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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. II.—No. 8.

TORONTO, MARCH 1ST, 1897.

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UPS AND DOWNS.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

TAKEN AT BARNARDO FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

(See Manitoba Farm Notes.)

Date.	Temperature.		Weather and Miscellaneous Phenomena at Observation.	Wind.	
	Maxi- mum.	Mini- mum.		Direction.	Velocity.
				7 P.M.	9 P.M.
February 1...	6	-10	Cloudy	E.	3
2...	19	-4	Blue	S.E.	1
3...	19	-7	Overcast	S.E.	2
4...	20	2	Overcast	S.E.	3
5...	20	19	"	S.E.	3
6...	19	19	"	S.E.	3
7...	3	-12	Blue	N.W.	2
8...	3	-12	Blue	N.W.	2
9...	7	-16	Blue	N.W.	2
10...	7	-16	Blue	N.W.	2
11...	7	-16	Blue	N.W.	2
12...	16	-7	Blue	N.W.	2
13...	16	-7	Blue	N.W.	2
14...	5	-18	Cloudy	N.W.	1
15...	10	-16	Cloudy	N.W.	1
16...	15	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	1
17...	14	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	1
18...	8	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	1
19...	8	-10	Cloudy	N.W.	1
20...	20	-12	Blue	N.E.	2
21...	10	-14	Overcast	N.E.	2

A PLEA FOR BOOKS.

Readers of UPS AND DOWNS:

Some years ago I began to ask contributions to a "Loan Library," to be known as the "In His Name" Library, and to be loaned to parties who seldom read anything more elevating than the "dime" novel, or its equivalent. Grateful, indeed, would I be to anyone who would contribute a volume, which, of necessity, does not need to be new. I was obliged to give up my library work, owing to ill health, but have again resumed.

"In His Name,"

(Mrs.) F. C. McLAREN.

Box 125, Bracebridge, Muskoka.

MORE SPONTANEOUS TESTIMONY.

WHITESIDE P. O., Feb. 8, 1897.

MY DEAR SIR:

In my capacity of storekeeper, it is often my lot to encounter the hard kickers against Dr. Barnardo's boys. Having had the boarding of eight of your boys at different times, I feel in a position to give my testimony in the matter of comparing them with—say, our own boys. The comparison reflects no discredit upon any boy I have had to deal with. Of course, there are boys whom one could love as their own, while others are not so blest with those endearing attributes of nature, but are none the less capable of making good, honest citizens. My "medicine" to the kickers is that a boy is much what you make him; treat him as a human being and he is apt to prove his right to the qualification, treat him as a cur and it is not your fault if he does not become one.

It is a most astounding puzzle to me that men who in other matters are all that goes to make good citizens, should set their faces against a scheme to benefit a class of poor, guiltless waifs, who, as the penalty of having lived (for which I may say they are unaccountable), should be left to starve and rot in a slum or gutter, or at best to drift into the life and habits of paupers and criminals, while this great and almost uninhabited Canada is waiting with untold wealth for a coming people. They talk to me of hard times—why? Because they neglect the land. It is from the land all must feed, and it is to the land all poverty must turn for sure redress. Dr.

Barnardo's scheme is to make farmers, and it is farmers Canada wants to till the millions of acres lying idle. All power to the scheme. And if there be a few "mistakes" arrive, or be manufactured after arrival, what scheme of emigration is free from that same objection?

I have looked for some notice of my former proteges in UPS AND DOWNS, and so far have not met them. I have full confidence in their having filled their respective positions with credit to the Home, as they gave full promise. They are Wm. and Robt. Hawkins and John and Fred Price, also Chas. Hayward. Fred W. Shott, who is about to leave, carries a testimonial of his conduct, which you are at liberty to publish herewith.

Trusting there is no truth in the rumour of a tax per capita being imposed upon the Institution.

I am, faithfully yours,

E. B. SUTTON.

AN AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

SCHOOL,
STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON,
21st January, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The fifth annual meeting of the Young Helpers' League was held last Saturday, the 16th of January, in the Albert Hall, and was, of course, a great success. As many of your readers left England before Dr. Barnardo instituted the League, they will need perhaps a little enlightenment. This League consists of young people, in well-to-do circumstances, who are formed into Habitations and Lodges, up and down the country; in fact there are already Companions of the League in every country of Europe, and in most of the colonies. The object of the League is to benefit, by contributions and collections, the blind, crippled, and incurable, who may be connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. There were at the end of 1896 over 15,000 Companions on the registers, and the money raised amounted to close upon £8,000.

The League is under the high patronage of H. R. H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck; and H. R. H. Princess Victoria May, Duchess of York. These great ladies were represented at the meeting by Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset.

At 3 o'clock Canon Fleming, chairman of the Council of the League, took the chair, and found the hall comfortably filling.

You must know that the Albert Hall is a huge circular building, capable of holding between seven and eight thousand people, in stalls, boxes, and balcony, in such a manner that packing to the ceiling is almost an apparent possibility. It was the business of our boys and girls to entertain the audience for three hours with singing and displays of various kinds.

Mr. Anderson put his four companies through their military evolutions in the arena, to the sound of the bugle. The boys were dressed in full warlike gear, and armed to the teeth with wooden guns and tin bayonets, and the tin swords of the little officers glittered in the gas light. Mr. Butterfield's four companies went through naval cutlass drill to orders, piped in a shrill treble by a small officer. They brandished their light wooden cutlasses to the four quarters like old tars, with the precision of clock-work.

Mr. Gelling led nearly a hundred little girls through a series of tactical evolutions and dumb-bell exercises; and though the "bells" were wooden, they were not dumb, for each had half a dozen sleigh-bells attached; and at every clash they went cling-clang. The girls came on very prettily in their simple frocks of cream-white, yellow, light green or pink.

Then a squad of boys, under Mr. Gelling, went through a somewhat similar performance, using small cymbals instead of dumb-bells. Then there were tug-of-war, flag races, and football—all most exciting. The victors in the several contests were crowned with wreaths of laurel and bays by Her Grace of Somerset, and the victors marched off as proud—shall we say it?—as Roman Imperators, and quite as deserving as many of them.

These performances were interspersed with songs by the choir of 600 boys and girls—songs fostering the Imperial sentiment—and songs congratulating Her Majesty the Queen on her long and prosperous reign;

and these songs were emphasized by the picturesque waving of Union Jacks and Royal Standards.

There was an Alphabet Song, too, beginning with

"A was an archer who had a big bow,
He shot up a tree, and he brought down a crow,"

and so on from letter to letter through the alphabet. There were four boys for each letter excepting X, and that letter had the honour of being represented by four little girls, in the character of Xantippe, a peevish old shrew, who was graceless enough to grumble, even when old Socrates, the henpecked, treated her to a new bonnet!

When J came on the scene, there was such an innocent looking little cottage in the centre of the arena, with a smokeless chimney perched atop; and the four joiners began their operations, for

"J was a joiner, who built a fine house,
And when it was done, 'twas a trap for a mouse,"

and so it turned out, for after a few preliminary tip-tappings, the fabric underwent a most mysterious transformation, resulting in a huge mouse-trap, from which issued a most monstrous mouse, about the size, shape and gracefulness of a young pig.

It came tearing on with four scarlet-coated hunters, shouting the view halloo; the horns blowing a wild tantantara! Z rushed on as four Zulus, bronzed and menacing, brandishing harmless assegais, and mildly yelling. And all the other letters came on—you must fancy how.

Mr. Douglas was property master and director of ceremonies in this interlude, and proved again that he missed his vocation when he took to the trade of Domiinic.

Then there was a song, glorifying the deeds of lifeboat crews. Labour House lads bore a property lifeboat about the arena on their shoulders, and a double crew from the same House, in unsoiled oilers and sou'westers, marched on each side, with oars held aloft, the whole symbolizing, in more ways than one, the salvage corps at Stepney Causeway.

A series of pictures was thrown on a screen by a lime-light lantern, to illustrate the character of the work done in the Homes. This was followed by a lantern novelty, which reproduced scenes on the screen that had been photographed from actual life, with all their natural and continuous movements. One of the most striking scenes was a picture of stormy weather at Brighton. The waves rolled to and fro, sent their foaming crests on the wharves, and dashed their white spray high in the air most threateningly, till you feared the audience would get a drenching.

Of course Mr. Davis and the band were there as well as the pipers.

Some of your readers will be sorry to hear that Mr. Frank Proudman goes shortly to South Africa for permanent residence, owing to delicate health. These Saturday proceedings have almost obliterated the memory of our recent Xmas merry-makings. All the drillings, restrainings, instructings, and the hundred and one etceteras connected with entertainments drive many things out of your head.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. P. MANWELL.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

WHAT I DO ON DAYS WHEN IT IS TOO STORMY TO WORK OUTSIDE.

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

On the farms where there is a hired hand kept all the year around, there is generally some outside work to do, such as drawing wood and manure or sawing and chopping wood.

When it is too stormy to do any of the above things we sometimes fill in the time between chores, filling grain for chop or cleaning for market, sharpening our saw and grinding our axes.

There is, as a rule, plenty of small things ready to be done on stormy days, but I have known it to be that stormy that we would be in the house between choring time, every day for a week or more at a time.

When such a time as that it means for the hired hand what we generally term a "snap" as a rule, if my boots need greasing, I do that first, and then get all the

(Continued on Page 3 of Cover.)

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

WHATEVER else we have had to complain of during the past month, want of notoriety has not been one of our grievances. The newspapers have been active in discussing Dr. Barnardo and his works; and attacks upon our boys and girls, more or less bitter and venomous, have rained upon us thick and fast. We have been in the pillory with a vengeance; and we have grieved for our young folks all over the country, that they should have found themselves the innocent objects of this volume of scurrilous abuse. Innocent, indeed, they are; and we venture to think in very many cases superior in conduct and condition to many of those who write and inspire these glib newspaper attacks.

One stands at times aghast at the utter disregard of fact, or of truth and common justice in what is written and re-written in reference alike to individual cases, to our boys and girls as a class, and to Dr. Barnardo's work generally. One would suppose that the latter was a fraudulent and iniquitous system for gathering together the off-scourings of humanity and deporting them to Canada steeped in disease and crime, and abandoning them to their own devices, to speedily fill jails, asylums and penitentiaries. This impression is incessantly conveyed in spite of the fact that it can be, and has been, proved up to the hilt that Dr. Barnardo's young people are turning out as useful, healthy, law-abiding and successful citizens, as any who have come to this country; that less than one per cent. have been convicted of any species of crime; that under the system by which they are trained and selected for emigration they have to attain a standard of mental, physical or moral fitness far beyond what is contemplated by the most stringent immigration regulations; that the country is safeguarded from any possibility of detriment or injury from their presence by the care with which they are watched over, and by the fact that any who signally fail are returned to the

Mother Country; and further, that a demand exists for them from one end of the country to the other far beyond what can be supplied. All this is as nothing, but the failure, or crime, of a single boy is forthwith paraded as if it were conclusive evidence that the whole eight thousand of Dr. Barnardo's young people are criminal, vicious and depraved. Even in reports of comparatively trifling details we find the grossest misrepresentation and distortion of truth in order to arouse prejudice and heap insult and abuse upon us; and we can in fact safely assure our friends for their comfort, in reading the ordinary newspaper accounts and comments upon anything connected with them-

there are highly honourable exceptions among the press to this unworthy policy, and there are papers whose promoters, whatever may be their views as to the desirability of the work generally, are honestly anxious to guard against injustice to individuals; but unhappily these cases are the exceptions, few and far between, to a general rule of newspaper prejudice and injustice. "Hit him hard, he's got no friends," seems to be the guiding maxim, and the hitting is generally "below the belt."

We confess that we find it most difficult to explain or account for this harsh, and in some cases extraordinarily vindictive, prejudice against an inoffending class and against a work whose aims and objects, one would suppose, would commend themselves to every humane and right-thinking person. It would be imagined that a young boy left orphaned and homeless would be regarded with some sort of generous compassion, and that if he had found someone to befriend him and give him a start in life, that there would be a degree of kindly feeling towards him and a disposition to help forward his progress. Instead of this we find in the case of our boys an apparently eager desire to injure their position and prospects; to close in their face the door by which they may reach a successful future; to make them an object of scorn and reproach; and to place every possible obstacle



IN THE MIDLANDS OF ENGLAND.

themselves and the work, that they may take a very large "pinch of salt" with everything they read; while in the case of certain little papers which have shown themselves specially vindictive they will not be wrong in estimating that at least seventy-five per cent. of their statements are at variance with the facts. When they read, therefore, that a "Barnardo boy" has been guilty of some crime or perpetrated some wrongdoing, they may feel satisfied that probably in four cases out of five the misdemeanant is not a Barnardo boy at all, while if he is, that the circumstances are exaggerated and "coloured" so as to place the harshest and most unfavourable construction upon the conduct of the wrongdoer. Of course

in the path of those who are promoting their welfare. No one can deny that this is the spirit that has shown itself towards ourselves and our work during the past few weeks; but, as I have written to a great many of our boys and young men who have keenly felt these cruel attacks, we can console ourselves with the knowledge that there has never yet been a great and good work for the aiding and uplifting of humanity that has not had to face the same prejudice and hostility. The Divine Master was a most unpopular man, and when He called the young children to Him and took them in His arms we have no doubt the bystanders commented harshly upon His action. Such an analogy may seem pre-

sumptuous, and yet who that has seen the results accomplished by Dr. Barnardo's efforts can doubt that such work is eminently Christ-like? I abhor cant and the phraseology of cant, but I believe and know Dr. Barnardo's work to be in the highest sense Christian work, not alone in the fact that it is the outcome of self-denying, devoted effort on the part of the thousands of Christian people in all lands who contribute to its support, but still more because in stretching forth a helping hand to the needy and suffering; in training and equipping the young for the struggle of life; in watching over and assisting their progress; and in making lives useful and happy, that at their outset had been depressed and suffering: it is doing Christ's work in the world, fulfilling His injunctions, following His example, advancing His cause. Do not, therefore, let us be either cast down or embittered by finding ourselves the object of ill-natured attack. Injustice and wrong are hard to bear and difficult not to resent, but if it has the effect of developing in us self-respect and self-restraint, it should have an ennobling and elevating influence in our lives and make us better and stronger characters than if all men spoke well of us.

* *

The Provincial Legislature is taking up the question of Child Immigration, and a Bill on the subject is now before the House. So far as we have been able to form an opinion upon its provisions it seems to us a wise and reasonable piece of legislation, and shows that the Government have approached the subject in a fair and statesmanlike spirit. Its object is avowedly to prevent the importation into the Province of vicious and diseased children, and to lay upon the institutions or individuals who place out children within the Province the responsibility to care for and look after them. No right-minded person could defend, and Dr. Barnardo would be the foremost to condemn, any system of "dumping" upon the Province, children who are morally, mentally or physically unfitted, or unlikely to grow up useful, respectable, self-supporting citizens, or whose presence would be pernicious in the community. Equally indefensible is any system that neglects the welfare of the young children during the time that must elapse before they are able to look after their own interests and manage their affairs. A boy or girl brought to Canada and placed in a Canadian household is at first a stranger in a strange land, and should be under the oversight of kindly and experienced people, to whom the child can have recourse in the event of its meeting with hardship or unkindly usage, and who will accept the responsibility of watching over its interests and be ready to give the child a helping hand as it is required. To carry this into practical effect it is essential that there shall be a properly conducted Home or Institution, where the young immigrant shall be received on his first arrival, and which shall be open afterwards as a shelter in the case of sickness, or in the case of his being from any cause without a settled home or place of employment. Regular and systematic visitation of the child in its home during the first few years after its arrival in the country is equally necessary, and Dr. Barnardo has never lost an opportunity of insisting upon the importance of this feature of the work and showing in his own practice how indispensably necessary he regards it. I am sure he will forgive me for making the following quotation from his private letter of instructions to me when I received from him several years ago the appointment in his work that I have since held. Speaking of the work of visiting:

"I want you, therefore, to receive it from me as an injunction, which I hope will be observed as a rule to which there is to be no exception, and which by and by will become so stereotyped and illustrated in our

"practice, that it shall become a basis of our whole work, viz.: That every boy placed out by us shall be regularly and systematically visited, and a report of such visits kept by you at your office and sent to us in London. After a little while you will be able to tell whether it is possible that your present staff can accomplish this or not, and if it is not possible then I must increase your staff, but the visiting must not be brought down to the numbers of the staff; the numbers of the staff must be brought up to the requirements of the visiting."

* *

The Bill now before the House recognizes and confirms these principles, and requires any individual or Society bringing children to the Province to put them in practice.

It likewise requires that records shall be kept of the welfare and progress of the children, such as we have kept from the first beginning of Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada, and provides for a regular inspection of these records being made by a Government officer appointed for the purpose.

It further empowers this inspector to require the return to England, or to from whatever country the immigrant has come, of any child proving a distinct failure—a legitimate safeguard to the country which we have always recognized and acted upon.

The penalties attached to violations of the Act will, we should hope, be sufficient to deter any ill-advised or unprincipled people from attempting to evade its provisions, and no one will be more thankful than ourselves for any extent to which the Bill proves effective in checking or stamping out work that, professing to be conducted on similar lines to our own, is in reality unsatisfactory and detrimental to the whole movement, either from want of care shown in the selection of the children or from neglect to look after them during their first years in the country. In short, we welcome the Bill as making compulsory those principles and practices that Dr. Barnardo has for years past adopted and carried out, and we could not have wished to see them more clearly enacted.

Other clauses of the Bill, defining and extending our powers of guardianship and compelling the recognition of these powers by persons taking children, will materially strengthen our hands and tend to promote the success and usefulness of the work, and we shall expect to be greatly helped in enforcing the rights and claims of those under our charge and protecting them from imposition. Hitherto in such matters as demanding and suing for wages or in insisting upon a child's being returned to the "Home" when its employer wishes to dispense with its services, our position has been an anomalous and very unsatisfactory one, but this difficulty is met by the Bill of the Government, and we look forward to receiving valuable assistance from the additional powers conferred upon us. Undoubtedly there are minor features in the Bill that we should like to see modified, and which we fear may detract from its practical usefulness, but in the main we regard it as likely to accomplish excellent results; and we offer the Government our humble congratulations upon their success in drafting a measure that, without imposing vexatious restrictions upon honest and legitimate work, will adequately protect the Province against being made a "dumping ground" for an undesirable class, and remove what many have been led to consider is an abuse and source of injury to the country.

* *

A party of twenty-one little boys, all of whom had been boarded out in Muskoka, left for Winnipeg under my charge on the 16th of the month, and reached the "Home" on the afternoon of the 18th. They have since been placed in good situations, and we have had renewed cause to congratulate ourselves on the

success of the Winnipeg Branch as a distributing agency for boys of the most suitable and promising age for placing out.

* *

By the time the present issue is in the hands of our subscribers I shall hope to be crossing the Atlantic on my way to bring over the first detachment from the London Homes. The date for the departure of the party will probably be fixed between the 15th and the end of March, and I am sure all our readers will wish "bon voyage" to our young travellers, and that He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand may bring us safely on our way, and may give the winds and waves charge concerning us. During my absence Mr. Davis will, as usual, be in charge of the work, and will be prepared to deal with correspondence and any business that cannot be postponed till my return.

Alfred R. Owen

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

WHEN making the offer of a prize to any lad or young man who has served satisfactorily in one situation for a term of three years, in the January number of UPS AND DOWNS, the writer had no idea he would be taken up so quickly, and by one so near the Home. However, on the 12th February of this year, James A. Welsh, a lad of the April party, 1892, whose portrait is shown on the next page, made the first claim, and reference to our register shows that Welsh, after serving in different capacities at the Farm Home in a most satisfactory manner, was sent on April 17th, 1893, to the employ of Mr. David Dunn, a thrifty farmer of Minniska, six miles from Russell, and working faithfully for three years, left on April 22nd, 1896, since which time he has been in charge of the farm of Mr. J. M. Keating, of Silver Creek. It will certainly be a great pleasure to the writer to report the above facts to the Director, Dr. Barnardo, and to arrange for the delivery of the prize to be allotted. Who will come forward next with his proofs of good conduct and satisfactory long service? It is quite evident the mention in UPS AND DOWNS of the progress of some of our homesteaders, is bringing forth the much desired fruit in the shape of information relating to numbers of other young men of our clan who are already or are about to be established on land of their own. Among these letters one has been received from Albert E. Fisher, April, 1888, one of the pioneers of the Industrial Farm, in which he describes his location, twelve miles from the rapidly growing village of Dauphin, as upon a fine stream, furnishing an abundance of pure, cold water for stock, well supplied with hay, and possessing about one hundred acres of land fit for the plough. Fisher says he has to go but one mile for fuel, and is generally well pleased with his location.

Our old friend, J. P. Ryan, April, 1892, writes, on January 10th, that last year, on a rented farm, he grew eight hundred bushels of wheat, and expects to more than double his acreage in 1897. Ryan's address is Beulah P. O., Manitoba.

A very cheerful letter was received on the 10th from our old friend and well-wisher, Richard Parsons, who is located at Orange Ridge in the vicinity of Neepawa. Parsons says he is just about to apply for a patent for his homestead, which he describes as a first-class farm, located within two miles of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company's line. He regrets that he is not just at present in a position to financially assist the Home, but promises to do so "when a little better fixed."

In reference to the last extract from the communication of our mutual friend, we may say that although direct contributions to the funds will no doubt be most acceptable to our Director all through the year 1897, indirect aid is ever given the Homes in a manner which is perhaps not always sufficiently recognized, by every lad who creates for himself such a record as Parsons appears to have, among the people of that wonderful section of Manitoba, the "Beautiful Plains," and numbers of established homes founded by earnest young settlers who have been colonized under the direction of Dr. Barnardo, will always form links in our strongly forged chain of evidence when laying our case before the people of Canada, and claiming, as we sincerely can do, that aside from lifting from the slough of despond yearly hundreds of young lives in different parts of this great world, our Director has become a moving force in the much needed work of developing the magnificent resources of this fertile section of the Empire.

* * *

Henry Good, April, 1889, writes a most interesting letter at the close of the old year, and informs us that he is meeting with very good success in the carrying on of a singing class of some twenty pupils at Hargrave Station. Good appears to be in great demand at all social functions in the district where he has located, and says in his letters that he is happy and contented in Canada.

William Boyd Fleming, 1888, writes from Medicine Hat, that a very interesting topic of his district is at present the proposed construction of the Crows Nest Pass Railway which is to begin at Dummore, a few miles east of the Canadian Pacific Railway crossing of the South Saskatchewan and is destined, when constructed, to work wonders in the development of the Southern British Columbia mining country.

As an item of news regarding "old timers," Fleming makes mention of a rumour to the effect that Horace Calver, 1888, is about to enter the benedict band. Welcome, Calver, is all we can say.

* * *

Numbers of letters of a similar nature have been received from other old timers, but our space in UPS AND DOWNS is limited, and our readers must await with patience future numbers in which the writer hopes to embody letters from old friends who have not been hitherto in evidence as relates to our readers, but occupy an esteemed position in our Correspondence Register.

* * *

The work of the Farm has gone on with regularity and smoothness during the past month; large quantities of wood and ice have been brought in and stored for future use, the cattle, sheep and pigs have been well looked after, and generally the affairs of the establishment are working rapidly into readiness for the important season of the year, as regards farming operations, which will soon be upon us—the Spring.

* * *

On the topic of the weather, by the way, we Manitobans are just a little bit sensitive. We don't care to hear jocular references to the "cold Manitoba wave" from residents of St. Louis, although able to retaliate, and sharply too, by referring in a complimentary manner to the excellence of the full-fledged Missouri cyclone which carries all before it; we are inclined to scowl when the happy resident of Toronto describes the Manitoba year as being composed of July, August and Winter. We can however bear up against all this witty fiction; for although, as in other sections lying within

the temperate zone, there are isolated days when the conditions through cold and storm are anything but agreeable, it is doubtful if a more enjoyable and life-giving atmosphere surrounds any portion of the globe than that which covers Manitoba and the North-West. As a most carefully conducted meteorological station is presided over by Mr. Robert Gray, the house-master at the Farm Home, and as the writer believes that many of our young men in the East are really anxious to obtain authentic information upon this important subject, we will in future, if the Managing Editor permits, give in each month's issue a report of the weather at Barnardo for the previous month, and now show in this issue, on page 2 of cover, the conditions obtaining through the first twenty-one days in February and up to the date of these notes.

* * *

The writer had the pleasure of accompanying on his trip to the West over the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, one day last week, one of the most interesting and important visitors



JAMES A. WELSH.

who has favoured Manitoba for some time, in the person of Professor J. W. Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, whose signature by the way is attached to the diploma issued to Dr. Barnardo in 1893 at the World's Columbian Exhibition for prize butter, whose headquarters are at Ottawa. The Department of Agriculture for the Dominion of Canada has made rapid strides in the way of improving its methods for assisting the agricultural industry during the last twelve years; but probably no effort more deserving or more likely to meet with success has been made, than the scheme proposed and now being skilfully worked out in detail by Professor Robertson, that of assisting the Creameries of the North-West in placing themselves upon a proper, sound and well settled financial foundation. The political party now in power at Ottawa has been charged in bygone years by their rivals with being at enmity with the North-West, considering it rather an incubus, than an addition to the strength and value of the Dominion. Be this charge well

(Continued on page 8.)

A MYSTERIOUS FATALITY.

A more painful duty has seldom devolved upon us than we have to perform in referring to the awfully sad and mysterious death, on Feb. 1st, of Charles Bradbury, who was for nine months at the Stepney Home before coming to Canada in July, 1895. On his arrival from England he was placed with a farmer named Blain, residing about four miles north of Toronto. Mr. Blain was well recommended to us, and we had every reason to believe that we had placed Charles in good hands. From the day he went to Mr. Blain until his death not a word of complaint reached us; but, on the contrary we heard of Charlie's being happy and contented in his home, and that he bore a good character and was well spoken of in the neighbourhood. On the first of February he was visited by Mr. Webb, whom many of our boys have seen at the Home, having occasionally been employed in various ways, when we have required additional help. Mr. Webb found everything very satisfactory, Charlie looking the picture of health, well clad and evidently contented and happy, Mr. Blain giving a very good report of his conduct, and expressing himself as well pleased with the boy in every respect. Within a couple of hours of Mr. Webb's leaving the premises there appears to have been a dispute between Charlie and Mr. John Blain, the cousin and partner of his employer, which led to high words and ended in Charlie receiving some rather rough handling. Almost immediately after, the two Blains drove away to spend the evening at a neighbour's house, leaving Charlie alone on the premises. Half an hour later the buildings were in flames, and next morning among the ashes the ghastly discovery was made of the remains of a human body, which can only be supposed to be that of the unfortunate boy. A still more horrible disclosure was revealed when the blade of a razor was found close at hand, afterwards proved to be the razor belonging to the Blains, and when the post mortem examination showed that the throat had been cut across the windpipe. The verdict of the coroner's jury suggested suicide as the cause of death. We cannot here enter into all the details of the case as elicited by the enquiry, but having heard the evidence and very carefully weighed and thought over all the facts that have come to our knowledge, we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, and, indeed, our absolute conviction, that death was *not* self-inflicted, and that it is preposterous to suppose that a young boy of 14, in the full enjoyment of health, and in all the vigour of life, who was in possession of all his mental faculties, and who had never shown himself to be the victim of morbid or vicious tendencies, should have, merely to gratify his resentment at having received a rather rough castigation, in the most deliberate and carefully designed manner destroyed his employer's property, and then inflicted upon himself a cruel, painful and horrible death. We refuse utterly to credit the assumption, but beyond this it is not for us to go; neither do we wish to offer theories or suppositions as to the cause of death, or what is really the solution of this most painful and ghastly mystery. Some clue may offer in time that will clear up what is now so mysterious; but meanwhile we can only ask our readers to join with us in sympathy for the relatives of him who is gone, and upon whom this awful occurrence has fallen as a stunning and terrible blow. May He who behind the darkest cloud of human grief and suffering hideth the face of infinite compassion and mercy, reveal to them His presence in this hour of trial, and be their support and comforter in their affliction and bereavement.

Ups and Downs

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

TORONTO, MARCH 1ST, 1897.

IN A NEW ROLE.

"It will be well for you to take a trip yourself and visit a number of the older boys in the country around Peterborough."

A principle laid down in the early days of UPS AND DOWNS' existence was that the latter must be first and last a "Home paper"; a journal devoted exclusively to the interests of Dr. Barnardo's young people on this side of the Atlantic and to Dr. Barnardo's work generally. Many of the fields ordinarily open to editorial effort are proscribed to us, and our friends have little conception of the amount of cogitation and mental perturbation occasioned every month in striving to adhere strictly to the foregoing principle, and, at the same time, to keep our pages free from the charge of lacking variety—not that there is at any time a scarcity of material out of which to make what is known in newspaperdom as "copy"; but the difficulty which must necessarily present itself to those engaged in the management of a journal filling such a unique position as ours, is to deal with that material, from month to month, in a manner that shall not savour of sameness.

This problem was the chief topic of conversation in an interview about two weeks since between Mr. Owen and the writer, and out of its consideration came the suggestion of Mr. Owen with which this article opens, and which was, in fact, a commission to the Editor of UPS AND DOWNS to go forth into the "highways and byways" of Peterborough and adjoining counties, and obtain a supply of freshly gathered material for presentation to the readers of the March number of UPS AND DOWNS.

* *

Having thus received my commission, the first step towards executing it was to equip myself with a fund of information in relation to the past records of those to be seen, and to the various routes by which the ground could be covered without needless loss of time. Three days were occupied in acquiring this, not only useful, but very necessary, information; and one fact which became very manifest during that period of preparation, was that the regular official "visitors" must be veritable geographical and biographical encyclopædias; the work of "visiting," as understood in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, requiring an accuracy of knowledge in regard to places and individuals that to the uninitiated is, to say the least of it, somewhat appalling.

In spite of three days' close application to "note making" and the study of "The Township Atlas," it was not without a certain amount of doubt as to my ability to locate in a limitless field of snow and in a country where sign posts are, unfortunately, *not* the fashion, the different concessions so easily found on the conveniently numbered map, that I arrived in

the town of Peterborough on the morning of Tuesday, February 16th.

My first visit was certainly not in an official capacity or with a view to procuring copy, but the kindly welcome and hospitality extended by Mrs. Metcalfe, and the kindness of other friends at Hazel Brae, Dr. Barnardo's charmingly situated Home for girls, formed too pleasant a prelude to be now allowed to pass unrecorded. I was extremely fortunate also in securing very valuable assistance for my initial trip on the following day, Miss Gibbs, whose five years' visiting among Dr. Barnardo's girls has given her an intimate acquaintance with the country districts, kindly promising to accompany me. Under such able guidance little fear of "doubling in our tracks."

* *

There are two things very essential to successful visiting—a good horse and fine day. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Peterborough, provided the one; and the clerk of the weather left little to be desired in regard to the other.

The district around the post-office towns of Lang and Keene, in the township of Otonabee, was selected for the scene of the day's effort. The first place of call is about ten miles from Peterborough in a south easterly direction. The roads at the time are not in the best of condition; while there is snow, deep and untrodden, as far as the eye can reach, on field and lane, and on the sides of the roads; the tracks are becoming very bare: the brown earth shows itself in places, reducing the pleasure of sleighing both for man and horse. There is little of scenic beauty along the route once the suburbs of Peterborough and the pretty Little Lake Cemetery are left behind. It is not our intention to plead guilty to such a materialistic spirit, that of us it shall be said:

"A primrose on some river's brink,

A primrose was to him

And nothing more."

or that snow scenes are without an appealing kind of beauty as a rule; but I am fain to admit that it will require one far more responsively sympathetic than myself to discern cause for rapture in a landscape composed of endless acres of snow plains and miles of hideous snake fences. Turn where it will it is rarely that the eye can find relief; occasionally an isolated elm or maple rears its gaunt length between white ground and grey sky, only intensifying, however, the bleakness of its surroundings; at greater intervals, in the distance, may be seen a handful of cedars or poplars, huddled together, as if fearful that the time would not be long before they were doomed to the destruction which has been meted out by man to most of Nature's gifts in this part of the country; for it is not owing to lack of generosity on the part of Nature that the gaze lights on nothing but snow and snake fence. There are not wanting signs that at one time there was an abundance of bush here, and the unevenness of many of the whitened fields tells an eloquent tale of their subjection to the use of man for agricultural purposes. We realize more forcibly than ever the hardships and endurance of those sturdy pioneers, of one, two and three generations ago, who bravely hewed themselves a home and a living out of the primeval forest. The contrast between the lot of the farmer of to-day and of his predecessor of fifty years ago is also intensified, as we at times came across a primitive little shanty made of roughly hewn timber, or, at best, covered with warped and decaying planks, and lighted by one or two small windows; and turn from this, the farm home of early days, to the comfortable-looking red brick mansion on the adjoining concession, where the farmer and his family have all the comforts and many of the conveniences of a town house. There is often abundant opportunity for reflection as we traverse the unpicturesque country towards Keene.

Our first place of call is at Mr. Anthony Taylor's, where one of Miss Gibbs' charges finds a home. Here we make a few enquiries and learn that the adjoining farm is the scene of Edward Beckett's labours. As Edward has only very recently come here, and we were going to visit him later at a spot some miles distant, the information is very acceptable. We are unable to see Edward, however; he and his employer, Mr. Drummond, are away in the bush. We learn a good deal of our friend from Mrs. Drummond, who it is very evident takes a kindly interest in Edward. We learn that he is a steady worker and anxious to make his way, but does not like farming, and thinks he would do better at a trade. He has made a year's engagement, however, with Mr. Drummond at a fair rate of wage, and we feel sure that Edward, who is now 19, is too wise a lad to give up his present comfortable home on the mere chance of finding a "job" in some other sphere of labour.

Mrs. Drummond has knowledge of a number of our boys, and for all of whom she has a kind word. We find that we shall not have the pleasure of meeting Aubrey Benham (March, '93), who has yielded to the earnest solicitation of his mother and returned to England, a step which we sincerely hope he will not have reason to regret.

William Paviour (July, '85) is also an occasional member of Mrs. Drummond's household. William worked in a cheese factory during the season, and later formed one of a threshing gang. We find him not far away, at Mr. Robert Jackson's, and as he is the first of our friends with whom we come in personal contact we endeavour to "weigh him up" very closely. We had heard of William's popularity in the district, and in the very evident geniality of his disposition and his manliness of bearing we saw much to account therefor. We wish we could report William as being permanently settled, but he prefers to enlarge his experience of places and faces; and about the first week in March he will start with a carload of cattle for the North-West, where he purposes to remain until after harvest. We are inclined to the opinion that the advantages offered by the great North-West to an energetic young man of 25 will be so apparent to William that he will decide to make his home in that country.

* *

Having wished William every success and secured a promise that he will have his portrait taken before he commences his westward journey, we proceed, according to instructions, "one mile south and one mile east," to see how it fares with George Wright (June, '93) who, for two months, has been working for Mr. Andrew Kent, Keene P.O. The period of probation has resulted in mutual satisfaction, and it is not improbable that an arrangement will be made whereby George will continue a member of Mr. Kent's household for three or four years. Mr. Kent was away at the time of our visit, but Mrs. Kent supplied us with a very encouraging account of George, who, on his part, said he could not have a better place; he was happy and comfortable. He certainly looks it. He is fifteen and a-half, a sturdy, well-made lad, with a good, honest face. I had an excellent opportunity of forming an estimate of George's character, as we remained at Mr. Kent's for dinner, and during the hour and a-half I spent in George's company I watched him closely. I feel sure that his future will prove that I am right in asserting him to be a lad possessed of a sense of duty and a measure of perseverance unusual in one so young. This might appear irreconcilable with the fact that George has changed his situation twice in the three years he has been in Canada, but that he did this in mere wantonness we do not for one moment believe. George has recently entered

into communion with the Methodist Church, and we earnestly hope that God will abundantly bless this young friend's efforts to lead an upright, righteous, godly life.

* * *

It was at Mr. Kent's that I had my first experience of the open-hearted hospitality that the farmers extend to a Home "visitor" or other traveller. One who has travelled much through the country districts of England cannot fail to be struck, when making a similar journey in Canada, with the comparative lack of accommodation "for man and beast" that prevails in this country. Of course every little post-office town has its "hotel"—and very comfortable many of them are—but, as post-office towns are often ten, fifteen and even a much greater number of miles apart, the absence of the good, old-fashioned "roadside inn," "near nowhere," is a misfortune, or would be, were not the average Canadian farmer one of the most hospitable men to be found the world over. I am glad of this opportunity of testifying to the readily proffered hospitality of the farmers of the various townships, north, south, east and west of Peterborough. Inasmuch as every rule has an exception, there may have been one or two who felt no compunction in allowing a hungry traveller who had driven several miles in the face of a biting wind, to proceed on his journey without offering him bit or bite for himself or horse. But such a case, indeed, was the exception, and there was no mistaking the heartiness of the welcome accorded in nine cases out of ten by every member of the household. Yes, even down to the inevitable collie; and, in fact, the farmer's dog would be the first in every instance to rush out and extend his greeting, being most flattering in his persistent efforts to secure a close personal acquaintance. As we gaze upon the ragged edges of what used to be a respectable-looking pair of trousers, we cannot help wishing the farmer's dog would moderate his exuberance slightly. His impetuosity tends to a feeling of uneasiness on the part of the welcomed guest. This was particularly so in the case of one of our first visits. It was a collie dog of course, only a little bigger and more ferocious in aspect than most of his brothers. The surly growl and accompanying display of healthy-looking teeth with which he alternated his bark of welcome caused our faith in his good intentions to waver. Our doubts were strengthened by the caution of our host that we had better "watch him," for, "he bit the doctor yesterday." While much is to be said in favour of the foresight of a dog that selected a medical man for such a purpose, we did not feel sure that his powers of discrimination would outlast our visit, and our host's injunction was observed to the very letter.

* * *

Boys, not dogs, however, must engage our attention. It was a surprise not to find George Lane at Mr. Alex. Stewart's, about two miles and a half from our mid-day resting place, and where he had made his home for a number of years. Mrs. Stewart informed us that the only reason George had left them was he thought he would like a change. From the time he entered Mr. Stewart's employ, which was immediately upon arrival in Canada, up to the day he left, our friend had given every satisfaction and he received high praise from Mrs. Stewart, who also informed us of his present whereabouts. He had engaged with Mr. D. McIntyre about two miles distant. Thither we went, but were unable to see George as he was away for the day. Again did we hear our friend extolled by his employer's wife. George is now a young man of 25, and in his ten years' residence in Canada he has contributed in a large measure to the grand name which our "young immigrants" bear in this part of the country.

William Cole (April, '85) proved to be a stalwart young man with more than the average width of shoulder. William is thinking of giving the North-West the benefit of his diligently earned experience, as his present employer will not require a hired man after this month. As William is a persevering, thrifty, young man, we feel sure it will not be long before he takes his place among the prosperous farmers of Manitoba.

* * *

Another old friend turning longing eyes towards the Prairie Province is John Henry Bolton (April, '89), to find whom required an hour's driving, his former employer, with whom he had been for a number of years, having recently retired. This had necessitated our friend finding a fresh situation, which he had little difficulty in doing, having an excellent record and being a first class worker. He is now with Mr. Brailey, Lang P.O. He is a robust looking young fellow with contentment written large on his face. He has a very comfortable home and is "getting as good wages as others." Altogether a very satisfactory state of affairs.

* * *

We do not manage to see Frederick Bates (March, '87), but we learn of his continued progress from a member of his former employer's household.

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We also receive the most encouraging accounts of Charles H. Fenton (March, '92), who is with Mr. James Matchett. A neighbour of Mr. Matchett was visiting at one of our places of call, and this lady gave Charlie a most excellent character. "There is not a better boy in the country."

* * *

The drive back to Peterborough was by a different route from that followed in the morning, and the change was welcome, for we now encountered some charming little bits of Canadian winter scenery. It was a bright moonlight night, and as we dashed along over the snow, through a long avenue of cedars and poplars, and then over the ice in a thickly wooded swamp, we felt that our boyhood's conception of Canadian backwoods was not all a myth, and that the darkened, sombre dells through which we were passing must have been a favoured haunt of the Wendigo; and we should not have been surprised to hear the traditional nocturnal wailing of this creation of Indian superstition. The silence, however, is broken by nothing more uncanny than the ring of the horse's hoofs on the ice, the jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the deep bark of the distant but irrepressible farmer's dog.

* * *

On the morning of the day following I started for Springville and the country beyond, being accompanied by a driver who had performed similar service for a Home "visitor" before—a young man who knew "almost every place," and with a happy faculty for finding those places he didn't know. For the first few hours it seemed as if the day were to be memorable for disappointments. Having arrived at the place where I expected to see John Warner (June, '96), I was informed by Mr. Baptie that he had left the latter's employ and was now in Peterborough, where he was earning good wages and doing well generally. I hoped I should be able to see John in Peterborough on the Saturday following, and also a number of other old friends living in the immediate neighbourhood, but circumstances intervened which prevented this. As John had spent Sunday with Mr. Baptie, however, the latter's information was quite up to date.

* * *

While making enquiries about Warner we heard of a young lad, said to be from Dr. Bar-

nardo's Home, who had been running around the country for some time and who had recently been given employment by a farmer three or four miles distant. This lad's conduct was declared by a relative of his master to be far from what was desirable, and unless the boy were visited and something done to ensure improvement, he would be sent away. Consequently two hours are spent in locating this the first black sheep we have heard of; and, while we do not think it is a case of anything more serious than a young lad having become unsettled and indifferent through listening to evil counsels—irregularities which will yield to firm but kindly treatment—we are glad to find that responsibility for even this much could not be laid at the door of the Home, the lad not being one of ours. Yet three farmers had spoken to me of this lad as a case in which the Home was not doing justice to the boy or to the community. This once again illustrates how careful people should be to ascertain the facts before attempting to place responsibility.

* * *

Our next intended visit was to Joseph Rogers (June, '88), but when within half a mile of where I expected to find him, a neighbour vouchsafes the information that Joe has left that part of the country and has a situation in Peterborough.

* * *

A week later, however, I manage to see Joe, who boards the train on which I am about to leave for Toronto. It was a two minutes' interview, but in that brief space of time we see that our friend is a most respectably clothed and comfortable looking young man, and we learn that he is as happy and comfortable as he looks, and the proud father of two little children.

* * *

We have to cover the ground twice before we have the pleasure of shaking hands with Charles Cowland, whom we find, not on the farm, but the very successful clerk of the leading storekeeper of Centreville. Charles' appearance at once indicates that he is in good condition, physically and financially. We hear him spoken of during the day by a number of people in more eulogistic terms. He came out in April '86, and last year paid a visit to England, accompanied by Alfred Letchford (April, '89) who, we hear from Mr. McWillan, his former employer, has not found all his expectations realized and is talking of his possible return to Canada at an early date.

* * *

Charles Mortieau (April '89) is still with Mr. Herbert Perren, S. Monaghan, but is out when I call. From Mrs. Perren it is learned, however, that Charles is doing well and is very steady; he has hired for the winter and may hire for the summer.

* * *

There is nothing of disappointment in my visit to Mr. Welford Dawson, a mile or so distant from Mr. Perren's. Alfred Tidmarsh is a little fellow who came out from England, and was in the Toronto Home, after the birth of UPS AND DOWNS; he is, therefore, an old personal acquaintance and no "introduction" is necessary, he at once accosting me by name and plying me with questions regarding many old friends in the Home. Mr. Dawson is absent, but Mrs. Dawson will not hear of a departure until his return. We must wait and have supper and if not compelled to go farther that night, sleeping accommodation is at our service. With these hospitable friends I remain until morning. Alfred is declared to be a persevering, manly little fellow, trying to do his best both on the farm and at school, which he attends regularly during the winter. We see him again the following morning at

school where a call is made, that we shall not miss the pleasure of an interview with two other little men. These are Wilson Crowthers, 12½, and Gerald Godfrey, 12, who with Alfred form as promising a trio of young lads as will be found in any part of the country. The three are great chums; and a happy, healthful life they lead. Like true Britons they work when there is work to be done, and, equally Briton like, they play when there is an opportunity. Each is fortunate in having a most comfortable home with very desirable influences around him. An agreement, covering a number of years, exists in regard to each. Wilson's home is with Mr. Thos Bradshaw, and Gerald is not far away at Mr. John Rutherford's, where there is another of our boys, Charles Waterhouse, a bright, healthy, well-mannered lad of eighteen, of whom we are justified in expecting great things in the future.

* *

While at Mr. Rutherford's I witnessed an operation, with which many of our boys are doubtless familiar, that of dehorning cattle. An unruly cow, of unusual size, persisting in the habit of using her magnificent looking horns for the injury and destruction of less pugnacious fellow milk-givers and other live stock, was to be deprived of her means of attack. As the prisoner was led to the block the other cattle as usual gave their enemy a wide berth; but no sooner had the huge, sharp-edged shears shorn the old-time bully of her glory, and the now harmless beast returned to the sunny side of the straw stack, than the whole herd, with one accord, made a rush at her and chased her all over the barnyard, evidently realizing that their day had come at last and determined to pay off old scores. Beast and man are apparently subject to very similar emotions.

* *

To reach the farm of Mrs. McLelland, Bensfort P.O., where I expect to find Charles Scates (April, '85), proves to be a matter of some difficulty, the direction given by an accommodating individual, whom we met on the way, leading us into a labyrinth of little-used tracks in the bush. Fortune favours us however. When on the point of giving up our attempt to light on the right track, we hear the sound of chopping, and immediately afterwards a man appears and tells us we are "making for nowhere." Our informant turns out to be Charles Scates himself. As he stood on a tree that his own axe had brought down, with his coat and vest off and shirt sleeves rolled up, his face bronzed with exposure to summer sun and winter wind, it struck us that we had rarely seen a better specimen of vigorous and healthy manhood. The figure before us was that of a typical woodman. Not much fear of such a boy (!) being left in the cold when workers are wanted. Charles displayed great interest in the welfare of George Wright, already referred to, who had been a fellow-worker at Mrs. McLelland's, and who, Charles declared, could "do as much as a man."

* *

The order of our visits is somewhat altered by meeting with Mr. John Lightfoot, on whom we had intended to call later. From him we learn that William Cole—William Cole, No. 2 —of the June, '90, party, is making splendid progress in everything except increasing his stature. Though now 22, William is little taller than he was at 17; but, as we have before observed in this connection, "fine goods are often made up into little parcels." William offers no exception to this. He is a splendid worker, and thoroughly reliable in all things. We secured a recent photograph from William. Modesty has evidently induced him



to appear photographically on a rather small scale, but we publish his portrait herewith with none the less pleasure.

* *

It was several miles down "the gravel road" before we unearth Edward F. Baylis, now a young man of 25, and who is busily engaged in breaking in colts for his employer. After a short chat with Edward about old friends and future prospects, we turn towards Millbrook, distant about ten miles, with a view of arriving there in time to partake of "supper." The necessity for this, however, is removed by a call at Mr. G. L. Fair's, S. Monaghan, where we see Charles Lawrence (April, '86), a plump, sturdy young man, whose face is the very picture of health and good nature. He had only been working for Mr. Fair a few days, but it is not improbable, I think, that that gentleman and Charlie may come to terms for a definite period. It will be the most natural thing, for Charlie is a splendid worker and thoroughly trustworthy, while at Mr. Fair's he will have a home, than which, we have no hesitation in saying, there is no better in the country.

* *

The start from Millbrook on the Saturday morning was made under favourable auspices; the weather cold but bright; and the driver a veteran in this particular work, having accompanied Mr. Griffith when covering this territory for several years.

We make several calls in quick succession. Samuel T. Perry (March, '93) is out when we call at Mr. John Allen's, but a hundred yards up the road we meet Mr. Allen and Samuel returning from the bush. Sam says he is well; and he looks it. Mr. Allen speaks of him as a first-class worker.

* *

At Mr. Henry Hall's we fail to find Edward Feeney, who, we learn, left for another part of the country a week previously.

* *

Of the brothers Harry and Fred White, of the second party of '85, mention was made in these columns some time ago. It was a source of regret that I could not see Harry when I called at Mr. Hutchinson's, but Harry's praises were sung by every member of the household present. He has engaged for another year with Mr. Hutchinson. Some time ago Harry thought of going to the North-West, but he abandoned the idea. He has from the first done well in every respect. The same can be said with equal force of Fred, who works on the adjoining farm of Mr. Mulligan. We found him busy in the barnyard, his appearance giving little indication of the delicate constitution with which at one time he was deemed to be afflicted. Fred has joined the Y. P. S. C. E., and is an earnest worker in the field of Christian effort to which this society is devoted. He has been in the one place all the years he has been in Canada, and enjoys the affectionate regard of every member of Mr. Mulligan's family.

* *

Crossing to Cavanville, a call is made on Mr. Lane, until recently the employer of Geo. Rouse (2, '88). The latter we learn left last September, and is with Mr. Alexander Kennedy; getting along very well. It is possible that George may return to Mr. Lane in the summer.

* *

It is not very far to Mr. Hatherley's, where Frederick Hodge (July, '92) has a comfortable home. Mr. Hatherley and all his family were out, Fred being left in charge. He was at work in the stable, a very pleasant-looking lad of 16. He likes his place very much, and is much interested in his work. Fred had a grievance against us, inasmuch

as the last number of UPS AND DOWNS had not reached him, the blame for which we are inclined to lay on the shoulders of some official of Her Majesty in the postal service.

* *

Enquiry for James Legg (2, '87) at the Cavanville station, where James had been learning the art of telegraphy, reveals the fact that our friend went back to England last summer. We learn, however—we might say "of course"—that he has written to friends expressing his regret at having left Canada, and stating that he is looking about for the means to return.

* *

We most sincerely hope that those lads who are feeling unsettled, and think they could "get on alright" in England, will lay well to heart the lesson to be learned from the experience of those of their number who have gone back to England. We believe there is hardly one amongst the latter who has not confessed that bitter disappointment has followed his action in leaving Canada, with its abundance of opportunities, to return to England, with its crowded labour market, and where, for most of those returning, the only opportunity offering is that of competing with dozens of other lads for the privilege to "carry your bag, sir," or of performing other precarious duties; earning thereby, *and having to keep themselves on about as many shillings as they can make dollars in Canada on the farm*; and in the latter case they are, in addition, provided with good food and lodging and all the advantages of a comfortable home; giving a lad an unrivalled opportunity for accumulating a substantial bank balance, so that after a few years here of steady work as a hired man he will be in a position to start farming in the North-West on his own account, if he so desire; to procure and furnish a little home for himself in Ontario, if he decide to remain here, and finds life without a helpmeet rather lonely; or, should he desire to do none of those things, he will still have that feeling of strength and independence which arises from an assurance that if a rainy day come there will be something on which to fall back to provide a shelter. The prospects which the two countries, the Old and the New, offer to our lads cannot be compared. It is a case of *contrast*, not of comparison; and the youth of 17 and upwards, who has had experience of both countries, who cannot grasp the significance of the contrast, must, it is only charitable to suppose, be suffering from temporary mental aberration.

* *

It was dinner time when, after leaving Cavanville Station, we reached Mr. Richard Swain's, a mile or so distant, and Mr. Swain, realizing that half a day's driving was enough for man and horse until both had been refreshed, extended an invitation, which was gratefully accepted. Our stay here enabled us to learn a great deal of the progress of little Joseph Wooley, who is fourteen but does not look more than twelve or thirteen. It was learned that Joseph's character is free from bad traits beyond a propensity for surreptitiously untying the apron strings of his employer's sister. As Joey's daring generally results in him being unceremoniously rolled in the snow by his victim, a word of admonition is unnecessary here, and, further, would hardly be evenhanded justice. He is a bright little fellow, a good worker and well liked by those around him; and has an excellent home.

* *

Few boys have a better chance and a better home than has Edward Roberts (Mch. '92), with Mr. Staples; and few boys are more deserving of both. Edward is a manly looking lad of 14, and, to make up for Joe Wooley's deficiency,

looks 16. Mrs. Staples spoke most warmly of Edward's fidelity and gentleness of disposition. He can be trusted at all times, "in fact," said Mrs. Staples, "there are very few I have seen or heard of his equal, and not one his superior." When, after leaving the house, we returned to the stable to bid Edward good-bye, we did not fail to congratulate him upon the excellent report that had just been given us.

It is not at a great distance that we visit another Mr. Staples to see how it fares with Herbert Jackson (Aug. '91). The family are away, but we hear from a friend in charge, that a very good opinion prevails in regard to Herbert, who is busily at work in the barnyard. He is a well-built, rather serious looking lad, much interested in his work and taking a special pride in the 26 head of cattle which he feeds, and the milking of which is done by "the boss and me." Herbert expressed great satisfaction with his surroundings and with the country. "It is rather cold though in the winter," he added. Point was given to this remark by the fact that at the time the conversation was being carried on in the most sheltered nook obtainable, that we might not feel the force of the snow storm that was raging, with the thermometer registered near zero.

Our next visit was to the adjoining farm, the property of Mr. Samuel Staples. I had by this time learned that Saturday was a very unlikely day on which to find the employer at home, and consequently was not surprised to hear that Mr. Staples and most of his family were absent. The hired "man" was "around the place," however, and we found him diligently at work with a stable fork almost as big as himself. This was Ernest Kennings, one of last year's arrivals; and a healthier and brighter looking little youngster it would be hard to find anywhere. He is very happy in his situation, and does what is required of him with commendable zeal. This was the last visit for the day, as it was necessary to be in Peterborough early in the evening to meet several boys with whom appointments had been made, but who, doubtless owing to the storm which prevailed, failed to put in an appearance.

The eighteen-mile drive from Millbrook to Peterborough, in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind, reminded me forcibly and unpleasantly that the end of winter was not yet. Monday still more forcibly and painfully suggested that winter, the genuine Canadian article, was only about to commence; for on that and the two following days, while the mercury kept at a low point, it blew "little blizzards"; it snowed; it hailed; it did all that could be done for the discomfort of man. The drifting snow made the main road trackless, while side-lines were invisible. Three miles an hour became our rate of travel, the monotony of such slow progress being relieved only by the expectation of being at any moment buried deep beneath the snow-drifts through which the horse bravely plunged. And our expectations were in part realized while proceeding up the steep side of a gully, the only route open (?) to the point we wished to reach. A deeper drift than usual engulfed the horse up to the neck. Half blinded by the beating snow, the frightened animal made a frantic plunge to one side; and the seat of the cutter quickly assumed a perpendicular position, and as quickly completed the somersault, distributing rugs, bags and occupants in all directions in the deep snow. I was glad to find I had lighted on my feet; but I experienced a very unpleasant sensation as I realized that my driver was making an unintentional, flying leap in my direction, evidently uncertain where his aerial careering was to terminate: on me or elsewhere! He passed over me, fortunately,

and landed, feet downwards, in a deep drift of soft, freshly piled snow. It took but a few moments to right the cutter and gather up the scattered articles; and we proceeded on our way at snail's pace.

It is not a little vexatious after a three hours' drive under such conditions to find, when you arrive at your destination, that the lad, to see whom you have striven so persistently against the elements, has left his situation and gone to another several miles distant. Thus it was with Fred Rooke, whom I expected to see at Mr. Hamilton's, a few miles out of Millbrook. He was now living six miles north of Omeme, and doing well, Mr. Hamilton said.

After waiting some time at Mr. Hamilton's for the storm to abate, and being most hospitably treated by that gentleman, a visit was made to a farm close at hand where, we were informed, we should find John F. Martin (April, '95). John is getting along famously and likes Canada very much. He was anxious to hear of his cousins, Willie and George Elston, who preceded him to Canada. John realized that if he had been a constant reader of UPS AND DOWNS he would probably have heard of the progress of his cousins and of other old friends, and believing it is never too late to mend, he ordered the journal forthwith.

It was a curious coincidence that when we drove into the yard of Mr. C. Argue, Millbrook P.O., to ask about another boy, we found Tom Vival had arrived a few minutes previously, and was at that moment discussing the possibility of an engagement with Mr. Argue. Tom informed me he had just insured his life for \$1,000 on the twenty-five year endowment plan, so that if he lives twenty-five years, and keeps his premiums paid-up, he will possess a capital of nearly \$2,000. Life insurance is a most excellent way of making provision for the future, either for yourself by an endowment policy covering a number of years, or for those who may be dependent upon you later; but care should always be taken not to assume the responsibility for payment of premiums which excessively tax the yearly income. Too big a premium often means no insurance at all after a year or two, when the insured finds the demand more than he can meet, and is forced to let his policy lapse.

From Tom we learn of the present whereabouts of George Cheeseman, who has recently made a change. We find George comfortably clothed and looking very well. He is 16, and if he will only bear well in mind that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and will make up his mind to stick steadily at it—and we believe he means to—he will, by the time he is 21, be in a very comfortable position.

We are saved a needless drive of several miles by hearing James Bain (July, '85) is near at hand. In his time James secured the silver medal and silver watch which proclaim long service characterized by excellent conduct. He is looking well and is doing well, being engaged for a year with Mr. Alex. Hunter, of Cavanville, by whom he was spoken of in high terms.

Harry Scates (March, '87) falls far short of his brother Charlie in width and length, but a better record for long and faithful service it would be hard to discover. We find him as bright and contented as ever with Mr. J. Richardson, Bethany P.O., every member of whose family has a good word to say for Harry.

It was not without a feeling of intense satisfaction that we pulled up on Monday evening

in front of the old-fashioned, low-roofed hotel at Cavanville. Like most old-fashioned places a good deal of solid comfort was to be found within, and it proved a most welcome resting place for the night. The first visit of the following morning was to the home of John Honeybourne, who was, however, away at a distant town with his wife and youngest child. From his sister-in-law we learned that John is well and getting along all right. His two eldest children, a boy and a girl, were bright, healthy looking little ones.

At Mr. R. Pethick's we find in Alfred Saunders another stalwart of '85, a man of 25 with a plentiful growth of whiskers, which made us doubt if this could be the "boy" we wished to see.

We learn from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowe that John Wadmore is a good, honest, truthful boy. "No better in the country" is the expression that we hear once again. A visit to John in the stable is full of satisfaction also. His looks bear out the good report just received in every particular. He is full of interest in his work, speaks with pride of the twenty head of cattle and the four horses that he attends to. "And I could manage twice as many," he declares. A rather big undertaking for a lad of 16, but John is wiser and more careful than most lads of his age.

We are sorry that John H. Richards is out when we call upon his employer, Mr. J. Murphy, but we hear all kinds of good things of John from Mr. Murphy's daughter; and we leave a message asking John, who is 14, to write to UPS AND DOWNS and tell the readers of this journal how he does his work in the bush, where he was busily engaged at the time of our visit.

It is late in the evening when we reach Omeme, and our stay in that locality will have to be cut very short, as Toronto must be reached by Thursday morning. That evening, however, we see Charles Shepherd—the very personification of good health and spirits. He is working for Mr. Frank Fee, who has nothing but good to say of him.

On the following morning we pay an early visit to James Crafton, at the home of Mr. Geo. McQuade. James has some little business trouble and wishes to have our advice. We do the best we can for him, and look in upon George Porter (Aug., '93), who is working for Mr. Thos. Fee. We hear that George has no bad habits, is trustworthy and a good lad all round. George expresses himself as well pleased with his surroundings. On our way to the station we hear that John K. Palmer is chopping in a bush close by. We turn in and find John as lighthearted as ever; anxious to get on; but, we must say it, not very anxious to plod steadily on at farming. He has a host of friends, and his geniality makes him a great favourite. John, who is 17, possesses other qualities of a more lasting nature also, and if he will only use them we are sure he will "come to the front."

Back in Peterborough, with a few hours to spare, we glean a little information about lads we had heard were living in the neighbourhood. James Edward Steers (Aug. '84) we had seen—a fine looking young man, following the trade of carpenter; married, and the father of one child. From him I also learn that Richard Shelton, of the first party of '84, is doing very well.

Edward Walton, of the second party of the same year, I fail to see, but I hear a great deal

of him from his old friend and former employer, Mr. T. Stodhart. Edward is married, and has as "nice a little home as a man could wish for." Several hundred dollars in the bank testify to Edward's thrift and perseverance. Our friend fills a responsible position in a large concern in Peterborough.

We visit Fred Norris (June, '83) in his own home, and find him and his wife in the best of health, but regretting that regular work is hard to get in the winter.

We are grieved to hear from Mrs. Norris that Richard Reeves (June, '88) is in very bad health. Richard is married, and lives some miles out of Norwood, and owing to the condition of the roads we are unable to visit him on the day we intended.

We fail to see William Cheeseman, whose employer has recently moved into Peterborough, but we hear good accounts of him. As we have already stated, our last "visit" is paid on the train, as we are about to leave for Toronto, Joe Rogers rushing on board at the last moment.

In the time at my disposal it was impossible to cover the ground in the same thorough manner as would be done in the case of a regular "visitor's" trip; and there are doubtless many lads to call upon whom it would have given me much pleasure, and in close proximity to whom I may have, unknowingly, been, who will wonder why they were not visited. In fact, a few hours after my return to Toronto a letter arrived at the Home from a boy whom I had not seen, and who deemed himself unfairly treated thereby. But I am sure that once the circumstances under which the trip was taken are explained, not one of those whom I could not visit will feel that he was neglected.

It was a busy time from the commencement of the trip until my return.

I saw a considerable number of lads and young men who owe their arrival in Canada to Dr. Barnardo. I exercised to the utmost whatever powers of observation I possess. I listened to the opinions of many people upon the character of Dr. Barnardo's young people. And I saw what the latter are doing and have been doing for themselves and for the country in which they live. I did not see in them future magnates wielding the power of colossal wealth, or of social and political influence; but I did see in them that of which Canada has greater need—willing, industrious, contented tillers of the soil; owners of farms purchased by the sweat of their brows; in their middle age and in their declining years, as in their youth and early manhood to-day, setting others an example in habits of thrift and industry and in honesty of life; to the end blessing, and teaching those growing up around them to bless, the name of the friend and helper whom it had pleased God to raise up for them in the hour of their very need.

WITH OUR FRIENDS.

We have received an admirable selection entitled "Advice to Young Men Out of Employment," in copying which our 11-year-old little friend, John G. Saunders, must have exercised great care and patience. We are very sorry that lack of space prevents us publishing John's contribution in this issue. His efforts are worthy of the warmest commendation.

We have received the following interesting letter from Sidney Beach, one of the Manitoba contingent of 1890:

Enclosed please find the sum of \$2, for which I send \$1 for a small donation, 25 cents for UPS AND DOWNS,

and if you would not mind doing me this little favour, could you kindly call in at Claxton's music store and send me a 75-cent mouth-organ, which I saw advertised in UPS AND DOWNS.

"Mr. Struthers kindly sent me a December number, and I liked it very much; it is a very nice paper.

"I don't suppose you will know much about me. If you remember back to June, 1890, there were eleven little chaps sent up to Russell; I am one of them, although my years will soon be one score, and I very nearly tip the scales at 150 pounds. I still have quite a warm affection for the Home and the Doctor. I am very sorry indeed that this is the first small tribute I have given, but I trust it is not the last. I am getting along first rate in Manitoba; it is a first-class country for young people to get along. I am expecting very soon to settle with another old client in the spring. I had a fine pair of pigs, but one fellow thought he had lived long enough, so I guess he thought he would die; so he died, and that was the end of him, so I just have the one left."

Editor UPS AND DOWNS:

May I step in and have a little talk with you? But first I want to explain to the readers at Bracebridge that the report in the January UPS AND DOWNS of several boys at Bracebridge, including the three with me, was not my report, and I was in no way connected with its authorship, as Mr. Owen can certify.

You will at once recognize three of us as Barnardo children, and to a goodly number of you it will be inter-



esting to know something of your little brothers. The little boy with books in hand is George Rodwell, whose accident nearly a year ago called forth the sympathy of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and was heartily responded to. He was nine years of age on Xmas day, is in Senior Part Second, and ending of January was reported first in his class. This little boy can answer any question in the Presbyterian Shorter Catechism, of which fact I am justly proud. The other two, Robert and John Mills (twins), were twelve on Oct. 4th, 1896, and consequently their "boarding out" term has expired some months since. After midsummer, Robert was promoted to Junior Fourth, and John to Junior Third. Both have mastered the Catechism and each took a Diploma for same in January, 1896, and last week again stood their examination, and in time we will report their success or failure. George was equally qualified to stand an examination, but was too young to compete. Soon Robert and John will leave us to go out into a wide world to earn for themselves, and when they go and two new ones come to us, we will again come to see you. It might be interesting to you to know that the books in George's hand are a Xmas gift

from the Secretary of the Ragged School, of London England, through whose kindness George was sent to Canada.

I have a fourth boy, a Toronto boy, representing the first and only boarder of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, whose Home is at 135 Adelaide east, where for a time I was Matron, and my husband, Assistant Superintendent. This boy is with us awaiting adoption, and if among the readers there is anyone whose charitable spirit would lead them to take into their home a boy whose life has been made sad by the loss of a leg and deprived of usual activity, no better act could be done than to adopt this boy.

If Mr. Owen does not object, let me suggest to those who have little boarders a good way to do a charitable deed. At "pay-day" would it not be doing a kind deed to make a reduction of the amount due you by the Home? We are only travelling this road once, and it behooves us to "live and let live." I am sure an occasional reduction would be graciously received by the Home.

"A King's Daughter,"

"In His Name."

(Mrs.) F. C. McLAREN.

BRACEBRIDGE, ONT., February 11th, 1897.

Perhaps some people, boys or girls, would like to hear something about Wm. R. Berry, who came to Canada about six years ago. He is now living with a farmer, Mr. Philip Leeder by name. Willie is a very good boy; he is industrious; he works well. When in company with many people he is very mannerly, and well liked by his friends. He takes his place with other boys and men in the woods; he can saw well, and uses the axe with success. He seems to like his place. The people with whom he lives seem to like him well, and to part with Willie would be like taking one of the kindred. We hope he may some day become a good, honorable, Christian man. He is 5 foot 2 inches in height and very lively too.

Hoping to see this letter published in the March issue of UPS AND DOWNS,

I remain, yours truly,

(Miss) M. A. LEEDER,

(One of the family with whom Willie lives.)

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

(Continued from Page 3.)

founded or not, and we cannot imagine statesmen of any political faith so narrow and blinded, we in Manitoba and the North-West will find our interests well safeguarded through having so enlightened a gentleman as the Honourable Sidney Fisher at the head of the important Department of Agriculture, and supported by Mr. W. B. Scarth, his deputy, than whom very few men in Canada have had greater or more valuable experience in the placing of new settlers and generally dealing with such matters as constantly come before the Department to which he is attached, and with the present Dairy Commissioner to carry out the details of any broad scheme which the Government may have in view toward assisting the newly established settler, the ministers can rest easy as to the integrity to the efforts which will be put forth and assured as to the satisfactory results likely to follow. The Professor is, after a careful consideration of the question, I understand, impressed with the belief that the true, the *bona fide* farmer of the North West will always count among his assets if possible, a herd of good milch cows; that he will in addition to this line of stock carry a sufficient number of beef cattle, sheep and pigs to be able to make use of all his straw fodder and rough grain; and will thus, when finally forced through old age to hand over the lines to the rising generation, be able to point back with pride to the policy he has pursued, fraught with the elements of intelligent foresight, care and thrift. Smoke is a useless commodity upon a farm, and the writer trusts that he may never have to witness the burning of one wisp of good straw which might be manufactured into prime beef, by any of the Barnardo homesteaders.

A. Struthers



MOVING ONWARD.

MARCH is on us again, and we have not had much in the way of storms so far this winter; perhaps we shall have to muster up all the heroism we are capable of yet, to face its blasts, and to call up all our powers of philosophy to remind ourselves that

“ March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.”

and, therefore, to endure the inevitable in the hope of the coming spring—coming out—not come!

In England, no doubt already, the “ tiny snowdrop ” and the “ crocus bold ” have lifted up their irrepressible little heads above the brown earth, and even the fragrant primrose and violet may occasionally be seen; but never mind, bye-and-by we shall have our May flowers, our marsh marigolds and pure white lilies.

Just now Hazel Brae is still enwrapped in snow—which indeed has its charms, as our little ones can testify; for who can describe what fun it gives the little lasses to have their small hand-sleighs, and slip and slide down the hill in mad cap fashion! Then they had a great sleigh ride all round the town, and out in the country, given them by the kindness of Mr. T. Fitzgerald, of Peterborough. It was a lovely day for this “ great event,” not too cold, so that it could be perfectly enjoyed.

Our little ones are not having all play, however, for the pages of our Diary tell of different little girls under 14, launched out on the ocean of life—amongst others Lilian Fenn, Rosie Fox, Louisa Brown, Norma Wilson, and Eleanor Ferguson, have all left us now. Of one of these we hear, “ I am very much suited with this girl.” And of another, a gentleman writes: “ So far we like her, and think that both parties will be entirely suited.”

It is wonderful how cheerily some of these little maidens start out on their unknown future—a lesson to older and wiser heads and hearts, when stepping into the unknown, to “ trust and not to fear.” Occasionally, though, there is the lonely feeling, and the falling tear, and no wonder indeed! Just lately our heart went out in this respect to one little maiden, so that it was with great joy we received the following words from her after arriving at her place:

“ I arrived to my place safely, and I like my place very much, and I don't feel lonely at all, only when I go to bed at night, because I have not anyone to speak to.”

Lilian Fenn, too, writes:

“ I had an awful long time to wait at Toronto, that I wished that I could get into the train, and I was so glad when the train came, and I got safely home. I do not feel a bit lonely, for the baby Bertha is such a little darling; I never saw a better baby than she is.”

Miss Loveday has been visiting near Port Hope, Belleville, and Grafton, and has now started out to visit at Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, and Hamilton. The sleighing is pretty good now, and our visitors believe in—

not “ making hay while the sun shines,” but taking long drives while the sleighing lasts.

Miss Gibbs has returned from a trip, taking in Collingwood, Thornbury, Creemore, New Lowell, Avening, Everett, Durham, Elmsvale, Mount Forest, Brussels, Millbrook, and Orangeville.

We acknowledge with thanks another generous donation of \$15 for the Girls' Home, Peterborough, from our former friend, Mr. John F. Mears, of Camborne.

B. Codes

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

Donations received:

Henrietta Webb.....	\$1 00
Maud Jago.....	1 00
Ellen Weller.....	2 00
Jessie Biddis.....	1 00
Mrs. Boldrick.....	40
Miriam Killick.....	60

yet, and the time is short, so “ hurry up ” and send in your contributions. Last year Dr. Barnardo did *not* find his Canadian girls had responded in the manner to be expected from the number who are out here, and we really should feel very much ashamed if the same thing occurred again. The fact is, however, that unless many more girls come forward, whose names have not yet appeared, we shall have no reason to feel proud of our G.D.F. From the hundreds of girls now in Canada, there surely ought to be a large round sum to send up. Emerson says:

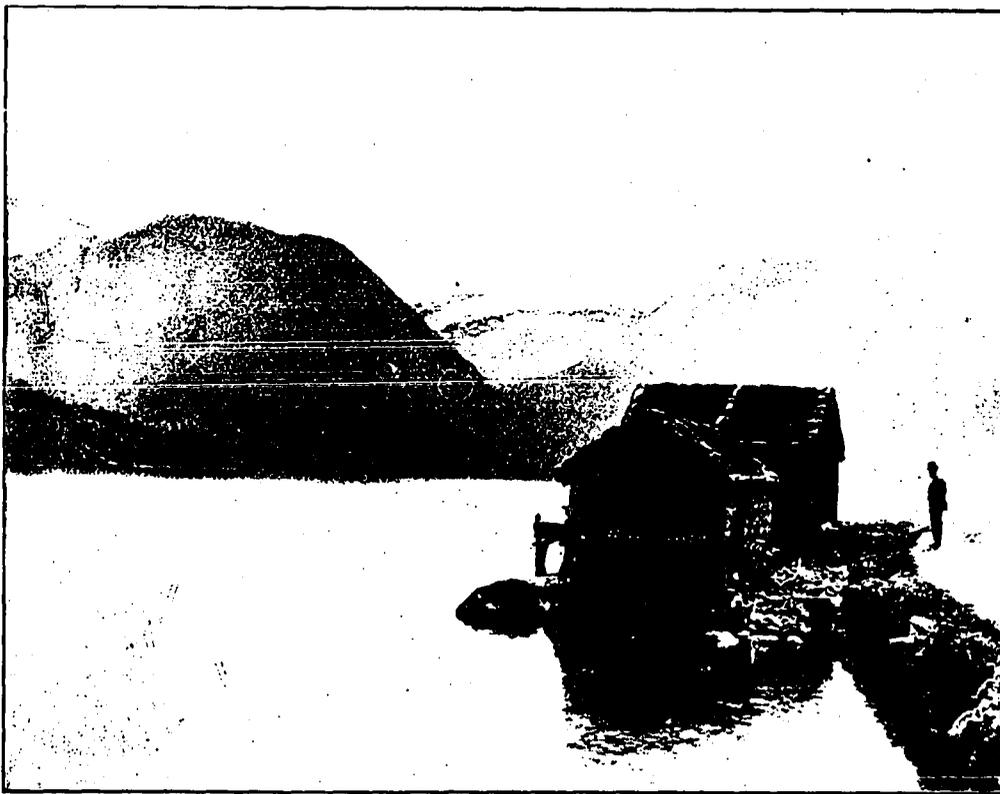
“ The only gift is a portion of thyself. . . . Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture.”

To this we would add:

“ the girl the fruit of her own honest labour—a dollar—or more, if the heart so dictates.”

GLEANINGS FROM VISITORS' NOTES.

Mary Hale, '95.—A useful, helpful girl, learning to bake; her mistress teaching her the work generally, and Mary apparently delighted in doing it.



SKELI, A VILLAGE IN SCANDINAVIA.

Alice Stokes.....	1 00
Ellen Robinson.....	1 00
Elizabeth Hatcher.....	2 00
Ellen Hancox.....	2 00
Annie Morrish.....	1 50
Bertha Hillyer.....	50
Mrs. John Smith (nee Alice Chilvers).....	25
Edith Fiske.....	1 00
Nelly Ventriss.....	1 00
Florence Clare.....	2 00
Alice Knowles.....	1 00
Bessie Buckland.....	1 00
Emma Lewis.....	1 00

The months are wearing away, and before we know the first of May will be here. We are not thinking of it just now in the light in which Tennyson puts it, “ of all the glad New Year . . . the maddest, merriest day! ” No, we are thinking of it in the light of matter-of-fact dollars, for it is by that date that we are anxious to have our fund complete, so that we may forward it to Dr. Barnardo. Now, girls, there are a great number left who have not sent

Alice Cuttress, '95.—Doing well on the whole, with a sensible mistress; she is at present attending school.

Beatrice Storr, '95.—The picture of good health and doing well.

Gertrude Storr, '95.—Seems to be doing well and quite satisfactory. Instead of going to school is studying at home with her mistress' little girl.

Mary A. Foster, '88.—A satisfactory report of this girl in her adopted home on a farm, to which she went in '89.

Charlotte and Eliza Roberts, '96.—These two sisters are at present in the same home, where Charlotte is engaged to remain and where Eliza is staying until she gets a place.

Mary Hodges, '95.—In a clergyman's household, where she is happy and kindly treated, and no complaints were made of her.

Winifred Parker, '94.—To this little girl of six years old, truly the lines are fallen in pleasant places. When little Winnie arrived in Canada, in '94, there was a home already waiting for her in the house of a kind lady who had

specially had her brought out from England, and who has opened both heart and home to this little one. Winnie, we are glad to hear, is a good obedient child, and is being well taught and trained by her kind friend. We are thankful that this same lady is now contemplating taking another of our little ones.

Martha Skinner, '92.—Has grown to be a good steady girl, though, of course, she is not perfection! She is in a good home.

Annie Flannery, '97.—In a comfortable home, with good kind people, where she gives satisfaction. At the same house is living one



MAGGIE RICHARDSON.

of "the boys," or rather he was a boy, being now more than 21 years of age, and therefore surely a young man! This young man is a member of the church and the Sunday school superintendent, so it is quite a responsibility for Annie to see that she, on the part of the girls, keeps up the same reputation as the boys.

Edith Neele, '96.—Is doing quite as well as can be expected for her age, her mistress says, and is willing and respectful.

Sarah Lightfoot, '95.—This little girl (only nine years old) has a nice home, where she is comfortably dressed, goes regularly to school, and attends church and Sunday school.

Charlotte Wilden, '88—Although Charlotte is now quite a young woman "on her own account," we would just mention that she is doing well, working at tailoring, and earning as much as \$5.00 a week sometimes—in the busy season.

Cissy Wallace, '95.—Went to this place, at a bank manager's, the same month that she arrived in Canada, where she is giving satisfaction and likes her place, and presents the appearance of a neat little maid.

Passing on to Toronto and neighbourhood we find:

Lizzie Muller, '93, happy in her place, and a good girl and worker, giving good satisfaction.

Hilda Taylor, '95—A good account of this girl, who also seems to be happy in her home at a doctor's house.

Bessie Barfoot, '93.—Has been three years in her place, at Deer Park, and is giving very good satisfaction, her wages being raised from year to year. At the Sunday school, too, in which Bessie takes a great interest, she has won praise for memorizing verses. We hope, therefore, that she will be likely to carry out the injunction, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Jessie Waters, '96.—Has only lately gone to this home, where she seemed comfortable, well and happy, and apparently promising to do well.

Amelia Jacobs, '96.—A good, obedient, truthfully little girl, in a good and comfortable home.

Amela Pritchard ('84), the subject of accompanying picture, will this month have completed six years' service at the house of Rev. Canon Osler, York Mills. No further comment is needed.

Maggie Richardson ('94) went in November, '95, to her present place at the house of Dr. Sisley, Agincourt. Miss Gibbs visited her some little time ago, and we lately had a letter from her, telling amongst other things of her enjoyment of an address on Foreign Missions by Rev. R. P. Mackay. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

Nellie Smith ('89).—Miss Gibbs visited Nelly last September, and brought back a satisfactory report of her. She had then been in her present place at Streetsville with Mrs. Morgan for more than two years, where she has been valued for her usefulness with the children. In the next column we see her with her two dear little charges.

A LETTER OF COMMENDATION.

It is encouraging to get letters such as the following about our girls. For obvious reasons we withhold the name. May it stimulate other



AMELIA PRITCHARD.

girls to do well. May it not also have a voice for others about whom perhaps we may have received letters of a different nature.

"I am very much pleased to be able to write you about Daisy. She has been with me now since Easter, which is about ten months, and we feel now that she almost belongs to us. We find in her all that we first asked for; of course, like everyone, there are always ways for improvement, but as she is young, I hope she will continue to improve. She seems anxious to undertake a lot of work, and often does work I do not expect of her, in order to surprise and please me. She thinks she will soon be able to undertake all the work, and receive the wages of a grown up girl. . . . I am trying to teach her as we go along; we give her plenty of good books to read, and these she seems to enjoy very much, and seems to understand what she reads very well. I feel very grateful to you for sending Daisy to me. We have great satisfaction with her, and feel that in the course of a short time she will be a very useful and good servant. I try to teach her in everything as though she were my own child. I am very sorry she does not like to study, but I will just have to make her study a little all the time."

In a communication, received some little time ago, from Mr. Leonard Burnett, M.P.,

who took one of our little girls last November, he writes: "Several of my neighbours are wanting me to come and see if you have what would suit them." Mr. Burnett came to the Home, and personally selected little Edith Darbyshire; his friends evidently approve of his powers of selection, and this also would show Edith has not disappointed his expectations, indeed we are glad to say we get a very good report of her.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

We give the following extract from a letter from a lady who had first of all taken a little girl who did not prove satisfactory, so we sent another, Eliza Coles, aged 13, in her place, of whom she writes:

"Regarding Eliza . . . our friends and neighbours, with ourselves, respect her very highly; she is so mild and gentle in her ways, we find it quite a change."

If any ladies who have had a little girl, who has not turned out well, are afraid on that account to try another, we would advise them to follow this example.

SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS.

1. Hebrews 11: 32. (The question to this should have been three characters.)
2. Colossians 3: 22.
3. Col. 4: 3, 10, 18.
4. The fool. Psalm 53: 1.

We acknowledge answers from Annie Addison and Edith Gardner.

DAILY PORTIONS FOR MARCH.

(See Scripture Union Cards.)

After some daily readings in the Psalms, we find that the rest of our month is devoted to the study of St. Mark's Gospel, where he gives us that most interesting of all biographies, the Life of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Here we may trace His holy footsteps, as they pass from place to place, for He "went about doing good." Here is an opportunity for learning more of His wonderful character and goodness, and in so doing let us remember that He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

We shall only touch on some of the incidents in our readings.

In chapter 1 we have the call of Peter and Andrew, and learn a lesson of immediate obedience to the call of Christ,—“Straightway they . . . followed him.” Then Peter having resolved to follow Christ as his Master, soon begins to look upon Him as his friend, to whom he can bring the troubles of his household, and when his wife's mother was ill, he



NELLIE SMITH AND HER LITTLE CHARGES.

carried the trouble to His newly found friend, who proved indeed "a very present help."

In the healing of the sick of the palsy, chapter 2: 1-12, it is worthy of notice that the reasoners and objectors (verse 6) changed to glorifying God (verse 12), and all not because of anything that was said, but because of the

change in the man. The best way to convince scoffers at religion is by a change in the life.

Then there is the parable of the sower, old, well-known and full of teaching—to which ground do our hearts belong? Let us remember the harvest time is coming

Then at the end of chapter 4, Jesus rebukes the raging of the wind and the seas, and there was a "great calm" and he passes on to the other side of the sea, where, with equal ease, he subdues the wild spirit of a demoniac, and truly in his heart, formerly as storm tossed as the wild ocean, there entered also a great calm, as in his right mind he sat at the feet of Jesus. A lesson that in everything, be it in our hearts, or in our circumstances, He is able even to subdue all things to Himself.

In the narrative of John the Baptist we learn how the faithful must suffer persecution.

In the story of the Syrophenician woman, chapter 7: 25, 29, we read how Christ delights in great faith, how He cannot be trusted too much, while in chapter 5: 25-29, we learn how even a little faith, even the touching but the hem of the garment is rewarded by Him, for "He will not break the bruised reed."

There is a great deal more, but space forbids our entering into greater detail. Let us finally lay specially to heart the solemn words in chapter 8: 34-38.

In connection with chapter 10: 13, 14, we give the following very beautiful yet simple lines. As they are from memory any little mistake, we trust, will be overlooked:

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day,
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger they say.
So now I will carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel and John,
I will carry the baby Esther
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled,—
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or ravaged with fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of a leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them where they go."

So over the hill of Judah,
Along by the vine row green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel the brothers between,
Midst the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word,
Midst the crowd of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now, why dost thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these:
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me."
And Esther He took in His bosom,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-cares above.
As He laid His hand on each brother,
And blessed them with tenderest love.
As He said of the babe in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven,"
And strength for each duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

* *

QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. How many miracles are mentioned in the Daily Readings for March?
2. Give chapter and verse where Christ foretells His death and resurrection.
3. Why was Christ unable to do mighty works in His own country? (See corresponding chapter in Matthew.)
4. What was the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah?

IN MEMORIAM.

Some of you who came from England with the party of girls in September, 1892, will remember two little girls among that number, Emily and Annie Owlett. We have this month to record, with much regret, the sad and unexpected death of the elder sister, Emily. In March, 1893, Emily was placed with Mr. and Mrs. David Kennedy, about eight miles from Lindsay, where she remained and had a happy home until God called her away from earth. She had been ailing a little for some months, but was thought to be improving slowly, when on Sunday morning, Jan. 24th, while most of the family were at church, she was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and lost all feeling and use of the right side and all power of speech. On our hearing of this, Miss Loveday at once went to see her, but the poor girl lay quite helpless and unable to make any response to anything said to her. She was most kindly and carefully tended, but never rallied, and passed away on Monday, February 1st. Her body was laid to rest in the little churchyard near, and followed to the grave by all the members of Mr. Kennedy's household and a large number of friends and neighbours. On her coffin was a wreath of white flowers, given by the pall-bearers, who were young men connected with the Sabbath School where Emily was a regular attendant. Miss Loveday, who was present, was much impressed by the affection and sorrow felt for Emily, and says that had she been a daughter of the family they could not have shown her more respect. Emily had been for nearly four years a faithful and conscientious servant, and had won the confidence and esteem of her employers, and was a general favourite in the church and Sabbath School. It was sad indeed to see such a bright and promising young life so suddenly cut off, but "Our Father doeth all things well," and we leave her in His loving care. But is it not a solemn call to all of you not to put off the all-important matter of salvation till a more convenient season, but so to live that if a like call should come to you, you may be "also ready"?

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest."

A SUGGESTION.

"Please may I take an apple from the cellar—I have a stocking to darn?"
"Why yes, child, you may take two—but what has that to do with the stocking?"
"Oh, it's a little rhyme, ma'am, in our UPS AND DOWNS; may I read it to you?"

Put an apple in the heel
Of the holiest old stocking.
You will see the holes quite clearly,
And may say 'tis truly shocking.

Never mind, just darn away
Till you see the holes are filling;
The apple will reward you,
And make your fingers willing.

* *

A HOUSE ON FIRE.

BY MARY A. PARKER.

It was a stormy evening on Wednesday, the 20th of January last. The sky was clouded over with heavy looking clouds, which, toward night, sent down a shower of light, puffy snow, which lasted well past the hour of midnight. A south-east wind was blowing all the time—strong, but not cold, and altogether it had the appearance of a very stormy night.

An oyster supper was to be held that night at Mount

Pleasant, and, had it been a nice evening, Mr. S—and the hired man would have gone. At about half-past nine we retired, and shortly afterwards were awakened by loud voices calling from the road, and it took but an instant to know the cause of so much noise at so unusual an hour—a house was on fire!

It stood next our farm, and was occupied by Mr. T. Bradburn, his wife, and one child. Needless to say we were excited. Fortunately, the barns did not catch fire, as the wind was carrying it from them to our barns. A few articles were saved from the parlor, but from the first the fire held sway, so that it was almost impossible to save anything. I was a witness to it all, and I thought it was a most awful sight; the roar and crackling of the falling timber was enough to deafen one. Meanwhile our men were putting out sparks and shingles which had been carried by the wind into our barnyard, and after two hours they went to see how the fire was progressing. It was still burning away fiercely, and continued to do so while there remained anything to burn. That night Mrs. Bradburn and Harold stayed with a neighbour, but on Saturday removed to their own place, which they had rented all summer but, which had been deserted in the fall. The ruined house was insured to the amount of \$900, so that the loss will not be so great, but then it was "home."

And now as I reflect over the incidents of that night, I think how thankful we ought to be for the south-east wind that carried the snow which helped to put out so many sparks in our barnyard, and so saved the loss of our barns.

* *

We have had some good papers in the past from a "Wild Thyme Girl." She now gives us her thoughts on the wisdom of saving money. Such advice from an older girl should be of value to the younger ones.

THE WISDOM OF SAVING MONEY WHILE YOUNG.

Our subject implies that there is wisdom in saving money while we are young, and I certainly think there is; for if we do not begin to save something while we are young it is likely we never will. Perhaps there are girls who receive very little, and think there is no use saving until they earn more. This is a foolish idea; for, as we grow older, our tastes change; we see things we think we need, and probably spend as we go, if we have not begun to save a little from the first. There are a great many reasons why we should save some of our money: sickness may come, accidents may happen, and we can all think of times when it is nice to feel we have something to fall back upon. Then, when we have a snug little bank account we can feel independent, too; we know we shall not be a burden upon anyone if we are sick, etc.

Another thing, most girls expect to be married; and I hope not one of our girls would think of doing so until they have enough saved to procure a nice, useful and neat outfit.

While we are saving money, though, we should not forget to give to those who need. I am sure people do not advise young folks to save money with only a selfish motive, but with the idea also of having something to give away, and we all know of places where we can send a dollar or two for a good purpose.

I am afraid I have not done this subject justice, but I wished to write something for our journal this month, and hope this will be accepted.

A WILD THYME GIRL.

IN LEISURE HOUR.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

BURIED NAMES.

1. Alma.
2. Greta.
3. Grace.

PUZZLE.

If the grate be empty put some coal on, but if the grate be full, stop.

DROP-VOWEL.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

PUZZLES.

The following puzzles are sent by Alice Knowles, they are borrowed from some other source :

1. My first is in water, but not in sand ;
My second in hat, but not in band ;
My third is in ink, but not in pen ;
My fourth is in thrush, but not in wren ;
My fifth is in halter, but not in collar ;
My sixth is in silver, but not in dollar ;
My seventh is in ready, but not in slow ;
My eighth is in arrow, but not in bow ;
My whole is a poet, as you will see,
If you discover this Riddle-me-ree.

2. My first is in Tom, but not in Harry ;
My second in fetch, but not in carry ;
My third is in fern, but not in rose ;
My fourth is in runs, but not in flows ;
My fifth is in penny, but not in shilling ;
My sixth is in slaying, but not in killing ;
My seventh in orange, but not in cherry ;
My eighth is in fun, but not in merry ;
My whole is a famous poet you'll see,
So here I will end my Riddle-me-ree.

3 I vow the fastening of a door,
Will name to you a wild insect
(If you one letter change—no more)
Who with a sting can you infect.

BEHEADED WORD.

4. A useful grain.
Excessive warmth.
To consume.
A proposition.

YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE MEETING AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1897.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF AN INTERESTING
MEETING HAS BEEN SENT BY A YOUNG
LADY IN ENGLAND.

The doors were opened at 2.30 and between that and 3 o'clock we were entertained with an organ recital, and a selection by the Stepney band. At 3 o'clock precisely, the chairman, Canon Fleming, arrived on the scene, accompanied by Dr. Barnardo and various other ladies and gentlemen, and the proceedings began by the singing by the choir of 600 boys and girls in the orchestra, of "Oh! be Joyful!" this being followed by the performance of military exercises by 96 little boys, who received their commands by bugle. Then the children sang again, this time a song entitled "The Empire Flag," the chorus of which ran as follows :

"An English tongue its praise shall sing,
While loyal spirits call,
Nor Scot, Colonial, Kelt are we,
But Britons, one and all!"

This chorus was repeated twice after each verse, and the second time each of the children waved a Union Jack, the effect of the flags being very pretty indeed. Canon Fleming, the chairman, next recited a poem, "Give us Men," by the Bishop of Exeter. The Canon has such a splendid voice, so beautifully clear and ringing, that it could be heard easily all over the huge building, and he recited very well indeed, with just the right amount of gesticulation. After this followed quickly Dumb Bell Exercises, by little girls from Ilford Village Home, who were dressed in pretty dresses, the same as in the summer at the Annual Meeting; and then a game of football, which was highly exciting and very interesting. The Queen's "Second Jubilee" was next celebrated by a "Song of Jubilee," sung by the children, the chorus being accompanied in this

case by the waving of Royal Standards, the words of the chorus were :

"Victoria, our gracious Queen,
No longer reign hath England seen,
No better monarch e'er hath been,
Victoria! Victoria!"

The next item on the programme was, I think, about the most amusing and successful of the whole, an Alphabetical Nursery Rhyme, each letter representing a certain trade, or type of human nature, and as each couplet was sung, the personage described in the song made his way to the centre of the arena, and went through the dumb action called for by the choir, for instance :

"A was an Archer, who had a big bow,
He shot up a tree, and he killed a black crow,"

and while this was being sung four small boys stepped into view, dressed as archers, and with their big bows shot up an imaginary tree and brought down imaginary crows. Some of the more amusing ones I will quote :

"I was an Idler, who didn't like work,
Forever contriving his lessons to shirk."

To exemplify this rhyme, four very idle little boys flung their books on the ground and began playing with tops, only to be almost immediately chased and flogged by a miniature cap and gown.

"D was a Dandy, with collar and cuffs,
He carried such (h) airs he looked just like a muff."

The four little dandies who now appeared were the very personification of up-to-date, affected fops!

I cannot possibly stay to describe in detail all these alphabetical representations, nor all the other interesting events of the afternoon; how the purses were given by "Young Helpers" who had collected not less than £2 10s. to Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset (who represented the President of the League), and to H. R. H. Princess Mary Duchess of Teck; and badges were presented by Her Grace to the deserving "Young Helpers"; or how the children sang "Busy Blacksmiths" and the "Lifeboat Action Song," during the singing of which a model lifeboat was carried round the arena on the shoulders of Jack Tars.

Races were run by several little girls, and a tug-of-war took place, the victors in which sports were crowned with laurel wreaths by the Duchess, and marched down the hall in procession, preceded by bugles, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes." A very amusing song was "A Song of Orthography," in which the children lamented the awful state of the English language, when plough spells "plow," and s-i-g-h spells "sy." The proceedings terminated with a fine lime-light "Tour through Waif-and-Stray-Land," representing all Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England and Canada, with special pictures of "Hazelbrae" and the Manitoba Farm, and a series of animated photographs of English life, such as The Lord Mayor's Show, A Rough Sea at Brighton, and The Prince and Princess of Wales arriving at the Cardiff Exhibition, etc., etc.

Redhill, Surrey. E. M. C.

ONLY A FEW DOORS BETWEEN.

A SKETCH FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

"I'm perfectly wretched about that hat; I could shake madame for sending me such a fright," and Mildred Huntington, as she spoke these words, stamped her foot on the floor.

"How much fuss you do make about your clothes, Mildred!" exclaimed her mother, who sat in front of the cheerful grate fire in the handsomely furnished room. "I thought the hat very pretty and suitable for you. One

would think by the way you have gone on for the last hour that the getting of a hat was a matter of life and death."

"I would not mind it so much if to-morrow was not Sunday, but there is no time to have it changed now. I sent it right back, and told the boy to tell madame to take that horrid bunch of feathers off and put on some better ones, and those ribbon bows did not stand up high enough. Of course she won't fix it so late Saturday night, although I told the boy that I must have the hat returned to-night without fail. If it does not come I shall not go to church to-morrow—the other girls will have their new hats, and the idea of my appearing again in my old one, it would be shocking!"

Mildred flounced out of the room, and her mother sighed as she heard her close the door of her own chamber with a bang. Like many other mothers she loved her dear child, but she could see her faults, and she longed to have them overcome. Nothing in the way of dress suited Mildred. No one liked to work for her, because she always wished so many alterations made—unreasonable demands upon the time and patience of those who sewed for her. Mildred was very much disconcerted when she went into her room, and it was such a pretty room, too! The furnishings were in white and gold—even a fire had been lighted on the hearth for her comfort; not that it was really necessary with the furnace heat, but it was a sort of wild night outside, and the hearth fire would make it much more cheery. But all these comfortable and beautiful surroundings made no impression on the young girl, who declared to her parrot that nothing in the world ever went her way. And all because of a hat!

Only a few doors away, on one of the side streets, a young girl had just come to her home. Her clothes were very shabby, but she did not mind that at all. There was a thankful, happy look on her face as she went into the room, and up to the bed in the farther corner. Stooping over it, she kissed the mother over and over again, and said :

"Oh, we have so much to be thankful for to-night, mother! God is good to us. Mr. Cummings has raised my pay. I am to have ten dollars more a month; ten dollars will pay our rent, and all the rest of my wages we can use for other things we need. I can make you so much more comfortable now, dear little patient mother!"

The young girl broke out in a happy song :

"Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend."

"I did feel discouraged this morning, mother; but I prayed, and I worked as hard and faithfully as I could, and I did some writing for Mr. Cummings this morning that pleased him so much that he really said I was worth much more money to him in the business, and he would raise my wages ten dollars more a month."

"But you have to work so hard, dear," the mother said. "It makes me feel so sorry as I lie here, when you are gone, thinking of you."

"Oh, no, little mother, I don't get tired, for I am so thankful that I can get the work to do."

"I hope, child, you will get yourself a new hat and a wrap the first thing you do, now you are going to get extra money."

The young girl burst out in a merry laugh as she said, "Getting ashamed of your little girl, mother?"

"Oh, you know better than that, dear, but your wrap is not warm enough for this cold weather, and your hat—well, you know it is too shabby"

"Don't you know, mother, what Ary Schel-fer wrote to his daughter? I read it to you Sunday. 'Give a solid foundation to your character and you will have no need for ornaments.' The old hat has served me well. I won't give up an old friend yet for a new. I believe I'm

UPS AND DOWNS.

the happiest girl in town to-night, if you do think my hat is shabby."

Only a few doors between, and yet how differently two girls looked at the conditions of their lives.—*Christian Work.*

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 2 of Cover.)

latest newspapers read; through, and sometimes I get my mouth-organ and practise awhile, and if I have any writing to do I take advantage of this chance, or fill in the time reading a good book. I generally have plenty of things planned to do in case of a stormy day. The trouble is these "snaps" do not come often enough.

THE WISDOM OF SAVING MONEY WHILE YOUNG.

LEVI BONE "& Co."

Oh, yes, 'tis very nice to see the World's Fair at Chicago; also Niagara Falls, Toronto Exhibition, a trip over to the Old Country, and any special place or thing. But it all takes money, and also while we are on our excursions there is very rarely any being earned, and then when a fellow has spent one hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars, and only seen things for it, and then suddenly realizes that he must take a stride, and desires to purchase something for to help him stride with or behind, and finds that his funds are short, he wishes he had learnt the wisdom of saving money while young. Then, again, if we do not wish to speculate; if a fellow has say three or four hundred dollars, so that he can get it at any time, see how handy it is. Also I think that Barnardo boys should take more interest in Barnardo Home work. Two young men may meet, and because one has been out a little longer than the other, he thinks himself superior. Well, I think that this should not be, even as Barnardo boys we should be all as one, for ours is all one cause, and to help Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen, and all connected with the Home, I think should be our aim and object. Hoping to hear from a great many of our boys through UPS AND DOWNS in the coming issues,

We are yours,

LEVI BONE, LOUIE V. SMITH, JOHN HEARD,
FRED. PARKER and FRED. DEACON.

THE SEA.

CHARLES WM. HARRIS. Age 24. Party, April '86.

ALAMEDA, ASSA., Feb. 6th, 1897.

Future generations may sing the praises of steamships and iron-clads, but as long as history is read the wooden walls of England will be the theme of history's most exciting and most interesting pages. A man-of-war, or line of battleships, in full sail, is one of the most beautiful sights of all the works of man. A first-rate man-of-war has three decks, or storeys, which extend the whole length of the vessel. Hence it is called a three-decker. But it has six decks or storeys, three of which do not extend from one end of the ship to the other. It is about two hundred feet long, about sixty feet wide, and the height of the mainmast is about two hundred feet. It is calculated that as much wood is used in the building of a man-of-war as would suffice for the woodwork of about seven hundred small houses. Two thousand oak trees, each one about a hundred years old, are required for each ship, and the cost of the ship and its fittings is about £100,000! To fully man such a ship about one thousand persons are needed, so that a first-rate ship of the line is in reality a floating town.

THE WISDOM OF SAVING MONEY WHILE YOUNG.

HARRY BOBBINS. Age 14. Party, July '94.

It is a wise plan to begin to save money when young. To begin to save, we must be careful what we spend. It is not hard to spend money, but it is hard to earn it. Hard-earned money is not spent so free as money which is left to a man by some relative. The more a man spends the more he has to work for, and he ought to think twice before he spends it. "Take care of the

pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a motto which we ought to bear in mind. The pennies amount to shillings and the shillings amount to pounds.

There was a tramp came here, not very long ago, and wanted to stay all night. It was just dark, and we did not like to turn him out, but we had company, anyway we let him stay and gave him some food. One man who was here said: "That is what happens to a person if he don't look after his money when he is young."

It is a terrible misfortune to be without money when old. If a man gets disabled he has something by him to help him through. If he has some money by him when he is young, it could be in a bank gaining interest all the time.

There are men who accumulate money for no purpose whatever. They hoard it up, and spend as least they can, and live as low as if they have got no money, and then die leaving their money behind, doing no good to any person; nor having done any good to themselves, they die without a will, then they get the name of having been a miser, and all curious kinds of stories are told about him.

THE WISDOM OF SAVING MONEY WHILE YOUNG.

ELIZA WILLIAMS. Age 20. Party, '89.

The girl who is earning her money by working says, with a sigh, she buys a hat which is too extravagant or a box of sweets which she doesn't need. Well, I work hard enough for this money. I may spend it as I please, say a good many girls, who are earning their money; that sounds reasonable, but she ought to spend it in a right way. She ought to think of the days when possible sickness will come; then does she want to feel sure that she hasn't a dollar in the world, and that she is being taken care of by people on whom she has no claim? Or there will come a day when everybody else is going for an outing—will she have to decline because she hasn't saved any money? I know she has earned it; I know the fine hat or fine gown may be very tempting; but the mere fact that she has given strength and her nervous force to get this money should make her cautious in taking care of it. Shall I be mean? asked a sensitive girl. No, my dear; but I tell you it is just as well to remember the old proverb about being just before you are generous. There is one generosity: treating all the girls you know to ice-cream and having to catch cold because you haven't a thick flannel petticoat on, the reason being that you have no money to buy one. The girl who is talked of as generous with money is, I am sorry to say, too often very foolish with it; she is ready when she has it to lend it to whoever asks her to whatever is going on; and when it is gone she either suffers from its loss in mortification and tears or else she becomes a borrower; and the wise girl who saved her money when young will enjoy spending it when she gets old. I think because she saved it herself the wise girl is the one who tempers generosity with sense.

TOPICS.

For April { [This time we will leave the selection of a topic to the individual taste of each contributor.]

NOTE.—Essays on Topics for April must be posted not later than March 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.

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" " " " Part II.

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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."

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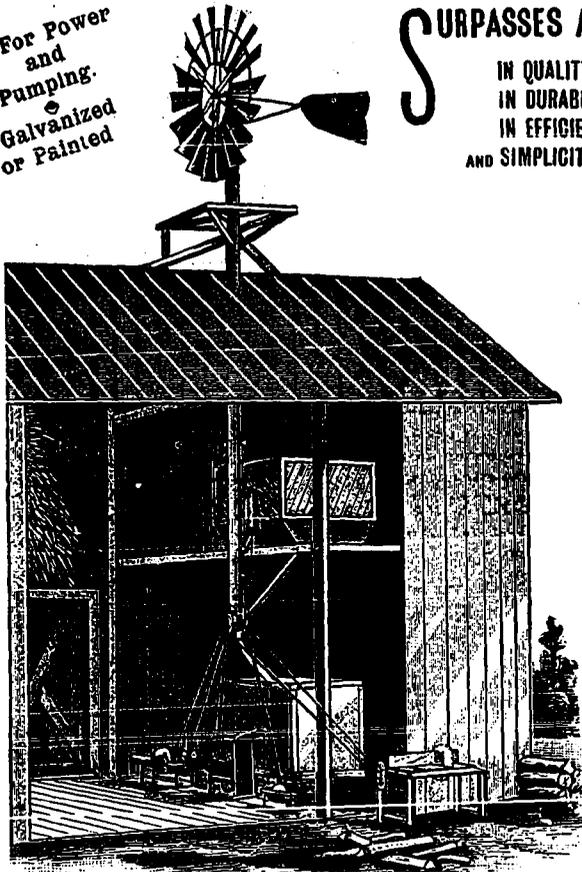
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