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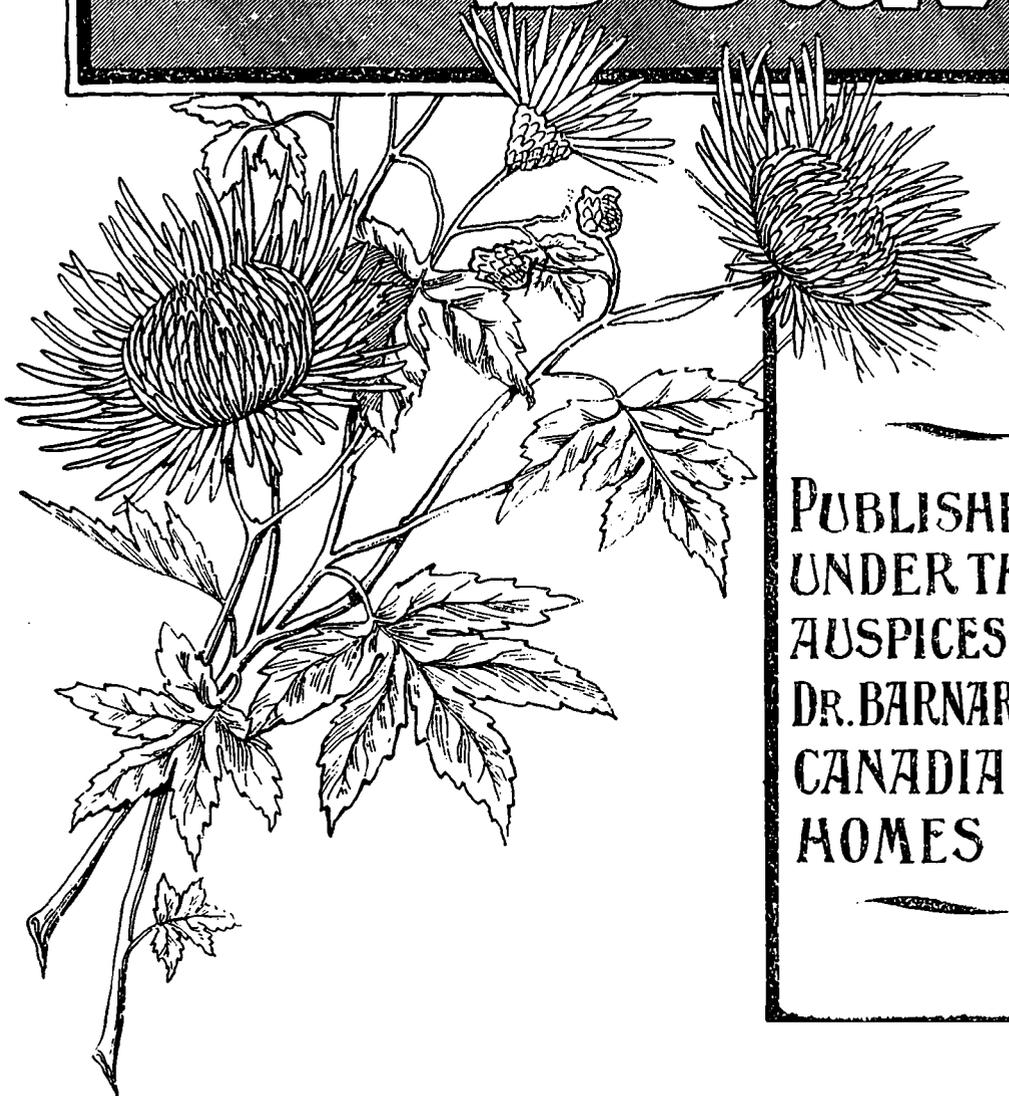
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# Tips and Downs



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View of the Qus'Appelle Valley.



*Published Quarterly under the Auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.*

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VOL. IX.—No. 3. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903. PER ANNUM, 25c.

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## Editorial Notes

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“LATE again!” we fancy we hear the chorus from some hundreds of complaining voices, as we present ourselves, we are positively ashamed to say how long after the due and proper date for our appearance. We know all about it, and to nobody is the unpunctuality and irregularity of successive issues a source of greater regret and disturbance of mind than to the Editor. We cannot help ourselves, however, and it is useless our kicking against the pricks. We can neither be in two places at once or do two things at the same time, especially when one of the two is the preparation of copy for UPS AND DOWNS. After our last issue we took ourselves severely to task on the score of our unpunctuality, and the air about us was fragrant with good resolutions. The Editor was then about to start off for his annual journey to Alberta to visit our thriving little colony in the Calgary and Edmonton districts, and elsewhere under the shadow of the Rockies. This journey involved several days and nights of traveling, and we had resolved that a large portion of these days and nights should be spent in the quiet, thoughtful preparation of “Editorial Notes,” “Sunday Hour” and

“Home Chat.” We saw ourselves delightfully ensconced in a comfortable coach, writing material in hand, undisturbed by telephone, callers, letters or aught else that would hinder the gentle flow of such ideas and thoughts as we are capable of evolving. We pictured ourselves, on our return, marching triumphantly to the printer with “copy” galore and asking him what he thought of that, now. It was a delightful forecast, but, alas! we had reckoned without our host. We had failed to take into account the rush to the West and the huge volume of passenger traffic, of which we formed an unhappy item. Every car of every train we entered in the course of our trip was crowded to its utmost capacity. When we were fortunate enough to find a place to sit down at all, we had to share the single seat, it might be with a drunken French lumberman or a stout female from Vermont, who ceased not day or night to recount in the loudest and harshest of tones her own family history and that of her relatives to the third and fourth antecedent generations; or a lady with two children and much impedimenta; or a newly-landed Galician, whom to the senses of sight and smell was obviously one of those individuals

classified in sanitary regulations as "verminous persons." There are writers whose pens are sufficiently facile and ready as to flow even under such adverse circumstances as these, but we are blessed with no such gifts, and, sad to relate, we travelled West and returned East without a line for the printer. Then came three weeks of steady rush to overtake arrears of correspondence and other work, which we were only just able to get through before the date of starting for England for the July party. The result is that only now, long after the date when UPS AND DOWNS should have been in the hands of our subscribers, are we girding up our loins to the task of its preparation.



THE weeks that have **Minding Our Own Business.** passed since our readers last heard from us have been active and busy ones with us, although they have left us no very important events to record. We are not, indeed, the sort of people who make history, and our annals are chiefly made up of very small happenings. We often, in fact, speak of it as one of the hardships of our lot that we only make a stir and are talked and thought about when some one of the very few black sheep in our flock shows his quality. Then, of course, our non-praises are in everyone's mouth, and we have to stand in the pillory until the next little sensation comes along and relieves us; but at other times our light is generally hid under a bushel, and our labours and successes, our activities and developments, rouse no one's enthusiasm or cause ever so small a ripple in the stream of life about us. None the less, though our lot is amongst the obscure and inglorious, and if we wish our praises to be sung we must be our own orchestra, our boys and girls have as little cause as anyone to feel ashamed of what they are contributing to the great sum total of human effort. We are all workers, and

most of us very busy bees in the world's hive. Here, in Canada, we are citizens of no mean country, and in the active, strenuous life of this young and rapidly developing Dominion, our young folks, as an industrial community, are taking every year a more important and noticeable share. We may not as yet be represented in the highest social circles or on the Boards of any big financial enterprises, but Dr. Barnardo's young colonists, nearly 14,000 strong, are helping to supply the muscle and sinew, the brains and intelligence, the industry, enterprise and resource that are building up the country and helping Canada to become the great daughter nation of the old Mother-land that her citizens aspire to as her Imperial destiny.



THESE are times of **Wealth Producers.** rush and "go ahead" for everybody, and what with magnificent crop prospects, the flowing tide of immigration, the expansion of every branch of trade and industry, the demand for labour and general advance in wages, everybody except those unfortunates who have been dabbling in stocks is contented and prosperous. Happily for themselves, our boys are not among the moths who flutter round that baneful candle and have lately come in for so severe a scorching. The frantic heaving of the "bulls," the crushing poundings of the "bears," do not disturb their peace of mind nor jeopardize their fortunes. The "get-rich-quick" mania has not as yet possessed many of our readers, but they are getting there just the same—slow, it may be, but none the less sure. We wish it were possible to arrive at an approximate estimate of the aggregate earning power of our boys and girls. We fancy the figures would startle even those who appraise the worth of everything in dollars and who are accustomed to think in thousands, and would demonstrate how important

a factor in the country's upward progress is the community of industrious young wage-earners that has been planted in Canada by Dr. Barnardo. We confess that the commercial instinct is not very strongly developed in us, and, perhaps because we have had very few of them to adore, we own but a very fitful and divided allegiance to the "Almighty Dollar." We are not particularly at home among such statistics, but facts are facts, and it would require no very profound mathematical calculation to prove how large a sum of money would be required to express the cash value to the industries of the country, especially its most important and productive one, the agricultural, from the labours of our boys and girls. The aggregate of their savings would likewise reach a total that would be an eye-opener to many. We cannot say that all our boys and girls are good accumulators. We often preach thrift to deaf ears, but we have many amongst our number who have learned how to "take care of the pence," and who are rolling up year by year in savings banks, or in small investments, or in the purchase of live stock or real estate, substantial sums of money. We have no one, as far as we know as yet, in a position to corner the wheat market or take up the Transvaal Loan, but we have very many who, if a rainy day came along, would be well provided against it, many also who will soon be able to start, or have already started, on farms or in business for themselves with a nice little capital at their back.



ALTHOUGH we have no very startling or important events to chronicle, not a day has passed over our heads without its occurrences of interest in the lives of Dr. Barnardo's big family that we endeavour on his behalf to watch over and care for. At the respective headquarters in Toronto,

High  
Pressure.

Peterborough. Winnipeg and Russell, each and every day has brought its full allowance of anxieties, perplexities, duties, pleasant, and unpleasant. We have to bear the burdens of a good many thousands, and as our family grows bigger and bigger the demands become greater and the claims more absorbing upon time and thought and judgment. There are so many ills, physical, mental and moral, that boy and girl flesh is heir to; so many pitfalls for young feet; so many rocks and quicksands in the course of these tender craft; so many points at which their interests have to be watched; so many new launchings out in this direction and that, some that we would commend and encourage, others which we have to check or withstand; so many occasions on which much depends upon our acting and advising wisely, and the rapidity with which work piles up is sometimes so overwhelming, that we could oft-times groan in spirit if there were time for such an indulgence between one delivery of letters and the next and successive peals of the telephone bell. Job was a man of many tribulations, but Job was spared the long distance telephone, and had decent leisure to take in the situation before the next calamity descended. In these swift days no such respite is vouchsafed to us, and one's brains have to work quickly and nerves are continually on the stretch. We are perhaps in the midst of an important letter to a boy, advising him in regard to his plans for settling in the West upon which he has sought our counsel, when the loud and peremptory peal of the telephone bell breaks in upon our discourse. It is the "long distance," and some town is calling us 100 or 150 miles away. "Hello!" "Yes; who is it?" "Mr. So-and-so is speaking. Such-and-such a boy ran away this morning. He is supposed to have gone to a neighbouring farmer, but this has not been certainly ascertained. What is to be done?" We have in a moment to recall the boy, and

what we know of the place, and, if possible, the latest report that has reached us of his welfare and surroundings. We have to determine whether this is most likely to be a case in which a boy, naturally inclined to be restless and intractable, has been interfered with and enticed to leave by some unprincipled man who has either a spite against the employer or, being in want of help and knowing the boy to be useful, has got him to leave by promising to give him more liberty than his employer, or telling him that he will be "free of the Home," or by the use of some of the other familiar baits by which lads are ensnared, or whether, on the other hand, the case is one in which a boy has been made unhappy by want of consideration, harshness, nagging or even by some act of cruelty, and, forgetting that if he would only let us know his grievance we should be prompt and willing at once to espouse his cause, has chosen running away as the easiest and most ready means of deliverance. A wrong decision in a case of this kind may have very serious results. Suppose, having strongly in our mind the evil of boys running away and, knowing the temptation that, under the present dearth of help, there is to employers who are at their wits' end to get labour to covet, and, if possible, to get possession of, their neighbour's servant, we say the boy must be brought back and, if necessary, the services of the constable secured to insist upon his doing so, and to enforce the authority of the indentures. If it should subsequently transpire that the boy's running away was the result of his employer having, in a fit of passion, beaten him unmercifully, and that he had run away in consequence of this mis-usage, and that the whole neighbourhood was in sympathy with him; if, under such circumstances, the employer was to descend upon him the next day and, armed with our instructions and authority, to carry him off, we should appear at once on the

side of the oppressor against the oppressed, we should be making ourselves a party to a wrong, and, needless to say, should lay ourselves open to popular odium. On the other hand, if the circumstances should be entirely different, and we should prove ourselves lax and let a boy run away and his indentures be broken with impunity, it might perhaps have the effect of unsettling a dozen other boys, and for the next two or three years in every case of trouble in that neighbourhood we should be told that it was all because we failed to exercise our authority when Mr. So-and-so's boy ran away, and that particular boy's after-career of vagabondage was due to our inertness at the critical moment. All these considerations have to be thought out and decided upon at one end of the wire while the man at the other end is paying a dollar a minute for the conversation, and when perhaps a buzzing noise on the line is making it difficult for either party to hear the other and the discussion has to be carried on largely through the medium of "Central," who will probably contribute to it a request, conveyed in tones of considerable asperity, that we will "hurry up and tell him what to do." Sometimes, again, the telephone communication may be to the effect that a boy has been taken ill and that an immediate operation is necessary. Do we consent, and if so, who will pay expenses? Appendicitis, that youngest child of the family of human diseases, has been responsible of late for several such messages. We always sanction the operation, and have never yet had reason to regret our decision.



**The Sick and the Whole,** We must not, however, convey the impression that we live in an atmosphere of alarms, and that run-away boys and cases of acute diseases are hourly incidents. It must needs be that these things will come, inasmuch

as our boys are but human and susceptible to the same moral and physical ills as other folk ; but, as a matter of fact, during the last three months, and especially considering the unrest of every class of labour and the outcry everywhere for help, our lads have been sticking well to their places and filling their engagements faithfully ; while, as to health, as we write, we have not, so far as we know, a single case in a hospital and but one sick boy in the Toronto Home and one in Winnipeg. The girls can hardly show quite such a clean bill of health, but, with the exception of very minor ailments, we could count on the fingers of one hand the sick of our family. We are afraid we could hardly do the same for our run-aways, and we fancy both hands would have to come into action ; but here, again, we recall our great numbers, and if we had one a day (happily we have nothing like this), it would be less than three per cent. in the course of the year. Most people of ordinary charity toward the weaknesses and failings of their kind, considering the numerous conditions in our boys' lives that tend to create restlessness, the ease and facility with which they can everywhere get employment, and the prevalence in boy nature of the "wanderlust" the spirit of travel and adventure would consider that we were showing a good record if ninety-seven per cent. of our boys stick to their places. We can show this, and a good deal better, and though "ran away" or "left without notice" is an entry that we greatly dislike to make under a boy's name, and the circumstances often cause, in individual cases, immense anxiety and trouble, we ought, rather than complaining, to congratulate ourselves upon the general infrequency of such occurrences. True it is that we strive to hedge the paths of our boys with warnings and discouragements against running away. We seek always and by all means to impress upon them the fact that they are not left to themselves in this country to

be at the mercy of others or exposed to unkindness or hardships in any form, but that Dr. Barnardo has appointed us to watch over their interests, to act as their protector against wrong, to care for them in sickness, to counsel them in difficulties, to serve their interests under any circumstances that arise, and, in short, to act in *loco parentis*—in the place of a parent—to each and all of those whom he has sent out and placed throughout the length and breadth of Canada. There is, therefore, neither excuse or necessity for any boy or girl to run away in order to escape discomfort or mis-usage, and if they are subjected to either, or have any kind of grievance or cause for complaint, they have only to let us know, and we shall be on the spot as quickly as is possible and prepared to do whatever is right and needful in their interests.



**Memories of the Past, Realities of the Present.** THE last Annual Report of the work of the Institutions was published and issued to subscribers during our recent visit to England. As those who have themselves been drawn out of those deep waters of poverty and suffering amidst which the Homes are in every direction throwing out the life line, no one has greater cause than the readers of UPS AND DOWNS to rejoice in all that, under the good hand of God, has been accomplished by Dr. Barnardo's labours. There is, indeed, no one else to whom these facts and figures have the same significance. Those who have been taken from the shipwreck when the waters had well-nigh engulfed them, can wish God speed to the lifeboat on the same noble errand of mercy with a depth of feeling that is possible to no others. And when we think of the vast masses of population in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, and the other great towns and cities in England from which the Homes are daily receiving boys and girls,

when we reflect upon the poverty, the sickness, the ever crowding, the scarcity of work, it pictures itself to us more than anything else as a great, dark, engulfing abyss, in which only the strong and the fit can hope to survive. This is no fairy picture or effort of imagination to our boys and girls. They have known, or the majority of them have known, the realities of cold, hunger and poverty, and although these things have long since passed away, and the recollection of them faded, and they are now in a land where they can eat bread without scarceness, and life is opening up before them in brightness and promise, they can sympathize very really with those to whom the Doctor is, under God's providence, the rescuer from suffering and death. Let no one feel, as he or she reads this reference to the past, that there is any disgrace in the poverty that was once their lot. The disgrace and shame would indeed lie at the door of those who would so degrade themselves as to cast a reflection upon our boys and girls because they have been called to pass through hardships and want. Poverty is no crime and carries no shame, and, indeed, for our own part, we believe that there is often more real nobility among the poor and those who are spoken of as the "lower classes" of England than among many who drive their carriages in Rotten Row. It is not in "high life" and among "smart" people that we need look for the true heroism, the patient bearing of life's burdens, the self-sacrifice, the sturdy honesty, that will make a hungry lad turn away from a baker's stall when he could have satisfied the pangs of hunger by stealing, the struggle in the teeth of the direst want to keep decent and respectable. These things are found, thank God, in mean streets, among scenes of wretchedness and squalor, and oft-times known only to Him Who gave as the seal and testimony to His Divine mission that He preached the gospel to the poor.

A TRULY noble record to God of work for Christ to the glory, amongst the children is shown by the Report of the Homes for last year. On December 31st, 1902, no fewer than 6,399 children were living under Dr. Barnardo's care and entirely dependent upon the Homes, while during the year, 9,785 boys and girls had been supported and provided for who were otherwise homeless and forlorn. The applications for admission to the Homes throughout the twelve months numbered 10,578, and those received 3,501. On an average, therefore, throughout the year about sixty-seven children a week were admitted into the Institutions, or over eleven for every working day. The income for the year reached the magnificent total of £178,732 13s. 8d., equal in Canadian currency to \$868,640.84, this amount being contributed not in large sums donated by wealthy people, but generally the free-will offerings of people of small or moderate means, who gave not out of their abundance but from self-denying love for the children's cause. In regard to the growth of the work and the way in which its needs have been supplied, we venture to extract the following from the Annual Report of the Council of the Incorporated Association that now embraces all Dr. Barnardo's Homes: "Begun in the humblest fashion, our Institutions may be likened to that little mustard seed which, sown in feebleness, but in faith, became a great tree; yet it was the sun and the showers of heaven that nourished it. The first of these Homes was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had no capital; not a penny in the bank, nor the promise of a shilling. It was simply and solely a tiny effort made by an altogether insignificant individual to follow what he then strongly felt to be the manifest leadings of the Holy Spirit. But the prayers of Christian friends were around it like an atmosphere, and true prayer was, as always, accom-

panied by blessed sympathy and earnest, unceasing effort; so the growing work never lacked any good thing. Often the last shilling was expended, but always the coffers were replenished from our Lord's own inexhaustible treasury. Thus it has been even unto this day; and now, our *large family of nearly 7,000 children*, saved by God's help from the direst evils, is still, as ever, dependent upon supplies sent down from heaven, as literally as if an angel brought them. Who can doubt that these come in direct response to the petitions of Christ's servants, which ascend as daily incense to our Father's foot-stool from every country throughout the world? That such a work should be carried on from year to year without State aid, without patronage, with practically no invested funds, and in spite of strenuous opposition from the most unlikely quarters, *absolutely and wholly dependent, under God, from day to day upon the free-will offerings of His own people* throughout all sections of the one Church of Christ in every land, is nothing less than a standing miracle, and a witness to the mighty power of faith and love which can neither be gainsaid nor resisted.



COMING events, in the **The B.O.B.S.' shape of the annual Convention.** gathering of our boys and girls during the Toronto Exhibition, are casting their shadows before them in the shape of musical rehearsals and practices, committee meetings, negotiations for the hiring of tents and halls, and calculations of the cost of ham and spiced beef, not to mention ice cream and lemon pies. The local membership of both the Barnardo Girls' League and the Barnardo Old Boys' Society are big with mighty purpose, and functions of the most elaborate character, receptions, decorations, banquets and speech-makings are in prospect and course of preparation. As far as our male guests are concerned, we expect to

occupy the unaccustomed role of mere spectators. The B.O.B.S. assume, this year, all and full responsibility for the gathering. The arrangements are in the hands of the Executive, and the Society undertakes all expenses. It especially, therefore, behoves every member of the Society to do his best to make the gathering a success, so that it may prove not only an enjoyable holiday and outing for those who attend, but as the annual rally of the Society, and the first that it has managed and financed on its own responsibility, that it may result in a strengthening and re-animating of the Association.



**Welcome to Our Girls.** FOR the girls, the programme of events is of necessity less ambitious, and bearing in the mind the privilege enjoyed, and so largely and frequently exercised, by the fair sex of changing its mind, we abstain carefully from any definite announcement of what is to come to pass. All we can say at present is that the Editor and Mrs. Owen extend a very hearty, sincere and cordial invitation to any and every one of our girls from town, country or city to visit us and make themselves at home at our house in Toronto, 323 Markham Street, on any day of the middle week of the Exhibition that is, from Monday, August 31st, to Saturday, September 5th. We hope no one will consider herself too young or too old to share our welcome and partake of our hospitality. All we have to stipulate is "no followers," and while we regret to have to set bounds to our hospitality, the circumstances of the case and regard for Mrs. Owen's peace of mind compel us to insist that husbands, brothers, sweethearts, or other male escort of any kind or relationship, must be left at the door, and outside at that. The B.G.L. will, of course, be to the fore throughout the week, and, as we have already hinted, will take no small share in the entertainment of our guests.

We publish in the present number a list of names that we regard with unmingled gratification and pleasure, and to each and all of whom we offer our very hearty congratulations. The list consists of our medal-winners—lads to whom we have lately been permitted to award Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service. Each lad has earned his medal by several years of honest work and good behaviour in one place of employment, and by having fulfilled with unsullied record the term of his long apprenticeship. Our award of medals is an annual institution, but the list has never been quite such a long one before. Every boy's record has been passed in careful and searching review before his name was recommended to Dr. Barnardo, and, as far as we know and believe, every one on our roll of honour has worthily and honourably qualified himself for this distinction. Under the conditions by which these medals are awarded they offer the most satisfactory testimony to the good conduct of our lads, as evidencing the number of those who are not only doing well, but have distinguished themselves by long continuance in well-doing, and against whom no complaint, serious or trifling, has been registered throughout a period of several years. We hope that our medals will serve to all who receive them as throughout life a pleasant little reminder of the years during which they were under Dr. Barnardo's care, and that, as boys, and afterwards as men, it will be a help and encouragement to them to follow ever that which is upright and of good report, and to live up to the high standard of conduct they have so far maintained.

☞

Our Youngest Colcaists and their Prospects

SINCE our previous issue we have welcomed two more detachments from England, and our family is larger

to the number of 546. A party of 120 girls left England on the 29th of April, under the charge of Mrs. Owen, and reached Peterborough on the 11th of May, while on the 15th of July we were despatched with the largest party of juvenile emigrants that has ever crossed the Atlantic, numbering 416. We have elsewhere given a little account of the experiences of the journey, which we look back upon as one of our most successful and satisfactory trips. The new arrivals have long since been dispersed, and as far as the boys are concerned, had there been ten times the number, they could have been provided for without the least difficulty. The majority of the consignment consisted of little chaps between nine and twelve, which is the age that the experience of recent years is showing to be the best for our lads to begin life in the new country. The demand is, of course, larger for older boys, but we would much rather see the youngsters come and let them finish their schooling here, and receive their training for Canadian life at the age when they have little to unlearn and can most readily and naturally fall into new ways and habits. It is true that, when not at school, they have to do a certain amount of work and to make themselves useful on the farms. To overwork and make a drudge of a little boy or girl of ten or eleven would be a wrong that Dr. Barnardo would be the first and foremost to condemn, and, indeed, no man living has done more to contend against the iniquity of child labour, but no one who can speak from knowledge and personal experience could suppose that there is anything in the light employment that is expected of our little lads in their foster-homes,—the fetching up of cows from the field and the like—that is in any way injurious to their health or prejudicial to their growth and well-being. They do no more and no less than the farmers' own children, and meanwhile the training and education they are receiving.

regarded not so much as a matter of mere book learning as an equipment for future usefulness and success in life, is, it seems to us, far superior than if they remained in English Institutions for two or three years longer and came to us at fourteen or fifteen with habits to a large extent formed and their minds in a much less plastic condition. Although, therefore, the small boys are somewhat less easy to place, we have every reason to feel thankful that each fresh party contains a larger percentage of boys and girls of the age at which their prospects as successful colonists are brightest, and when they can best take root and grow up with the growth of their adopted land.

Our next detachment *Still More to Follow* is booked to leave England on September 23rd. We are looking forward to escort a large party of girls and boys, and, to our comfort and satisfaction, we expect to cross again by our old friend, the *Dominion*. Our application list for the boys is already well-nigh full, and, indeed, so great is the demand that almost every post is now bringing us enquiries for boys for next March and April. We are sure we may wish our party *bon voyage* on behalf of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and bid them welcome in the name of their forerunners to the country, that, under God's blessing, has such good things in store for them.

### Donations to the Homes.

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue and include all contributions received up to August 12th :

Anderson, Alfred .....	\$5 00	Melson, Geo. J. ....	\$2 00
Ashton, Wm. W. ....	1 00	Nash, Joseph. ....	5 00
Andrews, Fredk. E. ....	1 00	Oates, Herbert R. J. ....	1 00
Anderson, Walter R. ....	1 00	Powley, Jas. Wm. ....	2 00
Bond, Fredk. E. ....	5 00	Parker, Fredk. (89) ..	57
Besant, Thomas .....	5 00	Pitcher, Ernest .....	1 00
Bray, Jos. T. ....	25	Roberts, Albert .....	1 00
Blake, Richard .....	2 00	Robinson, Albert .....	1 00
Briggs, Art. V. ....	2 00	Radcliffe, Fras. D. ....	1 10
Barnhouse, Alfd. S. ....	2 00	Stocker, John G. ....	1 00
Baker, Michael .....	1 00	Smith, Chas. H. ....	5 00
Brown, Chas. H. ....	3 00	Summerton, Harold ..	7 00
Berrow, Fred. G. ....	5 00	Snow, Samuel .....	3 00
Bayley, Jno. B. ....	5 00	Shepherd, John .....	2 00
Cushion, Wm. Harold ..	5 00	Stanger, Geo. W. ....	1 00
Colyer, Charles .....	5 00	Thomas, Harry .....	10 00
Doughty, Wm. A. C. ....	5 00	Turner, Edward D. ....	5 00
Farrow, Horace .....	5 00	Theibot, Peter L. ....	50
Fox, Robt. W. L. ....	5 00	Townson, Fred J. ....	5 00
Guthrie, Herbt. A. ....	1 00	Vick, Thos. ....	1 00
Gale, Wm. J. ....	50	Walker, Horace .....	1 00
Grandison, Wm. ....	5 00	Wright, Thos. ....	2 00
Hurrell, Wm. and Henry ..	1 15	Wright, Chas. ....	3 00
Haynes, Geo. H. ....	2 00	Webster, Jos. H. ....	2 00
Hopkins, John W. ....	1 00	Wardlaw, Art. C. ....	1 25
Hornfeck, Chas. S. ....	10	Wood, David. ....	1 75
Hillman, Sam'l. ....	5 00	Walker, James .....	1 19
Killick, Fras. G. ....	5 00	Whitnell, Thos. ....	1 00
Latter, Wm. C. ....	5 00	Warren, Art. ....	2 00
McMillan, Hy. T. ....	1 00	Winchester, Ed. C. ....	1 00
Melrose, Walter .....	1 55		
Mael, Percy .....	5 00		
			\$171 21

We have also received special contributions towards the publication of UPS AND DOWNS from the following :

Hollingshead, Mr. ....	2 00
Hollins, Art. T. ....	1 00
Smith, A. G. ....	50

## Show Me My Work, O Lord

Show me my work, O Lord, and let my hand  
Receive the tools, my ear Thy clear command,  
And I will labour faithfully and long,  
And cheer the task with many a joyous song :  
Show me my work, O Lord !

I ask no wages, Master ; for 'tis sweet  
To work for Thee for shelter, raiment, meat—  
Enough for frugal needs ; luxurious ease  
Breeds apathy, voluptuousness, disease :  
Show me my work, O Lord !

Put me to work, and let me earn my bread,  
Nor let me be as one in spirit dead—  
Deaf, unresponsive to that inward call  
To rise and labour for the good of all :  
Show me my work, O Lord !

It needs must be that somewhere in Thy field  
Thou hast for willing hands a tool to wield ;  
An unproductive acre to be tilled ;  
A corner in Thy garner to be filled :  
Show me my work, O Lord !

Behold me stript of all superfluous gear,  
Ready for work, and waiting but to hear  
My sphere assigned, and have my name enrolled  
Among the few who delve in mire for gold :  
Show me my work, O Lord !

I would not choose ; the choice I leave to Thee,  
Who know'st my powers and what I best may be ;  
Content if lowly or obscure my lot,  
And thankful that I have not been forgot .  
Show me my work, O Lord !

# The Moon

A Popular Description of the Earth's Nearest Neighbour in Space

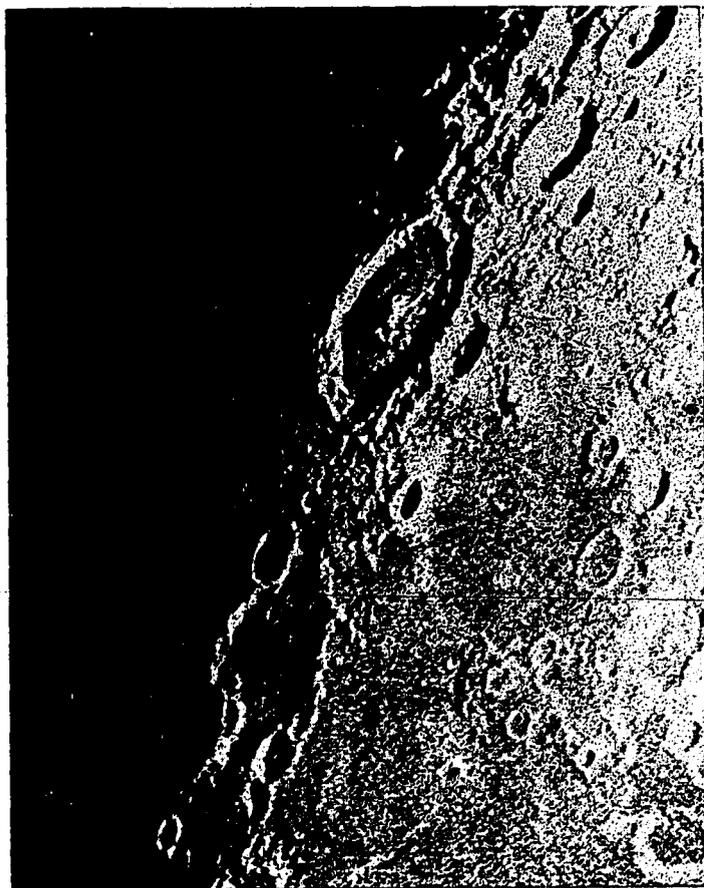
**N**EXT to the Sun, the Moon, by reason of its proximity to us, is the most conspicuous, as well as the most important, object in the sky. When the Sun has set, the Moon is a lamp unto our feet, for its broad disc, like a huge mirror, reflects the light of the Sun upon that part of the Earth which is

was enhanced if gathered when the Moon was full. All tribes and nations have their moon-myths; it is so much easier to be superstitious than scientific. But of this kind of lore—the prattle of a primitive people—we will have none. Rather would we learn what science, with long labour and careful research, has been able to discover of our satellite. A satellite, by the way, is a smaller globe, such as our Moon, which revolves round a planet, which at the same time revolves round the Sun. So let us to the task of collecting the information on this subject which every educated person should know.

## WHAT THE MOON IS.

The Moon is a solid globe, similar in many respects to our Earth, but very much smaller. Its surface is very rugged, diversified by plains, valleys and mountains, and pitted all over with the craters of extinct volcanoes. Unlike the Earth, it has no water or atmosphere, and, consequently, we are

justified in inferring, no life whatever. The footsteps of man never traverse its dreary wastes; no bird ever enlivens with cheerful song the awful silence of its desolate valleys; not an insect even fritters away its brief existence in a vain search for the flowers that are not; nor tree, nor shrub, nor yet a single blade of grass adds colour and the promise of life to its barren wildernesses. A dead world, enshrouded with the



Lunar Formations, showing Craters.

plunged in the shadow of night. "The orb of reverie and mystery," the pensive maiden wanders with her love-sick swain under its weird beams, and who knows what fond and fanciful, frivolous and foolish phrases find utterance beneath the glamour of its enchantment! Even lunacy—as the term implies—was attributed by the ancients to the influence of the Moon; while in witchcraft the occult potency of herbs

cerements of decay, it is a melancholy augury of what our Earth shall be, in some future age, when man shall have disappeared, and this his fair and verdant abode be stripped of its vital elements and given over to death and disintegration.

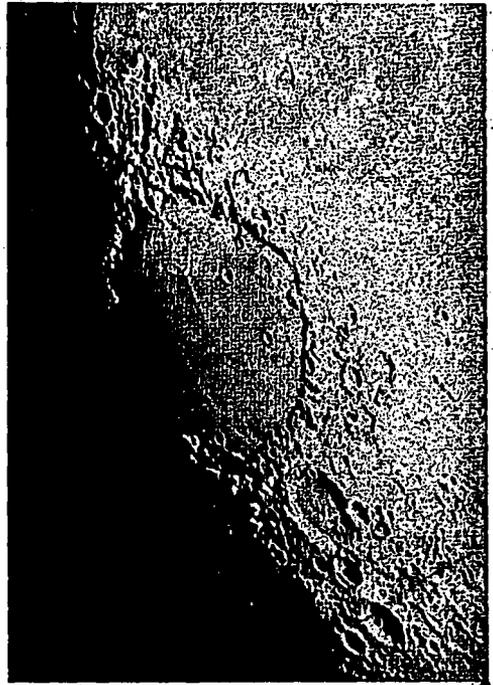
THE MOON THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

In viewing the Moon through a telescope, we should remember that our satellite is distant more than 238,000 miles. A mountain range, seen through a telescope having an object-glass of, say, three inches diameter, could be distinctly seen, but only as it would appear on a large relief map. If the Moon could be brought within two hundred miles of the Earth (and seeing it through a telescope magnifying 1,000 diameters would be almost equivalent to this), a structure equal in size to the Dominion Parliament Buildings could be discerned with the unaided eye, if it differed in colour from the soil on which it were built; but no details of architecture could be distinguished. So we must not be disappointed if a lunar crater some miles in diameter looks very much like an indentation made by a drop of water falling from a height into soft mud—a round depression surrounded by a little wall. Thanks to the telescope and the absence of air on the Moon, the topography—or what might be termed the ups and downs of the surface—of that side of our satellite which is always turned toward us is better known than that of many parts of our Earth. In a map of the Moon every prominent feature of it is shown, named and described, so that if you were to ask an astronomer who has made a special study of the Moon to describe Copernicus, the Apennines or the Mare Crisium, he would at once tell you all about it—its location, characteristics and dimensions.

FEATURES OF THE MOON

The principal lunar formations are craters, mountain ranges, isolated

peaks, plains (called "seas," because they were thought to be the beds of dried up seas), rays, clefts and rills. Those broad, dark patches which we see on the disc of the full moon are extensive plains, or "seas." They are depressions considerably below the general level, and so are but faintly illuminated by the sunlight which brightens the highlands. The Mare Crisium (Sea of Crises) is one of these, an excellent picture of which is here presented to the reader. This depression is very deep, and is about 350 by 280 miles in extent. It con-



The Rugged Coast of a Dried-up Sea—The Mare Crisium.

tains a few craters, and its shores, as may be seen, are fringed with rugged mountains. On its southwest side is a lofty promontory 11,000 feet in height. Among the mountain ranges the finest is that of the Apennines, elsewhere illustrated. Stretching 450 miles in length, its peaks rise to altitudes which rival the summits of the Andes in South America. Its loftiest peak is 18,500 feet in height. The shadows cast by some of these peaks when the sun shines upon them are over seventy-five miles in length. The height of elevations on the Moon is

determined by measuring the length of their shadows. Several of the largest craters are more than one hundred miles in diameter. Their floors, in some cases, are depressed below the general level of the surface; in other cases the floors are elevated. These huge basins may be smooth, or they may be pitted with tiny craters and adorned with jagged hills; while their walls may be extremely precipitous, or magnificently terraced and cut up by yawning ravines. A man standing in the centre of the crater, Shickard,



Mountains of the Moon—The Apennine Range.

could not see the rocky rampart surrounding him, though it is over 10,000 feet high; so rapidly does the Moon's surface curve, because of its small diameter, that the top of the rampart would be below the man's horizon. One of the peaks within Clavius—a ringed plain 142 miles across—rises nearly five miles above the bottom of one of the little craters at its base. A few of the larger craters are surrounded by beautiful rays, which diverge

outward like bright streaks often for hundreds of miles. The great crater of Tycho, in the southern hemisphere, with its magnificent system of rays, gives to the full Moon the appearance of a peeled orange, and is the first object to catch the eye of a telescopic observer. Tycho itself has a diameter of fifty-four miles, and some points on its wall rise 17,000 feet above its interior. In its centre is a bright mountain peak 5,000 feet high. From its outer rim rays spread uninterruptedly over mountains and valleys, one extending a distance of 2,000 miles. These rays are a most beautiful and interesting sight, though their cause is still a mystery. The clefts are chasms, half a mile or so in width and of unknown depth, which run, in some instances, hundreds of miles across plains and craters, never halting at any obstacle. The rills resemble the beds of ancient water-courses, and need a sharp eye to see them. At one time the Moon was in a molten state, and the gradual cooling and contraction of its mass, together with volcanic action, were the cause of all these rugged formations. What the other side of the Moon is like we can but surmise. No human eye has ever seen the farther side, for one side is perpetually turned toward the Earth, and the other away from it.

#### A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Suppose we were able to reach the Moon, what would be our experience? A very strange one indeed! We should die at the outset unless we had made provision for a supply of air to breathe, for there is practically none on the Moon. Nor is there a drop of water, and without air and water no physical organism could exist. But let us imagine we are there and contriving to live under the conditions which prevail. We should at once be astonished to discover that relatively we are giants in apparent strength. We pick up a stone; it is no heavier than a piece of wood the same size would be on the Earth.

A boulder you could not move here you could carry about there with little difficulty. The farmer who on the Earth can carry one sack of wheat could carry six on the Moon, for there everything is only one-sixth part of the weight it would be here. If we should play base-ball on the Moon, every strike would be good for a home-run, for the force required to drive a ball 100 yards here would there send it 600 yards. In football, the kick intended to raise the ball over the crossbar would propel it into the next parish. Besides, what athletes we should be! We could jump clear over a house and alight without a shock, and in the long jump we could leap like a triple kangaroo! This would all puzzle us greatly did we not know that what we call the weight of an object is but another name for gravitation—the attraction which the Earth has for everything on its surface—and that if the Earth were smaller, its attractive force would be proportionately less; and if larger, its attraction would be multiplied in the same ratio.

But what would perhaps embarrass us most, and what would doubtless be intolerable to us, who are accustomed to conditions so dissimilar, would be the climate, lack of seasons, and the length of the Moon's days and nights, as well as the absence of what we call the sky, with all its diversity of colour and meteorological phenomena.

Our Earth turns completely round on its axis every twenty-four hours, and this is the cause of our days and nights; for the side of the Earth which is turned toward the Sun is illuminated by the Sun's rays, and we who live on that side have daylight, while the inhabitants of the other side are in darkness, because they are cut off from the light of the Sun by the body of the Earth. But in twelve hours this will be reversed, for their side will have turned round toward the Sun, while ours will have been transposed into the shadow.

Now, some astronomers say that the Moon does not rotate or turn on its axis at all, and that it has only an orbital motion (that is, a forward movement on its path round the Earth); other astronomers declare the Moon turns once on its axis for each revolution in its orbit. This is a controversy about which we need not now concern ourselves. Be that as it may, the effect is the same. While the Earth presents its entire circumference to the sunlight in twenty-four hours, the Moon takes twenty-nine and one-half of our days to accomplish the same result. Thus it follows that a day on the Moon is of  $354\frac{1}{2}$  hours' duration, with a night of equal length, as its poles are almost perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic. I must leave the reader to imagine how he would accommodate himself to such a division of time. Here on this mundane sphere we have strikes for an eight-hour day; what a union man would say to 350 hours constituting a day's work, I dare not conjecture.

Then, with no atmosphere, what a change that would effect! The gorgeous display of colour preceding sunrise and following sunset; the beautiful blue sky at noon; the fleecy, cumulus clouds, which furnish a spectacle that the eye delights to contemplate; the soft west wind or the freshening gale; the grand and awesome thunderstorm; the pearly dewdrop, the grateful rain and the downy snowflake—all, all are lacking in those lunar deserts of perpetual dumbness and eternal calm. You might speak—nay, were you to shout—no sound, not a whisper, would disturb the awful stillness of that abyss of echoless silence; for there is no air to transmit the vibrations of your voice to the ear.

Let us picture a lunar day and night. Slowly the Sun climbs above the dawnless horizon, the darkness lingering reluctant to dissipate until the orb of day itself is visible, and as slowly mounts to the zenith. If we take our breakfast at daybreak,

let it be a hearty one, for we must wait 177 hours before it will be noon, ten hours of which we shall have waited for the Sun's disc to ascend fully into view after we have caught the first glimpse of his rim! We dare not look at his radiant face, lest we be blinded by his intense glare, for no sooner has he risen than he shines with unmitigated brilliancy and noonday fervour. Oh, for an atmosphere to screen us from his torrid beams! Let us to cover—anywhere to escape the scorching heat; and we scurry down the slopes of some dark crater in such a perspiration as we were

sparkling with a splendour and brilliancy unknown on Earth. Like a huge moon, brighter and thirteen times larger than the orb of night, our native Earth gleams coldly luminous in the depths of space, perhaps a crescent or mayhap a full orb, for our Earth, seen from the Moon, goes through just such phases as the Moon. We may watch it in speechless admiration as long as we will; there it remains almost immovable at the same point of the sky, though its disc varies rapidly as it turns on its axis, and brings different oceans and continents into view. Ugh! how cold it is growing



A Lunar Landscape.

never in before. Looking as we run, we see a dreary, desolate, arid expanse of landscape of which the above cut is a graphic suggestion.

We have slept and awakened many times in our place of refuge, from which we could not venture forth, and now it is nightfall. We climb up the wall of the crater just in time to see the Sun dip below the horizon. The Sun has set, and without a moment's twilight due to refraction, it is night. And such a night! Black as Erebus! In the profound gloom of the skyless firmament the stars are already

all at once. Yet this abrupt transition from extreme heat to cold is not unaccountable; in fact, the absence of an atmosphere explains this. In the winter-time we put on an overcoat to keep us warm, not that there is any warmth in the coat itself, but because it prevents the animal heat of our body from escaping. Now the atmosphere of our Earth serves the purpose of an overcoat. It both screens the Earth from the direct rays of the Sun, and retains much of the heat absorbed by the Earth by retarding its radiation into space. Lacking this gaseous covering, the heat absorbed

by the surface of the Moon is rapidly given off when the Sun has gone down and there being nothing to hold it near the surface, the process of cooling is soon accomplished, and our satellite is abandoned during its long night of two weeks to most intense cold considerably more frigid than that of our polar winters. As compared with our experience on the Moon, the Earth is not such an uncomfortable place of abode as some folk would have us believe, and right glad shall we be to get back to it before we are frozen in this inhospitable, bleak and barren world.

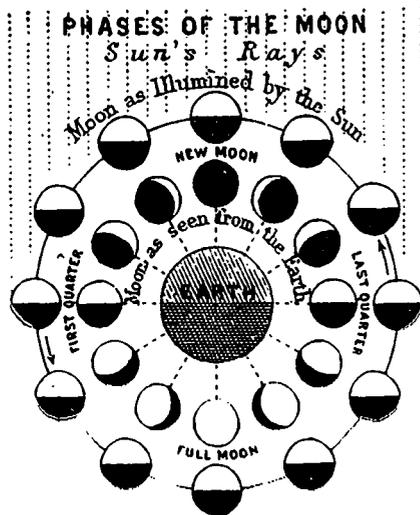
WAS THE MOON EVER INHABITED?

The Moon, says Proctor in "Other Worlds Than Ours," may at one time have been inhabited; but if so, it was ages ago, when she possessed air and water, at a period prior to the exhaustion of her vital resources. These are his very words; "When we see on the Moon signs that her surface was at one time upheaved by tremendous volcanic forces, we are led to the conclusion that between the era when she was thus disturbed, and the present time, when she seems absolutely quiescent, there must have been a period when her energies were fit for sustaining various forms of life; though it does not follow, of course, that they were so employed. There has, in this instance, been a process resembling exhaustion, though we know that the forms of force which have passed away from the Moon have not really ceased to exist; but before the lunar forces were dissipated into space, they may have subserved the purpose of supporting life."

THE MOON'S PHASES

The almanac gives the dates and times of the phases of the Moon, and every month we may observe them in the sky as our satellite passes from new moon to first quarter, from that to full moon, thence to last quarter, and from the

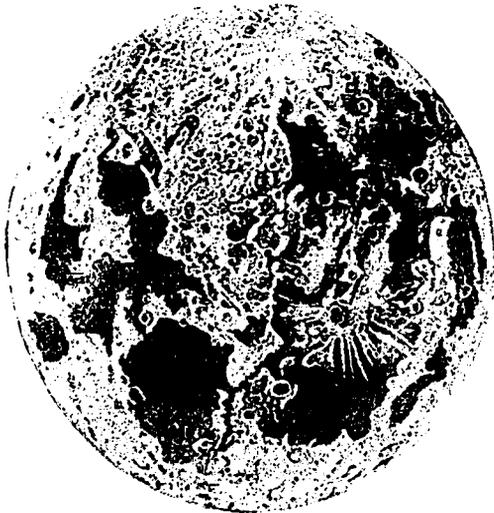
latter back to new moon again. Everybody talks glibly of the periods of new moon and full moon, but it is really astonishing how few persons; even among those who are otherwise intelligent and well informed, have taken the pains to acquire a bare rudimentary knowledge of how the lunar phases are produced. An erroneous impression, prejudicial in its character, seems to exist in the minds of ordinary people that everything appertaining to astronomy is of a highly complex and abstruse nature, too technical to be understood without a special training. Astronomy is undoubtedly a profoundly complex science, demanding mathematical and philosophical ac-



men of the highest order; yet the rudiments are not beyond the comprehension of the lay mind. Indeed, they are so simple as to be taught in our public schools as an introduction to geography. The phases of the Moon and the theory of eclipses are both readily to be understood in their elementary form by the aid of diagrams.

The Moon's phases are illustrated in the preceding diagram. The central globe is that of the Earth, the upper half of which is shown lighter than the lower. Both the Earth and the Moon are dark bodies, but reflect the light they receive from the Sun. The Sun (not shown) is here represented as shining down upon the upper half of the Earth. Surrounding the Earth the Moon is

shown in twelve different positions in its orbit round the Earth, with its hemisphere which is toward the Sun illuminated, and its opposite side in darkness. Inside this the Moon is again shown in the same number of positions, but as it would appear to an observer on the Earth, as it occupies each position successively in the course of a "lunation," *i.e.*, its revolution round the Earth beginning and ending at the moment of new moon, which it accomplishes in twenty-nine and one-half days. When, at new moon, the Moon is between and in a line with the Earth and the Sun, it is then invisible, as its dark side is turned toward us. As it revolves in its orbit toward first



The Full Moon as Seen Through a Telescope

quarter, first a slender crescent is seen, which broadens night by night until, a week after new moon, we see half of its disc illuminated. It is then said to be in its first quarter. In the course of the second week we see more and more of its disc, until it becomes "gibbous" and finally full moon. It then begins to wane, and is again gibbous, reaching its last quarter at the end of the third week, and new moon at the end of the fourth.

Two days after new moon, a graceful crescent is seen soon after sunset, drooping low in the western sky. While the crescent is sharply defined and bright, the dark portion of the Moon's hemisphere is faintly visible. This is due to what is

called "earth shine." The Earth acts as a mirror, reflecting some of the light it receives from the Sun upon the darkened part of the Moon's disc.

On the next night the moon is east of its former position, and sets later, displaying more of its surface. On the night of the first quarter, and the three evenings following, it is most interesting for telescopic observation. This easterly movement of the Moon continues nightly until full moon, when it rises in the east as the Sun sets in the west, and sets about sunrise.

#### THE MOON'S LIBRATIONS.

While the Moon keeps the same side turned constantly toward the Earth, for reasons too technical to be here explained, it is subject to "librations," or oscillations, which tilt it a little, so that we see more of the north and south poles and the east and west sides, as well as farther over whatever edge of the Moon is uppermost when it is near the horizon. At one time and another, owing to these librations, we are able to see more than half of the surface of our satellite. About forty-one per cent. of it is generally visible, about eighteen per cent. of the edge of the Moon is rendered alternately visible and invisible by libration, and forty-one per cent. of its surface we never see.

#### ECLIPSES.

Eclipses are of two kinds. The Moon may be eclipsed by the Earth, or the Sun may be eclipsed by the Moon. An eclipse may be only partial, or it may be total, just as the relative positions of the Earth, Moon and Sun may determine; but what and when it will be, and where it will be visible, are all calculated and predicted for many years to come by astronomers.

The lunar eclipses, which are seen at night, are caused by the interposition of the Earth between the Sun and the Moon, as shown in the diagram. At night the Sun is beneath the Earth, and the Earth

casts a long shadow upwards. When the Moon's path intersects this shadow, and the lunar orb is immersed in it, being itself a dark body, it is obscured, or eclipsed, by the Earth's shadow. It is a total eclipse if the Moon is entirely covered by the shadow, and partial when the Moon is only partly in the shadow.

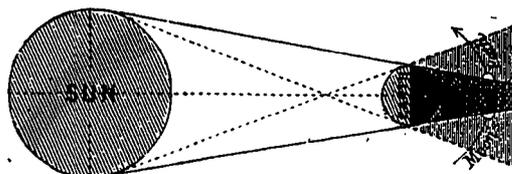
An eclipse of the Sun occurs when the Earth, the Moon and the Sun are in a straight line on the same plane, with the Moon in the middle. The Moon in passing between the Earth and the Sun blots out for a few minutes the radiant orb of day from our view, and comparative darkness, though it be mid-day, broods over the land, perplexing and deceiving birds and beasts, and frightening superstitious people. Most eclipses of the Sun are only partial, but a total solar eclipse is as interesting and instructive to the astronomer as it is rare, and he will sometimes travel thousands of miles to reach the best point for observation. Then it is that he searches for small planets that may possibly exist so near the Sun as to be lost in its glare, and then also his eager eye watches telescopically the long tongues of flames which dart thousands of miles into space from the darkened "limb," or edge, of the Sun, as well as doing other valuable work which cannot be done at any other time. If an eclipse occurs when the Moon is at apogee, her apparent disc is not large enough to fully cover that of the Sun, whose entire rim is visible as a narrow luminous ring. The result is what is termed an "annular" eclipse.

The reason why we have not an eclipse of the Sun at every new moon is because the Moon's orbit, or path, is tilted in such a way that the Moon usually passes apparently above or below the Sun, instead of in front of him, as at the time of an eclipse

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER

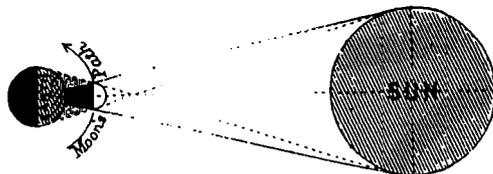
The effect of the Moon on the weather upon the weather has been

greatly exaggerated. This is what Professor Howe has to say on this subject: "A change of lunar phase is said to be connected with a change of weather. Since the Moon changes its phase every week, every change of the weather must occur within four days of a change of phase. People who watch for such changes are willing to wait more than four days, if necessary, for the weather to accommodate itself to



An Eclipse of the Moon.

the Moon. 'Wet' and 'dry' moons are carefully watched for by farmers throughout the country. When the crescent Moon hangs low in the west soon after sunset, if a line joining the two cusps is nearly horizontal, so that the Moon can apparently hold water, it is a 'dry moon.' If the line joining the cusps be tipped up at a very marked angle, so that the Moon's crescent cannot hold water, the Moon is called 'wet.' The position of the



An Eclipse of the Sun.

cusps of the Moon can be predicted for thousands of years to come, but no one can foretell the weather a week ahead. The full moon is said to clear away clouds. It is hard to see how a body which sends us so minute a quantity of heat can have any appreciable effect upon the clouds. Perhaps by showing their thinness, and making plain the rifts which exist in them, the Moon gets the credit of thinning them."

We may conclude from this that the supposed influence of the Moon upon the weather is nothing more than "moonshine."

## THE MOON AND THE TIDES

Everyone who lives near the sea has observed how the tide comes flowing up the shore toward the land, rising higher and higher along the beach for six hours, and then receding somewhat slower than it rose. Twice a day, at intervals of about twelve hours and twenty-five minutes, the tide flows in and ebbs away. In the open sea, where the water rises sometimes no higher than twelve inches, the rise and fall of the tide is not noticeable; but where it is forced up into bays or narrow channels, its height and effect are remarkably increased. At New York the tide rises from three to five feet; at Boston it reaches twice this height; while in the Bay of Fundy, a dangerous wall of water sixty feet high surges in with a mighty roar.

The tides are caused chiefly by the Moon, which, like a huge magnet, draws the water of the ocean upward, that, as it were a great wave, follows her in her course around the Earth. The Sun also exerts an influence upon the tides; but as the Moon, though very much smaller than the Sun, is 400 times nearer the Earth, her attraction is far greater.

This tidal effect is double in its action, for not only is the water heaped up on that side of the Earth nearer to the Moon, but on the opposite side of the Earth as well. In drawing the water from the surface of the Earth, the Moon pulls the Earth with it, and so the water on the farther side of the Earth is left bulging behind it.

The full effect of the influence of the Moon is not produced at once, but requires a little time to operate. This is why high-water occurs at any place a few hours after the Moon is on the meridian, or exactly overhead. The Moon rising about fifty minutes later each day, causes a corresponding difference in the time of high-water.

At new or full moon, the Sun and Moon being then in line, their com-

bined attraction produces the highest, or "spring-tide." When the Moon is in quadrature, *i. e.*, at first or last quarter, the Sun acts against the Moon, and the height of the tide is diminished, and thus we have what is called "neap-tide." Various other influences, due to the relative position of the Moon and the Sun, modify the tides, while the force and direction of the wind, the shape of the coast, and the depth of the sea greatly complicate the explanation of local tides.

## LUNAR LORE.

The volume of the Moon is one forty-ninth that of the Earth, but it is only one-eightieth as heavy. Its diameter is 2,163 miles, or about one-fourth that of this terrestrial globe. Its entire superficial area is, approximately, 14,600,000 square miles. Fifty globes the size of the Moon would equal the Earth. Its density is three and one-half times that of water, or about one-third less in proportion than the density of our Earth. The action of gravity at its surface is equal to about one-sixth of the Earth's.

Its mean distance from the Earth is 238,840 miles, or about 400 times nearer than the Sun, and thirty times the diameter of the Earth. An ordinary express train would accomplish the journey in about a year. Its maximum distance from the Earth (when it is at apogee) is 252,972 miles; and its minimum distance (at perigee) is 221,614 miles.

The orbit of the Moon is not exactly circular, but has the form of an ellipse, the Earth being at one of the foci. It, therefore, follows that at one part of its orbit the Moon is nearer to the Earth than at the other, as shown in the preceding paragraph.

Its revolution in its own orbit round the Earth is at the rate of 2,290 miles per hour, in addition to another motion corresponding with the movement of the Earth in its orbit.

The Moon's motion around the

Earth from west to east making a complete "lunation" or revolution of its orbit from new moon to new moon in twenty nine days, twelve hours, forty four minutes and three seconds. In fact, it actually revolves entirely around the Earth in about twenty-seven and one-third days; but as the Earth is meanwhile revolving in its orbit around the Sun, it requires over two days longer before the Moon comes into the same position with respect to the Sun and the Earth, thus terminating a "synodic" revolution, or lunar month.

The consensus of opinion as to the Moon's axial rotation seems to be that it turns once on its axis for each revolution in its orbit, the two periods being exactly equal.

Since the brilliancy of the Moon does not exceed  $\frac{1}{400000}$  that of the Sun, if the whole sky were covered with full moons they would scarcely make daylight.

The heat derived by us from the Moon, reflected from the Sun, is barely perceptible in the most delicate experiments. It has been computed that we receive from the full moon in two days no more heat than comes to us from the Sun in one second.

The orbit of the Moon is inclined to the ecliptic about  $5^\circ$ , and the points where her path crosses it are termed "nodes." The ascending node is the place where the Moon crosses in coming from south to north of the ecliptic (the path which the Earth, as seen from the Sun, appears to describe among the "fixed stars.") The descending node is where it passes below, or south of, the ecliptic.

Pursuing its course around the Earth, the Moon frequently intervenes between our line of vision and certain stars, far off in the depths of

space. When a star is thus hidden by the body of the Moon, it is said to be "occulted," and these occultations are of practical value in determining the difference of longitude between various places on the Earth. A star is distinctly visible until it is wholly and immediately obscured by the lunar orb itself, and as suddenly emerges from the opposite side in full brilliance. This is one of the proofs that our satellite has no atmosphere worthy of the name.

The "other side" of the Moon, judging from the glimpses we get of it in the Moon's librations, is, in all probability, not unlike that which we can see, and there are no facts known to selenographers (those who make a special study of the Moon) that would warrant any other conclusion.

Real or fancied changes in the configuration of several craters, would seem to indicate that volcanic action on the Moon has not absolutely ceased; but until we have an accumulation of corroborative evidence, it would be premature to accept the question as proven.

The Moon appears larger when on the horizon than when high in the sky. This, however, is a mere illusion, due to atmospheric influence. She is really 4,000 miles nearer on the zenith than on the horizon.

Near the autumnal equinox the full moon rises about sunset for a number of nights in succession, and we have a series of bright moonlight evenings. As this is harvest-time in England, it has there received the name of the "Harvest Moon." In the month following (October), this occurrence is repeated; it is then called the "Hunter's Moon."

WILLIAM T. JAMES



in tissue paper of what he has to communicate. A spade is called a spade, and a mean, exacting employer, or a boy with a lazy bone in his body, is described in the King's English without any attempt at varnish or toning down. Here, for example, in the first report that meets our eyes, Mr. S—— is described as a "natural growler." We are told that Tom, the boy, has hired for very much less wages than he is worth, and both he and his employer were informed of the fact, although Tom was advised that, having made an engagement, he must consider himself under the obligation of putting in his time faithfully. Possibly the sequel may be that, having in view the scarcity of farm help and the difficulty of getting anyone to supply his place another year, Mr. S—— may enlarge his ideas in regard to our friend Tom's remuneration, and may realize that in keeping him to the letter of his bad bargain, he may be making a bad bargain for himself. However this may be, the interview ended in Tom making a donation of \$5 towards the funds of the Home, for which we gratefully thank him.

We are told of James Bowles that he lately purchased a farm containing 109 acres of land. Owing, however, to the death of his late employer, with whom he has lived for the past ten years, he has decided to dispose of his property, and to remain on with the widow to manage the farm for her. James has, we are told, "won the respect of everyone in the neighbourhood," and from what we know of our friend, James, we are sure that he has deservedly achieved this high place in public estimation by his many years of honest and faithful service. We can, in fact, speak of him as a good man and a good citizen.

William Clark is again working for his former employer, Mr. Thompson, of Dalston, and Mr. Thompson having left on a trip to England, William was in charge of the farm

He is earning \$170 for the present year, with board and lodging, not as high a wage as some, but, like Zaccheus, William is short of stature, and his lack of inches seems to place him somewhat at a disadvantage. Otherwise there is nothing small about William, and we are pleased to record that his seven years' record in Canada has been in every way an exemplary one.

Fred. Jarvis is stated to be "doing first-rate." George March has grown well, has a comfortable home, can do almost any kind of farm work, and is serving the last year of his apprenticeship in a thoroughly creditable manner.

Robert Pow is earning \$18 a month, with board and lodging. Has quite recovered from the serious attack of pneumonia that laid him up last winter. Wishes to join the Barnardo Old Boys' Society.

Walter Bowden is employed as coachman, gardener and general factotum to a big lumber merchant in Barrie, earning fair wages, and evidently filling his present position very satisfactorily.

The air was stormy at one place at which Mr. Griffith called one afternoon in the course of his rounds in the neighbourhood of Barrie. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we ought not to mention names, but our young friend whom, being called after a famous African explorer, we will style Africanus, had, just before Mr. Griffith made his appearance, been unfortunate enough to upset a pail of swill. We are not told exactly where this unhappy upset occurred, but we imagine it to be on some floor that had recently been scrubbed. Forgetting that there is no more use in crying over spilled swill than spilled milk, there seems to have been a great outburst of scolding on the part of the mistress, responded to by sulks on the part of our friend, Africanus. Dinner time coming while feelings were still at high temperature, Africanus went dinnerless, according to his side of



ROBERT THALMAN



ARTHUR WARREN



TOM ROBINSON



WM. T. RAE



JOAN THOMPSON



JOHN N. COOPER



THOS. HAYES



RICHARD THOMAS



ARTHUR MURPHY

the story begins with Miss Woblet's presence not according to the lady because he refused to partake. It seems to have been altogether an acute crisis on which Mr. Griffith arrived, but he appears to have succeeded in restoring equanimity, and we hope in future our young friend will be more careful in carrying the swill, and should he have the misfortune to slop or spill the liquid, that his mistress will remember that boys will be boys, and that while hard words break no bones, they stir up angry passions and make a great deal of unpleasantness in the world.

Our little friend, Edwin Bird, appears to be comfortable and happy in his situation with Mr. George Ottaway, of Barrie. We hear that he took a good place in his class at school, and that he gives every promise of turning out well.

Percy Chicchi is described as "good-tempered, honest and truthful." We hear that Percy and the baby of the family are on the best of terms, and the only feature in the report that is not as we could wish is the neglect of school attendance. In regard to this, Mr. Griffith seems to have "read the riot act," and, we hope, with the result that the deficiencies of the past will be made up.

Lionel Johnson is developing into a strong, able bodied lad. He is certainly not eating the bread of idleness, but is getting a good practical training in farm work, and by the time he has served his present apprenticeship, should be a first-class farm hand.

Of James Kelly we are told that he is invaluable to his mistress, "being so kind and trusty about the house." James is backward in his educational attainments, but, although he will never shine as a scholar, he gives every promise of growing up to be a good, useful, upright member of the community.

Thomas Ross is another lad who has proved himself worthy of confidence, and is spoken of as truthful

and trusty. Thomas is fond of reading, and in his present home he has ample opportunity of improving himself, his master having, we are told, a good library, to which Thomas has always access.

Little George Baxter is thriving and happy and is fortunate in his home, where he is under the care of thoroughly kindly Christian people. His great desire is to have with him his brother, William, who is at present boarded-out under the care of the Institutions in England. We hope this wish of George will be gratified in the no very distant future.

George Bosworth is said to be forgetful, but there have been other cases in history of boys of eleven being at times unmindful from day to day of their duties and responsibilities. Possibly even his employer might recall instances when, at eleven years of age, he may have thoughtlessly left undone that which he ought to have done. At any rate, we cannot set a very black mark against George on account of his forgetfulness, although we hope that as he grows up he will learn to give his mind to his duties, and not require "telling" quite as often as at present.

Mr. Griffith records a very pleasant visit to Frank Herbert Clark. Frank seems to be on the happiest of terms with his employer, and, we are told, was given the privilege of an extra term of school attendance, of which he seems to have made good use.

Sam Millington is now completing the last year of his engagement. His ambition at present centres in the possession of a bicycle, but we hope that before the first of next April, when Samuel's time is completed and his money becomes due, his ideas will have turned in the direction of the savings bank, and that Sam will awaken to the realization that a bicycle will mean a fruitless expenditure of hard-earned money for a purpose that will bring neither pleasure nor profit.

Mr. Griffith has lately brought me news of our friend Herbert Oates, now working, for the tenth year, with Mr. Leighton, of Orangeville. Herbert is earning eighteen dollars per month, with board and lodging, and, we hear, contributes generously towards the support of his mother, living in Yorkshire. We look forward to welcoming Herbert at the gathering of the B.O.B.S. during the Exhibition week, and we need hardly assure him that it will give us very sincere pleasure to greet him amongst our guests. The Herbert to whom we refer is not the only possessor of the name. He has a namesake who came from England three years later. The latter is now with Mr. Albert McVittie, of Meaford, and was visited by Mr. Griffith on June 13th.

Mr. Griffith tells us that on the occasion of his calling to see Herbert Oates (the last-mentioned) it was a wet day, and he found him in the house writing a letter to his chum, Thomas Morgan, with head bent low over the paper and tongue in cheek, after the approved manner of people to whom letter-writing is an unaccustomed and difficult task. We imagine Thomas is the better correspondent of the two, but if Herbert is not an expert letter-writer, he is a good, trusty lad, and we had a capital report of him. We have to thank Herbert very gratefully for his donation of a dollar towards the funds of the Homes.

Harry Boothroyd, another Canadian citizen of ten years' standing, is also hoping to accept our invitation for Exhibition week. We hear excellent accounts of Harry, who is earning high wages and seems to be in flourishing circumstances generally.

The two boys whom we have placed with Mr. George Nicholson, of Orangeville, are both doing well. The elder, Willie Phillips, has been with Mr. Nicholson for four years past, while Claude Hill began his career in Canada in March of the present year. Both lads seem to be

taking an interest in their business, and are, no doubt, very useful to Mr. Nicholson in the preparation of his flour and the products of the market.

Alfred Bolding, a Barnet boy, who came out with our last September party, has evidently made a good start in the country. Mr. Griffith found him hard at work in the harvest field, looking bonny and well, and apparently quite at home amongst his present surroundings. Alfred is already the possessor of a bank account, and not long ago we had the pleasure of depositing the sum of ten dollars to his credit, the said ten dollars being, as we hope, the foundation stone of Alfred's fortune. We can say of him that he has laid a still better foundation stone for fortune than his ten dollars in the bank in the character we believe he has already earned for integrity and industry.

The brothers, Joseph and Reginald Maples, have evidently fallen into good homes, and Mrs. Cobean, with whom Reggie is living, seems, Mr. Griffith says, "as good as any mother" to her little charge. Both boys attended school last winter, and seem to have made very creditable progress.

John Rotheram and William Goodfellow, one from Birmingham and the other a young Cornishman, bid fair to develop into good Canadian farmers. Mr. Griffith tells us that he found Willie in charge of the stock on the farm during the absence of his employer, and evidently quite alive to his responsibilities.

A letter lately reached us from an old friend, in the person of Warwick H. White, which we were particularly pleased to receive. Warwick was the senior boy of the summer party of 1901, and will be well remembered in the carpenter's shop and elsewhere at Stepney. He writes as follows:

DEAR SIR: I suppose you are just as never going to write your letter to tell you how I like this country. I think

it is the best counter on the earth that a boy or man could come to. If every Englishman came out here they would do well. There is lots of room for them. Now, I must tell you how I like farming. My master and mistress are nice, jolly people. They are good to me, and that is better than anything. My master has fifteen head of cattle, two horses, thirteen hogs, and about sixty hens. It isn't a very big farm: it is about sixty acres, so it is not much. We are having a long spell of dry weather. It is nearly two months since we had rain. I have learned to plough, harrow, and sow. I did nearly all the ploughing last fall with three horses. I put in the seed this spring, and the potatoes, made the garden, and did nearly all the chores. I am getting eighty dollars a year. We are about three miles from a church. I go nearly every Sunday. The minister is English. I have bought a fur coat, a new suit of clothes, a pair of fine shoes, and a new hat, so now I am up to date. I take the milk to the factory, and after I come home I take the cows to pasture, which is about one and one-half miles away. Then I hitch up the horses ready to work in the field. When I come out at noon, I feed the hogs, buck wood; after that is done, dinner is ready. After dinner is over I buck more wood. Then I go to the field once more, come out at four o'clock, unhitch the horses, have supper, fetch the cows ready for milking. We milk at five in the morning and five at night. I milk five, Mrs. five, and Boss five. That is fifteen. My master has just one child, a little girl. I am very much pleased with URS AND DOWNS. I hope Dr. Barnardo is well and able to get around. My master and mistress had the typhoid fever last summer, but I didn't get it. I don't know why I didn't. I am about six miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway. That ain't far. I went to the fairs last fall, and enjoyed myself greatly. I hope you will excuse my writing, as I am a very poor penman. I don't think I have any more to say at present, as it is near bed-time, so good-night.

I am, your old Home boy, yours truly,  
 WARWICK HENRY WHITE.  
 c/o Mr. James Cook, Toys Hill, Ont.

We have received the following satisfactory report of John King from his employer, Mr. Alexander Noble, of Uxbridge:

The boy is pretty small, but he is a nice and clean like boy. He is very trusty and truthful, and likes to go to church and Sunday school. He is very quick at learning, and takes to his work better than one would expect for a boy being brought up in the city, and I think if he doesn't get led astray and bad company he will make a very respectable citizen some day.

William Ras, whose photograph

appears in our group on another page, informs us that he is in the best of health and planted most of the garden this spring, the results of which would appear to be very satisfactory up to the time of writing. It will interest our English readers, by way of illustrating the productiveness of Western Canada, to know that Willie's garden produces peas, carrots, parsnips, lettuce, onions, beets, radishes, cucumbers, squash, tomatoes and cabbage. Willie further informs us that he is the personal owner of two calves, two rabbits and a kitten, and sums up his report of himself with the observation that Canada is a "fine place."

Harry Goddard writes from Ivan that he is in the best of health and "growing strong." The letter continues:

I am busy teaming, getting ready to raise our barn next year. I find it hard work; but hard work will make good muscle. I did well last winter feeding cattle, and got a good character from Mr. Graham. There is going to be a picnic at Ivan church next Friday for the Sunday school. I go regularly every Sunday. They are talking of getting a Young People's Society, and if they do I intend to join. Tommy Divine is getting along well with his work, but he is going to leave for New Ontario in the fall, and George Richardson has bought a place of seventy five acres in London Township from Mr. Robert Paisley, and I think he is doing well. I am doing very well myself, and I think of going home in the fall. Duncan Graham wants me to go with his cattle. I expect to go in October and come back about the 1st of December. I want to fetch out my two brothers with me. I am sending five dollars a month home, and as long as I do that I won't save much money. I have eighty-eight dollars now, that I intend to draw in the fall and put it in the Home bank. We have fifteen head of cattle fattening for the English market. I think this is all I have to say this time. With best respects to all, I remain, yours truly,  
 HARRY GODDARD.

We must congratulate our friend Alfred Alpin, upon his complete recovery from the serious accident he met with last winter whilst working in a saw mill, where he was crushed between some logs. He is now with his old employer, Mr. Houston, of Keeweenaw, earning high wages and looking forward to making a

substantial addition in the autumn to his already very good fall stock account.

The brothers, Albert and Ernest Everett, are thriving and doing well and, although not very robust lads, are "filling out" and looking as though the country agreed with them.

Of our friend, Richard Hallam, we have to report the very interest-

has some idea of starting a flock next spring. He is a very good looking up land.

Edward Dyer, one of our last spring's arrivals, has evidently fallen on his feet with Mr. Charles Hill, of Epping. Edward is said to be a great talker, but he was at dinner when Mr. Griffith called, and remembering, doubtless, that every time a sheep bleats he loses a nibble,



ing tidings that he was married last month to a young lady belonging to a very worthy family in the neighbourhood. He is now established on a fifty acre farm of his own, has a very comfortable home and seems to be on the high road to prosperity.

His brother, Thomas, has not yet followed his example and is still working out, but we understand he

he had not much to say. Edward is a thoroughly good lad, however, and we have reason to look forward to his doing well for himself in the land of his adoption.

We are very pleased to publish a photograph of Caesar O. Blomberg and his sister Louise. Our friend worked on a farm for the first two years after his arrival, and at the end

of that time thought he would prefer employment at his trade. He soon discovered, however, that he could do better on the farm, and is now once again an agriculturist, and, we hope, will be satisfied to earn his living and make his future career as a farmer.

We are afraid that our young friend, Arthur Hunt, has been somewhat disappointed at never having seen mention of his name in *UPS AND DOWNS*. There are many to sympathize with Arthur, inasmuch as the space in *UPS AND DOWNS* is limited, and with 14,000 people to write about there must of necessity be very many whom we have to pass by, however deserving of mention. Of Arthur, we can say that he is a thoroughly good lad, and one to whose future in the country we look forward with the fullest confidence. He was a little unfortunate in our having to recall him from what was otherwise a good place, on account of our being unable to come to terms with his employer. Arthur is not big, but we know that what there is of him is of the best, and when it came to a question of wages we appraised him according to his capabilities rather than his size. Our demands seemed to his employer very exorbitant, but we felt sure Arthur was worth all we asked on his behalf, and when we found it impossible to come to terms, we insisted on his being sent back. He has now dropped into a home where he is happy and comfortable, and writes that everyone is kind and good to him, that he is well fitted out with clothing, and that he wishes to stay for a long time.

Horace Farrow is described by his employer, Mr. Brocklebank, as "one of the best boys that ever came from a Home." He is said to be always faithful in his work, careful of the stock, a capable farm hand, and in all respects a credit to himself and to the Homes.

We lately heard from our young friends, Frederick and Walter Brown. These lads last year

brought out their sisters from England, and the four are now established on a little place of their own near Dundalk. We hear that the young ladies are in love with Canada and much appreciate their present surroundings. The family are well known in the town of Dundalk, and appear to be liked and respected by everyone.

Another pair of old-timers in the country were lately heard of, in the persons of Charles and James Horton. Both these young men are married and have properties of their own. James has a small place only, and works out for part of his time, earning the highest wages going. Charles has a farm near Midhurst, which he has very nearly succeeded in paying for. They are both good citizens and young men of sterling worth.

We are pleased to publish the portrait of our friend, Peter Thiebot. Peter has had his "ups and downs" since he came to the country, but, as far as we can learn from himself, he appears to be now doing well and in flourishing circumstances. He is at present in Watertown, N.Y.

The following reports have lately come to hand respecting some of our little boarders, showing that we have nothing to be ashamed of in these small fry:

HILLSIDE.

The little boy, Charles Beddow, that is boarding with me, is in good health and doing very well at school and at home. He is a good, truthful, honest, reliable boy, and I do not think there is a better lad around Muskoka. He is always the same—good-humoured and cheery. He is number one all round, and everybody has a good word for him. Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

UTTERSON.

In regard to James Robinson, the little boy in my care, he has got on fine and looks well. He is contented and happy. His conduct is good, and I am well pleased with him. J. E. BROWN.

UTTERSON.

In reference to my little boy (William White), he is progressing well in every respect being much stronger in body, and improving in every way. He is a very good boy, and quite a help and comfort to me. He loves his Sunday school, and

leaves off and I have no doubt but that  
 he will get up, as you and I do, in  
 the morning, and so respectfully,

MRS. WALTER SCOTT

MUSKOKA FALLS.

The boys are well and getting along  
 well, and will soon be starting to school  
 again. I think Bertie Thomas is a nice  
 boy, very smart, and that he will get along  
 well. Walter McEachen is getting along  
 well, and also Horace Howlett. Horace  
 will make a smart man if he has a chance.  
 He is all for books, and would like to study  
 all the time. Your friend,

MRS. LAHENNY.

NOVAR.

Willie Smith is quite well, and is a very  
 nice boy, and does very well at school.  
 The teacher told him that when school  
 starts again he is to go in the Third Book.  
 He is very good at figures.

As giving the earliest experience  
 of a new-comer, the following letter  
 will, we are sure, appeal to many of  
 our readers, especially those who  
 were "no chickens" when they be-  
 gan life in Canada. The writer's  
 name, John Conorton, will be well  
 remembered, especially amongst the  
 old musical boys. For ourselves,  
 we offer John every good wish and  
 the heartiest congratulations upon  
 the philosophical and sensible way  
 in which he reviews his present  
 position, and upon the good start  
 he has made in the new country.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I promised Mr.  
 Griffith when he was around visiting that  
 I would write you stating how I was  
 getting along. It was very kind of you  
 to send him around to see me, and I  
 thought it very kind of him to call. I still  
 have the voyage in my memory, and I  
 must thank you for the kind manner in  
 which you tried to look after us. I must  
 say that I was rather discontented with  
 the living at first, but rather than make a  
 fuss I would have put up with it; but it  
 came right before very long, so thought  
 no more about it. I am rather late in  
 thanking you for your kindness during the  
 voyage, but better late than never, so  
 they say, and I hope it is the case. Here  
 I am in a very comfortable home, and  
 getting on well for a beginner. I am  
 hired out for eight months for eighty  
 dollars. Things are much different out  
 here, but the climate suits me well, and I  
 am looking much better and feeling much  
 better, too. Canada is much easier than  
 they picture it. You may have two weeks'  
 hard work, but the third one is quiet and  
 not so much rash. I think the work is  
 sandwiched a good deal; you have a hard  
 time, then an easy time. Of course, I  
 call it easy; some would call it hard, but

I always like to speak as I find it. I have  
 come here to better myself, and am pre-  
 pared to accept a year's time to begin  
 with. There are a good many English  
 men out here who have just arrived, but  
 some of them seem to think the streets  
 are paved with gold dust, so a good  
 many have made for the Old Country  
 again. I have found that unless a fellow  
 who comes out here puts his heart and  
 soul into it at first, he will not like it at all.  
 A young fellow has to battle with himself  
 to get used to his surroundings if he  
 wants to stay, and, of course, in many  
 cases it is very hard at first; but after,  
 you soon begin to take things as a matter  
 of course, if you mean business. We have  
 some good times together—I mean the  
 musical boys. We had a great game of  
 football on the 24th, in which we had  
 Duckling, Howlett, McDonald, Berry,  
 Trim, Thomas and Brother Bartram.  
 We had a good many people from Rus-  
 selldale, who joined in the game, and we  
 had a good time together until it was time  
 to go home and rest awhile and make  
 ready for morning chores. You know it  
 takes the gilt off the gingerbread to have  
 a good day's sport, then get up in the  
 morning early and begin a hard day's  
 work. Well, either do not hurt us much,  
 and so we go on looking forward to the  
 next holiday. George Duckling and my-  
 self went down to Lake Huron, about  
 twenty-seven miles from here, and had two  
 good swims, one in the morning and one  
 in the afternoon. We only wish it was  
 nearer, so that we could be in more often.  
 Now I think I have wasted more of your  
 valuable time than I ought. Thanking  
 you once more for your past kindness

I remain, yours faithfully,

JOHN CONORTON

William Thomas has favoured us  
 with a very cheerful account of  
 his experiences of work and play.  
 He writes:

I am living with Jim Craig, and a fine  
 farmer he is, and a prosperous one. I  
 have been living with him nearly three  
 summers, and am able to do nearly all a  
 hired man can do on a farm. We are  
 not raising a very good crop this summer.  
 I did all the ploughing except an acre,  
 which we had for potatoes, and Jim  
 ploughed for potatoes, and I for corn,  
 which was six acres, and a sod field.  
 This country is the country to build a lad  
 up in health and strength. We had a  
 picnic at Mr. Ables' flats a little while ago  
 for the day school children that went to  
 school since Christmas. I was one, and  
 was in the Fourth Book. We had sports,  
 which consisted of running and jumping.  
 I enjoyed myself very much, and got  
 second prize in hop, step and jump, which  
 was twenty feet in length. I hope you  
 will tell the boys in England to come to  
 Canada. My friend Albert Judge, the

the next time to go. I consider him to be a very good boy. I meet him every Sunday and have a friendly chat. We are both members of the Presbyterian Church and choir, and we are going to have a competition of saying the Catechism, which consists of 107 questions. This is all I have to say. God bless you and be with you till we meet again.

I remain, yours truly,  
W. THOMAS.

A farmer in Manitoba, in writing to us recently for a girl, took occasion to mention that he had in his employ our young friend, Albert D. West, respecting whom he writes :

He is sober and industrious, and is earning \$200 for eight months ending November 15th, 1903.

We should judge from this account that Albert has no reason to feel dissatisfied with his experiences in the West.

We have received a very funny little letter from Master Johnnie Jones, a young gentleman who is spending his second year in the Dominion. After recounting the circumstance of a cow having twice kicked over a pail of milk that he had extracted from her, and making the comment upon this mishap that he was "very sorry," he proceeds to tell us that he likes his place, would not like to leave it, thinks Canada a fine place, and would not go back to England. We congratulate Johnnie on this very sensible conclusion that he has arrived at, and which we anticipate will become more firmly impressed in his mind the longer he remains in this fair land of promise.

Arthur Beech has sent us a photograph, and with it a letter that he commences by announcing that he means to tell us a little of his "experiments" since he came to Canada. The first of his "experiments" would appear to have been his eating a good dinner. We imagine this "experiment" has been frequently repeated, and that Arthur's consumption of dinner has long since passed the experimental stage. Besides eating dinner, he has dug potatoes, fetched the mail, done chores, made an attempt at ploughing, and is so well satisfied

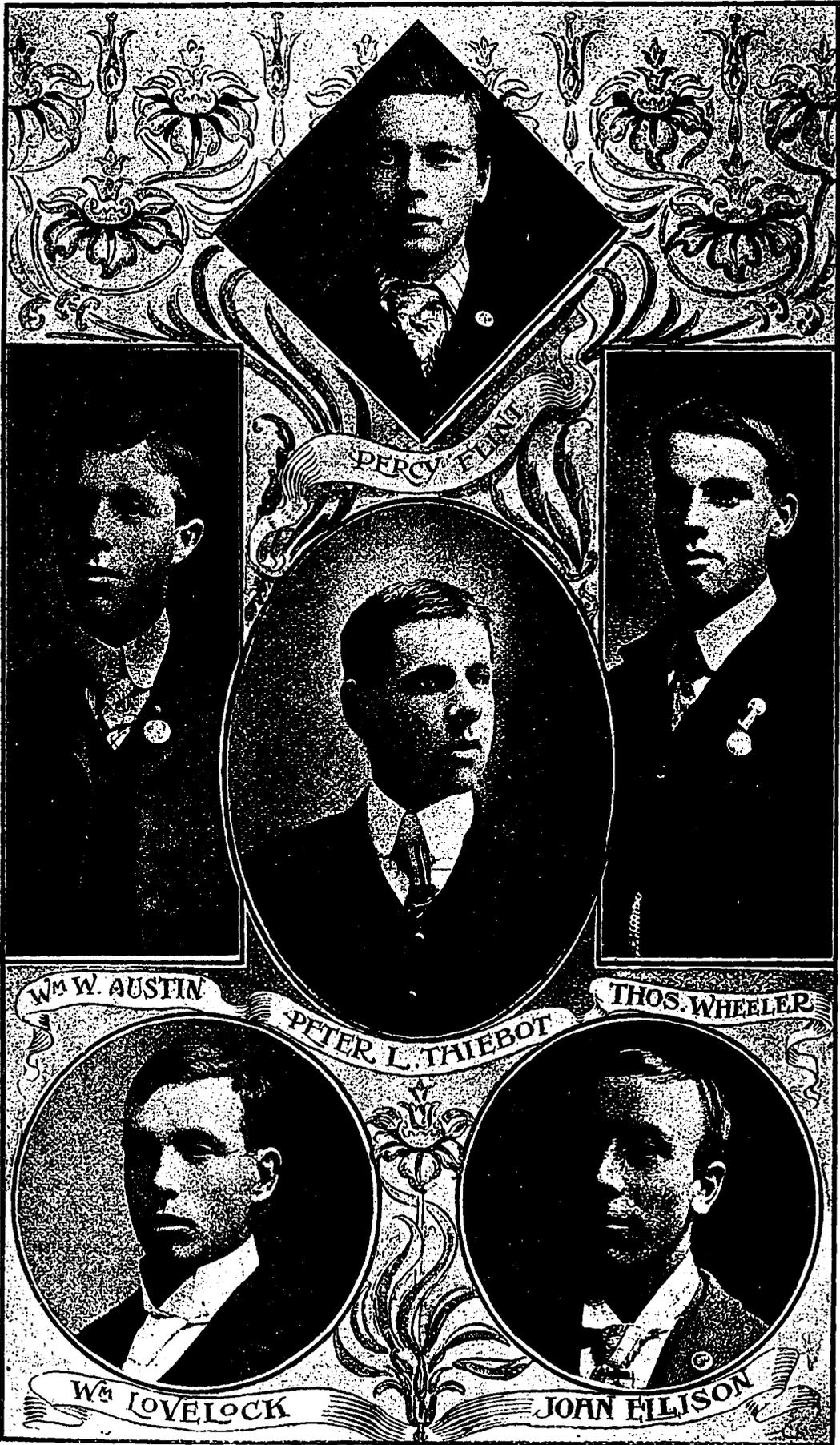
with his achievements that he tells us "I can do most anything now."

The only drawback to his happiness and peace of mind appears to be the fact that he and his employer are "baching it," and he wishes that that gentleman would take unto himself a wife. We cannot publish Arthur's letter in full, although he very kindly gives us permission to do so, but his old friends and those interested in his well-being may rest assured that he is happy and thriving.

We offer our heart-felt sympathy to Emily L. Griffiths, who is again called upon to sustain bereavement, this time by the death of her only surviving brother, William. Her elder brother, George, as many of our readers will remember, was killed three years ago by falling from a train on his way back from a trip out West. The younger brother, William, some time after left Canada with the intention of joining his mother in New Zealand. After staying some time in New Zealand, he returned to England and enlisted in the army, and a little later was drafted to India. The notice of his death received by Emily reads as follows :

On January 22nd, 1903, at the British General Hospital, Fort Delhi, India, after a short illness of enteric fever, Lance-Corporal William Eldred Griffiths, First Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, second son of Mrs. George Griffiths, of Temuka, N.Z. Deeply regretted.

The two brothers, James and Harold Watson, are making excellent progress in their places near Teeswater. James will have completed his term of service on the first of next April, when we shall hope to have the pleasure of awarding him one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals for length of service. Harold is growing rapidly, and is said to have developed into a very valuable lad. He seems comfortable in his place, his employer being a well-to-do farmer. Threshing was just over when Mr. Griffiths saw Harold, and we are told that the wheat yielded thirty bushels to the acre.



PERCY ELMGREN



WM W. AUSTIN



THOS. WHEELER



PETER L. THIEBOT



WM LOVELOCK



JOAN FILISON

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, of Campbell's Cross, for letting us see a letter that lately came to them from our old friend, John I. Robinson, written from Manila. John went out to the Philippines in the United States service, but has returned to civilian life, and the account he gives of his present position is most satisfactory. We gather from his letter that he is working during the day in a cold storage and ice establishment—we imagine not a bad place to work in the Philippine Islands—and is teaching school for five evenings in the week, with an extra class on three of these evenings, that occupies him until 10.30. In evidence of his being in flourishing circumstances, we observe that he has saved \$150 in two months.

Mr. John Marting, of Lancelot, writes of the two little brothers under his care, Sidney and Stephen Warner, that they are "both well and hearty," and adds, "they are thoroughly good boys in every respect, and we feel quite proud of our little English-Canadians."

From Elkhorn, Manitoba, there has come the following letter from Thomas J. Williams, who writes at the close of his sixth year in Canada :

I received your letter of July 12th, and received the medal, and I have great pleasure in thanking you for the same. It came as a little surprise to me, as it was a present I never thought of receiving ; but, however, I am much pleased with it, and cannot thank Dr. Barnardo enough for his kindness towards me. Dear Sir, no doubt you wonder why I do not write oftener to you, but really I am ashamed of myself for neglecting such a thing towards the Home, and them that have done so much for me that's the way I have treated you ; but I know you will forgive me. Well, I have only written one letter to the Home ever since I came to Canada nearly six years ago, but, if I am not mistaken, fate awaited that letter in the shape of that awful glutton the waste-paper basket ; but I am going to write a wiser letter this time, and giving you a bit of news since I left England six years ago. Well, I left England on September 23rd, 1897. We had a fine voyage over and landed in Quebec all safe and sound after ten days' voyage and from there a number of us proceeded to Winnipeg, I included in the

party, and from there I was sent to Elkhorn to a man named Mr. H. Hunter, where I stayed but two weeks, and from there I went to Mr. James McClymont, where I fulfilled my term of five and a half years. It was there that I found a home and was brought up in the way I should go. I was treated as if I were their own, for they have no family of their own ; but I didn't realize how good they were to me till I left them last April to come where I am now. It is now I see what a home is worth, and when you hire yourself ; but I go home (as I call it) often. It is nine miles from where I am, and I am driven back half way in a buggy every time. Well, crops in the Elkhorn district are looking fine this year, and harvest will be general in about two weeks, and it will be another banner crop if we manage to get it all off. The hay is also very plentiful, but there is a lot of water, and it is hard to get just now ; but it will soon dry up, then we shall get into it. I have only seen one bad crop since I came to Manitoba. You cannot get a better place for such as mixed farming, but I intend going ranching when I am old enough, which I hope will not be very long now. Well, I have seen and felt quite a bit of Manitoba climate since I came here. Last winter I felt the cold pretty bad at times, but this summer has been very cool compared with previous summers ; but, taking it all the year round, I don't think anyone would wish for any better, or they would be hard to please. Well, I suppose you will be tired reading this letter, so I will close and save a little for next time, as I shall be writing again soon. So wishing you and all connected with the Homes every success, and thanking you very much for awarding me one of your medals, with best respects to you all, I remain, your obedient servant, THOMAS J. WILLIAMS.

Needless to say we were delighted to have the following report of little Thomas Dumbrill, one of our latest arrivals from the other side, the writer being Dr. Groves, of Carp :

I shall very willingly give him the wages you have asked. He is the smartest and most agreeably willing little fellow I have yet had. I am sure he will suit all right. He seems happy and contented.

Another recent arrival in the country, but by no means a new immigrant, is our friend, Alex. Nash. Alex. made his first start in Canada twelve years ago, did well, earned his silver medal, and accumulated a nice little saving in the bank. Unfortunately, Alex. felt a longing after the Egyptian flesh-pots, or some other unfortunate impulse inspired him, and back he

went to England. These things went ill with Alex., and although we have not the least reason to imagine that he wasted his substance in riotous living, he soon spent his all, and discovered, like the prodigal, that he was in what was for him a land of famine, where no man gave unto him. He appealed to us in person on one occasion of our being in London, but we were regretfully compelled to tell him that it was impossible for the Homes to help him out a second time. However, by some means or other, Alex. succeeded in raising the wind, and has made his way out as far as Montreal. We publish a letter from him that lately reached us, written from Montreal, and respecting which we heartily congratulate the writer on the report he has to give of himself, and we commend the narrative of his experiences to such of our young friends as are contemplating a return to England:

I dare say you will be surprised to hear that I am back in Canada once more. I am living in Montreal, and have been here six weeks now. I had a most enjoyable voyage; it could not have been better, for the ocean was as calm as a London pond, and we sighted hundreds of icebergs on our way over, and when we sighted the Newfoundland boats we sighted hundreds of whales, a sight I may not see for many a long day. Since I have been here I have been working here for the Canadian Pacific Railway, but I have left that job now, and I am working for the Montreal Steam Laundry for nine dollars. It is not bad money for that class of work. What I can see of Montreal I think it is a fine city, but not such a nice place as dear old Toronto. I have got with some good people here, and could not wish to be with better. I have had a good chance to go further up country to work for the railway, but "a rolling stone gathers no moss," so I think I better stop here and gather as much moss as I can, and now I have got one more chance to get on, I am going to try my best to get on as well as I did before. I have still got my medal, and I prize it very much, I can assure you, for it has been the means of getting plenty of work. I can say that there is plenty of work in this city, but it seems funny to me working amongst these French-Canadians; but I dare say I will get on with them all right in time. If I stay here, I shall soon be able to speak French. I could not wish to be more happy than I am now; spite dif-

ferent to what it was at home, I can assure you, for I did not know where my next meal was coming from. It seems a shame that trade should be in such a state at home, but it is only through these aliens coming over to England working under price that has brought things to what they are, making it impossible for a good, hard-working Englishman to get a living, and things will be worse yet if the English workingman is not better protected. I am writing to Mr. King shortly, for I should like to know how they all are at Hornby, and when I get a little more money together I shall go and see them. Sorry I cannot write any more, as my time is getting short. I am your sincere friend,

ALEXANDER NASH.

Another trip to England that came to a disastrous termination was that of our esteemed friend, George Gleed. George set forth in the *Manchester Trader* with a consignment of cattle, and a stout roll of bills in his pocket. In a fog the *Manchester Trader* ran ashore on the coast of Anticosti. Cattle and cargo were discharged, and the ship ultimately got off and towed back to Quebec. Here George found himself, having lost his passage to England, and, sad to relate, having been robbed of both money and clothes. Fortunately, he had a little money in the bank to fall back upon, and has returned to his work at Bothwell a sadder but wiser man, and having, as he assures us, had quite enough of trips to England to last him for a long while to come.

Sorry as we always are to cause disappointment to any of our literary aspirants, we fear we cannot find space to publish the whole of a letter that we lately received from Willie Griffiths, living at Innisfail, Alberta. We regret this the more as Willie reminds us that he has written two previous letters to UPS AND DOWNS, neither of which has appeared in our columns. We may state, however, for the information of our readers that Willie has given us a very cheerful report of himself and his doings. His work is partly indoors and partly out. He assists his mistress in washing, the dishes, after which he helps to clean out the stable and to feed a few head of cattle. At the time when Willie

wrote, the weather in Alberta was what he describes as "neither too hot nor too cold," and, altogether, Willie's lines appear to have fallen in pleasant places.

On his recent trip to the neighbourhood of Stayner, Mr. Griffith sent us some good news of George King. George is now earning \$35 a month and board on the steamer *Huronic*. He is said to have a considerable amount of money invested in and about Stayner, most of it in the shape of loans, on which he is making interest at the rate of five and six per cent.



Thomas Wright.

Steward Maynard was found by Mr. Griffith "hard at work as usual." He has been with his present employer for upwards of seven years, during the whole of which time he has borne the character of being honest, faithful and industrious.

The two brothers, George and Albert Childs, are working with members of the same family in the vicinity of Stayner. Albert is still under apprenticeship, but will have completed his engagement on the first of April next. George, the older brother, has been for some

time past hiring himself independently, and is making \$160 for the present year with board and lodging. The two brothers have some thoughts of striking out for the North West in the spring.

We hear of our friend, George William Lambert, as a first-class farm hand, tall, strong and active, and, furthermore, a member in good standing of the Orange Society.

Mr. Davis, who has been making a round of visits amongst our boys in the Brantford district, sends us the following report of George Trevena :

A tall, wiry lad; has grown very fast during the past few months; in perfect health; comfortably clothed; given an excellent character by Mr. and Mrs. Poss; takes a great interest in stock, and hopes to become a sheep-breeder. Is treated as a member of the family, and could not be in better hands. Is regular in attendance at church and Sunday school. Would like to have news of his brother, Herbert.

We are pleased to be able to inform George that our latest reports of his brother, Herbert, were very satisfactory. He is living with Mr. Korah Skinkle, of Warkworth.

Richard A. Wilson, a member of the last party, living with Mr. Samuel Poag, of Caledonia, is described by Mr. Davis as "a fine, mannerly lad, clean, tidy in appearance." Richard is said to be willing to learn and doing well, and we are glad to observe that he is himself exceedingly happy and comfortable in his home, and considers that he was never so well off in his life before.

Little Richard Cuff, another recent arrival, was also found thriving and happy, and, as the result of three weeks' experience, has come to the conclusion that "Canada is the best country in the world."

Our friend, Thomas Wright, we took upon as not only one of those who has done the highest credit to the Homes, but who is himself a staunch ally of the work. We frequently hear from Thomas in connection with applications from

farmers and others in the neighbourhood of Forest, where he is now a salesman in one of the principal stores and a highly respected citizen.

The photograph groups in our present number include several familiar and welcome faces. Amongst them, Percy Flint will be recognized by many of our readers. Percy has lately migrated to the North-West, and since his arrival we have had a post card from him, saying that he has hired with a farmer near High Bluff, Manitoba, at a wage of \$35 with board.

Of Arthur Mansell and William Resden, who face each other, we

The brothers Cornish are also lads whom we can speak of in terms of the highest praise. The elder boy has worked for the same family for the past six years, and during that time has accumulated an amount in the savings bank that runs over the three figures, and has qualified himself for one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals. The younger brother, William, is serving his apprenticeship with our good friend, Mr. George Whelpdale, of Humber Bay, and doing thoroughly well.

Thomas Hampson is happy and thriving in his foster-home, and we hear excellent reports of his conduct.



Henry and William F. Cornish.

are pleased to say that they have both established a reputation for themselves for industry and uprightness. Arthur has joined his brother in Toronto, and, when we lately heard of him, had a good position in the City, and was making very fair wages. William, when he last wrote to us, was still working on the farm. Both young men have substantial sums to their credit in the savings bank.

Our friend, Tom Robinson, is in the North-West, and the records under his name in the Registers of the Winnipeg Home are all most satisfactory and commendable

and progress both at school and at home.

Our latest report of Thomas Wheeler leaves very little to desire. Our friend, Thomas, is not free from faults, and amongst other things we should like to see him a good deal more saving with his money, but thriftlessness is a failing that we fear he shares with a good many others. Our latest communication from Thomas was in regard to his proposals for paying the emigration expenses of his brother in England.

Thomas Hayes has now been fifteen months in Canada, and in

his present situation. Thomas is a Dublin Irishman of the right sort, and we have every reason to look forward to his doing well for himself in Canada, and earning a good reputation for the Homes.

Richard Thomas, who came to Canada at the same time, is a Welshman, there being four brothers of the clan. Everything we have heard of Richard, or expect to hear, has been most creditable. He is now earning high wages, and when visited by Mr. Griffith a few weeks ago, was found ploughing in the field and doing as good work



Thomas Hampson.

as any old and experienced farm hand. Richard's employer is our valued friend, Samuel Snow, whose name has appeared before in UP AND DOWNS, and who, having come to Canada himself as a Barnardo boy, is now the owner of a fine farm in one of the best townships in Western Ontario, and making headway apace.

Arthur Warren is a well-groomed, settled in a good home, and well reported upon by the Visitor when he saw him early in the year.

Since then we have been in correspondence with Arthur, and in his latest communication he made a donation of two dollars towards the funds of the Homes.

William Thomas Rae is described by Mr. Gaunt, in his latest report, as "a fine, sturdy, strongly built lad, the picture of robust health." William's employer, Mr. David Rose, of Embro, speaks of him in the highest terms, and William himself is as happy and thriving as we could wish to see any boy in his position. In proof that the country agrees with him, we have it on record that between the end of July and the beginning of January he increased his weight to the extent of eighteen pounds avoirdupois.

John N. Cooper is another lad of whom excellent reports have been received. John has now a nice little bank account, which is steadily increasing. In the last letter received from his employer, our friend was spoken of as "thoroughly trustworthy," and we hear that he has learned to do almost anything on the farm.

William W. Austin has, we are afraid, left Canada for the States, but we hope it will not be long before William finds his way back. He had previously completed his apprenticeship in a very creditable manner, and we had had the pleasure of awarding him Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service.

We believe that we are correct in saying that William Lovelock is now serving his eleventh year of service in the same place. It is now a considerable time since William received Dr. Barnardo's medal, but he has in no respect wearied of well-doing, and we hear of him as being well-spoken of throughout the neighbourhood, and in every way a useful and deserving citizen.

Amongst the formidable pile of correspondence that we found awaiting us on our recent arrival from England were several communica-

tions from our friend, William Davis, of the July, 1892, party, respecting an insurance policy that he has lately taken out and also a "last Will and Testament," wherein he has disposed of his property and effects in the event of his decease. By virtue of this instrument Dr. Barnardo's Homes are the sole legatees of our friend, William; in other words, he has bequeathed such property and estate as he may be possessed of on his death, including his insurance, in aid of the work by which he was himself aided in the past. Most warmly and gratefully we thank friend William on Dr. Barnardo's behalf for his generosity, and while we trust the day is far distant when the Homes will benefit by his benevolent intentions, we nevertheless respect and appreciate the grateful feeling that has prompted them.

Mr. Davis reports to us from Brantford that he met our old friend, Arthur Burnett. Arthur is now in the employ of a hardware firm at Brantford. He is spoken of as very thrifty and saving, and is evidently a lad whose head is screwed on the right way.

Harry Williamson was found doing as well as ever in his situation near Paris, and in saying this we are giving Harry high praise. According to the report, he is spoken well of by his employer and "every body else in the neighbourhood." Herbert Williamson, brother of Harry, is again with his old employer, Mr. Christopher Barker, who, we hear, is now paying him \$200 for the year, with board and lodging. "Bert" is said to be quite at home and, evidently, a most valuable man for his employer.

Charles Meredith, one of our last spring's arrivals, is described by the Visitor as "smart and willing to learn." He has taken well to work and thinks the farm is "just the right place" for him.

Just as we are going to post the post cards announcing the safe arrival of boys of our latest contingent have been coming in by every post

We have selected a few of these as a means of giving our readers the latest impressions of the latest arrivals.

DEAR MR. OWEN, Just a few lines to tell you that I got to Mr. Ruth safely. I like the place very well. I am very happy. I watched them cutting peas. I drove the horses into the stable. I have nothing more to say now. Good-bye, from  
WILFRED BIRCH.

DEAR SIR,—I have got to Camlachie quite safe, and it is a good place with Mr. and Mrs. Wellington. I had just got there when they gave me an apple. They are very good to me. I think I will close now.  
H. W. HOBDAY.

TALBOTVILLE, July 29th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am comfortably settled in my place, and I am well and all right. I got to my place all right. I like the place where I am settled. I go in the morning and fetch the horses and the cow, and I go to find the eggs. The first day there was more than fifty eggs, and the next I do not know how many. This is all I can say for the first time, and may God bless you.  
LOUIS DEAN.

DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines to thank you for your kind situation which you got me, also glad to say I am settled down now. I am having the best of everything to eat. I am also glad to say we had a good voyage coming over, and hope you get one as good. I think I have said all now, so good bye, from your friend,  
WILLIAM FERRIN.

DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines just to tell you that I reached my situation safely. I think you could not hardly find a place like I have got. There is everything that I want here. I get kindly treated with them all. Yours truly,  
CHRISTOPHER JONES.

GREENBANK, ONT., July 29th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to you to tell you that I got to my situation quite safe. My master is very kind to me. I did not have any trouble of changing trains. My box has been taken by mistake, but I shall get it again. I still remain, yours truly,  
ARTHUR HINKS.

KINCARDINE, July 28th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I met George Boon at the station when he arrived. Seems quite tickled with his new home. You will hear from us later. Yours sincerely,  
WM. MONTGOMERY

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health. Dear Sir, I arrived here on the 28th. We have 100 acres of ground and a lot of cattle. I am very glad you found me a nice place. Farrell is two miles away from me, and I will do down to see him. Yours truly,

F. EDWARDS.

## Our Latest Exodus

THE Editor celebrated Dominion Day—the day, by the by, on which, we own with sorrow, we should have published the present number of UPS AND DOWNS—by packing his traps and starting off for England to bring out a large party that we had been advised a few days before was to sail on July 15th. There were to be girls as well as boys, and Miss Kennedy, who had made her trial trip last September and proved her sea-faring qualities, accompanied us to escort the female portion of the consignment. We sailed from Boston on the 2nd in the good steamer *Commonwealth*, of the Dominion Line, which we should say, speaking from an experience of a score of different steamship lines, and several score of liners, is about as comfortable, well-appointed, well-found and generally as satisfactory a ship as there is on the Atlantic. Of course, being at the height of the season, she was full up in both the first and second class, but we discovered an empty room in the steerage, wherein the writer speedily stowed himself away, and having secured the good offices of the electrician to rig up an extra light, and got the carpenter to construct a portable shelf for writing, we were as snug as a certain disagreeable insect is reputed to be in a rug, and could read, sleep and work undisturbed and unmolested. The majority of our fellow passengers were Boston people, most of them, we were given to understand, enormously rich. There were numerous June brides and bridegrooms on their honeymoon trips, some of whom looked as if it agreed with them; some as if it didn't, and as if they wouldn't do it again. For such a purely American assemblage, there was a rather unusually small number of colonels and gener-

als, but otherwise the saloon passengers were a typical "Boston crowd," while in the steerage Patrick and Bridget were everywhere in evidence, going home to chant of the riches of America, and astonish the natives of the "ould sod" with the signs, tokens and tales of their prosperity. We looked forward to a great display of spread-eagleism on the fourth of July, but were disappointed. It was only the second day out, and there was a slight swell on the bosom of the deep, not enough to cause severe disturbance but just sufficient to damp patriotic ardour. The speech-making was very meagre, and we realized that there are conditions under which liberty, fraternity and equality, the home of freedom, enlightenment and culture, and all the rest of it—not to mention negro lynchings and Tammany Hall—do not deliver well, and the glowing periods of orator this and orator that are apt to fall flat.

The passage was a remarkably good one, and in spite of the loss of several hours through fog, the *Commonwealth* landed her passengers in Liverpool on the night of Friday, July 10th, and we reached London early on Saturday morning. We were thus in time for Founder's Fete, that this year was, for the first time, held at the Girls' Village Home. The Village is, now-a-days, a much more accessible place than most of our readers will remember it, especially those who have frequently had to trudge to and fro that particularly uninteresting three miles from Ilford Station. The Great Eastern Railway has lately opened a branch line to Barkingside, and the station is directly opposite the Village entrance, while, furthermore, as showing how the world advances, the British mind has at length grasped

the conception of electric transport, and an electric railway, known, of course, as the tram, now runs from Ilford Station to Barkingside. On the occasion of Founder's Fete Day the writer caught a special train from Liverpool Street, provided for the conveyance of visitors to the Fete, and found himself travelling in the august company of the Duke of Argyle, Lord Brassey, Lady Henry Somerset, Mr. Howard Williams, Chairman of the Council, and various other notable and distinguished supporters of the Homes. Dr. Barnardo was on the platform at Barkingside to receive his guests, and as we watched him, having not seen him for four months previously, we came to the conclusion that he must have taken out a fresh lease of life and activity. We cannot attempt any account of the proceedings, but our readers who have been present and taken part in similar functions in past years will not be surprised to hear that everything went off without a hitch. At the meeting the great marquee specially erected for the purpose was crowded from end to end with friends and supporters of the work, who had gathered from all parts of England to be present, and the proceedings were marked by a degree of enthusiasm and interest that shows how near the work is to the hearts of those who have watched the progress of its growth year by year, and have contributed from their means, in sums large or small, to supply its needs. One can realize on such an occasion as this how the Doctor's Homes have become a great national enterprise, embracing all sects and denominations, and enlisting the sympathies of people of all ranks, classes and degrees. Before, during and after the meeting there were the usual exhibitions. The programme included musical drill and the always-popular maypole dance by little girls from the Village Home, chorus singing and instrumental music, a cookery exhibit by the older girls, gun

drill by a detachment of little lads from the Watts Naval School in Norfolk, distribution of prizes by His Grace the Duke of Argyle to deserving girls who had kept their situations for periods of from one to nine years, and, last but not least, the march past of the Emigration Party as a means of showing to the audience the quantity and quality of the output of the Homes. The Doctor was here, there and everywhere, the life, soul and centre of everything, and it would have been hard to convince a stranger to his work, as they watched the extraordinary activity of his movements and listened to the eager, energetic tones of his voice, that we were celebrating the 37th year in the history of the Homes, and that the mighty organization represented on this Founder's Fete Day was the growth and outcome of the taking in of one homeless boy by the young medical student thirty-seven years ago.

Between Saturday and the Wednesday following we seemed scarcely to have time to turn round. Our adult emigration is now becoming every year an increasing development, and, while it entails much labour, we look upon it as a most pleasing and satisfactory outcome of the general work. Each time we go over we carry a big list of mothers, sisters and brothers of boys in Canada whom we are commissioned to hunt up if possible, and to bring out at the expense of the boys, who provide the necessary funds from their savings. We undertake all arrangements in these cases, and have to constitute ourselves a regular bureau of information in regard to trains to or across London, luggage labels, clothing required and not required on the voyage, whether a feather bed will be taken as personal effects, how crockery should be packed, whether a parrot will be allowed on board, and a hundred and one other matters. We have brought out in this way over fifty individuals so far during the present season and

while we are pleased to render this service to our boys and their kith and kin, when our stay in England is a matter of three days, it becomes a somewhat severe task. However, on the last occasion, with the exception of one sister who failed to turn up from Ipswich (we suspect there being a young man in this case), we succeeded in corralling all our "outsiders" at Paddington, from a grandmother of sixty-five to an infant of two months, and have long since distributed the good souls to their respective destinations, with their goods and chattels. Apart from these irregulars, it was a formidable contingent with which we set forth. There were the usual fluctuations in the numbers up to the last moment, caused by relatives turning up with objections, queries by the medical officer, and other difficulties and obstructions, but we finally left with 416, including 130 girls. We have told the tale before of the "send off" of our parties, and should lay ourselves open to the charge of "re-hashing" if we repeat the description. We will only say, therefore, that our going forth was much the same in its arrangements as ever. The girls left Barkingside shortly before eight in the morning under charge of Mr. Godfrey, and, travelling via Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate and the Metropolitan Railway, reached Paddington and were seated in the train shortly before the boys' section of the party, who made the journey from Stepney by omnibus, arrived at the station. The omnibus procession, this time comprising sixteen vehicles headed by the band, attracts much attention through the streets of London, and as we slowly file along the Commercial Road, Aldgate, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, in front of the Mansion House, along Cheapside, Newgate Street, Holborn, the whole length of Oxford Street to the Marble Arch and up the Edgware Road, many thousands in the streets and from the windows of shops and residences take note of us and read the big labels attached to the omni-

buses announcing us to be "Dr. Barnardo's party for Canada." We cannot exactly say Egypt was glad at their departing, for we have before now heard strong expressions of disapprobation against the sending out of the country of these fine, healthy looking boys. But, at any rate, most people look kindly upon us, and there are numerous wavings and salutations in response to the boys' cheering and flying of handkerchiefs. No one is, assuredly, left in any doubt as to the boys going off in good spirits. At Paddington we quickly form up and proceed to take possession of the splendid corridor train provided by the Great Western Railway for our conveyance to Liverpool. On the day previous the Great Western had covered themselves with honour by performing the feat of running a special train carrying the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite from Paddington to Plymouth, a distance of  $245\frac{3}{4}$  miles, without a stop at an average speed of sixty-three and a quarter miles an hour, the train making sixty-seven and three-quarter miles an hour for the first two hours out of London. Dr. Barnardo's special was not timed to run at quite as high a rate of speed as the Royal party, but at Reading we were only two minutes behind the running time of the previous day, and for a considerable part of the journey the speed exceeded sixty miles an hour. The train made one stop only in the 229 miles between London and Liverpool and arrived sharp to the schedule time. All arrangements were, as usual, in the hands of our valued friend, Mr. Nicholls, which we have learned to regard as an absolute guarantee that everything will be as satisfactory as is possible for it to be, and nothing overlooked or neglected that can contribute to the safety, comfort and expedition of the journey. Dr. Barnardo accompanied us to Liverpool to see the last of the lads and lassies whom he has trained and cared for, and has

sent out to the new country to grow up, as we hope and believe, to be an honour and credit to him. Certainly, as they looked on the day of their departure, the party could not have had the appearance of greater promise. We have learned to scrutinize each individual with considerable minuteness, realizing that any doubtful or undesirable case that finds its way into the party means trouble for us in the future and discredit to our family in Canada, but this time we looked in vain for any one to whom we could take exception. It was undeniably a splendid party, and taking into consideration their youth, health, the training they have received and the auspices under which they go, we believe no finer body of young colonists ever left the Old World for the New from the days of the *Mayflower* to the present. But it was certainly a great host, and as we looked along the ranks, we confess that we were conscious of feeling a very heavy, almost a sinking, sense of responsibility as we realized that this army of children—numbers of them little more than infants—had been handed over to our charge, and that it rested with us to maintain order and discipline among them, to watch over their health, to protect them from the dangers of the journey, both physical and moral, and provide for their future on the other side. Happily, we know that these little ones are in our Father's keeping; that their safety is in His providence Who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, and that their future, with all its uncertainties and possibilities, is the concern of Him Who hath promised that those who seek Him shall not want any good thing. We know also that they go forth compassed about by the prayers of God's people, and that very many of the boys and girls are themselves no strangers to the love and tender mercy that have thus far borne them, and have themselves in simple, earnest faith committed their way unto the Lord.

We were favoured with glorious

weather for our start—bright sunshine, a cool breeze—in fact, an ideal English summer day, a great contrast to our departure in March, when we embarked in a hurricane of wind and the battening down of hatches began before we had left the Mersey. From London to Liverpool we were accompanied by Mr. Godfrey, Miss Code, Mr. McNeill the Chaplain, and Mr. Harry Elmslie, whom with much persuasion we had induced to tear himself away for a day from the arduous and harassing duties of the steward's office, that he might see us safely over the first stage of our journey and keep us in spirits if we were troubled with any symptoms of the "blues." We are not narrating our own personal experiences, but those of the party of which we had charge, and we are not going to say whether his good offices were in requisition for this purpose or not. Amongst the elders of the party there were also Miss Gibbs and Miss Godfrey, returning to Hazel Brae from their vacations in England. Miss Gibbs' kind help with the girls was greatly appreciated, while to Miss Godfrey we are much indebted for her assistance with our lists and other clerical work, for which we fear she often had to leave other and much more pleasing attractions.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were alongside the *Dominion*, and we regarded the good ship with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. There are bigger ships, and faster ships, and ships with much more elaborate appointments, but for the transport of such a party as we embarked with give us the *Dominion* before anything we know or have experience of. We found all arrangements for our accommodation in the highest degree satisfactory. The girls were berthed in the lower second cabin, having for their exclusive use all the rooms on the lower deck and the saloon on the same deck for their meals. A hasty inspection of the quarters, including sanitary arrangements, wash houses, stairways and hospital, while the

children were waiting to pass the doctor, was sufficient to enable us to assure Mr. Cruise, the Passenger Manager, who was, of course, on hand to receive us, that everything was "lovely," and to thank very heartily Mr. Thompson, the Superintendent Engineer of the company, for having so fully and satisfactorily carried out every request and suggestion that we had made to him in our previous communications. The boys had the whole of the forward part of the ship to themselves, the Labour House lads in number one compartment, the others in number two, and we rejoiced in abundant light, space, air and shelter. There was ample accommodation for washing, lots of room for parades, easy stairways, masters' cabins conveniently located, the baggage where we could get to it without difficulty, good water supply, easy access to the galley, entire separation of the girl and boy sections of the party, and, in fact, all that we could possibly want or desire. Never in the course of our experience have we been so well provided for, and most sincerely and cordially do we tender our thanks to the officials of the Dominion Line for the excellence of all their arrangements for the accommodation of the largest party of juvenile emigrants that has ever crossed the Atlantic.

The *Dominion* was under way within a very short time of our embarking, and we were speedily at work allotting berths and seats at table and getting everyone stowed away. It was new work to Miss Kennedy, but she was very soon mistress of the situation, and had she been the oldest and most seasoned of ship matrons, and the most austere and vicious of old maids, she could not have handled her charge better. We own that it was in the nature of an experiment when we asked Dr. Barnardo to let us bring Miss Kennedy over for the girls' party, but we have known her for many years, and never yet knew her to fail in anything we have asked her to undertake, and though

this care and charge of a big party on an ocean voyage was altogether different to anything she had attempted before, we had sufficient confidence in her zeal and capability to feel sure that she would be equal to the occasion. Not only was our confidence fully justified and the girls looked after and cared for as well as any we have crossed with, but we venture to say that almost every member of the party, from the oldest to the youngest, was conscious of a certain gracious, winning, Christian influence, and will have carried away pleasant and affectionate memories of the nice-looking young lady who had charge of them on the ship. With the boys at the foreward end, our hands were upheld by the same trusty and capable assistants as before, Messrs. Lloyd and Nunn, than whom two more willing workers no man could desire.

Altogether, we set forth on our voyage across the Atlantic under the happiest auspices, and, we are glad to say, the voyage was continued and ended in accordance with its beginning. We had no rough weather, and, in any case, the *Dominion* is so excellent and steady a sea-boat that very little motion is ever felt, and no one had any excuse for even imagining themselves to be sea-sick. Certainly, sea-sickness is at times committed without excuse, and it was so on the present occasion, but never sufficiently to demand official recognition, and everybody was required to appear on parade and march down to meals, even though he might have almost immediately to make a hasty exit. Of course, someone was always suggesting, "Why not leave them alone?" but we have our own decided theory upon sea-sickness, and we believe in letting no one alone whom it is possible to arouse, and that, although he may not like it and probably thinks us at the time dreadfully cruel, we are doing a good turn to a boy who is lying inanimate and thinking he is going to die by making him get up, fall in, stand to attention, go through several smart

evolutions, march down two flights of steps, sing grace and take his seat at the table. Probably by the time he has done all this a faint idea will have entered his mind that he may survive after all, or that he may as well eat a few mouthfuls before drawing his last gasp. If he once begins to eat, he is well in no time, and often have we driven a boy to his place looking the most deplorable object of woe, and seen him march out a few minutes later, after demolishing a good plateful of "skouse," looking as pleased with himself as if he had been in mischief and not found out, and receiving with a broad grim our admonition, "Now, don't let's have any more of that nonsense!" Of necessity, we have to deal more gently with the girls, and allow them the privilege of thinking themselves about to die for some time longer than the boys; but "Everybody on deck, sick or well!" is made to sound loud and clear in their ears much more often than they like, and as the result, sea-sickness is finished with and forgotten amongst us long before other people have begun even to wish for recovery. As to how well we were on the last occasion, and how lively and how noisy, it is perhaps fortunate that we have not to publish testimonies from such of our fellow passengers as were afflicted with nerves. Four hundred healthy children on board a ship do make themselves heard, and there is nothing placid, and soothing, and "soft floating through the air" about the noise either. We have seen looks of the most intense relief and satisfaction steal over female faces as we have appeared at the top of the stairs at half-past eleven in the morning, or half-past four in the afternoon, and given the first shout of "Fall in!" that meant the promise of an hour's silence while dinner or tea, washing and service were in progress. There was then a great calm, and by the time we reappeared people had got their nerves strung again and could enjoy watching the fun, that would be

more fast and furious than ever after the interval of stern suppression. Everything goes like clock-work on board ship. Six is the regulation hour of rising, and "All up!" is scarcely out of our mouth when a file of small boys are in line for the wash-room, where Mr. Lloyd is already posted to superintend everyone's ablutions. An hour later every boy is ready for inspection on deck, and in the meantime Miss Kennedy will have been at work at her end of the ship, and rousing everyone and seeing to their toilets. Then comes the parade of the boys, the first sitting breakfast of the girls, breakfast for the big lads in number one, breakfast for boys in number two, the second sitting breakfast for the girls, morning service with the boys, the same directly after with the girls, the telling off of bedmakers and the boys and girls required to help in the washing-up and cleaning of the quarters ready for the official inspection at 10.30, the muster of a certain number of boys to pass by turn into the writer's room for a short talk about themselves and their wishes and ideas in regard to their future, then the mid-day washing and dinner in each of the different quarters, more interviewing during the afternoon, tea, evening services, and then to bed in various divisions according to age, beginning amongst the girls with those of ten and under, and, amongst the boys, those in knickerbockers. The girls remained below after tea, and an hour was generally spent in singing or quiet talk about Canada, and where they were to go, and what they were to be, and how they should ever manage to milk the "caows," and would never get used to dollars and cents, and so forth. We had several girls from the Beehive in the party, and we hope these young women will remember how well they have all made up their minds to do in Canada and what credit they are to bring upon the Beehive and Miss Dennis. One night we had a concert with a programme, a chorale

(who, by the way, had no chair wherein to sit) and a number of songs and recitations, comic, sentimental and tragic; another night was devoted to letter-writing, when we doled out paper and inches of pencil, and, as the result, had an immense pile of manuscript matter to consign to Mr. Godfrey, to be forwarded to Cottage mothers, foster-mothers and other good folk to whom they would no doubt bring much gratification and pleasure. We heard of some other writing being done for which we were not asked to supply the material and for which no time was allotted, the exchange, to wit, of notes between certain boys and girls. We have rather a keen scent for this sort of thing, and have formed a habit of scrutinizing any suspicious looking scraps of paper that we see fluttering in the breeze, and having found the fragments of a *billet deux*, we announced that if we discovered anyone carrying on such illicit correspondence we would fasten the note to the back of the writer to be worn for the rest of the voyage. Love laughs at bolts and bars, but the laugh would have been too much against the lover if it came to carrying about, to be jeered at of all jeerers, a sheet of endearments in round text, and the prospect evidently struck a cold chill into the hearts of several young ladies of the sentimental age of eleven and twelve who had fancied themselves deeply in love with certain young gentleman of like years of discretion. This romantic note-writing was about the worst misdemeanour with which we had to deal during the voyage. The boatswain's mate came to us one day in a state of great indignation to complain that a boy, who having been on a training ship set himself up for an old salt and put on airs accordingly, had cheeked him by telling him that he was "only the boatswain's mate." We went in immediate pursuit of the offender but the young gentleman had prudently withdrawn himself from observation, and as the boat

swain's mate was unable to point him out we let the matter drop. A charge of the theft of a pocket-knife proved to be a case for civil rather than for criminal proceedings, certain consideration having passed in the shape of a dilapidated story book and a half-penny which the vendor considered unsatisfactory, and as the result of a preliminary hearing the summons was dismissed. "Conduct and behaviour excellent" was the report we were able to send home to Dr. Barnardo at the end of the passage, and all we can hope for our boys and girls is that they will always be as good, obedient and orderly as during the time they were under our charge.

Our passage would have been a record one for the *Dominion* but for a long continuance of fog that, coming on just in the ice-track, made it necessary to reduce speed and to stop for several hours. It was an anxious time for Captain Mendus, especially when, as we were nearing the Straits of Belle Isle, we found ourselves in the immediate neighbourhood of some immense bergs. At one time, when the fog lifted for a few minutes, some enormous masses of ice were seen quite close to the ship, and the sight of these mighty wonders of the deep towering out of the fog in all their dazzling whiteness greatly impressed and interested our young travellers. We were very thankful, however, to hear the fog signal at Belle Isle, and still more so when we were well through the dangerous Straits, where so many good ships have left their bones, and clear of all ice. The fog proved unusually tenacious and, although lifting at intervals, it hung about us all the way through the gulf and after we had entered the river. The last twenty-four hours of the voyage and the first forty-eight hours after landing constitute a spell of worry and work that we have been in the habit of avowing takes years off our life, but as we have gone through several scores of these experiences without visibly ageing or showing any marked signs

of premature decay we begin to think it may be time to modify our calculations. The changing of clothes is the most formidable of the "closing exercises" of the voyage, but on the last occasion we accomplished this undertaking with less trouble than we ever remember before, owing to the splendid amount of deck space available on the *Dominion*. We begin at two a.m. to get the boxes up, ranged in rows along the deck and unrecorded. At four all hands are called, seated at the tables and the keys are served out. The boys are then marched on deck and formed up and, after full instructions have been given and repeated, each boy's name is called in succession from the label on his box and he comes over to it and proceeds to disrobe, to change into clean under-garments and best suit, and to pack in his box the clothing left off. It would be all simple and easy if we could put old heads on young shoulders, but when there are 200 under eleven years of age, it becomes a large contract. However, by six o'clock, before anybody was about whose proprieties could be shocked by our converting the ship's deck into a dressing room, the last boy had been inspected and was strutting about, resplendent in his bran-span new toggery, and our exertions were amply repaid by the neat and smart appearance of the party. Shortly after six on the Friday morning we were at Father Point, 158 miles below Quebec, where we embarked the St. Lawrence pilot and received letters and telegrams and a duplicate of the list of applications. The original list of applications for the party, with the communications received in each case from the minister recommending the applicant, we had taken with us on leaving Toronto three weeks previously, and during the voyage we had settled the destination of almost everybody. In the three weeks' interval, however, there are, of course, some places filled, others withdrawn and fresh ones entered in their stead, and a

fresh list is therefore sent to meet us at the first place where the ship touches that we may revise our original plans. A good many of the first dispositions have to be changed, as, for example, when we have settled two brothers or particular chums together if one situation is filled we have to find two fresh homes near each other, so as to avoid separating relations and friends, and at the same time to select the right boy for the right place. We well know how much depends upon the wisdom of our choice, and how greatly a boy's future is helped or marred by the right selection or otherwise of his first place in the country. And here may we acknowledge our indebtedness to the thought and pains taken in so many cases by the ministers and pastors of our clients in giving us information and suggestions respecting those about whom we refer to them. Every person who applies for a boy is required to furnish us with the name of his minister as a reference to his position and fitness to have a child entrusted to his care. As soon as the name is given to us we address a letter to the minister, asking him to reply to a short series of questions contained in a printed form, promising to regard his communication as strictly private and confidential and appealing to him to assist us by any hints or special information that his knowledge of the applicant and his family may enable him to supply. The questions are as follows :

How long have you been personally acquainted with the applicant?

Of what members does his family consist?

Is he, to the best of your belief and knowledge, a man of good moral character and standing in the community?

Is he, in your judgment, a fit and proper person to have the care and training of a young boy, and is his household one in which you can, with confidence, recommend that a boy should be placed?

Do you know him to be in fellowship with any Christian church?

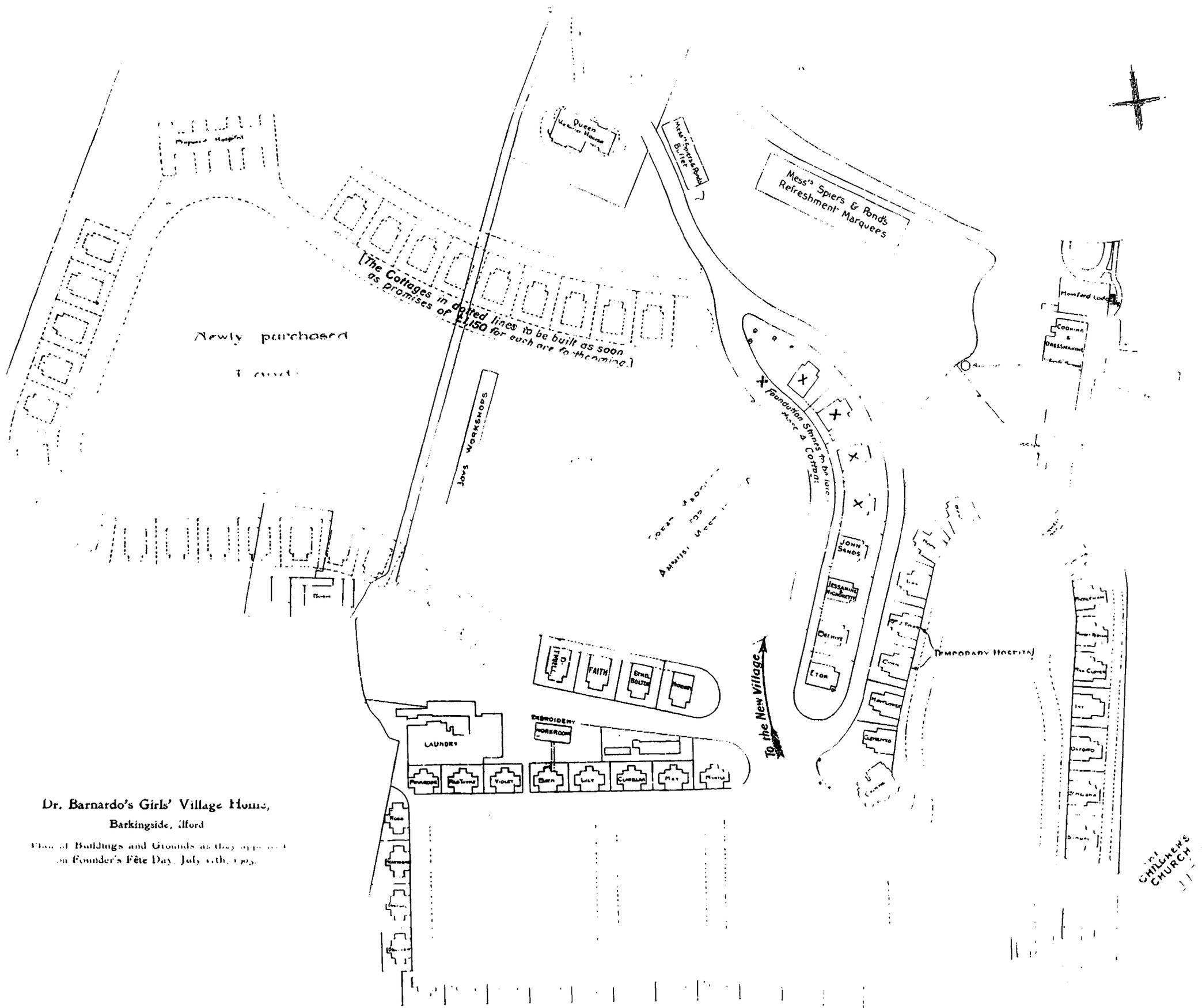
Are his financial circumstances, as far as your knowledge extends, sufficiently good to enable him to provide comfortably for a boy and to pay reasonable wages for his services?

The answers are often very full and detailed, and during the voyage from England we spend many hours, especially at night when our young charges have settled down, in the study of these forms and the comparing of them with the notes taken from day to day of individual members of the party.

By the end of the voyage we have each boy billeted, and we are all ready to take his ticket through from Quebec to his destination and check his trunk, so that the stay in Toronto is nothing more than a short break in the journey. On the last night of the July voyage we did, as usual, considerable talking. We had to explain the programme of events in landing and distributing, as we like everybody to know and understand clearly what we want him or her to do and what we are doing for them. Moreover, we are within sight of the promised land, and on the eve of the breaking up of the little company, and the occasion is one that we are glad to improve. Our hymn is always "God be with you till we meet again," and our effort in talk and prayer is to bring to each young heart the assurance that wherever they go in the new country, as in the old, God, their Friend and Father, is with them, and that His protecting, guiding, upholding hand is over them for good. At this point of new departure in their lives we give both the girls and boys such words of encouragement and counsel as we are able, and in prayer commend them and their future to Him Who has brought us thus far on our way in safety, and Who is able to keep through time and eternity that which is committed to Him. We never remember seeing evidence of a better spirit amongst a big party of young

people than among our last contingent. Nobody expects children to respond very openly to impressions made upon their hearts, or to talk much upon the most solemn and sacred things of life. We should think no good thing of a lad who gave loud vent to his serious thoughts and good resolutions. But one can see among a number of young people traces unmistakable of the working of a good or of an evil influence, and with our last party we were conscious of a disposition to be good, to keep up a good name, and to do the right. We heard this from other people who moved about among the children and talked with them about their ideas and hopes for the future. During the whole journey there was never the least sign of insubordination. We scarcely saw a sullen look, and there was not a boy or girl in the party but could talk to us with confidence, and we felt, as our young charges went from us, that they were making a fair start in Canada. Not that they were by any means angels, or that it was a cluster of young seraphs we were guiding across the Atlantic. There are, no doubt, amongst these four hundred children many ugly flaws of character, weaknesses, moral deficiencies and evil tendencies that will manifest themselves and cause trouble and disappointment hereafter, but for the time, at any rate, the good impulses were uppermost, and we believe that, with scarcely an exception, they landed meaning and wishing to be a credit to Dr. Barnardo and the old Homes and the old land.

Of our landing at Quebec there was nothing of special interest to relate. We reached the wharf late in the evening, arriving, unfortunately, just on the heels of the *Lake Manitoba* that had sailed from Liverpool the day before us, and was carrying a motley crowd of emigrants from almost every country in Europe. The Immigration Hall was crowded to suffocation, and we decided to keep the boys and girls



**Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Village Home,  
Barkingside, Ilford**

Plan of Buildings and Grounds as they appeared  
on Founder's Fête Day, July 15th, 1925.



on board the ship while we were collecting and checking the baggage. We should have much preferred, and common sense would have suggested, that the young people might have been at once taken across to the train, where they could have curled up and slept in the cars, but common-sense governs nothing and nobody in Quebec. We were unfortunately on one side of the St. Lawrence and our train on the other. No tender was available for hours, and there was nothing for it but to wait until the last stray piece of baggage had been unearthed and checked, and that with the most meagre allowance of light, so that we were continually having to strike matches to read the names on labels and identify our own belongings from other people's. It was daylight before we finally disembarked, and eleven hours after the ship's arrival before the train left. We are satisfied that the only hope of Quebec would be its submersion for fifteen minutes or so in the St. Lawrence, but in the meantime we can only endure the dilatoriness, mismanagement and muddle-headedness for which there seems to be no cure, or desire to cure.

Once clear of Quebec, we moved briskly, and our special on the Grand Trunk made good time over the greater part of the "run." The girls reached Peterborough at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and the boys finished their journey in Toronto at the rather unseasonable hour of two o'clock on Sunday morning. We ought to have arrived much sooner, but a "sick" engine over the last division caused a series of delays culminating in our being "stalled" on one of the heavy grades east of Toronto. At last, however, we found ourselves pulling slowly into the familiar Union Station, and being greeted by Mrs. Owen, Mr. Davis and other friends, who had been making the best of a three hours' wait while we had been limping along behind our disabled engine. The arrangements of the Canadian Transfer Company for the

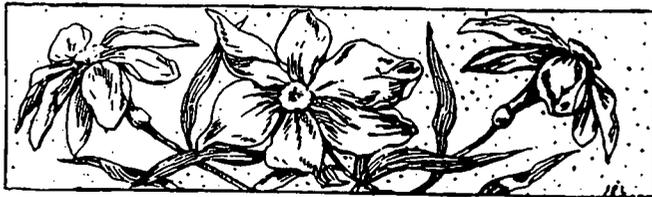
conveyance of the party from the Station to Farley Avenue were excellent, and the boys were soon in possession of their quarters, washed and in bed. The next day, Sunday, we own to feeling ourselves totally unequal to administering spiritual food and sustenance to anyone, and we let the boys sleep as long as they wished, so as to get over the fatigues of the journey and the previous broken nights. In the evening we had service and our last little talk with them, and on Monday morning all were off by the early trains. Mr. Davis started with a detachment of fifty boys for distribution over the Southern Division of the Grand Trunk; Mr. White travelled west with those for the Main Line of the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Sarnia; Mr. Griffith took charge of the contingent for points on the Midland Division, and Mr. Gaunt escorted his little boarders to their foster-homes in Muskoka. Other small detachments went off by themselves under charge of the train conductors. It had been well driven into each small head that before taking final leave of us he must have six things in his possession, and if he were short of any one of the six he must open his mouth: package of food for the journey, railway ticket, check for his box, card with name and full address of the person he is going to, letter of introduction, and an envelope for himself, containing two addressed post cards and the little book entitled "Directions for Lads on Leaving for Situations." In this booklet we endeavour to explain as clearly as possible the conditions under which our boys are sent out, what they have to do with the Homes and the Homes with them, and supply in brief and simple form such information and advice as are likely to be needed and useful. Of course, there are boys who are considerably more interested in their lunch packages than in their little books and assimilate the contents of the one much more speedily and readily than the other, but in

many cases they are carefully and intelligently studied, and serve to make clear the extent and manner in which they are responsible to Dr. Barnardo, and he and his workers for them, and how we exercise our control for their interests and welfare. One of the two post cards is supplied for the purpose of announcing safe arrival, and we are pleased to report that everyone delivered himself at his destination in due season.

So came and went Dr. Barnardo's last and largest emigration party, and we can but close our little hasty sketch of our experiences by sea and land with ascribing, on behalf of those for whom we write, the humble and devout thanksgiving of our hearts to Him Who vouchsafed these journeying mercies to them, and by Whose good providence we were protected from accident and harm of any kind and brought in safety through dangers seen and

unseen. We desire to acknowledge most gratefully the help and kindness shown to us by so many different people and on so many different occasions, the comfort in which we travelled and the generous provision made for our accommodation, the general good conduct, obedience and discipline that prevailed among the boys and girls, and the absence of any mishap or untoward incident from the beginning to the end of the journey. May those on whom these and so many other rich blessings have been bestowed have indeed that due sense of God's mercies that they shall show forth His praise, not only with their lips but in their lives, by giving themselves up to His service, and in the new country and amidst the new surroundings in which they are placed, walking before Him from day to day in righteousness, truth and integrity.

ARTHUR B. OWEN



## Our Medal Winners

The following list contains the names of the boys recently recommended to Dr. Barnardo to receive his silver medal for good conduct and length of service :

Ahmid, Abdullah.	Fisher, William.
Ansley, James H.	Farrow, Horace E.
Anderson, Alfred.	Fox, Robert W. L.
Ashby, Arthur.	Flarity, Claude.
Bishop, George H.	Finn, Thomas W.
Barrett, Thomas H.	Fragle, Thomas.
Bailey, Arthur.	Franks, Albert.
Brayshawe, Arthur.	Green, Walter.
Baltus, Francis P.	Girdler, Herbert.
Bishop, Thomas Wm.	Gurr, Albert E.
Buswell, Frank.	Grabham, George.
Barnsley, Charles W.	Gordon, Walter.
Besant, Thomas.	Guthrie, Alexander.
Bush, William G.	Good, Henry A.
Battell, Thomas.	Hart, Charles.
Barge, Walter C.	Hale, Alfred J. P.
Brittain, Arthur Sam'l.	Hall, George Hy
Baker, Alfred Augustus	Ham, Samuel.
Bradley, John.	Heard, Frederick.
Bennett, Herbert Fred	Hackman, George
Boiling, John.	Hanwell, Alfred.
Baker, Michael.	Harmison, George
Blake, William.	Henry, John.
Browning, John R.	Harvey, Walter Herbert
Brown, Charles Henry	Haroer, Harold.
Colyer, Charles	Harper, Frederick C.
Catt, Fredk. C.	Harse, Frank Hy
Cornish, Henry.	Honey, Frederick.
Colclough, Fredk.	Hughes, Edward W.
Chapman, Ernest.	Hoskin, Frederick A.
Champion, Richard.	Hammond, Richard.
Corner, Thomas.	Hill, James.
Cable, George C.	Jones, Albert M.
Corley, George H.	Just, Herman F.
Coventry, Henry E.	Jepson, George.
Downey, William.	Johnson, Edward C.
Davis, Ernest.	King, Richard J.
Dean, Richard.	Kenton, George
Dennis, Henry A.	Keeble, Louis W.
Dance, Walter Henry	Kness, William.
Dyer, Alfred I.	Lane, Henry
Dollin, Albert N.	Lucas, William
Doughty, Wm. Albert	Lightford, Will
Dunent, William C.	Lanc, William F.
Dickason, George.	Leister, John E.
Elkins, Robert J.	Melson, George J.
Evans, Frank E.	Mattocks, Henry J.

Marsden, Frank A.  
 McKercher, Albert  
 Mason, Herbert  
 Mullard, Harry J.  
 Maddow, Horace  
 Mulford, William  
 Matthews, Percy.  
 Newman, Wm. Albert.  
 Nash, Joseph.  
 Neale, George.  
 Nice, Arthur.  
 O'Connor, William.  
 Potter, Chas. H.  
 Poole, Wm. J.  
 Precious, Joseph.  
 Prangley, Francis.  
 Potts, Ernest E.  
 Pullen, Ernest W.  
 Parr, William M.  
 Price, Thomas.  
 Plowman, Richard.  
 Piddock, Arthur Wm.  
 Palfrey, Alfred J.  
 Page, Albert Ed.  
 Peel, James.  
 Playdon, Ernest.  
 Richards, John H.  
 Rushton, Robert  
 Roberts, Daniel J.  
 Revell, George.  
 Spencer, Walter.  
 Smith, Charles H.  
 Summerton, Harold  
 Sammon, Ernest J.  
 Stacey, William J.

Sales, George  
 Street, Albert W.  
 Springall, Frederick  
 Seymour, James R.  
 Scrottow, George F.  
 Smith, Charles.  
 Stubbings, Charles  
 Saunders, Arthur  
 Saville, Arthur.  
 Smith, Walter.  
 Setchell, Albert.  
 Steele, Robert.  
 Smith, James S.  
 Skinner, Edwin.  
 Tyler, Thomas.  
 Taylor, George Hy.  
 Tomkins, James Hy.  
 Taylor, Alfred John.  
 Tyler, John.  
 Vesty, Chas. J.  
 Wilson, Thomas E.  
 Wilkins, Arthur L.  
 Wright, George.  
 Warner, Robert G.  
 Webb, Frank.  
 Walley, John.  
 Walker, Horace.  
 Williams, Job.  
 Wood, Reginald.  
 Williams, Thomas John  
 Wickens, Harold J.  
 Wood, Henry H.  
 Winchester, Edward G.  
 Whittington, Samuel



## The Progress of the Year

THE report of the work of the Homes for the year 1902 shows the following advances and new developments during the twelve months covered by the report. They illustrate the wonderful growth of Dr. Barnardo's activities, and the extent to which the Homes are in every direction stretching forth helping hands to the needy and suffering, as well as the marvellous manner in which the work is being sustained and prospered :

1. The Watts Naval Training School in Norfolk, intended to train and fit boys for sea, has advanced a stage. The transfer of the property was made in the autumn of 1901 ; but all the actual work of furnishing, re-building and re-modelling has fallen into 1902. In the middle of the year, Mr. E. H. Watts, the beneficent donor, "fell on sleep" before he had completed his design ; but his son, Mr. Fenwick S. Watts, undertook to complete his father's work, and this he has done during the year at a generous outlay.

2. Castilian House, Castilian Road, Northampton, was opened in October, 1902, as an Orphanage for Little Girls.

3. The opening of a new Ever Open Door in Southampton, situated at 128 Above Bar, took place on August 11th, 1902.

4. The opening of another Ever Open Door at 39 Beverley Road, Hull, occurred on August 25th, 1902.

5. No. 18 Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, acquired in 1901, was, after considerable alterations, furnished and opened as an extension of the Home for Incurables at No. 16, on December 20th, 1902.

6. At Wellington Road, Shirley, near Southampton, a Girls' Receiving Home has been purchased, re-furnished, and converted into a useful Industrial Home for Girls.

7. The transfer in September of the Carter Home, 29, High Street, Clapham, to the Association

8. A Home for Little Boys was opened in November at 143-145 Portland Road, South Norwood.

9. At Swansea, Shaftesbury House has been acquired as a Home for Small Boys.

10. At Llandudno, North Wales, another house has been leased, to be used as a Girls' Orphanage.

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12. The free admission of 3,501 fresh cases of destitute and orphan children, as against a highest previous total of 3,011 in 1899.

13. The emigration of 1,053 boys and girls to Canada, as against a highest previous total of 1,013.

14. The number of children boarded-out in country districts has grown to 2,926, as against last year's total of 2,373.

15. A great advance in the income for the year. The Association received by way of donations in 1902 £178,732 13s. 8d., an increase of £32,075 5s. 0d. over the receipts for 1901 ; largely the result of an increase in the legacies as shown in the next paragraph.

16. In 1902 the Association received, as the result of legacies, the sum of £37,142 16s. 10d., an advance of £19,729 16s. 10d. as compared with 1901, and of £13,258 16s. 10d., as compared with 1899, our previous highest total.

17. Founder's Day Fund has also contributed to the before mentioned advance : the record for 1902 being £14,924 0s. 11d., an increase of £8,928 1s. 6d., as against £5,995 19s. 5d. in 1901.

18. The Young Helpers' League has made encouraging progress. Its income has grown from £13,458 10s. 4d. to £14,120 17s. 8d. ; its membership from 25,303 to 26,310 ; its habitations from 780 to 630, and its lodges from 553 to 595 ; while it now supports 321 of as against 302 acts in 1901.

Marsden, Frank  
 McKercher, Albert  
 Mason, Herbert  
 Mullard, Harry J.  
 Maddow, Horace  
 Mulford, William  
 Matthews, Percy  
 Newman, Wm. Albert  
 Nash, Joseph  
 Neale, George  
 Nice, Arthur  
 O'Connor, William  
 Potter, Chas. H.  
 Poole, Wm. J.  
 Precious, Joseph  
 Prangley, Francis  
 Potts, Ernest E.  
 Pullen, Ernest W.  
 Parr, William M.  
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 Rushton, Robert  
 Roberts, Daniel I.  
 Revell, George  
 Spencer, Walter  
 Smith, Charles H.  
 Summerton, Harold  
 Sammon, Ernest J.  
 Stacey, William J.

Sales, George  
 Street, Albert W.  
 Springall, Frederick  
 Seymour, James B.  
 Scrottow, George F.  
 Smith, Charles  
 Stubbings, Charles  
 Saunders, Arthur  
 Saville, Arthur  
 Smith, Walter  
 Setchell, Albert  
 Steele, Robert  
 Smith, James S.  
 Skinner, Edwin  
 Tyler, Thomas  
 Taylor, George Hy.  
 Tomkins, James Hy.  
 Taylor, Alfred John  
 Tyler, John  
 Vesty, Chas. J.  
 Wilson, Thomas E.  
 Wilkins, Arthur I.  
 Wright, George  
 Warner, Robert G.  
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## Barnardo Old Boys' Society

AS the annual gathering of the boys will soon take place, many of our members will doubtless be wondering what the programme will be this year. In one or two respects there will be a decided difference in the arrangements, and we wish our members to carefully read this information, and also go carefully over the circular and programme which will be sent to each one, so that they will fully understand what to expect when they arrive at Farley Avenue.

It will be remembered that last year the gathering was largely under the supervision of the Executive of B.O.B.S. In many respects the re-union was generally conceded to be the most successful one ever held, and although our contribution to the financial side of the affair was much smaller than we would have liked, we are pleased to know that Mr. Owen and his staff were relieved of a great deal of work and noise - the latter a very important matter where so much work demanding careful thought and consideration has to be done. This year the Society assumes the entire financial responsibility in connection with the gathering. It will be remembered that at last year's business meeting the President made the suggestion, which met with general approval, that the annual gathering, instead of being a charge upon the Institutions, should be self-sustaining, and in the discussion which followed it was proposed that in future a charge be made for meals

small, but sufficient to meet the cost of food consumed. The Executive have been carefully considering the matter, and have decided to issue meal tickets, some what similar to those issued last year, at a cost of ten cents per ticket. This, with annual fee pay-

able by those in arrears, or whose year's subscription has just expired, will make the cost of a three days' stay at Farley Avenue \$1.40, much less than one day's stay at an average city hotel would cost. Meal tickets will be issued in one, two or three-day lots, and all unused tickets will be redeemed at their face value on presentation at the office.

In the case of lads wishing to come to the Exhibition who are under apprenticeship and not in receipt of wages, it has been arranged that they shall be the guests of the Society, and meal tickets will be issued to them free of charge. The cost of their meals will, of course, be charged to the funds of the Society. We wish them to distinctly understand that they will be warmly welcomed and as fully entitled to the privileges of the gathering as any of the others.

The gathering will last four days, from Monday, September 7th, to Thursday, September 10th, inclusive, the last week of the Exhibition, and it will be expected that we hand over the Home to its usual occupants not later than Friday morning at eleven o'clock.

The four days will be fully occupied. With the experience gained, a programme is being prepared which, it is hoped, will be fully as acceptable as that of last year, minus its faults. The picnic will be held at Island Park, and a special boat has been arranged for. A more commodious hall will be engaged for the annual concert, which will take a different shape to that of last year, and for the annual meeting. It might be said in closing that all the arrangements have been made after a full discussion with Mr. Owen and with his concurrence.

A. G. SMITH, Sec. Treas.



## Notes and Comments

### At the Home.

HAZEL BRAE, in its brightest summer dress, as neat, weedless, and fruitful as of old, is ready for the July sunshine to bring to perfection its brightest flowers and the usual wealth of garden produce. Just now there are one or two invalids to be found on the veranda in the sunshine, when they are able to be brought down stairs. Ellen Stokes came home from Beeton at the end of April, and has been an invalid ever since. The dear child is very patient and gentle, bears her sickness with sweet and uncomplaining meekness, and is very grateful for all the love and care which are lavished upon her. Dorothy Tait was Ellen's companion for a few weeks, as she needed complete rest; but she has so far recovered that she is able to take some light duties about the house. Annie Bentley came back in April with symptoms of appendicitis, so she went to the Nicholls Hospital and passed through "the operation" very successfully, but she does not get up her strength as fast as we could wish. She is quite well and will be stronger soon. Ada Pearch is suffering from rheumatism, and though able to move about and assist the other girls, she is not fit to leave the Home. Alice Botterill, too, has been quite a martyr to rheumatism, and has had to spend some time in Cornwall Hospital, but we hope she is improving.

### Departures.

MOST of the girls will remember Alice Tipper, who has been for the last two years such a familiar figure in Hazel Brae. She has left us now, and, after a pleasant visit with her brother, gone to a new home in Muskoka, where we hope she is practising all the useful lessons Miss Carter so patiently taught her here. Dolly Todd, who was the "baby" through one winter, has also gone to a home where two other little girls live. She will, no doubt, amuse them, much as she did us, with her quaint speeches and sweet little childish ways. Her sister is a busy little housemaid here, and retains her motherly feelings for the dear, wee sister.

### Party.

MAY 11TH brought a big addition to Hazel Brae household. One hundred and thirty-three bright, healthy girls came trooping in in the early hours of the day, and all of you will remember the subsequent events—the breakfast, the bath, the meadow, the good feeling of clean clothes, and the bed that did not rock. These girls did not need any sleeping draughts, for half an hour after they were upstairs there was no sound from the dormitories till long after the robins had sung their morning song. It did not take long to find homes for the elder girls,

where most of the are being well and enjoying the good things a Canadian summer has to offer.

Visitors

SEVERAL girls came in to spend the Victoria Day holiday.

All were well and in good spirits. Some had all the freedom, activity and geniality of farm life upon them; others came from city homes, and were more staid and correct; but it was good to see them, and to know that to each of them life was full of interest and hope. They were Lizzie Burns, Mary Dawson, Annie Shimmels, Maud Jeffrey and Maria and Zillah Abrams.

Victoria Day

WE celebrated our late good Queen's birthday with glee and patriotic feelings. We had a houseful of visitors—the girls mentioned above and some English friends, of whom we will tell you later. Tea was served on a long table on the soft, grassy lawn before the office windows. All sat down together and enjoyed a bountiful feast. Then there were games and races, hymns and patriotic songs till the sun went down, and the dustman came, and sleepy children trooped off to bed, and elder ones sat down to rest after some unusual exertions.

Vice-Regal Visit

LORD and Lady Minto paid a short visit to Peterborough, and our young people went out with flags and maple boughs, to show their loyalty and enjoy some of the excitement which the townspeople got up in honour of the event.

Arrivals

1.

With the first of the month, a new lot of work arrived from England. Miss Cook will take the carting and we

want all our girls to be ready to give her their affectionate confidence. She is deeply interested in girls, and will do all in her power for their advancement, spiritually and socially. Her past experience in England has fitted her to sympathize, encourage and advise under every condition, so tell her your troubles, trials and temptations. She will not betray your confidence. Speak freely as to a friend. Of course, for these confidential chats any visitor must see a girl alone, and be sure you do not make any misleading statements. It is such a disappointment to our Visitors when either the girls or mistresses make any obstacle to these interviews, because they are a part of their duty, and you can hardly understand how very disagreeable it is for them when they find any opposition to its fulfilment, and feel that mistresses cannot trust to their discernment or to a girl's truthfulness.

Old Country Guests

WE have had the pleasure of entertaining for a few days some rather distinguished English visitors Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, who have been for many years engaged in mission work in London, England. Mr. Kirk is the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, and holds other important positions in connection with philanthropic societies. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk seemed interested in the possibilities and advantages that Canada offers for young people who are strong and willing to work, and we hope that the visit gave them as much pleasure as it did us.

Health

THIS changeful weather suggests the need of a little caution in that matter so dear to every one of us health. It is amazing how year after year people throw aside the experiences of the past and the first warm spring day finds the trusted winter flames ast on to



LIZZIE WAKEFIELD



ELIZABETH BRAID



PHYLLIS LEE



GERTRUDE JACKSON



ANNIE OATES



GERTRUDE SAALBORN



NELLIE CLARKE



NELLIE HART

be replaced by the thinnest summer under clothing. Next day the mercury drops to zero, and a violent cold, pneumonia or rheumatism brings the venturesome one to the brink of the grave, and people all blame the weather. The real blame rests on the head of the sufferer, who, to escape a little present discomfort, acts so indiscreetly. Health once lost can never be regained. You may cure the cold, but the cough stays long and makes big inroads on the system. The rheumatism may pass away, but the heart never quite recovers its tone, and the symptoms are always liable to return. Be sure you keep your feet dry, wear thin woollen stockings all summer, and be in no hurry to leave off the long-sleeved vests. Then, dear girls, we want you all to be obliging and do what you can to help in busy times, but lifting big sheaves and forkfuls of hay are not girl's work, and liable to bring in their train consequences which will result in a life of suffering, and we cannot allow you to do work of this kind. Little girls often go bare-footed, and where the children of the family do this there is no great objection; but our girls over fourteen must wear shoes and stockings every day, *and all day*, both for their health's sake and appearance. We want you all to thoroughly understand that in care of your health and your clothing you are under obligation to the Homes to be watchful that you incur no risk of undermining the one, or failing to win the respect due to you by want of attention to personal neatness.

### Marriages.

News of one or two weddings have reached us since our last issue.

Annie Handsford is now Mrs. LeRoy Gage.

Lizzie Clayton is now Mrs. Lance Fleuriday.

Minna Fox is now Mrs. Goldsmith.

We hope that all of them will be faithful, happy, industrious wives, and be indeed numbered among

those of whom Solomon has said, "The heart of her husband doth trust in her."

### Obituaries.

Last month we told you how well Rachel Hall became after some treatment for rheumatism. She left Hazel Brae apparently full of health and spirit to return to her well-loved Ingersoll home, and you may imagine how shocked we were to receive, on May 7th, a brief telegram to say she was dead. Mrs. Ballie, from the time of her return to Ingersoll, was sure the apparent robustness was not real, and, with the tender solicitude which has characterized all that lady's treatment of Rachel, watched her sleeping and waking, and soon found there was terrible heart trouble. She revived somewhat, and was sent to stay with Mrs. Ballie's relatives in Simcoe, where, a few years before, she had watched with her mistress over the closing hours of her two loved children. These friends had a carriage and took Rachel out in the bright May weather, hoping to bring back the health of their young guest, but all was in vain; the difficulty in breathing became more marked, and could not be relieved by the best medical aid, and ere her tender friend and mistress could reach her she died, and there beside the children she had loved so well they laid her to rest. Rachel was amiable, pleasant and companionable, and won for herself esteem and affection wherever she went. Had she been the cherished daughter of the home, she could not have been more deeply loved or affectionately cared for than she was by Mrs. Ballie, who for two years had watched her every symptom with mother-like affection and zeal. We are well assured everything that mortal could do was done to save Rachel's life, and now we must bow in submission to our Father's will and say, "It is well with the child."

Lizzie Parker came out with the May party of this year. She con-



BESSIE MILMOET



ALICE BURTON



MARTIN PETERSON



MISS CLAVAL



MISS WOODS



KATE DAVIES



LOUISA KING



FANNY MEACHER



ELLEN POVER

plained of crache, and seemed to shrink from anything like rough play, but nothing serious was suspected till about June 9th, when she had an attack of convulsions, which lasted quite a long time. Medical aid was summoned, and later in the day a second examination showed symptoms of trouble in her ear and neck. She was at once removed to the Nicholls Hospital, and an operation performed, which seemed to be quite successful; but she never thoroughly rallied, and on the 13th she passed away.

for repeating the Shorter and the English Catechism. We are very pleased to hear of these successes. Among these are Ellen Stokes, now invalided at Hazel Brae; Kate Collinson, in Camilla, who won a prize from the Presbyterian Church for repeating the Shorter Catechism; Isabel Jones, in the Orangeville neighbourhood, also presented with a handsome Bible; and in a Windsor paper the name of little Naomi Ludlow is given as the winner of a Prayer Book for repeating the Catechism of the Church of England.



Grace and Ernest Griffith.

She was buried in the Little Lake Cemetery, Peterborough, on June 15th. Mr. Wilson, of the George Street Methodist Church, held a brief service at Hazel Brae in the midst of her former companions and friends. Her sister, Mary, who is living near to Peterborough, came in to see her, stayed until the end, and saw her quietly laid to rest.

### Our Picture Gallery.

UPS AND DOWNS would be a poor number without our Picture Gallery. We are sure you will admire it this time and remember some of the girls.

Gertrude Jackson (Sept. 1901) This is one of our little boarded-out children. She seems to be doing well both at home and school, and looks as happy as a child should be.

Fily Cleave (July, 1902), one of the wee ones, a dear little, well-loved child, who has a real home

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 ... ..

Lydia Burton (June, 1900) has a country home, where several of her little children make it like home.

Annie Oates (Oct., 1900) has a busy summer before her, but she is strong and well, and will learn to be very useful.

Ellen Pover has a very happy home in a clergyman's family, and though she is not exactly perfect, she has won to herself the esteem and affection of her employer, and we confidently expect her to do well.

Nellie Clarke (Oct., 1900) has a comfortable home in Millbrook, and seems in every way a promising girl.

Grace Griffith's (Oct., 1897) letter will tell you all about herself and her brother, whose likenesses make such a pretty addition to our Picture Gallery.

Kate Davies (1897) has been two years in her present place, where she has greatly improved. Her ambition now is to save enough money to join a sister in the North West.

Gertrude Saalborn (July, 1900), also two years in present home, had a nice little balance in the bank this spring. She is doing well.

Bessie Willmott (Oct., 1901) is a nursemaid in a clergyman's family, where she is much appreciated both by her mistress and the little ones, to whom she is devoted.

Lizzie Wakefield (June, 1900) has a home in a doctor's family, where she is well liked and very content.

Martha Emerson is one of our elder girls, and is very happy in her present home, which she feels is so much her own.

Nellie Hart has kept her situation till it feels so much like home she almost fancies she is Canadian born.

Elizabeth Braid (1897) Lizzie and her sister paid us a visit the other day when in town, both looking well and happy.

Fily Woods does not seem any happier as she did when in America.

She is learning to do all kinds of work, and is strong enough to enjoy a little plain sewing.

Fanny Meacher (June, 1900). A bright, pleasant lassie, doing well in her present place. Her younger sister, Lizzie, is also living near to her.

Phyllis Lee (Oct., 1897) has this spring left her first situation, to which she went in 1897. Naturally, some person in the neighbourhood wanted her, and she hadn't to go far to find another situation.

Louisa King came to her present Canadian home in 1899 as a child, and called to see us on July 1st—a pleasant-mannered, neatly-dressed young girl, almost "grown up" though still young in years.

### Visitors' Notes.

Girls grow up so fast that it is often quite difficult to be sure the strong, straight, bright young woman is really the little girl we used to visit. It seemed only the other day Ethel Andrews was a little girl going to school, the smallest of the three sisters; now she is quite the biggest, and bids fair to take her place as Canadian citizen ahead of them.

Kathleen Murphy has not grown very fast, as she is of a smaller order, but she has become a very sweet, gentle-looking girl, and promises to make a winsome woman.

Amy Russell is one of our new girls of this year, but she is a big one. She has a pleasant home in a minister's family, and is beginning to feel settled and at home in Canada.

Ethel Palmer, who lived for many years with an old gentleman more than one hundred years old, is now, in consequence of his death, in a new place, serving another invalid with all her old fidelity, but full of hope because there are brighter prospects ahead.

Beatrice Balfour is a very

nearly three years in a doctor's family, and feels quite at home there. She is very fond of roses, and could give you many a wrinkle on their cultivation, and knows where the best roots can be obtained. She has her own plot in the garden, and some very healthy rose trees promise to keep her well supplied this summer, and, we hope, for many succeeding years.

Eleanor Woodrow (1897) is another of our little girls who has been transformed into a "grown-up." Eleanor was ready for a garden party when visited, and looked a very prettily dressed, pleasant "grown-up" too.

### Correspondence.

Our letters are not very numerous this time, but they seem to be unusually interesting, and will, we are sure, be received with great pleasure :

I must express as well as I can in words the pleasure I received when I got the UPS AND DOWNS. It seemed such a long time since I had looked in one. I thank you for putting my departure in and telling how I enjoyed my journey. I was rather surprised to see it, and not only surprised but pleased to see that Eva had been successful in winning the first prize on the missionary essays. I know she will be proud of the shoes, and will keep them forever. I was interrupted just now by a lady who lives across the road, and whose children are very fond of me and came across and brought me a treat of a dish of ice-cream and cake. Miss Loveday, I have a request to make, and that is if you will please send me Alice Wilmott's address, for I would very much like to become acquainted with her, as I have not many friends out here. I have not spoken to a girl of my size since I have been out here, only to a few children. That seems rather strange, does it not? And I had so many companions in Iroquois. But here it is so different, so if Alice and I became friends, what nice chats we could have. How often we could talk of the dear Home folks and the home-land. You will see I have a new address. We moved about a month and a half ago. Mrs. Brouse and eldest son have bought this place, and here I expect we shall remain for some time. We had to build a barn before we came. There is quite a garden of both flower and vegetables. In the vegetable garden we have coming up potatoes, corn, c. numbers, tomatoes, radishes, peas

and beans, onions and lettuce; besides, we have two fig trees with quite a few figs on, two apricot trees and two peach trees, two grape vines and one lemon tree. I had a present of a pin a couple of days ago made of abalone (haliotis) shell found on the coast of California, and also of a couple of turnover collars. They were given to me from Mrs. Brouse's aunt, who has been here nearly three months, but expects to go home the first of June. She also gave me fifty cents to go on my trip to Santa Monica, that is one of the beaches, as you know that the Pacific is not far from here. We went on Sunday, as the boys could not get away any other day. We started about ten o'clock, or a little after, took a car, and did not arrive there till about eleven or half-past. We had a lunch about one o'clock, then sauntered off down on the sands. It reminded me again of the old Atlantic, with the waves roaring, dashing over rocks and stones, not caring whither they went. We went into a curio store, where we saw many pretty things made out of shells. We also saw quite a large seal, the first I have seen. We got home in time to get tea and attend church. Now I think I will tell you of the La Fresta, which is held here every year, and which is simply magnificent. I cannot half explain to you. I wish I could, but the best way for you to know would be to come and see. The afternoon was the flower parade. Many horses and carriages, auto-cars, bicycles and ponies were decorated in flowers, all kinds both tame and wild, and each one looked so pretty as they passed by. Then a great many Chinamen carried a long Chinese dragon, and keep moving it to represent it being in the water, and a great many more beat and banged drums and made so much noise as almost to knock the world down. Then there were soldiers on foot, soldiers on horseback, but they were not our own. Then came at last the President's carriage. He was standing up bowing to everybody. The night parade was entirely different and by far the best. It was the electrical parade. There were cars with the tops and seats taken off, also prettily decorated with birds and flowers made of paper, brilliantly lighted up with electricity, and as they glided by how wonderful and dazzling they looked! I never saw anything so pretty before in my life. Just across the road there is a Methodist church and parsonage, so you see I am not far away. I have been going to Sunday school for the last two or three Sundays, but as I am awfully bashful I have not screwed up courage enough yet. We are going to have company for tea, and I am going to wear my white dress to wait on table. Now I must close. Please do not forget to send Alice Wilmott's street and number

From one of your girls.

K. M. B.

I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you, hoping to find you all in the best of health at Hazel Brae. I am in good health myself. That is one good thing I am thankful for is good health. I am sending you twenty-five cents for UPS AND DOWNS. I would have paid it up before, but I did not know just when my subscription was out. I was so pleased to see UPS AND DOWNS again, and so many nice letters from the girls. I like to read them very much, and I hope the girls will continue their letters, so that there will always be lots of them to read. I am not much good at writing myself, but I know there are other girls to write, and always have lots to say; but I am not one of that kind, so I will have to leave it for some of the others. I have been in my place nearly six years, and I expect to stay a while longer. I expect you will be very busy at Hazel Brae now with parties of girls coming out. Give my love to all and accept the same yourself. I think this is all for this time. Hoping to hear from you before long, and let me know how things are at Hazel Brae, and if all are well, so good-bye.

EDITH STEVENS.

I am going to try to write you a letter. I received my UPS AND DOWNS. There are an awful lot of letters in, but I have not had one put in, so I am going to try and write one. We have been very busy house-cleaning. I had a letter from the Old Country, and they sent me a lovely Bible. I like Grafton, but I do not like it as well as the country. We live over the road from the church. Mrs. W— has been real poorly. We have had a lovely rain, and it made everything grow. There has been a great deal of sickness. There have been three funerals Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Mrs. Smith was ninety-two years old. I have not heard from my sister, Olive, lately. I milk the cow, feed the hens, and mow the lawn, and lots of things out-doors. I could almost live out-doors. I went out to the Gully three weeks ago. I do not go to school now, as Mrs. W— is not very well. We have our garden planted, and I have to weed it. We are going to have our house painted and shingled, so I will have lots to do. I have had a lovely dress; it is a pretty blue, and a new pair of boots, and a new hat trimmed with flowers and chiffon. Mrs. Winter wishes me to remember her to you and Mrs. Owen. Mrs. W— says have you ever heard of Millie Bishop? Now I think I shall make somebody tired of reading, so I think I will close. Good bye, from one of your girls

GLADYS CHARNOCK.

P.S. I have had my card hung up in a bedroom.

I am writing to tell you that we have got our holidays now, so I have time to write to you to tell you that we did not have our examination before the holidays

because our teacher was away, so we had a new teacher. She was very nice to us. We are going to have them after the holidays. I only missed one day out of school since I came. I am going to Sunday school every Sunday. I learn my verses for Sunday school. I go to church and mission band too. I got a new dress made for Sunday, and I have had a new hat bought for summer. I got the UPS AND DOWNS, and I think they are very nice to read. I am reading my Bible every morning, and I am in Luke the 1st chapter. I am going to tell you what I do at home on Saturdays. I scour the knives and forks, and I make my own bed, I scrub the veranda and wash the stairs. I have got a doll, and I am making it a bed. I put curtains on the bed. I have made it a mattress and two sheets, and now I have got to make the pillows and the quilt. I forget to tell you that I can darn and iron. I don't iron very much. We have a little kitten, and it is so sharp it caught a bird the other day. I do not like to see the cats catching birds. It has got a mother, and she catches such a lot of mice and brings them to the kitten, and the kitten begins to play with it and then eats it. She is such a nice little kitten. It has been raining here, and has been a bit windy and sunny. Lottie Hammond has been over to our place to have tea with me, and I am going to her place on Saturday to play with her. We had a cow and we sold her. I have to go for the milk every night. I think I have nothing more to say, so good-bye from your friend  
B. DRESSE

As I have never written to UPS AND DOWNS before, I think it is time I did so. Perhaps some of you will remember me. I remember a good many of you, anyway. I am sending my photo with this, taken with my brother Ernest. I wonder how many of you will recognize me. I was very pleased to see a letter from Laura Harris in the last UPS AND DOWNS. She and I were boarded-out in the same village in England, and were great friends. I wrote to her some time ago. I wonder what has become of Emily Sims? I heard that she came to Canada some time ago; but I have not heard of her since. If she sees this, I wish she would write to me. My brother came to me last winter. You may be sure I was glad to see him. It is seven or eight years since we saw each other. Now I must tell you something about my place. I am living on a farm, as I suppose a great many of you do. There are seven in the family, including myself. We milk ten cows and I help to do the milking. I have been here five years in July. There are four children in the family, the oldest is thirteen years and the youngest is three years. Mrs. M—, the lady with whom I am living, has been an invalid for the last three years. Sometimes I have my hands more than full. I

have made a nice big flower bed on the front lawn. It has all kinds of nice flowers in it. I have a nice bouquet of honeysuckle on the table in front of me, and they smell lovely. I do not know what else to tell you that would be of any interest to you. I attend the Presbyterian church and Sunday school whenever I can. We live two miles from the village of Aultsville. It is only a small place, but is growing rapidly. It only had two stores and two churches when I came here; now it has four stores and four churches—Methodist, English, Presbyterian and Holiness Movement Chapel, or Hornerites, as some people call them. I must close now.

GRACE VIOLET GRIFFITH.

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am able now to be left as housekeeper. Mrs. Peebles has been away at Shelbourne to see her brother, who was very sick. He passed away on Tuesday last, and she came home last night. Mr. Peebles has been kicked by a horse and got three ribs broken. He has not lain down for three nights, and suffered great pain. We are nearly through seeding now, so you see I have had my hands full. I got the name of grandmother while their mother was away. One will come to me at night and say, "Minnie, will you please put a poultice on my arm?" He has a nasty sore on it. And another: "Minnie, will you rub some stuff on my arms; they are both sunburnt?" And another has a toothache and wants to know if I know of anything that will stop it. Mr. Peebles will say: "Minnie, could you fix my pillows again?" He has to sit all the time propped up with pillows. But, Miss Loveday, I would far rather they would come to me in this way than to be trying to keep away. It makes me feel as though I had a place in the family. I am sending \$10 to the bank. I am sorry it is not more. I think this is all this time, so good-bye for a while.

MINNIE HAWES.

June 21st, 1903.

I am going to write a few lines to UPS AND DOWNS. I will try and do my best, as it is my first letter I have ever sent. Now, I must tell you I like Canada far better than England. I have no desire to go back to England; I intend to stay in Canada and grow up to be a useful woman. I have been in Canada three years in September. I am living in the town of Orillia. It is a very nice town. We have a very pretty park, it is right beside the lake shore. I like my place very much, indeed. Mrs. Brown has twenty birds, so we have lots of music. We keep a horse, and it is a great pet. We call her Jessie. Mrs. Brown had a very pretty Newfoundland dog, and it was a black, curly dog. It died a little while before Christmas, and we miss him so

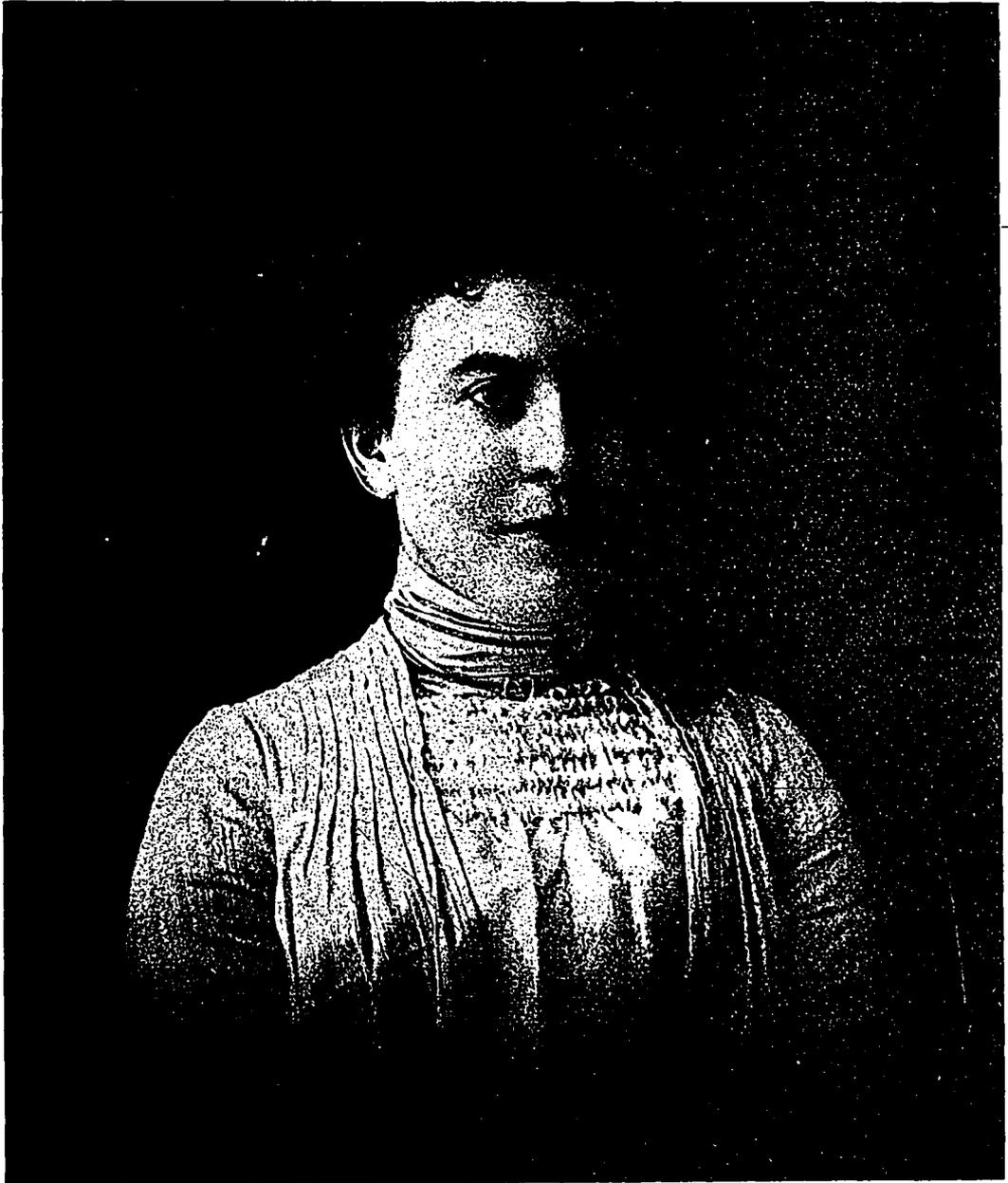
much. He was very fond of us all, and would follow us all over. Where we went he would go too. I went to the old folks concert, and some ladies sang some pieces. I have been living with Mrs. Brown a year. I like living here very much. My mistress is very kind to me. She tries to teach me to be a neat, smart, tidy, clean housekeeper, and I am going to learn to cook this summer. I have learnt a lot of things since I came to Canada. I am trying to learn all I can, as I won't always be under the Homes' care, and then I will have to look out for myself. I like reading the girls' and boys' letters in UPS AND DOWNS. I will try and send my picture to the next number. We have another little girl from the Home. She is a very nice little girl, and we all like her very much, and when she has seen more of Canada she will send a letter to UPS AND DOWNS. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out to this beautiful country, where there is lots of everything. I was very much pleased to see a letter in the last number from Ellen Anderson, and also a letter from Mary Dalgarno. I think lots of the girls will remember me when they see my name at the end of this letter. I go to the Methodist Church. We all ought to be glad to have our dear friend, Miss Godfrey, with us again after her visit to the Old Country. I am longing to hear how she enjoyed her trip to England. I think Mr. Owen will be saying my letter is getting too long, so I think I will soon have to close, hoping to see this in print. So good-bye for the present. I remain, your truly,

MARY BEADIE.

The Editor must always look back upon his visit to Emma Roberts, in her home at Calgary, as one of the most pleasant incidents of his trip to the West in the early summer. We must not say all we think of Emma lest we should be accused of flattery or of trying to make her vain, neither must we repeat the nice things that have been said to us about Emma by her mistress, Mrs. Pitman, and her pastor, Mr. Litch, upon whom we called with her. Suffice it to say that the Homes have, at any rate, one representative in Calgary of whom we may well feel proud, and Mr. Litch has a worker in his church and Sunday school who is an honour to its membership. Emma is one of those who has indeed chosen the better part and, we believe, wears it if anyone does, the white flower of a blameless life. As to her appearance and physical

condition, we commend to anyone who wishes to advertise the healthfulness of the Western climate and the advantages of Calgary as a health resort the contrast that would be presented by a picture of Emma as

accomplished by mountain air with a good constitution and a clear conscience, and all we can say further is that if any of our young lady readers are inclined to follow Emma's example and strike out West, we are sure



Emma P. Roberts.

she is now, and a similar picture of the rather "poor thing" we are sure Emma will forgive us the expression - that arrived there three years ago. It shows what can be

that she will be ready to "mother" them on their arrival, and that she may be referred to for information as to the prospects and possibilities of that favoured region.

## Toronto Topics

WE missed last number of UPS AND DOWNS, so that there is a great deal of news owing since our last talk of comings and goings, partings and greetings, sicknesses and recoveries, visits and visitors. I have had a big event myself in having been over to the *Old Country*, and seen all the friends there. As may be imagined, there were no end of questions to answer about one and another, and I was asked to be the bearer of so many kind messages to all and sundry of my big family, all of which messages I have tried to deliver faithfully, and hope none have been lost in transit. All the girls will be particularly glad to hear that Dr. Barnardo was as well as ever, and asked a great deal about the Toronto girls, and how we are getting on, and was full of interest in all we had to tell him about individual cases as well as about our Sunday gatherings and our different arrangements and doings. It was a great treat and pleasure to see the dear Doctor again, and our girls can imagine what delight and refreshment the visit to England was after the long winter's work. I came back on the steamer *Kensington* with the girl's party. We hadn't a very good passage, and it was altogether rather a rough and queer experience; but all's well that ends well, and it was lovely to be back at home again and among my girls in Toronto.

We have not been without our ills and sicknesses during the spring months, although, we are glad to say, there has been nothing very serious among our Toronto family. One or two girls have had the disagreeable experience of being shut up in quarantine, being in houses where members of the family were suffering from infectious disorders. In so far as we know, however, we are able at the present time, to show an almost clean bill of health

All who know her will be glad to hear that Annie Prior, who is in the new Sanitarium at Gravenhurst, has good hopes of recovery, thanks to the pure, bracing air of Muskoka and the treatment at the Sanitarium, and we are looking forward to have her back among us again after a while, and trust that she will return really a strong and healthy girl.

Of changes, we are glad to say, there have been very few. Some of our girls have left the city and several new sisters have joined us. The latter are very welcome. Florrie Mason (Oct., 1902) and Lizzie Parsons (1897), went down to Hazel Brae for rest and change of air. Lizzie particularly was looking so white and ill and sorely in need of the kind care and nursing our sick girls all get there. Since they got well they have not returned to the City, but are, for the present, living in the country.

We must not forget to mention the visit of Nellie Hammond from Winnipeg, whom we were delighted to welcome. Nellie's portrait will be seen on another page. She returned to Winnipeg, where we are sure she is getting on very well. Emma Dyson has gone to Winnipeg, too, for which we are sorry, as we are afraid she will be a bit lonely away from all her friends. However, she says she will soon come back. May Woods has returned to Detroit, and Emily Cornage has gone to live at Grimsby.

Among the new arrivals are Susan Cowley, who, we hope, has settled down and is doing nicely in the city; Alice Woodlands, who has the reputation of being a first class little worker and has every prospect of getting on well. Alice is a great girl to save her money, and is increasing her bank account notwithstanding a big dentist's bill. Hannah James is in training to be a house



NELLIE HAMMOND



SARAH WAUGH



MABEL E. YOUNG



EVELYN B. SMITH



EDITH H. HERRING

maid, and seems to be making her- self much liked. The two Sanders, Lizzie and Emily, have come to us from Belleville, and we hope they will be very happy amongst us. Alice Barton came from Aylmer, and Rose Ham, also from Belleville (we are afraid the Belleville folks won't think us nice people at all for running off with all their good girls), appears to have found just the right niche. Mary Evans, who came out with the last party, is finding her way about, and, we hope, becoming acquainted and appreciated amongst us. Clara Hughes, has not been over to see us yet, but we shall get to know her after a time. Annie Davidson is a good, trustworthy girl, trying to do her best and learn all she can of the new ways. If Annie does her work as well and faithfully in the house as she did her monitor duty on board ship, she is a girl worth having. We have also just become acquainted with Mary Stubbs and Gertrude Skinner, and we hope before long to become quite good friends. May Ross, Rose Lane, Maude Hooké and Maude Moore are also in the city. We haven't seen much of them as yet, but they know they are heartily welcome amongst us.

The B. G. L. is an accomplished fact now, and we hope that it will really be a great help and pleasure to our girls and that they will keep up the interest in it and make the meetings bright and lively. So far there has always been lots of fun as well as a certain amount of business done at the meetings. The last time there was some splendid speech-making, and we had really no idea before what orators there were amongst us.

We are looking forward to a big gathering of the clan during the Exhibition week, and hope that a great many girls from the country will be able to accept the invitations we have sent out. We can assure them a very hearty welcome.

Among recent visitors we may mention Minnie Winkworth and Alice Webb, a very old friend. Both

are from Hamilton and came over for our picnic.

Our poor picnic was rather a fizzle—a drizzle would, perhaps, be a more appropriate word, except that the rain came down in torrents. June was a horrid month in Toronto—rain and cold day after day, and we only shared the fate of half the Sunday school picnics and other entertainments. We were to go to Lambton Park again, and had made splendid arrangements for special cars and tea and games, and we should have had a big turn-out of our girls. When the day came, however, it was a regular downpour, and the first look out at the sky in the morning showed that we were doomed. Quite a number of girls, however, turned up at Markham Street, and we had a very jolly afternoon, with games, ice cream, and a meeting of the B.G.L. In the evening the rain stopped, and, after a great deal of consultation and weather-wise prophesying, we decided to order a special car and go for a ride round the city. We had a very nice trip for two hours, going out to High Park by College Street and back along Dundas and Queen Street to Munro Park and home by way of Yonge Street. Everybody said they had had a real good time, but we must hope for better luck next year. We mustn't forget to mention that besides our dear friend, Miss Kennedy, we had with us Miss Harris from Peterborough and Miss Hoey from the office. It was very good of them to come to help to entertain our guests. They were both made honorary members of the B.G.L., and Miss Harris delivered a speech to the meeting. We are to have Miss Hoey's speech at the next meeting, of which we hope she will take due note.

Amongst our photographs we are very pleased to have one of Bessie Chaney—or Mrs. Gobey, as she must now be called—with her husband. "Don't they look nice?" is, of course, what everybody will say, and they are nice too.



SARAH SEEBLY



KATHLEEN LIVINGSTONE



MRS. M. S. GOBEY & JESSIE CHANEY



LIZZIE GOODBODY



MAUDE EDDY & ROSE GYDE

Mabel Young, another of our illustrations, has been in Canada for three years, but is now only in her second place. Well done, Mabel, try and stay where you are for another three years.

Maude Eddy, another long-timer, is still in her first place, a thoroughly steady-going, reliable girl and a good worker.

Many will be glad to see Edith Herring's picture and still more glad to hear that she is really getting better of the nervous trouble she has had for so long.

Kathleen Livingstone, an old Village girl, came out from England last October. She has already quite settled down among us and is making high wages. Her sister, Josephine, has lately joined her from Port Rowan.

Lizzie Goodbody, whose picture appears with her little charge, has grown such a big girl, and is, we hope, growing just as quickly in wisdom and goodness as she is in height.

Sarah Waugh and Sarah Seeby are both real good girls, and Evelyn B. Smith - well, it's easier for some people to be good than others, and the dear Master above knows just who find it the hardest, and all about the struggles, and the fights we have to wage with our bad natures. It's when we get away from Him that we go wrong, isn't it, Evelyn?

The sparrows have twitted of four weddings to happen very soon, and one we have got an invitation to attend, so we know that the date of that one is fixed already. The others we will wait for and see.

During the months of May and June the Sunday gatherings were quite large, and we are so glad to see the girls care to come, and we want them to feel that they are welcome. It seems a pity to be obliged

to close up for the two summer months, but it cannot well be prevented at present. Talking of the sparrows, a rumour reached me that some of our girls are getting into the habit of going over to the Island on a Sunday, and it made me feel a little sorry and anxious that while I am away and our house not open for them they should go out "pleasuring" on Sunday. It is supposed to be an "off day" when we do as little work as possible and rest all we can, but it does not seem right to go out pleasure-seeking on what is the Lord's day, and it is so contrary to all the teaching given in the dear old Village. "Them that honour Me, I will honour," and we are not honouring our Lord if we give up His day and forsake the worship of His house for our own pleasure. In a place of amusement like the Island, on Sunday afternoon and evening, we are not where we can expect His blessing, and we are therefore in the path of danger. Moreover, though this is a lower motive, we have to remember that, as a class, we have our good name to remember and keep up, and I should be sorry if the report got abroad that "Barnardo girls" were to be seen on the Island on Sunday. Dear girls, let us watch our actions very closely, and our words, that we sin not against our conscience or against each other. Let us especially be careful of backbiting and tittle-tattling one to another. If you hear an unkind, cross thing said, don't rush off and repeat it to the next person you meet. It is sure to grow until, by the time you hear it again, you cannot recognize it as the little thing you "only told so-and-so," and no end of mischief may have been caused and hard feeling stirred up. If an unkind remark is made to you, put it out of your mind and forget it, but don't carry it back or pass it on.

## Our Sunday Hour

Whom to love will powder these things

WE own that we have been somewhat disappointed by the absence of contributions from our boys and girls to our "Sunday Hour" department, and that we seem to have failed in making it a really interesting and helpful feature of our paper. We had no idea of occupying the space in each issue with a homily on some religious topic, but our hope was that it would be a medium for discussion and exchange of thought amongst us upon those subjects that most nearly concern the life that now is and that is to come, and thus strengthen our hold upon Christian truth and enlarge our views of things spiritual. Cannot some of our readers help us with suggestions? It is not, we know, that there is any absence of religious feeling and interest among our boys and girls. Many hundreds of them are enrolled in Church fellowship, and the very large majority are regular attendants, and not a few of them teachers and workers in Sunday schools. Will not some of our young friends contribute their thoughts and experiences of the Christian life to help in giving brightness and variety to "Our Sunday Hour," and to make it a real help to each other in running the race that is set before us? We do not invite anyone to the discussion of profound theological problems, still less would we seek to lead any of our readers into the barren field of sectarian controversy; but anything that will bring closer to our hearts the truth as it is in Jesus, that will bring us to a fuller knowledge of Him in whom we have believed, that will strengthen our trust in him as our all-sufficient Saviour, that will make Him a living, bright reality in our lives, is assuredly welcome.

It concerns us not a particle whether our friends are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists, so long as they have yielded themselves to Christ and know Him as their Friend and Saviour. We take it that "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" is the true test of discipleship, the passport into the heritage of the saints, and that for the rest we can, as yet, but see through the glass darkly; there are diversities of gifts but the same Spirit, differences of administration but the same Lord, diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh in all.

No doubt all of us who would be His disciples find that each fresh day and year of the Christian life brings both fresh helps and fresh hindrances, and as we pass from one stage to another of life, and as step by step He leads us in the heavenly way, He makes new scenes arise. We have all different experiences to relate if we will, and have in various and manifold ways proved the power of Christ to save and to keep. To some of us the upward pathway seems to lie ever through the green pastures and beside the still waters of His love; for others of us the pilgrimage seems all the way up Hill Difficulty. To serve and follow Christ means far more and far different things to one than to another, according as our natures are different, the tendencies of our character, our habits of mind, our early training and the circumstances of our lives. Christ satisfies every need, His grace is more than sufficient for every trial, He is able to save to the uttermost, but the need is more abject, more deeply felt in some nature than others, and some have strayed farther from the fold than others ere the Good Shepherd found and brought them home. There are

those whom to follow that which is good seem outwardly, at least, to require but little struggle, while for others the very powers of hell seem to have conspired to forge the fetters of passion wherewith Satan would bind us and lead us captive at his will. And the call of Christ comes to different hearts in such various ways. To one it seems a gentle influence stealing over their nature, and gradually and almost imperceptibly drawing their lives into conformity with His life, and their wills into subjection to His will. To another the call comes, as to St. Paul, as a voice out of the mid-day sky smiting them to the earth in the full career of blind and furious opposition to His cause, and proclaiming to them in trumpet tones, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." To some the Good Physician puts forth at once the full measure of His healing power, and the scales fall from their eyes; to others He restores from the blindness of sin to the glorious light of His truth by a gradual process, so that at first they see men as trees walking, and only later on enter into the enjoyment of perfect vision. And as we have thus been differently dealt with and led by different paths, though always by the same Hand, we can testify from various experiences for the encouragement of our brethren, and Christ's bidding is to us, as to St. Peter of old, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

As fellow servants of the same Master, as members of the brotherhood of Christ, as sharers in the common heritage of His grace, as comrades in the same warfare, we can and should help each other, should edify one another and provoke one another to love and good works. It may seem rather a formidable

undertaking to write about these things, but it requires no great skill and cleverness to say a word for the Master and to tell something of how the Good Shepherd has guided our feet. And the little word spoken for Christ, the simple testimony to the power of His redeeming love, may prove to be the tiny seed that, fed and watered by the Spirit of God, shall bring forth rich fruit to the honour of His Kingdom, may be the talent that, on the great day when our Lord shall reckon with His servants, shall have gained other ten talents. And we are sure that our own hearts must benefit from the self-examination and the thought and study we may expend in such a task. It is a great thing to know just where we stand, what our Christianity amounts to, to what extent it is, or is not, becoming a power in our hearts and lives. We know that in religion (and by religion we mean the life of God in the soul of men) as in nature, if there is health, there is growth, and if the growth is checked and it is no longer steady and continuous, there must be disorder that, if not discovered and arrested, will be followed by decay. To examine ourselves, to prove ourselves, to see to it whether we be in the faith or not, is the duty of every Christian, and not less is it our duty and privilege to confess Christ before men, to tell others what Christ has done for us, to bear our witness to Him, and to set to our seal that God is true.

And so we leave to our readers "Our Sunday Hour" in the hopes that we shall have many responses to our appeal, and that they will join with us in making it a help to the study of God's Word, to a deepening of spiritual life amongst us, and a means of guiding our feet into the way of truth.

# Barnardo Old Boys' Society

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*I, being an old Barnardo boy and approving of the objects of the Society, desire to become a member. Enclosed find fee for one year (50c)\**

*Signature*

*Full Address*

\*Boys not receiving wages strike this line out

# Barnardo Girls' League

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Full particulars, form of application, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer

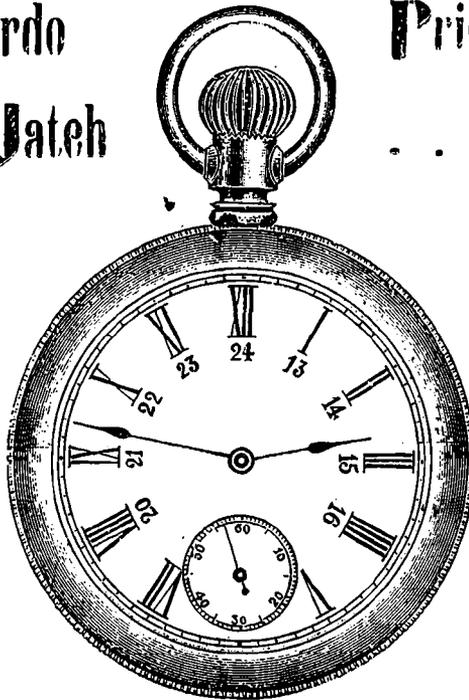
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