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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. II.—No. 1.

TORONTO, AUGUST 1ST, 1896.

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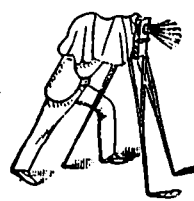
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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

I AM grieved to be writing "Echoes of the Month" from across the "herring pond," and at the disadvantage therefore of knowing almost nothing of what has been going on amongst readers of UPS AND DOWNS during the past month. I confess that I feel very much like some of our correspondents who tell us in their letters that they "don't know what to say;" but I do know, too, that those who are responsible for UPS AND DOWNS will be on the look out for Echoes of the Month. So I must pound my brains to see if there isn't something there to raise an "Echo."

To be sure there has been the annual meeting—that vast gathering at the Albert Hall on Midsummer Day, the 24th of June, at which I was fortunate enough to land in time to be present. Dr. Barnardo has achieved some magnificent success in the history of his Institution; but, I venture to think that this time he surpassed anything hitherto attempted. The meeting itself and the carrying out of the programme in every part was an unmixed and unqualified success, and from "start to finish" there was not a hitch or misadventure.

Those of us who have been present at former meetings will recall the thrilling sight presented by the vast concourse of people filling the Hall literally from floor to ceiling, boxes, stalls, galleries, packed to the fullest extent of their capacity with eager, expectant faces turned mostly in the direction of the immense arena, which was entirely left for the various performances on the programme. Long before the time advertised for the Duke of Sutherland to take the chair, every seat was occupied. The interval was pleasantly filled with selections by the band, played in a style highly creditable both to Mr. Davis and themselves, and a much appreciated organ recital by Mr. Turvey. The great attraction of the scene was, of course, the girls and boys who filled the orchestra seats to the number of many hun-

dreds, the girls in frocks of white, blue and heliotrope, and the boys in the usual white sailor costume. Over the great organ a banner was suspended bearing the inscription, "Welcome to their Royal Highnesses from the largest family on the earth." Other banners, on which were displayed the names of the various Homes and branches of the Institutions, were arranged round the Hall. The effect of the whole was exceedingly striking and animated, and presented a sight such as we venture to think is to be seen nowhere else in the world.

The members of the British Royal Family are a proverb for punctuality in keeping their appointments, and at five o'clock "sharp" the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, were receiving the greetings of the Reception Committee at the royal entrance, and were

number of others, letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Goschen and Sir John Lubbock Lord Brassey, from the other side of the globe, sent a cable message of warm sympathy, ending with the welcome words "Two hundred pounds." Among those who, better than sending either letters or telegrams, were present themselves, may be mentioned, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lady Henry Somerset, Lord Herschell, Sir Howard and Lady Vincent, Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Rev. Newman Hall, and many other persons of prominence in the religious, political and social world.

Dr. Barnardo, whose rising was the signal for general applause, made a few remarks by way of introduction to the spectacular perform-



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE HOME PARK.

ances of the evening, which he explained were illustrations of the processes by which his work of rescue and training is being carried forward. Forthwith, there was presented to the audience the sight of a dozen or more handicrafts in full operation. Carpenters, tinsmiths, mat-makers, boot-makers and others were for a few moments hard at work in their places in the arena amidst the enthusiastic applause of the audience. At sound of the bugle work ceased, and in a trice the various tools and benches were removed, and in a minute or two later the audience were delighted by the appearance of an array of little Ilford girls, who executed their musical drill in quite their best form. It was an exceedingly pretty scene, and was immensely appreciated.

"Babies' Castle," that followed next, was, perhaps, the great success of the evening. The arena was transformed into a huge nursery, where a number of "timies" disported themselves with rocking horses, wheelbarrows, kittens, and in romping in a huge pile of newly cut grass. The Prince and Princess of Wales were highly delighted with the nursery scene, and two wee children were taken up to the

conducted to their seats on the platform, amidst the singing of the hymn, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The proceedings were commenced immediately afterward by prayer offered by the eloquent and popular Archbishop of Armagh. This was followed by the address of welcome to their Royal Highness, delivered by that staunch friend of the Homes, Canon Fleming. The Canon is among the ablest orators of the day, and spoke with telling and powerful effect of the numbers who had been trained and started in life through the instrumentality of the Homes, and of the need and of the worth of such work as Dr. Barnardo's: work which no law or government could undertake, but earnest, powerful Christian love.

The letters of regret for inability to be present and expressing sympathy with Dr. Barnardo's work, included amongst a vast num-

ber of others, letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Goschen and Sir John Lubbock Lord Brassey, from the other side of the globe, sent a cable message of warm sympathy, ending with the welcome words "Two hundred pounds." Among those who, better than sending either letters or telegrams, were present themselves, may be mentioned, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lady Henry Somerset, Lord Herschell, Sir Howard and Lady Vincent, Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Rev. Newman Hall, and many other persons of prominence in the religious, political and social world.

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Princess, who received them in her own kind motherly way.

Following the nursery scene came the military exercises of four companies of little boys, who went smartly through manual and bayonet exercises and concluded with a charge. The next item on the programme consisted of a rendering of the well-known old nursery rhyme, "Four-and-twenty Blackbirds." A huge pie on a willow pattern dish was pushed into the arena. As the choir sang of the King, in the monarch walked, and was soon engrossed in counting his money. The Queen soon followed and ate bread and honey voraciously. Then the cook appeared on the scene armed with a huge knife and fork with which he proceeded in most business-like manner to open the pie. The removal of a large piece of crust was followed by the sudden appearance of a blackbird who hopped onto the brim of the pie, and after shaking his feathers hopped onto the ground. He was followed by three and-twenty other blackbirds, who made their successive appearance amidst the great laughter of the audience who fully entered into the fun of the thing. When the arena had been cleared once more, and the "blackbirds" returned to their normal costume, the Prince of Wales replied briefly to the address of welcome that had been presented to him. His remarks made it abundantly clear to all present that Dr. Barnardo's work had no more earnest sympathizers and well-wishers than the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the collection plate showed a generous response to his simple, well-chosen words of commendation and good will to Dr. Barnardo and his work. The programme continued for long after the Prince's speech, and comprised some most entertaining and picturesque features. "Life and Work at the Village Home" was illustrated by the conversion of the arena into a huge kitchen and laundry, where a number of girls occupied themselves in making bread, preparing and cooking vegetables, and in the various operations of mangling, ironing, knife cleaning and other household duties. Then followed a trades procession, bearing banners representing the sixteen trades and handicrafts taught in the Institutions, with the tools or "insignia" of each of the trades. "Cripple's Cricket" and the "Maypole Dance" were immensely applauded and the interest and amusement of the audience seemed unflagging.

The "march past" of the boys and girls who comprise the forthcoming Canadian party, was certainly not the least interesting feature of the evening's entertainment, coupled with the Chairman's remark, that these young people were going forth as "fresh links to bind together the Mother Country and her greatest Colony."

Cutlass drill, gymnastics, some short speeches, and the Benediction brought the proceedings to a close, and left all concerned to congratulate themselves upon an "unprecedented success." Our old boys in Canada will be delighted to hear that this important event in the history of the Homes passed off so auspiciously, and that the labours of the many who work in preparation for it were so abundantly rewarded. It shows that Dr. Barnardo and his work are losing nothing of the sympathy and support that have carried the Institutions to their present position of being by far the largest in the world; and it is pleasant to think of the immense encouragement that must be given to our beloved Director by such an expression of popular good-will.

Besides the annual meeting there has been a large and interesting gathering at Stepney, on the occasion of "Founder's Fete Day," on the 4th of July. The weather was all that could be desired, and the visitors had an excellent opportunity of seeing schools, shops and all

the various appointments of the Homes in full working order; there were some music and some speeches, and everyone appeared to enjoy themselves, and to carry away—as well they might—a favourable impression of the work that is being done.

Old Stepney boys will hear with regret that the place that has for the last eleven years so well known Mr. and Mrs. Anderson knows them no more. Owing to the failure of Mrs. Anderson's health, and the need of a change for her, it became necessary that Mr. Anderson should vacate the post of Resident House Master; and though he still remains on the staff of the Institutions and is responsible for a certain part of the drill and the preparations for public displays, he is no longer the prominent figure at Stepney that most of our readers will remember him. They are domiciled on the borders of Epping Forest, and I feel sure all old Stepney boys will join in wishing both Mr. and Mrs. Anderson every comfort and happiness in their new quarters, and that the change may soon bring Mrs. Anderson full restoration to health.

Once again we extend a cordial and hearty welcome to each and all of our old boys to pay us a visit at the Home in Toronto, during the second week of the Exhibition. There will be cheap excursions from all parts of the Province during the first four days of the week, and it is an opportunity that we hope a great many will avail themselves of. We look forward to having a thoroughly "jolly" re-union of our old friends, and they may depend that as far as in us lies no effort will be spared to make their stay a pleasant one. We don't offer them anything luxurious, but we want everyone who comes to feel and make himself at home, and if our visitors don't do so it will be their fault and not ours.

By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers I shall hope to be "westward bound" on the Atlantic with a party of 200 girls and boys. Our departure has been long delayed, but the 30th of July seems at last definitely fixed, and I trust we shall sail from Liverpool on that date by the Dominion Line steamer Scotsman. We are sure our friends will wish us a speedy voyage and safe arrival.

Alfred R. Owen

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

SINCE the date of our last notes three very important events have taken place. We have had our longest day, and indeed it is long up here in Manitoba, where some of our people are located close to the fifty-second degree of north latitude. The general elections have taken place, bringing to a close a period of suspense which has proved detrimental to business in the Province, and will be followed up, it is hoped, by a policy of shrewd and carefully considered reforms—where reforms are needed. The third, and to us very important, event, is the annual meeting of our Director and his Committee, held in the great Albert Hall, London, which is this year reported a wonderful success. Regarding the crops of the Province, no general description can be given, as they are reported "very irregular," extra good in some parts, and very much below the average in other districts. The grain on the Manitoba Farm is well advanced and promises an excellent yield, for which blessing all our readers will be very thankful. The work

of the institution has gone on quietly during the month, few lads having been sent to situations, and we are pleased to say that very objectionable class "the returns" have been few in number. In detailing events perhaps your Manitoba editor was somewhat remiss in not including the great annual picnic which is described by one who was there as follows:

The morning of 1st July, 1896, the historic day of Canada, and second only in importance to us as the day of our annual picnic, looked somewhat gloomy at 6 a.m., and was the subject of much discussion as to the probable outlook for a fine day.

Before starting time, however, the sky brightened up, and so did the spirits of the lads in residence, supplemented by a number of old boys, for, be it known, Christmas and the 1st of July are recognized as special times of reunion by Dr. Barnardo's Manitoba colonists.

At 8.30 a.m. six wagons were drawn up in the Home yard, and, without any ceremony, boarded by passengers for Millwood, the rendezvous for the day, and a few minutes later the two—shall we say—most important teams, charged with supplies for the commissariat department, were loaded up and despatched to the same scene of action.

Arrived at this beautiful village, preparations were at once made for carrying out the programme of the day. The ground was measured and staked out, signals arranged, and supplies laid in the way of eggs, potatoes, sacks, spoons, etc., for the various events of the sports, which were ably superintended with military exactitude by our veteran warrior, Mr. St. Lawrence, Mr. Brown, of Russell, kindly consenting to fill the arduous and sometimes thankless duty of umpire.

One of the most interesting of the sports was the mile race. Eight competitors entered, and for a time seemed evenly matched. Power of endurance must assert itself, and before half a mile was covered it was evident that the laurels would be divided between Phillips and the elder Turner, and as Turner had kept the lead from the start, it was generally thought that he would be the victor; but popular judgment was in this case astray, as, before the last $\frac{1}{4}$ -a-mile post was passed, Phillips steadily diminished the distance, passing the winning peg about five yards ahead, both runners willing to cry "pax."

The sack, egg and spoon, and potato races caused great amusement and yielded considerable pecuniary gains to Vickers and Greene.

Probably the most hotly contested game was the "tug of war" between Hill and Carr. Hill, having the first choice, naturally chose the pick of the ground, but notwithstanding an impromptu meeting like ours, the opposition, headed by our young Samson, Carr—a host in himself—did prodigies in the way of main strength, and gave their opponents a very stiff tussle.

The only disappointment in connection with this part of the day was that our umpire, Mr. Brown, declined, on the plea of a weak ankle, a hundred yards' race with our Chaplain, Mr. Gill.

About this time visitors were startled by a fusilade of reports having a strong semblance to young cannon, but this, on further investigation, turned out to be only the effects of a special recipe for ginger beer and sherbet, known only to the Home. What with these decoctions, sandwiches, and other edibles, all seemed to be, for a time, too preoccupied to give heed to everyday affairs.

After these disturbances, the lads and their friends strolled along the flats, scrutinized the mill and dam, and had attention attracted to them a little later by a photographer pointing his camera to the north of the trestle bridge, where the river seemed perfectly alive with

bathers, some of whom climbed and dived off heights from bridge projections that made old pates uncomfortable.

At 5 p.m. Mrs. Watson's (Millwood House) bell brought our boys to tea, and the fruits of that lady's work disappeared like Spring snow under the rays of a Manitoba sun.

The evening passed pleasantly until about 8 p.m., when waggons were again in requisition, and the Home lads started for the Farm, everyone in the best of humour, and evincing the truth of the proverb in its happiest sense, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

About 9.30, after "God Save the Queen," all were in bed, and a few minutes later an intruder would have heard a chorus of regular breathing, with an occasional grunt, testifying that after a thorough day's enjoyment, sound sleep was the recuperative condition for a new term of work.

This sketch would be incomplete without an expression of thanks to many local friends of Dr. Barnardo who have never seen him but who are well known to our boys, and appreciate and aid his work.

Mr. Bailey, of Millwood, specially ought to be thanked—no trouble or time was grudged by him. Rope was wanted—"Go to Mr. Bailey." We want eggs—"Go to Mr. Bailey." Twine, glasses, corks—"Get them from Mr. Bailey." Somehow Mr. Bailey had the confidence of our boys, so that if anything was wanting he could supply it.

As regards the inner man, Mrs. Watson certainly showed herself more than equal to the occasion, and assisted by Mrs. Heath, Miss Drought, Miss Douglas and other ladies, served up a "spread" which can only be cooked and administered by *past Mesdames* of the culinary art.

UPS AND DOWNS is still in great demand among the Manitoba lads, and the package so kindly forwarded each month for the use of the office by the Toronto management barely suffices to supply our wants.



THREE "QUARTERS"

WHAT would be a "little" to some may be "much" to others. We have had a striking illustration of this recently; we have received three donations of twenty-five cents each.

Somebody's "little"?

No; somebody's "much"; somebody's "all."

Three donations of twenty-five dollars each could not have occasioned us more pleasure than has the receipt of these three "quarters," for they tell of the earnest desire to help, with which three young hearts are filled.

This is the story:

Sydney and Frank Reed and Arthur Bailey are three little boarders who came out to Canada in 1893, and who have since been living under careful guardianship at Novar. Mrs. Huckins desiring to foster a spirit of industry in her young charges, and to encourage an interest in the work which will later demand their best efforts, allotted to each a small strip of garden which they were to "work" for their own benefit, Mrs. Huckins promising to buy the produce at regular market price.

With zest our little men, thus raised to the dignity of income earners, set to work and tilled and hoed the few yards of land committed to the care of each.

In the course of time their "crops" were ready for the market; and then came the hour of exultation when the crops were sold and each of the diligent little farmers was the proud possessor of twenty-five cents.

Twenty-five cents is a big sum when we are very young, and what to do with their well-earned wealth was a matter for earnest consideration with Sydney, Frank and Arthur. It might be put in the bank, and grow bigger and bigger in that wonderful manner that money does when in the bank. It would buy many things dear to the hearts of little boys. But it would also "do something" for the Home and for the other little boys whom Dr. Barnardo wished to help as he had helped them; so to the Home was the first earned money of our friends sent "with lots of love to Dr. Barnardo and everybody." And who will doubt that in thus disposing of the money they so manfully earned, these dear little lads will not reap far greater and more lasting happiness than if it had been expended in any of the hundred and one ways by which boys of all ages can get rid of superfluous cash? There is no doubt at least in the minds of the young donors, nor in ours, for have they not, while little more than infants, cast their bread upon the water, and do we not know that those who do this "shall find it after many days?"

Our judgment is sadly at fault if the example which these little men have set, does not awaken in others older than they a more heartfelt realization of the responsibility which lies upon them. We know what warm hearts our lads have, and how few there are among them who would wilfully shirk the responsibility which is theirs, to do something for those on whose behalf the cry for help is still going up in far-away England. But we also know that more than a few, unfortunately, forget their responsibility occasionally, and when they remember it, do so too often at a time when their generous impulses are checked by temporary lack of means. They are "hard up" and have not enough money on hand to keep them going in little necessities until they draw their wages in the Fall or Spring, as the case may be.

Too frequently long before the day for receiving wages comes around, memory has played traitor again, and those who, having "obtained help," should "continue to this day witnessing," have allowed another opportunity to pass without taking advantage of it.

All cannot set aside a strip of land and promise to devote the proceeds to Dr. Barnardo's work. But supposing that every day each of Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada set aside one cent!

Only a cent! Not worth bothering about, some large-hearted lad will say.

Wait and see.

We are 6,000 strong in Canada. Six thousand cents, or sixty dollars a day! Four hundred and twenty dollars a week! This would pay all the expenses of fitting out and bringing to Canada eight boys; eight a week, or in the year 416 healthy, well-trained lads given the opportunity they long for—of making a livelihood and positions of honourable independence for themselves upon the farmlands of Canada. And this at a daily cost to our lads already here of one cent a day each! After all this had been done there would remain a daily balance of \$10, or \$3,650 in the year, which would pay for the maintenance for twelve months of not less than 23 patients in Her Majesty's hospital at Stepney.

We have made use of the possibilities of "a cent a day" as affording a simple yet very forcible illustration of what could be done by our friends to aid Dr. Barnardo in his ever-increasing labours.

There are certainly some of our young lads who could not as yet set aside even one cent a day, but there are many who could set aside a larger sum (and who do regularly contribute in larger measure to the Homes), so that the average of a cent a day could probably be maintained if everyone did something, the extent of the "something" being determined by a lad's

own knowledge of what he could really afford to give. And what a world of comfort and gladness there would be for our friends in the thought that their united efforts every year gave over 400 lads a start in life, and mitigated, as far as human aid could mitigate, the sufferings of twenty-three stricken and helpless little ones!

Since our last list was published we have received the following donations:

Bailey, Arthur, 25c.; Bristow, Alfd., \$1; Beard, Ernest H., \$1; Cox, Richard, \$1; Coles, Charles, \$2; Drury, Richard G., 50c.; Garner, Hy. G., \$2.50; Hearn, Geo., 75c.; Jeffreys, Geo., \$1; Moulder, W. B., \$1; Osborne, Lionel, \$5; Parker, Fred. R., 75c.; Reed, Sidney G., 25c.; Reed, Frank, 25c.; Perry, John D., 75c.; Styles, Edward, \$3; Thompson, Hy., 55c.; Whitehead, Wm. R., 75c.; Williams, George Max, \$1; Warren, W. J., 75c.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

SINCE our last issue we have received the consignment of Penny Poets and Penny Popular Works of Fiction (abridged) which we had ordered from England, and parcels of six or more of these little volumes have been sent north, east and west to friends who readily took advantage of the opportunity of procuring a supply of healthful literature at a nominal cost. As we expected, our first consignment of 344 books did not suffice to supply all the orders we had received up to the time of its arrival. Some of our friends will consequently have to wait for three or four weeks for the books for which they have asked. We have between fifty and sixty volumes on hand, but a big demand for certain works has considerably reduced the range of selection, and until our stock is replenished it will be impossible to supply many of the works chosen.

Should a few of our friends, however, care to leave the selection in our hands, sending us a list by which we will be guided as far as possible, we can supply them without delay.

We are hoping "great things" of this attempt to disseminate the best kind of literature among our friends. Books, of the right kind, from the Bible downwards, constitute the greatest possible safeguard against moral and mental decay. They afford more than all else a means of bringing God-given faculties to that degree of strength and ripeness which, once attained, makes the owner a man of power and usefulness, not only to himself, but to his fellow-creatures at large. Of course, there will be but a minimum of permanent benefit derived even from good books, if they are hurriedly perused without any attempt to retain in the memory that which is read, and to grasp the principles which the master-hand of the author presents for contemplation in various guises, incarnating them in characters, and associating him with incidents in such subtle manner, that while the characters and incidents may apparently form the great interest-absorbing features, it is the principles which these typify that remain for ever in the mind of the careful, thinking reader.

* *

Frederick H. Beazley writes from Port Rowan asking us to name as one of the monthly topics "Influence of Music." Frederick states that his reason for making this request is "to let those who are fond of music have a little corner in UPS AND DOWNS for a choral and glee society, or something of the sort."

We shall be very glad at all times to give our musical friends an opportunity of expressing

(Continued on page 8.)

Ups and Downs

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 1ST, 1896.



WE publish elsewhere an account of the thirtieth annual meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Institutions held in London on June 24. "How I would like to have been there," will be the prevailing sentiment among our friends, as they read of the vast multitude of over eight thousand, comprising princes, peers, and people in all walks of life, assembled together to hear, to see, what had been done in the preceding twelve months in behalf of help-needing childhood by Dr. Barnardo's Institutions; learning from the realistic representations in the arena of the daily lives of the young carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, laundresses and workers in various fields of usefulness, something of the potentiality of the physical and mental force which Dr. Barnardo each year saves to mankind, and to the world of wealth-producing industry.

Not only do we wish that it had been our good fortune to have been present at the thirtieth annual meeting, but most devoutly do we wish it had been in our power to escort to a seat of vantage in the Albert Hall on last midsummer day the editor of every newspaper, large and small, published in Canada. Were such an achievement possible, and these more or less successful moulders of Canadian public opinion confronted with the object lesson which Dr. Barnardo provides at his annual meeting, we firmly believe that our lads would have no more staunch defenders than many of the very journals which have hitherto assailed them with such bitterness and injustice. It could not well be otherwise. There might be an exception here and there, where the writer was absolutely impervious to the claims of truth and justice, and was as great a disgrace to mankind as to his profession; but only on such a creature could the scene enacted at the Royal Albert Hall fail to exercise an influence which would last for a lifetime.

Even without the aid of the great spectacular object lesson, the pens of our journalistic assailants would be stayed or turned if they would only examine the statements of fact of responsible persons in Canada and in England. These are available to all who really desire to know both sides of the question, and are easily capable of verification or refutation; they are "our side," while the "other side" consists of wild invective and wholesale condemnation, the only attempts at particularising finding their

foundation upon some isolated case of wrongdoing by one of our lads, or more frequently still, upon the utterly false statement that a certain culprit is one of our lads. An example of this kind was furnished during the month, when the following paragraph appeared in two Barrie papers, the *Northern Advance* and the *Barrie Gazette*:

"Charles Williams, a Barnardo boy in the employ of George Ottaway, was arrested by high constable Beardsley last Sunday, charged with stealing money from Frank Ayerest."

As a matter of fact, the said Charles Williams had no more connection with the Homes than had the high constable who arrested him, and, furthermore, was not in the employ of Mr. Ottaway. This information was at once conveyed to the journals in question by Mr Ottaway and a retraction of both misstatements was requested.

The editor of the *Barrie Gazette* proved to be so fully alive to the responsibilities of his calling and to the necessity of guarding "the welfare of the people," which his journal's chosen motto declares is "the supreme law," that he sought to undo the injury he had inflicted upon 6,000 of the people of Canada by—taking no notice whatsoever of Mr. Ottaway's request.

On the other hand, the editor of the *Northern Advance* made the *amende honorable* in a manner which we very earnestly commend to his colleagues throughout the country. In the next issue of the *Northern Advance* there appeared not only a paragraph among news items correcting, and expressing regret for, the publication of the offending misstatement, but also an editorial in which the writer hits hard at those who have sought by all kinds of persecution to embarrass our lads in their lives of honest usefulness in the Dominion of Canada.

From the article in the *Northern Advance* we quote the following:—

"Every little while an outcry is made that one of Dr. Barnardo's importations from his London Homes for outcasts has committed some crime, and forthwith the newspapers take it up and condemn in more or less pungent language the introduction of the physically and morally tainted products of English slums. When, however, these cases of crime are examined it is found that the criminals are in most cases not Barnardo's children at all. There was just such a case reported to us last week, when Charles Williams, an alleged Barnardo boy, was charged with stealing money. It turns out that Williams is not a Barnardo boy, but a boy born and brought up in Canada. The charge made against Barnardo children as relapsing into bad ways after being settled in Canada is met by the stubborn fact that more than 97 per cent. of them became useful and respected men and women. . . . We have no sympathy with the idea that a fence should be erected round this Dominion, shutting out the unfortunate children rescued from a life of poverty, misery, and perhaps of crime, who have been educated and fitted for lives of usefulness. We have no moral right to deny to such children a home in this land. The earth is a common inheritance designed by a kind Providence for all His children, and no government nor people have a charter of privileges from the earth's Creator with the right to deny to others the opportunity to earn an honest living. The plea is often made that these children possess hereditary moral taint, and that the education they receive in Dr. Barnardo's Homes is only a veneering, that the taint is not eradicated, but is liable to break out at any time. The reply to this is furnished by the history of those who have been in the country for years and whose lives are as blameless and respectable as those among whom they live. The percentage of crime is no greater than in an equal number of persons born in this country. How many children of apparently respectable parentage are free from hereditary taint, moral or physical, of some sort or other? Very few, indeed, however humiliating it may be to admit it. While we admit the right of this country to protect itself against the introduction

of disease dangerous to the people, and to actual criminals, we deny its right to debar any British child untainted with crime the right to enter this great and free Dominion, with its abundant resources to support in comfort fifty millions of people. Give the Barnardo boy and girl a chance, and let any one who has assumed the guardianship of any of them be called to account for subjecting them to injustice and wrong."

A new method of persecution was recently adopted by a section of those inimical to Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada. This was none other than an attempt to keep a number of young lads living with guardians, and whose maintenance is paid for by Dr. Barnardo, out of the public schools, which, according to the Education Act, are open to all, residentially qualified, between the ages of 5 and 21. Up to last Christmas a number of young boarders attended school at Stisted. The present school trustees of the district claimed, however, that they could not provide accommodation for the "outsiders," and were not required by law to do so. The matter did not rest with this attempt to use the common property of the people as a whole for the furtherance of sectional prejudice and tyranny. Action was entered in the courts with a view to securing an order compelling the trustees to admit the boys who were living in the care of guardians resident in the district.

The case was tried on July 8th before His Honour Judge Ferguson, who reserved judgment; the matter being therefore practically *sub judice*, comment must necessarily be restricted; but we can at least point out how incongruous and pitiful is the spectacle of a community of alleged intelligent and Christian people, who help to send missionaries to China to teach the unenlightened gamins of that country, seeking to withhold the benefits of an elementary education from children of their own race and religion living in their midst. We do not hesitate to say that a more glaring instance of the extremes to which prejudice and hatred can carry, not only individuals, but whole communities, has never been furnished in a British speaking country since the days when the rack and other similar instruments of torture were the favoured means of making converts and punishing perverts.

The denial of education to a child by its parents is regarded by the governments of all civilized countries an offence not only against the child but also against the State. It ranks second only to the wilful withholding of proper food and care, or other infliction of physical torture. All are offences in the eyes of the law, and all are punishable; yet so dominant is the influence of prejudice that from such a category of crimes, can a Christ-professing community seek a means for the further gratification of its debased appetite.

The *Montreal Witness*, one of the leading English journals in the Province of Quebec, in its issue of July 9th, concludes a very able article upon "Barnardo's Young Canadians" with this outspoken condemnation of its fellow-citizens at Stisted:

"We have seldom heard a more discreditable story of meanness on the part of any Canadian community than the statement that a certain school section had refused schooling to those lads who are being brought up among its people, on the score that they are not residents but merely boarders. We hope the law, which has been appealed to on behalf of the lads, will show them to be in error. Certainly the law of the kingdom of God condemns them utterly. 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me.'"

In season and out of season we have been so long accustomed to hear the cry of "hard times" from one end of the country to the other, that

when, at last, a rumour is wafted westward from British Columbia that that Province is not only emerging from a state of stagnation, but is experiencing, in American parlance, a "boom," it is greeted with indifference, if not with incredulity, by the people of Ontario and the east. Time was, and that not a dozen years ago, when rumors far more vague and indefinite than those reaching us from the Pacific Provinces would have caused a veritable stampede of ambitious wealth-seekers to the Eldorado of their imaginations, and of the paragraphs in the daily press. But the memory of the Winnipeg, Toronto, and other "booms," weighs heavily upon the minds—and pockets—of the people, and the adventurous spirits of yore have been crushed and subdued, and look with more or less askance upon the stories of British Columbia's "golden opportunity."

Yet that British Columbia's opportunity has come and is being turned to good account, there can be little doubt. The tremendous extent of the Province's undeveloped mineral resources has long been acknowledged. Coal and capital have hitherto been the missing essentials for the production of British Columbia's underground treasure. At last, however, English capitalists have realized that South Africa and the United States are not the only spots on earth where profitable mining investments can be made, and English capital is consequently finding its way in a steady stream to British Columbia.

Before the Midas-like touch of Capital, obstacles quickly vanish. The lack of coal and transportation facilities no longer baffles those whose faith and courage could overcome all else; and faith and courage of a high order are imperative in those who propose to spend a few years making their little pile amid the ups and downs of a miner's life in a new country, charged as it is with constant physical and mental strain, and bitter disappointments, and absolutely lacking anything approaching the comforts of the humblest home, as the word is understood in more settled localities. The compensation for all this is, of course, the hope that a few years, at most, of toil and hard life, will render the toiler independent for the remainder of his days. A very alluring prospect, undoubtedly; but should there be any of our boys imbued with the idea that the shortest route to Fortune lies by the mining camps of British Columbia, we would earnestly advise them to subject themselves and their existing opportunities to a very thorough examination before deciding to travel by the "short cut."

Of course it would be very nice to think that in the ranks of fabulously wealthy, whom British Columbia is yet destined to produce, our lads were strong in numbers, exercising great and beneficial influence in the country; but, on the other hand, it would be very unpleasant and painful to know that the "gold fever" had driven a single one of our lads away from a life of industry and of moderate but assured recompense, to a career which had ended all too quickly in disappointment and disaster. Ruin, financial, physical and moral, is only too frequently the sequel of the first disappointment experienced by those whose actions are dictated by the wildest of hopes, and who, in their dreams of wealth, pass lightly over alike the obstacles and the essentials to success.

Having recovered from the excitement engendered by their own elections, the people of Canada, in conjunction with those of all other countries, are bestowing not a little attention upon the preparations being made in the United States for what promises to be the most memorable Presidential election which that country has known. An issue has been introduced which places the present campaign in an entirely different category from all previous elec-

tions. These have been straight party fights—contests for supremacy between the historic parties of the United States, the Republicans and the Democrats, who at the polls have settled legitimate differences of opinion upon matters political; such questions as divide the parties of all countries enjoying representative government.

The question at issue, which has destroyed the old condition of things in the relationship of the two parties, is the "free coinage of silver," which practically means that the United States should be allowed to pay every single dollar of the several hundred million that it owes to foreign bond-holders with fifty-two cents worth of silver. The position of the free silver advocates is exactly that of a man who, having borrowed \$100 in the day when wheat was worth \$1 a bushel, tries to discharge the debt by forcing upon his creditor 100 bushels of wheat at a time when wheat is worth only fifty-two cents a bushel. When a large section of the community thus seeks to establish for the United States the reputation of a fraudulent bankrupt: when common honesty becomes the line of division; it need not be a matter for surprise that the better element in each of the old hostile parties sink their old-time differences in a united effort to maintain the honour of their common country; and despite the fact that Bryan, the great free silver advocate, is nominally a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, it is certain that the fight will not be between the Republicans and Democrats, but between the Honest Men and—the Others

For the sake of the good name of the Anglo-Saxon race the world over, whether living under the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, or any other flag, we very sincerely hope that in November next the majority of the people of the United States will relegate "free silver" to the lumber room where lie the shattered remains of so many idols set up on high by demagogues, and worshipped by the rabble, but ruthlessly cast down by those who are the mainstay in every land of their country's good name and real progress; the voters whose moral sense is proof against the tinsel bait of adventurers, and superior to mere considerations of party.

Robbed of all the detracting irrelevancy with which its advocates seek to surround it, the "free silver," or "currency" question ceases to be the complex and perplexing problem it appears at first sight. In an ideal state where every man was honest money would be unnecessary for the transaction of business. A scrap of paper containing an undertaking to pay the equivalent of certain articles obtained would serve equally as well as gold coin as a medium of exchange, had the world reached that ideal state in which every man's word was not only as good as his bond but as little liable to depreciation as the precious yellow metal.

Unfortunately the world has not yet been in that comforting condition; and universal honesty failing, it is necessary to provide some other safe basis for the transaction of business, and that there should be some standard measure by which the comparative values of commodities may be gauged. Without such standard we should have to resort to the methods of the ancient Britons, and transact all our business by bartering.

Bartering is not by any means unknown today. Who of our friends has not at some time been party to a "trade," "swap," or "chop" in knives or watches, or seen a farmer "trade" his horse for some other animal?

No money has passed in such cases, yet a business transaction has taken place, in which there have been buying and selling, and a full payment has been made.

While trading or bartering serves an admirable purpose occasionally, it is manifest that the world's business, transactions between different communities, could not be carried on by such methods. In providing a standard measure of values, or a monetary standard, the first consideration is to light upon something which from over production or any other cause is not likely to fluctuate in value; and, next, something which can be used without inconvenience. Both these considerations prohibit the use of the baser metals as the standard of value. All the legislators in the world could not make the people have confidence in the unchanging value of iron or lead, and even if they could, imagine how burdensome life would become if every time a man wished to make a purchase of the value of what is now a dollar, he had to stagger along with 30 or 40 pounds of pig iron on his shoulder.

The choice of a standard, it will be seen, is reduced to the precious metals, and of these gold at once claims first attention. The supply, while sufficient to meet the requirements of the world, is not, and is not likely to become, so abundant as to cause any serious fluctuation in its value. Its durability, its intrinsic value, which renders it convertible into coins of convenient size, are further features in favour of gold not possessed by other metals, including silver.

For nearly thirty years gold has been accepted as the standard of value by the leading nations of the world, acting in unison to secure the greater amount of safety to the greatest number. The silver-producing countries did not view the demonetization of silver with much favour. With gold as a standard, silver ceased to have a permanent value. Silver coins are simply a convenience, as "small change," and are not legal tender for more than \$10.

Still, so long as the demand for silver for purposes other than coinage kept pace with the supply, the countries in which silver mining was a staple industry were content; but during the last few years the supply of silver has been so much in excess of the demand that the value of the white metal has dropped nearly fifty per cent. This is but the operation of the same rule which brings down the price of wheat, potatoes, coal, or any other product, and it is the unerring working of this rule, that when the supply is greater than the demand the price will be reduced, that lies at the bottom of the agitation for "free silver" in the United States.

The economic law of supply and demand, which at one time gave the mine owners of the States big profits, now leaves them without sufficient margin, in some instances, to pay expenses; hence they would see the economic law crushed by one of man's creation, and more in sympathy with their interests, and the silver men wish the Government to make silver, by law, one-sixteenth the value of gold; and to provide that every person taking sixteen ounces of silver to the United States mint shall receive in return coin worth one ounce of gold.

When it is remembered that at its actual value about thirty ounces of silver are required to procure one ounce of gold, it will at once be seen how great would be the dishonesty of any Government that would seek to pay its debts with dollars of such artificial value.

It would be just as reasonable to ask the Government to pass a law enacting that sixteen bushels of wheat shall always be worth an ounce of gold—a very fine thing for the man with the wheat, but extremely bad for those who have lent him their ounce of gold and are expected to accept as payment in full sixteen bushels of wheat, which they can buy anywhere else for half an ounce of gold!



Favourably disposed as we knew our friends to be towards UPS AND DOWNS, we were not prepared for such a deprecatory outburst as has been occasioned by Mr. Owen's remark in last month's "Echoes," that he would not be surprised if it were found necessary to stop the publication of UPS AND DOWNS, owing to the inroad it made upon funds required for other purposes. The mere suggestion of such a possibility has filled a very large number of our friends with consternation, and we are sure we are well within the mark when we say that over a hundred letters have arrived in the Home during the past month, in which vigorous protest is made against entertaining the idea of giving up our journal. All kinds of suggestions for relieving the Homes of any of the cost of UPS AND DOWNS are volunteered. "Double the price," "Make the subscription a dollar, and you will have us just as sure as if you keep it at 25c.," and "Send the hat around; I am good for a dollar, and another one too, if necessary, but that journal has got to keep going," writes one determined but agitated friend. Another says:

"Would you not save something by not using such good paper and by giving up the photographs? Of course we would be sorry to lose these, but what should we do if the journal stopped? Make the price so that it will pay, and you will find you will get it all right."

All the letters are very much in the same strain, showing that our little journal has secured a firm hold upon the affections of our friends. We thank the latter for their generous offers of assistance, and we most sincerely trust that their fears for the future of UPS AND DOWNS may prove to have been premature, and that for many years to come our journal may pursue the even tenor of its ways, always welcomed by those in whose interests it was brought into being.

We have recently received a letter from W. W. Gray, of Bath, who is not one of Dr. Barnardo's boys, but who claims to be "one of us" by marriage, the wife of our correspondent being one of Dr. Barnardo's girls.

Our friend himself is an old Marchmont Home boy, and consequently is much interested in all that is done for or against the immigration of all Home lads. He pours a broadside of hot shot into the ranks of those who "when you are trying to do what is right, are always trying to make you out to be as bad as themselves." Special attention is paid to an individual who was the Patron candidate in the recent elections, and at one of those meetings William Gray was present.

"Speaking on the expenditure of this country in bringing out immigrants, he (the candidate) stated that the Government paid Dr. Barnardo some one or two thousand dollars every year just for going around the streets of London and gathering one or two hundred 'gutter snipes' and sending them out here.

"Now that is the name Mr. Switzer gives us, and then he expects us to vote for him and put him in power. No, sir, we don't support such men as that.

"He also said that he was a British subject, and what he wanted to see was unity, harmony and

peace between Catholics and Protestants, and in fact every class of people in the Dominion, and the first step he takes towards making peace is by calling over 6,000 of Canada's inhabitants, 'gutter snipes.'

"I think if we could lead Mr. Switzer around some of our Homes, and show him where his little 'gutter snipes' are brought up and trained, he would not be so ready to run us down in that style. But never mind, boys, stand by the good old Doctor through thick and thin; he has done more for us in a year than Mr. Switzer could do in a lifetime. I am glad to say he did not get elected, so now he has gone back to his farm, the best place for him."

We do not, as a rule publish letters containing reflections upon the personal conduct of any individual, but as the Patron candidate in question availed himself of the publicity which his candidature gave him to assail the Home boys, we think it is only right to afford one of the latter an opportunity of stating the case for himself and others who were included in the would-be Member's cruel and perfectly unjustifiable words of condemnation; and, in dignity of attitude and logical reasoning, we think all fair-minded people will give the Home boy precedence over the parliamentary candidate.

We think the point in our friend's letter which we have italicised is splendidly taken and serves well to show how little of consistency there is in those who think that denunciation of the Home boys will pass for statesmanship.



CHARLES.

ERNEST.

Charles Richard and Ernest Edward Watson are two brothers who came out when little fellows of twelve and eleven, respectively. They have not been far away from each other since their arrival in Canada in March, '93. Both are now at Barrie, whence come most satisfactory reports of the progress the brothers are making.

"Cheerful and well behaved," "Can plow and handle team well," are expressions which appear in recent reports of both lads.

We have every reason to believe that Charles and Ernest will do well for themselves and become in a few years' time two of the most contented and successful farmers in the country. They have our good wishes for their happiness and prosperity at all times.

Pat Donovan, who took his leave of England over eleven years ago, writes us from Markham that he has been married over two years and has a little son eleven months old. He is now putting in his ninth year in the woollen mill and says:

"I have steady work, a good wife, and a good home."

We had a visit a short time ago from George Moore, a very small boy when he landed in Canada twelve years ago, but now a fine strapping young man. George called on his way to Fleming, Assa., where he expects to work during the present summer and probably take up land. George has a team of horses that he is

leaving with his old employer, Mr. Bailey, of Allan Park. He has money invested at good interest and is in a fair way to do well for himself and make his way in the world.

The portrait of George H. Martin affords abundant corroboration of a recent report: "In robust health, very comfortably clothed." There is other welcome news of George from the same source. He has progressed well since his arrival in Canada in March, '93, and now at seventeen enjoys in the fullest degree the confidence of Mr. McNicol, of Dunnville, whose employ he entered over three years ago. We are glad to think George has an excellent home, and he speaks very warmly of the kindness with which he is invariably treated by every member of his employer's family.



The following are extracts from two letters of the kind that it does us good to receive, especially as the opinions expressed of the boys entirely agree with our own:

"Charles Blackmore arrived on Thursday all right. He seems to be a splendid little fellow and I think he will prove satisfactory." Yours truly,

CHARLES HEWITT,

Egerton P.O."

"H. Victor Walker came here last Friday. He is quite young yet, but is a bright looking boy and so far as I see willing to please in every way he can. I will do my best to give him a good comfortable home and he will be treated like one of my own children.

Yours truly, J. RAHN,

"Pelee Island."

Writing regarding his bank account, Richard Cox takes occasion to express his grateful appreciation of the help he has received from Dr. Barnardo, to whose work Richard hopes to contribute something as long as he has health and strength to earn a living. Richard is now 20; has been out since '87, and has done well.

Our friend Benjamin Press, now in his nineteenth year, is a lad of whom we have every reason to feel proud. While he has made two or three changes of situation since he came to Canada in April, '92, this in no way implies that there is any lack of stability in Benjamin. In every case the change has been due to his employer giving up farming or removing to some distant part, and entire satisfaction

has always been expressed with the way our friend has done his duty. His record is an excellent one in every respect, Benjamin being known to a large circle of acquaintances at Kenilworth as a steady, upright, Christian youth.



Samuel P. Thomas is a hard-working little man, fourteen years of age. With the exception of—what we trust is—a temporary weakness in one eye, he “is in very good health, stout and growing.” We hear further of Sam that he is “a really good boy. I would not wish for a better lad.” This is high praise for Samuel, and we sincerely trust that he will always strive to maintain the good name he has established for himself during the two years he has already been in Canada.



John T. Brown, 21 (April '91 party), paid a visit to his friends in England in the early part of the spring, but is now back in his old place at Dromore. John tells us that he thoroughly enjoyed his visit, and his friends were all glad to see him.

Samuel Bold is 11 years of age, and came out in April last. He now writes: “I like my home, and I am quite settled in my place, and all are very kind to me.” There would appear to be little that we could desire for Samuel that he does not possess, so we will only hope that he will long continue in the same happy condition, and steadily make his way upward.

“I like my friends and they like me. They try all they can to make me happy. I think no boy has got as nice a master as I have.”

Such is the good fortune of Percy Ashley, 15, another of this year's party. “I have been out here six years last April, and have not felt better in my life before than I have during that time. I think there is nothing like Canada for anyone like myself,” writes George Acturn from Newcastle.

William H. Harris, a little fellow of 13, who came out August, '93, writes to tell of his safe arrival at Port Perry, where a place has been recently procured for him. All is satisfactory and pleasing to William, who incidentally favors us with an inventory of his master's live stock, which, evidently, are a source of no little pride to their new acquaintance, and shall we say, chief attendant. There are, we learn, 21 cattle, 6 horses, 59 pigs, 2 geese, 100 hens, 12 sheep. William ought never to feel lonely with so many interesting companions, and we shall expect him to favour us before long with an interesting essay for our Mutual Improvement Society upon “My Pets and Their Peculiarities.”

Having read in a recent issue that the publication of UPS AND DOWNS must not be allowed to encroach upon funds required for carrying on Dr. Barnardo's work elsewhere, William Truscott is to the fore with a suggestion which will relieve us from all anxiety, or to the future of UPS AND DOWNS:

“I could not do without that paper. It pleases me more than any other paper I could read, because it always tells me a little about the old Home at Stepney. . . . If it is not going to pay, tax us boys a little more for it. I am willing to pay three times as much for it.”

It will be seen that despite the seven years in Canada, William, who is 21, is as warm as ever in his affection for his old Home.

We are very thankful to be able to report an improvement in the condition of Charles Addy, whose unfortunate sickness, followed by a paralytic seizure, was referred to in our May number. Charles has so far recovered the use of his limbs as to be able to hoe and perform other light work. We question his wisdom of attempting to do much just at present, but Charles' energetic temperament resented idleness, even when enforced by illness, and he was engaged with a farmer at Bracebridge to do chores, and kindred work in return for board. Charles speaks very feelingly of the kindness shown him by our old friend, George Nash and his wife, with whom he has been living for the last few months. We very earnestly trust that it is now only a question of a short time before Charles is restored to all his old-time health and vigour.

After nearly nine years' admirable record we hear of William Gibbs that he is “still with Mr. J. K. Bradley, of Dunnville, and doing well.” We extend to William our cordial congratulations upon his patient continuance in well-doing.

Alexander Hutchinson, one of our coloured contingent from the Labour House, is now a full-fledged Pullman car porter. We were highly pleased to get Aleck into this position, as we believe him to be a steady, deserving young man, and, moreover, a consistent Christian and humble follower of the Master before whom all are brethren, and in whose sight there is “neither barbarian, Scythian, bond or free.”

A lady who has just had to part with the little brothers, William and Harry Hughes, writes of them: “I felt so bad to let the dear little boys go. . . . They were two of the best boys I ever saw. I could not have thought more of them if they had been my own. Their Sunday School teacher has taken quite an interest in them. She said she would go to see them. Everybody loved them. They were so good. Will you let me know as to getting the boys back. I would pay their expenses.”

Albert Springford, July, '88, has recently apprenticed himself to a shoemaker at Cookstown and is, we learn, a well behaved lad and learning his trade to his satisfaction and to his master's.

Frank Sinclair's postal address is Cookstown. Of him we hear that “he is a big, powerful lad (aged 20, April '88 party); has engaged again for the summer for \$90; is a first-class farm hand and very much liked, being so faithful and such an excellent farm hand; he would like to come to Toronto Exhibition, but is afraid he might get lost; has never been on a railway since he came to his present home eight years ago.”

We hasten to assure Frank that he may set his fears at rest. A man who can find his way from one spot to another, ten miles distant, the road for the most part lying through the bush, and with no other guide than the sun, is not likely to be lost for any length of time in a city of straight streets, all of which have their own name, and in most of which is to be found an obliging policeman ready to direct the uncertain visitor to his desired destination. This hesitation on Frank's part reminds us of another of our lads who spent his first six or seven years in Canada in a district into which the railway has not even yet penetrated. He, too, had qualms about trusting himself *alone* in a crowded city, but his desire to see old friends at the Home at last prevailed, and two years ago he paid us a visit. He was delighted with all he saw, and all went well until he decided to make a trip on the electric cars round the city. Then occurred a comedy which might

have been a tragedy. He omitted to tell the conductor where he wished to alight, consequently he was carried to the terminus, about two miles beyond the Home. Of course, he had to come back on the same car, and gave very explicit instructions to the conductor this time; he was not aware, however, that the electric cars are not allowed to stop except at a street corner, and having reached the spot which he thought was opposite the Home, in the middle of a block, he was filled with consternation to find the car still pursuing its way at fifteen miles an hour. Dreading another useless journey, or, as he afterwards said, “not wanting to spend all my holiday on the awful cars,” he jumped, and alighted on his head and back with a suddenness and force which, for the time, left him with barely sufficient memory to find his way round the corner to the Home, where, in doleful tones, he vowed that not for anything in the world would he again go on those cars, “not if I have to walk twenty miles instead.” We should be sorry to think that a similar experience was in store for Frank, and if he will only screw his courage to the sticking point and pay us a visit during Exhibition, we promise to take the best of care of him and return him whole and sound to his many friends at Cookstown, among whom he is very popular.

Levi Bone is another boy who thought that seven years' hard work and steady industry justified a holiday in the Old Country, and so some months ago Levi packed up his traps, not forgetting his bicycle, and started for London, which he had last seen in 1888, when he

formed one of the party of strong able-bodied Stepney lads, who in July of that year came out to Canada to hew their way to fortune. And if Levi has not yet attained to that degree of prosperity which is termed “a fortune,” he has at least done all that could be expected

of him, and has what is of far greater import than wordly riches, a well deserved reputation for trustworthiness and uprightness. Levi is now back again at Chatham, and in a recent letter tells of the enjoyable time he spent in England. “I did not lose much time before going over to the east end. It seemed different over there, with no very big lads and almost all new faces (the boys). I was very glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Blunt, also the other masters, especially Mr. Manuel, who as you may know was my teacher when at the Home. I was very much disappointed at not seeing Dr. Barnardo.” Levi also reminds us that his mother and two sisters joined him in Canada last year, so that their is now a happy family circle, which we are sure must be a source of much joy and comfort alike to mother and son.

Joseph Ashton, who is 19, came out in June, 1893, and is stationed at Alliston. We hear nothing but what is good of him. The report before us states that Joseph is

“a healthy, well-grown, respectable-looking lad. . . . I found Joe plowing with a fine team of horses and doing his work well; he is highly spoken of by his master, and can do any kind of farm work creditably; hopes to visit Toronto next fall at Fair time; is much pleased with UPS AND DOWNS; his present engagement is \$96 for ten months, and remaining two months of the year for board, etc., that he may attend public school.”

The entire report is extremely gratifying, but we are particularly with that part which tells



of Joseph's foresight in making an arrangement which will leave him at least two months to devote uninterruptedly to improving his educational qualifications. We do not doubt that Joseph will supplement this throughout the year by such attention to his studies as his occupation will allow.

In sending a year's subscription for UPS AND DOWNS, on behalf of Walter Gilks, Mr. Isaac Pike, of Bethesda, says:

"I have two of the Home boys in my school, and I think that they are quite up to the average boy."

The report of Thomas Alexander Hazell, 19 (April, '91, party), is highly eulogistic alike of Thomas and of his first employer, Mr. Swaffield, of Everett, whom he has recently left to enter into an engagement with another farmer in the same neighbourhood:

"Great praise is due to Mr. Swaffield for the way he has trained his lad and to the latter for his general good conduct. Mr. S. says Thomas has always been trustful and trusty to a degree, and has been treated as if a brother. Mr. Swaffield gave Thomas, at the expiration of his engagement, an extra \$25 for his good behaviour. This was added at the time of settlement, but he also gave him \$5 to 'put in his pocket,' and bought him a new Sunday suit and two pairs of boots, and, in fact, a general 'fit out' before he left. . . . Has engaged for \$100; his new master—Mr. Jos. Pulford—is Mrs. Swaffield's brother, and has a really nice farm and home. . . . is very manly, cheerful and happy, and speaks very gratefully of the kindness he says he has received from the Home."

Thomas is now reaping some of the rewards of faithful devotion to duty and strict adherence to right principle; and he has been fortunate, indeed, to spend his five years in Canada under the influence of such an excellent friend and master as Mr. Swaffield, of whose consideration and kindness to our friend we would speak in the terms of deepest gratitude.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 3.)

themselves upon matters relating to their favourite form of enjoyment.

Suggestions like that of Frederick Beazley are just what we want. The aim of UPS AND DOWNS is to aid our boys and girls in any and every possible way, and if Frederick and others of our many skilled musicians and vocalists desire to have a corner of UPS AND DOWNS for "a choral and glee society, or something of the sort," and will propound a scheme for giving effect to the idea, they are heartily welcome to it and to whatever modest help we can render them.

This month we publish four of the papers we have received.

WHERE I LIVE.

W. F. RESDEN, Age 14. Party, July, '94.

I live with Mr. John Yonge, 44 miles north-east of the town of Peterboro'. The land is sandy loam, it is rough and rocky, but gives very good crops. We run a reaper and mower over one hundred acres of very nice land. We have wheat, rye, peas, oats and buckwheat. It is good land for potatoes, turnips and carrots. Our nearest village is Apsley; it is three miles south of us. I go to the Sunday school in the Temperance Hall in Apsley. The Methodists and Presbyterians preach there every Sunday. There is an English Church in the village and a parsonage. There are also four stores, a post office, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a town hall, and a fine cheese factory. We send the milk of eleven cows to the latter.

The country is settled mostly by Irish, Scotch and English. Our Reeve is a Scotchman, and all the councillors are Canadians. One of them was the first boy born in Chandos. A great portion of this country has been

pine woods. The lumbermen have been taking out logs and square timber for the last thirty-four years. But the land fit for settlement has maple, beech, basswood, elm, hemlock, and ironwood. My boss was the first settler that came in here. He came in on Sept. 18, 1861. He carried his "grub" from the town of Peterboro', on his back; 29 miles of the way was woods. The Government had a gang of men chopping out a road in the township of Burleigh. Those men showed him the surveyors' blaze; he followed it up to Chandos and lay in the woods at night. Mr. Yonge built the first shanty on lot 39, in the 4th concession of Anstruther. He had a big load to carry too. He had a tent, gun, one quilt, 25 lbs. hard biscuits and pork, etc. The next spring he got in with his oxen and a load on the lumbermen's cadge road. He cleared some land and planted potatoes and sowed turnips. In the fall of 1862 the Government had opened up the road to his farm, and a good number of settlers came in. When he came with his load with his oxen and jumper he had to cut three miles of a road, between Yonge's Point and Burleigh Falls, up to his knees in snow. The lumbermen made a good market for the settlers. They bought hay, oats and potatoes from them, and gave them work in the shanties for many years; but it is all done now.

THE COUNTRY WITHIN FIVE MILES OF WHERE I LIVE.

A. L. GILLINGWATER, Age 20. Party, Mar., '93.

The place where I live is Aldborough. It was settled about 1816, although there were white people through here before then, for at the time of the war between the United States and Canada in 1812, General Brock with his army were stationed at Brock's Creek, about three miles from where I live. It was named after the General. The first white man that settled here was Mr. Peter McKeller, about 1816. It was densely covered with woods and swamps at that time, and bears and wolves were all over the country. But it is well cultivated now, the bush is pretty nearly all gone, just patches of it left. The country where I live is very hilly and hard to work. There used to be a village about a quarter of mile away called New Glasgow, but there is not much of it left now, just a church, a post office and four or five houses, the last hotel being burnt down 18 or 20 years ago.

The crops generally raised here are hay, wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, beans, corn and potatoes. There is a lot of apples and other fruit through this part. Wheat this year is a failure around here, but the crops are doing fairly well. I live about one mile from Lake Erie. There used to be lots of shipping and other work done there, but now there is no work there, with the exception of fishing. The dock is nearly all gone and nobody can go on it. There are some picnics there in the summer.

The nearest village is Rodney, a distance of four miles. It is a nice and flourishing village. A railway runs right through it, and they are putting up a new grist mill, the last one being burnt down about two years ago. The markets are not very good at present, though we hope they will improve. There is talk of running a new railroad through. They have run three lines south of the other, but that is as far as they have got.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY WITHIN FIVE MILES OF WHERE I LIVE.

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 19½. Party, June, '90.

I am living at present in the County of Wentworth, in West Flamboro'; but having only been here a little over a month, it would be useless for me to attempt a description of this place. So I will give a description of the last place I lived. It was in the County of Wellington, the Township of Arthur; on the northern town-line. Arthur is the most northern township in the county.

The land here is rolling, dotted with clumps of bush and swamp. The soil is a dark sandy loam, except some of the lower land where it is more of a clay. Oats, peas, barley, corn and roots succeed here, but wheat does very poorly. Fruits of all kind also succeed here.

The people here are of Irish and Scotch descent, with very few English.

By what I can learn from the older residents, this township was an unbroken forest sixty years ago. The town of Mount Forest is two miles from here; it is a town of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. It is a very healthy place.

On the south side is the River Maitland, which runs through a deep ravine; there are three large mills on the river; two grist mills and a saw mill. The East mill has one of the finest mill ponds I have ever seen; it has the appearance of a small lake; there are a number of boathouses along its banks. There are five large churches here, and a number of other fine public buildings; there is also a fine large furniture factory and foundry.

This is said to be one of the highest towns in Ontario. About two miles on the west of Mt. Forest is a large lake called Pike Lake; it is a very pretty place. Pic-nics are very common there about this time. There is also boating and fishing here.

About five miles south of Mount Forest there is a small village called Riverston. There is not much business carried on here; there only being one store, a blacksmith shop and two churches.

The township on the north of here is in the County of Grey, it is called Egremont. It is a fine township, but rather hilly and stony.

The timber found in the townships around here are of hardwoods—maple, beech, birch, elm; soft woods—cedar, spruce, balsam, with an odd pine and hemlock.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUTH SIMCOE.

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

South Simcoe is one of the best localities for all-round farming in the Dominion. Its soil consists principally of a clay loam, interspersed with a few heavy clay, and a few light, farms; but seldom, if ever, do you come across a farm that will not produce some kind of a crop.

On some of the farms there still remains a remnant of the forest, from which the farmer gathers his winter supply of fuel. Others are all cleared, nothing remaining as a remembrance of the past save a few trees, that serve either as a wind brake, or as a shelter for the cattle from the hot sun.

The farms are all well fenced; some with the old, substantial rail fence, and others with wire straight rail, or patent fences.

On most of the farms there are large, cosy, brick dwellings, sheltered on the north by a large orchard, while at the front of the house, facing the road, is a well-kept lawn, or flower garden, surrounded by a hedge or ornamental trees.

The outbuildings are usually frame with a stone foundation; thus forming a very convenient combination; the frame part being used as a barn, and the stone foundation as a stable, or a store house for roots. The roads as a rule are comparatively free from hills, although, now and then, you may come across a grade that's inclined to be a little steep. Most of them, especially the town lines, are gravelled, thus making a hard solid road for the farmer to team the produce of his labour. The markets are very near, there being four villages and two incorporated towns within a radius of ten miles. Some of the villages are very picturesque, fine brick stores and comfortable dwellings, principally the homes of retired farmers, meet the view on every side; while the elevators, grist mill, blacksmith shops, and the bustle down the street tend to add an air of energy and business to the otherwise quiet village.

The majority of the people are descendants of Irish settlers, who settled here in the beginning of the century. They are a hardworking and sociable people, who strive to make farming a profitable business. There are a few English and Scotch settlers, who, by their industrious and thrifty ways, have managed to make a comfortable home for themselves and their descendants.

For Sept. { "An account of the hardest day's work you have done in Canada."
Or,
"An account of a barn raising or other "bee" at which you have been present."
Or,
"The influence of music."

For Oct. { "A description of some exhibition you have visited."
Or,
"An account of some public meeting you have attended."

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

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

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

Do not send two months' papers together.

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

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



THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

THE great event of the year (as regards Dr. Barnardo's Institutions) is over, and the Albert Hall meeting is now a thing of the past! We were fortunate enough to have been in England on this occasion, and can therefore tell of what we have "seen and heard." We wish we could give our readers an impression a little approaching reality of that bright scene, of the large company assembled in that magnificent building, and of the interesting group of boys and girls in the arena. Undoubtedly the presence of

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

was the great feature of the evening, and fitting, indeed, it seemed that they should thus honour with their gracious approval the festival of that work which is so intimately connected with many of their youthful subjects. It was a pleasing fact, too, that they not only came themselves, but were accompanied by the two young Princesses, their daughters. We thought we could see plainly, from our position, the look of pleasure and interest on the Prince's face; the features of the Princess were not quite so distinguishable, for she appeared to wear a veil, but her form looked elegant, and, indeed, youthful; she had a bouquet in her hand, and as girls always like to know how people are dressed, we might mention that she wore a black dress, with something glittering like spangles on it.

When the Prince of Wales stood up to give his speech there was great applause; he delivered it in a clear, distinct manner; indeed, we heard him the best of any of the speakers. We now give the greater part of his words which, no doubt, will be of great interest to our readers:

"The Princess of Wales and myself experience great gratification in attending the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of these national institutions. For many years we have both taken a deep interest in unceasing endeavours to solve those problems of poverty which must claim the attention of all thoughtful people. These Homes are, I believe, carrying out a work dear to all who wish well to their country. We have seen something to-day of the healthy and homelike surroundings, and the excellent training which the Homes provide for the children they receive. It must be our great wish that continually increasing success may attend the operations of this beneficent and national work. I am sure we all regret that its progress should be jeopardized by the accumulation of liabilities such as those which have been described to us. The committee and trustees have, I think rightly, decided to make a great effort, this thirtieth year of the foundation of the Homes, to remove this encumbrance. I trust they will be successful. As we all know, Dr. Barnardo has laboured indefatigably, and I am sure he deserves some mark of approval from the public for all he has done in his important philanthropic work."

And now, having given all due pre-eminence to the Royal visitors, we will proceed to tell something of the other events of the evening.

The scene was indeed a pretty one, the girls from Ilford were seated near the organ, ranged on seats rising tier above tier, and grouped together according to the colour in which they were dressed, some in a sort of pinkish red, some of a blue hue, and some arrayed in white. Across the hall there were hung banners representing Dr. Barnardo's various Institutions, and amongst them one of a blue ground with gilt letters which stood for Hazel Brae, Peterborough.

It was most inspiring and indeed exciting to see the boys run onto the arena and exhibit themselves at their different trades, whether making bread or brushes, or doing their printing.

When the bugle sounded they all stopped, and a number of boys in red caps removed the working apparatus, while the girls sang "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Then came the

GIRLS' FLAG DRILL



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Again the bugle sounded, and, while the piano played, a number of little girls bearing flags stepped to the front, and ranging themselves in two lines, facing each other, went through some wonderful performances with their flags, after which the band struck up "Rule Britannia."

After this came the hand-bell ringers, and then, at Dr. Barnardo's signal of the waving of a flag, a number of little cots were borne on to the arena by boys with red caps; also appeared the arm chair, the rocking-horse, a number of dolls, and presently the children brightened these inanimate objects with their life—here on a rocking horse, there in a see-saw, or playing amongst the hay, which had been transported to the scene of action—and it was at this juncture that Dr. Barnardo himself made it all the more real and animated by appearing among the little ones, and leading two of them up to the Princess of Wales, as has already been narrated, and for which he was heartily applauded.

The "Service Girls" who were to take prizes formed an interesting feature in the evening's meeting, grouped together in their

black dresses and white caps. The girls did not come up in order as before, but stood promiscuously on the platform, and three girls only were handed the prizes, which they received on behalf of the other girl who merited them.

Thus one Village girl received prizes for all the Village Home girls, and other "Beehive" girls for that Home, and a "Sturge House" girl for the others in Sturge House.

We shall not attempt to refer here to all the intensely interesting features, but we must mention the appearance of a party of boys, dressed as if just ready to start for Canada, and, while they were standing still, suddenly the band struck up an air. What was it? Was it "The Girl I Left Behind Me?" and a number of red-hooded damsels appeared on the scene. Each party had a banner; the words on the boys' banner were: "Away to the Far West," and on the girls' "We are Coming Too." We conclude by giving the words of a song sung by the children: "The Empire Flag," which they accompanied by a waving of small Union Jacks. In case our readers might not know any other tune for it, we mention that it will go well to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Empire Flag shall proudly brave
The storms that fill the sky
From war's rude shocks, from crested wave,
From faction's party cry,
In peace or strife,
For death or life,
Its folds remain unfurled;
Serene on high the flag shall fly,
The mistress of the world.

Chorus—

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

From far Australia's sunny land
The pulse beats warm and strong;
On Afric's shores, Canadian seas,
Is heard the patriot's song:
In peace or strife,
For death or life,
We boast of English blood;
And England's Empire Flag will bear
Through field, and fire, and flood.

An English tongue, etc.

From flowing Ganges' sacred founts,
From islands of the main,
From rocky Zealand's misty mounts,
Is heard the fervent strain:
In peace or strife,
For death or life,
The banner proudly waves,
O'er world-wide Britain's happy soil,
Where free men live, not slaves.

An English tongue, etc.

From north to south, from east to west,
Let hand to hand be given,
And from each loyal English breast
This song ascend to heaven:
In peace or strife,
For death or life,
While shines the radiant sun,
We'll guard each fold of the Empire Flag,
And stand or fall as one.

An English tongue, etc.

Back again at our desk at Hazel Brae, we have an important announcement to make, and that is, that we are hoping in the beginning of August to have an arrival of a new party of one hundred girls or so from the Old Country. We shall be glad to receive applications as soon as possible from those who would like to secure girls from this party, and hope that we may be successful in choosing for them those who will be likely to prove satisfactory. Terms to be had on application to Miss Code, Secretary, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

We are this month publishing a letter we have received from Dr. Barnardo acknowledging the girls' donation of \$100 for 1896. Those

girls who have so heartily and willingly given of their earnings will be glad to see that he appreciates their grateful effort.

We feel very sorry for the mistake about the Hazel Brae Cot, and were indeed much taken back when visiting the hospital at Stepney this summer, to find that there was no cot bearing that name, and that we had been under a wrong impression. However, if the money contributed goes to the support of the hospital, that is the great point after all; only we think we would all feel pleased if, in the future, we could have a cot of our very own.

* *

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

18 TO 26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY,
LONDON, E., 22ND JUNE, 1896.

DEAR MISS CODE.—

I have received from Peterborough, since you left it, a draft for \$100=£20, from the girls towards our funds.

I think the girls have some mistaken idea about their money and I would like to put it right. You speak of a Hazelbrae Cot. There is *no* Hazelbrae Cot. I wish there were, but a cot in the Hospital cost £30 per annum to keep up, that is \$150, and we could not put the name over a cot unless we could depend upon this amount reaching us without fail, every year.

I want to THANK MOST HEARTILY AND SINCERELY those girls who have contributed towards this sum of £20, but I am bound to say I am greatly disappointed that many more did not contribute. If every girl now in Canada, who is doing fairly well, would only contribute \$1 per year to you for the Home funds it would produce more than £200 in the year, because there are more than 1,000 girls out in Canada, and \$1,000 is equal to £200. I think the girls would be greatly surprised if they saw what the boys send me every year. Of course there are many more boys than there are girls in Canada, but each individual boy sends more money than each individual girl, and the boys seem so generous and loving and thoughtful. Sometimes I get delightful letters from my boys, in which they say they can never forget how much they owe to the Home, and sometimes they enclose \$5, \$10, and I have had, in some cases, even \$20 as a gift to the work which has done so much for them. One dear lad, who is now seventeen, and who was in the Homes three years before I sent him to Canada, wrote me a little time back something like this:—

"I am now earning \$48 a year and all my food and lodging, and I hope next year to be earning \$70. Some day I shall have a farm of my own. But whenever that happy day comes, I will never forget that I owe it all to the dear Home in Stepney, for when I was a poor boy and my mother could not keep me I entered your Home and was trained and taught there and then sent to Canada, and since I have been out here I have been looked after most carefully, and I feel just as grateful as a boy can.

"Please accept the enclosed order for \$10, which is all I can spare this year, but I shall hope soon to send you more.

"Ever your grateful and affectionate boy."

Now, suppose that among the girls in Canada there was any deep feeling of gratitude and love for all that has been done for them, don't you think it would be easy for them to give at least \$2 each per year to the Home funds? One dollar might be sent in the summer and one in the winter. They would never feel the loss of this small amount! Perhaps some girls would like to give more, some would like to give four or five dollars, and perhaps some of the very little ones could not give so much, they could only give fifty cents in the summer and fifty in the winter, but if they all gave something, and gave it from their hearts, from gratitude and love, think what a splendid gift it would be and how it would help the Homes! Then, we might have one cot in H. M. Hospital,

Stepney, called the Canada Girls' Cot, No. 1, and another cot in the Hospital at Ilford, where so many of them were brought up, and that might be called also the Canada Girls' Cot, No. 2, and perhaps we might manage to have one at Babies' Castle, and that might be called the Canada Girls' Cot, No. 3. Thus, we would have three cots, which would cost about £90 per annum, and the remainder, £110 (if they collected £200 as I suggest), would go to pay the emigration expenses of ten or eleven girls each year. Thus those girls who have gone out to Canada, who have received so many favours and so much help from the Home, who have been looked after and tenderly watched over, and loved, and helped, and counselled, and cared for, could show their gratitude by paying the expenses of ten or eleven of their sisters, who are still in England and who want to go out to Canada each year.

Perhaps if you allowed this letter to appear, just as I send it, in your part of UPS AND DOWNS, it might stir up some of my dear old girls, whom I can never forget, even if they forget me, to do generous and great things. Please tell them ALL, when you see or write to them, that I constantly look at their pictures, and it will be a great pleasure to me to have the photograph of every girl who has been out in Canada more than three years and who is grown up and doing well. I am trying to form a gallery of my old girls' pictures, and I would love to have ALL my Canadian girls in it.

Again, let me say that I heartily thank those who have contributed towards the money you have sent and I hope their example may stir up others to go and do likewise next year.

Believe me to be, Miss Code,

Most sincerely yours,

Dr. Barnardo.

* *

On these warm, sunny days one's thoughts almost naturally turn to holidays, picnics, etc. After the work of the spring, now that the summer is at its height and the whole earth seems to be rejoicing, we are glad to hear that many of our girls are having an easier time and a little change or a treat of some kind. Some are with their mistresses and children by the lakes, others going for Sunday-school picnics, and the little children are rejoicing in their freedom from school duties.

At Hazel Brae we have had several visits from girls, one or two being able to spend a few days with us; amongst these, Annie Kane, a well-conducted young woman of whom any Institution might well be proud; Lizzie Adams, whose visit was a reward from her mistress, to whose careful training she does great credit; Edith Vincent, who spent a night on her way to and from visiting friends at Lakefield; Lizzie Reynolds, who spent Sunday with us, looking greatly improved under a kind and careful mistress; and last as well as least, little Bessie Jones. She has grown considerably and is now quite a careful little nurse to twin babies.

Amongst girls who have called when spending the day in town have been Mary Spurling, to see her invalid friend Alice Rogers; Emily Bowell, looking thoroughly bright and happy; Florence Hey and Sophia Collins (now Mrs. Norris).

B. Code

CORRESPONDENCE.



THE following are a few extracts from letters written by little children in Muskoka. Of most of them we have very good reports. They are evidently enjoying the fine summer weather and the school holidays which have now commenced. The first is from Winifred Damon and Annie Cogley, who live together in Huntsville:

"I am getting on with my school work quite nicely. Ma is learning us to knit and sew. I have made two or three little socks for dolls. I am making a quilt and it will soon be finished. Annie has started one too. We have lots of fruit this year, and sometimes we go out and pick berries. I like going to church and Sunday-school, and Annie says she does too. We go to church every Sunday morning."

* *

We are this month able to show you the photos of the two little girls, Mary Dixon and



ANNIE LILYWHITE. MARY DIXON.

Annie Lilywhite, whose letter appeared in the June number of UPS AND DOWNS.

* *

Lizzie Parsons and Ellen Wakeling have a thoroughly country home, quite a long way from either town or station, but, as you will see from their letter, they have found very kind friends:

"We have kind friends to live with and are very happy. We go to school every day and learn our lessons well. Our school picnic was the other day and we had great fun. We have some new hats and dresses and new shoes that ma bought us at Bracebridge. On the Queen's birthday we went to see Annie Lilywhite and Mary Dixon. We like Canada better than England, and we thank Dr. Barnardo for getting us such a good home. Nellie and I wash the dishes and sweep the floor for ma before we go to school, and ma is going to give us a dollar for the Home, for every little helps."

* *

The next little ones, Muriel and Lizzie, are Cottage sisters, but each has written her own letter. We may just add here that these children were boarded out with very kind friends in England who will, we are sure, be glad to see their letters and to know of the children's welfare.

"Everything is looking beautiful and the flowers are nice in the garden. The trees are loaded with fruit. We have all the strawberries and cream and sugar we can eat, and there will be an abundance of raspberries in the patch beside our home. We have three cows and some lambs. I will show you them when you come to see us.

MURIEL COURTNEY."

"Thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am quite well and happy, and enjoy myself with the little calves and lambs; I do love to be amongst them. The raspberries are ripe and ma gives us a little cream and sugar with them for tea. We go to day-school and Sunday-school and ride with pa to church.

"LIZZIE SMITH."

Beatrice Gower and Tillie Mills have also a pleasant, comfortable home. They live in the village of Huntsville, where are also several other little girls from the Home. Their mistress writes for them :

"The children are getting on nicely. They have, every one, been promoted this quarter. They are delighted with UPS AND DOWNS; they recognize their old homes and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, and I think reading these papers makes them feel more their obligation to the Home. They are expecting to see you every day, and all send their love."

* * *

Lizzie Adams writes as follows :

"Gertrude Freeman and Edith Hallendale will likely remember me—Elizabeth Jane Adams. I hope I have sent you correct answers to your puzzles and conundrums. I think it is a splendid idea to keep your brains polished up with thinking about riddles, puzzles, and such like. I am at Hazel Brae for a visit just now, and next month you may look forward to seeing an account of a pleasant day I spent in Canada. I must now conclude, hoping you will send in more puzzles, for I enjoy them very much. I hope you will have lots of answers, but there is only one answer to each puzzle, and that is the right one."

We received lately a pleasant visit from Mr. John Yonge, of Apsley, who brought to the Home two bags of potatoes, the gift of William Frank Resden, one of Dr. Barnardo's boys, employed by him. The potatoes were grown by this boy on a patch of ground given to him by his master. We feel very much obliged indeed to William for his kind thought of Hazel Brae, and hope he will go on and prosper in his agricultural pursuits.

READY WRITERS.

TOPICS :

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

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, BRANTFORD.

The Ontario Institution for the Blind is a large and handsome building, just outside the city of Brantford, containing about one hundred and thirty pupils—not all totally blind, but all with very defective sight. It is a three-storey building about three hundred feet long. The first floor contains the Principal's office, reception room, school rooms, music rooms, gymnasium and teachers' parlour and dining room. On the second and third floors are pupils' dormitories and officers' rooms, also the music hall. This is a large and handsome room containing a pipe organ run by electricity and two pianos. It is well furnished with seats, and will hold about 500 people. In this room the pupils assemble every morning at eight o'clock for prayers, led by the Principal, Mr. Dymond. It is also used for concerts, lectures, etc. The pupils rise at six, breakfast at seven, and school lasts from half-past eight to twelve. Then comes dinner, a walk in the grounds, and afternoon school from two o'clock till four. During the evening all assemble—boys in one room and girls in another—and the teachers on duty read for an hour or so from the newspaper or some interesting book. The subjects of study are the same as in ordinary schools with the addition of a good deal of music and singing, knitting and sewing for the girls and willow work and tuning for the boys. There is also a large gymnasium and a kindergarten class. In the geography classes raised maps are used, on which mountains are represented by brass-headed tacks, rivers by little grooves, towns and capitals by different sized tacks. Pupils are taught to write to their friends by the use of a square card with grooves forming lines. For use among themselves they use the New York point print. The junior classes use the embossed type for reading, and the senior the raised point. During the session, pupils get out to lectures, concerts, and anything interesting going on in the city, and on Sunday morning attend their own place of worship, accompanied by a guide. In the afternoon a service is held in the Music Hall by various clergymen from the city.

In spare time the girls have fancy work of their own, and the boys amuse themselves in various ways, so that the time does not hang heavily on their hands. A good deal of time is spent in the grounds, which are large and very pretty, and contain the Principal's house and other buildings. The public are admitted, and may go through the building from nine to four o'clock. The staff consists of A. H. Dymond, Esq., Principal, to whom all look with respect; Mrs. Dunn, Matron, who is most kind, and looks after the comfort of the inmates in every way; there is also a large staff of resident teachers who do all in their power to make things pleasant, and to provide amusement for the pupils.

CATHERINE DRURY.

* * *

TOPICS :

For Sept. { "A description of some building you have seen."
For Oct. "Smiles and frowns."

IN LEISURE HOURS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

The following are the answers to last month's puzzles:—Edith Hallendale's "Buried Cities" —1, Trenton; 2, Brighton; 3, Allandale; 4, Listowel; 5, Newcastle.

Edith Hallendale's puzzle:—The whole word is "humiliation."

- 3, 9, 8, Mit.
- 4, 5, 5, Ill.
- 5, 10, 7, 11, Loan.
- 8, 10, 3, Tom.
- 10, 1, Oh.
- 11, 2, 8, Nut.

Milton is the name of the English poet.

Gertrude Freeman's conundrums : 1, sponge; 2, because many ears are there, and they will be shocked; 3, noise.

Puzzle beginning—

- 1. "My first is in pepper." Answer—piano.
- 2. "My first is in fowl." Answer—fog.
- 3. "In spring I look gay." Answer—tree.

Lizzie Adams is the only girl who has sent answers to the Bible questions. They are all answered correctly, excepting a mistake in one of the tribes, and also the answer to No. 2. This question, however, should have been put thus: What *two* men were taken to heaven without dying, and how? The following are correct answers :

- 1. Job, patience; Moses, meekness; Samson, strength; Solomon, wisdom.
- 2. Enoch, God took him. Elijah, who was taken to heaven by a whirlwind.
- 3. Judah, Reuben, Gad, Asher, Maphthali, Simeon, Levi, Issachar, Zebulon, Ephraim, Manasseh, Benjamin.
- 4. The parable of the trees in Judges ix. 7-15.
- 5. The raising of the widow's son to life. 1 Kings, xvii. 17-23.
- 6. Isaiah, ix. 6.

We now give the answer to the "Mysterious Army" in our June number. It is the story of Samson and the three hundred foxes and firebrands. Judges xv. 4, 5.

* * *

BEHEADED WORDS.

In beheading a word, take off a letter each time from the beginning of the word, and thus get the correct answer. We will give the answer this time to the following example, in order to make our meaning quite plain :—

I am a fish: shark.
Behead me, and I am to listen: hark.
Behead me again, and I am a ship: ark.

The answers to the two following beheaded words will be given in the September number :

- 1. I am a very useful article of furniture; behead me, and I am part of the head; again, I am a necessity of life.

2. I am something we use at dinner; behead me and I am what we sometimes are for dinner; behead me again, and I am what we did at dinner.

* * *

BURIED GIRLS' NAMES.

The following names are arranged after the same manner as "Buried Cities," only instead of being the names of cities, they are names of girls :—

- 1. Well, enjoy yourself, my dear.
- 2. Mamma, my dear little bird is dead.
- 3. When well played, banjo and singing make pretty music.
- 4. No, live here certainly I will not.
- 5. The vainest girl I know is Mary.
- 6. Indeed, name yourself, then.

VIEW OF COBO, GUERNSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.



HAT is the use of seeing a pretty place, unless you let other people share your pleasure a little? So with such a thought it is that this month we are giving our readers a picture of a lovely little sea view in the island of Guernsey which we have visited lately, one of the Channel Islands of which Jersey is another, where one of

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOR BOYS.

is situated. The Americans sometimes jokingly profess to think that England is so small that the inhabitants must be in danger of falling over the edge into the sea! There might be some show of reason in such a thought with regard to the

TINY ISLAND OF GUERNSEY,

which only measures ten miles as its greatest length and three or four miles as its greatest breadth; and yet, what a busy, bustling, all-alive place it is! Quite a little world in itself with its population of 37,000.

Lying in the Channel between England and France, the people are a strange mixture of French and English, both of which languages are spoken, and the moneys belonging to both nations are used, as well as a Guernsey coinage. We remember the story of the Norman,

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

who conquered England and became its king. Guernsey belonged to him, and so when he took possession of England, this little island came under British rule. The inhabitants do not consider, therefore, that they are under England, but rather that England is under them! The natives are rather tenacious over their rights altogether, and the English who live here are called by the name of

OUTLANDERS,

the same name by which the settlers in the Transvaal are known, only there they are "Uitlanders."

While we have been staying in the island, the sky has nearly, if not quite, rivalled

CANADIAN SKY IN ITS BLUENESS,

and the air has been almost as brilliantly clear.

The Magnolia tree, with its magnificent lemon-scented flower, grows out of doors, weathering winter frosts, and we notice strange little shrubs (not plants) of white and also yellow Marguerites, and cabbages growing at the end of long thick stalks, which are made into walking sticks. Tomatoes are largely grown here, and tons of them are sent over to the English market.

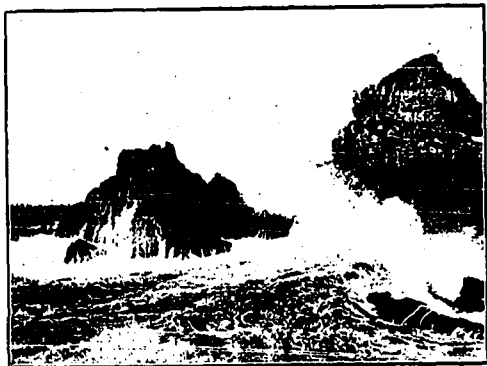
But the sea—

THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!

Here we feel our pen fails to describe, and we could wish for the brush of a painter to set

down in colours what lingers still in the memory. We think of the poet's words:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray crags, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."



But the crags did not look cold on that summer's morning that we visited Cobo, a view of which place is here given. They were a soft, mellow brown, taking occasionally a pink and also a gray tint, the brown rocks blending beautifully with the deep blue of the sea, which was here and there relieved by the pure white foam tossing up against the rocks. How lightly and gracefully it threw and tossed itself up, to be sure! How graceful indeed are the forms that nature takes!

As we looked on that blue sea, studded here and there with rocks, somehow or other our thoughts travelled back to Canada, and we found ourselves making a mental comparison between the scene before us and

THE CANADIAN LAKES,

only instead of the brown rocks, the lakes are dotted with green islets. They each have such a perfect beauty of their own, that neither need fear the comparison. Just at this time, however, we must confess to a keen enjoyment of the delicious, fresh smell of the sea, and a delight in the pretty pink sea-weed. It was curious, too, to watch the little crabs, and a source of some amusement to see the game between them and

A SMALL PUG DOG

who accompanied us. We do not know which was most afraid of the other, but evidently both considered discretion "the better part of valour."

How full the sea is of interests, and of pretty scenes and pictures. The sea birds fly across in the air, and the little boats come sailing out on the water.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

There was one spot on this island very lovely too with blue sea and soft brown rocks, on the top of which a lady and her friend were sitting one day taking in the beautiful surroundings, and all unmindful of the steadily approaching tide, when suddenly they became aware that they were surrounded by water, and their rock had, in fact, become a little island. What was to be done now? There was nothing for it but to take off shoes and stockings, and, like the little children love to do,

HAVE A PADDLE;

but a paddle perforce through the water, which, after all, was not so bad, on a hot summer's day; at least it did not trouble the lady very much.

And now, not to keep our readers too long, we will say good-bye to the beautiful sea and rocks of Guernsey; we will leave the fascinating little pools on the shore, and the sea anemones; leave its Devonshire-like lanes, and its sweet wild roses and honeysuckle and its purple heather, and bid it a long adieu—

"Isle of Beauty fare thee well!"

DAILY TEXTS FOR THE MONTH.

So many of our girls have Scripture Union cards that we are giving the Texts for each day in August, published in the Scripture Union Almanac for 1896. It is indeed a good plan each day to have the mind stored with some Bible words; for instance, what a good motto we get on August 5th for any one wishing to be a true follower of Christ in her life! "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

It will, no doubt, be observed that the texts are chosen from the daily portions, selected by the Scripture Union; those who have their cards can easily see this.

AUGUST, 1896.—DAILY TEXT TO BE LEARNED BY HEART.

1 S.—John i. 12. As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. 1 John, iii. 2.
2 S.—John i. 16. And of His fulness have all we received. Col. ii. 9.

3 M.—John i. 29.—Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Rev. v. 6.

4 Tu.—John i. 45. We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write. Prov. viii. 35.

5 W.—John ii. 5. Whosoever He saith unto you, do it. 2 Sam. xv. 15.

6 Th.—John ii. 23. Many believed in His name, when they saw the miracles which He did. John xiv. 11.

7 F.—John iii. 3. Except a man be born again, He cannot see the kingdom of God. 1 Peter i. 23.

8 S.—John iii. 16. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son. Acts x. 43.

9 S.—John iii. 36. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. 1 John v. 12.

10 M.—John iv. 14. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. Rev. vii. 17.

11 Tu.—John iv. 24. God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Psalm xcvi. 6.

12 W.—John iv. 35. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. Matt. ix. 38.

13 Th.—John iv. 48.—Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe. Mark viii. 12.

14 F.—John v. 6.—Wilt thou be made whole? Isaiah i. 18.

15 S.—John v. 24. He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life. 1 John v. 13.

16 S.—John v. 28. The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice. Rev. xx. 13.

17 M.—John v. 40. Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life. Ezek. xviii. 31.

18 Tu.—John vi. 12. Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. Amos ix. 9.

19 W.—John vi. 20.—It is I; be not afraid. Isaiah xli. 13.

20 Th.—John vi. 37. Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. John x. 28.

21 F.—John vi. 47. He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. 1 John v. 11.

22 S.—John vi. 68.—Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Acts iv. 12.

23 S.—John vii. 17. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine. Hosea vi. 3.

24 M.—John vii. 33. Yet a little while am I with you. John xii. 35.

25 Tu.—John vii. 37. If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. Rev. xxii. 17.

26 W.—John viii. 12. I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness. Eph. v. 8.

27 Th.—John viii. 31. If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed. 1 John ii. v.

28 F.—John viii. 51. If a man keep My saying he shall never see death. Prov. vii. 2.

29 S.—John ix. 4. I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day. John iv. 34.

30 S.—John ix. 25. One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. 2 Cor. v. 17.

31 M.—John ix. 35. Dost thou believe on the Son of God? John xi. 26.

QUESTIONS ON THE SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS.

We are also giving some questions in connection with the daily readings. If any girls like to send in answers we shall acknowledge them the following month, but even if some do not care to send the answers, it may be a pleasant and profitable Sunday occupation for themselves. Some of the questions, while bearing on the daily portions for the month,

may necessitate searching in other parts of the Bible.

1. What other parts of the Bible were written by John?

2. Who was the mother of St. John the Divine, and who of John the Baptist?

3. What was the first miracle Jesus performed?

4. Give the two other references where Nicodemus is mentioned, both in the Gospel of St. John?

5. How many titles of Christ are given in Chapter 1, and what are they?

6. What prophecy did Christ make as to His death and resurrection in Chapter 2?

7. What reference to the Old Testament is there in Chapter 3?

Accustom yourself always to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over, lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best, instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus greatly lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and ah! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own.

It is, and ought to be, something to know how often a word or look of respectful sympathy, a quiet little attention, an unofficial observance of one's comfort in trifles, will, in times of trouble, go direct to the mistress' heart, with a soothing influence of which the servant has not the slightest idea, and which is never afterwards forgotten.

From "Woman's Thoughts About Women."

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy—or there's none.
If there is one, try and find it;
If there isn't, never mind it.

—Sel.

A LITTLE.

A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured.

—Sel.

A great singer who, though considerably past middle life, looks as if she had discovered the secret of perpetual youth, was recently asked how she always looked so young. "I keep my temper," she said. "No woman can remain young looking who often loses her temper. When I feel that my temper is getting the better of me I always get up and leave the room."

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "UPS AND DOWNS."

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

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

LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 8.)

THE COUNTRY WITHIN FIVE MILES OF WHERE I LIVE.

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

The country where I live is very fine; it is a very fertile part of the country, as we can raise almost any kind of fruit and grain. The principal kind of grain we raise is wheat, oats, peas, corn and potatoes, and of fruit we raise strawberries, raspberries, currants, but our chief fruit is apples. These are the staple articles.

We have no market town nearer than Tilsonburgh or Norwich. Our village or post office is Hawtrey. It is quite a stirring little place; it has two railroads running through it—the M.C.R., one of the finest roads in the country, and the Port Dover Branch of the G.T.R. The people of the country are of nearly every nationality; there are English, Irish, Scotch, Germans, and not excepting a few of the African and Indian race, but a great many are of Canadian birth. The length of time the country has been settled I am not prepared to state. They say it has been settled a great many years.

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

PENNY POETS.

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

PENNY POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

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

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In a most useful little text-book, entitled "The Highways of Literature; or, What to Read and How to Read," the author, David Pryde, M.A., LL.D., an English Professor, and a great authority on such subjects, lays down several principles which should be followed by

those desirous of deriving the greatest possible benefit from their reading. Summarized, the principles upon which Dr. Pryde insists so strongly are:

I. "Before you begin to peruse a book, know something about the author." It is not always possible to do this unless, as is not infrequently the case with works of deceased authors, a short biographical sketch is added to the volume. The advantage of this is at once apparent. Dr. Pryde says: "When you read a work written by a person you know, you are far more interested in it than in a stranger's book. You imagine you hear him speaking, and you see more in many allusions than you would otherwise have done."

II. "Read the preface carefully." "In the preface the author takes us, as it were, into his confidence, and describes to us his motives for writing the book, and his reasons for making it what it is." We would liken the preface to what is called an appetizer.

III. "Take a comprehensive survey of the table of contents." If the preface is the appetizer, the table of contents is the bill of fare. It gives us a full plan of the feast that is to follow and enables us to determine what articles we should avoid, and for what articles we should reserve our energies.

IV. "Give your WHOLE attention to whatever you read." In order to understand it, we must shut out our own circumstances, cast off our own personal identity, and lose ourselves in the writer before us."

V. "Be sure to note the most valuable passages as you read." "If the keeping of a notebook be a care too harassing for you, then, if the book be your own, write your notes on the margin with a pencil."

VI. "Write out in your own language a summary of the facts you have noted." "It is not enough to note several random particulars. These particulars will float about for some time in a disconnected way in your memory and then be lost. You must arrange them after a method of your own. The arrangement of them after your own method will make them more completely your own; the expressing of them in your own words will make them much more clear and definite; and the mere fact of writing them down will fix them more securely in your memory."

VII. "Apply the results of your reading to your every-day duties."

If our friends, who are co-operating with us in our work of mutual improvement, will follow the rules laid down by so eminent an authority as Dr. Pryde, they will soon find that they are well repaid for the slight extra trouble entailed. We suggest that some of our friends send us, from time to time, a short summary of the facts they have noted in some book they have recently read.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."—Col. iii: 23.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
"Trifles" even lead to Heaven,
"Trifles" form the life of man:
So in all things, great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Spotless truth and honour bright!
Let no spot their surface dim!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters, twists and alters
Little items when we speak,
May deceive me, but believe me
In himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak, if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
When you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut;
Just as surely and securely
As the kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch!
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much.
'Tis the glory of the story
In our babyhood begun:
Hearts without it (never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true:
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain,
They are treasures, yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things, great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman,
And for ever, now or never
Be as thorough as you can.

E. G. O.

FARMING COMMUNITIES IN VILLAGES.

John Bookwalter, of New York, a large land owner in Nebraska, Illinois and Ohio, proposes a plan to make life on the farm more attractive, and perhaps to make farm work more remunerative. His idea was obtained from observations in the rural districts of France and Switzerland, and may be productive of much good. It is simply to concentrate the rural population in villages of 500 to 5,000 persons, to give them the advantages of social life and modern luxuries and amusements. Mr. Bookwalter will begin on a 60,000 acre tract he owns in Nebraska, and proposes to organize a town with theatre, music hall, library and other advantages.

In France, as is well known, the rural population is grouped in villages, the farms radiating in narrow strips from the town in the centre. Mr. Bookwalter claims nothing new for his idea, but thinks the French villages may be improved upon in this rich, new country, where large acreage may be laid out with the village idea, instead of growing by subdivision. There is no doubt the centring of population in this way would add greatly to the attractiveness of life on the farm. The social contact is one of the chief attractions of the city. Neither can there be much doubt that such community of the rural population would give it greater influence in state and national affairs, in legislation and administration. It would naturally lead to better sanitary conditions, to conveniences, to police and fire protection that are now lacking in the widely separated farm houses, and all this without detracting from the advantages of rural surroundings, such as trees, flowers, and the supply of the best and freshest that the garden, dairy, orchard and farm can produce.

Superlatives are useless in Bicycle talk these days.

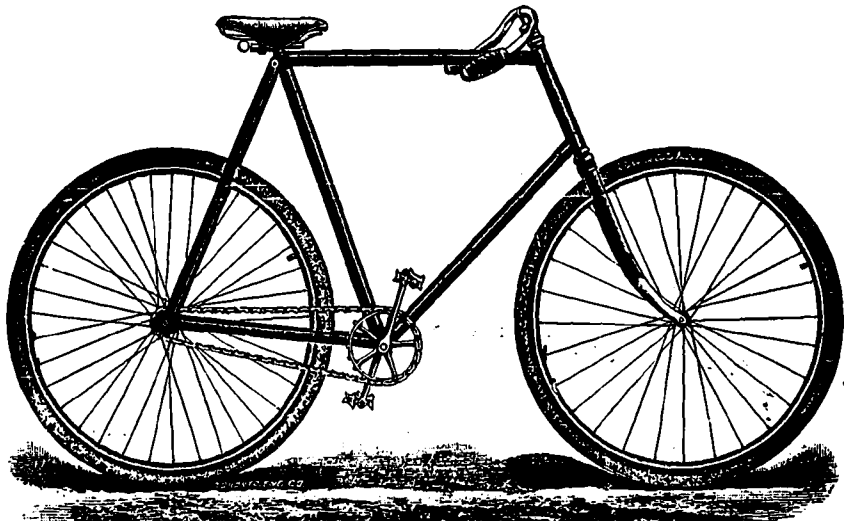
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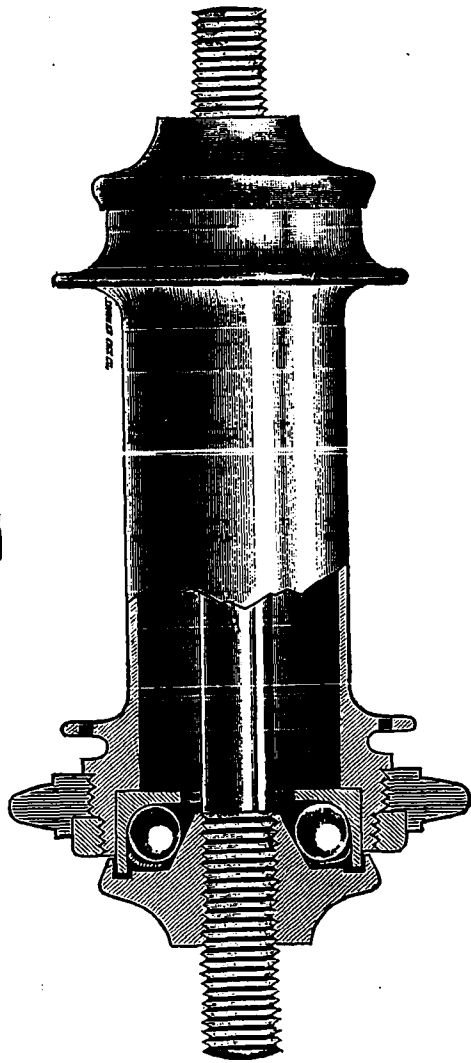
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