of Dr. Barnardo's girls, and I came from Ilford, and—and——"

The following evening a young couple called at 214 Farley Avenue and were shown into Mr. Owen's office, from which sounds of merry laughter were soon heard and very funny explanations were entered into. Two of the happiest young people in Toronto left the building shortly afterwards, ushered out with much hearty hand-shaking. A month later, very dainty little wedding cards were received at "Hazel Brae" and Farley Avenue announcing the marriage of Miss Gertrude Morgan to Mr. Walter Rigby, "both of Dr. Barnardo's Homes." Walter is now a prosperous and successful man of business and Gertie a very charming little wife and mother, and, if we are to believe their own account, they have been very happy together ever since, and expect to be till "death us do part."

A. B. O.

ALWAYS as much virtue as there is, so much appears ; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never a sincere word was utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Always the heart of man greets and accepts it unexpectedly. A man passes for that he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light which all men may read but himself. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, demeans his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes, O fool ! fool ! on the forehead of a king.

- *Emerson.*