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UPS AND DOWNS

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

VOL. I.—No. 12.

TORONTO, JULY 1ST, 1896.

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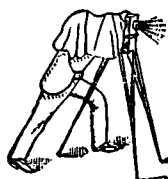
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ALLUM, GEORGE.....	Box 75, Newcastle...	Durham.....	April, '90
BARTON, GEORGE A.....	Essex.....	Essex.....	April, '95
BROWN, WALTER.....	Harwich.....	Kent.....	March, '93
BLACKBURN, RICHARD G.....	Blenheim.....	Kent.....	Sept., '92
BAKER, JAS. H.....	Baysville.....	Muskoka.....	July, '92
BANKS, ARTHUR R. B. B.....	St. Marys.....	Perth.....	Sept., '92
BIGGS, DAVID SAMUEL.....	Drayton.....	Wellington.....	July, '92
BEASLEY, FRED'K H.....	Port Rowan.....	Norfolk.....	June, '90
BLANCHARD, ARTHUR.....	Bronte.....	Halton.....	Aug., '93
BELL, THOS. J.....	Barrie.....	Simcoe.....	April, '94
BEDWIN, ARTHUR.....	Newcastle.....	Durham.....	Nov., '91
BARTRUP, JOHN.....	Dungannon.....	Huron.....	April, '89
CHAPPELL, CHARLES.....	Ripley.....	Bruce.....	June, '93
COLLAR, EDWIN W.....	Lurgan.....	Bruce.....	Aug., '93
CLARKE, FRED'K H.....	Freeman.....	Halton.....	Aug., '93
COOK, FRED'K.....	Virgil.....	Lincoln.....	March, '93
CAMBRAY, FRANK.....	Cayuga.....	Haldimand.....	April, '90
COOPER, ERNEST.....	Terra Cotta.....	Peel.....	July, '92
CLARKE, HERBERT W.....	Meaford.....	Grey.....	June, '93
CASEY, FRED'K.....	Riverview.....	Grey.....	April, '86
DUBERRY, FRED'K.....	Fordwich.....	Huron.....	July, '94
DEAN, GEORGE R.....	Nestleton.....	Durham.....	April, '95
DERRICK, GEORGE W.....	Gleneden.....	Grey.....	Sept., '94
EDWARDS, CLAUDE.....	Coboconk.....	Victoria.....	Sept., '95
EDWARDS, JAMES.....	Valentia.....	Victoria.....	April, '94
FORSTER, WALTER.....	Kincardine.....	Bruce.....	July, '94
FISK, CHARLES.....	Ripley.....	Bruce.....	July, '92
FISHLEY, FRANK C.....	Dungannon.....	Huron.....	March, '92
GYDE, GEO. T.....	Burgessville.....	Oxford.....	March, '93
GAWTRAY, THOS.....	Lanes.....	Huron.....	July, '92
GRIFFITHS, JOHN.....	Crewe.....	Huron.....	June, '93
GRAY, HENRY.....	Shirley.....	Ontario.....	July, '94
GILMORE, JNO.....	Bobcaygeon.....	Victoria.....	April, '94
HUTCHINGS, H. E.....	Mansfield.....	Simcoe.....	April, '96
HILLMAN, WM. G.....	Virgil.....	Lincoln.....	March, '93
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HODGE, ALFRED.....	Shelburne.....	Grey.....	July, '94
HEMMING, ROBERT.....	Tyrell.....	Norfolk.....	April, '90
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HUGHES, SAM'L.....	Wellandport.....	Welland.....	July, '95
HOWELL, ARTHUR.....	Clarksburg.....	Grey.....	Aug., '93
HOTHAM, THOMAS.....	Clarksburg.....	Grey.....	July, '95
IRELAND, ERNEST.....	Holyrood.....	Bruce.....	March, '93
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LACCOHEE, ARTHUR C.....	Marden.....	Wellington.....	March, '92
LOVELOCK, WM.....	Nestleton.....	Durham.....	March, '93
LEACH, SIDNEY C.....	Fordwich.....	Huron.....	April, '94
MULVANEY, FRANCIS.....	Beeton.....	Simcoe.....	Sept., '92
MITCHELL, GEORGE E.....	Everett.....	Simcoe.....	July, '95
MASON, W. R.....	Dunedin.....	Simcoe.....	April, '91
MORRIS, ALFRED G.....	Perch Station.....	Lambton.....	April, '89
MCDONALD, JOHN F.....	Box 92, Ripley.....	Bruce.....	March, '9
NOBBS, JAS. THOMAS.....	Cottam.....	Essex.....	April, '86
OAKLEY, CHAS.....	Paris.....	Brant.....	April, '90
O'BRIEN, GEORGE E.....	Sheppardton.....	Huron.....	March, '93
POCOCK, JNO.....	Tiverton.....	Bruce.....	April, '94
PAGE, WM. HY.....	Wellington.....	Bruce.....	April, '95
PADDINGTON, ARTHUR J.....	Bervie.....	Bruce.....	June, '93
PREECE, JNO. H.....	Kurtzville.....	Wellington.....	April, '96
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REYNOLDS, CHARLES.....	Crewe.....	Huron.....	June, '93
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SMITH, ROBT. G.....	Constance.....	Huron.....	March, '87
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UPS AND DOWNS

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

VOL. I.—No. 12.

TORONTO, JULY 1ST, 1896.

PRICE PER YEAR 25 CENTS
SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS.

ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

WITH the present issue UPS AND DOWNS completes the first year of its existence, and, the time comes for our "taking stock" of our position, and making up our minds as to what extent we have fulfilled or failed to fulfil the objects we had in view in starting our little newspaper enterprise.

**

The chief among these objects was to draw us into closer touch with each other and to promote confidence and kindly relations between our boys themselves, and with those who represent Dr. Barnardo in the work of looking after them, and caring for their welfare. We hoped that our paper might be a valuable aid to us in affording a regular and pleasant means of communication with the members of our large and scattered family, such as we could never attempt by correspondence, and that on the other hand it would be a monthly reminder to each one of our boys, that he was not alone or friendless in the country, but that there are people whose business and whose aim it is to look after his interests and promote his well being and advancement in life. The knowledge that there are friends who are thinking of him and closely watching his progress, cannot but be an influence for good in the life and character of any boy, wherever he may be; and this knowledge we hoped by means, to some extent, of our little monthly paper to bring home to every boy's mind.

**

Furthermore we looked forward to bringing the influence of example to bear by recording the experiences of some amongst the many of

those under our charge, who have done well, and got on in the world. Our boys have nothing to hope for, but by their own steady persevering effort, and we can often conceive how when a boy is disposed to flag or grow careless he may be helped and encouraged by hearing of others, who under like circumstances and facing similar difficulties, have fought their way on to success. This incentive we hoped that our paper might be the means of supplying, and at the same time be a "roll of honour" for those who have done, and are doing, credit to



ON THE SANDS AT BRIGHTON.

themselves and the old Home by their industry and enterprise.

Then again we seemed to be in need of some recognized means of letting ourselves be heard from in answer to those who are so industriously employing themselves in stirring up prejudice and opposition to Dr. Barnardo and Dr. Barnardo's girls and boys. Hitherto our light had been so entirely hidden under a bushel. If a boy committed a crime, or was accused of committing a crime, or if a crime were committed by any individual whom it might suit some one to say was a Barnardo

boy, every paper in the country rung with the announcement of our disgrace. The boy might be acquitted of the charge, or there might be extenuating circumstances, or the wrong doer might have no more to do with Dr. Barnardo or his Homes than the man in the moon. That was nothing as long as there was an excuse for a sensational paragraph with glaring head lines and a vindictive little editorial defaming and insulting the character of our young people. No one ever interested themselves to write up the records of the ninety-eight or ninety-nine per

cent. who did not commit crime, but who are growing up as law-abiding useful citizens, and in the vast majority of cases leading lives of honest upright and respectable independence. There was nothing "sensational" in the histories of several thousands of young men and women doing their day's work in the farm houses all over the country, plodding along steadily, often with very little encouragement, and earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. We aimed to undertake ourselves the task of putting this unsensational and prosaic side of our work before the public, and demonstrate with the authority of "those who know" that our boys are not to be judged by the one per cent. who fail, but that their careers generally are a credit to themselves and the country. To do this, we have had to refer more often than has been pleasant to the attacks upon us, but we have sought to meet these attacks in a becoming spirit; and while we should be more than human if we could always turn our cheek to the smiter, we have striven to guide our words with moderation, and avoid any undue bitterness or resentment.

**

Lastly, I may say that we started out with the hope that we should "make ends meet,"

and although we had fixed our subscription rate at a nominal figure, so as to be within the reach all and everyone, that we should manage to conduct our paper without its being a charge upon the already heavily taxed funds of the Homes, and without adding anything to Dr. Barnardo's burdens. Our ideas were somewhat vague as to "ways and means," but we thought we could foresee so many directions in which our paper might be a help and benefit to us, that we are afraid our enthusiasm carried us rather lightly over the important process of "counting the cost," and we were too much disposed to "trust to luck," and count our chickens in the shape of advertisements and other sources of revenue a very long while before they were hatched—we may say before even the process of incubation had begun.

* *

How far have we even partially succeeded in satisfying our aspirations during the twelve months that our little paper has had an existence? As regards the last point, finances, we must freely and candidly avow that our expectations have been most wofully and definitely disappointed. We have not paid our way by a very large sum, and have accumulated a most unpleasantly large deficit. So unpleasantly large is this deficit, that it will not surprise us any day to be told from headquarters, that we must bring this extravagance to a full stop. Certainly, we have heard nothing of the kind yet, but we know well that there are "hard times" at home, and often moments and days of deep anxiety as to where food and clothing and the necessaries of life are to come for the great family of 5,000 now dependent upon the Homes, and all the side leaks by which money escapes have to be closely watched and vigorously stopped up. UPS AND DOWNS is getting to be rather a "leaky" place in the ship, and we may have to be treated accordingly, but meantime we are going to make the best of ourselves. Perhaps a bright idea may strike us some day to try and repair the leak ourselves, and we may make a very special appeal to our boys and girls to give us the means of doing this; but we won't say more of this just now, except that it will grieve us immensely if we have to drop our paper, and we don't mean doing so unless we are compelled.

* *

As to the fulfilment of the other objects with which we started our paper, if we may judge from the testimonies of our boys, big and little, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, we can congratulate ourselves upon having surpassed our most sanguine expectations. We can number by many hundreds the letters we have received showing that UPS AND DOWNS has been a delight and pleasure to its subscribers, that it has developed an "esprit de corps" among our boys as nothing else has ever done, and that as a community we have gained in respect and prestige from having this monthly organ. People who had heard little of us before, and still less that was any good, have had their eyes opened, and their sympathies awakened, and we can now speak with our "enemies in the gate" on very different terms. We know well that "pride goes before a fall," and we should be very sorry to adopt anything like a spirit of boasting; but we are enthusiastic for our work, and we believe ourselves to be championing a great and a righteous cause; and looking back therefore upon the twelve months' life of UPS AND DOWNS we do indeed "thank God and take courage."

Nor would we neglect this opportunity of expressing our sincere and heartfelt thanks to our boys, who have so generously strengthened our hands by showing their appreciation of our

efforts, and have given so many encouraging tokens of the value they set upon this link between themselves and the old Home and their old friends. They have shown us that their hearts are in the right place, and that there is a deep and abiding feeling of loyalty amongst them to Dr. Barnardo and those who are associated with him. We have only to say that we desire, from the bottom of our hearts, that this will continue and grow stronger in the years to come, and if UPS AND DOWNS serves in any degree to call forth and to give expression to this feeling amongst us, we shall have been abundantly repaid for our efforts.

* *

We cannot conceive any movement of this great age of advancement, whether in the political, social or philanthropic world, accomplishing greater ends or fraught with brighter and more permanently beneficial results to society at large than Dr. Barnardo's Emigration work; and the spectacle as we see it in our daily experience, and as we have tried to represent it a little in the columns of UPS AND DOWNS, of thousands of young men entering upon lives of hope and promise, is enough to arouse the highest feelings of enthusiasm and praise. It is still more so if we go a little further back and contrast the prospects of these lives as they are and as they might have been under different circumstances, left to be stifled under the pressure of grinding competition and over population, and to be down trodden in the intense struggle for existence known to all who live and labour among the industrial populations in our home cities.

* *

In our last issue we quoted Sir Charles Tupper's noble words, in which he spoke of Dr. Barnardo's enterprise as being a "God-like work." And surely no earthly enterprise could be more in accordance with the mind and spirit of the Divine Master than this grand and successful effort to alleviate the great volume of misery and suffering; to take by the hand those who have been stricken down in the race of life, and place them again in the way to become independent; to give a chance in the world to boys and girls whose future would otherwise be overcast, and in some cases almost hopeless, and to open careers of usefulness to those whom poverty and misfortune have handicapped in the struggle in life! Can we not have faith to believe that He, whose work we are assured this is, in whose Spirit it is carried on and who has so abundantly owned and blessed it in the past will continue to give His favour and blessing, and despite all obstacles and discouragement will open the way for the accomplishment of yet brighter results in the future?

* *

I am writing on board the steamship "Ottoman," that is taking me over to bring out another large party of boys. I shall hope to arrive with them in course of next month, and we shall be pleased to hear of any good openings that offer that will enable us to place the newcomers in desirable homes. Our boys can help us a great deal in this direction, and if anyone will write to Mr. Davis at the Toronto Home, he will give all information as to the terms and condition upon which boys are placed out, and later on he will be able to advise of the exact date when the party is expected to reach Toronto.

Alfred R. Davis

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.



REGARD our adoption of the rôle of amateur bookseller as, to some extent, a means of testing whether the Literary and Mutual Improvement Society is fulfilling the object we had in view when we instituted this department of our journal. Our aim in affording our friends an opportunity of expressing their opinions upon various specified subjects has been not merely to enlist a momentary interest in those subjects, and in the manner the different contributors have dealt with them, but to so stimulate and foster the interest thus roused into activity, that it would intuitively seek extension in wider fields of research.

The ever-active mind of man is always seeking for knowledge of some kind or other. It is a law of our nature that our minds shall never stand still. But whether that on which the mind seeks knowledge is good or bad, and will work to our advantage or to our evil, depends largely upon the opportunities we place before it. If we leave it "to chance," it will forage for scraps among the garbage of the gutter. Mind and body must have food of some kind, and failing anything better, they fall back on all sorts of refuse; but the poison does its work far more rapidly and surely with the mind than with the body. Too much importance cannot be attached to enabling the mind to discern between that which is poisonous and that which is wholesome; between that which destroys and that which leads to health, strength, and power. The only way to do this is to cultivate various faculties with which all men are, in greater or less degree, endowed; and in this work of cultivation all who take part in our Improvement Society are engaged. And we very firmly believe they are not working in vain. Last month we offered to procure for those who desired it a supply of very wholesome mental food—many of the standard works of English prose and poetry—at a cost far less than would be necessary to procure a like quantity of refuse. It is with a feeling of intense satisfaction that we are able to say that a large number of our friends have taken advantage of our offer. We have already ordered from England 300 volumes to meet demands made upon us within two weeks of the appearance of our last issue.

This, we think, we can fairly claim as very strong presumptive evidence that the trashy productions, the poisonous refuse, with which the country is flooded, find but few friends among our boys and girls.

We very earnestly hope that the 300 books we have already been compelled to order will prove but a first installment, to be followed by many more of even greater proportions. We should experience considerable pleasure in knowing that every subscriber to our journal had procured a full set of the penny works, and having procured them, would make himself or herself thoroughly acquainted with their contents; not that we would wish one of our friends to become a mere book-worm, a book-worm being of little use to himself or to others. The great end to be achieved by books is for the reader to more perfectly fit himself for his daily life and duties; that he may carry into his vocation greater mental energy, increased power for noble thought and action. Where books fail in accomplishing this they are merely so much waste paper. And while the same book is not going to move all men, even with the same lofty ideals, in the same manner, we have no hesitation in saying that there will be found little "waste paper" among the selections our friends have made. Some will find in one volume a degree of enjoyment and of men-

tal and moral stimulant which others may fail to detect, but who on their part will find in other volumes equal cause for satisfaction.

There is one little matter in connection with the books we undertake to procure for our friends, to which we find it necessary to allude: our offer applies only to "our boys" and to "our girls," and not to those outside our ranks, whether they be subscribers to UPS AND DOWNS or not. It is absolutely necessary for us to make this distinction, as we are not engaging in a business venture, but simply acting as a medium whereby our friends can obtain certain books at cost. We have already received some orders from people unknown to us in any way. In view of our omission to state that our offer was confined to our own friends, we will arrange for these orders to be filled.

* **

We again publish the list of books, all or any number of which our friends can obtain at the rate of six for 25c. Those who have sent in their orders during the month will probably receive their books about the 21st of July, and we would ask them, one and all, to kindly send us word by post card, if they have not time for a letter, of the arrival of their parcels. We shall also be pleased to hear later what our friends think of their investment, and in which book or books they have found the most enjoyment and profit.

* **

A book which has found many patrons among our friends is "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a powerfully told story of the slavery days in the United States. The authoress, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has just died at a very advanced age. Since her death the fact has been recalled that the original of Uncle Tom, the chief character of her widely-read book, is buried in Canada. Our friends will be interested to learn this and the following details contained in a press despatch from a leading Buffalo journal; particularly those boys who are only awaiting the arrival of our parcel from England to dive deep into the pleasures of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The original of Uncle Tom, an old negro slave, Josiah Hanson, is buried in Canada. For twenty-four years his bones have been resting in an obscure grave in Dresden, Ont. The man who buried him is Mr. S. S. Arnold, who is connected with a large business enterprise in Canada, and is at present stopping in this city. Mr. Arnold was seen by a *News* reporter, and asked about Uncle Tom's life in Canada. 'I can only tell you,' said Mr. Arnold, 'that Uncle Josiah Hanson lived near Dresden for many years, and that he was the "Uncle Tom" of Harriet Beecher's novel. He was a very intelligent old negro, and precisely such a character as was pictured in the book. He was very active in his work to help the negroes who settled in Canada, and was regarded by all of them as their leader. He did a great deal in procuring the "Institution Farms" which the negroes were given in Canada during the war. He raised a great deal of money for that purpose, and made a trip to England. I remember that he had an audience with the Queen, and she presented a gold watch to him. The Queen had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when she heard that Josiah was the original Uncle Tom she was greatly interested in him. He died in 1872, and was buried in the little old negro cemetery near Dresden. I owned an undertaking establishment then at Dresden and Chatham, and was called upon to bury the old man. I don't remember much about the funeral, except that every negro in the neighbourhood was there, and seemed to mourn for the old man as if he had been an own father to them all."

Each topic for this month has about the same number of contributors, and we are publishing four of the papers received—two on "My Favourite Animal or Animals," and two on "How I Like to Spend My Leisure Hours."

* **

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL OR ANIMALS.

ALBERT E. YOUNG, Age 12. Party '95.

As for me, my choice would be horses and cows, because you can tame them by being kind to them. You can get their affection and cause them to love you and know you from other people. We have a black cow only three years old, and she will follow me around the yard to be milked first.

And we have a bay mare. I am very fond of her; she will let me hitch her up and drive her or work her. She and I have been cultivating corn to-day,—my first attempt, but not her first,—and we got on well together.

We owe our young friend Albert E. Young an apology, which we herewith tender. Last month his excellent little essay on "The Season of the Year I Like Best" was inadvertently ascribed to Albert H. Young, of April, '96 party. We very much regret that the mistake occurred, and hope that Albert E. will forgive us for publishing his contribution as the work of Albert H.

* **

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL OR ANIMALS.

WALTER DENTON, Age 17. Party, July, '92

The animal I like the best is a little hard to say, but I think if I had my choice I should choose first the horse; second, the cow; third the dog. The horse is a noble animal and very gentle as a rule; if a horse only knew its strength it could do almost anything with us. Instead of letting us harness or drive, it might easily knock or throw us down and trample us to atoms; so we should always treat our horses as we would be treated by other folks according to our strength.

Why I put the cow second is because it gives both food and drink to us; while it lives it gives milk, which is principally made into butter and cheese and many other delicacies besides. After it is killed we eat its flesh, which we call beef and which is very juicy and tender.

Thirdly, I think a dog is very intelligent and saves us many a step, and also guards us by night. As an instance of a dog's intelligence, I will tell something my master saw while up at Mr. Nixon's, and which surprised him. Mr. Nixon thought it was time for milking, and just simply took the milking pails and walked slowly towards the barn. Meanwhile, the dog had seen him getting the pails and had gone to the woods and brought the cows without a word.

* **

HOW I LIKE TO SPEND MY LEISURE HOURS.

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 20. Party, April, '90

"Before attempting to describe how I spend my leisure hours, it will be necessary to mention what leisure hours I have.

"I am working on a farm; there is not much spare time in the summer time, as we work early and late, and when night comes we are glad to get a rest; but in winter we have more spare time; I generally have from one to three hours every day, and we can use this spare time to improve our knowledge, in some way or other.

"One of my favourite employments during my spare time is reading. I am very fond of books, that is to say, good books; I read all the good books I can, I do not read cheap, trashy novels; I think these cheap novels are ruinous, more especially to young people.

"Another pastime I am very fond of is music. I have studied the violin for some time, although I have not one at present, but expect to have before long. I think music is a grand thing, it ought to brighten every home when we get gloomy, as we are apt to do sometimes. We can get our instruments and we will be so absorbed that we

will soon banish all our gloomy thoughts. I would feel lonely without a musical instrument near me, so that when I feel lonely I can go and get it to cheer me up a bit. I have at present a mouthorgan and a flute. Anyone who has no taste for music does not know what company it is.

"I am also very fond of holding conversation with one or more persons on some interesting topic. I think much can be learned in this way, and we learn to respect the opinions of others, and to have patience while they are speaking. It also improves our delivery of speech, and makes us guard against using improper language."

Alfred does wisely to recognize in music an antidote to gloomy thoughts. It possesses, probably in a greater degree than any other agency, the power to draw the attention away from ourselves and the worries of the present, but it is not the only means by which we can bid dull care begone; there are many opportunities if we will only avail ourselves of them. In a short poem, entitled "The Day is Done," Longfellow describes with all the pathos and depth of feeling of which he was such a perfect master, the weariness of spirit which frequently comes over one at the close of day, and how the feeling of sadness may be banished and in its place reign cheerfulness and joy. In fact his poem is in itself the remedy it prescribes. We will publish his verses so that Alfred and others of our friends can, when occasion requires, apply the remedy to themselves.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HOW I LIKE TO SPEND MY LEISURE HOURS.

WILL HOWARD, Age 19. Party August, '89.

Herodotus compares man to a bow which, when not in use, a skilled archer leaves unstrung; for otherwise, it would be unserviceable when the time for using it

(Continued on page 8.)

Ups and Downs

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We shall be obliged if subscribers will notify us at once in the even of delay or irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TORONTO, JULY 1ST, 1896.



SINCE our last issue appeared Canada has undergone a great change of front politically. The elections are a thing of the past, and, for the first time in eighteen years, the reins of power are in the hands of the Liberal party, at the head of which is Mr. Wilfred Laurier. The change may not suit all of us, but it is the will of the majority, and to that all loyal and law-abiding subjects must bow with as good grace as possible. And in Mr. Laurier Canada will have a premier of whom all parties, sects and races may well feel proud. A man of great intellectual culture, possessing undoubted capacity for statesmanship, and with a chivalrous courtesy of manner which is far too rare in the political arena; his elevation to the position of Her Majesty's Chief Minister in Canada brings before the gaze of other nations one of the most attractive personalities to be found in Canadian public life.

* *

The change of government would not have appeared so startling at first had we not been so long accustomed to the rule of one party as to almost forget that the other party had any reason for existence, except to perform the too often unappreciated duties of an Opposition. And having regard only to the best interests of Canada, we hope that in the future a change from one party to another will not be as rare as heretofore. An "Opposition" is as essential to constitutional rule as a "Government," and both should be kept up to the highest possible pitch of efficiency. This is impossible where one party remains for a great number of years in a minority; the Opposition becomes sluggish and inert from that "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," and the Government hardly less so from a belief in their own infallibility which has been engendered by frequent successes; and the country suffers in consequence.

* *

In striking contrast to the state of affairs which has prevailed in Canada in this respect, is the regularity with which the people of England make the two great parties take "turn about." For over fifty-five years every election has been followed by a change of Government, the "ins" going out, and the "outs" going in. Instead of this regularity of change working to the injury of the country it has a directly opposite effect. It keeps both parties on their mettle, and causes changes in policy to be made more gradually and with more regard for consequences in the future than would likely be the case were

one party to be kept continuously in opposition and then suddenly be raised to power, fired with a desire to execute at one fell swoop the ideas which have taken a decade or two to accumulate. At the same time it prevents the growth of abuses under the fostering care or with the silent acquiescence of either party.

The people of Canada having at last decided on a change of government, we only hope that the change will usher in a fresh era of prosperity and not prove to be the harbinger of hard times made harder through attempts to make sudden and drastic changes in what has been the established policy of the country for nearly twenty years.

* *

We expect that there were but few of our boys to whose ears did not come the report two weeks ago that one of our number had committed cruel and deliberate murder. A murder was committed, the accused was a youth, and an English youth. Here was a glorious opportunity for the "special," or "our own," correspondent of the daily papers to perform one of those feats of imagination in which his soul revels. A report of a murder is at all times sure to create a certain amount of sensation, but here was a chance of holding up, not one, but six thousand, young people to approbrium.



MR. WILFRED LAURIER,
Premier-Elect of Canada.

So the lie went forth throughout the length and breadth of Canada—"A brutal murder at Port Hope by a Barnardo Home boy named Prentiss."

Mr. Owen was first made aware of the startling news in the same manner that several hundred thousand others would learn it, through the morning papers of June 10th.

The improbability of the report being true was strengthened by the fact that there is no boy named Prentiss upon the register at the Home. Telephonic communication was at once opened with the Chief of Police at Port Hope, and enquiry made as to the foundation of the report that the murderer was a Home lad. The answer was a prompt and complete refutation of the dastardly falsehood, the Chief of Police stating that he could not understand how such a report arose or imagine who was the author of it. The people in the district were well aware that the perpetrator of the murder was not a Home boy, but a young Englishman whose friends in England are well-to-do, and who had accompanied his brother to Canada a few years ago.

To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Davis left for Port Hope on the first train, and his

investigations soon proved that the unfortunate young criminal had never in any way been connected with the Home either here or in England.

So much for the reliability of that individual who hides his identity, thereby saving himself many a well-merited horsewhipping, under the style of "our correspondent;" and, let us add, so much for the acumen and sense of justice of editors of daily papers who will unquestioningly accept from such sources statements of so serious an import. There would not be such an outrageous abandonment of truth to sensation by correspondents, nor such culpable neglect in not seeking corroboration before publishing by editors, if the law of the land afforded to a large number of citizens as a body, the same protection that it gives to each as an individual. As it is, however, we have to depend for justice upon the amount of consideration that correspondents and editors give to the Divine command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." We regret to say we find the Divine law more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It is only right that we should mention that the editors of the Toronto Star and the Toronto Evening Telegram proved notable exceptions to their colleagues of Toronto and elsewhere. Instead of publishing the report of the murder, as they received it, they telephoned to the Home to ask if the murderer were in reality a "Barnardo Boy." Upon being assured that such was not the case, that portion which was untrue, and to us and to our friends exceedingly painful, was eliminated; a simple act of justice which it would not be necessary to mention were it not in such marked contrast to the treatment accorded us by other journals, who, having published the libel, did little or nothing to remove the erroneous impression they had made on the minds of their readers, beyond omitting from subsequent reports of the murder the words "Barnardo Boy."

* *

The power of attraction which these misstatements, appearing from time to time in the daily press, possess over some people is really remarkable. In fact, it would appear that they supply the only mental nourishment which not a few supposedly intelligent people allow themselves. Only a week or two prior to the Port Hope tragedy, the Grand Jury at Hamilton had under its consideration the cause of the startling increase in crime which has recently taken place in that district. To the aggregated wisdom of the good men and true constituting the Grand Jury only one explanation of the uncomplimentary state of affairs was possible: that explanation was—the "juvenile immigrants"—the Home boys! And on the shoulders of the Home boys did their presentment lay the blame for the increasing criminality with which their district was afflicted.

* *

This convenient method of disposing of a perplexing problem was not allowed to pass unchallenged, however. His Honour Judge Street, to whom the presentment was made, so completely demolished the contention of the Grand Jury as to leave the latter in a very pitiable plight—the victims either of unreasoning prejudice or of woful ignorance. His Honour stated that he had caused careful enquiry to be made into the antecedents of the prisoners who had been tried before him at that court, and in every case except one they had been brought up in the district and had been educated at their own public schools. It would be well, he said, if, instead of seeking to lay the blame for the increase in the number of young criminals upon the juvenile immigrants, they would look nearer home. They would

find the cause mainly in the disregard of moral training which obtained in the public schools of the country.

* *

This is not by any means the first instance of a Canadian judge protesting, from the bench or in the press, against the injustice with which less enlightened and less impartial individuals have assailed the characters of the Home boys; and it is a source of intense gratification to us to know that our voluntary defenders are among those whose opinions and utterances are most entitled to the respect and consideration of the people of Canada.

* *

UPS AND DOWNS is late in making its appearance this month, and we must crave the indulgence of our subscribers. When Mr. Owen sailed for England he hoped to be able to send us an account of the Thirtieth Annual Meeting held in the Royal Albert Hall on June 23rd, by the quick mail steamer leaving for New York on the 25th, so that by delaying publication for a few days we would be able to give our boys a more or less comprehensive report of all that occurred on that auspicious occasion within two weeks of its taking place. We are doomed to disappointment however. Up to the present hour, several days after our usual time for going to press, no report of the meeting is to hand, so we must ask our friends to possess their souls in patience and next month we shall doubtless have much to tell that will be full of interest.

* *

Our reproduction this month presents to us a scene in which most of us would not object to make a part. The sea always appeals powerfully to an Englishman. In the vast watery domain of which his country is mistress he recognizes a friend. It is the sea that renders it unnecessary to maintain gigantic and costly armies to defend his country's borders. Much of that which is most stirring in the history of his native land relates to victory-bringing battles, against human foes and against the dangers of the Unknown, whereby new lands have been discovered and new truths learned.

In the lap of the waves there is that which speaks to an Englishman of home no matter in what far-off corner of the world he may be, but the waves to which he loves most to listen are those which break on the shores of his own sea-girt island

Those who have read Charles Dickens' "Dombey and Son" will remember that it was on the sands of Brighton that little Paul used to sit with his sister listening by the hour to the voices which he detected in the waves rising and falling at his feet; and how he was filled with a great yearning to know what the waves were saying. It was this powerful picture of Dickens' of a dying child trying to read the future in the rhythm of the incoming tide that prompted the production of one of the most widely known songs—"What are the wild waves saying."

THOUGHTS ON A TEXT.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Romans xii: 11.

THESE things among others did St. Paul enjoin of the Romans, to whom he was pointing the way of salvation through faith in Christ. A faith which amounted to nothing more than a mere belief that Christ could save, was not sufficient in those days nor is it sufficient to-day, although, unfortunately, too many who call themselves Christians are content with this "faith in theory." "Faith in practice" is the key-note of the true Christian's life, as it is of the writings and preachings of all

the Apostles. Yet this "faith in practice," a bringing of our faith into the doings of our daily life, is the rock over which so many Christians stumble. They take their faith with them to the church; to the prayer meeting; and, perhaps, in their private life it leads them; but how often and how readily is it abandoned in the pursuits of business; and by business pursuits, we mean all vocations, whether of man or boy, by which it is sought to advance one's worldly position and riches.

"We cannot serve God here" they seem to think. "If we attempted to do so we should damage our business or insult Him." Of course, if business means trying to deceive our fellow men; trying to sell by misrepresentation, either a house, a cow, or a bill of goods at a price double what it is worth, we cannot serve the Lord therein; but such transactions are *not* business, no matter how often, to ease their conscience, their perpetrators may so term them. They are lies and robbery, and from such the soul of the Christian revolts with horror. But in the pursuit of honest labour or business, whatever it may be—that of the merchant, or the farmer, or the hired man—in that can Christians, not only serve the Lord, but, we are told by Paul in the same breath in which he requires us to serve the Lord, to be "not slothful in business." It must be a characteristic of Christ's followers that they do not shirk the duties of business; and it must also be a characteristic of Christians that they do not include in the duties of business, falsehood, deception, acts of dishonesty.

There can be no half and half measures in such matters: a little lie here, a small piece of deceit there, just that some threatened trouble may be staved off, or some material advantage gained. God desires us, nay, requires us, to be active, industrious and energetic in our daily duties that we derive benefit therefrom, but He also requires us in this, as in all things, to serve Him; and with a lie on his tongue, greed or dishonesty in his heart, no man can serve Him.

So active and so prevalent are these forces of evil in the world to-day, that in his own strength, the Christian, old man or youth, would find the temptation too strong for him; but God knows our temptation and our weakness, and has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

OUR MEDAL WINNERS.

ABOUT the time we go to press a number of boys will be receiving the bronze or silver medal awarded by Dr. Barnardo to those lads who retain their first situations for a certain number of years, and whose conduct and industry during that period have been such as to merit some token of recognition. These medals are always highly prized by those who obtain them; they are certificates of good character wherever their owners may go. We know of more than one case of a boy placing a barrier between himself and the medal by changing about from one situation to another, without any justifiable cause, during the first year or so; although he has afterwards settled down and remained a number of years in one place, and made an excellent reputation for himself for perseverance and ability. Many expressions of regret have we read and listened to that the first year was so foolishly spent in "chopping and changing," thus removing all chance of securing the much coveted medal. We of course feel very sorry for a boy under such circumstances, but the medal is given for good conduct and continued service in the first situation, unless there be good cause for a change. Below we give a list of those whose agreements have recently expired and who are

about to become recipients of Dr. Barnardo's medal; some have held their first situations for a period of six years, others for five and four years, and none for less than three years, while all have good reputations as trustworthy and industrious members of society. Owing to the fact that many of the medal winners have already been referred to at length in our journal, we shall not now give a personal sketch of each; but confine ourselves to extending to them, one and all, our very hearty congratulations, and



Obverse of long service and good conduct medal presented by Dr. Barnardo.

wishing them for the future no less a measure of success than has attended them through this first stage in the battle of life.

Name.	Party.
Adams, Ernest W.	June, 1889.
Bowles, James F.	April, 1890.
Blake, Richard	June, 1890.
Bell, Harry	March, 1892.
Bur in, James	June, 1893.
Collins, Harry	March, 1892.
Canning, Frederick	July, 1892.
Dixon, George H.	June, 1891.
Evans, Frederick	March, 1893.
Ellis, William	March, 1892.
Edwards, Henry	March, 1892.
Folley, Charles	April, 1891.
Gray, John A.	April, 1891.
Graystone, Herbert	Aug., 1891.
Hill, Charles E.	April, 1891.
Hazel, Thomas A.	April, 1891.
Head, Sidney	March, 1892.
Harding, Alfred	Sept., 1892.
Harris, Frederick James	Aug., 1893.
Jackson, Duncan	Aug., 1891.
Knight, Frank	March, 1892.
Kirchey, Arthur	March, 1892.
Ling, Samuel M.	March, 1893.
Mills, John	March, 1892.
Maynard, John C.	March, 1892.
Nunn, Henry George	June, 1890.
Nixon, Joseph	April, 1891.
Nash, Alexander	Aug., 1891.
Nowlen, Henry J.	Aug., 1891.
Osborne, Lionel	June, 1891.
Outtridge, James	March, 1892.
Odd, Harry	March, 1892.
Page, Charles Edward	April, 1891.
Proctor, Arthur	April, 1891.
Rolfe, Thomas	March, 1893.
Rogers, Lionel	March, 1893.
Sparkes, Christopher J.	Aug., 1891.
Smith, Frederick	April, 1890.
Sessions, Thomas	March, 1893.
Styles, Edward	March, 1892.
Sanderson, John	June, 1893.
Thomas, William E.	April, 1889.
Taylor, Frederick Frank	April, 1891.
Thring, James William	Aug., 1891.
Taylor, Albert E.	March, 1892.
Tovey, Albert	March, 1892.
Vale, Alfred	March, 1893.
Weston, John	April, 1891.



George Chinn says he would like some of the Home boys to write him and let him know how they are getting on. Verily George is hard to please, and we fear a little greedy. He is a subscriber to UPS AND DOWNS, which he diligently reads. He must, therefore, read every month letters from a large number of Home boys, written not only to George, but to our remaining two thousand odd readers. In his letter George goes back to the time, ten years ago, when he left England as one of a party of 192 lads. He hopes that all of that party has done well in Canada. He himself has "not done badly," having been six years in one situation and three in another. George also sends a very affectionate greeting to "our girls," of a number of whom he speaks in terms which would indicate that George is a past master in the art of paying compliments.

From Fintona comes a letter from Edward Jehu, which tells of continued contentment:

"I am still jogging along at the farming, and I am doing the same kind of work now as I did last year this time, and so on all the year round."

And "so on all the year round," since he came to Canada in 1890, has Edward displayed the same steady devotion to duty.

Alfred Jolley informs us of a recent change of situation, with which he seems well satisfied. He is now living at Freulton, in Wentworth county, and about twelve miles from Hamilton.

We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from our thirteen-year-old friend, John Henry Harvey, who came out with our last party, and was placed about six weeks ago with a farmer at Demorestville. John tells us that he lives—

"... near the marsh, and just as the sun sets you can hear the frogs singing (!). I like the country very much, but it is rather hot. I do not have to do any work in the fields, but I have to work in the house, and I have to gather the eggs, and that is all the outside work yet. I like Mr. and Mrs. Moran very well. I go to church and Sunday school. . . . I see Dr. Pearson every Sunday at church. He is a very nice gentleman; he always speaks to me, and asks me how I am getting on. I have been here four weeks on Wednesday. . . . We have nearly done sowing."

It will be seen that our little friend commences his career in Canada in a spirit of contentment that promises well for the future, and he is bound to be greatly encouraged by the kindly interest of the good friends around him.

Frederick A. Hanks, 13 (April, '94, party), writes to say how pleased he was to see in UPS AND DOWNS that—

"The old masters are still in their places in the Home in the Old Country, and are well."

Fred was also pleased to see the portrait of Wyndham Fitch, who lives only a few miles away from Fred, whom he often meets. Although only thirteen, Fred hastens to pay his tribute to the—

"fine looking girls whose pictures are in UPS AND DOWNS."

"I don't think I could have done better than I am doing now. I am very well. I cannot thank Dr. Barnardo enough for taking care of me and bringing me out here to Canada."

So writes Walter A Farr, who came out in June, '93, and is now 15.

Charles F. and Francis E. Farley, aged 11 and 9 respectively, are brothers, and came out with our last party. Charles has been placed with a farmer at Victoria Corners, and Frank in a situation at Manvers Station. Both have recently written us, giving their impressions of their new homes. Charles says:

"My month's trial is up. I am very pleased with my present situation, and should be very sorry to leave. I also like my master and mistress, and my master is willing to keep me for five or six years if the agreement is signed."

This is very encouraging, and no less so is the well-written epistle of the younger brother Frank, who says:

"I like my place very much, and they are very good to me. We have two cows and two horses. We have nearly done our planting. I like being in the country very much. Mrs. Johnstone wishes me to say that she will write you as soon as possible, and that she is very pleased with her boy."

We, too, are very pleased with Frank and Charles, and if they will only keep on as they have commenced, they will in a few years be among our well-to-do young farmers.

Arthur Ashmore, who came to Canada in 1888, is now a stalwart young man of 25; he still feels a warm interest in the Home and his old friends. When sending a donation to the Home recently, Arthur informed us that this is his seventh year in his present situation. This is an excellent record, and speaks eloquently of our friend's steadiness and ability, and of their appreciation by his employer, by whom he is paid the highest rate of wages prevailing in the district. Arthur expresses his pleasure at seeing the girls take so much interest in UPS AND DOWNS, and thinks

that boys and girls together ought to be able to do a great deal towards helping Dr. Barnardo in his great work.

If all our friends were as regular in contributing their "mites" as Arthur Ashmore has been for eight years, the sum that we each year send to Dr. Barnardo as "donations from his boys in Canada" would assume very large proportions.

Letters have recently reached us from George Dixon and from George's employer, the latter paying tribute to George's good qualities of heart and head, while our friend gives expression to his satisfaction with his situation and prospects. He has completed the engagement he entered into upon arrival here five years ago, and now at 18 possesses the good conduct and long service medal, and a substantial balance in the bank. George has re-engaged with his employer for another year, a sure token that master and man have learned to appreciate each other.

From Alfred Dainton, who is at Wallaceburg, we hear that he is more interested now in farming than he was during his first year's experience, which is not unnatural. There appears to be no lack of variety in the duties Alfred has to perform, and this in itself is a

strong barrier to discontent. Alfred came out with the July '94 party, and is now 17; so he has plenty of time before him in which to make himself a thoroughly practical farmer before he reaches to man's estate.

Thomas Rolfe, who with a younger brother, William, came out in March, '93, writes us: "I received my UPS AND DOWNS and I was very pleased to see the picture of the band last month. You know I was in the band myself and it put me in mind of when I used to go out with it. Mr. Davies looks just the same as ever; of course the boys' faces were all strange to me, but the 'band' look the same as ever with the uniform. My brother is getting along well, and we see one another very often. I am still at the same place and hope to keep here too."

We also hope that Thomas will keep his place, and furthermore we believe he will; for Thomas is of the right sort, and has impressed those who come in contact with him with a firm belief in his trustworthiness and steadiness of purpose. In Newtonville, where he lives, he has the respect of a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. Peter D. Hartley, of Milton, writes of little Ernest Jones:

"I find him a very honest boy, one that I can trust and of whom I have a good opinion. He has been attending public school since January 1st. . . . Is in good health, flesh, and spirits."

We might add to this that Ernest has a good home with a kind and considerate employer.

We had a visit recently from William Hutt, his errand being to deposit another hundred dollars to the credit of his bank account. William has a record of twelve years of steady faithful service to look back upon, and to day his home is with the same farmer that we placed him with in 1884. William is not one of those who travel upward by starts and spurts, but "patience and perseverance" is his motto and will yet carry him to an honorable position in the world.

Arthur Geo. Baalim, whose portrait we publish herewith, has been doing his best to earn a good name for himself in Canada for three years, and he is already reaping some of the rewards of honest industry. He is in the employ of a farmer at South Woodlee, by whom he is spoken of in warm words of praise. Although not yet sixteen, Arthur can be trusted to do almost any kind of farm work which his strength is capable of undertaking. He is one of those lads who believes in doing their work behind their master's

back as they would do it if he were present, and in so doing a boy not only does well for his master but for himself. Arthur's agreement will not terminate for two years, when he will have had very valuable experience and a thorough training under a most competent teacher, and will be the possessor of a nice little bank account—a decidedly fortunate position for a young man to be in at 18.



Harry W. Chase, 21 (June, '89 party), writes that he is very much pleased with the silver medal he has received since our list of medal winners was published in our issue of September last.

No letter that we have received for many a long day tells of more perfect happiness than that which looms large in every line of a letter recently to hand from Frederick H. Beazley. Our friend is 23, and has been in Canada since 1891. Throughout the years that have intervened he has gone forward steadily and surely, but his object has not been merely to do well for himself. Ever urging him to still greater effort has been a cherished desire that his mother and sisters might join him in Canada.

A short time ago Frederick saw his way clear to send for one of his sisters, and she accompanied the party which came out in April, and is now living near her brother at Port Rowan. She has, Frederick informs us, recently made the acquaintance of Miss Templeton-Armstrong, who has offered to be a friend to her. We know full well what a tower of strength this friendship of Miss Templeton-Armstrong means to either girl or boy in need at times of kindly counsel or a word of encouragement. Frederick has indeed reason to feel thankful that he has accomplished so much towards the attainment of his heart's desire. He will be aided in the completion of his task by the efforts of an earnest sympathizer and co-worker, for Frederick says:

"I think that now my sister is here we shall be able to work together to bring my mother and the rest of my sisters out here."

How fervently do we trust that the brother and sister alike may be accorded Heaven's help in the accomplishment of their labour of love. That the helping hand of the Father of all has not been withheld from him in the past, our friend fully realizes, for he closes his letter by asking us to publish a text which to him has evidently been an abundant source of sustaining grace. The text is from 2 Corinthians, 9, xiii:

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

There is that in the first part of the following letter, which it would be well for some of our friends to "read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest." Arthur Acland is one of our older boys who came out in 1886. His career in Canada has been such as to reflect the greatest credit on him, and he has been an earnest and consistent supporter of the Homes.

JUNE 28th, 1896.

I write after a considerable delay to thank you for the excellent recommendation that you were kind enough to send at my request while I was in England last winter. I did not stay in England as I intended to, but came back to Canada about the 4th of March, preferring by a great deal the brave, free, open-air life of the country in Canada, to the smoky pent-up life of the cities in England. I was at the old Home in London for three or four days, and was very kindly received there. I was glad to see the faces of some of the old masters there, especially Mr. Anderson and my old teacher Mr. Manuel. Mr. Anderson sent a message to the boys to say that he is still at the old post, although he has been talking of giving it up any time this five years. I had a very pleasant trip, although it was a bit rough going over. There is quite a colony of old "Barnardo boys" in this section; and I think we must be behaving ourselves pretty well, for a visitor from the Home hardly ever comes near us. We have a football team down here that several of the boys are in, which has made a very good showing this year; their last exploit being to kick the ball all to pieces, so that means a quarter all round to get a new one. I enclose another quarter to pay for a year's subscription to UPS AND DOWNS, a paper we think a great deal of down here. So I think I will conclude with best wishes to all, from

ARTHUR E. ACLAND,
MOUNT PLEASANT, P.O., CAVAN TOWNSHIP,
ONT., CANADA.

Joseph T. Brett commenced a five years' engagement with Mr. Hall, of Cardwell, in 1889, and as a result of his steady, persevering efforts during that period, Joseph found himself on the first of April, 1894, in possession of Dr. Barnardo's Silver Medal and a nice little nest-egg of \$100. In Dec, '94, he engaged with Mr. Michener, of Beamsville, with whom he remained until February last, giving every satisfaction, and fortunate in being the inmate of one of the most comfortable homes in the country. Joseph is still in the neighbourhood of Beamsville and enjoys the respect of a large number of the inhabitants of that district. He possesses a handsome bank balance despite a reduction by the recent purchase of a bicycle.



RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "UPS AND DOWNS."

We must remind our friends that with the completion of our first year a large number of subscriptions will expire. In order to learn with what issue your subscription expires, look at the printed label on the wrapper in which your copy of the present number is mailed to you. In the top right-hand corner of the label, opposite your name, you will find the month and year in which your present subscription expires, thus: "Jy., '96" on your label indicates that your subscription terminates with the present number; "Oct., '96," with the issue of October; "Jan., '97," with the issue of January, 1897.

Unless we are notified to the contrary, we shall assume that those whose subscriptions expire desire to remain subscribers for another year, and we would ask all our friends to note carefully with what issue their subscription terminates, and to kindly send the twenty-five cents for renewal in stamps or otherwise with as little delay as possible. By doing this they will save us a vast amount of trouble.

GLEANED FROM SOME RECENT VISITORS' REPORTS.

Of a big batch of recent reports now lying before us, the first refers to Samuel Relf, who came out in July, '94, and is stationed at New Lowell. What higher praise could a boy desire than that contained in the eight words, "A better lad could not be than Sam"? Thus spoke Sam's employer, and Sam, on his part, informed Mr. Griffith that he is "well cared for and is as if one of the family"—a truly happy condition of affairs, which we wish, and have every reason to believe, will long continue.

The next four reports also refer to boys whose postal address is New Lowell. Of William Hy. Coombes (Nov., '95, party), who is 17 years old, we learn that his employer "likes him well; have had no occasion to find fault with him; truthful." Mr. Griffith supplements this with the results of his own observations:

"He is cheerful and active, and will, I think, turn out well; he is well satisfied."

Barnet Rees is only 12, and formed one of the last party. An engagement extending over a term of years, during a portion of which he will attend school, has just been entered into in his behalf with Mr. Plowman, the employer of Samuel Relf. At present, Mr. Plowman "cannot judge much of Barnet's capabilities," but the latter is reported as "a good-looking, healthy

little fellow," and we have not the slightest doubt he will do well and continue happy and contented in the good home he has been fortunate enough to enter.

John Henry White, 15 (March, '92, party), bears an excellent character. He is not as strong as we should like to see him.

"He is slightly built, but he is hearty enough and does not complain; has done his best; is quiet in manner; respectful and well behaved."

The next report—Wm. Luke, 19 (July, '94, party)—affords a striking contrast. Mr Griffith says:

"The fattest boy I have seen for months; is strong also; short in stature."

In "progress, conduct and behaviour," William is reported as being all that could be desired. In view of the first words of his report, it is, perhaps, needless to add that William "lives well and is comfortable."

"Walter bears a first-class character in all respects; is a valuable farm hand; industrious and truthful."

This of Walter George Bowden, 18, who came out in Aug., '91, and is working at Colwell.

Of John Sones (April, '91) we learn that he is

"a big, powerful youth of 18, weighs 150 lbs.; he is steady and a great worker."

Walter Thomas Smith, 16, of March, '92, party, is reported as being

"a well behaved, quiet lad; very willing; nice in manner."

Master and mistress had both good things to say of James Cairns, 14, who is working at Smithdale:

"I found lad assisting Mr. Carmichael by churning. She says he is very obliging, and tries his best to give satisfaction. His master says, 'a very good boy.'"

"Lives as if really one of the family, and is kindly treated; employer says he is doing well, and is kind to stock; cheerful and active."

The foregoing tells of the pleasant lines on which has fallen the lot of George Dinwoody, and also of George's appreciation of his good fortune. He is 15, came out in Sept., '94, and is stationed at Stayner; also the post-office of the lads who are the subject of the next seven reports.

That Wm. Pickering has made the most of his five years in Canada is evident from the following:—

"His master gives him an excellent character; has hired for \$125 a year. I also saw his former employer, Mr. Morrison, who praises him highly; says he was with him four years two months and three days, and during the whole time they never had a cross word—in fact, he says he cannot say enough to describe his faithfulness; he often spends Sunday with them, and it is a pleasure to have him do so."

John Jones, who came out in July, '92, although only 13 and "very small and slight," is evidently a manly little fellow. He is reported as trying

"his best to please." . . . "His employer says he expects but little from him, but has a job to keep him from working."

John is in good hands, and will undoubtedly grow stronger as he grows older, and eventually become as capable as he is now enthusiastic. Mr. Griffith says:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn are evidently much attached to him, and he is treated very kindly, just as if their own child."

Martin McGrath is another "youngster" (13), full of promise:

"A nice-looking, active, well-grown lad. Doing very well; is easy to teach, and takes an interest in his surroundings. Can drive a team," etc.

Having read so far, we are not surprised to learn that Martin is happy, likes his place, and is well treated.

* *

A boy of whom at 13 it is reported that he is—
"truthful, careful in his work, quiet in manner, and anxious to please—"

has done a great deal towards making his way in the world; and such is the report to hand of Robert Welch who has been in Canada four years and is a very happy and contented member of the household of Mr. Wm. H. Graham of Stayner.

* *

We next come upon a number of reports by Mr. Gaunt upon boys he has visited in the beautiful district of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The first lad Mr. Gaunt visited in that historic old town was Richard Perry, 16, of July '92 party. Mr. Gaunt says:

"Grown considerably since I last saw him, looks well and healthy, and is, too, extra well dressed; is giving general satisfaction; the family had no complaint to make and spoke in encouraging terms of his general behaviour. Richard told me he has a thoroughly good home and is well and kindly treated by all."

Truly this is an encouraging commencement of our trip through Niagara.

* *

Of Charlie Sweeting, 12, Mr. Gaunt reports that, while—

"tall and slim, and appears to be out-growing his strength, is very healthy; getting along well; willing, honest and truthful"

Also eminently satisfactory, except that too rapid growth, which, however, we trust will soon be counterbalanced by a corresponding increase in width and strength.

* *

The next report also refers to a twelve year old boy, Edward J. Warner, who came out in November last. Edward has taken kindly to the ways of his new life and is "ruddy, stout and healthy looking" . . . "a good, obedient, truthful lad giving the utmost satisfaction to his employers."

* *

From Niagara to Virgil is not a big step, only about four miles, and there we find Cornelius Weston. Under the heading "General health and appearance," Cornelius, who is 15 and came out in Nov. '91, is reported as being—"a nice looking, smart, active boy, small for age, very healthy." He is also "a well behaved and willing lad. Employer has no fault to find except that he is so small."

This is not a very serious fault and one for which the blame cannot be laid on Cornelius' shoulders. He and likewise his employer should find consolation in remembering that the more valuable goods are generally made up in small parcels.

* *

"A good boy in every respect, anxious and willing to do his best as far as his strength will permit—"
leaves little to be desired of John Arthur Tringham, 14, whose post office is St. David's and who has been two years in Canada.

* *

Herman Abbott 15, of April '95 party, is—"slightly built and suffers a great deal from headache—otherwise healthy. Is well behaved, willing and anxious to do his best—perfectly honest and truthful."

We trust soon to hear that those troublesome headaches have ceased to visit Herman. We can sympathize with him as we know how thoroughly miserable they can make life for the time.

A letter has just arrived at the Home from Mr. Griffith, who is making a tour of the district around Paisley. In his letter Mr. Griffith tells of an experience in which he fared little better than Mr. Gaunt a few months ago. We will quote Mr. Griffith's own words: "This afternoon we had to ford the Saugeen River where it is wide. We took the wrong place and got into deep water—up to the horses' backs and over the buggy seat. I thought we should upset, or be carried down, but fortunately we did not. The driver and I were soaked to bottom vest button, but we stuck to our seat. My large grip floated out and the man waded after it from some distance down the river. It was really a narrow escape"

Again we say, "All's well that ends well."

* *

A letter is to hand from John Anderson, at Clarksburg, in which John indulges in a little "looking backward," telling us how, at first starting in Canada, ten years ago, it seemed "pretty lonesome," but that he "soon got over that," and to-day has two hundred dollars lent out at interest, and is hired for a year at \$125, with board and lodging.

OUR MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 3.)

arrives. If man were to devote himself to a dull round of business without breaking the monotony by cheerful amusements he would fall imperceptibly into idiocy, or be struck with paralysis. The conviction of this truth leads man to the division of his time.

All boys have leisure hours and each has his own way of spending them; some spend them in idleness and folly, others spend them in usefulness and study. All boys have not the same amount of spare time at their command; some have little, some have much; and I find in reading and studying the characters of men and boys that those who have much generally spend it to the least advantage.

Spare time is like capital. You may spend it advantageously or disadvantageously, and those who invest it wisely will reap the benefits in their declining years.

I have a passion for books, but not those books that contain exaggerated adventures and hair-breadth escapes of fictitious criminals and daring detectives, but those books that ennoble the mind, improve the morals and widen the limits of the understanding.

I pass the long evenings of the fall and winter either in study or in reading. I have also a love for athletic sports. In the evenings of the summer, when work is over, I indulge in swimming, boating, or perhaps baseball and lacrosse.

Although, perhaps, it may be beneficial for man to divide his time, it would not do for him to give too large a share of his spare time to enjoyments. Leisure hour is the time for man to improve, for he who improves his opportunities will soon be improved by them, for life depends largely on what we do with our leisure moments.

We shall be glad to supply copies of the unmentioned standard works of poetry and prose to any of our boys or girls at the rate of six volumes for 25 cents, this being the cost of the "Penny Volumes," after paying carriage across the ocean, customs duty, and postage from Toronto:

PENNY POETS.

- *Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."
- *Scott's "Marmion."
- Burns' Poems (selections).
- *Longfellow's "Evangeline," etc.

- *Milton's "Paradise Lost," Part I.
- " " " " Part II.
- Scott's "Lady of the Lake"
- Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
- *Pope's "Essay on Man"
- *Tom Hood's Poems, Grave and Gay.
- *Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
- *Some Ingoldsby Legends.
- Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
- *Poem of Wordsworth, Part I.
- " Cowper.
- " Dryden.
- " Wordsworth, Part II.
- * " Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook.
- " Gray and Goldsmith.
- " Longfellow, Part II.

PENNY POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

- "She," by Rider Haggard.
- *"Little Em'ly" (from David Copperfield, by Chas. Dickens).
- "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace
- "It is Never Too Late To Mend," by Chas. Reade.
- "Mary Burton," by Mrs. Gaskell.
- *"The Tower of London," by Harrison Ainsworth.
- *"The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton.
- "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
- *"Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.
- *"Charles O'Malley," by Charles Lever.
- "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
- *Lord Macaulay's History of England, from earliest times to 1660.

TOPICS.

"A description of the country within five miles of where you live."

[Refer among other things to the appearance of the land; its fertility; kind of crops and bush; neighbouring town; any historical or traditional association; the length of time the district has been settled; local customs; nationality of majority of people.]

Or,

For Aug. "An account of some public meeting you have attended."

[State why the meeting was called; what you know of the object in behalf of which it was called; anything of interest that took place; what some of the speakers said, and how you were impressed therewith.]

"By "public meeting" we mean gatherings of all kinds, including church, Sunday school and Y. P. S. C. E. meetings.

For Sept. "An account of the hardest day's work you have done in Canada."

Or,

"An account of a barn raising or other "bee" at which you have been present."

NOTE.—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR AUGUST MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN JULY 23RD, THOSE ON TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER NOT LATER THAN AUGUST 20TH.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together.

A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words. It need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

For other particulars and conditions we refer our friends to their copies of our March issue.



CURRENT EVENTS.

MID all the brightness of the sunny days of June, the Angel of Death has again cast his shadow over the threshold of "Hazel Brae," and the Saviour has called another of His little ones home to Himself. Hetty Hart, a child of twelve, one of our last September party, was ailing for some two weeks; gradually symptoms of brain mischief appeared—she became unconscious, and passed away on the morning of Tuesday, June 9th. She had never been away from Hazel Brae, and an impressive little service was held first at the Home by the Rev. Carl Smith of St. John's, then her little companions took a last look at their playmate, and the body was carried forth and laid to rest in our own plot in Little Lake Cemetery. Hetty's elder sister Minnie, who has a very happy home in Victoria Harbour, came to Peterborough on Tuesday. She misses her sister sadly, but we try to think of little Hetty as "safe from the world's temptations" and "safe on His loving breast."

One of our little girls, Polly Robinson, has been returned to Hazel Brae through an unfortunate circumstance. She had a nice home in Bethany with Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, when one Saturday afternoon, just as work was finished and all made tidy, fire was discovered in the woodshed, which soon spread through the house and destroyed everything before it. Polly tells how her mistress had only time to rush upstairs for the baby and get the children all out of the house before the smoke and flame made it impossible to go in again. The poor child lost all her clothing except just what she was wearing, but her great trouble was the necessity of leaving the baby, and the "lots of things and money" her master and mistress had lost. We feel great sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, and hope that Polly will soon get another home as good as the one she has lost.

We have heard of the safe arrival of Florence Meen in England, after a calm, pleasant voyage, and we hear of two other girls who are to cross before the end of the month. Alice and Emma Webb have for some years been looking forward to paying a visit to their married sister in England. During these seven years they have been out, Alice has had only one change of situation and that necessitated by her mistress' change of household arrangements. Emma has remained with one mistress the whole time. They have both done exceedingly well in Canada, and they return with unblemished characters and a nice little sum of money to their credit. We wish them a pleasant voyage, a very happy visit and a safe return later on.

Our few remaining children in Hazel Brae had a pleasant little outing on a hot summer afternoon. Miss Pearse took them all to the Quarry Park, a pretty place near the town.

They took their tea and had a real good time by the river and in the woods. The following account is written by one of the little girls who was there:—

"I thought you would like to hear of the very pleasant time we spent at Quarry Park on Saturday, June 6th. Miss Pearse took us, and I think there were about twenty altogether. We started at three o'clock and took our tea, and it was a very nice tea too. Some of us waded in the water and we got some very pretty flowers for the two sick girls, Alice and Bertha. We put up a swing, and played hide-and-peek and some other games too. Quarry Park is a pretty place, with a lot of nice trees and flowers in it. After tea we had some singing, and Miss Pearse told us an interesting tale about a Chinaman who was learning English. I should like to hear him speak Chinese. There was a Sunday school party in the Park at the same time, and they seemed to enjoy themselves very much too. We had a nice long time there, and it was nearly seven o'clock when we got home."

We have had a few calls and visits from girls living near. Emily Adcock spent a Saturday with us as a reward from her mistress for

erally. Bella, the younger sister, has not been very well in health, but we hope through the kind care she gets from her mistress that she will in time grow strong and hearty. She has been nearly three years with Mr. John Blacklock, of Vernonville, and has a very happy home there. Last summer she came to Hazel Brae



to try if a little change would do her good, and while she was here her sister Maria spent a few days with her. The two enjoyed it much and it was very gratifying to see the sisters happy together, both doing well and both returning to their former homes all the brighter and better for the little visit. Maria, recently writing, says:—

"I have received the UPS AND DOWNS and am very pleased with it. I was delighted to read that piece about Bertha Jordan, as we were old friends when in England. Would it be too much to ask you to send me her address? I am afraid she thinks I have forgotten her, but I have not. We used to write to each other, but since she left Paris I have not heard from her. And if I am not asking too much, would you kindly send me Jane Lingard's address? Miss Bastow, who is in England, would like to know so that she can write to her. She was our Cottage Mother for some time, but had to leave on account of her health, but she goes to the village sometimes. Sometimes I take a class when there is a teacher wanted, but more or less I am in the Bible Class."

I wonder if any "Bee Hive" girls will recognize this portrait of Annie Smith, who came out to Canada seven years ago as a little girl between eleven and twelve years old. Annie's career since then can be told in a very few words, and the facts speak for themselves. In the spring of 1890 she went to live with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Butler, of Chatham, and to-day she is still with them, a trusted and respected mem-



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

ber of their household. In the various visitor's reports we find not a single complaint, but Annie is spoken of repeatedly as a "sensible, reliable girl," "a conscientious Christian," "a great comfort to Mrs. Butler in a time of sickness," etc. Mr. and Mrs. Butler are earnest Christians themselves and they have the joy of seeing Annie walking in the same way. We hope she may long remain amid such congenial surroundings. Annie herself says:



"There are quite a number of girls in Canada out of our Cottage; I would like them to see my photo because I would like to hear from them. Please tell them I am out of "Bee Hive."

These two sisters, Maria and Isabella Wells have been nearly four years in Canada, have grown and developed greatly during that time, and we are glad now to number them among our best girls. Maria has been three and a half years with Canon Belt, of Burlington, and you can judge from her letter how interested she is in her Bible class and in her surroundings gen-

Sarah Speller is a more recent arrival, having come out in 1894, but her record, so far, has been a very good one. She is nursemaid in the family of Mr. A. Pirie, of Dundas, and her mistress speaks highly of her;—says she is patient, willing and reliable with the children; and, in a



letter received only the other day, says, "I always feel I can trust Sarah." We wish every mistress could say that of every one of our girls. Sarah is looking forward to a happy time at Grimsby Park this summer with her little charges. Of course she has had her difficulties, as all of you have, but she has not run away from them but met them bravely, and, we hope, has learned to overcome them.

Some of you may remember Sarah's sister, Frances Speller. I believe that she, too, has been more than two years in her place in England and is to receive a prize at the Albert Hall meeting this year.

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"If thou wilt return, . . . return unto Me."—Jer. iv., 1.

WHAT word "return" seems a good deal on my mind just now, and partly, perhaps, through reading a most charming little book, published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled "Probable Sons." Can any one guess what it means? "The probable son" was the name given by a little girl, in her childish language, to the well-known character of Bible lore, the prodigal son, and this book most sweetly tells how little Milly, who went to live with a thoroughly worldly bachelor uncle, who once had loved God, but now had forgotten Him, was God's little messenger to bring this man back to Himself. Here is a specimen of some conversation between Milly and her uncle:

He says, "And supposing if God would not receive you; supposing you had stayed away so long, and had refused to listen to His voice when he called, and then when you did want to come back, you felt it would be too late, what would you do then?" Milly smiled.

"Why, uncle, it would never be too late for God, would it?" And then her thoughts, turning to the game-keeper, who had a "wandering boy," she added: "Maxwell said he would be glad to see Tommy if he came back in the middle of the night, and God would never turn one of His prodigal sons away. He loves them so that He sent Jesus to die for them. He would never say he couldn't have them back again."

I am wondering if sometimes we may not get into the way of forgetting God? perhaps not doing anything exactly very wrong in the eyes of others, but just going our own way and just forgetting Him.

If we are quite honest with our own hearts, we must say, "Yes, I did love Him better once. I did think more about Him once in the old days; these things seem to have grown faded and dim now."

Here, then, is the message: "If thou wilt return, . . . saith the Lord, return unto Me."

ACROSS THE SEA.

CUCKOO! cuckoo!" so sounds out the joyous cry of the bird on the spring or early summer air, and with what pleasure we "listen to the note of old by-gone day." As the poet says:

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope a love,
Still! longed for, never seen."

But where am I? Can I be dreaming? for Canada is a long, long way off from the home of the cuckoo, and it hardly seems likely our feathered friend has stretched out his wings to take such a journey across the sea! No, not likely, indeed, but we think of a certain proverb which says: "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." This then is the solution of the mystery. Since last writing for UPS AND DOWNS I have crossed the ocean and come to visit the old country, and so thought perhaps "our girls" would like a few lines from there.

We started from Montreal by the Dominion Line steamship *Vancouver*, an old and favourite friend now, as it is the third time we have crossed on her; we like the ship and we like the captain and we like the officials. First of all there was the sail down the St. Lawrence and we had time enough to get off at Quebec, the historical city of Canada, and see something of its objects of interest. What magnificent views there are to be sure! and how interesting up there on the "Plains of Abraham" to see the spot where the great Wolfe yielded up his life. Then we were in a most courteous manner shown over the citadel, and after thoroughly enjoying our sight-seeing returned to the boat. After that we stopped at Rimouski, where we welcomed the arrival of the mail and received a letter saying that the May number of UPS AND DOWNS was being forwarded to that place. We never received it, however, so can only try to rejoice in thinking that perhaps some of the "Rimouskians" are being edified by our choice literature.

Then away across the waters of the deep Atlantic! Such a calm and splendid voyage as it was! We were a little detained by ice-bergs, but cold as it felt while in their neighbourhood these fairy-like castles were a lovely sight to gaze upon. The sea birds—"wild sea birds"—hovered around and then the spout of a whale would rise above the watery expanse. Bye and bye we neared the coasts of Ireland the "Emerald Isle," and lovely her shore looked with the fresh, green foliage and golden covered bushes, probably the yellow gorse and an old green-covered ruin showing out as we passed.

So at last, through the goodness of One "whose arm hath bound the restless wave," we landed at Liverpool safely without any misadventure, and yet one pitiful little story connected with our voyage has to be told. The death angel had visited our ship and taken away a little child. The little one was ailing from the time of coming on board and passed away at last and was buried in the early morning, the service being performed by a clergyman, a passenger on the ship, and the little form, enfolded in the "Union Jack," was committed to its watery bed. But some day we know that even "the sea shall give up its dead."

And now for England and friends here, for many will want to hear about this.

First of all, we saw our honoured friend, Dr. Barnardo, at Stepney. What a wonderful man he is to be sure!—so busy, with such multitudi-

nous and great things depending on him, and yet grasping withal the smallest details—ready enough to talk about his work in Canada; and it was interesting to notice, on a shelf at hand, the photograph of two of his Canadian girls, but we must not mention names and then any girl can imagine it is her's, you know. "The doctor" looks well. May God spare his valuable life for years and years! Afterwards we visited Miss Stent, who does not at all forget Canada and the girls there, and then, lastly, came a visit to

THE VILLAGE HOME.

It was not just the best weather to see the village to advantage, for it happened to be a "rainy day" at which we must not murmur for there has been a great spell of fine weather lately. Still the village is always pretty on a summer's day, and it would almost seem always improving, for we had to be shown over that most imposing building, now in process—the new school house. What a boon it will be to teachers and taught when completed. We went into the old school rooms still in use, and had a talk with Miss Fergie, who at the same time managed to keep a watchful eye on her young flock; and we visited Miss Loveys, at Cairns House, and Miss Moss, at Mickleham Cottage, the latter kindly giving us a very acceptable cup of tea, and of course in each house "our girls" were the subject of conversation.

No doubt soon the "village" will be a very busy scene preparing for the annual meeting at the Albert Hall, on June 24th. We hope to be present on that occasion and of course must send over an account of it for our little magazine, and we suppose the month of July will find us wending our way back to "our girls" in Canada. Meanwhile, God bless them all.

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JOTTINGS FROM ENGLAND.

Nursemaids in London are wearing white dresses and black bonnets; that is quite "the thing." London is rather a trying city for white, as the smuts are somewhat numerous, but there is no doubt it looks very nice.

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The pink horse-chestnut and white horse-chestnut are in bloom now, and the lilac, wisteria, and golden laburnum, as well as the pink and white may. The fields are yellow with the golden cups, and the hedges are just as pretty as ever.

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A young French-Canadian doctor, a fellow passenger on the *Vancouver*, also on the L. and N. W. R. to London, was very much struck by the fact that there did not seem to be a spot of land in England uncultivated! This same gentlemen compared the carriage of an English railway train to a hen-coop!

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But after all our "hen-coops" are not doing badly. Just wait at a station for a little time, and see how swiftly the train dashes through! With what marvellous speed it goes! This strikes one very much after being out of England for a time.

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It is required now that all dogs when out in public should be muzzled. One cannot help having a feeling of pity for the poor animals going about with cages before their faces! Good, bad, or indifferent dogs—all must suffer alike—the innocent as well as the guilty. "Give a dog a bad name"! One might almost write or learn a parable.

P. Code

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

THE Girls' Donation Fund for this year has closed and the money has been sent to Dr. Barnardo. We did not quite reach the standard set before you, but by the generosity of these girls, whose names are appended, we have been able to send to Dr. Barnardo just one hundred dollars, which we are sure he will value, not simply for its intrinsic worth, but as an expression of gratitude and co-operation from those who have themselves received benefits from the Institution. We heartily thank all who have responded to our appeal, but their best reward should be the thought that they have a share in helping to provide means for lessening the suffering of some poor sick child and brightening some little sufferer's days in the "Hazel Brae Cot" at Stepney Hospital, London. And yet, as we think of the thousand or more girls brought out to Canada by Dr. Barnardo, certain words of the Saviour will come into our minds: "Were there not *ten* cleansed, but where are the *nine*?" Will every girl who sees this July number of *UPS AND DOWNS* look carefully over the following list and see if her name is there? If not it is not too late for next year. Our list is always open, and we are happy to receive your contributions whenever it is convenient to you. We lay down no rule either as to time or amount, though we suggest one dollar each year from each girl. This is not a large amount to ask, but if everyone earning wages gave this, what a splendid total all these "mites" would make! The following is a list of this year's contributors to the G. D. F. :—

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Adams, Ruth. | Manning, Emily. |
| Adams, E. J. | Muller, Lizzie. |
| Addison, Annie. | Norris, Emily. |
| Banbridge, Ada. | Noke, Ellen. |
| Biddis, Jessie. | Prentice, Marion. |
| Boulton, Annie. | Parsley, Elizabeth. |
| Baker, E. | Paton, Matilda. |
| Barnes, Louisa. | Parker, Mary. |
| B. A. | Pritchard, Amelia. |
| Cole, Caroline. | Richardson, Alice L. |
| Crisp, Mary. | Richards, Emma. |
| Cook, Annie. | Steers, Jessie. |
| Clare Florence. | Speller, Sarah. |
| Cutler, Agnes. | Sherwood, Eva. |
| Compton, Bessie. | Sharp, Emma. |
| Drury, Lizzie. | Spencer, Maria. |
| Fiske, Edith. | Stairs, Jessie. |
| Freeman, Gertrude. | Saxton, Hannah. |
| Freshwater, Annie. | Sewell, Mary. |
| Goulding, Louisa. | Sayers, Jessie. |
| Griffiths, Emily. | Smith, Nellie. |
| Garbutt, Ellen. | Smith, Sarah. |
| Hatcher, Lizzie. | Smith, Mary Ann. |
| Holt, Blanche. | Thomas, Ada. |
| Hancox, Ellen. | Thomas, Beatrice. |
| Hallendale, Edith. | Thornton, Isabella. |
| Hurn, Mary. | Taylor, Hilda. |
| Hoy, Rose. | Ventriss, Ellen. |
| Hardie, Caroline. | Vincent, Edith. |
| James, Gertrude. | Ware, Annie. |
| Jeffrey, Mary Ann. | Wells, Maria. |
| Jones, Amy. | Wincey, Hannah. |
| Jakins, Sarah. | Watson, Flora. |
| Jordan, Bertha. | Wallace, Cissie. |
| Knowles, Alice. | Windus, Amy. |
| King, Lydia. | Wallis, Florence. |
| Killick, Miriam. | Wilden, Charlotte. |
| Lingard, Jane. | Webb, Alice. |
| Lock, Fanny. | Warwick, Agnes. |
| Lewis, Lizzie. | Williams, Eliza. |
| Lancaster, Eliza. | Watts, Henrietta. |
| Mills, Mary. | Whitnell, Margaret. |
| Morrish, Annie. | |

SEVERAL interesting letters have reached us during the month, from which we select the following extracts. Harriet Southwood, a "Myrtle" Cottage girl, is one of the very few girls who, by special arrangement and permission, have been placed in Manitoba. Harriet went there in 1886 as a little girl; now she is quite a young woman, and appears to be doing thoroughly well. She sends us a photo of herself which we should have been pleased to have in our magazine, but unfortunately it got lost and cannot be reproduced. Harriet writes:

"I am ever so much pleased with *UPS AND DOWNS*, and enjoy reading it. I think it is a grand idea. It gives us such a chance of hearing about some of our friends that I never expected to hear of again. I have seen in it quite a few girls that I used to know. Mary Ann Jeffrey wrote me a very nice letter seven years ago, which I have yet; but as she did not give me her address, I was unable to answer her letter. I am living in Carberry, Manitoba, and like this country very much. I have been out here ten years. I should like to hear from some of the girls that know me. My mistress was away to Michigan last winter, and I kept house for her. She was well pleased with everything when she came home. I can do anything in the way of housework and have learned dressmaking. I intended to follow that, but my health failed; me and I had to give it up. We have church and Sunday school and Christian Endeavor here, the latter of which I am a member. I am in the choir, and we are getting up a social to buy some new books for our library. I am very fond of reading good books, but I don't like novels. I don't think any person should read them; they hurt the mind and lead to other bad habits. I was pleased to see the picture of the Village Home in the last book, but it has changed quite a bit since I left, and there are quite a few improvements."

Margaret Whitnell has been more than two years in her present place, and the last account of her is that she is "well behaved and tries to do her best." She is out east, a few miles from Ottawa. We have pleasure in publishing her letter:

"Spring is here once more, and the farmers are busy putting in the grain and ploughing. We are very busy here just now, having the lawn sodded and the house painted outside. I like my place and try to please Mrs. Shillington and those around me, above all my Father in Heaven, by asking for His grace daily to help me, for we can do nothing good without that. I like *UPS AND DOWNS* very much; I saw Annie Law and her sister in the April number, and when I see some of the Cottages and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey it reminds me of bygone days. I notice, too, that my brothers are getting on very nicely; I was glad to hear that. Is Dr. Barnardo coming out to Canada this summer?"

The following comes from Eliza Lancaster with a subscription and expressions of gratitude for what has been done for her by Dr. Barnardo:

"It is with the greatest pleasure I now write to you. I liked very much to see the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey. It was very kind of them to send it. I can never forget the dear village and those who are in it. I am expecting some of the ladies around to see me soon, and I am always glad when the time comes. We are milking ten cows now, and I milk five of them. We have just got through house cleaning, and the house looks nice now for the summer. We have seventeen little chickens and will soon have some little turkeys, I hope."

Minnie Bourne asks us to insert the following:

"It gives me great pleasure to write a few lines to you, and it does seem so nice to be hearing about the girls I used to know in the dear old village. I have

thought I would give anything to have that voyage over the sea again under just the same circumstances as before. I hope you all like being out in Canada. I like it very well. I have always found good friends wherever I have gone, and I guess most of you have done the same. We have three cows and quite a few young chickens. I do think they are dear little things. The country is very pleasant, there is such pretty scenery. I enjoy anything that is beautiful in nature. I don't expect this is a first class epistle, but I will try and do better next time."

This Minnie Bourne is a "Jessamine" girl, and is a sister of little Florrie Bourne, who has a very happy home just a few miles from Peterborough. We have another Minnie Bourne, a sister to Hannah and Rachel. We should like to have something from her too for our paper.

Margaret Alice Richardson writes:

"I like my place very much, the children are so cute; their names are Max and Bud. Bud is just two and a half years old, and Max is four and a half. I have a new dress this spring; it is very pretty and neat. Do Mary Knowles and Janie Kibble subscribe to the paper? If they do, will you ask them if they have forgotten me? We were three friends once. I go to church and Sunday-school every Sunday. I had a lovely drive in the country the other day with the Doctor. We went quite a long way. We saw several barns in process of building, and birds and animals. Please give my love to everyone at Hazel Brae."

Maggie is a bright, bonnie little girl who came out in 1894. After a few months in Muskoka, she went to Dr. Sisely, of Agincourt, where she appears to be very happy and giving good satisfaction.

Mary Marshall is one of our latest arrivals. She writes from Chaffey's Locks, on the Rideau Canal:

"I am very pleased with the paper. It is always a welcome visitor. I came to Canada in September, and think I will like the country very much. I have a good kind mistress and am living with kind people, and have every chance of getting a good name."

Mary is wise to attach so much importance to a good name, and we hope she will always try and keep it.

Mary Ann Smith, living with Mr. William Brown, Pontypool, would like Mary Henderson to know that she is in Canada. They were Cottage sisters.

Florence Clare sends the following verses, which we commend to the consideration and practice of all who read them:

KIND WORDS.

It was only a very small thing to say—
"Are you quite well this morning?"
But its musical chime rang through the day
And made all its duties charming.

It was only a word of comfort said,
To a poor child it was told;
But it ran through all the web of his life
Like a beautiful thread of gold.

"Forgive me," though sometimes hard to say,
Are only two simple words;
And yet with their tender symphony
How he human heart is stirred.

"God bless you, my boy," my father said;
'Twas only a little prayer,
But it lived in his soul, a high resolve,
And saved him from many a snare.

You may count these things as very weak,
You may count them as nothing at all;
But we know that our bliss is made or marred
By just such things so small.

It is sad to think when love is so cheap,
And kind words cost nothing at all,
That we should go on, still cheating ourselves
Of these diamonds, so precious, if small.

We wish that all of our girls would realize the importance of kind words, and do their best to

help and cheer one another. This idea has evidently been caught by one of our little girls, who, in writing the other day, says:

"I always try to do what I can for others, and when I see a little girl that nobody else speaks to, I always say 'Hello' to her."

We commend the spirit that prompts this, though the action itself may possibly be open to question. It reminds us of the familiar words:

"It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How much a little child can do
For others by its love."

* *

You probably noticed in the June number, under the heading "Our Literary and Mutual Improvement Society," an offer made to the boys by which they may purchase good wholesome reading very cheaply. We are authorized to say that this offer comprises the *girls* too, and that they may, if they wish, have the books on the same terms as the boys. To those who have time and are fond of reading, this is an excellent way of getting some good and interesting literature of which they need not be ashamed, and which will do them far more good than the trashy and unreal stories that frequently come in their way.

READY WRITERS.

ME publish this month papers by Cissy Wallace and Nellie Ventriss Jackson on "Influence," and one from a "Reader of Ups and Downs." We think this latter is not from one of *our* girls, but we are pleased to insert it here. We want you all to help us to make this part of our paper a success, and while we wish you to remember that home duties and the wishes of your mistress must always have the first consideration, we think many of you can find a few spare minutes occasionally to try what you can do. We will endeavour to choose easy and interesting subjects, and shall be glad to receive suggestions from the girls themselves as to what they think they can best write about. One of our correspondents asks if she can have the subjects earlier so as to give more time to think them over. This is a very reasonable request, and we will try and always give you a topic a month in advance.

Laura Fitts has sent a paper on "How to Ensure a Happy Life," for which we thank her; but it was received too late for publication last month.

* *

WHAT INFLUENCE HAS A GIRL IN THE WORLD?

NELLIE JACKSON, Innisville.

A girl has an influence in this world whether she is good or bad, and if a girl wants to be thought much of by those around her, she will try to be good, and she will do much good in leading her friends and companions onward and upward. A girl that does not care how she acts in the eyes of those around her, and says and does those things which are wrong, will do a great deal of harm, and is in danger of leading many a poor girl, that is easily led, down to destruction. There are a great many ways a girl can do something to make life pleasant and cheerful to herself and those around her by speaking some kind word or performing some kind action—for actions speak louder than words. I suppose some of you have read the Pansy book, "Esther Reid Yet Speaking." You remember how she did much good after her death. When a girl is early taught to love the Saviour, she will, with the love of Jesus in her heart, find it a great deal easier to make life a pleasure, and make those around her love her. Dear girls, let me write a few verses to you:—

"Scatter bright smiles as you pass on your way,
Through this world of toil and care;
Like the beams of the morning that gently play,
They will leave the sunlight there.

Scatter bright smiles—'tis but little they cost—
But your heart may never know
What a joy they may carry to weary ones
Who are pale with want and woe.

Scatter bright smiles o'er the grave of the past,
Where the orphan's treasure lies;
In the tear-drop that glistens there, light will shine
As the rainbow that paints the skies."

* *

INFLUENCE.

CISSY WALLACE, Kingston.

I think "influence" is a very great word with a great meaning. We must either have a good or bad influence. If our influence is pure and good, how we may help those around us! We may not be able to give much money, but how much love and joy we can give if we just think of it. There may be some friend who has sore temptations, then we can help her to overcome them in one way or another; and how much joy may come into that friend's life. We should always be careful how we speak and act before little children. It is in their young lives that they are so apt to pick up the wrong in whatever way or form it may be, and what a comfort it must be to little ones' parents to see them treading the right way. One little word or deed said or done in the wrong way may ruin some poor child for life; how very careful we should be that nothing is said or done before them that may do them evil.

We may help some poor person who is in trouble, or whatever it may be, not so much by speaking, as by living and doing the things that would please our Master. How much good might be done in this world if we all did our own small work in the right way. We do not need to have lots of money or grand houses in order to have a good influence in this world; but a pure and spotless life is more than this world can ever give, and money can never buy it for us. How much wrong is done by shedding a wrong influence; how much misery, pain and woe. But let it not be said of us that it was our fault that this person or child was led astray, but let us all put our hand to the wheel and work bravely, and then in due time we shall have our reward.

* *

WHAT INFLUENCE HAS A GIRL IN THE WORLD?

A Reader of "Ups and Downs," Barrie.

A girl's influence could and should do a great deal of good. A girl with a loving disposition is sure to influence all around her. Girls in homes with younger brothers and sisters growing up, can set the example of being kind and gentle, always ready to help them out of their many little quarrels and troubles. Another way is to teach little ones in Sunday-school, and have a kind word for all around. The way for a girl placed out at service is to be truthful and honest in all her dealings, and do what is required of her willingly and cheerfully. Shun evil companions, for a girl is known by her company. These and many other things, if carried out, have influence over others; therefore every girl can do some good with a little perseverance.

* *

TOPICS.

For { "A description of some building you
Aug. { have seen."

For { "An account of a pleasant day you
Sept. { have spent in Canada."

* *

Please remember the following useful hints, borrowed with slight variations from a back number of the Boys' part of Ups and Downs:

Write on one side of the paper only.
Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks, do so on separate paper.

When a letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at the rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. Write on the corner of the envelope, "MSS. only," and address to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

Papers for insertion in next month's Ups and Downs, must be posted not later than the 15th of the preceding month. A paper must not contain more than 500 words, and it need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

IN LEISURE HOURS.

Edith Hallendale sends the following buried cities, to which we hope to have a good many replies:—

Please do not rent on Queen Street.

"You are a bright one!" exclaimed the lad.

Windall and Alec spent the afternoon with Harold.

We have counted them all, and the total is: towels seven and handkerchiefs twelve.

They are going to build two new castles where the old ones stood.

She also contributes this puzzle:

My whole is a word of eleven letters, and implies both sorrow and shame.

My 3, 9, 8, is a covering for the hand.

My 4, 5, 5, is to be sick.

My 5, 10, 7, 11, signifies something lent.

My 8, 10, 3, is a boy's name.

My 10, 1, is an exclamation.

My 11, 2, 8, is something to crack,

These initials give the name of a noted English poet.

* *

Gertrude Freeman sends a few conundrums:

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn field?

What is that which, by losing an eye, has nothing left but a nose?

* *

We want you all to feel there is something you can do for our paper, so for the younger ones, or for those who cannot write essays, nor perhaps even guess puzzles, we propose giving this month half a dozen easy Bible questions. Some of you may find this a profitable way of spending part of the Sabbath day, if you are not able to go to church or Sunday school:—

1. For what were the following Bible characters specially noted?—Job, Moses, Samson and Solomon.

2. What three men were taken to heaven without dying, and how?

5. Name the tribes of Israel.

4. Which is the first parable in the Bible?

5. Mention one miracle wrought by Elijah.

6. Give a text from Isaiah foretelling Christ's birth.

* *

PUZZLES.

1. My first is in pepper, but not in salt;
My second is in rice, but not in malt;
My third is in bear, but in deer;
My fourth is in rain, but not in fair;
My fifth is in borrowed, but not in lent;
My whole is a musical instrument.

2. My first is in fowl, and also in fair;
My second is in do, but not in dare;
My last is in light, but not in lit;
My whole won't let you see a bit.

3. In spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array;
In summer more clothing I wear:
As colder it grows,
I throw off my clothes
And in winter quite naked appear.

* *

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Edith Hallendale and Emma Sharp have found out Henrietta Webb's puzzle. The bird with a very long beak is a *Pelican*. The "mysterious army" seems to be rather puzzling. Emma Sharp thinks it describes the "Israelites fighting against the Benjamites," recorded in the 20th chapter of Judges; Annie Boulton thinks it refers to "Gideon and his army fighting against the Midianites," in the 7th chapter of Judges.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

BEFORE the July number of our paper will reach our readers, we suppose we may conclude,—“if wind and weather permit,” as the sailors say—that the Thirtieth Anniversary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes will have been held at the Royal Albert Hall, London. In the advertisement of this interesting event, we read the following announcement: “Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously promised to be present.”

In keeping with this most auspicious occasion, we are, therefore, this month, offering to our readers a portrait of that most beloved and amiable royal lady, the Princess of Wales, together with some notes of her life, selected from Annie Swan's magazine, *The Woman at Home*, and written by “Lady Mary.”

A VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM.

During the month of August my footsteps strayed to the north-west coast of Norfolk; and one fine morning a bright dream occurred to me. I would go to Sandringham; and to Sandringham I went—a drive of fifteen miles from the house where I was staying. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the members of all their family were, of course, absent; but permission was given me from headquarters to run about and around, and generally enjoy myself. And what did I carry away with me? The memory of an afternoon very delightfully spent in the home of our favourite Prince and Princess; of a long pile of red buildings picked out with white; of rows of windows looking on to one of the loveliest gardens I ever set eyes upon; of smooth lawns and winding pathways leading on to more remote greeneries. Everywhere I noticed evidences that the Prince and Princess know “how to live” in the best sense of the word. How well-cared for are the cottages on their estate! How neatly and prettily dressed the school children, in whom they take so great an interest! The Prince as a landlord is said to “spoil” his tenants. Well, one likes him all the better for that. The Princess makes herself at home in every house in the neighbourhood. It is such a pleasant trait in her character that she will enjoy spending an hour here, an hour there, in some simple, unpretending house; that she likes to become the friend of men and women for what they are, and not for what they have. At Sandringham there is a model dairy,—a place to dream of on a hot sunny day at Marlborough House, let us say. The Princess has a quaint little tea-room, of her own in the dairy, and often invites her guests there. The stables, harness-rooms, and kennels are, in themselves, worth a visit, there is such a comfortable, unpretentious home-like air about them. Before taking leave of Sandringham I walked through a pretty avenue of fir. Every tree had been planted by a personal friend of either Prince or Princess, and bore the name of the planter; amongst others were names of members of the Danish Royal family, the Duchesses of Sutherland, Manchester and St. Albans.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR GUESTS.

The Prince of Wales, as everyone knows, who has stayed at Sandringham, is the kindest

and most considerate of hosts. Like the typical English country gentleman, he allows his guests to be happy in their own way, and he and the Princess leave those whom they invite to partake of their hospitality entirely according to their own inclination. The Princess usually stays in her own boudoir until luncheon.

At Marlborough House there is naturally more ceremony, socially speaking, than at Sandringham. A number of servants herald your arrival or departure, and there are usually two servants standing outside your room door, when you are staying in the house, and a man behind the chair of every guest at meal-time. Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, was one of the few ladies who had the *entree*, in a general way, to the Princess' own apartments. At Sandringham the Princess is altogether informal. Very charming she looks in her big white apron, feeding her pet dogs from a basket hanging upon her arm. An American guest, seeing that she threw them bits of bread, remarked, “My dogs would not eat bread.” “Ah!” laughed the Princess. “then *your* dogs are not well brought up.”

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters are all very enthusiastic photographers, the cameras going with them in all directions. What the successful use of the kodak really requires is an eye for seeing that is not merely pretty to look upon; but that makes a good picture. This is just what the Princess possesses so that she gets results that are eminently artistic. When the Czar of Russia (then the Czarewitch) was at Sandringham, a short time ago, he was so highly delighted with the plan and its surroundings, that the Princess gave him an album of its views everyone of which had been photographed by herself.

LITTLE CORNERS.

I EXPECT all of our readers know both the words and the tune of the favourite hymn, “Jesus bids us shine.” We came across this little story the other day; it was sent by a lady to Alice Kelly and she has forwarded it to us. Perhaps it may suggest to some of you practical ways in which you may shine in your separate little corners.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed, and sang softly a little song—

“In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.”

“What do you rub at them knives forever for?” Mary said. Mary was the cook.

“Because they are in my corner,” Georgia said, brightly. “‘You in your small corner,’ you know, ‘and I in mine.’ I’ll do the best I can, that’s all I can do.”

“I wouldn’t waste my strength,” said Mary. “I know that no one will notice.”

“Jesus will,” said Georgia, and then she sang again, “You in your small corner, and I in mine.”

“This steak is in my corner, I suppose,” said Mary to herself. “If that child must do what she can, I s’pose I must. If He knows about knives, it’s likely He knows about steak,” and she broiled it beautifully.

“Mary, the steak was very nicely done today,” Miss Emma said.

“That’s all along of Georgia,” said Mary, with a pleased red face; and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. “Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not,” she said; “I’ll hurry them over;” but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

“How beautifully my dress is done,” Helen said, and Emma laughingly answered, “That is owing to Georgia;” then she told about the knives.

“No,” said Helen to her friend who urged, “I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there.”

“Your corner! what do you mean?” Then Helen told about the knives.

“Well,” the friend said, “if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you,” and they went to the prayer-meeting.

“You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening.” That was what their pastor said to them as they were going home. “I was afraid you wouldn’t be there.”

“It was owing to our Georgia,” said Helen; “she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives.” Then she told him the story.

“I believe I will go in here again,” said the minister, stopping before a poor little house “I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can.” In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn’t listen to him; but to-night he said, “I have come to tell you a little story.” Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her small corner, and her doing what she could, and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, “I’ll find my corner, too; I’ll try to shine for Him.” And the sick man was Georgia’s father. Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, “She hath done what she could,” and He gave the blessing.

“I believe I won’t go to walk,” said Helen, hesitating. “I’ll finish that dress of mother’s; I suppose I can if I think so.”

“Why, child, are you here sewing?” her mother said, “I thought you had gone to walk.”

“No mother; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it.”

“In your corner?” her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. “I suppose I could give more,” she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. “If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I’ll make it twenty-five.”

And Georgia’s guardian angel said to another angel, “Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day.”

“Twenty-five dollars?” said the other angel; “why, I thought she was poor.”

“Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in Heaven isn’t, you know. She did what she could and He did the rest.”

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:—

“In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.”

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Superlatives are useless in Bicycle talk these days.

EVERYONE

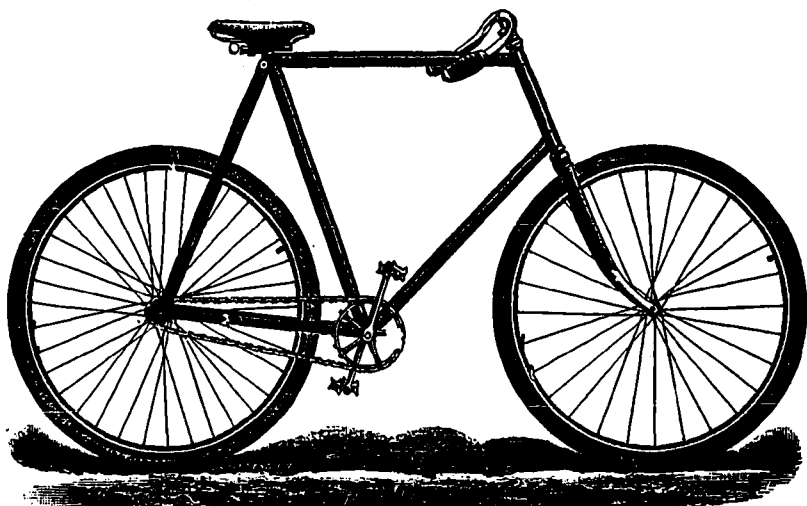
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