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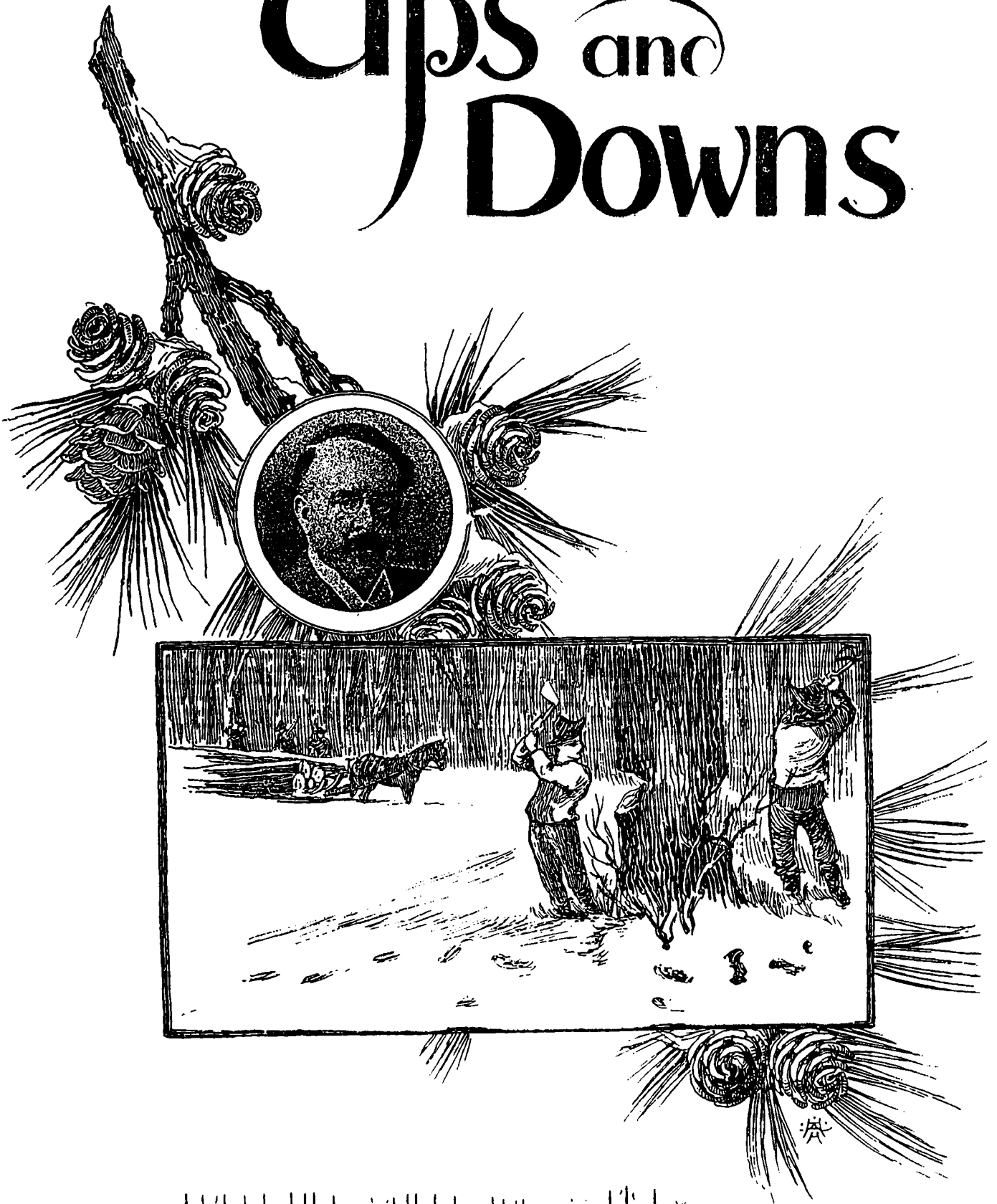
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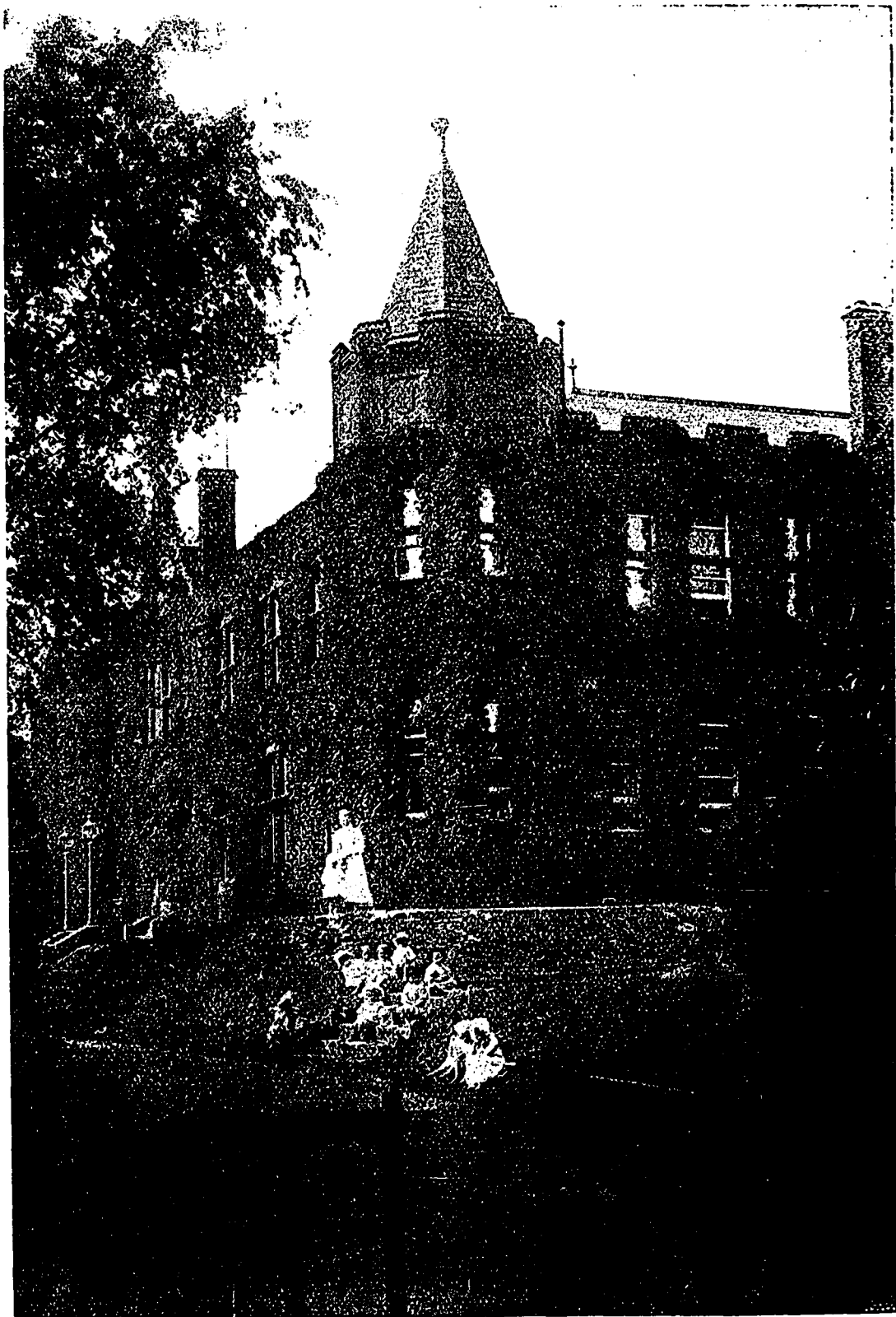


THE LIFE OF THE LATE
OF THE B. & O. R. R.

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

The following names given below are those of 100 boys who came from England with the second and third Emigration Parties of 1900

NAME OF BOY	EMPLOYEE	POSTAL ADDRESS
Adams, George Joseph	Mr. Henry S. Reed	Dungannon, Ont.
Ashley, Frank	Mr. James D. McCallum	Stittsville, Ont.
Ashley, Ernest	Mr. Elijah Scharf	Hazeldean, Ont.
Alexander, Albert	Mr. Robert H. Wood	Baillieboro, Ont.
Blackett, John	Mr. James Heeney	Golspie, Ont.
Bell, Thomas	Mr. W. H. March	Cowal, Ont.
Banks, John	Mr. Daniel A. Bucknell	Box 34, Ingersoll, Ont.
Berry, Thomas	Mr. George Bryan	Box 524, Lindsay, Ont.
Baylis, Ernest	Mr. Henry Hemstock	Grimston, Ont.
Bendell, George Edward	Mr. Donald N. Stewart	Ailsa Craig, Ont.
Clements, Sidney	Mr. Charles Paulkner	Stanley's Corners, Ont.
Cornish, William Frederick	Mr. George Whelpdale	Humber Bay, Ont.
Davies, John	Mr. Edward C. Fitzgerald	St. Ives, Ont.
Davies, Charles	Mr. Peter Seebach	Carlingford, Ont.
Davis, Ernest	Mr. Edward Green	Marathon, Ont.
Davis, George Frederick	Mr. Jessup W. Rice	Manotick, Ont.
Eggleton, Thomas	Mr. Herbert Graham	Lindsay, Ont.
Farley, Geo. Wm. Ashford	Mr. Robert Lowrey	Cedar Hill, Ont.
Fedrick, Hubert	Mr. Donald McKenzie	Campbellton, Ont.
Gard, Albert Edward	Mr. D. A. Stewart	Belmont, Ont.
Gibson, Edward Rennis	Mr. Alex. McLachlin	Ramsay's Corners, Ont.
Hewitt, Sidney	Mr. James Ross	Holyrood, Ont.
Hennell, Sidney Charles	Mr. Christopher Crozier	Cobden, Ont.
Harrison, John	Mr. William Gould	Haley's Station, Ont.
Hughes, James	Mr. James Myers, Jr.	Westport, Ont.
Halls, Albert Ed. Francis	Mr. Thomas H. Christian	Islay, Ont.
Ivy, Thomas Richard Chas.	Mr. Philip F. Ridgway	Christina, Ont.
Jones, Ivor	Mr. Joseph Barker	Deerhurst, Ont.
Knight, John	Mr. William Curren	Bowesville, Ont.
Kent, William	Mr. William Martin	Caledon, Ont.
Lewis, Charles	Mr. G. N. Kidd	Carp, Ont.
Morgan, James	Mr. J. S. Thompson	Longwood, Ont.
Mabbett, Arthur Philip	Mr. Walter Hyland	Essex, Ont.
Moan, Ernest Bradford	Mr. Donald McArthur, Jr.	Durham, Ont.
Protheroe, John	Mrs. Anne E. Cobet	Perth Road, Ont.
Protheroe, Frederick	Mr. G. F. Howse	Minden, Ont.
Richardson, John	Mr. George D. Boyd	Conn, Ont.
Robertson, Douglas Stewart	Mr. Francis Dowler	Lindsay, Ont.
Rodway, Charles	Mr. James Parker	Cambria, P.Q.
Robinson, John William	Mr. Joseph Campbell	Caledon, Ont.
Stretton, Reginald	Mrs. J. W. Bunning	Sarnia, Ont.
Stokes, Henry	Mrs. Richard Bradley	Stittsville, Ont.
Smelt, Richard Henderson	Mr. Thomas Hyland	Enterprise, Ont.
Smelt, John Harold	Mr. Adam Fingland	Enterprise, Ont.
Stevens, John	Mrs. Mary McKay	Lindsay, Ont.
Simpson, William Charles	Mr. Robert Johnston	Clarksburg, Ont.
Teroe, Abraham	Mr. Charles Armstrong	Paris, Ont.
Thornton, Francis	Mr. Edmund Coulter	Goldsmith, Ont.
Timms, David	Mr. James Thomas	Buck Lake, Ont.
Willis, George	Mr. William J. Brown	Utica, Ont.
Walters, Frank	Mr. William David Sharpe	Oil City, Ont.
Young, Wilfred	Mr. George A. Hartman	Odessa, Ont.
Oxford, Frederick William	Mr. Andrew Arlnuckle	Appleton, Ont.
Owen, Joseph	Miss Frances Steen	Galetta, Ont.
Beckett, Alfred	Mr. George Edgar Ford	Cheapside, Ont.
Brown, Sidney Ernest	Mr. James Coe	Cavan, Ont.
Clarke, Cecil	Mr. Josiah Townsend	Terra Cotta, Ont.
Clark, William	Mr. John Cowieson	Islay, Ont.
Clements, Edward	Mr. Colin D. Gillis	Box 50, Rodney, Ont.
Cann, Ernest John	Mr. William N. Knechtel	Leadbury, Ont.
Dunford, John William	Mr. William Church	Newton Robinson, Ont.
Ewen, William	Mr. Andrew Lyons	Portland, Ont.
Fulbrook, George	Mr. William David Gray	Roseneath, Ont.
Fram, Joseph	Mr. James Matchett	Peterborough, Ont.
Gibson, William John	Mr. James Myers	Westport, Ont.
Gordon, William	Mr. James McCorquodale	Holiday, Ont.
Gordon, Oliver	Mr. Arthur Richardson	Bethany, Ont.
Gaster, Alfred	Mr. W. F. Best	Mount Pleasant, Ont.
Gilchrist, Daniel John	Mr. Thomas McCann, Sr.	Pakenham, Ont.
Gilchrist, James	Mr. Joseph W. Adams	Amer, Ont.
Garrett, John Joseph	Mr. Frank L. Williams	Melbourne, Ont.
Garrett, Morris George	Mr. Alfred Mills	Christina, Ont.
Gray, Robin	Mr. Charles McKelvie	Warkworth, Ont.
Hosier, Ernest James	Mr. Darius Wigle	Kingsville, Ont.
Harrington, Josiah	Mr. Thomas G. Backman	Seckerton, Ont.
Hibbett, Charles Arthur	Mr. Thomas Waddell	Beaverton, Ont.
Harvey, Walter	Mr. Robert Parker	Napperton, Ont.
Ives, William	Mr. George W. Harvey	Crawford, Ont.
Kerr, William John	Mr. William G. McLellan	Bradford, Ont.
Kerr, William Henry	Mr. John McKenzie	Boyne, Ont.
Knowlton, Rayner	Mr. Robert W. Bretnor	Wodehouse, Ont.
Laves, William Ernest	Mr. Alex. Buchanan	Cedarville, Ont.
Lambard, Walter Owen	Mr. Sidney A. Denyes	Odessa, Ont.
Lambard, Percy Henry	Mr. David Ira Hartman	Odessa, Ont.
Lynham, William H. F.	Mr. Julius J. Baker	Udora, Ont.
Lamer, George Henry	Mr. Edward Richardson	Millbrook, Ont.
Lewis, Richard William	Mr. Arthur Williams	Van Camp, Ont.
Lindsay, Alfred	Mr. John Boyd	Eastman's Spn
Lacock, Arthur	Mr. Lemuel Seigley	Allandale, Ont.
Martha, George O. L.	Mr. William Thomas, H.	Hazeldean, Ont.
Mayers, Norman J. R. L.	Mr. William Henry Jones	Calder, Ont.
Moore, Joseph James	Mr. Hiram Pollock	Richmond, Ont.
Munich, George	Mr. Alex. Thompson	Lakhurst, Ont.
Mallard, John	Mr. James E. Edmunds	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Naylor, Charles	Mr. Thomas Smith	Franklin, Ont.
Paul, George Walter	Mr. John Groves	Antrim, Ont.
Pattison, William	Mr. William A. Keel	Kinburn, Ont.
Peters, Charles	Mr. John M. Carroll	Fowler's Cove
Pope, Albert Van	Mr. Edward Wick	Kingsville, Ont.
Poston, Harry	Mr. Charles Neill	Cattaraugus, Ont.



"Babies' Castle," Hawkhurst, Kent

Home of the Duke of Devonshire's Palace



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

Vol. VII.]

FEBRUARY 1st, 1902

[No. 3

Editorial Notes

IN fulfilment of the promise made in our last issue, we now make an bow as a monthly instead of a quarterly publication. The reception that has been given to the announcement of the proposed change has been extremely flattering, and the number of our friends who have written expressing their gratification at the prospect is sufficient to assure us that the new departure is a highly popular one. We can but appeal again to all our subscribers, among whom are many who appreciate and set great store by our little magazine, not to suffer the change we now inaugurate to impose too heavy an additional burden upon our financial resources, or to require us, on account of unpaid or irregularly paid subscriptions, to have to draw for our publication expenses upon the funds at home, that are already strained to the utmost limit, to keep open the doors that have never yet been closed in the face of a destitute child and to still extend the ever ready helping hand to every one of child need and suffering.



Occasional Delay
 In our last issue we mentioned that we had to make a special appeal to our friends to publish their names in our directory. It is now published and we are glad to say that it is a most interesting and useful work.

During the year absolute punctuality may not be possible on account of the Editor's frequent absence in England. We hope to make such arrangements that delays will not occur very often, but we cannot hope to avoid them entirely, and if our friends find that their paper is a little late in reaching them, they will understand the reason and, we hope, will possess their souls in patience until its appearance.



Voluminous Reports.

JANUARY and February are the months of the year in which we largely devote our energies to rendering an account of our stewardship; in other words, to compiling for Dr. Barnardo the full and elaborate reports that he requires us to furnish every twelve months, of the welfare, conduct and progress of each boy under our official charge. It is not considered sufficient to keep in our Registers at the Toronto, Winnipeg and Russell Institutions detailed histories of the career of each boy or youth who has passed through our hands, with notes of every circumstance that has come within our knowledge, but a summary of this information has to be sent each year to London, in the form of the Report of the Homes, the preparation of which is a most difficult and laborious task.

position to furnish the latest particulars regarding the condition, conduct and well-being of those for whom we are responsible. We use for this purpose immense sheets, with ruled headings, that cover every detail. They require information as to each boy's physical condition, general behaviour as reported by his employer, when he was visited and by whom, particulars of letters received from him or in regard to his affairs, letters written to him or to his employer, the terms on which he is placed, and his attendance at church and Sunday school or at day school during any portion of the year, while, in addition to these details, there are large spaces for general remarks, which we are expected to fill up with particulars of any special occurrences, or with general comments upon the boy's career as it has come under our observation during the year. If a lad has been lost sight of, we have to state the circumstances under which he escaped our observation, and what steps have been taken to trace him; if a boy has been in ill health, the particulars of his ailment and how and when treated; if complaints of him have been received, or if he has been dissatisfied with his surroundings, the nature of such complaints and how the matter has been dealt with; in short, all the information that has come to us of each case during the year is reproduced in concise and detailed form, so that Dr. Barnardo may have the means of seeing at once how it has fared with each and all of his boys during the past twelve months of their lives. It is needless to say that in order to compile these reports accurately and intelligently, we have to read, mark, digest and carefully weigh an immense amount of material in the shape of letters, Visitors' reports and general memoranda. It is then that the work of our recording angel, Miss Kennedy, is brought to the test. It falls to her lot to enter up, from day to day in the forty large volumes that now comprise our series of Registers, every item of daily occurrence, and if a letter has been overlooked or a call from an employer, which has been given in fancy relating to a boy's condition, that should be taken note of and reported.

the deficiency is brought to light. But such omissions are few and far between, and gratefully we testify to the care, correctness, intelligence and neatness of Miss Kennedy's handiwork as we see it before us in page after page of those bulky folios that have been under her charge since she took over this department of the work from Mr. Malcolm E. Davis, on his appointment to the responsible post of Secretary to the Winnipeg Home.



**Health and
Healthy
Lives.**

OUR health columns give us but little trouble, and we might generally write "good" at the head of the column and follow with "ditto" after each boy's name. Our lads have generally sound minds in sound bodies, and the observation has often been made that we have less sickness, ailment or physical breakdown among our boys and girls than among any class in the community. They are generally in robust health when they arrive in the country, and on the farms the lives of our boys are spent amidst healthy and wholesome conditions. They rise early and go early to bed, they breathe pure fresh air, eat good nourishing food, of which there is neither stint nor scarcity, and their minds and bodies are usefully and constantly employed. We are staunch believers and zealous apostles of the gospel of work, and we regard indolence and inactivity as the parent of most physical as well as moral disorders. Our boys and girls, from the circumstances of their lives and the fact that they have to earn their bread in the sweat of their face, have no opportunity even if they have the inclination for lounging and loafing. They are brought into practical realization of the Apostle's maxim, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." A day's life means a day's work and a day's duty. Our girls have no time to be hysterical or to fancy themselves invalids until they become so, and our boys have neither the time or the inclination to indulge in late hours, high living and fashionable vices that deplete health and undermine moral character. It is accordingly in the

old Romans, simple in their tastes, frugal in their habits, hardy and vigorous in their mode of life, and though we have no expectation of seeing them, like the Romans, conquering the world, we can testify to the fact that our young people are holding their own in it with many who have had vastly superior advantages in birth, education and early environment.



Conduct Columns.

WHEN we pass from our health columns to those that relate to conduct and behaviour, our task is a much less simple one. True, in the majority of cases no difficulty occurs. We have perhaps had half a dozen letters during the year in each of which the boy is reported to be doing well and the Visitor received the same report when he paid the annual or semi-annual visit of inspection. The word "satisfactory" or "very good," under these circumstances, says all there is to be said; but in other cases when there have been complaints, we have to adjust our mental scales with great nicety and bring into exercise such limited judicial faculties as we have been endowed with to enable us to pronounce a just and impartial verdict, and to characterize a boy's conduct and behaviour as it deserves, remembering that the judgment we pronounce will remain as a record for or against him after we have passed away and present conditions are changed and gone. We have to weigh well the source from which the complaint comes and the spirit in which it is made. We have to discount a letter written perhaps by a woman of naturally sour disposition, prone to see more of harm than of good in those about her, and more eager to hear hers. If talk and to display her skill as a correspondent than to exercise the charity that thinketh no evil. In other cases we have to allow for the prejudice and the disposition that a certain report will find to regret our loss and guide us "shades" in disputes. In such cases a degree of good will is a member of the human family. On the other hand we have to be on our guard against

suffering and forbearance are exercised and where complaint is only made because all other means have failed.



Reading Between the Lines.

EVEN with our excellent Visitors we have to exercise some degree of discrimination, as, while we well know the information given and the opinions expressed are strictly and conscientiously in accordance with the facts ascertained, we have to allow for a habit of mind that inclines one of our esteemed colleagues to take generally a lugubrious view of the situation, and rather to borrow trouble from the future than to see the brighter aspects of present conditions; while, on the other hand, one, at any rate, of the five gentlemen, through whose spectacles we have to look, has naturally a love of boys and a sympathy with them in the position in which he finds them that unconsciously leads him to minimize their failings and to see redeeming features in the most unpromising conditions. When, therefore, we read in the one gentleman's reports, boys very ill behaved, we surmise that the Visitor may perhaps have lighted upon the scene on washing day, the master of the establishment having prudently discovered that his presence was imperatively required at market that day, with sufficient mud under foot and rain overhead to make the prospects of drying uncertain and unsatisfactory, and when the boy perhaps has gone off to school without bringing in the wood, or having been commissioned to fasten the line, did it so carelessly that the first lot of clean clothes landed in a quagmire. We realize how readily and forcibly under such circumstances there would point forth to a receptive ear a narrative of sin and iniquity and a conviction that would be pointed out, giggling and laughing, promised to our colleagues, reports which they would interpret that the boys were doing very well, and we can understand how a certain habit of mind would lead to the supposition that a boy who had been reported to be very ill behaved, was in fact doing very well indeed, and that a boy who had been reported to be doing very well indeed, was in fact doing very ill indeed.

are means in our power and showing an interest in their concerns. We have no more idea of cutting off our boys and girls on their reaching a certain age than a father would have of withdrawing his interest in the welfare of his elder sons and daughters, and hence it is that old names are not taken off our Visitor's lists although new ones are added by scores and hundreds. So far, however, we have kept pace with the requirements of the work, and our reports show that the boys have been well looked after during the past year, and that there has been no falling short in this important branch of our work.



While on the subject of visiting and inspection, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing our grateful acknowledgment of the courtesy and kindness which we have received during the past year from the recently appointed Inspector (under the Department of the Interior) of British Immigrant Children and Perishing Homes, Mr. G. Rogue Smart. We regard it as an eminently right and wise step on the part of the Government, in view of the importance of the Child Immigration movement and the necessity for safeguarding it from abuses, to place this particular branch of immigration under the direct oversight of one specially appointed officer, with powers of supervision over all those engaged in bringing out and placing children in the Dominion. The establishment of this inspectorship is a boon for which we have occasion to be grateful to the present Government, and assuredly the responsible duties of the position could

not have been placed in any other so more efficient hands than in those of Mr. Smart. We were impressed from the time of our first intercourse with Mr. Smart by his general sympathy with the work as a philanthropic enterprise, but not less by his active determination to investigate fully the methods and system by which it was carried on, and to watch strenuously against defects of management, improper modes of administration or the carrying on of the work by unprincipled or unqualified persons that might cause it to become an injury instead of a boon to the country at large and to those immediately concerned. Needless to say we have been brought much into contact with Mr. Smart during the past year, and have had many and various opportunities of judging of his attitude towards us, and of his policy towards the work generally, and we must bear our testimony to the fair-mindedness, tact and unfailing courtesy that have marked all his official dealings with us. He has never hesitated to point out cases or circumstances in which he considered our methods or actions might be improved upon, or open to criticism, and we are indebted to him for many helpful suggestions; but his communications have always been made in an affable and considerate manner and with an evident desire to promote the efficiency and success of the work. On our part, we have at all times sought to afford Mr. Smart every possible facility for the fulfilment of his duties and to supply details or explanations as he might require them, and our desire will always be to maintain the present cordial relations with Mr. Smart personally and the Department of the Government in which he so ably represents.



passed on, might be expected to be a
feature of the winter season.

Prize Awards.

As it is sometimes a very difficult matter for the inspector at Church parades to select the individual entitled to the first prize for cleanliness, owing to the fact that there are several lads who run number one a pretty close race, this month's report gives the names of the lads receiving the 2nd and 3rd prizes, as well as that of the young men leading off with No. 1:

- December 15 1, Swift; 2, Peter Smith; 3, Gruber.
- December 22 1, Manser; 2, Gilchrist; 3, Hinton.
- Christmas Day 1, Newcombe; 2, Hooper; 3, Taylor.
- December 29 1, E. C. Clark; 2, Hatherton; 3, P. Smith.
- January 5 1, M. Smith; 2, John P. Hill; 3, P. Hill.
- January 12 1, Hooper; 2, Gilchrist; 3, Manser.

Marriage Belle

Old acquaintance of Mr. Harry Good, who has the honor of being numbered among the list of pioneers of the Manitoba Farm, will probably not have yet forgotten our friend's chronic weakness for the fair sex. Well, Harry's cherished threat has at last been carried out and the young man has joined the great army of benedicts. The North-Western correspondent of UPS AND DOWNS certainly has cause for feeling somewhat slighted, as this wedding came off on December 11th, and UPS AND DOWNS was not notified until January 4th, otherwise we could have placed the announcement in the New Year's number. However, we will forgive Harry if he won't do it again, and we feel sure that readers of UPS AND DOWNS will join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Good *once Adieu*. The bride, of broad by a long life of happiness. Mr. Good's present address is Box 12, Verdun, Manitoba.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING

As the year draws to a close, and the
new year is about to dawn, we
wish to send our best wishes to
all our friends and acquaintances
and to all the people of the
North-Western District.

new to acknowledge a substantial act of kindness on the part of Kimber, as we received from him only a few days ago a five dollar bill, with instructions to send it on to Mr. Owen, to be applied to the general funds of the Institution. We do not wish to complain, but have to unwillingly admit that our young men who have been placed out in the West from the Farm Home under the writer's care, have been somewhat remiss in their efforts to assist our much-respected Director in his endeavours to help others on to the same footing they themselves have already attained, sometimes at heavy cost to the Institutions, and we sincerely trust that the example of our old friend, Kimber, who no doubt keeps posted on the advancement of the Homes and makes few moves of any kind in ignorance (indeed, a prominent man knowing Ben, well informed the writer, a few days ago, that Mr. Kimber was one of the best read men in the Yorkton District) will encourage others to lend to Dr. Barnardo slight recognitions, at least for favours already received. On a line with Kimber's contribution we received on Christmas Day two dollars from Ernest Leech, of Bunside. Leech appears to be making his way in the district in which he has selected his home, and we believe it will be a source of gratification to the young man all through the year that he has deposited his mite towards the great and good work with which he has the honour of a connection.

One Like Him.

Do the boys and youths, sent out from our different Institutions in Canada, realize the extent and importance of their own individual example as it affects others still to be placed? The writer cannot think it over, take in a joke, you will probably *after a while* see the point of our contention. Once there, with you, the office a letter a day. If the matter is not to be made a light of, you must not be so much afraid of the fact of message to be sent to you, and you must only be made to be your *self*, a changed man, and a person who is not afraid of

situations, but often assist them wonderfully in securing some deserving boy not only a place near an old chum but often most desirable employment. *Apropos* of the above, we have just received the following letter from our dear young friend, William Land, who only left the Farm on January 7th. Land's letter reads as follows:

MANITOU, MAN., 9th January, 1902.

DEAR SIR,--I am glad to be able to tell you I arrived safe at Mr. E. Johnson's on the 8th of this month. I am glad to say I have a good situation, a good master and "missis," and a good home, thanks to you. Please, sir, I have a chum at the Home named B. Cray. He asked me to ask you (if this was a good place) to send him to the same part as I am. There is a farmer about two miles from here who wants a Barnardo lad about my size. My master has seen this farmer to-day about this job, and the farmer says that Cray would be well cared for, and would have a good home so long as he kept himself steady and did his duty. He wouldn't be overworked, and he would keep him as long as he would like to stay. There are only he, his wife and one child. The farmer's Phoss is, Elias Govier, Manitou, Manitoba. He is a respectable farmer, and keeps a good stock of cows, four horses, and has a half section of land. Please, sir, if you are sending him to a situation, please send him here if it is possible. I am obediently,

Yours truly,
Wm. Land

Left the Hive

One of the greatest losses to the Institution during the last quarter occurred when Arthur E. Williams left the Home to take up employment with Mrs. J. E. Humphreys, of Cannington Manor, and it is needless to say that the management were puzzled for a time as to the best method to be adopted in connection with the gas-

department after William's departure, but finally brought matters into working shape, and now live in the hope that our loss has been Mr. Humphreys' gain. On January 4th, George Gleaves, who has filled with satisfaction for some months the post of baker in the Farm Home kitchen, left for Cannington Manor to accept a situation with Ernest N. Maltby, Esq., Manager of The Moose Mountain Trading Company. On the same day Herbert Craxford was sent to Carberry to fill a situation with Mr. William Shaw. The sturdy young labourer, Thomas Sadler, was found a place near Birtle, on January 7th, with ex-Reeve Huchnichen; and on the same train which carried Sadler to his destination William Land left for Manitou to enter the service of Mr. Elijah Johnson. James Newcomb and Samuel Taylor left on Saturday train, January 11th, Newcomb going to the farm of Edward Gibson, Glephore, and Taylor to the service of Mr. David Squire, Plumbers. On January 14th Albert E. Green, pushing little Ted from the coach, was sent to the employ of Mr. Robert McCall, at Carberry, and by this time had had his own settled in his place.

Now that our journal is likely to become more of a newspaper, we would solicit any of our friends who come upon items likely to be of interest to those connected with the Homes to send on their news to the Farm Home Office, Barnardo.

W. A. H. H.



Home Chat

THE month of January has brought us a perfect wealth of material for "copy" in the shape of letters from our boys far and near, and before going further, we must heartily thank our many correspondents for the large number of interesting communications that have come to our hand since the last issue. The writers will all have received individual acknowledgments of their letters, but we must take the opportunity of saying how much pleasure it always gives us to hear from our boys and to have them write us about their concerns. Many of our lads are splendid letter-writers and give us really graphic and interesting accounts, while there are others who when they have said, "I now take my pen in my hand to write you these few lines," find that they have undertaken a big task, and one which we suspect it often takes a good deal of effort to bring to a final accomplishment. But we are delighted to have these letters, and we wish to impress the fact upon all our boys, and would urge them to let us hear from them as often as they can and give us as much news as possible of their doings and experiences wherever they may be.

The following lately reached us from Henry R. King, of the summer party of 1896, and to whom we recently had the pleasure of awarding Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and faithful service:

DEAR SIR, I received the medal, and I send you many thanks for your kindness and thoughtfulness to me. I am going to hire for another year with Mr. Ryan. I weigh 140 pounds now, but when I came here I only weighed sixty-one pounds. I have been in this country six years, and quite satisfied with it. This is the country for a boy to come to, where you can always be sure of work and good wages, if you are honest and industrious.

I am now going to land, while I have a little bit of myself, which I am sure will pay for itself, if I only get a good boy to sign the badge, against stealing, if I can get the chief, just in need of a couple of will give you a good one. I go to the day school, and church, and read the Bible, and do my duty.

Yours truly,

Nicholas Jones, a Leopold House boy of the *Vimvian* party of last July writes:

I have now been here six months, and like it very well. My master and mistress are both good to me, and I am quite satisfied with my place. I am sending 25c. for UPS AND DOWNS, which I like. I can milk now. I like this country and have a good time snow-balling.

From another of our "war correspondents," and an old friend and contributor to UPS AND DOWNS, we received the following by a recent mail:

HOLENSTEIN, SOUTH AFRICA, Dec. 10th.

DEAR SIR, I must apologize for not writing sooner than this: we have been very busy since we came out here building forts and going out with small columns. We came in contact with the Boers on the 11th July—that is, our troop. There were about five hundred of them to twenty-one of us, and we gave them a little more than what they bargained for. We have captured several Boers since then that were in the fight, and they said it was the hottest scrap that they had had with a small patrol since the war started. We came out of it pretty lucky though; but our sergeant-major and two troopers were killed, and we also had four wounded; but they have all pulled through now. I have been in the best of health since I came out and can't complain, only that it is getting rather hot now.

I suppose things are going on at the Home as usual. I am sending my book with this letter. I suppose it will be a little late. Well, I must bring my letter to a close, wishing you all at the Home a Happy New Year, and also give my best regards to Mr. Griffith. I remain, yours truly,

W. B. MOTTIER.

The paragraphs in Walter's letter that we omit relate to the grievances of the Strathcona Horse on account of the treatment that they have received at the hands of the military authorities in South Africa. These authorities have come to feel a much harsher criticism for the management of affairs of late, and the complaints and grievances of individuals and bodies of men have been so generally ventilated, that we have no wish to put in the circulation of our little magazine any article that has been made a source of effort and editorial expenditure. The management of our little magazine is a very delicate matter, and we believe that it is our duty to be as impartial as possible in our treatment of all parties.



Wm. H. Bell



Wm. H. Bell

For several years past we have made a practice of awarding prizes at the end of the Christmas term for competition at the various Muskoka schools, where any considerable number of our little boarders attend to be awarded by the teachers to the best conducted and most attentive of their scholars. The following are the winners of these prizes as far as they have yet been reported to us, together with the school and the names of the foster parents with whom they are boarded out.



Robert Gee

SCHOOL

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

Port Sydney

NAME OF BOY

Woolner, Henry

Hagger, Henry

Mason, John

Pingle, Geo.

Rice, Chas.

Pringle, Al.

Lane, Walter

Lee, Albert

Lindsay, Geo.

James, George

McCall, Arthur

Smith, Alex.

Hay, James

Macdonald, J.

McCall, J.

Whitman, Geo.

McCall, Geo.

McCall, Geo.

NAME OF FOSTER PARENT

Mr. Andrew Kerr

Mr. Henry Carr

Mr. M. Graham

Mr. H. J. F.

Mr. M. Donald

Mr. J. H.

Mr. F. W.

Mr. C. B.

Mr. J. G.

Mr. H. J.

Mr. G. J.

Mr. A. G.

Mr. W. J.

Mr. J. H.

Mr. J. H.

Mr. J. H.

Mr. J. H.

Mr. J. H.

We must heartily congratulate these little lads upon their success, and hope it will stimulate them to do their very best at school during the coming year and make good use of the sowing time of life, on which the harvest of their future lives so largely depends.

We have received most encouraging reports of many of our other little boarders whose names do not appear in the above list. Mr. W. H. Large, of Bracebridge, writes of the two little lads, Bertie Coombs and William C. Woodham:

hear that he has a good place. The other boys get some nice presents from the school for Christmas too.

Mr. T. Lakeman, of Asplin, from whom we have just arranged to recall the little brothers, John and James Lannen, says of them:

I cannot tell you how very sorry both Mrs. Lakeman and myself are to part with the boys. Neither of them are what you might call strong lads, and they are both small for their age; but two better moral boys, and willing to do all they can, could not be found; and the only consolation we have is to know they will be placed near each other.



William Charles Arnold.

They are doing splendidly; they are very good little boys and we are expecting that they will grow up to be good men.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson, of Faneuil, report as follows of Willie and Edwin Robert and Alfred W. Coe:

They are doing splendidly; they are very good little boys and we are expecting that they will grow up to be good men. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson, of Faneuil, report as follows of Willie and Edwin Robert and Alfred W. Coe: They are doing splendidly; they are very good little boys and we are expecting that they will grow up to be good men.



Albert and Ernest Everett.

The brothers Albert and Ernest Everett, whose portraits we publish above, are two good boys settled in comfortable homes. We are pleased to state both boys are doing admirably well and making excellent progress.

Our friends are very kind to send the waste. Providence has provided a very large number of copies of the book in which I hope to find some good news to our friends on the ground. But in the meantime, I am sure you will find many interesting and profitable things that have been put to hand.

VALENTIA, Dec. 20th, 1901.

DEAR SIR, I am writing you a few lines. I am getting on well, and hope you are well. I like my home well. I am sending you a dollar. We had a good crop this year; the wheat is blocked; every elevator is full; the farmers can't get it out; the C.P.R. can't haul it out fast enough. I will close now, wishing you a bright and happy New Year.

J. SIDNEY SMITH.

P.S. James Sidney Smith still continues to be a very good boy, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the same.

J. A. MURRAY.

ALAMEDA, N.W.T., Dec. 27th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I now take pleasure in writing a few lines to let you know that in the land of the living I am. I like the North-West fine, and am going to stop up here for another year. It was a fine harvest up here this summer, and the grain turned out well. Wheat went from 25 to 35 bushels, oats went 40 to 60 per acre, so the land is good up in this part. I have hired for a year at the same place. I worked all last summer, and if all goes well I might take up a farm soon. I am about three miles from town. It is a very fine winter so far. I never saw such a nice day for Xmas as we had up here; the sun was so warm the cattle were out all day. Well, Sir, I now send my bank book to get the interest added to it for this year, and I think this is all for this time. Wish you and the folks happy New Year. Yours truly,
E. C. WILSON.

UNION POINT, Jan. 18th, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS.

DEAR SIR, I am writing a few lines to you, hoping this letter will find you all well, as it leaves me at present. Well, in the first place, we are having beautiful weather out here in Manitoba; there is only a little snow here and there; the people are riding in their buggies and waggons all winter. It is like spring when there is no wind. My boss hasn't sold any of his wheat yet. He had last year 2,900 bushels of wheat, 1,500 bushels of oats and 120 loads of hay. My boss is going to build a new house. Him and I are drawing gravel for a concrete cellar; we are drawing it sixteen miles. We have fourteen loads home now, and it will take twenty two loads altogether. Well, I will soon have my time expired and work for myself. I like UPS AND DOWNS as a magazine. I saw in this last issue that you are going to publish them monthly, so I am getting some of the neighbours out here to put in a few lines to help it through. I am sending a few myself. We are having a service once a week on Friday evening, and have no Sunday school here the while, so I have to go Sunday night at seven o'clock. I feel I will lose my wedding you are going to with happiness and success. I am, Sir, your truly,
E. C. WILSON.

lowing for which we must beg Mr. Lowe to accept our cordial thanks. We much value his very kindly and appreciative remarks upon Dr. Barnardo's work as it has come under his observation:

UNION POINT, MAN., Jan. 18th, 1902.

SIR, It is with pleasure I lift my pen to address these few lines to your valuable little paper and in praise to Dr. Barnardo for the great work that he has been engaged in for the last twenty years. I am a Manitoba farmer, and have been for the last thirty years, and I have watched with the greatest interest the emigration scheme of Dr. Barnardo. I have come to the conclusion that he is doing one of the greatest works for humanity that can be imagined. Just think of the thousands of helpless children that he gathers up, and is the means of placing them in happy homes; and then think of all the people that are made happy by the company and help of those young people, and which becomes a great factor in the settlement of this new country, especially Manitoba, where help is so scarce and hard to get. For most of the farmers' boys get farms of their own so young that very few of them ever have to go out to look for work, but rather need help themselves. And besides, the young girls are just what is wanted, and should be, and are, a boon to many a household. We have a wonderful country, and we need all the boys and girls that Dr. Barnardo can ever send out here; and I hope he will be long spared by the mercy of God to carry on this great work. And now, in conclusion, I might say that I have personally known a number of those Home boys, and notice that they live all their lives well. Yours truly,
D. G. LOVER.

Henry J. Granville, whose features will be familiar to not a few of our readers, has lately favoured us with a very interesting account of affairs general and personal in his part of the world, which we were highly pleased to receive. Our friend, Henry, is becoming an old timer in Manitoba, and it is not the first time he has given us the benefit of his experiences, and we hope it may not be the last.

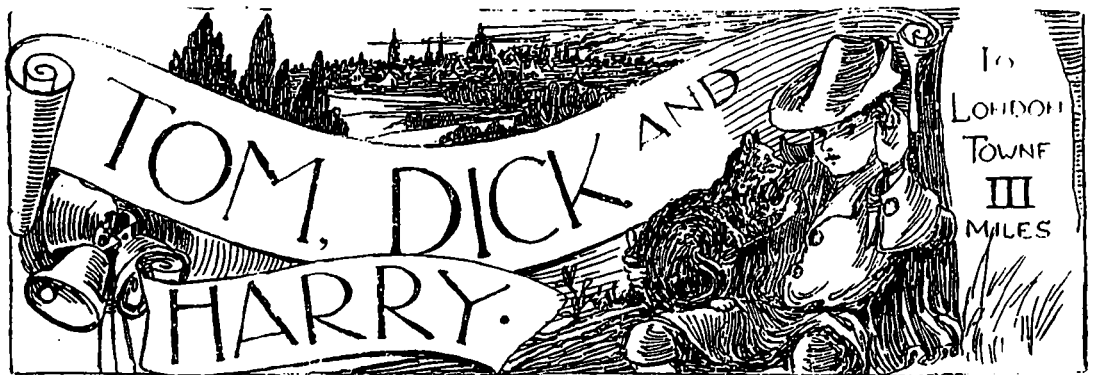
DE. 17, 11th, March 1, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR.

214 E. 1st St., Winnipeg, Man.

DEAR SIR, I have just received your issue of the 17th inst. and I am glad to hear that you are still so much interested in the work of the Home boys and girls.

I trust you will be glad to hear that I have just received the issue of the 17th inst. and I am glad to hear that you are still so much interested in the work of the Home boys and girls. I have just received your issue of the 17th inst. and I am glad to hear that you are still so much interested in the work of the Home boys and girls.



I WAS afraid I was "in for it." I have read that you can expect a boomerang to "come back at you" in due course; but nobody can tell you where you are likely to be hit, or how to dodge it. I was waiting to be hit somewhere with something—and I was. This is what struck me:

III

A WORD TO DICE WHILST LION:

Your theme-house-wifery was splendid, you did well, and I am sure all we young girls who read it enjoyed every word of it. But please forgive me for saying that the last paragraph was the very best part. You really ask us to retaliate with our "strongest power."

"Light the fire," indeed! And it has come to that, has it? Oh, girls, beware! Will the husband please exchange and scrub the floor, and wash all the windows, for once? Girls ought at keeping the fire in!

Young men who expect to marry, listen to this bit of advice: If the dinner is spoiled one night, don't stay down town the next night with a lame excuse. Go home, and be bright and cheery. See what you can do to help her over the difficulty. Very likely her cake may be spoiled, but remember the extra work you caused her by bringing mud from your boots into the house. Or perhaps she spoiled the cake by waiting to mend the curtain you tore while closing the window last evening.

Be careful, man, and do not call that wife a "lazy creature," if she has only done a day's

tramping, the house work, and gotten your dinner, and brought the laundry home, put up some pictures, tidied the garden and laid a grate fire.

Let Tom, Dick and Harry be the lighters of the bundle, and brighten the fire, and act by saying a few encouraging words, and an occasional anecdotal sentence. Do not try to understand the responsibility that rests for her welfare and happiness. Do you realize that his lies entailed the punishment Maria, so that she has her extra reading, and a night to have him, share them.

Tom could be very nice to her, and to himself. If things become serious, you can never call back to her. Her conscience is

too much for dinner, and more time will be given to the house. Or, better still, take her work for a week. I won't ask longer.

The tell-tale corners are to be seen in the man also. He is not thorough in his duties to the home. He does not give the needed advice. An account of this kind has to be given as a "gentle reminder."

Tom has the strength and force; but why should it not be used to shield and support his wife, of whom so much is expected by other ways?

Dear Tom, be a good husband, and do not let Tom.

Tom may not neglect the Bible, by being going; but why not share with Maria in this worldly thing? Why should the women always be expected to be unselfish and to bear the burden of the world's sins?

III

As it is imagined, I begin to tremble, in the language of Mr. F. D. M., "It is too good to be true."

III

Now, look here, Sissy: the sentiment is very nice, and, from the feminine point of view, doubtless your contention is well taken, but, as is often the case with the fair sex, you speak more from your heart than your head. I was discussing in the last number the qualities of a housewife, and advocating excellence in matters pertaining to the hand, the head and the heart, which should be aimed at by every girl who would a piece to the ideal virtue of a good and true wife. As all understand of course, that ideal is by no means to be despised, and it is quite possible, including Tom's account, to be able to do it, but in my view the only way to do it can be translated that every girl should be taught to get things done, and every man should get things done, and every man should get things done, and every man should get things done.

rushes allong into matrimony—almost wholly unprepared, thinking because "he loves me" that every fault will be overlooked, and every deficiency tolerated, for the reason that "love is blind"

a fatal mistake. Love throws a glamour over the object of its attachment, idealizes it, and looks for perfection. Time and contact bring the idol and the idolater on to the same plane, and the idol loses in prestige as it sinks to or below the level of the idolater. A counterfeit does not remain long in currency; it is soon detected, and as soon falls to its intrinsic value. They—that is, the kind of girls I am alluding to—look to "him" for more leniency and forbearance than might be expected of a saint, and whine and pine when he is provoked to harshness or cold indifference. Do they seek in themselves for their own share of the cause of trouble? No; they whimper and deem themselves the victims of masculine cruelty. "I'll be your turtle-dove, and you shall pay the bills—I can't cook very well, and to wash I am ashamed—I hate house work, and with things so cheap needlework is such a bother! But you love me—don't you, Tom?" If Tom says "yes," as probably he will at that stage of the game, "what's the odds so long as you're happy?" She will not face the future, and prepare for it in the present. Slopping over with sickly sentiment, she wants to be taken for better or worse "just as I am, without one plea." If Tom were what he should be, he would decline the contract on these terms. Perhaps the very fact that he is not more sensible and discriminating proves that he deserves no better spouse. But that does not obviate the friction that is sure to come when he learns by comparison to discriminate. Wait until he is loaded with one of Amaranth's wooden pins.

† † †

It is a common mistake to suppose that a woman who is not a saint is a sinner. She is neither. She is a human being, with all the good and bad qualities that go to make up a human nature. She is not a saint because she is not perfect, and she is not a sinner because she is not evil. She is a human being, and she should be treated as such.

they fail to command what is due to them from their husbands. Men often have adverse and irritating circumstances to contend with during the day, and are easily put out when things are not exactly as they should be at home. This is the time to "pour oil on the troubled waters." Why, the little woman who can see at a glance when something is amiss with Tom, and strokes him with a gentle hand the right way of the fur, will have him smiling in blissful forgetfulness of a hostile world in a jiffy. She's a clever little woman—she's a little diplomatist: that's what she is! And she shall have a new bonnet as often as she likes (if she doesn't like too often) yes, she shall!

† † †

Women are not angels—not *perfect* angels, I mean; and men well, I'll admit they have their faults in plenty. How much more angelic woman might be if man were less imperfect, I cannot say; but how much better husbands there would be in this world of trouble if the gentle sex had, or cultivated, the amount of tact that rightly belongs to it! I know a little woman, gentlemanly, the personification of tact—but that is another story, as Mr. Kipling says. However, this may be said, her household is full of sunshine, and if her bonnets are not up-to-date that's not her husband's fault.

† † †

Sissy, I don't like to poke fun at your logic; but I can't help saying that the dinner should not be spoiled. If it is, then the housewife has neglected her duty, or is incompetent. If Tom spoils his work, he is reprimanded, if not discharged; that's the way he is "helped over the difficulty." Nothing so "bright and cheery" in that? If efficiency, carefulness and industry are required of him in the workshop, he will naturally look for—and should and must receive—recognition from his partner at home. And as to that fog-stra work he brings in and tries to do home in his best effort to lounge up his back on the sofa, let it be done to the best of his ability, and he shall be rewarded by a little more of the same in the evening.

while closing the window—perhaps it wasn't. In either case it shows lack of system and thoughtfulness in allowing one task to interfere with the performance of another. "One thing at a time, and that done well," is a good motto. The business man, as well as the housewife, has a multiplicity of details to attend to; and only concentration on one thing for the time being, and a systematic arrangement of his affairs, prevent confusion—and a tangle in business means disaster. What I do most emphatically protest against is the evasion of responsibility on the plea of sex--the heedless manner in which the gushing girl flops into some young fellow's arms in an effervescence of sentiment, which, when it has ceased to fizz, leaves her cold and listless, bankrupt in love, ignorant and inapt in household duties, and destitute of the common sense to recognize her failings and so "make the best of a bad job" by a determined effort at self-improvement. The chronic grumbler is invariably a hopeless failure—hopeless because he refuses to see the fault in himself that is the cause of his troubles.

and upbraids providence and mankind for withholding from him what he does not deserve. Nobody but a blind God could side him.

† † †

The old, old suggestion—exchange work for a week, and see what would happen! Failure and confusion on both sides, of course, for the reason that Tom knows nearly as little about housekeeping as Maria knows about his work. Oh! the logic of the girls!

† † †

I don't deny that "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" that's true; now Maria's "goose is cooked," suppose we save what sauce is left for the other bird? When I come to think of it, the gander has already been attended to by my correspondent, who has deliberately poned over him (or was it me?) the same I had intended for the goose. I mean the goose, for the gander is already done.

2) of 3

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 January 22nd:

Albury, Arthur G., \$2.25; Boyington, I. G., \$1; Boyce, Geo. S., \$1; Brooks, Henry \$4.75; Bowsher, Geo., \$3; Beresford, Geo. C., \$1; Bradford, Philip, \$3; Bright, Leonard, 25c; Curl, Wm., \$1; Croft, Albert, \$1; Chubb, Chas. L. W., \$1; Cowley, Frederick, \$5; Childs, Alb. H., 25c; Duthie, Herbert, \$2; Drew, Saml. R., \$1; Digweed, Henry G., \$5; Dalton, Arthur E., \$2; Davis, W. J., \$1; Danton, Geo. L., 75c; Edwards, Henry G., \$2; Fidler, Geo., 75c; Fiskett, Isaac, \$1; Fox, Randl. \$1; Finlay, Claude, \$1; Fitzgerald, Edward, \$1.50; Floyd, Frederick, \$1; Green, Walter, \$1; Hyde, Wm. A., \$1.50; Gleaster, Harold, \$1; Granville, Henry J., \$2; Griffith, Isaac, \$1; Green, Alfred E. A., \$1; Gilchrist, D. J., \$1; Holme, John J., \$2; Harrison, Richard, \$2; Howell, Arthur, \$3.55; Hurdly, Isaac, \$2; Hutton, Ernest A., 75c; Halton, John, \$1; Honeycombe, Wm., \$1; Head, John, \$2; Hebblethwaite, J.

53c.; Jones, Alex., \$1; King, Geo., \$2; Knowlton, Walter, \$1; Kimber, Benjamin, \$4.25; Kirby, Wm., 50c.; Lambert, Geo. W., 61c.; Lednor, Henry, \$1; Muir, Sidney, \$1; Maddow, Horace, \$1; Murphy, Arthur, \$1; Miller, Edward, \$1; Marshall, Joshua A., \$7; Martin, Geo. H., \$1; Munson, Joseph, \$4; Morgan, Joseph. E., \$1; Neil, S. H., \$2; Newell, Thos. E., \$1; Outtridge, James, \$5; Oates, Geo. E., \$1; Olsen, Carl, \$1; Pettitt, Fred., \$1; Poole, Wm., \$1; Piper, Chas., \$1; Parry, Richard, 50c.; Richards, Wm. W., \$1; Richardson, Geo., \$1; Rendles, Frederick, \$1; Rodel, Wilfred, \$1; Shaw, Sidney, \$1.19; Stewart, Oliver, \$2; Seymour, Wm., \$1; Stork, Alfred, \$1; Sage, Wm. H., \$1; Sprad, Thos., \$1; Smith, James S., \$1; Stephens, Alfred, \$1; Southern, Reginald J., \$2; Southern, Wm. C., \$1.8; Smith, Cl. E., \$1; Smedley, Fred. H., 38c.; Spang, John, \$5; Poulton, J. C., \$1; Cayton, Wm. A., \$5; Taylor, Wm., 75c.; Toms, Wm., \$1; Tarrall, Albert, \$1; Whelan, James, \$7; Williams, Albert, 75c.; White, Charles, \$1; Watson, Arthur H., \$1; Vinnicombe, Thos. E., \$1; Wright, George, \$2; Wilk, George, \$1.75; Wheeler, Fred., \$1; Wright, H. J., \$2; Winler, Cl. H., \$1; Nell, Wm. L., \$2; Young, George, \$1; Young, Saml., \$1; Young, Fred., \$1.

reading, and became most companionable and at the same time, very beautiful and bright tempered. All the sulkiness and quarrelsome-ness of childhood passed away; she was quite ready to beg Sarah Lovell to forgive her for being offended in the past, saying she was very sorry for it. She was glad to receive the visits of the rector, who kindly came to minister to her in her last days, and would ask her dear friend to read to her from the Bible, of which she had a very good knowledge; and when the last moment came, she passed away with the name of Jesus on

Chat Chat

Christmas was observed with the usual festivities at Hazel Brae. The children enjoyed all very much, and were especially delighted with the Christmas tree, which was a great success. The Home children are small, so dolls prevailed, and are still cherished, as well loved children should be.

It was after sundry difficulties, arising out of roads filled with snow and utterly untracked, that the home of Laurie Harris was safely reached; but I felt more than rewarded for all that had gone before when I heard she was a great comfort in the family and highly respected in the community. Laurie herself is a shy girl, so has not a ready tongue, but she seemed very happy and content, and expressed an earnest desire to remain among the friends whose home is quite hers.

Decima Sulvean has succeeded Amy Lawrence in her home, and seems to have exceeded her in popularity also. Dessy is a quiet, gentle little woman. That she is neat and industrious also adds considerably to her value; and her nice voice gives her a social standing in the neighbourhood, but does not seem to make the dear child vain.

Amelia Glanville, another new girl, has a warm place in the esteem of her employers, and likes Canada very much. She is quite one of the family, and shares all the duties and pleasures with her new mother, yet keeps a warm place for a dear boarding-out mother in the Old Country. Looking after a wee new lassie, I came one day on one of the 1889 girls; and I was very pleased to find Carrie Burch did not try to conceal her identity, but cheerfully volunteered the information that she was an old girl. Carrie has not amassed a fortune or made a great name for herself, but she is a respected and respectable citizen and if by and by she takes another name she will none the less be our girl.

The Gregory, of Claver, is a good picture which will be seen on another page. All no doubt, be remembered by many of the Village girls. She came to Canada in July 1899 and has



Carrie Tuck.

her lips, we trust to bask in His love forever. She was buried on New Year's Day in Miss Jepson's family vault at Niagara Falls. Her favourite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was sung, and every outward token of respect and affection as to a real miss show, to her. Indeed, throughout her whole sickness everything, which love could suggest, or money procure, was provided for Carrie's comfort and relief. May He Who has promised to reward the giver of a cup of cold water, and amply repay the acts of love,



JANIE WOODMAN



BESSIE ROGERS



SOPHIE FAIRMAN



CAROLINE ROWE



ALICE GREGORY



M. LOUISA BOLTON



ANNIE KIMBER



ELLEN FLETCHER

now a good home near Cornwall. Her sister, Caroline, came out many years before and is well settled in Ottawa.

Janet Makin, one of last year's girls, is also in the neighbourhood of Cornwall. She is a good little girl, and does her best; but she is a little small for the required duties. She is very happy, though, and hopes to be able to stay.

Violet O. Davis is having her first year's experience in Canada. She has found a happy home in the country with kind people, who have quite taken her into their family circle.

Emily Broomer, of the same party, is also a happy little girl, and willing to do what she can to help in the work. We hope she has a home for many years to come.

Lizzie Hayter, one of our elder girls, has kept her one place for six years. She is always interested to hear of the other girls, and looks forward to the time for THE NEW DOWN. She will, no doubt, be very glad to receive it monthly, instead of being a casual subscriber.

Maria Urquhart writes very cheerfully about herself and her surroundings. Many of her old friends will like to hear of her well being.

DEAR FRIENDS, I thought I would write and let you know how I am getting on in my present home. I like it very much; it just seems as if I were at home, they are all so kind to me. I have never been scolded much here. I try to do everything as they would like to have me do it. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday with Louisa Lewis, and we visit each other quite often. I enjoyed myself very much at Christmas time, and I had lots of presents from my mistress and all of them. I have been here over a year; it does not seem so long as that, and I hope to stay for quite a time, as I like it so well. I will try and go and make my sister a visit next winter, now she is married and has a home of her own. She writes to me quite often and seems to be very happy. I sent her a quilt for Christmas, and she said it was just lovely. She was pleased I made it myself. Is my subscription run out for THE NEW DOWN? I have not got on lately. If it is run out please let me know. I hope to read it, then, as I am very much interested. I enjoy the present very much. I will have my photo taken and I will send you one as to put in THE NEW DOWN. I am very much yours,
 MARY ANN OWEN

Hetty and Minnie Sanders are two little sisters who are fortunate enough to be placed with members of the same family. Hetty is on a farm, and often goes to see her sister. Minnie writes us a newsy letter, in which she tells of her disappointment about one of these visits. After describing a visit to the railway station, she says:

We had to get a move on, and get the work done, for we were expecting Hetty down on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W—— went to church and I stayed at home, expecting them to come every minute. We waited dinner over one o'clock, and they did not come, which made me awfully disappointed. Then Mr. C. W—— came in on Thanksgiving Day, but could not stay. I asked him why they did not come on Sunday. He said they were all ready to come and it began to rain pretty hard, and they thought it best to stay at home. He said Hetty was up early; she got up at two o'clock, but went back to bed again. Then she got up at four and started work to get done in good time, and then, I suppose, she was awfully disappointed when it rained. We have had enough snow to have sleigh riding. I have had both the children out in the sleigh, and there has been skating; but last Sunday was so warm the snow has all gone.

We hope Minnie and Hetty have been more fortunate at Christmas and New Year, and had good holidays together.

Caroline Rowe writes us a New Year letter, in which she says:

I like my new place very much; I feel it is a good home. My mistress is just lovely to me, and as careful as if I belonged to her. I enjoyed myself very much last summer. There is a beautiful pond right in front of our house; we have a row-boat, and I went out in it lots of times on the water. I hope some of the girls will know me and my sister, Maria; we came out in the July party, 1880. I wish Emily Arnold would write to me. I often look back to the day we left dear old England. I cannot say it was a happy day, for I love my own country. I was very pleased when I heard Dr. Barnardo had recovered from his sickness. When Mrs. Owen came to see me last month I sang one of the songs I sang at the missionary concert to her. I am always glad to see our friends from the Home. I must say the U.S. AND DOWN is a very nice book. I enjoy reading it; and I think the B.O.B.S. is a very good society, and it shows they are not ashamed to say they belong to the Barnardo Home. I am not ashamed, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for his kindness to us, and for bringing us out to such a beautiful country as Canada, and sending us into such nice homes. I was reading in the U.S. AND DOWN that at noon and I was very, very glad to see the account of the first that had been

Toronto Topics

THE New Year has begun, and by the time UPS AND DOWNS reaches its readers one month will have passed. May each month as it comes bring happiness and more brightness into all our lives!

It seems such a little time since our last talk together, and yet each day has brought its own share of responsibilities and new experiences; and although there is always a certain amount of sameness about our lives, at times some very funny things happen, and at others trying ones; but they all go to form our different characters, and the way we meet them tends to make these characters good and strong or weak and of no account. Let us all set before us the highest standard, and try earnestly and patiently to reach up to it, and mould our lives and characters after the pattern our Divine Master gave us.

As for news, we have our little share, of course. And, first of all, I am sure all our girls will want to know how Lizzie Steele is, so I must take this opportunity of thanking all the girls who have enquired for her so kindly both by letter and at the house, and tell them all that she is still in the hospital, resting; but we hope she is recovering strength and her lost energy. She has had a good deal of rheumatism, and several of us know what a terrible, gnawing, tiring pain that is, and can sympathize with her. We have another hospital patient on our books as well as Lizzie. Gertrude Storr has managed to pick up scarlet fever somewhere. I do not know if Santa Claus found it left over after dispensing his other gifts and so gave it to her; but it is, fortunately, only a slight attack, and we hope she will soon be well again and safe company and be able to take a place and keep it.

Harriet Dace is out of hospital and obliged to take a little work. Gladys Parsons, Elizabeth Menie, and Charlotte Wilson, once under the same heading, and we constantly hear of various pains and aches and swellings, and other troubles. But really, girls, I do not wonder. You may remember that I have

ages from fifteen to twenty even come out visiting on a cold evening, with snow on the ground and the thermometer between freezing and zero, with nothing on their feet but just the light slippers they wear round the house? I wonder if a few words from our friend, Dick Whittington, or our kind doctor, would have any better effect than my lectures, which seem to have got so stale as to be quite ineffectual.

We have to stretch our arms still wider to receive new sisters. Lucy Hayward comes to us from Burlington, and already seems very happy in her place, and we hope she will continue so and do well in it.

Lily Fitzgerald is trying her hand at city life and city ways, which latter are not like the country ones; but she will very quickly learn that chickens are just as good cooked without water in the pan as they are with it. Lily had a visit from her brother, whom she has not seen for three years, and we are glad she should have had this pleasure, and can realize what happiness it must have given her to be with him again. Then comes Marah Neale. How many can remember her? Of course, the writer is quite "out of it" on the remembering question, although she was first in the field to welcome her among us. Marah came to Canada in 1884 with one of the earliest parties; still she is not too old to come and claim sisterhood with us here in Toronto, and we are very glad to welcome her among us. Then we had two more strangers with us on the 26th—Marie Garbe and Ruth Graham, both of them quite "grown up," but none the less welcome, and we hope they will come again and see us and join our Sunday gatherings occasionally.

Alice Cornish lives a long way out in Burlington, but has managed to be with us two or three times, and we hope the society of other girls will cheer her up and in it let her to fresh efforts to do well and give satisfaction. And we have no gaps! Not one of our number has left us yet, and I hope we shall not see any breaks in our circle this



GRACE UNDERWOOD



ANNIE YERBY



ANNIE FARRELL



LIZZIE SHIPLEY



ADELAIDE HUTCHINGS



KATE STRONG



EDITH DUPUY

year. It does not matter how many more pages have to be used or fresh names written in the big book; but I do not like to see a red line half way down a page "Gone to Peterborough," leaving an unfinished record.

Looking through the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, it seems to me that Dick Whittington's "word to the girls" has a great many points which I would like to press home to the girls; but, maybe, coming, as it does, from the enemies' camp, it will have more effect left to itself. I would only say, "read, mark, learn," thoroughly take to heart and ACT ON IT (print those last three words in big type, please, Mr. Printer). And I can hear all my girls saying, "Just like her—the same old song!"

No very stirring events have happened, except just the party. Indeed, and as if that same party had not been in everyone's mind since—well, September, at any rate. By the way, girls, put those pretty blouses by very carefully and take care of them, for the sparrows are chattering again, and I hear twitters about two weddings to come our way very soon, and we shall want our finery for them!

The family was so large it was decided this year to divide our forces and have big girls one day and the little ones the next. Accordingly invitations were sent to all our big girls for the 26th December, which were accepted by a hundred; and although painfully reminded of my own insignificance, no woman in Toronto had more cause to feel proud than myself as I looked around upon—no, among my family! There was Annie Prior, a whole head taller than most in the room, with her bright face, pleasant manners and good report, and taller still was Ruth Graham. Then came Rose Gyde, Gertrude and Beatrice Storr, Isabella Sewell, Lydia Elsom, Mabel Williamson, all of good size and character. Oh, but it would be impossible to speak of all and besides some of the smaller ones have even better records than their big sisters. I wished we could have taken a snap shot once or twice. It was such a bright pleasing picture. The mustache was quite a feature in the evening

entertainment. Some sang, some recited, and they all did it so willingly and readily that, even if the performances were not just equal to those of professionals, they were fully appreciated and accepted in the spirit in which they were given.

For the children's party the programme was varied a little, and we had two tables across the dining-room; and it was a very pretty scene, with the flowers and fruit on the table and all the bright faces around. After a big feed of bread and butter, cake, fruit and candies, the tables were all cleared away and games at blind-man's-buff, musical chairs, etc., were the order of the day. Then came ice cream and more cake, and last, but not least, the bran-tub. Everyone received some little gift—a hair ribbon, handkerchief, soap doll or bottle of perfume, just to make the fun of having to dive for it; and everything seemed to be very thoroughly enjoyed. The greatest picnic was the next day; but the editor will be telling me my paper is too long, so we will leave that over "for want of space."

We cannot close, however, without a few words to express our appreciation of the kindness of those friends who were so unfiring in their kind helpfulness. To our constant friend, Miss Kennedy, who is always so ready to share our interests and lighten our labour; and Miss Mabel Godfrey, who was so kind and unselfish in helping with the programme (in fact, she undertook its whole arrangement), and her music added considerably to the brightness of the occasion; Miss Webb, who kindly acted as commissariat officer, with two or three helpers under her care, so that none of us had a chance to go hungry or thirsty, and the ice cream was liberally dispensed; and Miss Rowlatt, who, though a comparative stranger to most, added greatly to the success on both occasions by her kind helpfulness in each and every department—we wish to tender our most hearty thanks, and wish them all the best wishes possible for the New Year.

Purple Poppies

By MISS MARY FOSTER Cambridge, Mass.

"OH! Aunt Margaret," called Peggie Martin, bursting breathlessly into the room, "you'll come with me this afternoon, won't you? I've asked you first! Say yes quick, please, 'cause Tom says he's going to take you driving, and I want you very much."

"Why yes, girly; since you made such an effort to ask me first I haven't the heart to refuse. But where is it that you want me to go?"

"Oh, well, I'll tell you after lunch. You won't mind waiting, will you?"

"Peggie dear, how long did you want your new frock?" asked her mother, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "I fear you would have tripped had you had it on as you came up the stairs just now. I was sure it was Jack and Patters. I should think, Margaret, you could be persuaded to stay with us a little longer when you see how the children plot to have the most of your time for these last few days."

Aunt Margaret smiled. These nieces and nephews were very dear to her, but her invalid husband could not spare her for long, so her yearly visit to her sister, which was anticipated so joyfully by the children, meant a scramble among them to secure her company as often as possible during her stay, which was too short by far.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Margaret," demanded Tom, a large handsome lad of twenty, "you don't really mean that you are going off with Peggie this afternoon when I wanted so much to drive you along the road by the old dam? I meant to drive up and carry you off the minute luncheon was over, but Peggie heard me tell Forbes to have Dick ready, and off she flew to you. I call it a shame!"

"I am sorry I am the party to be so much a desperate choice to get here first that I couldn't do less than accept. My belongings are the sole property of your mother, but I am sure she would spare you a couple of hours before

breakfast, so why shouldn't we get up early and take the drive then?"

"Done," said Tom, seizing her hand in a huge grip, "and thank you for your gentle hint. I will leave you to Mother."

Mrs. Martin's eyes followed him fondly as he left the room. Her sister read her glance and sighed.

"How like Paul he is. I don't blame you for being proud of him; and how very pretty Peggie is growing. I have noticed it more every day; and she is tall for her age. Do you remember when you were sixteen?"

Until luncheon time they sat going over old times, and a keen observer might have read much in their faces that was not mentioned between them. They had been married happily, and their sons were born about the same time; but before Mrs. Crayton's child was four years old he was killed in a railroad accident. Mr. Crayton was slightly hurt, but her husband was injured for life. At first she was stunned by this grief; but her husband's condition required much tending and constant cheerfulness. Year by year her sorrow grew less, and she became more dear to all who knew her. Her sister's happy family were all very healthy, her husband a fine, vigorous man, and in this noisy household Aunt Margaret was almost a divinity.

After lunch Peggie claimed her prize, and waltzed triumphantly away with her aunt, casting laughingly victorious glances at Tom and the numerous small fry, who begged them to come back soon.

As they went through the gate, Peggie said, "Aunt Margaret, I am going to take you to a meeting of the Purple Poppie Club, so I will tell you all about it. First of all you must promise not to laugh."

"I do promise," said Aunt Margaret, "and you need not be afraid to tell me anything."

"Why then, you must know that the club is a very nice one. I'll get out all the details

get there. Last summer Kate Harding had the most beautiful dream. She had been sitting in the twilight playing to her mother, then she sang 'Rock-a-bye, Baby,' and her mother asked her to go on. Kate didn't know but one verse, but she went on singing, and the words just came of themselves, making the most beautiful song—all about maidens and purple poppies and thoughts. Someone called her mother, which startled Kate; but she kept thinking about the song and trying to remember it until she went to bed. As she lay in the darkness thinking, it all came back to her; but it was sung by a beautiful woman, very sweet and stately. Kate said she found herself in the most wonderful garden, surrounded by poppies in all the most exquisite shades of purple, and every where there was a faint odour—a very ghost of a fragrance—but more rare than any she had ever smelt. The woman was dressed in a clinging purple gown made of silken poppy petals. She was the spirit of the poppies.

Kate was much too awed to speak, but the poppy lady came to her moving over so slowly and gracefully; then she spoke to her in a low, sweet voice. She told her that she had sent for her that afternoon by a thought, as she wished her to see the poppies, which were not the common ones that put you to sleep, but were dream and thought poppies. These she sent to young girls that she loved, for they carried dreams of truth and beauty, and beautiful thoughts. She showed Kate some deep, rich-coloured ones, which she said she sent to girls whose faces are pretty and natures sweet, but who need something to give them depth of character. Talking like this, she took Kate through the garden, telling her what each poppy was for, until they came to the last one of all. This, Kate said, was more beautiful than anything she had ever seen before, and the lady of the poppies told her it was the one she sent to the girls who are true and sweet, but who are plain of face—what we call honestly. These poppies give the most beautiful thought in the world, which even if they can not change the future of a

girl's face, can give her such a lovely expression that everyone will call her a beautiful woman.

"After she had told about this poppy, she kissed Kate and then slowly went away while a purple haze rose all over the garden, and the next thing Kate knew it was morning. Wasn't that a lovely dream, Auntie?"

"It certainly was. And is it for that that you always wear the little pin made like a purple poppy? But what is the club?"

"Yes, that is our club pin. You see, Kate told five of us—Helen Lewis, Madge Hastings, Mary Wood, Alice Bacon and myself. We go together most of the time and are in the same class at school, so Kate thought if we should form a Purple Poppy Club we might help ourselves a lot. We meet almost every week for something, and it isn't always very serious; but once a month one of us has to read something, preferably original, with a beautiful thought in it. It is my turn to-day, and though the Club is usually very secret, the girls said I might bring you 'cause you are so much like the Lady of the Poppies."

Peggie was flushed and excited over the rehearsal of her story and the coming meeting, with Aunt Margaret present, as she looked to see if her aunt were laughing. Mrs. Crayton smiled back into the honest grey eyes, thinking that Peggie's face told of nothing but wholesome or beautiful thoughts.

"It is a very sweet fancy, my dear, and I feel much honoured that you have allowed me to come. Where do you hold your meeting?"

"In the Hardings' summer house to-day. It is so beautiful there, and they have such lovely grounds. We smuggle in this gate, so Kate's brothers needn't see us and interrupt."

Aunt Margaret found herself surrounded by six sweet-faced, laughing girls, who led her to a little summer house, covered with glorious, bright-coloured leaves. The little arbour was a veritable bower of autumn glory, and the girls were all rewarded for their work in locking it when Aunt Margaret expressed great pleasure and approval of their arrangement.

"And now, Mrs. Clayton," said Kate, who seemed to be mistress of ceremonies, "as Peggie has told you all about our Club, we will tell you that we have decided to make you the 'outward and visible sign' of our poppy lady who reigns in the spirit of our Club. We do beg you to be Our Lady of the Poppies."

With this, Kate handed Mrs. Clayton to the throne, then she turned to one of the other girls, who handed her something from a small box. It was a poppy pin, of gold and purple, like

those worn by each girl. This Kate presented to the new lady, then all the girls crowded round her to be kissed. After this the formal ceremonies of the Club meeting began. Reports were read, a bit of business settled, then came Peggie's paper. "Our Lady" looked happily at her girls, as she now called them in her mind, as they sat in a semi-circle at the foot of her throne, and Peggie with shining eyes faced them, and read in her clear young voice:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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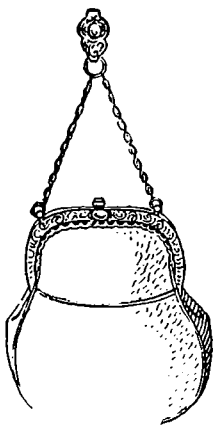
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