

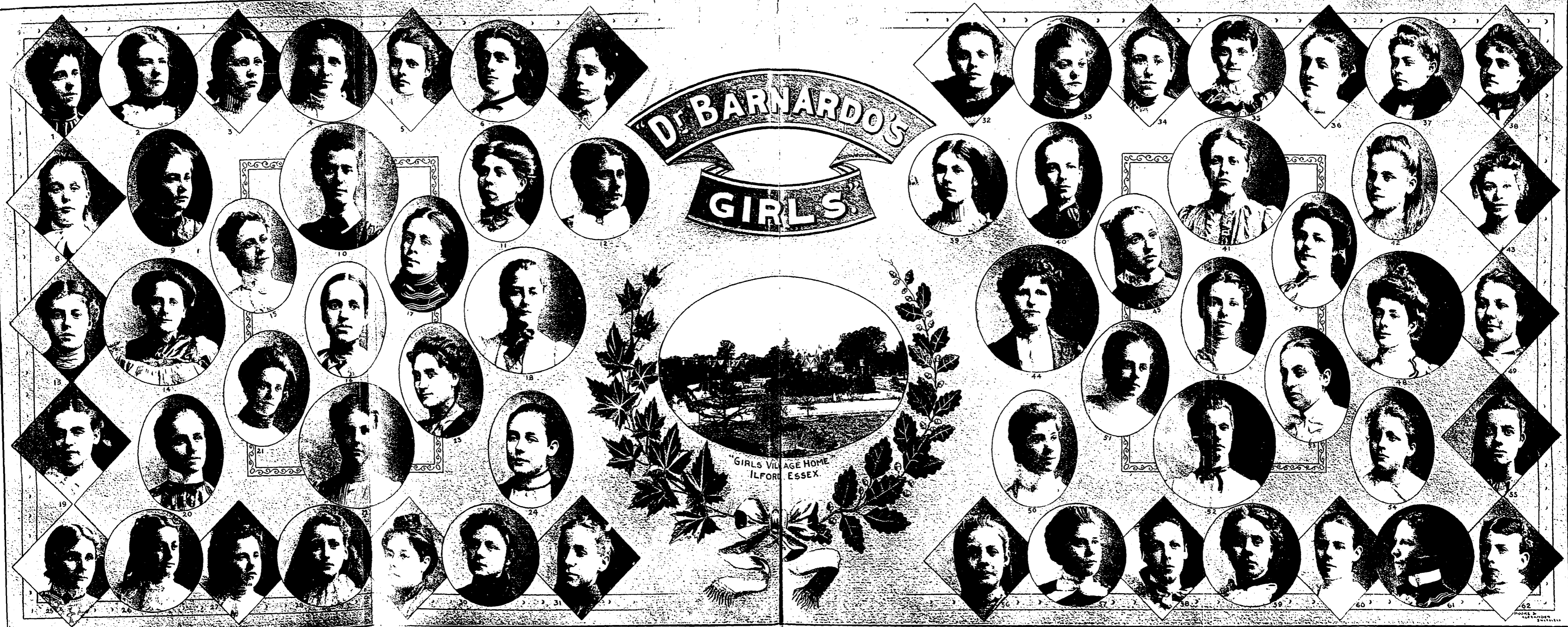
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Hon. Senator George A. Cox.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Vol. VI.]

OCTOBER 1ST, 1900.

[No. 1.

## Editorial Notes

**Our Regrets and Explanations.** An apology is due to our subscribers for the late appearance of the present number of **UPS AND DOWNS**. We are sincerely sorry for the delay, and it has been the occasion of much vexation of spirit to us; but the circumstances were such as to make it absolutely unavoidable. Just at the time when we should have been going to press the editor was "out on the ocean sailing" upon his customary errand of guiding one more exodus to the Promised Land, and as wireless telegraphy is expensive, and no other satisfactory appliance has yet been perfected for the transmission of printer's "copy" from mid-Atlantic, there was no alternative but to defer publication until his return. The number of reminders and complaints of the delay that have come to hand since October 1st are, at any rate, a gratifying indication that **UPS AND DOWNS** is looked for with some amount of expectation, not to say impatience, and that we are certainly missed when we fail to arrive "on time." This may be flattering to our vanity; but we, none the less, hope that the present delay will not re-occur, and that our readers will not be again disappointed by our failing to appear in due and proper season.

**An Honoured and Eminent Canadian.**

THE subject of our frontispiece, the Hon. Senator George A. Cox, is a gentleman well-

known and deservedly esteemed in Canadian financial and political circles. Our reasons for introducing Senator Cox to the readers of **UPS AND DOWNS** are twofold. In the first place, he has proved himself a warm friend and liberal supporter of Dr. Barnardo's work. The large house and beautifully situated premises at Peterborough, that, for the past seventeen years, have been the headquarters and distributing centre of the girls' work in Canada, were specially purchased by Senator Cox, and placed at Dr. Barnardo's disposal for that purpose, and ever since he first became interested in Dr. Barnardo's mission we have been able to look upon the Senator as a generous sympathizer and ally. In the second place, the story of Senator Cox's advancement from a very humble position in a small country town to the controlling headship of several of the largest and most successful financial institutions in Canada, and a prominent place in the Legislature, is not only one of the most striking and interesting chapters in the biography of self-made men, but is an object lesson of the highest value for lads who have to make their way in the world. It serves to show what can be accomplished by steady attention to business and promptitude in seizing opportunities, by energy, courage and foresight, and by that reputation for business integrity which inspires the trust and confidence of others and which is the basis of suc-

cess in all great commercial undertakings. We are sure that Senator Cox would be the last to claim for himself the advantages, in his early life, of superior education or influential connections; but he has risen from being a telegraph operator in Peterborough to the presidency of the Canada Life Assurance Company, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, the National Trust Company, with the directorship and control of other institutions, representing many millions of money, by dint of his own ability, character and business qualifications.



**What Man has Done, Man can Do.** THERE is always room at the top, and we could not offer our lads a better example, or set before them a more worthy object of their ambition or a stronger incentive to effort, than the career of Canada's great millionaire. When we add that Senator Cox's public and business life has been governed by Christian influences, that he has always been prominent in his support of benevolent and Christian efforts, and that he is known not more widely as a financial genius than as a man of humble and consistent piety of character and life, we have sufficiently introduced one who is entitled to be regarded as a great and a good man, and whose friendship and identification with Dr. Barnardo's work is an honour that we must always appreciate.



**Dr. Barnardo in Canada.** THE past few months have been interesting and memorable to us from our having had Dr. Barnardo in our midst. We had been so often disappointed of his coming that we had well-nigh despaired of seeing him, and although when we left England in July it had been publicly announced that he would spend the following three months in Canada, we doubted up to the eleventh hour that he would be

able to carry out his intention. At length the tidings reached us that he had crossed the Atlantic, and on August 16th we had the privilege of greeting him in Toronto. He will be on his way back to England when the present number of UPS AND DOWNS reaches our subscribers, and his visit will be a thing of the past. It has been an immense pleasure and a most welcome and helpful stimulus to those associated with his work in Canada, and it has left us with a sense of strengthened purpose and renewed energies for whatever may lie before us in the future.



**Influences and Effects of his Presence.** WE imagine there can be very few men who possess in the same degree as the Doctor the faculty of inspiring enthusiasm and of communicating to others his own wonderful buoyancy of spirit, and that high courage and unquenchable ardour that have carried him and his work forward from one stage to another and made it the great world movement that it appears to-day. The infection of the Doctor's spirit is an exhilarating influence beneath which obstacles and difficulties become lighter, and which enables us to look over and beyond the stumbling blocks of the present to the widening aims and larger possibilities of the future. Never was there a man endowed more richly with the gift of personal magnetism and the power to draw out from others their sympathies, their devotion and their efforts. One is conscious of being under an invigorating spell, arousing one to more strenuous effort and impelling one to throw oneself with heart and soul into the work and its cause.



**The Doctor as He Is.** FAR be it from us, however, to convey the idea that the Doctor is a sentimental enthusiast. Oftentimes during the last few weeks have we marvelled at and

admired his extraordinary genius for organization and administration, his consummate mastery of detail and his immediate grasp of almost any subject brought before him. One recognizes at once in the Doctor that beneath all the ardour and generous enthusiasm that are characteristic of his nature there is underlying a clear, practical knowledge of men and affairs, and keen powers of judgment and insight that it would be most difficult to mislead or deceive. We are aware that we might easily exceed the limit of propriety and good taste in thus expressing our opinions upon Dr. Barnardo's personality and characteristics, and fulsome flattery would be as abhorrent to the Doctor as to ourselves; but the impressions of his visit are still fresh in our mind and we know that our readers, with very few exceptions, share the feelings of affection and admiration with which we ourselves have regarded him from our very early boyhood. We admire him as a man of immense force of character, rare charm of manner and highly trained intellectual powers. We should describe him as a man of the world, possessing all the graces and accomplishments that are the charm of social intercourse and ensure social position and popularity, and at the same time a man whose life and powers are consecrated to the service of Christ and fully and enthusiastically devoted to the work for humanity to which he has been called. He is one who stands on a pinnacle among the Christian workers of the age, and yet as free as one could conceive a man to be from the narrowness and spirit of bigotry, intolerance and cant that mar the grace and power in the lives of so many eminent Christians. One cannot fail to see that his religion is an intense and overmastering power in his life, but that with the power there is the "sweet reasonableness" of real Christianity, and that the breadth of view and freedom from prejudice are the true light and liberty of the spirit of God.

**Changes that Seven Years have Wrought.** EXACTLY seven years have passed since Dr. Barnardo's previous visit to Canada, and he must have observed many changes and developments that have taken place within that time. Canada itself, as a country, has advanced with rapid strides, both in material prosperity and in the establishment of her national position. They have been seven years of steady growth and advancement, during which she has won her way to a place of consideration in the Empire and among the nations of the world that, but a short time ago, would have seemed entirely beyond the reach of her national ambition. About the time Dr. Barnardo was last in Canada we were being taught by not a few of our leading public authorities to believe that the Dominion must be regarded as a fast-ripening plum that, in the natural course of events, would fall from the old parent tree and drop as a juicy morsel into the capacious mouth of Uncle Sam, which stood open to receive it. Uncle Sam's jaws are still on the stretch, as he occasionally reminds us; but a remarkable change has come over the people of Canada, and according to the popular feeling of Canadians to-day, they are about as much inclined to annex themselves to the United States as to the Chinese or the Indian tribes settled on our reserves. There has been a marvellous quickening of the national pulse, and the Imperial sentiment that seven years ago was regarded as little more than froth in the mouths of a few visionary enthusiasts, or sneered at as the toadying of tuft-hunting Anglo-maniacs, has become a settled article in the people's faith, the object of their pride and loyalty, for which they have already borne great sacrifices and put forth great efforts. It has seemed as though the country has passed into a new stage of national life, and from being a little known and rather insignificant dependency has stepped forth before the world as a young and vigorous common-

wealth, strong in her natural resources and in her free institutions, strong also in her connection with the great Empire of which she forms a part and a power that will henceforth have to be reckoned with in the councils of the nations.

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**Our Own Advancement and Improved Position.** AND if the past seven years have marked an important and interesting era in the history of the Dominion, they have been not less a period of remarkable growth and prosperity in Dr. Barnardo's own work, which we may assuredly claim as an important Canadian institution and a factor in the national welfare. We have steadily and successfully advanced our position in the country in spite of much opposition and unpopularity. Dr. Barnardo's work is now well established and well organized in all its branches. We have developed a demand for our boys and girls that at all times is far beyond the supply. We are efficiently maintaining, by correspondence and personal visitation, a close and watchful supervision over the young people placed out, and keeping ourselves in intimate touch with the great majority of those for whom we are responsible. We have not succeeded, and do not expect to succeed, in eliminating all cases of failure; but our failures and disappointments are fewer than they were, and the percentage of our lads and lassies who are doing well and growing up to honest, decent, virtuous manhood and womanhood is higher than ever as compared with those who have broken down either physically or morally. Many of our older lads are coming out of the ranks and making their way into good positions and advancing towards independence, while of the girls large numbers are comfortably married and settled in happy homes of their own. On all sides of him Dr. Barnardo must have seen, during his present visit, tokens of the valuable results and permanent success of his labours in the past, and we cannot

doubt that he has gone back to his work in London with his spirit strengthened and his heart encouraged by the manifest evidences of the blessing of God upon his efforts. It remains only for us to express, on behalf of all the Doctor's old boys and girls in Canada, our hope and desire that his visit may soon be repeated, and that long before another seven years have passed we shall have the privilege and pleasure of welcoming him again on Canadian shores.

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**Our Annual Fete.** OUR gathering of old boys and girls in Toronto during the second week of the Exhibition was a large affair, and, we are glad to say, passed off to the full satisfaction of both entertainers and entertained. Our young folks assembled from all parts of the province to the number of nearly 500 and ate, drank and were merry. The headquarters for the girls was at 323 Markham Street, where Mrs. Owen, assisted by several friends who very kindly volunteered their aid, dispensed hospitality to all comers. The boys, of course, assembled at the Home on Farley Avenue. and the residents of that otherwise quiet and unobtrusive locality will not soon forget the incursion. Dr. Barnardo devoted two days of the week specially to the girls, and two to the boys, and, needless to say, his presence was a source of much delight and gratification. On two evenings our male visitors were indulged in a moonlight excursion, for which purpose one of the largest steamers on the lake was brought into requisition and specially chartered for the occasion. We had concerts, impromptu and otherwise, monster parades, fireworks and feasting, flags and banners, shoutings and cheerings,—everything in short but sleep. Elsewhere in the present number will be found a detailed account of the proceedings, contributed by our friend, Mr. Vipond, who, as general director of the ceremonies, rendered invaluable

assistance to the Executive and contributed by his exertions and genial presence so largely to the enjoyment of our guests ; and suffice it to say that the gathering was a success from beginning to end and will, we are sure, be looked back upon with pleasure by all who were present.

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**Plans for Our Excursion to England.** WE are afraid to hazard a guess as to the number of our boys and girls who have already written us on the subject of their plans for making a visit to England during the coming Winter, and whom we have instructed to look out for the present number of UPS AND DOWNS to see the official announcement of our arrangement for a Christmas Excursion. For the comfort and satisfaction of these young people, we beg to inform them that we have settled for the reservation of special space for their accommodation on board the steamer *Tunisian* of the Allan Line, sailing from Montreal on November 16th. The *Tunisian* is a new vessel, having made her maiden voyage from Liverpool in April last. She is an immense ship 10,800 tons burthen, and by far the largest vessel in the Montreal trade. We have made two voyages in her ourselves and can guarantee her to be staunch, remarkably steady, well-ventilated and fitted with splendid accommodation for all classes, and her captain is one of the oldest and most trusted commanders in the North Atlantic. We shall be glad to complete arrangements for the party as soon as possible, and will, therefore, ask all those who have made up their minds to join the excursion to let us hear from them without delay, and we shall be prepared to furnish all necessary information as to rates, time of departure and other details.

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**A Word to the Wise.** ONCE more—for this Christmas Excursion has become an annual institution—we wish to discharge our conscience of the

sin (for sin we consider it would be of urging, or advocating, or encouraging any of our boys or girls to take a trip to England now or at any other time. We advise them instead to start out with the sixty or seventy dollars that such a trip will cost them on a much shorter and easier expedition, to wit, to the nearest post office and there and then either deposit those dollars in the post office savings bank or send them to us to do so on their behalf. We counsel them to look long and reflectingly upon that roll of bills that they will have to part with in exchange for the ocean tickets, to recall the hours and days of toil and labour, the early risings in the morning and the late lyings down at night, of which those bills are the token and result, and put to themselves in sober earnest the question, Is it worth it? If they say Yes, it is, and the mother, or sisters, or grandmother, or whoever it is that they are looking forward to visiting in England, must not be disappointed, then, and only then, we invite them to join our party, and we will do all in our power to make the trip a comfortable and pleasant one for them. We cannot offer them any very extensive concessions ; but there are many little special privileges that can be secured for a party travelling together that could not be obtained by single passengers, and we have received the promise of the Allan Line managers that no pains shall be spared to make things agreeable for our excursionists and to carry out our wishes for them.

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**Politics and Political Obligations.** WE invite the attention of our readers to a double article that appears in the present number upon the political situation in Canada. We are neither politicians or political partizans, but we wish to encourage the growth of public spirit in our lads and to see them taking up the duties and privileges of citizenship in an enlightened, intelligent manner. The



time is rapidly approaching when the electors of the Dominion will be called upon to pronounce their verdict between the two political parties. In many constituencies the votes of our boys will be an important element in the situation, and where the parties are fairly equally divided may easily turn the scale. We have no desire or intention of exercising our influence for or against any political faction; we would have our lads follow the dictates of their own judgment and conscience; but we wish to see them using their franchise as a public trust committed to them, for which they are responsible to God and to their fellow citizens, and exercising their choice deliberately, sensibly and after hearing and weighing the arguments and pleas of both sides. To help them in doing this, we have secured for our present number two articles, each from the pen of a well-known and highly qualified political writer, in which the case is presented from the Liberal and the Conservative standpoint. The writers have in each case set before their readers in clear and forcible language the considerations in favour of the party to which they belong, and we strongly counsel our friends, especially those who are looking forward to polling their votes at the impending election, to read, mark and mentally digest the contents of both these valuable articles.

WITHIN the past three months seventy-five lads have been honourably distinguished by being made the recipients of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service. As on previous occasions, these medals were awarded to lads who had served with unblemished character terms varying from three to seven years in one place of service. In most instances these places were the first to which they were sent on their arrival in the country, and the

term they have served has been practically that of their apprenticeship. Every lad who received a medal has behind him a record of honest work, good conduct and faithful attention to duty, and, as far as we know and believe, the reward has in each instance been well merited and worthily bestowed. We are sure our readers will unite with us in hearty congratulations to our young friends, and in the hope which we expressed to each one in handing him the medal that it will serve as an encouragement to well-doing and steady effort in the future, as well as being a pleasant little souvenir of his connection with Dr. Barnardo and his Homes.

#### Trekking.

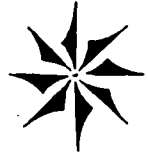
OUR emigration programme for the present season has so far been successfully carried out. At the date of the last issue the first and second parties of the season, numbering respectively 265 and 120, had been received and distributed. These were followed in July by a mixed party of 307, and by the time the present number is in the hands of our readers the last party of the season, consisting of about eighty girls and 160 boys, will have reached their Canadian homes. Our season's emigration will thus have reached the handsome total of 932. We will not deny that we are somewhat disappointed at not having attained to the four figures; but perhaps this could not have been accomplished without sacrificing quality to quantity, and we must rest content with what we have got and look forward to next season for the fulfilment of the modest object of our ambition.

#### Across the Herring-Pond.

OUR July trip, on which occasion we crossed by the Allan Line *Tunisian*, was quite one of the most pleasant and successful of our many Atlantic voyages. It was our first experience after a lapse of several years of our old friends the

Allans, and we are bound to say that nothing could have been more satisfactory than all the arrangements for the transport and accommodation of our party and those in charge. The girls and boys were berthed, as usual, at opposite ends of the ship, and the quarters that had been specially fitted up for their use were excellent in every respect. We have been rather accustomed to regard the Allan Line as one of those venerable, highly respectable, intensely conservative institutions which, instead of moving with the times, prefers to growl against the "times"—in other words, modern improvements in the speed, equipment and management of ocean steamers—for advancing at a faster pace than suits the convenience and financial interests of the Allan fraternity. When we came on board the *Tunisian*, however, we candidly confess that we had to modify our opinions very considerably, and to acknowledge that we had misjudged the great Scotch firm, and underrated the enterprise and energy that have been diffused into their management within recent years. We found nothing obsolete or behind the times on the *Tunisian*, and, in fact, she is a really noble vessel and replete with every comfort and convenience that is to be found in any first-class liner on the Atlantic. The food, the attendance, the ventilation, the discipline among the crew, were everything to be desired, and no effort was spared to make things agreeable for us. We were favoured in the weather except for a strong breeze that lasted for about twenty-four hours and, for the time, made most of the party very unhappy. The ship made good time, her speed averaging about fifteen knots an hour, and we reached Quebec early in the morning of Saturday, July 28th, having covered the distance from Liverpool in about eight and a half days, including stoppages at Merville, Father Point, the St. Lawrence pilot stop and the quarantine station at Grosse Isle.

**Pleasant Experiences.** THE boys and girls of the party were not only fortunate in the weather during their Atlantic voyage, but were in luck's way in having among their fellow passengers several very kindly disposed and energetic individuals who undertook to organize for their amusement and benefit an extensive programme of sports, the money for the prizes being raised by a shilling subscription among the saloon passengers, to which nearly all contributed, and which realized the handsome sum of over ten pounds. The events occupied the greater part of three days and included the usual items—sack races, thread-needle races, obstacle races, tugs of war, wrestling matches, egg and spoon races, potato races, wheelbarrow races and skipping contests for the girls. The programme was divided amongst boys and girls, classified according to their ages, and the events were open to our own party and to the party from the Canadian Catholic Emigration Association that was crossing at the same time under the charge of Miss Urquhart and shared our quarters. General O'Grady Haley, who was on his way out to take command of the Canadian Militia forces in succession to General Hutton, acted as chairman of the executive committee and referee of the sports, and threw himself most kindly and energetically into all the arrangements. The prizes were given by Mrs. Haley, on the last day of the voyage, amidst a vast amount of excitement and cheering, and altogether it was a great occasion for the youngsters. Our very cordial and hearty thanks are due to General and Mrs. Haley and the other ladies and gentlemen who acted on the committee, as well as to all those on board who assisted in carrying out the programme or contributed towards the prizes, and their kindness must always be gratefully remembered by the girls and boys of the *Tunisian* party.



SINCE the date of the last notes from Barnardo, Manitoba has passed through an ordeal which has put severely to the test the qualities of her soil in the continued drought, which appears to have afflicted in a sore manner the great territories of the Dakotas and Northern Minnesota in the United States as well ; and on all sides, while our farmers regret a shortage in their crops, we hear them expressing their wonder that vegetation should have continued to exist under the conditions which permitted a rainfall of one and one-half inches only between April 1st and July 1st. However, it not only continued to hold up its head, but maintained a semblance of growth, or, as the homely phrase goes, "held its own." And as regards potatoes and other root crops, the yield on the Manitoba Farm, at least, is likely to outstrip any previous year's record, the long rows of swedes, kohlrabi, white turnips, beets and celery being a sight to make the cattle-feeder and market-man's eyes to shine with pleasure ; indeed, we are now wondering, although the Farm has frost-proof storage for some twelve thousand bushels of roots, where the great crop is to be cared for. In July the rain began to fall, and it was only then the gardens began to make headway, so that really since the seeds began to germinate the growth has been something to astonish even the oldest settlers.

### Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic of the residents of the Industrial Farm was held at Millwood on Monday, July 3rd. The weather was all that could be desired, and before 9 a.m. the Home building was without an inmate ; while nine wagons, laden with light-hearted youngsters, were *en route* to Millwood, their progress being easily noted by drum and bugle sounds.

Arrived at the pretty little village, preparations were made at once for the sports, for which entries were immediately made, our friends, Batt and Galloway, impartially entering for the entire list. Mr. St. Lawrence was, as usual, appointed starter.

By way of interlude, lunch was served about noon, before and after which the lads seemed to take a great interest in the stalls belonging to the Millwood Guild, as well as the refreshment tents of Messrs. Toovey & Andrews and others, whose iced beverages proved highly acceptable to the thirsty competitors.

A large number of the old lads and friends of the holiday seekers were on the grounds, who did all in their power to make the day as pleasant as possible ; and later these were supplemented by a number of railway men, who entered into the fun with great spirit and contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the day.

These latter were great strapping fellows, and as the Farm Home possessed some bone and muscle

too, an impromptu tug of war was got up by Barnardo, versus all comers. The Barnardo team—which included our Chaplain, Rev. E. R. Bartlett; our Medical Officer, Dr. Wright; Mr. Alex. McDonagh, who contributes largely to our mid-day meals, and the members of the regular staff—after a prolonged struggle coming off victorious.

The sports being ended about 3 p.m., some amateur pony races took place, while bathing and rowing in the Assiniboine, and football, tennis and other games on the grounds, took up the time until 5 p.m., when the gong sounded for tea, which was served in the Assiniboine House in Mrs. Watson's usual excellent

style. There the stacks of viands disappeared like snow on a warm Spring day, and by 6 p.m. the lads were again enjoying themselves in the open air as their fancy dictated.

About 7.30 p.m. preparations were made for returning home, and by eight o'clock all had left Millwood behind, one and all expressing themselves as having thoroughly enjoyed the day's proceedings.

The programme given below, with the names of the winners in each event, will, no doubt, prove of interest to old lads in situations but still readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and it will demonstrate the fact that some of the old sports are still to the front.

**Programme of Barnardo Home Sports.**

EVENT.	WINNERS.		FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.
	I.	II.		
Half-Mile Race.....	Gray.....	Galloway.....	\$1 00	50c.
One Mile Race....	Turner.....	Johnson.....	1 00	50c.
Hop, Step and Jump .....	Trout.....	Raban.....	1 00	50c.
High Jump.....	Cooper.....	Graham.....	1 00	50c.
Long Jump.....	McAteer.....	Cooper.....	1 00	50c.
Egg and Spoon Race.....	Raban.....	Johnson.....	1 00	50c.
Tug of War (Barnardo versus All Comers).	Barnardo winners.			
One Mile Handicap.....	Brown.....	Gray.....	1 00	50c.
Half-Mile Handicap.....	Turner.....	Sharp.....	1 00	50c.
Three-Legged Race.....	Hopkins & Lockerby		Gray & Graham.....	1 00 50c.
Boot Race .....	Raban..		Galloway.....	1 00 50c.
Sack Race.....	Lockerby.....		Hopkins.....	1 00 50c.
Football Match.....	Flannigan, Clarke, Johnson, Raban, Brown, Hodson, Barry, McGee and Sharpe (Winning Team).....		25c. each.	

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**Recruits.**

On July 31st the second contingent of lads for 1900 arrived at the Home, having come out from England on that floating palace now being run by the Allan Line from Montreal to Liverpool, the *Tunisian*, and a fine lot of lads they were, hailing from different parts of the United Kingdom: London, Birmingham, Belfast, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Morpeth, Milden Hall, Carrickfergus, Canterbury, Buckingham and Curragh Camp.

A record run was made by the party from Montreal to Russell, the distance being covered in about sixty hours, including delays at North Bay and Winnipeg.

The lads were given a warm reception at the Farm Home by the veterans in residence, and at once settled down to their duties.

The management look for great advancement among the individuals of the June party, several of them already having been advanced to posts of trust on the junior staff of the Farm: one to the post of office assistant to the Housemaster, where he will soon be able to make use of his stenographic training received in England; another to the post of bugler, and a third has been given charge of one of the farm teams, and will, at an early date, if all goes well, find his name on the staff pay roll.

### Fire Department.

Old lads will have a dim recollection of the fire drills of 1889-90, when they used to scowl a bit at being called out of bed at some unseasonable hour to rush swiftly to their respective stations to find they had been hoaxed by a false alarm; but will bear in mind how fortunate it was that such practice had been followed up, when, upon that memorable morning in February, the brigade turned out to find that there was no hoax indeed in that particular call, as a dangerous fire was well under way, and only through the perfect discipline, arising from the many practices, was the Home building saved from destruction.

Since the days mentioned, the stations have been somewhat altered and the system for lifting water to the upper roof tanks improved, and when the ominous bugle sounds, we find, in a very few seconds, Mr. St. Lawrence, with his assistant, Henry Hughes, at Station No. 1 in the attic, ready to release the valves and let water into the stand pipes.

On No. 2 Station (hose pipe, upper hall) John Wright, John Gray and Arthur Johnson stand ready to do their duty.

On No. 3, John Barker and William Naylor are ready to handle their fire buckets, while Bygraves and Webber take charge of the buckets at Station No. 4 in the Hospital, and Turner, accompanied by Graham, stand attention near the office door, where is situated Bucket Station No. 5.

Stanley Cooper, with a lively crew consisting of Gavillet, Bracey and Lockerby, on the call, set their pipes and begin pumping into the lower tank, from which the water is again lifted from a small force pump in the back hall, manned, in case of fire, by Cashmore and Raban, their station being No. 7.

At No. 8 Station, John Marshall and James Hodgson handle the hose while the fire ladders are manned at two stations, Nos. 9 and

10, by Alex. Ness, William Owens, John Myson and John Foley at No. 9, Samuel Chapman, Edward Tutte, Wilkinson, and John Hughes being held responsible for the operating of Station No. 10.

It is pleasing to note that the members of the present fire department appear to take an interest in their duties, and the writer believes that, in case of an emergency, each man would do his level best to save from destruction the roof which covers his head.

### Left the Hive.

The first lad to leave us in July was John Parker, who was sent out, on the 2nd, to a situation with Mr. Alexander Delmage, a very worthy farmer of Minnedosa. So far, good reports of John's progress have been received, and we trust a satisfactory record may go with him to the end.

On July 11th the lads at the Farm Home were called on to say good-bye to the very popular young man, David Magee, who was despatched with the best of wishes from the management to a post on the farm of Elijah Johnson, Manitou, Manitoba.

Ernest Galloway, having finished an engagement near Moosomin, returned to the Home on June 23rd and was found employment with Mr. Joseph Trott, of Rapid City, on July 11th.

On July 13th, George Smith left to enter the employ of Mr. W. O. Ashton, of Wapella, and on the same day Charles Trout was sent to an excellent situation with Mr. T. D. Cavanagh, proprietor of the leading hotel of Moosomin—the "Queen's."

The writer is of the opinion that the General Farm Foreman did not thank him to any great extent when it was decided that Samuel Qborn, who for so many months served faithfully on the estate, should go to Wawanesa, Manitoba, to accept a flattering offer of employment made by a thrifty farmer in the district mentioned—Mr. F. Noble.

On August 3rd Cherry Hill suffered a loss when Daniel Keogh, that faithful little son of Erin, was found a good situation with Mr. John Stewart, in the outskirts of Minnedosa.

Our first loss in September occurred on the 3rd of the month, upon which date Mr. Longmore's stand-by, William Worrall, decided to accept a situation on the farm of Mr. P. Snell, Neepawa, Manitoba. Mr. Snell has, in the past decade, helped a number of Dr. Barnardo's boys to their feet, and there is no doubt that in Worrall he has an employee who is worthy of assistance.

### Dr. Barnardo's Visit.

The long-looked-for visit of our Director, Dr. Barnardo, has taken place, and many a heart is lighter, many a face more cheerful for the kind words he has scattered along his path since entering the province. The Imperial Limited, due from Montreal on the morning of September 16th, was one hour late and, as Dr. Barnardo was expected that morning, numbers of Winnipeg people were at the Canadian Pacific station, to catch simply a look at the greatest philanthropist of the age—one who has accomplished a work of which he himself does not realize the magnitude. We read in Annual Reports of the numbers of helpless creatures of God assisted to the surface of the seas of human misery in the older lands by different Christian societies, but do we stop to ask whether the work ends when the perishing victims are placed on the firm footing of the shore? Do we follow up the line of this Christ-like effort and view the results after the transplanting has taken place to the fertile soil of Canada? Why, our Institutional Registers are congested with cases where poor, destitute, worn-out and hopeless youths have been seized as a brand from the burning, started on their journey by the ocean ferry, suddenly to find themselves among new surroundings in the great

Dominion, where they have freedom from the temptations that may at one time have beset them, torn out the soiled leaves in their book of life, set to work with a will and established themselves on a footing which could never have been found had not Dr. Barnardo's far-reaching scheme taken them in hand.

Dr. Barnardo, upon the arrival of the train, proceeded at once to the Queen's Hotel, and in the evening gave a stirring address to a very large audience in Grace Church, his texts being first from Deuteronomy xv., 11: "For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land." Second, Psalms xli., 1: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Third, Matthew xviii., 5: "And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

The readers of UPS AND DOWNS who have largely, no doubt, had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Barnardo in times past, will realize to the full extent what a field the above texts opened for our esteemed Director; and, throwing himself earnestly into an impassioned appeal for the poor and needy, he brought tears to the eyes of hundreds in the great audience. An extract from the report of the meeting is given below, taken from one of the Winnipeg papers, and reads as follows:

Dr. Barnardo said that he would endeavour to give his hearers an outline of the character of the work of child rescue which he had been endeavouring to carry out for nearly thirty-five years. The Scripture which he had read showed that all had a duty to perform toward the abject poor which could not be neglected. Those before him must carry their minds to the congested masses of human life such as are to be found in London, Liverpool, Manchester and other large centres. He divided the poor into two classes: first, the respectable, industrious, but unfortunate ones; second, the vicious, drunken and degraded class. Many confounded the two, and nowhere was that error more common than in this country. The speaker said that during his recent stay in

Toronto, among many others, two young women called on him. He found that they had come to this country seven years ago, under his (Dr. Barnardo's) supervision, and, during the whole of their stay in Canada, had been at the same place, in the employ of one of the leading residents of Toronto. The young ladies were neatly dressed and of refined appearance, and, after a long conversation, arose to depart. On leaving, one of the visitors turned to Dr. Barnardo and requested as a favour that he would not tell anyone that they were his *protéges*. The Doctor was much pained and grieved at the request and asked the reason for it. He was told of many cases where angry mistresses had reproached their employees, calling them "gutter children" and other uncomplimentary names. Thus, to avoid being abused and smirched, the girls wished to keep their origins secret. The speaker expressed much righteous indignation that Christians should be so cruelly unjust and made an earnest appeal to those before him that none under their care should be so unjustly reproached.

The abject poor were not all vicious. Thousands in all great cities had a continual struggle for existence, and a slight mischance, such as sickness or misfortune, speedily drove the poor unfortunates to the lowest depths of degradation. At the last session of the House of Commons, it was brought out, on investigation, that 7,000 labourers were rejected at the London dock-yards each morning. Thus it was everywhere. Many were willing to work, but could find none to do. Thousands were hanging on to the lowest rung of the ladder; one slip, one misfortune, and they were plunged into an abyss from which there was no return.

On Monday, September 17th, accompanied by the writer, Dr. Barnardo made an inspection of the Winnipeg Home, which was decorated for the occasion with the flags of nearly all the countries in which our Director's work is carried on, and, as the day was particularly bright and sunny, the grounds of 115 Pacific Avenue were remarkably attractive; while, as is usual in Mr. and Mrs. White's domain, order and neatness prevailed all through the rooms comprising the Winnipeg Institution.

On Tuesday at 8.30 a.m. our distinguished visitor began his trip to the Industrial Farm near Russell, and, through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials, who placed a private car at his disposal, the long journey was per-

formed in great comfort and, after Portage la Prairie was passed, became a kind of moving reception, for at nearly every station, as the train stopped to discharge passengers, mails and express, old *protéges* of Dr. Barnardo made their way hurriedly to Car 25 for the purpose of grasping the hand and receiving a kindly word from the one friend who came to their rescue years ago when they were in dire peril. In some cases wives were brought to the stations to join in the grateful respects tendered, and aside from the fact that all the receptions and interviews were most interesting and satisfactory, the general results from the tour and the evidence gathered as to the advancement of the little groups of delegates from Dr. Barnardo's great Manitoba colony, which now numbers between 2,500 and 3,000 people, were of a nature to cause any worker for the Homes to thank God that he or she had been permitted to have a hand in such a wonderful work of rescue.

### At the Farm.

On arrival at Russell station, old boys settled in the neighbourhood were very much in evidence, and the difficulty was not how to get your baggage handled, but to decide into which of the many willing pairs of hands one should place his treasures.

The drive to the Farm commenced, but a short time elapsed before a sight burst upon the view of the Director's party, which brought forth expressions of surprise and pleasure: the old Home in a blaze of brilliant light, for from attic to basement gas, petroleum and wax candles appeared to forget their past differences and joined in helping the boys at the Farm to welcome the Founder of the Institution which is doing so much for them. It is needless to say that Bugler King was at his post in the office porch and sounded the General Salute in fine, clear tones as Dr. Barnardo's carriage passed on

to the front entrance of the Home, where the party was met by the Chaplain, Rev. E. R. Bartlett, and the Housemaster, Mr. Robert Gray, who escorted the Director to the beautifully decorated Chapel, the Chaplain at once beginning a most appropriate service of Thanksgiving, after which Dr. Barnardo addressed his boys, whom he had travelled six thousand miles to visit.

The balance of the time of our Director's visit was filled in with receiving and interviewing the old lads settled in the immediate neighbourhood of the Farm, some of whom brought their wives and children, and we fear Dr. Barnardo will return to England with something of a patriarchal feeling after viewing his many grandchildren in Canada.

#### Visitors.

The following visitors registered at the Farm Home office during the quarter :

Miss A. C. Newton, Lincoln, England.  
 Mrs. D. W. Watt, Birtle, Man.  
 T. McLeod, Birtle, Man.  
 Mrs. V. Schwalm, Russell.  
 L. S. Vaughan, C.E., Selkirk, Man.  
 R. V. Lyon, Winnipeg, Man.  
 Frank E. Brown, Birtle, Man.  
 J. M. Simpson, Peterborough, Ont.  
 E. S. Tisdale, Winnipeg, Man.  
 J. S. Muckleston, Toronto.  
 J. Mercer, Moosomin, Assa.  
 W. S. E. Barnardo, Rossland, B.C.

Aside from the above-mentioned visitors, the Farm Home staff were delighted to welcome, on July 1st, His Grace the Archbishop of Canada. His Grace never fails, whatever the weather may be, to look in upon the boys at the Farm, and the writer trusts that his kind words of advice, coming as they do from one of Nature's noblemen, may find a seed-bed in many a heart and bring forth rich fruit in the days to come.

Mr. H. M. Murray, agent for the Dominion Government in Glasgow, Scotland, visited the Winnipeg Home and enquired carefully into our system of looking after boys, on September 15th. Mr. Murray expressed himself still further assured

that the Old Country Homes for Boys were making a move in the right direction in sending their youths to Manitoba, and regretted extremely the action of institutions in his district refusing to take advantage of the many opportunities for their *protéges* in this part of Canada.

#### Wedding Bells.

The writer is pleased to be able to chronicle the marriage of Mr. Benjamin Longmore, our much esteemed General Foreman, who was taken in the matrimonial net at Birtle on Friday, September 14th, his bride, Miss Huggins, being a very popular young lady of the district. We feel sure that the members of the Barnardo colony, as well as the general readers of our magazine, will join us in wishing the young couple health, happiness and much joy.

#### Correspondence.

Among the many most satisfactory letters received from young men who have graduated from the Homes during the quarter, I do not think there is a finer one than the communication received on September 26th from Joseph W. Tyler, one of the early pioneers of the Manitoba Farm, who, writing from Prairie Grove, Manitoba, says :

"I have been very fortunate in regard to work. I have never been idle and have worked steady. I have not had it all sunshine hiring out; but still, for all that, I cannot complain, for I will have, when my time is out on November 5th, the sum of \$850.00 saved up, and, in another year, if the crops are good, I will settle down on a farm of my own."

Our readers will admit that Tyler has very little cause to complain in relation to the advice given him by Dr. Barnardo, that he should emigrate to Canada.

Old friends of James Martin, who came out on the *S. S. Vancouver* in July, 1898, will be pained to hear that the Home was called upon to return our mutual friend to his relatives in Bristol, owing to the fact of James having lost a leg in a railroad accident in Bismarck, North Da-



kota, in the month of June. Martin left Winnipeg on August 22nd, and sailed from Montreal on the 25th of the same month by the steamer *Dominion*, and the writer has just received word from Mr. D. G. Cole, Liverpool, to the effect that Martin is being sent on to his friends.

Regular readers of UPS AND DOWNS will remember that the writer prophesied success for our Creamery Foreman, Mr. Charles Ruddick, whose portrait appeared in the July number of our magazine, and it is pleasing to note that this prophesy has been realized, Ruddick having obtained two excellent prizes in the butter competition at the the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, which took place in July.

We are constantly having dinned into us the information that advertising pays, and while the writer has at times been a little skeptical on this point, tangible evidence has lately been laid before the Manitoba Farm, showing positively that there

must be some truth in the contention, for the ink was scarcely dry in Mr. Hodgson's card, which appeared in the last *Nor-West Farmer*, announcing the fact that he had for sale a dozen pure-bred Yorkshire boars and sows, six months of age, at Cherry Hill, before proposals began to come in from points over 200 miles distant.

By the time these notes are in type we expect Mr. Owen will have handed over to the Manitoba Farm and the Winnipeg Home fresh contingents of boys and young men, who have decided to cast their lot in this part of the Empire, and that success may attend them in their new venture is, we feel sure, the wish of all friends of the Homes.

The prizes awarded to cleanest man on Sunday parades fell to following named lads during the quarter: Owens, Hughes (John), Johnson, Raban, Ferguson, Tutte, Costello, Ness, Tutte, Jones, Myson, Chapman, Browning.

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## Donations to the Homes

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THE following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue, and include all contributions received up to October 6th:

Beeby, Fras. J., \$1; Bryan, Robert, \$1; Brown, Benjamin, 25c; Burrell, Frank, \$1; Bean, Frank, \$1; Bodger, John, \$2; Brooks, Arthur, \$1; Bowen, Arthur W., 50c; Crouch, W. H., \$2; Cummings, John, \$6; Cole, Charles, \$5; Capps, Sidney, \$2; Clive, George, \$1; Draper, Charles, 50c; Donovan, Wm. J., 25c; Disson, William, \$3; Fry, Frederick, 75c; Fletcher, Charles, \$1; Gale, Wm. J., 50c; Gill, Ralph, \$1; Hedden, Richard, 50c; Hallam, T. E., \$1; Hadnutt, S., \$1; Harris, George A., \$1; Huckell, Wm. J., \$1; Harris, Frederick J., \$1;

Hayward, Charles, 75c; Jefferson, Ed., \$1.75; Jefferson, Ed., \$3; Jones, Enoch, \$1; Jolley, Alfred, \$1.75; Law, Henry E., \$1.05; Mills, Thomas, \$3; Murphy, Jos., \$1; Mearns, Archibald J., \$5.35; Murphy, Arthur, \$6; Osborne, Fred, 15c; Pitway, Robt. G., \$5; Palmer, John K., \$1; Prior, Charles, \$1; Polak, Percival, \$4; Radcliffe, Fras. D., \$1; Richardson, Chas. A., \$3; Richards, William, \$1; Rowe, Wm. C., 50c; Stone, Jas. S., 50c; Singer, Jacob, \$1; Steers, James E., \$1; Spread, Leonard, \$1; Stubbings, Walter, 50c; Turner, Sid. H., \$1; Taylor, Chas., \$1.75; Vival, T., \$1; Winfield, Herbert, \$1; Whitt, Thos. J., 25c; Wright, Richard, \$1.75; Woolrich, Arthur, \$1; Walsh, John, \$1; Williamson, Herbert, \$1; Willings, B., \$1; Woodgate, Arthur J., \$1; Webb, Sid. J., \$5; collected by Thos. G. Wright, \$12.68; anonymous, \$5.

## At the Creekside:

### An Idyl of an Idler.

WHERE the creek winds through the leas,  
 Just above the misty mill,  
 Underneath the willow trees,  
 Stretched in indolence and ease,  
 With his fancy but to please,  
 Lies the farmer's son, yclept Bill.

Now he sees the minnows dart  
 Round the boulders in the shade ;  
 Listens to a clattering cart,  
 Going to a neighbouring mart,  
 Cross the stream where man in part  
 Somewhere near a ford has made.

There a bloated frog to croak  
 Squats grotesquely on a log ;  
 From a hole in yonder oak  
 Peeps a squirrel, just awoke ;  
 Coaxing him its head to stroke,  
 Crouches Bob, the collie dog.

Bluebird, robin and a jay  
 Venture near him to alight ;  
 Perches one upon a spray,  
 Looks askance, as if to say :  
 Why in idleness to-day ?  
 Are you not a lazy wight ?

Ah ! two trout ! O for a line,  
 Barbed and baited, them to snare !  
 How the speckled gamesters shine !  
 All intent on his design,  
 Hears not he the lowing kine  
 Like a distant trumpet's blare.

Chubby nose and freckled brow ;  
 Ginger hair, that should be shorn ;  
 Sleepy eyes, that see no plough  
 (Shirked an hour, at least, by now) ;  
 Ears—The critter's scooted ! Wow !  
 Guess he heard the dinner-horn !

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

# For and Against in Politics

## I.—The Liberal Record.

THE PARTY LEADERS—THE GOVERNMENT STANDS ON ITS RECORD—STATEMENTS OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER CONFUSING AND CONTRADICTIONARY—SETTLEMENT OF THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION—TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY—BRITISH PREFERENTIAL DUTIES—INCREASE IN VOLUME OF TRADE—DISPATCH OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENTS AN ACHIEVEMENT OF THE LAURIER GOVERNMENT—MR. SIFTON'S IMMIGRATION POLICY—IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE—SIR CHARLES TUPPER OFFERS US THE MOON—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE been asked by the editor of UPS AND DOWNS to offer, in as concise a form as possible, a few reasons why the present Canadian Government is deserving of support from the young men who have graduated from Dr. Barnardo's excellent Homes, and who will be entitled to vote at the approaching general elections. There are, I understand, some thousands of these young men, many of whom will, on the occasion in question, exercise this birthright of freemen for

the first time. At the outset of my remarks, I would impress upon these lads the desirability of their keeping free from that feeling of party bitterness which is so commonly associated with politics, and which makes it so difficult for those of differing views to discuss the affairs of the country in the same and rational manner in which they deal with the affairs of their own business. If

politics are far from elevating in most countries, and are actually degrading in some, it is because in so many cases the spirit of partyism

has been built up at the expense of a just appreciation of the underlying principles at stake and of a knowledge of the questions at issue. It is to be hoped that readers of UPS AND DOWNS will form their own independent opinions on the questions of the day, investigating every subject for themselves so far as lies in their power, and accepting it as certain



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

that no matter on which side conviction drives them, there is sure to be a great deal of good on the other side. On the whole, the leaders of both political parties may safely be set down as honest, patriotic men, wishing to do that which is for the best interests of their country, but unable to agree among themselves as to what is best. The people, therefore, decide

between them. The party system is by no means an ideal one for governing the country, but it is the best we have yet been able to devise and is a great deal better than the personal rule of kings or other dictators, with civil wars instead of general elections, and that is the only alternative yet to be seen. It is the duty, therefore, of the young men who read *UPS AND DOWNS*, and who, I fancy, have had already more than their share of ups and downs in this world, to take their part in the national burden of politics, to form a sensible opinion of the questions of the hour, and to vote according to their convictions every time. If they and other young men do this, that nightmare of politics, bribery and corruption, will speedily be stamped out in Canada.

What I have said has a very direct application to the general election which is believed to be close upon us. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper are two leaders who both, in different ways, command our respect and admiration. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is brilliant in deed and eloquent of speech, combining French grace and courtesy with the highest ideals of English liberalism of the days of Gladstone and Bright. Sir Charles Tupper is a dogged, determined, persistent and plucky old man of eighty, of keen, vigorous intellect and boundless energy, who has ideals of his own, of which he wishes the country to have the benefit. In considering the two political leaders and their respective attributes, the qualities of the Prime Minister at once suggest the idea of persuasion; while those of the leader of the Opposition undoubtedly typify force. And you will, no doubt, remember the old saw that "Persuasion is better than force." In fact, the ancient fable that tells how the persuasive powers of the sun overcame the force and bluster of the wind, seems to have occurred to the popular mind, for we heard much of Laurier's "sunny ways" at the time he declared he would settle

the Manitoba school question by conciliation if he became Premier, and it will be remembered that he kept his word, while Sir Charles Tupper's somewhat flamboyant and inflated style of oratory has sometimes caused his opponents to declare him windy.

Now as to the policies of the respective parties. What do they each offer us? The Government stands upon its record—which we will examine presently—and promises to continue on the same track. The Opposition condemns the whole record of the Government, and proposes—what? It is possible that before the election takes place, perhaps before these lines are read, the policy of the Opposition may have assumed a more definite and consistent character; at the moment it is, however, somewhat difficult to sum it up in a sentence or to regard as otherwise than confusing and contradictory. For instance, we hear it alleged, on the one hand, that the Government is blameworthy because it showed not enough alacrity in the dispatch of the contingents to South Africa, and is out of touch with Imperial aspirations and sympathies; and, on the other hand, Sir Charles is warning the country that Sir Wilfrid's policy is altogether too Imperial, and looks to representation of the Dominion in the Imperial House, and a consequent enormous burden of taxation. These two portions of Sir Charles Tupper's platform are so contradictory that they are hardly to be regarded seriously. The one must be set against the other, and the result is, of course, nothing. It would be too absurd to have two sets of Conservative speakers stumping the country, one charging that the Laurier Government is disloyal to England, the other that it is too loyal to England. The average voter would come to the conclusion that Laurier was just about right, and loyal both to Canada and England. But there is another point on which Sir Charles lays great stress in the platform he is advocating, and in con-

nection with which there is no ground for the charge of indefiniteness or inconsistency. Sir Charles advocates the establishment of a mutual preferential tariff between the different parts of the Empire; that, for instance, Canada, Australia and other parts of the Empire shall give Great Britain a preference in their tariffs over foreign countries, and shall receive a similar preference for their own goods in the markets of the Motherland. This, says Sir Charles, is a policy which would bind the Empire together. It is a perfectly intelligible and legitimate policy. The question to be considered is whether it is a wise and practicable policy.

Now, first, as to the record of the Government. The Opposition condemns it from beginning to end. But of course that is mere party talk, not serious argument. Nobody would seriously argue that the Government of Canada has not during the last four years done a single act worthy of commendation. Equally absurd would it be to predict that if the Conservatives win at the coming elections their four or five years of office would not witness a single meritorious or useful act. The record of the Government is one of mingled good and bad. Men are not angels, and there is no way in which we can secure Ministers who are infallible, and who cannot make mistakes. If we had such men they would be worth much more than the \$7,000 a year which we now pay our Ministers, although then, as now, there would, no doubt, still be an Opposition whose duty and pleasure it would be to denounce as bad all the good which these Ministers were doing.

I shall not have space to examine the record of the Laurier Government save in a very general manner. As you are probably aware, the great questions on which the elections were fought in 1896 were those of the Manitoba School Act and the tariff. I can hardly go into the merits of the Manitoba School Act here, and it is not necessary. Brief-

ly, it was a question which, as I mentioned above, Sir Wilfrid had declared could be settled by a policy of conciliation; while the Conservatives, divided among themselves as to what course to pursue, had succeeded only in setting the whole country in a flame of agitation, which might easily have worked injury to the fabric of Confederation itself. That it failed to do so was probably due to the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was successful at the polls, and that his policy of conciliation towards Manitoba was equally successful, so that within six months after his Government was formed the question was finally out of the way. We may say "finally" with good ground, because when recently an attempt was made to re-introduce the subject into the Manitoba Legislature, the new Premier there, Hugh John Macdonald, a son of the famous Conservative leader, declared the matter had been "settled." The Conservative leaders have, of course, never given the Laurier Government credit for keeping its promise. That would be crediting their opponents with a meritorious performance, and that kind of thing is seldom done in politics. The Conservatives simply say nothing of the matter. You will listen a long time in the coming campaign before you hear the Conservatives commend or condemn the Laurier Government in connection with the Manitoba School Act, or hear any reference, in fact, to it. That is the best proof that Sir Wilfrid Laurier kept his promise. The question is now out of politics. You will remember the Conservative Government under Sir Mackenzie Bowell was so helpless in trying to deal with it that it broke right in two, seven Protestant Ministers resigning in a body, while the Roman Catholic Ministers and one or two Protestants continued to support Premier Bowell. There was an unpleasant interchange of remarks in public, in the course of which Mr. Foster, the leader of the

revolting Ministers, said the Premier was an imbecile; and the Premier declared Mr. Foster and his fellow-Protestant Ministers to be "a nest of traitors." These facts are worthy of mention now only by way of showing what ill-feeling this Manitoba School Question had stirred up, and how really difficult was the problem which Sir Wilfrid Laurier settled so easily. This is the first great achievement of the Laurier Government.

Now as to the tariff. Roughly speaking, the difference between the Conservative and Liberal parties on this subject is that the Conservatives believe in higher duties than the Liberals. The Conservatives from 1878 until 1896 kept the duties so high that Canadian manufacturers were quite free from competition from other countries, and by agreeing among themselves were able to raise the price of many articles far above their value, and yet force the public to buy them, thus giving them profits far out of reason. The plea was that this was the only way to enable manufacturers to thrive and be in a position to employ labour. Liberals, on the whole, favoured a tariff, only to be used for the purpose of raising a revenue, and not for protecting manufacturers. Some Liberals even looked forward eagerly to the day when Canada could follow in the wake of the Motherland and become a free trade country. But the Conservatives were in power continuously for eighteen years, and during that long period much capital had been invested, and many situations had arisen which were based on a continuance in a large measure of the conditions that had so long prevailed in the country. The Liberal leaders appreciated the force of circumstances, and it was generally understood that the tariff changes to be made, while in the direction of lower duties and consequently of freer trade, would be on a conservative basis and such as would not disturb established industrial conditions. One of the first things the new government did was

to appoint a commission of ministers, which carefully investigated the relations of the tariff to the various industries, and on the report presented by the commission was based the tariff introduced during the session of 1897. It was found possible to make substantial reductions on many important articles, such as coal, iron and steel and other staple raw materials, while several articles of paramount importance to the farmer, such as Indian corn, binder twine, barbed wire and other fencing wire, cream separators, etc., were transferred to the free list. Many items of iron and steel, on which duties had previously been charged, were also put on the free list. In addition, however, to this general reduction of duties and the large addition to the free list, there was an extremely interesting and novel feature in the new tariff of the Liberal Government. It has become known as the British preference. Under this section of the tariff, imports from Great Britain were to be given a preference in the Canadian tariff, amounting for the first year, beginning July 1st, 1897, to twelve and a half per cent. off the regular tariff; and after that to twenty-five per cent. The latter rate went into effect July 1st, 1898, and has proved a prodigious success. Anticipating the order of things a little, I may mention here that the preference was further increased to thirty-three and a third per cent., beginning with July 1st of the present year. The daughterly act of Canada excited the greatest enthusiasm in England. Rudyard Kipling commemorated the event in one of his prettiest poems, and when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the head of the Government that had thus expressed the attachment of the people of Canada to the Motherland, was a few months later in England attending the Jubilee demonstrations, he became the popular idol, and was everywhere received with such acclaim as no colonial statesman had ever before excited. The new departure had a most favourable effect

on our trade with Great Britain. Our exports went up by leaps and bounds and our imports from the mother country have increased enormously. The total foreign trade of Canada the year before the Liberal Government came into power was \$239,000,000. It was over \$370,000,000 in 1899-00, more than twice the increase shown during the whole eighteen years of Conservative rule. But it is not necessary to quote figures to show that at the present moment the country is in the full tide of prosperity. It would be unfair to claim that this is due to the Liberal Government, but when we recall the doleful predictions made concerning the crash that was coming when Sir Charles Tupper was defeated in 1896, we may be pardoned for dwelling on the very different kind of thing that has come to pass. And so far as the vast growth of our trade with Great Britain is concerned, there is no doubt it is due very directly to the preferential clause of our tariff. Thus we see that on the second issue on which the election of 1896 was contested the Government has fulfilled its pledges by substantially lowering the tariff, and more than fulfilled them by finding in the tariff a new bond between the mother country and her colonies, for we may be sure that Canada's example in this respect will ultimately be followed by our sister colonies. This is the second great achievement of the present Government.

The sending of the contingents to South Africa is a feature of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration that was not, of course, promised or foreseen. Even as late as the Parliamentary session of 1899 there was no general impression that such a course was desirable. It was only when war with the Boers appeared likely, and finally became certain by their issue of a defiant and insolent ultimatum, and when the other nations of Europe were girding at England, and assuming an unpleasant, if not absolutely menacing, attitude—it was only

then that the spirit of the colonies was aroused, and spontaneously and swiftly came the feeling that the time had come at last for the colonies to show their strength and take their stand by the side of the mother country. The Canadian Parliament was not in session at the time, and technically the Government had not the right to send men out of the country to fight without the sanction of Parliament. But the practically unanimous feeling of the country on the subject was quickly made evident through the press and at public gatherings, and the Government responded to the will of the people with such alacrity and effect that twenty days after Oom Paul issued his foolish manifesto a thousand stalwart young Canadians, gathered from between Halifax and Victoria, sailed down the St. Lawrence chanting the air of the Maple Leaf and destined to win a renown on the bloody field of Paardeberg that has shed a lustre on the name of Canada throughout the world. A few weeks later a second contingent set out—this time mounted men and a couple of batteries of Canadian guns. There was some demur on the part of Mr. Tarte and one or two French-Canadian members at the contingents being sent without the sanction of Parliament, and a faint show of opposition in some quarters to their being sent at all; but, on the whole, the country was pretty closely united on the subject, and our public men were at least much more at one on the question of the justice of the war itself than were the public men of England. The sending of the contingents to Africa is the third great achievement of the Laurier Government. There should rightly be no party advantage in this, as the Conservatives, had they been in power, would no doubt have done the same thing. As the Government, however, is being attacked here and there for sending the contingents, and again here and there for not sending them quickly enough, it is only fair that they should get due

credit for what they have done. In this connection I may mention the famous French pamphlet "No. 6" which is being circulated through the Province of Quebec. It is issued by the Conservative organizers of the province and has been frankly avowed by them. In this Conservative pamphlet Sir Wilfrid Laurier is roundly denounced as an Imperialist of an aggravated type who seeks to impose Imperial taxation upon Canada and to send Canadian members to the Imperial Parliament; and is further emphatically condemned for sending the contingents to South Africa. On the first point the pamphlet is simply following Sir Charles Tupper's lead, but on the second point they are, of course, at variance with him, and recognizing this, Sir Charles recently denied all responsibility for the pamphlet and admitted that it contained some things with which he did not agree. With this mild repudiation by the Conservative leader the pamphlet was allowed to continue in circulation in Quebec, though it is very difficult to procure copies of it in Ontario. Now, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to be punished in Quebec for sending Canadians to South Africa, there is the more reasons why those Canadians who approved his course in this respect should rally to his side.

The Government's record on the question of expenditure is naturally of some importance, and is a somewhat favourite subject of attack by the Opposition. The Conservatives point out that the annual expenditure has grown greatly during the last four years, and that the Government has not fulfilled its promise of economy. Figures may be taken and twisted to show anything, but the great point which impresses itself on the public mind is that for the last three years the Liberals have been able to show handsome surpluses against a long row of deficits under Conservative rule, so that, at least, we have kept well within our revenue during Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration.

The revenue, in spite of lower duties, has increased magnificently and has fully warranted a liberal expenditure in various directions looking to the permanent benefit of the country. The Department of Militia and Defence, for instance, is to-day better equipped than ever before, and the money spent to accomplish this cannot be called an unnecessary or extravagant expenditure. To the development of the cold storage system, by which our perishable exports have been so largely increased, considerable sums have been devoted; our farmers would not call the expenditure a foolish one. In the Post Office Department the reduction of the general letter rate from three cents to two cents meant a loss of revenue of about \$400,000 for at least a year or two; which lessened by so much the general surplus. Yet the two-cent letter rate is of the greatest possible benefit to business men everywhere in Canada, and it is a boon to young men like yourselves who probably have a good many letters to write in the course of a year. Then, in the matter of immigration the Government has spent money liberally, and with the best results. Settlers have been pouring into the North-West by the tens of thousands. The result will be felt a year or two hence when all have become producers. The burden of taxation falls more lightly on every one of us as the country is settled up. It has been the effort of every Government for many years to attract immigrants to the North-West. Mr. Sifton set about the task with deliberation and judgment, and has met with brilliant success. Can we say that the money expended in attracting to the country a population that we badly need is unwisely spent? There has been some criticism of the character of the immigration. It is perhaps to be regretted that it was not drawn more largely from English-speaking races, but it must be remembered that the last few years have been exceptionally prosperous in the



United Kingdom, and immigration always dwindles under such conditions. As to the Galicians and the Doukhobors, who form a considerable proportion of the new settlers, those who know the North-West intimately and who have made a special observation of these people have pronounced a verdict altogether favourable to them and declare them a valuable acquisition to the country. Another matter which has swelled the expenditures of the Government has been the development of the Yukon. This has taken place entirely under the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The expenditure under this head has been heavy, but has yielded a direct return and even a profit to the country, Mr. Sifton, to whose department the matter belongs, having very properly taken the ground that the Yukon should be made to pay for itself, and should not become a burden on the country. The heavy expense of equipping and transporting between two and three thousand men to South Africa—something like two million dollars—is another burden which we bear with pleasure, though it brings no direct return whatever in a material sense. The deepening of the canals and the construction of railways to open up the great new mining fields of the West have been important features of the administration of the present Government. Both are overwhelmingly in the interests of the country and were in response to the demands of the business community. The canals should have been deepened years ago, but the Conservative administrations never felt in a position to undertake the work. There was the expenditure on the Prohibition plebiscite also, in fulfilment of a pledge given to the country. On the whole, the expenditure is one to be approved, settling, in a measure at least, as it does, the controversy as to the proportion of the electors who favour Prohibition. If, therefore, the annual expenditure has risen under Liberal Government, it has still kept well under the

revenue and has been wise and judicious. Much of it has been directly in the nature of an investment, the yield from which will be the more appreciated when perhaps the present season of prosperity is interrupted.

One other point I must mention in sketching thus briefly the record of the Government. I have referred incidentally to the introduction of the general two-cent letter rate. This reform was preceded by another in the same department of a more interesting (I might almost say, of a more picturesque) character—that of Imperial penny postage. Mr. Mulock, the Postmaster-General, is to be credited with this reform. There was a hitch at first, because the English law officers found Canada could only take such action if Great Britain reciprocated; and Great Britain likes to go slowly in such matters. Eventually, however, it was decided to accept the cordial advances made by Canada in the direction of Imperial penny postage which had long had a few advocates in England without ever exciting much interest. Most of the other British colonies followed the examples of Canada and the mother country, and to-day a penny postage rules throughout the Empire, except in Australasia, and even here New Zealand will come into line on January 1st, 1901, while federated Australia will no doubt soon follow suit. The innovation is perhaps of less importance in a material sense than from a sentimental point of view. Cheap postage throughout the Empire is another of those silken chains that serve to bind the mother country and colonies more and more closely together, and to Canada belongs the honour of accomplishing it.

Now, is the record of the Government such a bad one? Does it deserve to be turned out of office for settling the Manitoba school question, for lowering the tariff, for giving a preferential tariff to the mother country, for sending the contingents to Africa, for developing

the Yukon, for re-organizing the militia, for taking a plebiscite on Prohibition, for organizing an extensive cold storage system, for giving a two-cent letter rate, for bringing about Imperial penny postage, for bringing settlers to the North-West, for deepening the canals? Undoubtedly there remain many things to be done for the development of the country, and the activity, enterprise and energy of the Liberal Government for the past four years would seem to furnish a reason why their term of office should be repeated.

Before closing, I should like to say a word concerning Sir Charles Tupper's mutual preference policy, the idea of which I briefly explained at the beginning of this article. The proposition to secure a preference for our goods in the British market is certainly not one to be opposed by any party in Canada. But is it not a little curious to propose to contest an election in Canada on such lines? How can we get such a preference? Only from the British Parliament, and the British Parliament is subject to the British people. It is England, Scotland and Ireland that must be stumped and converted by the Conservative orators before such a preference could be obtained. England is a free trade country. It cannot give a preference in its markets to any country without reverting to protection, which it foreswore fifty years ago. We can, in this country, easily lower our duties a little on the goods coming from any country and give that country a preference. England cannot reciprocate without revolutionizing her tariff and her whole industrial system. The question is not seriously discussed in English politics, and if it cannot secure a serious discussion with the present Government, one or two members of which are tinctured with protective theories, much less would it succeed in doing so with Liberals in power. But the proposition is fantastic and impracticable, and it is simply amazing to find a

statesman of Sir Charles Tupper's wide knowledge and experience seriously advocating it, and endeavouring to make the country believe there is a chance of securing it. Although it has now been discussed in a desultory fashion in Canada for several years, and has figured from time to time in the English press, not one English statesman has said a word in favour of it, while several have spoken of it as utterly out of the question. Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, who figures as the greatest of Imperialists, and is anxious above all things to find some means of promoting the unity and welfare of the Empire, went out of his way recently in the Imperial House of Commons to repudiate the idea that he favoured any proposition of the kind. All he had said, he repeated, was that no such proposition was worthy of consideration unless it involved an absolute free trade policy on the part of the colonies to Great Britain, and even then he would only say that it might be worthy of consideration. But Sir Charles Tupper and the Conservatives do not for a moment propose free trade with England. That is not to be thought of. They demand from England a preference for our goods in return for such a preference as we are now giving British goods in this country. In fact, Sir Charles Tupper blames Sir Wilfrid Laurier for having thrown away a good chance of securing such treatment from Great Britain by giving away our preference without a *quid pro quo*. It is true that in the next breath Sir Charles tells us that the preference given by the Laurier Government is a worthless one and has not in any way benefitted British trade. Yet to secure this preference, worthless or valuable as the case may be, he declares the statesmen of Britain would have been willing to revolutionize and disorganize their vast commerce by putting up duties against the enormous imports which the British people now buy in the cheapest market the world over. And he

insists that if he is made Premier, he can yet accomplish this miracle. Presumably the existing British preference in our tariff is to be cancelled and an attempt made to secure a treaty along the lines indicated. There would be nothing filial or sentimental about it—simply business. “Business is business,” as Dr. Montague, one of the Conservative leaders, curtly put it during the debate on the subject in the House of Commons. Does anyone suppose Great Britain would consent? Would her people, already burdened with the expense of a prodigious navy and a great and growing army, and with three-fourths of the national debt caused by the Napoleonic wars yet remaining unpaid,—would they for a moment think of imposing upon themselves an onerous tax for the sake of benefitting the people of the colonies, already so much better off than they themselves? That I am not overstating the case is plain from the following declaration of the *Montreal Star* in its issue of September 3rd, just to hand: “If the British Government would put a duty on all foreign wheat, while admitting colonial wheat free, every Canadian producer of wheat would

be certain of a preference.” Thus, the Canadian Opposition definitely suggests the revival of the English corn laws, not for the benefit of the farmers of Great Britain, but for the benefit of the farmers of Canada. The Canadian Liberal party, however, so far as I have observed from its press and speakers, does not pretend to oppose such a proposition even now. It simply regards it as visionary, impracticable and utterly hopeless. We should not oppose anyone who undertook to give the moon to our children. We should simply warn the children not to expect it; and the same applies to Sir Charles Tupper’s impossible mutual preferential tariff. Sir Charles is undertaking to give us the moon.

Now I have said enough to give you some idea of the achievements of Sir Wilfrid Laurier’s Government and of what Sir Charles Tupper proposes to do if he defeats Sir Wilfrid in the coming elections. If you read the speeches and newspaper articles on each side you will find that I have kept carefully within the facts, and you must decide for yourselves whether the country will be better ruled by Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Charles Tupper.

F. A. ACLAND.

## II.—The Liberal-Conservative Position.

THE THREE SUPPORTS OF OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY—THE IMPORTANCE OF RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT TO THE WEST—THE NATIONAL POLICY AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO MANUFACTURERS IN THE EAST—THE CANAL SYSTEM AS AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE FOR GRAIN—THE LIVE CATTLE AND COLD STORAGE TRADE—THE FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE PROJECT—THE FEASIBILITY OF A PREFERENTIAL TARIFF—THE REFORM PARTY, WHILE COMMITTED TO FREE TRADE, HAVE FOLLOWED THE POLICY OF PROTECTION—PRACTICE VS. THEORY—PLEDGES BROKEN BY THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT—DISLOYALTY AND CORRUPTION A LIBERAL CHARACTERISTIC—CONCLUSION.

THE Liberal-Conservative party is the practical party in this wide Dominion as opposed to the Reform party, which owing perhaps, to long seclusion in the shades of opposition, has always cultivated theory.

The history of Canada begins, so far as present politics are concerned, with Confederation in 1867. If we

look around to see the pillars on which the prosperity of this country chiefly rests, we shall naturally fasten on three, namely, the building of the C.P.R., the inauguration of the National Policy, and the spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Motherland.

The first of these has opened up

the boundless North-West of Canada to the farmer and stock-raiser. To-day the harvest of Manitoba alone means forty millions of dollars to the Dominion every year. To reach it the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of Canada, had proposed to utilize the "great water-stretches" of the North-West, and to build little railways in between. This meant that, instead of our great trans-continental railway, we would have depended on the same system of travelling that is used in Africa. Sir John Macdonald, with unequalled perseverance and belief in his country, secured the completion of the road, which is now second to none on the continent. One can hardly realize the immense consequences which have flowed from this stupendous scheme. To all the credit for those results the Conservative party are wholly entitled. It is one of the grandest tributes to their foresight and sagacity, and did it

stand alone it would substantiate their claim to be the most practical and hopeful party in the Dominion. It brought in its train the adding of British Columbia, including the Yukon territory, with its tremendous mineral activity, to the Dominion, the making of law and order possible throughout the great prairies of the West, and the vast possibilities of trade with China and Japan. That trade alone has made Canada's commercial importance evident to the Japanese to such an

extent that to-day the bulk of Japan's foreign trade is carried by Canadian steamers.

Following naturally upon the great opening up of the wheat lands of the West came the necessity for providing for the success of manufactures of the East.

The Conservative party inaugurated the National Policy, which has been so successful that it has extorted from their opponents the compliment of its continuance. Indeed, it may be said that no country can afford to be merely an agricultural country. Things are done by wholesale now-a-days, and the cultivation of the immense wheat fields of the West, the extensive ranches of the prairies, and the enormous fishing grounds of the Pacific coast, leaves the East free to take advantage of its nearness to the coal and iron deposits and to become the prime field for the production of those manufactured



Sir Charles Tupper.

articles that give Canadian finished goods and implements to the Canadian farmer, rancher and fisherman.

No doubt such a development and protection of Canada's resources must, in some localities, produce some inequalities. For instance, where we have but one railway in a section we cannot have the benefit of competition, and where our own people are building up their manufactures, we must, for a time, submit to pay them more than we can get the same things for from

strangers. But everything must have a beginning, and as we duplicate our railways and become more expert and economical in our manufacturing, then we reap the benefit of our having begun *to do things ourselves*. Hugh John Macdonald foreshadowed the policy of the Conservatives at Brandon in promising the abrogation of the duty on agricultural implements, and in promising to break up combines in Canada.

The Conservative party recognized that the outcome of their twofold policy required constant care in adjusting their business and financial policy, and they have steadily devoted themselves, not to mouldy theories, but to practical methods of dealing with trade.

Unable to build a second railway through the North-West, and believing that the crops from that great country should have an alternative route, they constructed and opened the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, and deepened the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, and had upon their programme the further enlargement of the great canal system. Then the cattle trade received their attention, and the shipping interests were compelled to provide the very best accommodation for the live freight they carried, until the Board of Agriculture in England, to guard against possible infection, adopted regulations which made the dead meat trade more profitable. Now came the demand for the better conveyance of fruits, butter, cheese, poultry and other articles, which the farmer of the East (who had left wheat for the Western producer) began to furnish.

The history of the efforts of the Conservative party to provide better cold storage accommodation is a striking illustration of their thoroughness. The problem was one which depended altogether for its efficiency on the getting of a fast Atlantic service. It was not enough to have the dairy products of Canada carried across in proper condition; it was necessary that they should be delivered promptly.

Negotiations were therefore set on foot with the steamship lines plying between Canada and England, and at the time the Conservative Government went out of power there was a contract ready for signature which would enable the farmer to land his products in England in perfect order and without delay. By that agreement, too, the contractors were pledged to provide more ample cold storage at any time when demanded by the Government. This meant an immediate increase in the value to the whole farming population of Canada of their meat, butter, eggs, fruit and all other perishable articles. With depots established in various sections of the country, with cold storage cars, and ample cold storage on the Atlantic steamers, all these articles can be put on the tables of the people of England in prime condition and at the earliest possible moment. And when one reflects *that without a market no article is worth anything commercially*, the providing of a market and the means of reaching it will be found to be one of the most indispensable duties of government. If we add to this the fact that a fast Atlantic service would have enabled Canada to deliver the mails in the city of New York twenty hours earlier than they could be delivered by direct line from Southampton to New York (an advantage given to Canada by its geographical position), it will easily be seen that a tide of traffic in this country would have been set in that otherwise would have passed our shores.

Even the least observant must see that out of the system of developing the various portions of Canada which produce different articles and find their wealth in different ways, there would naturally grow some re-arrangement of the fiscal and financial methods for raising a revenue. The immense growth in the wheat industry, and the production of dairy products, and the trade in meat pointed unmistakably to England

as the market, and, indeed, all the efforts of the Conservative party were directed towards getting possession of that tremendously important market. It was thought very possible that as the ability of Canada and Australia to supply England with food-stuffs was brought home to the English people (who could not fail to recognize the ability of other nations in time of war to place an embargo on food-stuffs), England would be willing to encourage her colonies to become her chief sources of supply. The easiest method of giving this boon to Canada, and becoming thus a source of supply as well as a support to the British Empire, would be the securing of some advantage from England for colonial food-stuffs. This advantage would be given in consideration of the admission into Canada at a lower rate of duty of such articles as Canada wanted and could not produce as cheaply as the same articles could be turned out in England. This reciprocal preference, as it is called, means an immense amount to Canada, for were England to give such a small advantage to her colonies production here would be stimulated to an unprecedented extent. Once granted that Canadian food supplies could enter England on slightly more advantageous terms than those of other nations, the market would have been captured for Canada, and every farmer who sowed an acre of wheat would feel that he had sold it even before it commenced to sprout. The Conservative party were on the eve of making considerable headway with this project when they were defeated at the elections and the Liberal Government took charge of the affairs of the country. They came in pledged to abolish protection and to have free trade as it is in England. That was a well-defined and clearly understood policy, the effect of which, in the view of the Conservative party, would have been to destroy the manufactures of the East, and while flooding Canada

with goods from outside at slaughter prices, would have recoiled on the farming community in the shape of diminished prices for their grain. The Liberal party, however, found that their theory could not be put into operation; but there is no doubt that those theories, to which both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright were pledged, had a very strong hold on the Liberal party. To say, as they now do, that they found, after taking office, too much capital invested to allow them to lower the tariff, is to say that they had shut their eyes while they preached free trade. The factories and the trade returns were before them and, if they were as observant as they were fluent, they knew that they could never put their theory in practice. But they tried to do so without openly avowing it. It is not known in whose brain the brilliant idea took root of preparing the country for free trade under the guise of displaying loyalty to England; but, without making any arrangement with England for an advantage to the Canadian farmer, goods of English manufacture were at once admitted into Canada at a much lower rate of duty than articles manufactured elsewhere. England's commanding position as a manufacturing country made the change very extensive and far-reaching, although it was applied gradually, and to-day the English goods come into Canada at a reduction of  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. of duty. Sir Richard Cartwright, in London, Ont., has just referred to this as having brought down the tariff to a revenue basis, and his whole argument on that subject was based on the fact that by this stroke of genius not only was Canada supplied with English goods upon the basis of a revenue tariff, but that American goods to compete with them, had to reduce their prices. If worked out to its logical and proper conclusion in that way, it is evident that Sir Richard Cartwright, at all events, is aiming at free trade, or, at the least,

at a revenue tariff. The very results which he alleges have followed the adoption of the present policy, would form the strongest argument in favour of entirely abandoning protection in this country. If Sir Richard Cartwright's conclusions were sound, it is hard to understand why, in addition to the boon of free trade which he is trying to force on Canada, the Premier did not, at all events, attempt to obtain for the Canadian farmer some small advantage in the English markets. No explanation of this has ever been attempted, except that England would not submit to any such arrangement. But is it not singular that so great a man as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has stated that if a proposal such as the Conservative party intended to make were laid before England it would be regarded "in no niggard spirit," and that the *London Times*, not many months ago, urged the British Government to grapple at once practically with the great question of placing the taxation of the country upon a proper basis "by the imposition of duties upon wheat and sugar." No later than September, 1900, the *Financial News*, the leading trade paper in England, pointed out that the recent meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in England had demonstrated that, in England, mutual preference was to the advantage of both England and her colonies. At all events, failure should not be admitted until trial has been made, and the Conservative party has laid upon them the important and far-reaching duty of endeavouring to get from England the advantage which they believe in the long run will be her own advantage also, viz.: to allow Canada to supply her with food-stuffs, stimulating in that way a production which will relieve England of apprehension of the lack of supplies in time of war.

In these practical ways the Conservative party have endeavoured to deal with the gradual development of Canada, for which they and their policy for many years have been re-

sponsible. It will readily be seen that in the building up of Canada, two lines of action were possible—either dependence upon the United States or reliance on England. So long as Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were in office nothing has been kept more consistently before them than the great advantages of connection with the mother country. Although the National Policy included the tariff against England as well as against all the rest of the world, yet the Conservative party have never had to explain and apologize for the policies of Commercial Union, Unrestricted Reciprocity and free trade on the continent of North America. These have all been propagated by men who are recognized as members of the Liberal party. If, for the moment, the preference of English goods seems to be the more advantageous to them, it was not adopted because it involves any benefit to England, but because it furthers some of these theories of the Liberal party, that it has found such ready adoption.

Nothing can be more important than the record of a party. All theories with which it has commenced its operations have either to stand the test of time or to be abandoned, and it is the pride of the Conservative party that it has never started out with any theory that it has not been able to carry out and put into practice. They, perhaps, have escaped many pitfalls on account of their practical attention to the needs of the country instead of devoting their time to the stating of theories which, however admirable in themselves, never came into operation, or, if opportunity were given, were found to be unworkable. To give a few illustrations of the advantages of practice as against theory both on the fortunes of the Conservative party and the record of the Liberal party, one or two facts may be looked at. Under the Conservative administration, additional expenditure was justified as being necessitated by the advanc-

ing prosperity of the country and its expansion. That progress required more public works, more assistance to construct transportation companies, more reclamation of lands and the opening up of new territories, and all these meant increased expenditure. There was nothing wrong in that. It is justified by the recollection that if we had never spent any money on the Canadian Pacific Railway, we never would have had Manitoba and the North-West opened up. The Liberal theory, on the other hand, was that, whatever the result, economy must cut down the expenditure and that this country could be governed for millions less every year than was spent upon it. Practice by the Liberal administration has rudely shattered this theory and justified the Conservative idea. All the Liberal speakers have explained the increase of expenditure, under which the Liberal Government took in \$19,125,000 more from the earnings of the people than the Conservatives did in 1895, by saying that the increasing needs of the country required it. Sir Richard Cartwright has pointed with pride to the fact that the Yukon has paid for itself; but if economy had to rule and the Conservatives were wrong in contending that increased development needed increased expenditure, then it was wrong to have opened the Yukon country and spent that money on it. A moment's consideration will show that such an argument is futile and that that explanation of the expenditure of the Liberal party gives the lie to the theory on which they attained power. Another and very similar theory was that subsidies should not be granted to railway companies. It is needless to argue on that subject, because the granting of bonuses to railways has become so large and necessary an expenditure in opening up a new country, that it has long been recognized as an expenditure of capital account. It is only necessary to say that the Liberal party have very largely increased the subsidies.

The only objection that the Conservative party have to their action is based upon the fact that in a case like the grant to The Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and the proposed deal with MacKenzie and Mann to build the Yukon railway, the grants were out of all proportion to the value received and involved the abandonment to the railway companies and contractors of valuable and important portions of the country which the Government thought enough of to open up.

Another theory of the Liberal party was that no member of Parliament should be appointed to a position while he was a member. This theory is entirely contrary to English practice, and has never been followed in Canada, nor is it necessarily a good one. The Liberal Government, however, when pledged to that policy, have deliberately broken it and refused to be bound by it, and many of our present judges and officials were members of the Parliament of Canada during the present Liberal rule. A plebiscite on Prohibition was promised and taken, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to introduce legislation to give effect to it. In Manitoba Hugh John Macdonald promised a plebiscite on the same subject, took it, and has introduced a statute to carry it out. These are some of the theories upon which the Liberal Government got into power. It is, perhaps, the good fortune of the Conservative party that their energies have always been so thoroughly directed to the actual direction of this country that they have not had time to indulge in theories. It is not a wholesome record for any party to have to look back upon pledges to the people, (given as an indication of their high moral qualities) which have, since they attained power, been broken and entirely disregarded. Indeed, it is a singular and impressive fact that the claims of the Liberal party to the confidence of the people are based upon their adoption of the principles for which they attacked



and turned out the Conservative party. Mr. Sifton says that the tariff is a "dead issue," the sending of the contingents is, as Mr. Tarte says, "not a precedent," while the cold storage system and the penny post and the deepening of the canals are all mere continuations of the work begun and advocated in the teeth of Liberal opposition for eighteen years.

There are two questions upon which the impending elections will turn to a very large extent. One of these is the purity of the ballot, and the other is the question of how far we can afford to keep politicians in office who are not loyal to the British Crown. Upon the first of those questions it may be admitted that human nature, both in the Conservative and Liberal party, is much the same, and individual instances will be found where, in the heat of contest, men transgress the rule which makes every man's vote a sacred trust. In the endeavour to obtain a majority, if improper means are used, this practice is naturally condemned by all persons, whether Conservative or Liberal. But there is very great and marked difference when one of the party organizations is found to be associated with this kind of corruption. In Brockville, in Elgin and in Huron the most convincing evidence was produced to show that not merely individual members of the Liberal party, but a portion of that party's official machinery, were interesting themselves in methods which cannot be characterized as other than corrupt. So far the offenders have not been punished. Indeed, Mr. W. T. R. Preston, who telegraphed to West Elgin to "hug the machine for him," is now the Dominion Immigration Agent in Europe, and receiving a salary as the reward of his services. The Liberal Government must also take the discredit of having refused to Mr. Borden, of Halifax, a committee to enquire into the complicity of the Liberal party in these frauds. The second question concerns the loyalty of Cabinet Ministers. The great

outburst of enthusiasm which sent the First Contingent to South Africa had not its origin with the Liberal party. While the country was a unit on the subject, one of the Ministers of the Crown, the Hon. Mr. Tarte, definitely opposed the project, but was over-ruled. The Contingent was sent, but it is not denied that after it was sent, he went to Paris, and during the Paris Exposition, where representatives from all nations were gathered, he stated over and over again that ninety per cent. of the French-Canadians in the Province of Quebec were against the sending of the Contingent and that they were more French to-day than when they were conquered by the British on the Plains of Abraham. This is not proper language for a Minister of the Crown and is in painful contrast with the words of Sir George Cartier, who was Sir John Macdonald's colleague, when he said that the "last gun to be fired in North America in favour of British rule would be fired by a French-Canadian." Unfortunately, this lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Government led to an act which was worse than careless, viz., the supply of inferior emergency rations. A charge was definitely made in Parliament that the Government had been taken in and inferior rations had been sent. Instead of admitting that such were the case and promising that the contractors should be most severely punished, the Liberal Government chose to treat it as an attack on them, and defended the contractors with a view to showing that the Government was not to blame. The people of Canada cannot afford to send their sons to South Africa and allow them to be treated in that way.

The Liberal-Conservative party have the defined policy. It aims at the development of Canada on the practical side by opening up new fields of industry, giving them its proper governmental aid, and so arranging the financial policy of the Government that older industries

shall not be crippled by the new, but that each shall be the complement of the other. It believes in the National Policy, but considers it consistent with that to arrange with the mother country for reciprocal advantages. It does not desire to drive a hard bargain, but to make a compact for mutual advantage. Indeed, it believes that by such a reciprocal policy the English people will solve the question to their own

advantage of how to feed themselves in time of war. It believes that pledges given by a party before its election should be kept, that Ministers of the Crown should be loyal to Canada and to British connection, that the ballot should be sacred and that no Government should, individually or by the party machine, associate itself with any interference with the true expression of the electorate of Canada.

FRANK E. HODGINS.

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## Through Equinoctial Gales

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WE are just in time before going to press to announce the arrival, safe and sound, of the party of girls and boys that sailed from Liverpool on the steamer *Tunisian* on September 27th. We experienced a decidedly "dirty" passage, encountering strong winds and head seas almost the whole way across, but the young people have arrived none the worse of their adventures. Places were in readiness for all, and within twenty-four hours of their arrival in Toronto the majority of the boys had proceeded to their new homes. The girls are of necessity somewhat more deliberate in their movements, but before the present number is off the press most of the lassies will have begun life in Canada in real earnest. The girls were spoken of to us by a fellow passenger on the ship as the "finest lot of youngsters" he had "ever seen," and both boys and girls came in for much favourable comment among the people on board the great steamer, which included in her passenger list many representative Canadians returning to their homes from Summer vacations in

Europe. We have now crossed the Atlantic 101 times in the task of conveying parties from the old land to the new, and despite the unfavourable weather the recent journey was one of our most satisfactory, both on account of the generally excellent arrangements on board and the good behaviour of the boys and girls in the party. This is especially creditable, as there is necessarily a certain relaxation of discipline and departure from routine on board ship, not to mention the many unoccupied hours that have to be filled up with play and chatter. We are told on the authority of Dr. Watts that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," but the arch-enemy would appear to have found enough to occupy his attention in other parts of the ship on our late voyage, as we certainly saw very little mischief among our 233 young folks, or anything more than the most harmless fun and frolic. After the sickness was all over we kept a clean bill of health, and the journey was accomplished from beginning to end without an untoward or disagreeable incident.

# Our Annual Re-union

THE last year of the century has been epoch-marking, in the events that have transpired during its days, for individuals as well as for nations, and 1900 will loom large in the memories of at least five hundred sturdy young yeomen as the year in which they again met face to face, and grasped the hand of, that old and trusted friend, who, years ago, and in another land, guided their uncertain feet up the first rungs of the ladder by which they have since climbed to success in Canada. We say "five hundred" because that was the number who gathered at the Toronto Home during the second week of the Exhibition, and with whom it was my good fortune to mingle, making many a mental note of the different traits of character which have developed from that early training in Stepney, Leopold House, and Buckenhill. But the hearts of more than ten times five hundred "boys" and "girls" have throbbed with genuine pleasure in the mere knowledge that Dr. Barnardo was within the borders of Canada; that he had crossed the ocean so that he might see as many members as possible of his large family and learn from their own lips the story of their efforts; of the fulfilment or the failure of the cherished plans and hopes with which they left England—hostile to young people solely dependent on their own exertions—for Canada, with its limitless opportunities

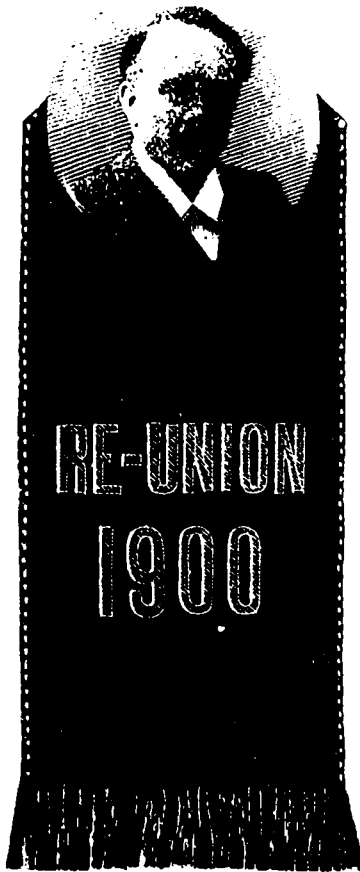
for those who, having strength both of body and mind, are willing to devote it to honest industry.

With the excellent catering arrangements and unstinted hospitality that always prevail at the Toronto Home during Exhibition week, and with the Barnardo boy's gastronomic capabilities, not only those who have been present on these occasions, but all the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, are familiar, and we shall pass by these topics as too stale for further comment.

Mr. Davis will, of course, understand this does not refer to the quality of the "grub."

Being desirous of marking in some special way the gratification of all that the Founder and Director would be among us, and realizing that with a larger gathering than in former years the Home with its limited space might not prove the most convenient place of entertainment in the evenings, Mr. Owen had chartered a steady-going passenger steamer, the *Lincoln*, to take the entire party of visitors out on Lake Ontario for two hours on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

The prospective moonlight excursions were regarded with high favour by all who arrived in the first half of the week, and many remained longer than they originally intended in order that they might participate in the enjoyment. Of this feature of the week, however, we will say more later on; we must get down to the telling of



The Badge.

our story in proper order. The period during which it was to be "open house" was supposed to commence on Monday. So said Mr. Owen's letters of invitation, but half a dozen enthusiastic youths made a law unto themselves and arrived on Saturday and Sunday. From the point of view of a critical onlooker it must have been somewhat exasperating to the staff to be called upon to billet even one unexpected visitor at a time when the Home was the scene of bustle from early morning to late at night, and the energies of all were already being taxed to the utmost in completing preparations for the following week. The early—the too early—visitors had no reason to complain, however, of the treatment they received, and, on their part, they were ready to pitch in and give a helping hand.

The first train that came into Toronto on Monday morning carried a Home contingent, and thereafter every train from North, East and West contributed its quota of visitors to 214 Farley Avenue, which soon presented the appearance, to the casual passer-by, of a receiving or distributing point for a large portion of the hundred excursions which were daily entering Toronto. And such, indeed, it was, fresh arrivals continuing up to or as late as Thursday evening. The portals of the Home were guarded by a dragon of very affable type in the person of Mr. Griffith, whose flaming sword was a fountain pen, with which he placed on record the name of each new comer, together with a few particulars of the latter's progress since last seen or heard of by a representative of the Home. Being duly registered, the visitors received a white enamelled button bearing a portrait of Dr. Barnardo. Attached to the button was a piece of red corded ribbon on which were the words "Re=union 1900." The badges were highly appreciated by their wearers, and they gave colour and individuality to the scene in the dining-room where sat row after row of young men, on the lapels of

whose coats fluttered the unique souvenir of the re=union, which also served as a means of recognition and introduction between the boys when at the Exhibition or elsewhere. The badge possessed another and much greater value, however, as will be seen.

Take five hundred young men of any class, all out for a week's holiday after a year's steady grind, and you will find a few, at least, whose enjoyment is not altogether tempered with discretion. I am not going to mention names, of course, but there was one visitor to the Home, and one only, whose behaviour threatened for a short time to be of a character that would have ensured him his walking ticket. The incident we have in mind occurred at a point not a thousand yards away from the Home. Knowing the inevitable result if the silly fellow persisted in his intentions, three or four other "boys" urged him to keep quiet and come away. The mule in the fellow prevented him seeing the soundness of his companions' advice, and he more or less rudely told them to mind their own business. Seeing he was determined to have his own way, they informed him that at least he should not disgrace them and the Home, and they immediately seized his badge. This brought the delinquent to his senses, and, much subdued, he followed the others to the Home, and later in the day the badge was returned to him. The poor chap is not of an evil disposition or given to disorderly practices. On the contrary, he is known in the neighbourhood where he has lived continuously for several years as a very industrious young man, and enjoys the reputation of being a merry wag but strictly sober and reliable. Speaking of the foregoing incident to the writer, he said: "You know I never made a fool of myself like that before and I would not have got into a row with Dr. Barnardo's badge on my coat for a year's wages." And I believe him, for I know that the gratitude of a Barnardo boy is not hatched on the

lip, but springs from the deepest corner of the heart.

I have digressed again slightly.

The first questions asked by almost every arrival were "Is the Doctor here? Shall I see him?" Being assured that Dr. Barnardo would spend several hours at the Home during the week and would accompany the party on the moonlight excursions, satisfaction would be expressed in a variety of ways. A remark frequently made, with an air half mournful and half comical, was, "I am afraid he won't know me. I was only so high when I left Stepney, and look at me now." And verily it would require a super-human power of discernment to recognize the knickerbockered youngsters of eight, ten and fifteen years ago in the strapping, sturdy young farmers, many of them with a luxuriant growth of hair on the top lip, who thus bemoaned the possibility that they might be forgotten.

There were numerous enquiries for old cronies, and several who were chums in boyhood met again for the first time since they left England. Small groups were to be seen all day long confabbing together, indulging in reminiscences of those good old days; retelling the good old stories and fighting the good old battles over again; although, as a matter of fact, it was after the day was spent and when all sensible people wished to be sound asleep, that the last particular form of renewing old acquaintanceship was literally indulged in; and it is hardly to be wondered at that some timid neighbours of the gentler sex spent half the night in great trepidation under the impression that the Zoo exhibit at the Fair had broken loose and found new quarters in the erstwhile peaceful precincts of Farley Avenue. However, it is a poor heart that never rejoices, and a pillow fight is not half a bad way to let off steam—provided you don't have to pay for the pillows or broken windows.

About noon on Tuesday the rumour went around that "the Doc-

tor" was coming, and everyone gathered in the yard full of anticipation; no thought of dinner now, although six hours had elapsed since breakfast. The rumour was apparently premature, for at the end of three-quarters of an hour Dr. Barnardo had not appeared and the clang of the delayed dinner bell filled the dining-room with 200 disappointed but hungry men and boys. Barely had dinner commenced when someone cried out "Here's the Doctor now!" Knives and forks were dropped with a clatter. Every eye was turned to the doorway, where there suddenly appeared a form well remembered and well beloved. There was a second of absolute quiet and strange stillness, as if a rush of memories had paralyzed every tongue and every muscle. In the strained look on every face one watching closely, and deeply interested, could read the inward working of grateful hearts, and could understand the emotions which the sight of the figure in the doorway had evoked. The spell lasted but a moment and then, as one man, all sprang to their feet, and in the thundering cheers which rang out again and again Dr. Barnardo learned, if he did not already know, that his hold on the hearts of his old boys was as firm as in the days of long ago, and will continue to the end. Briefly but earnestly he told them how glad he was to be among them and how he intended to see more of them and speak to them individually during the next few days. "Ah, boys, I am glad to see you. I would have known you were my boys if I had only heard you. There was no mistaking that cheer; it was a genuine English cheer and it did my heart good to hear it." These were Dr. Barnardo's first words, and believing that a good man cannot have too much of a good thing, his boys gave him three more of the kind "made in England," singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" to further emphasize their expression of opinion.

After dinner all assembled in the

open air and the afternoon was spent in that greatest of all enjoyments, renewing personal intercourse with an old friend who has played the part of father to each one gathered round him. Dr. Barnardo explained that it was, of course, impossible for him to remember their faces, but he had not forgotten the names of those who had gone out from the old Home, and he wished each one to tell him his name as he shook hands with him. The faces of several "boys," some of them now fathers themselves, glowed with pleasure and gratification as "the Doctor," upon receiving their names, recalled some incident in which they had figured in the old days at Stepney.

Having conversed with each one separately, Dr. Barnardo stated his wish to speak to them collectively on matters which were of equal interest to all. He told his hearers of the ever-extending sphere of the Institutions; how under God's blessing his efforts were bearing a richer harvest year after year. Old "Home boys" were occupying every conceivable kind of position in all parts of the world. Engaged in agricultural pursuits, they were nobly helping in the development of the Colonies; they were serving Queen and Empire on land and on sea; many had fallen on the battlefields of South Africa. Only a few months ago, as he was at work in his office at Stepney, he received a message that several soldiers were waiting to see him. He was considerably startled when he found himself facing nearly one hundred wearers of Her Majesty's uniform. They explained to him, however, that they were some of his old boys; that they were going out to South Africa and had called to say "good-bye" to him before they went. He knew it would warm the cockles of his hearers' hearts when he told them that the member of Sir Robert Hart's staff who acted as intermediary between the besieged legations in Peking and the Chinese authorities was an old Home boy, whose selection for this responsible

and delicate duty was due to the fact that he enjoyed in the fullest degree the confidence of the Chinese, as well as that of the British officials, as a man who always kept his word. That same man, so signally honoured, had in his early childhood lived among the squalour and vice of one of the worst of London's slums.

Old Home boys were preaching the Gospel to the heathen; they were wrestling with sickness and disease by the bedsides of their patients; but however exalted or however lowly their lot, he was thankful to say there prevailed among them one sentiment of loyalty and devotion to the old Home. He wished to urge upon those before him that no matter how clever they might be, no matter how ambitious and determined they might be to succeed, success could not be achieved by their own efforts alone. The only lasting success was that striven for with honesty, industry, and, above all, a perfect faith and trust in the dispensing power of Almighty God. To strengthen their faith and trust, to be Christians in heart and spirit as well as in name, was the best advice he could give them, looking to their temporal as well as to their spiritual well-being.

The earnest looks on the upturned faces told that the words of the speaker were sinking deep into the minds of his hearers, and as Dr. Barnardo left the Home more than one of his boys felt that the path of duty would be the easier for that afternoon's re-union.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Owen announced that there would be a general muster that evening at 8.45, that all might proceed together to the Queen's Wharf, where the *Lincoln* was to stop on its trip from St. Catharines to pick up the Home party. At the appointed hour nearly two hundred were on hand and in high spirits, which found expression in the discharge of crackers, rip-raps, Roman candles and other fireworks, and in the playing of different kinds of "musi-

cal" instruments. Four companies were formed and, at the word of command from Mr. Owen, the march to the wharf in double column was commenced. The distance was about half a mile and it was covered without mishap. If there was any "boy" present who did not know it, let him now learn from me that it was a most highly creditable turnout, the line extending over a hundred and fifty yards, the distances being well maintained and the whole column moving with greater regard for military regulations than we have seen many local battalions display when on parade. Arrived at the wharf, the order "dismiss" was given, and over an hour was spent in waiting for the "ship" which, some thought, "would never return." In about forty minutes a light was discerned out on the lake, and an obliging lighthousekeeper vouchsafed the cheering information that the boat was the longed-for *Lincoln*. The test of patience was not yet completed, however, for in attempting to make the wharf the vessel went aground about forty feet from shore. Then it was that the versatility of our boys displayed itself, and that I realized how great a loss to the navy had been their departure from England to follow agriculture in Canada. It was a remarkable instance of men engaged in one vocation displaying a weird aptitude for, and an inborn knowledge of, the technicalities of a calling most remote from their own. I acquired more nautical knowledge from the instructions yelled to the captain and the crew of the *Lincoln* by the old sea-dogs around me than I ever hoped to possess. I asked Dick Whittington, who was with us, of course, if he thought having had so much to do with "steers" in their farm life could account for the resourcefulness of our friends at the present juncture. I believe Dick was about to treat the phenomenon from a metaphysical standpoint, but he was forestalled by the boilers, which at that moment let off steam,

drowning all attempts at conversation. I cannot say whether the captain of the *Lincoln* was grateful for the superabundance of experience-bound advice that was tendered him or whether he made use of it. Presumably he did not, for in ten minutes the vessel began to move and five minutes later we were all on board, steaming down the bay to Yonge Street Wharf, where the other passengers would disembark and where Dr. Barnardo would join us. As we drew in to the Yonge Street slip Dr. Barnardo was seen standing at the end of the wharf, and three of those good old English cheers told him that he had been recognized, and made the people on the wharf rush up to see what was the matter.

When, in the course of a few minutes, the *Lincoln* again headed for the open water the good ship was practically a Barnardo Home afloat. Not a stranger on board except the officers and crew. Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen were on the bridge, and on the stern half of the main deck were different members of the staff and over a hundred and fifty boys, all bent on having a jolly good time. And they had it. Some of an inquiring turn of mind—we will not say inquisitive, as the term is apt to suggest an unpleasant insistence in seeking knowledge—had wandered below to investigate the mysteries of the engine-room and other departments of the ship. The refreshment bar, or pop and candy counter, as it was in reality, did a roaring trade, and if a number of the younger fry did not feel queer in their little insides the next morning, it was not due to any lack of effort on their part.

In days gone by I learned to appreciate the ease with which we could get up a good programme for an entertainment during Exhibition week. There used to be a plethora of artists of more than average ability, but—let us admit it at once and take the consequence—I never spent two happy hours with a more unmusical crowd than those who

formed our party on Wednesday and Thursday evening on board the steamer *Lincoln*. Of course, there were one or two exceptions, and I must pay my tribute to such stalwarts as reliable old Joe Eaves, Will Venuss, Ernest Cooper, and last but by no means least, Will Gurrell, who was a host in himself. I do not wish to imply that anyone was not anxious to contribute to the general entertainment. The spirit was willing in every case, but where, oh where, was the voice? Neither would I have it go forth that the mid-lake gathering was tame and silent. If volume of sound constitute good music, then we were the greatest aggregation of high-class artists this or any other continent can produce, for the chorus of "The Red, White and Blue," "Down by the Swanee River," "The Old Brigade," "The Maple Leaf," and other time-honoured favourites, was bellowed forth with a vim and a force of lung that well-nigh made the boat's timbers shiver, and would undoubtedly have produced a similar effect on a human being, had any been within earshot—which means, a mile or so. The two hours passed all too quickly, and shortly after midnight the party disembarked at Queen's Wharf, and, falling into line, the march home was commenced, but not until cheers had been given for Dr. Barnardo, who continued on the steamer to Yonge Street.

Thursday night saw another large muster and a programme very similar to that of the previous evening, except in one very important particular. This was the last opportunity the boys would have of "being near the Doctor." When they should leave the boat they would have said good-bye—for many years in the case of some, and possibly for ever in that of others—to one who, even as through his instrumentality they were now engaged in thoroughly enjoying themselves, had in the long ago banished misery and wretchedness from their lives, and given many of them the

first taste of happiness and pleasure that their boyhood knew.

As the end of the trip drew nigh all mustered on the forward deck, and as the boat reached the wharf Dr. Barnardo concluded his words of farewell, the scene during the delivery of which was impressive in the extreme and will not soon fade from the memory of those who were there. In the centre of the limited deck space, lighted only by the moon and a ship's lantern, which served but to make dark shadows darker, was the form of Dr. Barnardo, whose eyes flashed in the semi-darkness with enthusiasm and intensity of purpose, and told more convincingly than the most carefully compiled biography wherein lay the power of the man, who, for over thirty years, had faced and overcome difficulties, before which the authorities of the nation quailed and stumbled and floundered in hopeless confusion. All around him was a solid phalanx of upturned, listening, earnest faces, pale in the moonlight, and paler still in the shadow; on the one hand stretched the shimmering surface of Lake Ontario; on the other, away in the distance, flickering lights traced the course of the deserted streets of a sleeping city. The clash of the engines ceased, and the solemn hush was broken only by the voice of the speaker and the swish of the water as it lapped the side of the vessel. Again he told his "boys" how dear to him were the interests of each one; how he hoped that they would all strive earnestly and faithfully to attain to the highest degree of manhood, and cling closely to those truths which never fail. Christian manhood was the ideal he placed before them in terms not soon to be forgotten. He reminded them of the watchful care exercised over the interests of the younger boys, and of the older ones when they required it, by Mr. Owen; and then, invoking the blessing of the Father of all upon them in all they undertook in fear and love of Him, he bade them good-bye. There were hearty



cheers for the Doctor and for Mr. Owen; "God Save the Queen" was sung; a final shake of the hand; and the boys trooped ashore. As they formed in line the steamer left the wharf and the Doctor was seen on the bridge waving his hat in final farewell. A rousing cheer, and many a hearty "God bless you, sir," went back in acknowledgment.

That night was the quietest the dormitory had known since the festivities commenced. There was an utter lack of the customary boisterousness. I leave each reader to explain this remarkable state of affairs according to his desire. I have my own view of it, and it is one that does not discredit the moral make-up of the Barnardo boy.

Friday night saw the final rally, which took the form of a concert. Exhibition week without a concert was not to be thought of. Such was the freely expressed opinion during the day; so a concert we had, our difficulties being minimized by the kindness of Messrs. Gourley, Winter & Leeming, who had loaned us an organ earlier in the week, and of Mr. Thomas Claxton who had also come to our assistance with a concertina and a cornet, of performers on which there was no lack. During the course of the concert Mr. Owen took the platform for one minute that he might say good-bye to the visitors, as he was on the point of leaving for England to bring out another party. He started on his journey with a hearty send-off from audience and performers alike. By eleven o'clock the last number was rendered and the chairman, our old friend, Dick Petley, expressed the appreciation of all of the kindness they had received at the Home. Mr. Davis was called for and finally unearthed, and after a brief speech from him and others, "God Save the Queen" closed the last gathering of

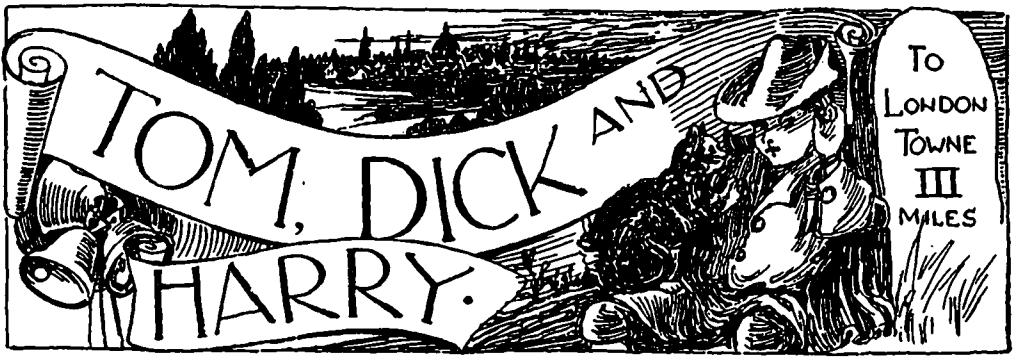
the century in Toronto of Barnardo boys.

I had intended to refer to some of those who made up that gathering; not to write a record of names, but to touch upon the various types of boyhood and young manhood that were represented in different individuals who would answer admirably for my purpose of "pointing a moral or adorning a tale," but "four thousand words" runs my commission, and, bowing to the inexorable demands of space, I must forego my projected homily on "character reading practically illustrated."

There is, however, one thought, one unalterable conviction, born of earnest observation of what passed at the Home last week, to which in conclusion I would give expression. It is that every "boy" who was there and met the Doctor—and not only every boy—will have returned to his round of daily toil strengthened in his determination to uphold the good name of the Home and to lead a life at least *approaching* that so earnestly pleaded for by the one whose influence, whether they know it or not, has been upon his boys during the years that have elapsed since they saw him last and which has restrained them in hours of temptation, although there may have been occasions when it did not avail and a downward step was taken. This is no mere platitude, but a fact which each can verify for himself if he will only search his heart honestly.

The influence upon others of a *great* man often survives the strain of separation, sometimes outliving the man; the influence of a *great* and *good* man always does. And of such is the influence under which, by the mysterious workings of Providence, every "boy" who was at the Home last week spent the most impressionable period of his life.

FRANK VIPOND.



WHEN a young man begins to think seriously of life, questions loom up before him like so many hobgoblins, each one more frightful than the last. Wherever he turns, he is confronted by an ugly, leering interrogation point, that demands a satisfactory answer which he is unable to give. These questions sometimes involve the most momentous issues. Is there a God, and if so, why does He permit this or that to occur? Why does He suffer man to be vexed by problems he cannot solve? Why cannot man detect error at a glance and choose good as it were by mere instinct? Is everything the result of chance, and is divine justice a figment of the human imagination? If it is not so; why, then, do we see so much apparent injustice in the world—so much undeserved suffering on the one hand, and on the other unmerited distinction, luxury and ease showered upon people who are no more entitled to such favors than the beggar on the street?

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There is a fable in Grecian mythology of a horrid monster called the Sphinx, which took up its abode near Thebes and propounded riddles to the passer-by, which if he was unable to guess, he was forthwith devoured. At length one of its riddles was correctly guessed by Œdipus, whereupon the monster dashed its head against a rock and immediately expired. Is there not to-day, in this half-enlightened age, when men have intelligence enough for interrogation, yet lack the reason for profound study,—is there not to-day in every young person's

pathway an odious monster, half human and half animal, lying in wait with its perplexing puzzle and ready to eat him up so soon as he shall confess himself confounded? You may call this monster Ignorance, or Doubt or something which goes by the name of Reason, or you may not inaptly identify it with that creature of formidable jaws who calls himself an Atheist or an Anarchist. Few have the courage to face the Sphinx; fewer still have the mind for meditation or the spiritual faculty of intuition whereby abstract truth is perceived. Hence many young men, having confused themselves with questions they are not competent to answer, rush headlong into unbelief and flat denial of spiritual verities, or make rash and random assertions on mere assumption. Because they cannot reconcile the appearances of things with their own notions of what they should be, therefore God does not exist; there is no justice in the world; all is ruled by chance, blind, irresponsible, inexorable, and natural law only an orderly, mechanical method by which things act and events transpire under the compulsion of necessity. Life is a horrible nightmare, and the sooner we are done with it the better. This dreadful state of mind comes of little knowledge, which, we are truly told, is a very dangerous thing. People who cannot rise above chit-chat and the commonplace, who are afraid to look a question in the face lest it make them uncomfortable, and to whom knowledge is but a word, are never troubled with these problems. It is he who has enough inquisitive-

ness to lure him into difficulties, yet without the strength of mind to extricate himself, that is in danger. He who can swim a little is most likely to get beyond his depth.

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The first man came into the world naked, without a shirt, or the means of making one. The earth with all its possibilities was at his disposal, but he could profit only by what he had the intelligence to utilize. To satisfy his unfolding desires, he had to set his wits to work to devise means to an end. And when he began to cultivate the soil, he found no agricultural implements ready to his hand; nobody to tell him how to do it. He had to invent and make his own tools—sticks rubbed to a point on stones, perhaps; and then, after many generations of experiment, he had to learn bit by bit how to become a successful farmer according to his own standard. Look over the world to-day in this year of grace and see what he has accomplished, and all with only one pair of hands to begin with. Do you see the analogy? Don't you see that man has to answer his own questions, because it is good for him that he should do so? Everyone must develop his own muscles by exercising himself; he cannot hire another to do it for him. And man must solve his own problems, and so enlarge the scope of his understanding; he is not a baby that an angel should come down from heaven to feed him with facts which he cannot digest. The problems of one age become the ABC of the next. So don't deny or denounce what you fail to understand; denial presupposes understanding. It is quite right and perfectly natural that man should ask questions which he cannot answer, just as it was quite natural for the first man to have desires which he could not at once gratify. What one wants he will strive to get, and what a man wishes to know he will make an effort to learn. And always, pray, remember that in struggling toward the object of his desire, man

gains the faculty and power to obtain it. This is the whole scheme of evolution in a nutshell.

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All this is by way of an introduction to the discussion of the relation of capital and labour, in reply to a letter of a recent correspondent. Let us call him Tom. Tom is a section-hand on one of our railroads; in receipt, I suppose, of a dollar a day or thereabout. Most of my readers know what a section man has to do, and how inadequate is the remuneration for such hard work and long hours. Now, Tom, it would seem, one day stepped to the side of the track to make way for an approaching train, consisting of a locomotive and one car. As the train whizzed past, he recognized the car as the private vehicle of the President of the road, bearing that personage on an official inspection of that branch of the system. Tom had seen it once before, and therefore knew how sumptuously upholstered it was, how luxuriously fitted up with every comfort and convenience which taste could suggest or money supply. The President himself was a well-fed man, waited upon with unremitting attention by subordinates; his salary was princely, and his official position a sinecure—at anyrate, Tom thought so. He had not to get up at an early hour and go forth to work in the hot sun all day for a beggarly pittance. No, he could rise when he was so disposed and do just as he please; and what he said was law to every one of the thousands employed by the company. He had simply to give orders; others were paid to see that he was obeyed. When he wanted a little recreation, he had only to order out his private car and be taken by a special engine wherever he wished to go, living like a fighting cock *en route* at the company's expense. And, to show his authority and pretend he was doing something for his salary, of course he had to give the men who did the work "Hail Columbia."

"It's the man behind the gun that does the work," says Tom, with the assurance of one who has taken up an impregnable position. Of course, "Little Bobs" doesn't count; he doesn't shoulder a gun. The South African campaign is a Sunday school picnic for him. All he has to do is to pore over a map for a few hours a day, and assign positions for the various commanders, and see that the excursion isn't a failure, and attend to a few other things and the contingencies that are liable to arise in escorting a couple of hundred thousand men through the enemy's country, and then, after "the man behind the gun" has won the battle, write a dispatch to the War Office describing what has been done. Why "it's as easy as rolling off a log."

† † †

Tom, poor chap, who isn't big enough to look over his own heap of troubles and see the other fellow's, thinks there is something radically wrong in the social system that permits such inequalities as seem to exist between the President of the road and one of its labourers, and his heart swells with the sense of an intolerable grievance that has found a vent in his letter. And his grievance is more real than imaginary; but while I cannot help sympathizing with Tom and looking as ardently as he to the coming of the time when every man shall have his due, the fact must not be ignored that in denouncing our wrongs and proclaiming our rights we are prone to be hasty in judgment and immoderate in speech. The relative importance of our side of the case is so magnified by our microscopic vision of it, that we fail to take note of the other side, and so cannot understand that there can be any reason or justice in a counter claim.

† † †

Throughout the realm of nature two forces are in active opposition. Where you find one principle, the possibility of its opposite exists also. Thus we have positive, negative; heat, cold; light, dark; good, bad;

rich, poor; keen, blunt; capital, labour; and so on through the endless correlations of the two states of everything. We can't have capital without labour and we can't have labour without capital. As soon as labour begins, capital inevitably begins also, for capital is the accumulation of the products of labour; and we cannot have labour without something to show for it. So you see the one is the concomitant of the other. The capitalist is he who can best utilize the products of labour. Fifty men having produced in one year fifty thousand dollars' worth of a certain commodity, the capitalist, by his superior knowledge of the methods of trade, turns the goods into money, which is the medium of exchange, and, having subtracted his profit—really wages for his own work in doing this—applies the money to furnish employment for labour. In other words, he administers the funds realized from the products of labour, for which he is justly entitled to fair remuneration; for he also is a worker, using his brains instead of his hands. So I must ask Tom to acknowledge that there is no antagonism, but mutual usefulness, in the true relation of capital to labour.

† † †

But our experience of human nature teaches us that when a number of persons combine to produce something, individual selfishness steps in and a disagreement ensues over the distribution of the product, and the sharpest and shrewdest usually get the lion's share. Not always because they are the most greedy, but because the others are not sharp enough to outwit them. It is "diamond cut diamond." And as action and reaction are equal, selfishness in one excites greed in another, and so the pendulum of self-interest swings backwards and forwards over the line of right (which, like the centre of gravity, is ever the point of rest), and will continue to do so until men learn to follow the Golden Rule and love their neighbours as themselves.

Christ has solved the social problem for us ; but, like a headstrong youth who will not be guided by the counsel of his elders, we seem determined to vainly seek some other way than the only way to set matters right. Consequently all our efforts prove mere expedients—make-shift adjustments, which soon get disarranged. If we would only realize that the laws and commandments of God are ordained not alone for His glory (who can add to the glory of God, who is all-glorious and altogether lovely?) but for guidance toward our greatest good, spiritual and temporal ! If we only would !

† † †

I cannot endorse the caste system as it exists in India to-day, so degraded, so arbitrarily oppressive and repressive is its influence upon the people of that country ; but there is something truly admirable in that institution in its pristine purity as enunciated by Manu, their law-giver. He divided the people into four castes, or classes, viz. : (1) Producers, or labourers of all kinds and artizans ; (2) Distributors, or merchants and financiers ; (3) Rulers, or governors, legislators and warriors ; (4) Teachers, or intellectual, moral and religious instructors. The first caste produced all the food, clothing, shelter and commodities for the sustenance and maintenance of the people and the state ; the second controlled the producers, distributed the produce and administered the wealth of the nation ; the third made the laws and enforced them, preserved the peace and afforded protection from invasion ; the fourth was responsible for the education and spiritual instruction of the people. It was regarded as axiomatic that people, according to a law of nature which we call heredity, were born into their proper caste, and it was therefore deemed right that they should be restricted to that caste until they had normally outgrown it, when they might be promoted like children at school. And the best way to qualify oneself for the next higher

caste, or class, was to scrupulously fulfil the dharma, or duties, of the caste to which one belonged. If people would not try to jump the stile before they come to it, and would strive to do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them (knowing, as He does, where the lessons are to be learned which we most need to learn), there would be less roguery, fewer failures and more happiness in the world. For the mechanic to go into business on his own account before he is either ready or fit, is to court disaster and defraud his creditors ; and for a man to want to be a capitalist before he knows how to spend and invest his earnings economically and wisely is to prove himself a fool, who would make ducks and drakes of the earnings of others as well as his own. No man is greater or nobler or happier than he who in his right place does his whole duty. Ambition is an excellent trait, aspiration is commendable ; but it is well to gather all the good things within reach before going in search of the golden apples of the Hesperides.

† † †

Tom, old boy, if you want to know what real hard work is, get the President of the road to swap jobs with you ; if you desire to be a capitalist, begin in a small way with your own earnings before juggling with another fellow's ; if you wish to be happy and contented, *be* happy and contented as you are and where you are until you can take a step upward ; if you wish to succeed in life, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" is the best motto to adopt. Our social system is anything but perfect ; but it is easier to demand that others shall reform than to reform oneself, and yet this is the only right way to begin. Come again, Tom ; there's balm in Gilead yet.

*Dick Whittington*

## Home Chat

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IN the entertainment of our visitors, and in the interest and excitement of our gatherings and re-unions that have formed the leading features of the past quarter, there might be some danger of our forgetting the large number of our friends whose duties have required them to "tarry by the stuff," and who were unable to accept any of our invitations, or to give us the pleasure of welcoming them around our would be hospitable board. We are reminded of them by the Visitors' Reports that the indefatigable energy of Mr. Griffith, Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Reazin pour in upon us from day to day in such rich abundance that we are at times scarcely able to properly read, mark and inwardly digest their contents. Varied, and often most interesting and encouraging, are the items of intelligence conveyed in these reports of the progress and welfare of our lads, large and small, and of their experiences in their Canadian homes. It has been a busy season with our Visitors, and news has come in from all quarters of the compass. Mr. Griffith has been at work during the past few weeks in the Ottawa district, where we have a large and rapidly growing constituency, and the accounts given of the majority of the lads are most satisfactory.

John Wally is said to be "very useful and truthful." He had a narrow escape from a very ugly accident last Spring, when the team of horses that he was harrowing with in the field ran away from him. We are told that the team, the harrow and John were very badly "mixed up," but the kind Providence that watches over boys and drunken sailors stood our young friend in good stead, and he escaped with nothing worse than a fright. Doubtless the experience will make Master John a little more careful in watching his team in the future, and

we hope some day to see him driving his own team and harrows.

"Doing first-rate; no better lad anywhere" is the report given of Edward Shayler by his master, Mr. Alexander McCurdy, of Hazeldean. Bravo, Edward! and many thanks for the dollar with which you presented Mr. Griffith as a donation to the Homes. Edward's brother, John, living with Mr. John Vance, of Marchurst, in the same district, is doing equally well, and we congratulate both lads on the excellent account given of them.

Sidney Rock has evidently made rapid progress in learning his business since he started as a "green" hand a year ago, and bids fair to develop into a first-class man. We hear that he keeps himself in correspondence with Mr. Downs, the Superintendent of Dr. Barnardo's Home at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to which he was first admitted, and we are sure Mr. Downs must be pleased to hear good news from one of his former *proteges*.

Samuel Snowden, a Bradford lad, who came out at the same time as Sidney, is also turning out well, and seems likely to make a success of himself. He has a good home with Mr. William Wallace, of Forester's Falls.

Robert Gee donated a dollar to the Homes, which Mr. Griffith handed in in due and proper course, and with it a very creditable report of Robert's general conduct and welfare. His mother has been foolishly, as we think, urging his return to England, and we cannot do better than enforce the advice given by Mr. Griffith to Robert to remain where he is and, instead of spending his savings in a journey to England and landing himself upon his mother, probably to be an addition to her burdens and anxieties, to send her a little money to help the poor body in keeping the wolf from the

door, and then, perhaps, at some time in the future, he may bring her out to join him and make a comfortable home for her.

In connection with this hint to our friend Robert, we are glad to mention that our last party included two mothers as well as several other relatives who have come out to join their lads in Canada, and whose expenses have been paid in full from their savings. Mrs. Ransom, the mother of Arthur and Herbert Ransom, is now with the boys at Brampton, where they have made all preparations for receiving her with the two younger brothers. The two lads are greatly to be commended for their efforts to help their mother, and we hope and believe that her coming out will be a source of comfort and happiness to all the family. Our highly esteemed friend, Arthur Baalim, has now both his mother and sister with him at Blenheim. Arthur has acted nobly under very distressing and difficult circumstances in connection with the emigration of his family, and his conduct is worthy of the highest praise. Last April he brought out his sister, Emily, the girl accompanying our party that crossed by the *Cambroman*. Arthur was delighted to have her with him and made a great deal of her on her arrival. It was hoped that the young woman would soon have taken a place, but unfortunately she was seized with a very severe attack of illness, and instead of being able to work, lay for weeks in a most critical condition, attended by two doctors and requiring the most careful nursing and closest watching both day and night. How poor Arthur managed through it all we can hardly conceive; but he has shown himself to be a lad of resource and energy far beyond his years, and his sister has wanted for nothing. While looking after his sister he has completed all arrangements for receiving his mother, and Mrs. Baalim, having resigned her position as matron of the Nursery Infirmary at Brighton, left England with our last emigration party. We

have now just heard from Arthur of her safe arrival, and we must congratulate our friend most heartily upon the accomplishment of his hopes in the re-union of his family in the home he has made for them.

We are told that the employer of little Willie Eatten died recently after taking an affectionate farewell at his death-bed of Willie, to whom he was greatly attached, and charging him to be a good boy and to help his mistress. We record with pleasure that Willie is carrying out the charge laid upon him, and is spoken of as a well-behaved, bright little lad and a comfort to his widowed mistress.

Freddie Oxford, an intelligent, promising little lad of the July party, has made a good start in the country and is happily settled with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Arbuckle, of Appleton. We are told that Freddie is doing "splendidly" and that no complaint of any kind was made as to his conduct and behaviour.

Alfred E. Hinds, who lived for many years with Mr. Thomas Jackson, and is regarded almost as a son of the family, has lately written from Winnipeg to his old friends, telling them of his having purchased a piece of land upon very favourable terms. We have no misgivings as to Alfred's future, for we know that during his stay with this excellent Christian family he not only received a good, practical training in farm work and management, but learned the greatest of all lessons and the key and crown of all earthly knowledge and experience, to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his friend and Saviour, and to follow Him as the Guide of his life.

Arthur James Birch has succeeded to Alfred's place, and we give him high praise when we say that we gather from Mr. Griffith's report that he is maintaining his predecessor's reputation. The circumstances under which Arthur went to his present place were very interesting and exceptional. In a previous home he had been brought to a very lamentable extent under the



COUNTRY COUSINS:  
Half a Dozen of Our Exhibition Guests.



influence of error and superstition, and we feared that permanent injury might have been done to his young mind. It was a source of much relief to us when Mr. and Mrs. Jackson undertook to receive him, and we have since learned with thankfulness of heart that under the gracious influence of Christian example and precept the dark cloud of error seems to have been dispelled, and that Arthur will grow up in the faith and religious freedom of his father's, from which he had been for a time estranged. May the light of God's Holy Spirit guide him into all truth, and in following Christ may he realize the promise that he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

Willie Tillett is said to be a good boy, growing fast. He has been attending school regularly, and has recently been promoted in his class. Charlie Millward likes his home and is doing well with Mr. William Greer, of Panmure. George Sales has learned to plough, takes an interest in his work, is truthful and reliable, and, in fact, a good boy in a good place. Charles Lewis, living with Mr. Kidd, the County Member, has so far won good opinions, and is contented and happy in his new home. We may possibly see Charlie a Member of Parliament himself some of these days, but meantime he is milking the present Member's cows, and making himself generally useful. During the Winter months he will attend day school, when we hope that, like the busy bee, Charlie will improve each shining hour.

Daniel Horrigan was visited by Mr. Gaunt on August 5th, and we are told he has grown to be a big, sturdy, strongly built lad, and the picture of robust health. Dan. has been in his present home for over five years, first as a boarder and now hired for wages. He is turning out to be a fine lad and a credit in every respect to the training he has received.

Charles W. Law is said to have grown considerably since Mr. Grif-

fith's previous visit, and to be a healthy, happy, smart little lad, well liked and well behaved. The same description applies to John Henry Dew, living with Mr. Arthur G. Gould, of Haleys, in which locality we have now a nice little colony of lads, most of whom are settled in good homes and giving satisfactory accounts of themselves.

The two brothers, Henry and William Hurrell, have had a prosperous season on their farm at Redwood, Muskoka, and have been able to effect a considerable reduction in their indebtedness, which next season they hope to wipe out altogether. They are fortunate in having kindly neighbours, and the wives of some of the other settlers often look in and help the boys with their household arrangements. Mr. Gaunt tells us that on the occasion of his visit three weeks ago he found the house neat and tidy, and the place improved wonderfully during the past year. They have a horse, two milch cows and several head of young stock, and have been able to sell a good deal of produce to the Summer tourists, for which the district is a very popular resort. Altogether our young friends are in prosperous circumstances, and the way in which they are developing their little property is most creditable to their industry and management.

Mr. Reazin lately sent us an interesting and very encouraging report of Alfred Saunders. We learn that our friend, who has now been fifteen years in the country, is happily married to the daughter of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood and comfortably settled in life. His wages were \$140, with board, for the eight months of the present season.

From the same batch of reports we have news of the two boys with Mr. Leonard Burnett, M.P. Harry Roberts is growing up to be a big, able-bodied lad, and bears an excellent character. His wages are \$130, with board, for the present year. George Golder, aged fourteen, was

placed with Mr. Burnett a year ago. George is a lad of good intelligence and excellent parts and is highly spoken of by his employer.

We are told that Mr. Henry Paul, the employer of Harold Smith, regards us with great disfavour, and thinks us very hard people for insisting upon his either signing the agreement or returning the boy. We are sincerely sorry to have incurred Mr. Paul's displeasure, but we believe Harold to be a useful, sterling little lad who will earn every dollar we have asked Mr. Paul to pay him, and even at the cost of offending that gentleman, we could not conscientiously agree to the reduction that Mr. Paul wished us to accept. Such differences of opinion are not infrequent in our experiences, but while we desire to live peaceably with all men, we can never consent to make ourselves a party to any arrangement that we think would sacrifice a boy's interests or by which an injustice of any sort would be done to one of these for whom we are responsible. We would not wittingly overreach an employer by requiring him to pay more than a boy's services are legitimately worth; but the risk of our doing this is not very serious, and, at the worst, a farmer who finds that he has made a bad bargain has only to give us the stipulated month's notice to relieve himself of it.

Mr. Reazin reports of his visit to Alfred John Stanley, living with Mr. James McCullough, of Port Perry, that it was "a great pleasure." Stanley's conduct is said to be, so far, "excellent," and he has quite fallen on his feet in his present quarters. Stanley hails originally from South Africa, where his late father occupied a good position, and we are glad to think that the sister Colony has sent us one who seems likely to grow up to be a good Canadian citizen. "On, Stanley, on!"

Robert W. Walker was found hard at work in a respectable farm situation near Bethany, earning fifteen dollars a month and his

board, and spoken of as a young man of good character and reputation, quite competent to make his way in the world.

Alfred James Dinwoody seems to be one of the "slow and sure" variety, plodding along, working patiently and doing his duty faithfully day by day. It is not always the most brilliant and showy people that make the best headway in the end, and we fully concur in Mr. Reazin's opinion of Alfred that he will do well as he grows up. The old fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare is as true in its moral as ever.

Mr. Joseph Home, of Saintfield, is said to be "very highly pleased" with little Willie Hill, and Willie is equally pleased with his home and surroundings. Geoffrey Cushion and his brother, Harold, are spoken of as "two young men who bear the highest character in the neighbourhood," while, to quote one more superlative—we are quite aware that it is a degree of comparison that as a rule should be severely avoided—Mr. Doble, of Victoria Corners, describes George Blacknell as "the best boy the Home ever imported." Mr. Doble's knowledge of our importations is not very extensive, and we could introduce him to a great many other employers who have exactly the same opinion of their particular boys; but we are none the less much gratified that our young friend, George, should have earned this high character, and to know that he is drawing near the end of his long term of apprenticeship with so good a record behind him.

We are, we fear, a little late in offering our good wishes to Harry Scates and his bride, of whose charming little home Mr. Reazin has sent us a delightful description. Harry is a happy, as well as a prosperous, man with a good wife, a comfortable home, steady employment at high wages and a nice little saving in the bank as a provision for the future. Mrs. Scates, of whom Mr. Reazin has a great many flattering things.

to say, was herself originally from the Peterboro Home, so that the marriage has a double interest for us, and with all our hearts we desire for the young couple the fullest measure of health, happiness and good fortune.

Our old friend, Frederick Baylis, was dropped across by Mr. Reazin in the course of his travels through the Township of Cavin. Fred. is now a man of twenty four, and, we are told, is a young fellow of exemplary character and as well respected as any man in his position in the township. We can fully credit this description of Fred. We always expected good things of him as a youngster, and we have never had the slightest occasion to modify our opinions of either his brother or himself.

Passing from visitors' reports to letters, the number is legion of reports received during the past few weeks of our little Muskoka boarders, most of them extremely encouraging and satisfactory. We have selected two for publication, which may be accepted as samples of many scores of others. The following refers to little Willie G. Butler :

PARKERSVILLE, Aug. 12, 1900.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I knew that you would like to hear how the boy was getting along. I would be very proud if he was my own son. He is kind, willing, quick as a flash, truthful, and you can depend on him every time. In fact he is a very good boy, and he is good looking too. My wife thinks a lot of him. She likes him well.

Yours truly, ELIJAH HILL.

EMBERSON, July 10, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I am very happy to tell you that Edward W. Lucas that came to us lately is everything that I could wish, for he is a very agreeable little fellow. He is very kind and truthful. I have never seen but a smile on his face since he came. He is also liked at school by his teacher. She says that he is in part second book. He is rather dull in learning, but is improving. He has not missed a day from school only through the weather. He is enjoying very good health. He has not complained since he has come out. He attends meeting and Sunday school every Lord's Day.

Yours truly, JOHN THOS. CAPPS.

The following letter recently came to hand from Christopher Ash, a lad

who was referred to elsewhere in our list of medal winners :

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write these few lines. I have been out in Canada six years last April, and this is the first letter I have wrote to the Home. Well, to begin with, I may say that this is a beautiful country. I like it first-rate, although it has been very dry around here for the last two Summers. I think I will make a break for the North-West pretty soon. This is a healthy country. I have not been sick much, but I am laid up just now, but it was my fault ; I went to a surprise party, and like the Englishman, I am very fond of good things, such as pie and cake and so forth, and it didn't agree with my stomach. You bet another time I won't go so heavy in rich things. I hope the Doctor is well, and everybody connected with the Home. Mr. Upper was telling me that my time is out, and when he pays the \$100 you may deduct \$7.50 from that amount, the fifty cents to pay for the UPS AND DOWNS. I like the UPS AND DOWNS very much. I am so glad when it is time to get it. Three months is a long time to wait, but it soon slips by. I was down to see my brother, Charlie, last Saturday, and we had a great talk about old times. We get letters from our brother, Harry, in Muskoka, and we have a half-sister in England. We hear from her. I go to the Church of England and Sunday school now. I have not made up my mind where to go next year, but I am going to try and get good wages. I can do anything on a farm now. I have got to learn to run a binder yet. I am going to save all the money I can get, so I can have a farm some day. I remain, very sincerely,

CHRISTOPHER ASH.

Our old friend, Reginald Denovan, writing us in reference to his plans for bringing out his brother to this country, makes the following very sensible observations upon his position and prospects, which we commend heartily to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS :

I have never wrote to you before since I came to Canada. It is not because I have forgotten about the Home. I hope I never will do that. I don't think there could have been anything better happen to me than come to Canada. I wish I had come before I did. It would have been so much more time saved. I expect to get my brother back with me if he will come, and perhaps my sister too. There is not much to do in England now, but in Canada I can't get a day off if I tried, and good pay at that and better time earning it. You have to work pretty hard while you are at it, but there is not much to do in the

winter but team on the road all the time and cut a bit of wood for the house.

We have had of late a great deal of kindly help and co-operation in finding homes for our little boys from the Rev. R. T. Ballantyne, of St. Andrew's Manse, Tamworth, and as the result of Mr. Ballantyne's efforts several lads have been placed in his immediate neighbourhood. In a letter just received, Mr. Ballantyne says: "The boys sent me are all excellent boys, and are giving the greatest satisfaction. The girl sent out from your Peterboro' Home is also giving satisfaction." Needless to say we sincerely thank Mr. Ballantyne for his valued help, and the account he has given of the little boys under his observation is most welcome and encouraging. The boys placed in his district include Sidney T. Moore, Wilfred Young and Alfred C. Dashwood. All of them bright, promising little lads.

On August 2nd last, we placed a little boy named William F. Cornish, one of the Leopold House contingent of the July party, with Mr. George Whelpdale, of Humber Bay, near Toronto. On September 19th, Mr. Whelpdale called to sign the agreement. He expressed himself as delighted with his little boy, and in token of his satisfaction, and as an expression of his sympathy in the work, left a donation of \$5 towards the funds of the Homes. We take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging Mr. Whelpdale's gift, and were we not instinctively modest, we might commend this example to some other employers who have at least as good reason to be satisfied with the boys selected for them.

Of high sense of duty and faithfulness to trust we have seldom seen a more striking instance than was displayed in a little incident that occurred at Toronto during the Exhibition week. William Thomas Taylor had obtained a day's leave of absence from his employer, Mr. Reed, to enable him especially to see Dr. Barnardo. Unfortunately,

when he arrived at the Home, the Doctor had just left the premises, having settled to rejoin the party in the evening for the moonlight excursion that had been arranged on the steamer *Lincoln*. The hour for the excursion was nine o'clock, and on all sides Willie was urged to remain for it; but he had promised to be back at a certain time, and the excursion would have kept him out beyond the hour appointed. The struggle was great, but Willie was proof against all persuasions; then we offered to land him at the Yonge St. Wharf, when he would just be able to shake hands with the Doctor and could then make his way home direct. But even by this arrangement he would have to be a little beyond his time. We offered to give a note of explanation to take to his master, and assured him that no unpleasant consequences would result. That was not the consideration, however. He had promised to be back at a certain time, and his promise must be kept. The tears came thick and fast, and the wrestle between duty and inclination was clearly a very fierce one. A general chorus of voices persuaded him to tarry, and, if necessary, a body guard 100 strong would have escorted him home to protect him from molestation, if such were threatened; but it was no go, and we marched off to the steamer leaving poor Willie to return home a sadly disappointed boy, but high in the estimation of all who had been witnesses of his self-sacrificing faithfulness to what he felt was his duty. A neighbouring farmer, to whom we lately mentioned the occurrence, and who is well acquainted with Willie, observed that he felt sure no power on earth would have kept Willie a minute beyond his time if he had promised to be in at a stated hour. Willie is not a boy who will ever shine in society or set the world on fire with his intellectual attainments, but we fancy there must be in his composition something of the stuff that heroes are made of.

# The March Past of Our Medallists

Reviewed by Dick Whittington.

ONCE upon a time a man strayed by the sad sea waves. He was handsome, young, ambitious. But he had a pain. Not in his head, or his chest, or his stomach; not in any part of his body. But in his mind. He was a poet—a spring poet. That is to say, he was always ready to spring at any topic suggested—and devour it—and belch up a poem—or such-like—or something.

As he strayed he mused. That is

It was a message from the deep—Ah-h-h!

He read it. A damsel of high degree—90° in the shade!—had been snatched from her pa's arms and carried off to sea. By pirates!!! She besought aid—she implored rescue—she promised to marry the fellow who should save her—and love him—passionately—devotedly—and live happily ever after. Ah-h-h!

Most poets are poor—very poor!



OBVERSE.

(FULL SIZE).



REVERSE.

Dr. Barnardo's Silver Medal.

to say, he amused himself by talking to nobody in particular.

"Life is very beautiful—life is pleasant," he said. "But what is life to genius without scope—without the spark of emotion to kindle the flame of ecstasy—without a job? Ah! what? Would I were sent in quest of the Holy Grail—embarked on some great emprise of valour, then were life worth living indeed."

At that moment the waves cast up something at his feet. It was a bottle, and in the bottle a roll of paper, and on the paper writing, and in the writing a supplication.

This one was rich—very! He bought a ship—manned it—equipped it—set out in quest of the fair damsel. Regardless of expense—of his ma—of anybody—of anything. He sailed round and round the world and half-way to kingdom come sixty-six times. But he got the girl, now forty below zero. He proposed—she was disposed—they were united. But, alack! he was bald-headed, and she wore false teeth and blue goggles. But he lived long enough to see the day when he wished he had never strayed by the sad sea waves—or

found the bottle—or the girl. He was knighted for this. Some evil-disposed person maliciously remarked that he was be-nighted when he adopted as the motto of his family crest, "Beware of the Bottle!" That's all.

I've had a message from the deep—from the Editor, written at sea. Like the poet, I wish I had not. Because, whereas before I had no pain, now I have several, and all in the same spot. Mr. Owen said there were seventy five boys who had recently been awarded medals, and he wished me to fill ten pages of UPS AND DOWNS about them. Mr. Davis would show me where to get the necessary information.

This is what Mr. Davis showed me, not without a chuckle, I verily believe. Did I see those rows of Registers? Yes, I saw them. Well, they contained the records of all the boys, arranged in parties as they came to Canada. Did I see those rows of fyling cases marked "Visitors' Reports?" Yes. They contained reports of visits made to boys at their places, numbered to correspond with the entries in the Registers of the various visits made to each. Yes-s. I began to see through the plot. "Here are several stacks of packets of letters, each packet containing all the correspondence received in reference to each boy since he was first placed in a situation." "Of all our boys in Canada, of course?" I queried. "Why, bless the man, no! Of the seventy-five medallists, only." When I heard this, I don't know what came over me, but I began to feel weak in the knees. "And here is a list of names," he added, with a pensive smile, without even noticing that I was urgently in need of a restorative. Then, with apparent unconcern, Mr. Davis continued (oh! I can't forgive him for that cruel tone of assumed indifference):

"In this list of the lads you have the name of each boy, the party to which he belongs and his employer's name and residence. For instance: John Jones, came out with the third

party of 1894, now employed by Mr Reuben Smith, of Hog's Hollow. Refer to Register marked 1894—3, and among the J's you will find the whole record of John Jones. Here and there you see entries of visits. Thus, 'Visited by Mr. Griffith, 3/6/94 [41376].' Turn to fyle marked 41376, or figures including this number, and on reference to form 41376 you will find a report of that particular visit paid to John Jones on June 3rd, 1894. You will observe there are at least as many visits as the boy has been years in the country, besides special visits for particular purposes. Notice the entries of letters received. 'March 2nd, 1895, boy writes that he would like to obtain the address of Charles Foster, who came out with him in 1894,' etc. Turn to the packet of letters marked John Jones, and you will find this original letter. So what you have to do is to go through the records of the seventy-five boys in the Registers and pick out what information you want, supplementing this by what you can glean from the visitors' reports, and the letters from the boys themselves, their employers, or persons interested in their welfare."

By this time I was in a state of utter collapse, and could only feebly mutter something about its being an interminable task, and that the magazine had to come out *some time* this year. It meant skimming through all the correspondence relating to each of the seventy-five boys during periods of from three to seven years, all the visitors' reports covering each boy for the same period, and every transaction recorded under each name in the Registers. From this mass of information I was expected to make a digest, differentiating similar records by turning my vocabulary inside out and upside down. Such a task would be arduous indeed to Mr. Owen, who writes "Home Chat" and has most of the boys and their doings at his fingers' ends. But for me—but, never mind, I got through somehow, retaining a sem-

blance of sanity, though I only needed to discover, after I had finished, that I had got hold of the wrong list of names to become a raving maniac.

The Thirteenth Contingent of Dr Barnardo's Silver Medallists will now fall in for parade in review order. Dress by the right! 'Tention! Right turn! Quick march, to the tune of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows," and I will prove it thus:

William Waite is one who, in the years that have elapsed since 1891, has passed through the average vicissitudes of a period that includes three years as a boarder in Muskoka and six in two situations, being visited on various occasions a round dozen of times. Perhaps the best evidence that he was entitled to the medal conferred upon him this month is the fact that at the expiration of the term of the agreement he has been re-engaged by Mr. John Grant, of Dumblane, for a year at \$100. The records show that \$100 came to him as the wages of a well-fulfilled term of usefulness, and Mr. Griffith, in his last report, conveys the welcome intelligence that William intends to let the money remain in the bank at interest and add to it. With good health, a robust physique, and a past that augurs well for the future, what may not be hoped of our decorated *protege*?

After nine years in the country, five of which were spent with his first employer, a record singularly free from complaint is consummated by this last entry to the credit of Percy S. Adlington:

Mr. Clinton writes, speaking very highly of this boy in every respect. He is honest, trustworthy, has no bad habits, and his character is most exemplary. Remits the sum of \$100 due, and informs us that lad is re-engaging for another year. Silver medal sent to boy, asking him to acknowledge receipt of same.

Coming out with the same party, Herbert Henry Messenger has a record for good conduct scarcely less enviable. And that it was not

without an eye to the prize set before him we may infer from a gentle hint on a post card which was the precursor of the first draft on his newly acquired wealth. Apparently he had realized his deserts in the matter, and, so far as I am able to judge, the medal was not ill-bestowed.

In the last five years of a career unchequered by misfortune, William Sage has served his employer so faithfully as to elicit no complaint. Grateful to all who have given him a helping hand, his appreciation of kindness has taken a practical turn. While earning his wages by the sweat of honest toil, he has led a blameless life and has been a frequent contributor to the funds of the Home. In remitting the amount due at the end of his term, his mistress writes:

He has agreed to remain with us for another year, and I am sure the arrangement is satisfactory to us all.

Bertie Parker, while by no means a saint, has the compensating virtue of industry, which seems to have counterbalanced the faults complained of by his employer, so that when he was weighed he was not found wanting in sufficient merit to ensure this distinction.

Alfred Vincent is an illustration of the fact that "great oaks from little acorns grow." Once returned and twice objected to on the score of his diminutiveness, he has grown to be a "great" favourite with Mr. Craig and with all who know him. When his "ship came in" after a calm and prosperous voyage, he celebrated the joyful event by voluntarily donating a thank-offering of \$5.00 to the Homes. He is very proud of the medal and "hopes never to forget the dear old Homes."

George Bowsher, who has distinguished himself as a contributor to UPS AND DOWNS, is no less entitled to the distinction which belongs to one who finds himself urged to remain in a place that has known him for six years. Described as an excellent worker, well

built and a trifle peppery, one would be safe in predicting a successful future for him if he sticks to one thing.

A sudden accession of fortune is sometimes too much even for "a bright, sharp lad, quite competent to paddle his own canoe." A watch, a wheel and a gun represent the wholesale expenditure of forty dollars and the reaction consequent upon a long period of enforced economy. But as this seems to be his worst failing, perhaps I had better pluck the beam out of my own eye, and say, Well done, Richard Eggleton; it's only the soldier who has acquitted himself honourably that gets a medal.

Alexander Ford has proved a good advertisement for the Home. While his services were retained at the conclusion of his term of indenture, his employer secured another lad, and at least six others were placed in the immediate neighbourhood, all as the result of the dutiful conduct of our friend, Ford, to whom none would deny the honour so worthily conferred upon him.

The early reports of Alfred V. Fairchild speak of him as "the cleverest boy in the school," and likely to "make a smart man." Thus far he has not belied the prediction. He is now with Mr. J. Whitney, of Dresden, launched upon life's troubled sea, with himself at the helm. *Bon voyage*, Alfred.

Reading between the lines of his communications to Mr. Owen, it is plain to be seen that Herbert Friscoe has an individuality of his own, and, at the same time, a wholesome regard for his character. Ambitious, he has come to the front as one who has obtained recognition of his sterling worth even from those with whom he has differed. There is little cause for apprehension of his not continuing to do well.

Ah! our old and well-named friend, *Arthur Rundell Billings Blundell Bancks!* That he ought to have a medal is beyond dispute, but how

the engraver got his name on it is a mystery. "What's in a name?" Well, there are thirty-five letters in this, which may account for a dearth of correspondence in this case. A very good sign that A. R. B. B. B. was "filling the bill;" for a farmer would hardly be apt to tackle so extensive a subject except under provocation. Never mind, Arthur, you enjoy the honour in full if you did lose half of the silver in having your name cut out of the medal.

Wm. S. Cook, having completed his engagement with Mr. Byron Wigle, of Kingsville, has re-engaged with the same gentleman. There is nothing to warrant the assumption that the good behaviour which qualified him to receive Dr. Barnardo's badge of honour will not stand him in good stead in the arena where success is the coveted prize.

"I will hire him if he is willing," writes Mr. Benjamin Long of James Breese, who had not yet decided how to exercise his freedom. I might speak of an unbroken record of fidelity and satisfactory service; but we all understand the significance of encore, and that nobody asks for more of what they have had enough of. It is to be hoped that Breese will not "blow in" his money recklessly.

I have purchased a house and lot in the village of Painswick, and should be glad to draw the balance of \$98, as there are some repairs, etc., to be done as soon as possible.

*Apropos* to the above, it should be known that Percy H. Roberts, having worthily come into possession of \$100 after six years' service, devotes his earnings to the filial object of providing a home for his father and mother and brother and sister lately arrived in Canada. The balance of two dollars he donated to Dr. Barnardo's work. Having accepted a good offer from his employer's son, his place may be filled by another of our boys.

Frederick E. Bond has followed the even tenour of his way towards



prosperity, popularity and respect. Elsewhere I note that Mr. C. Fry has been recommended to apply for a boy by Mrs. Smith, Fred's mistress, "who has a very good little boy." And in turning up his correspondence, this meets my eye :

I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo and to you all for bringing me out to Canada. When I am out of work, Mrs. Smith said I can make my home with her, and I think it is very kind of her, for it seems like my home.

The winning of first prize at Sunday school in 1896 by Sidney P. Manning was a good start in the direction of qualifying himself for the grand prize received in 1900, in recognition of his persistent efforts in well-doing. Sidney has turned his thoughts Westward. Should he choose a propitious time to follow in their wake, there is no reason to doubt that intelligence, perseverance and economy will not leave him in the lurch.

When Arthur Ransom was placed with Mr. William Snyder, Brampton, it was not long before he found a situation for his younger brother, Herbert, on an adjoining farm, who has since done well, the two combining to pay the passage of their mother and two brothers from England to this "land of peace and plenty." After their arrival, Arthur expects to be able to buy a small house for them, and Herbert will furnish it. It is just those who are most mindful of their duty as sons that, as members of Dr. Barnardo's family, remit an occasional trifle to help others as they themselves have been helped. Neither Arthur or Herbert has been remiss in this respect, and each may wear his medal with the full consciousness of duty done. Arthur is one of our literary lights, who shone as a prize-winner in our January number.

"It is seven years since I came to Canada, and I haven't been sorry for it once," appears in a recent letter from Edward Tomlin. In hiring him for the present Summer, his master, while saying Edward

had given him satisfaction, did not deem his faults of sufficient consequence to call for notice. Thus it would seem that Edward likes the country, and that Canada is well satisfied with her new citizen.

Martin H. Robinson is a lad who has done his best, and though not faultless, there is nothing to point to his decoration as a mistake.

Benjamin Willings has taken root in the soil, and growing apace, has become attached to his employer, and the regard seems mutual. Of course, there is a cause for this—the same good qualities which have made him the recipient of the highest mark of favour the manager of the Home has to bestow.

Albert Blunt has his "points," doubtless, though they may not be conspicuous. However, negative virtues are to be preferred to positive vices, and I cannot see why Albert should not wear his medal with becoming pride.

Jacob Singer drops a remark about having a tidy little sum in the bank in a way which suggests he has the accumulative faculty. He has elected to remain with the gentleman whom he has faithfully served five years at a lower wage than he could get elsewhere. So that money is not everything with him. Quite right, Jacob. A good name is better than riches; and it is not so much what you earn as what you save that counts.

If Franklin paid dearly for his whistle, what of William H. Hunt paying sixty good dollars for a bagpipe out of the one hundred dollars coming to him when he became a freeman? That is one way of "blowing in" his earnings that is not conducive to thrift. But perhaps he was so overjoyed at the receipt of a well-deserved reward, that this vociferous instrument was necessary to an adequate expression of his feelings, although I have heard the bagpipe alluded to as a "snake-charmer," which is the best

known interpreter of agony extant. It is to be hoped that the good name he has acquired in the neighbourhood will not be impaired by an undue display of musical hilarity.

“Be not weary in well-doing” is exemplified by Herbert J. Fennell, “who”—so runs the visitor’s report—“is a great worker, never happy unless doing something useful.” To do nothing bad is to refrain from being a drag on the wheels of progress; but to do something useful is to be an active force for good in the world. These are the men who achieve greatness—to these belong by right the medals.

Of Arthur Howell Mr. Davis reported in 1897 that “he is a smart, bright lad, and much attached to the family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kenner think the world of him.” Arthur is to be congratulated on the absence of complaints and difficulties during his time of probation.

“Progress good, conduct excellent; but hardly strong enough for farm work” is the gist of one report on Henry Austin, who, after fulfilling his side of the bargain, is at length in the way of learning baking. There is not much of Harry, but what there is, is good.

Perhaps the best tidings of a lad who has been somewhat refractory is that “he is improving all the time.” There is no other way to perfection. Never a disgrace to the old Home, the petty shortcomings of William Stubbs have been compensated for by sterling qualities that did not fail him when his name was up for consideration as a medallist.

From “a willing, bright little fellow” David E. H. Arrowsmith has graduated into a sturdy, active youth, of whose character and worth his employer could not speak too highly. As David was of a mechanical turn of mind, his employer secured for him a position in a machine shop at Niagara Falls,

N.Y., where he has the opportunity of learning the trade.

Seven years in the country, and earnings aggregating \$124, yet in the past three years this has disappeared with the exception of \$7. Such is a financial statement of the affairs of James Cairns. A lad of industrious habits and good parts, and of an otherwise irreproachable character, money, so hard to earn and easy to spend, has at last come to be appreciated at its true value, and the assurance stands recorded in the Register that Jim intends to turn over a new leaf. However, he is still young, and there is yet a chance to redeem the past. Meanwhile, Jim is recommended to adopt the true Briton’s motto: “What we have, we’ll hold”—and what we have not, we’ll get “or bust.”

Alfred R. Pridham has had his full share of misfortune, being laid up with appendicitis and suffering a relapse. He has, however, recovered and is now in a fair way to retrieve his fortunes, greatly encouraged by the honour that has come upon him in the shape of a medal.

Edward Walsh, although at one time rather restless, has settled down to a steady pursuit of the phantom, Fame. A big, strapping fellow, he has fulfilled his engagement creditably, and now, with his money in the bank, to which he intends to add, is still working for the same employer. Thrift will tell, and who knows what he will reap as the harvest of a life well begun?

Christopher Ash, having completed his engagement, contributes \$7 to the funds of the Home and writes that he likes Canada very much and has the intention to emigrate to the North-West soon. He has had some experience of “roughing it,” and the inconveniences of homesteading in Manitoba should not be much of an obstacle to success to Christopher.

Exactly one year after William C. Arnold was placed with Mr. R. J. Leggett, an application for a boy was received from that gentleman's brother, on account of Arnold having turned out "a very good boy." Add to this the fact that Arnold was re-engaged for a year at a wage equal to the whole amount received for the six years of his apprenticeship, and we have, without going farther afield, sufficient proof of our friend's eligibility for the award for distinguished services.

Fred. H. Marshman shows an aptitude for business in more ways than the one in which he so adroitly negotiated the withdrawal of eight dollars, "to make up the ten," from what he was "to have and to hold" when his "time was up." When he was free to make his own bargains, finding his services in general demand as the result of the satisfaction he was known to have given, he aroused some competition by negotiation, and the result was an appeal to Mr. Owen from several quarters for his adjudication. The last entry in the Register leaves the case *sub judice*, with five dollars in Marshman's pocket as a retainer, the point being whether or not this is a "tie that binds." It is well to avoid the rapids for smooth water when one begins to paddle his own canoe, even if it entails a portage.

George F. Flower, described by Mr. John Rice, his employer, as "a fine boy," and with a record sprinkled by other complimentary references to his character, goes forth with his laurels to a remunerative situation as a youth esteemed for his industry and reliability, leaving behind him an opening that will probably be filled by a recruit from the next arrival of reinforcements from Headquarters. George, after exhausting the persuasive powers of Mr. Rice and Mr. Owen, has wisely postponed his intended trip to England, for which he is to be commended.

Mr. Angus McSween writes of John Pocock that "he has fulfilled

his time in a very satisfactory manner," and has been hired by him for eight months. John is elsewhere spoken of as being well and strong and a willing worker.

The 25th of July of this year marked the completion of six years' service well and faithfully rendered to the employer of Alfred E. Davis, who speaks in praise of the diligence of Alfred and recommends him as well worthy of a medal, which was presented, I am sure, with the appreciation and best wishes of the superintendent of Dr. Barnardo's work in Canada for the welfare of the recipient.

"I have hired Willie again for another year at \$100; that doesn't speak so bad for either of us" is the succinct manner in which Mr. John R. Dillon expresses the mutual satisfaction of the relation of master and man that exists between him and William Palmer. A further verification of the trite adage that "nothing succeeds like success." Good boys never need to look for good places. Another way of putting it would be that good boys have the choice of good situations—and keep them.

Alfred R. Williams "is a nice boy, and I would like another like him," is the best testimony to the qualification of a lad for distinction. The repetition of the phrase "re-engaged for another year at \$100" would be monotonous did it not come as glad tidings which reiteration cannot cloy. It means so much in the way of reputation to the lad concerned; it means the obviation of so much that might otherwise be apprehended of a lad released from restraint, but which, happily, so rarely occurs to justify anxiety. It means the God-blessed fructification of the seed sown in faith, matured in prayerfulness, and celebrated with thanksgiving. It means a fresh citizen for this Canada of ours—a producer and upbuilder of the nation's wealth, who in his humble sphere labours patiently for the necessities of to-day while hoping and striving for better things in the

future. From the ranks of such, as a young and virile colony, we draw the most useful element of the community. Of the professional class there is a superabundance; of every description of men who have to do with affairs rather than the first-hand products of nature, there are too many also; but of agriculturists and artizans there is a dearth, and every desirable addition to this class is an invaluable acquisition to the country as a mainstay of the state. Knowing this, it is right that we should rejoice when our lads continue, as they begin, in an occupation most natural and beneficial to man.

An intelligent, trusty little fellow, quicker with his brains than his hands, but withal very much liked and heartily reciprocating the attachment of those with whom he has found a good home, Charles H. Hatcher has done his duty in a manner that has won regard and secured his re-engagement.

Mr. J. E. Harris called at the Home to make a settlement, and stated that Frederick H. Nash had done exceedingly well during his engagement, and would probably continue in his employ.

Handicapped by poor health, it would be an exaggeration to say that the temper of George Wood has been uniformly angelic; yet six years have elapsed without disruption, Mr. Brooke finding in George points of attachment which would not suffer them to part, and George having enough sense to know when he was well off. The termination of the agreement found George with the option of remaining, but he chose a situation elsewhere, in which he would get more pay.

It is quite interesting to note, in conning over the voluminous correspondence of Thomas W. Wright, the visible improvement in his handwriting and facility of expression. This, I infer, comes of studying shorthand and turning his leisure to good account. But, what is of more

consequence, it is a pleasure to follow his self-denying efforts to provide for the immigration of his sister, and for the care of his brother, Walter, who, by reason of an abscess in the thigh, had been a source of anxiety and expense. Ever gratefully mindful of help extended to himself in misfortune, he manfully assumed the responsibility almost of a parent, and did more than his bounden duty without a murmur. It would appear that in no instance was the silver medal more worthily bestowed or more delightfully appreciated. Tom will, it is to be hoped, live to enjoy the benefits that are sure to accrue as the result of earnest endeavours at self-improvement, as he has already exemplified the influence of an ennobling ideal of young manhood.

At one time it looked as if George Boyce would forfeit his chance of receiving the coveted honour by misconduct, which, while not of a very flagrant nature, could not be countenanced. But with his transfer to another farmer came improvement, a cessation of complaint and eulogistic commendation that put the matter in a different light. "George Boyce is a fine young man, and doing well," is evidence in his favour, which, coupled with the fact of his having fulfilled his obligations, is sufficient reason why he should not be overlooked when the prizes were awarded.

There is little cause for adverse criticism of the record of Alfred Aspinall, who has come through his term of probation creditably and with satisfaction to his guardians.

"Mr. Lowrie forwards \$90 in settlement, and informs us that Charles E. Morris has hired with him for another six months." So runs an entry in the Register, indicative of a happy issue to all concerned of a contract well performed.

Frederick Davison "bears an excellent and well-deserved character for honesty and truthfulness" is Mr. Griffith's report of him. Hav-

ing served his time, he has consented to remain three years longer with Mr. Wesley Beach—a fact which speaks volumes for his integrity and efficiency. Fred. had contributed \$20 from his earnings towards the expenses of his mother and step-father's passage to Canada; but unfortunately the latter was killed on the railroad before the money reached England, and I presume his mother did not come.

William G. Rayner has been five years in the same situation, where he had a good home and exceptional opportunities for advancing his education and receiving a proper training. He is still in the same place, and will do well to keep it.

Steady, plodding, honest and reliable, William Walters' achievements are along the line of a conscientious discharge of his daily duties, and more than this an employer can hardly demand. Mr. Hamilton is so well pleased with him that he has retained him in his service on terms mutually agreed upon.

William Lowrey has also a record of steady unobtrusive progress, doing what was required in a manner that elicited praise rather than censure, and making it worth the while of his master to make a bid for the continuance of his services.

The record of William W. Richards may be divided into two periods—the first, in which his career must have been regarded with some misgiving, owing to a streak of "cussedness;" and the second, in which he redeemed the past and laid the foundation of subsequent success. Another instance of a lad not suiting one employer, and proving a tolerably good servant of another, who is inclined to "let well enough alone" when the prospect of parting is at hand.

In the course of the past five years George E. Churchill has grown in stature and a useful knowledge of agriculture. He is described as being now "a valuable

farm hand," who can command good wages and steady employment. He has wisely given up the idea of turning sailor to accept a six months' engagement with Mrs. J. W. Bunning, Sarnia, his former mistress. He is to be congratulated on an unblemished reputation, and a record in the Register wherein a microscope would fail to show the ghost of a complaint.

On the word of Mr. Robert Johnston, of Winfield, John Lloyd Price "is a fine young man," and, after the completion of his apprenticeship and gathering in the shekels, is hired for another year, at the expiration of which he should, with economy, have a tidy little sum in the bank. True, he might have got higher wages elsewhere; but it is worth something to be comfortable and feel at home. Mr. Johnston, I see, applies for another boy.

John Anderson, in consideration of what has been done for him in placing him in such a good home with kind people, donates a tithe of his first income toward the support of the Homes, and talks of a trip to England to see his father; but seems to have been dissuaded from the squandering of his money and the loss of a Summer's work by the strenuous protest of Mr. Owen, who does not see any sense in turning aside from the path pursued with diligence and the success that has attended the progress thus far of our friend toward a position of independence.

"Fine, well-developed, active and the picture of robust health," William Weston Austin has a bright future before him, and a bank book which represents collateral security against emergencies. With a past behind him of which he need not feel ashamed, he should now choose an object in life and press forward toward the mark with trust in God and a determination to do his best. He is now out of leading strings, and his career will be watched by those who act for Dr. Barnardo

with sympathy for every rebuff and exultation for every achievement.

After several transfers, Albert H. Beak eventually got into a place where he could settle down, since which the entries have been few and far between, and complaints little to take exception to. He says of his employer: "I shall always give Mr. Virtue credit for the way he has brought me up," and declares he has learned considerable since entering that gentleman's employ and will likely remain with him for another year. A little anxiety sometimes enhances the satisfaction felt when doubts are dispelled and the desired haven is reached.

Arthur Aplin has not had all plain sailing. Tempestuous weather at the outset taught him to appreciate bright skies and calm water. So I am not surprised to note that Arthur was more than willing to prolong his voyage through life in the employ of Mr. Duncan Howsen; but I was surprised that, as soon as he reached port and was "paid off," he should, like Jack ashore, proceed to spend his earnings. It is the old yarn of a bicycle and a watch, and a depleted bank book to remind him of what might have been. Now he is embarked for another year, it is to be hoped that he will be careful of his money henceforth.

My old friend, Albert Young, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, "bobs up serenely" at the end of his term and shows his good sense by closing with Mr. Duff's offer to retain him for another year. If it would not make Albert vain, I could quote some choice morsels of information that appear in the Register, which would show that, apart from a disposition to be a trifle headstrong, he is quick to learn, truthful and of a high moral character. Moreover, somebody applied for a boy such as was sent to Mr. John Duff. And, furthermore, I see that Albert has had charge of the farm during his master's absence. I wonder if, after this bit of "taffy,"

Albert will forgive me for reporting adversely in regard to his getting a bicycle? Lest he may not, let me hasten to say that, by what I know of him, he well deserved the silver medal.

"A very good boy; no fault found; is truthful and trusty in the performance of his many duties," briefly summarizes the record of the five years' faithful service of Reginald N. Southern, against whom there is nothing condemnatory laid to his charge. I can only add to this that if I were asked to select an example to set before all our boys who have lately been placed out, I could point to no better than Reginald.

"All things come to him who waits"—even liberty to the lad who eagerly anticipates the termination of five years' servitude. Thus we are able, at last, to congratulate Wm. E. Lewis on his freedom and the medal that comes with it. William grew somewhat impatient towards the last, but it did not cause him to "fly off the handle," nor did it affect his uniformly good conduct.

Ernest Eames "has borne a good character the whole of his indentureship, and is now an able farm hand." We have this on the word of the visitor, who saw him in his place as late as last February. If every boy caused no more trouble to the Home management than Ernest, the clerical work would be reduced one-half, and serenity would brood over the whole establishment. There is nothing to be feared for his future after such a record of untarnished reputation.

Joseph E. A. Baker has a character for good behaviour which a few of our boys might emulate with advantage to themselves and those who are entrusted with their custody. He has a comfortable home, in which he has thrived and is still prospering, for he has been re-engaged. If he would only refrain from making inroads upon his bank

account all would be well, and he would be Mr. Owen's "white-haired boy."

With a silver medal awarded by his Sunday school to balance the one he has lately received from Dr. Barnardo, William A. J. Couves may fearlessly challenge refutation of his employer's statement that he "is a good, faithful lad." He stands high in the estimation of all who know him, and in none higher than that of his guardians in the eye of the law.

Another record, whose brevity signifies mutual contentment between employer and employee, is that of Charles E. Smith. Mr. Bradley, for whom he has worked since 1896, says he has been a very good boy, has put in his time faithfully, is likely to take care of his money, and deserves a medal. Also re-engaged.

In a very intelligible letter from Percy Ashby, published in UPS AND DOWNS in 1896, indications are not lacking of the character for morality, obedience and fidelity, which has since unfolded and endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Hugh Wyatt is a breeder of fancy poultry, which has generally taken first prizes wherever shown, and Percy has been very fond of looking after them. Mr. Wyatt may now boast of a fancy boy who also has taken first prize, and of whom the Home is justly proud.

Uneventful except for the small affairs of every-day life, which gain a comparative importance only by contrast with smaller, the term has slipped by for John Greenwood, with little to mark the stages between the beginning, the continuance and the grand finale, when he awoke one fine morning to realize that he was his own "boss," with a collection to make that ought to start him on the way to becoming a capitalist. He is to be commended for his completion of the contract in an honourable and highly creditable manner.

"Henry Jervis writes that his brother, George, is 'going halves' with him in the expenses of bringing his sister to Canada." Another entry towards the end is to the effect that George Jervis has contributed \$5 to the Homes by way of a thank-offering on receipt of his first pay. George says he "likes the country first-rate," and there is no reason why the country should not like George, for he has the "makings" of a good citizen. Not only is he self-supporting, but he has already begun to give as he once received.

William John Gale has had anything but a stormy experience since coming to Canada, although he has managed to "raise the wind" for two bicycles. While this is not intended as a "puff" for William, he should not be inflated with pride when I say that should we wish to "blow our own horn," we have only to point to him as an evidence of the success of this phase of Dr. Barnardo's work.

James W. Powley has fulfilled his term of three years satisfactorily, and thinks of re-engaging for the same period. He seems to have a low estimate of the value of his services. While modesty is one of the cardinal virtues, and while perhaps it is impertinent to interfere now that Jimmy is free to make his own bargains, it seems little less than folly to waive the claim for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Moreover, a lad who has been awarded a medal is away above the average. Perhaps Jimmy knows his own business best.

William C. Rowe is so enraptured with Canada that he made overtures to help to pay the fare of his brother and sister to the "land of corn and wine." While this was discountenanced as inopportune, doubtless the Dominion will have in William an enthusiastic immigration agent, who would extend to others the chance of getting on in the world which he himself has turned to such good account.

From playing in the band at Stepney, Alfred W. Ingram is now a member of the church choir, and a regular attendant at Sunday school, of which he is the caretaker. He is known in the locality as "Snapper Sharp," because of his blithesome, buoyant nature, and it is said he is never happier than when at work—a recommendation for one who has to earn his living.

"Arthur Williams is one of our promising lads; sober, well behaved and will make a good citizen. Progress good." Thus runs the last visitor's report. To this I need but add that his record is a clean one all through to the end, which has been justly signalized by presentation of a medal, with which go the best wishes of all for his continued well-being.

From the reports I find that William Poole's attendance on the means of grace includes, as well as church and Sunday school, evangelical meetings. This has borne the good fruit of a well-ordered life and a singularly reputable performance of duty. He is described as a competent farm hand, stout, strong and in good health, and as one who is kind to his team. As a further evidence of his kindly nature, the following excerpt from one of his letters speaks for itself: "P. S.—When the money reaches you, I wish you to take \$10 out of it, as I am supposed to pay \$1 a year. I owe you 75c. for UPS AND DOWNS, and I send you 25c. for another

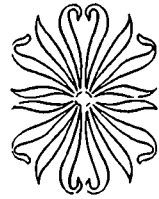
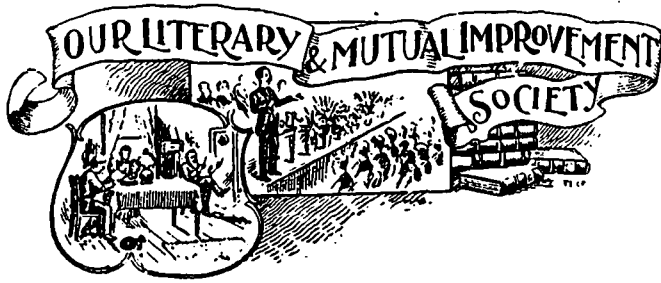
year. The remaining \$5 will help along the good old Home."

"Rather slow, but faithful and truthful, and has done very well indeed," John O'Brien's master says. "Slow but sure" is not a bad trait. It is the steady, plodding fellow who often comes in first at the end of a long race. John has run the race that was set before him with a perseverance that at length receives its meed of honour, and ensures for him another term with a family who treat him as a relative. Bravo! for John and his seventy-four companions, who have so nobly upheld the good name and prestige of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

"The last of the Mohicans." But what about the ten pages? Very much overrun, I fear. Can't be helped; if the Homes will turn out such a big lot of extra good boys, of whom so many good things have to be said, why, the Homes must stand the consequences, that's all. And, by the way, Mr. Editor, I should like to ask—respectfully but pertinently ask—whether, in limiting me to ten pages, you made due allowance for the fact that ARTHUR RUNDELL BILLINGS BLUNDELL BANCKS is in the list? One cannot very well allude to that distinguished individual without giving his name, you know; and having done so, I am sure you must acknowledge that I have been most economical with your valuable space.







**C**RANKS—that was the subject nominated in the last issue for discussion in Our Literary and Mutual Improvement Society this quarter. A crank, whether a useful part of a piece of mechanism or a member of the human race, is something we could not do very well without. “It takes all kinds of people to make a world,” just as it takes all sorts of devices to make a machine. Metaphorically speaking, it is the human cranks that make the world go round, though some of them, it must be acknowledged, would turn the world round the wrong way, were they in the majority. The crank becomes attached to a particular object, and communicates motion to it with all the energy he can derive from nature; for he has a remarkable faculty of transmuting every force, every idea, every circumstance into power for the promotion of the one purpose of his life. We have in mind a crank who is possessed with the theory of Single Tax. No matter what you say to him, he turns your words round and round in his brain until they come out of his mouth as an argument to prove that if we will only abolish the present system of taxation and substitute a single tax on land values, all other reformers might as well shut up shop and go out of business, for there will be nothing left for them to do; Single Tax will do it all. Of course, this is too absurd for credence; whatever may be the merits of the Single Tax, it will not accomplish everything, nor will it be wholly free from defects, if it is not positively injurious. Yet just such men as this it is who, by applying themselves

with all their might and main to one purpose, and with constant insistence upon the prime importance of the object in view, inaugurate all the reforms, as well as experiments which experience proves to be pernicious. So we see that, for good or evil, the crank is a powerful person in the community, seeking ever, as he is, to turn things over until they conform to his notion of what is right.

Now, as every machine, we suppose, must have some kind of a crank to make it go, so every community of persons, however small in number, is not without its crank. Our girls and boys, wherever they are, must have seen at least one in operation, and therefore have had an opportunity of describing him from personal observation. The descriptions are not as numerous, nor yet quite so witty, as we had anticipated; but as we pass them in review before us we shall find among them some shrewd remarks that reflect credit on the discernment and manner of expression of their several authors.

From the prize-winner, A. Williams, Paris Station, Ont., comes the following, in which the definition of a crank is summarized in two concise statements of exactly fourteen words each.

(1) A crank is a person who has a chronic desire to make others miserable.

(2) A crank is a person who has a disagreeable way of making people work.

Evidently the subject has been well thought out to have condensed so much meaning into so little space. First, we are led to infer what a busybody the crank is—active, restless, always thrusting himself or his

hobby in our way, and annoying us until he makes us miserable and we come to regard him as a bore. This is the first stage, and aptly recalls the apostle Paul as he appeared before Festus and Agrippa. It will be remembered that St. Paul, after stating his case, explained how he became converted, nor did he fail to seize the opportunity of declaiming with characteristic enthusiasm on the subject of Christ and Him crucified, until Festus, being bored, exclaimed: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Then, in the second stage, the crank is represented as making us work against our own inclination. We want to lie down like the cow and "chew the cud of sweet content," and not be bothered with opinions, or doctrines, or anything. But the crank gets hold of us and tries to turn us to his view of things. He insists that we shall wake up and think or do as he would have us, until we say to the religious crank, as King Agrippa said to St. Paul, "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Yes, the "crank has a disagreeable way of making people work." That is the proper function of a crank. If, as Pope declares, "whatever is, is right," perhaps old Father Adam, the first crank, conferred a blessing in disguise upon all his progeny when he bequeathed to man the necessity of work "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;" when men can use without abuse what leisure they now have, it will be in order to strike for eight hours a day. Auerbach truly asserts: "It is not joy nor repose which is the aim of life; it is work, or there is no aim at all."

Miss Blanche Jones, of Napanee, Ont., who, by the way, is not averse to revealing her age, viz.: fifteen years, sends a very legible, neatly-written composition on the subject, which does credit to heart and head and shows a thoughtful, sympathetic disposition, an apt scholar and an ability which may, on another occasion, bring a prize to her hands:

## MY DEFINITION OF THE WORD, CRANKY.

When we call people "cranky," we usually mean they are cross and irritable—not inclined to be sociable with those around them. But we sometimes misjudge people, and call them "cranky" when they do not feel well, and do not answer our questions as civilly as they would if they were quite well.

BLANCHE JONES.

Annie Lowe, of Agincourt, has copied the etymological definition of the word "crank" from a dictionary and submits this for our consideration. As we distinctly asked for an original definition in the writer's own words, her manuscript must, of course, be debarred.

Samuel Hillman disposes of a crank in three rounds thus:

My definition of a crank is:

- (1) A social humbug.
- (2) A systematic nuisance.
- (3) An angel-tester.

SAMUEL HILLMAN.

Moosomin, Assa., N.W.T.

Ed. Jefferson grasps the idea of cranks being a power for good or evil, as they are controlled by a good or bad, an altruistic or selfish motive. In alluding to Dr. Barnardo as a "philanthropic crank," it is very evident no disrespect is intended, but on the contrary, since the Doctor is placed among the elite of revolutionists who have turned up a better order of things than heretofore existed, each according to his individual bent. Doubtless Dr. Barnardo has, in his time, been deemed and called a crank, because of his indomitable insistence on the importance to society of the life-work to which he is solely devoted; but in view of what has been accomplished through his instrumentality, the term for him must long since have lost the last vestige of opprobrium. If ever a man was denounced on every hand as a crank, that man was General Booth; but to-day in him we all realize what it is to be a crank fitted by nature into the social fabric for the moving of a mighty purpose for the rescue of the precious souls of men. Of such cranks, God send us many, for the world is yet sluggish

with the dead weight of apathy. We can commend to the studious perusal of our young readers the very instructive thoughts with which the following abounds :

#### CRANKS.

Crank is a necessity to the world we live in. The word crank in this case is just a nickname for an eccentric person, or one who has a special hobby. Cranks are of all kinds. There are good and bad members of this class of people. I will illustrate by a few examples some of the different kinds. First is the philanthropic crank, the one that should interest the readers of UPS AND DOWNS more than any other kind; a better example I could not name than Dr. Barnardo. I think you will all agree that he has been, and still is, a very necessary crank to a large number of us. It would be a grand thing if there were some more of the same kind. Next, I would place the inventive crank representative, Edison. Then there is the Salvation Army crank, General Booth; wireless telegraphic crank, Marconi; cloudy cranks such as Mons. Eiffel; amusing cranks such as P. T. Barnum, George Sanger, and many others of that class, not to mention Mark Twain, Max Adeler, Charles Dickens, etc. These are useful cranks. Then there are in these days of trouble patriotic cranks; military helpful cranks such as Florence Nightingale. In fact, the list of useful cranks is so large that it is impossible to name more than a very small percentage. We will now look at another kind—the kind that should take the prize for crankiness. One of these is the man who wants a boy to do a man's work and get a boy's pay. These are equalled by the selfish cranks, those who want everything, but give nothing. Their name is legion. There is the corner crank, who gazes at every girl that passes and makes indecent remarks. They are a cursed crank, and are not needed in any decent company. The drunkard is a crank, and so is the bicycle fiend. There are criminal cranks, tobacco cranks and swindling cranks. These are only a very few of the different kinds, and it would take more space than I have to spare to enumerate. The last kind of crank that I hope none of us will have anything to do with is the worst enemy of the gospel, the infidel crank. For him there is nothing to live for except a good time, and there is nothing to die for. Voltaire and Thomas Paine are specimens of this class, and they have many followers. Briefly, a crank is an instrument that is used to make the world go round. Some go forward, some backward.

ED. JEFFERSON.

New Durham, Ont.

John Palmer, of Janetville, Ont., says that :

A crank is a crusty piece of human

mechanism which goes about on two legs and has the infinite capacity for making uncomfortable all whom he comes in contact with.

Here is something very suggestive of cranks—the kind with a handle to them, with which the peripatetic musician elicits agony from a broken-hearted barrel organ. A clever jingle, nevertheless, even though the metre is somewhat irregular. In fact, if its author, Samuel M. Ling, will pardon the joke, there is a pleasing ting-a-ling-a-ling about it that is catchy to the ear, as well as sound commonsense that speaks well for the author's judgment. The rhythm smacks of the Ingoldsby Legends, and the verses show enough poetic skill to make it worth the while of Sam to get a technical knowledge of the rules of Prosody. The kind of crank dealt with in the poem and the two additional prose definitions is evidently the disgruntled person with a grievance :

#### CRANKS.

(1) There's a class of men in this world,  
 you must know,  
 Who cannot or will not be happy below.  
 They may have riches, indeed may be  
 rolling in wealth;  
 They may have strong constitutions,  
 capital health;  
 May have reached some position of honour  
 and fame;  
 Can boast of descent or family name;  
 And yet I can ratify what I shall say,  
 That nothing can satisfy. Every day  
 There is something to grumble at,  
 Stumble at, fumble at,  
 Something to agitate, something to  
 irritate,  
 Something to put them out, or vex them,  
 at any rate.  
 Some little omission committed,  
 Some little commission omitted,  
 Enough to make them wretched and glum,  
 To quarrel and fall out with everyone  
 Who may come in their way.  
 They talk of their trials by night and by  
 day.  
 They're wretched themselves, and every-  
 where  
 They vow and declare  
 That really and truly they've nothing but  
 care.

(2) A "crank" is a human moulding, in the composition of which is contained the following ingredients : Discontent, selfishness and arrogance, all of which are inseparably mixed and stimulated into

action by the irritating influences of dyspepsia and ill-breeding.

(3) A "crank" (as spoken of by boys) is an exaggerated specimen of the eccentric type. SAMUEL M. LING.

The following is in the same strain, and comes as a welcome reminder that our friend continues to take an active interest in this department.

THE "CRANK."

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—Matt. vii, 3.

There is an old adage which says, "People in glass houses should not throw stones." I have been called a "crank," but I do not think I have the following distinction.

The word "crank," when applied to a person, is slang. It is usually applied to a person of a cantankerous disposition, who is not satisfied with any place, person or thing, who is hard to please and hard to get along with.

If he is a farmer, he grumbles if it rains, and also if it doesn't, and declares that the whole world uses him ill. He has no friends, and is nobody's friend. He declares everyone to be a cheat and a rogue, and is therefore not very popular.

Another class of a "crank" is a lady school teacher, trying to perform her duties when she has that very common but unpleasant complaint, "toothache."

EDMUND C. FLORY.

Morris, Man.

This is R. Heddon's opinion of a crank—a sweeping denunciation forsooth:

(1) A crank is a person with a bad temper.

(2) A crank is a person who generally uses his tongue at nothing.

(3) A crank is a person who goes heedless along and doesn't care what he says, and is crazy.

R. HEDDON.

Lindsay, Ont.

So much for the cranks. Now for fresh fields and pastures new.

The season is again upon us when a good book and a cosy corner at the fireside should be the chief delight of the farmer's household. Of the many books we read some are forgotten almost as soon as they have been perused, while a few make an indelible impression upon the mind, just as among the numerous people we meet several become our intimate friends, and one, perhaps, a

constant companion, whose friendship is the joy of our heart and the solace of our life. When we try to recall what we have read, the memory persistently reverts to one or two books which interested us most and had the most formative influence upon our thoughts and actions. The characters of these books are known to us as old friends, whose fortunes we have followed with all the anxious solicitude of a kindred spirit, and the incidents with which they were connected are still familiar as when we made their acquaintance.

As a pleasant diversion, we propose to invite our girls and boys to contribute to our next number an account of the book which most impressed them. The sketch must not exceed 500 words, and must reach the Editor of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley avenue, Toronto, not later than December 1st. The choice of the book to be reviewed is left wholly to the competitor, whether it be the good old book of God's Holy Word, a book of poems, a story or an instructive, educational work. We will publish the six best reviews, and will give as a prize to each of those who have written them a well-bound copy of a book he or she would like to receive. *Every competitor should, therefore, state at the foot of his or her manuscript the title of the book desired as a prize,* should he or she be one of the six successful competitors. This offer applies only to Dr. Barnardo's girls and boys; all others are barred.

Bear in mind that there are six prizes and six reviews to be published. This ought to call forth all the latent talent that is now hiding its light under a bushel. We expect a brilliant display of literary ability from our girls in this contest; surely our boys will look to their laurels lest they pass to the clever maidens to whom a love story is as delectable as a dish of ice cream. Come, boys and girls, let us hear of what you have been reading, and to what purpose. Let us see how you will shine in a tale re-told.



# OUR GIRLS

Motto for 1900.

—  
“Seek ye first the kingdom of  
God and His righteous-  
ness.”

## Hazel Brae Notes.

OUR motto for the year, which we want again to bring before you, teaches us, amongst other things, to put FIRST things FIRST, and first and foremost of the events of the quarter stands the visit of Dr. Barnardo to Canada. He has already paid two flying visits to Hazel Brae, and we have the promise of another and longer one before he returns to England. Such a pleasure and help it is to see him and have a few cheery words and a shake of the hand! How we wish all our girls could have had this privilege. We can quite understand the remark made in a letter from one of them who could not. After expressing regret, she says, “The girls that will have the pleasure of seeing him will feel like going to work with double zeal.” A good many did have this pleasure, and we hope and believe they all feel a new impetus towards good and better things and a fresh link to each other and to the great Institutions of which they are a part. The genuine pleasure of Dr. Barnardo in meeting some girl with a good record, his recognition of the difficulties of another, his sympathy with

any who were weak or in difficulty, and his words of encouragement and appreciation surely should make all those who had this privilege go back to their daily tasks with a lighter heart, a more cheerful spirit and a braver determination to be a credit to themselves and to him—in a word, to “thank God and take courage.”

But for the benefit of those who could not have this pleasure of seeing the Doctor themselves, we must tell a little of what has been going on. On Wednesday, August 15th, the children then in the house here formed a sort of guard of honour down the sidewalk and greeted Dr. Barnardo as he drove up from the station. We had a few flags and a “Welcome” on the house, and did our best to show how delighted we were to see him after such a long absence. This was only a short visit, lasting until the next evening, but was repeated the following week, Dr. Barnardo then giving special attention to one or two invalids who were here waiting his decision. These have been returned to the Hospital at Stepney in England, to be under the care and treatment of their old friend, Dr. Milne.

Invitations were sent to girls living within easy distance of Toronto to meet Dr. Barnardo at Mr. Owen's house on Tuesday, September 4th. A good many accepted the invitation, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Such a chattering and questioning there was as one new arrival after another appeared and was recognized by girls of the "same cottage," perhaps long separated in Canada. Mrs. Owen most kindly and generously provided refreshments and also ice-cream, which was much appreciated, and then the crowning event, of course, was the arrival of the Doctor. As was to be expected, he failed to recognize many of the girls by their appearance, but one could not but be struck by his wonderful memory of their names and former circumstances, and many questions were asked and answered and words of encouragement and advice given. Then on the Friday of Exhibition week the girls living in the city were invited to a similar gathering, and they, too, had what girls call "a lovely time."

By the time this reaches you we expect the Director will have gone West to see his boys in Winnipeg and at the Farm Home in Russell. We are sure all our readers will join in praying that God will keep him through all his journeying, protect him from harm and sickness and bring him safely back to us here, and, later on, to his home and his dearly loved work in the Old Land, refreshed and encouraged by what he has seen of his boys and girls in this fair land of Canada.

But *meetings* and *partings* are sometimes not far from each other. On the very day we were rejoicing in Dr. Barnardo's presence with us we had to say good-bye to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and Jackie, and very tearful little faces were seen which the evening before were all smiles and gladness. We are glad to know that our friends have arrived safely in London after a pleasant voyage across

the great ocean. We are sure that their thoughts will often be with the girls whom they have known here and that they will be interested to hear of their welfare. Miss Westgarth, of the Village Home, Ilford, is taking charge at Hazel Brae for a time. Probably most of our girls will remember her, as she has been associated with the Home in England for many years. She wishes to send a message of kindly greeting to all.

Perhaps the next most important event of the quarter has been the arrival of two parties of girls from England, the first consisting of 120 girls, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Johnson, the "Mother" of Woodbine Cottage.

The second, also 120 in number, arrived July 29th, having with them (in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Brown) Miss Gibbs, who was returning from her holidays, spent in England this year. Further on will be given a list of names of both parties, so you will be able to look if any of your former companions and cottage girls are amongst them.

One very interesting little event happened in connection with the June party. A brother and sister, who had both been out some years and were doing well, arranged to have their younger sister sent to Canada also. On being notified of her arrival, they appeared at Hazel Brae to see her, and the elder remarked: "Please do not tell me which is my sister; I want to see if we shall know each other; it is so long since we were parted." Her face began to grow sad and anxious as she went amongst them without seeing any child who seemed to be the much-expected sister. Suddenly the two came face to face. Involuntarily they stopped, looked at each other, looked again, then some mystic intuition came to both, and in an instant their arms were flung round each other, and between tears and smiles came the words, "You are—you must be my sister." Later in the day the three went off happily together, the younger to stay with

either brother or sister until some home could be found. About ten days after came a letter from the elder sister, saying: "I have found a good place for Daisy near me, and we are all very happy."

We have had a visit from the Rev. D. Fotheringham, Chairman of a very influential Board of Guardians in London, England. He came to Canada in the interests of the children from the Chase Farm Schools, to see for himself how and where the boys and girls were placed, and what they were doing, and what were their prospects in this country. Several Chase Farm girls had a visit from Mr. Fotheringham, and these visits appeared to give pleasure on both sides.

Several of our girls have met with accidents this summer, happily not very serious ones, but somewhat unusual. The little girl who broke her leg in the Spring is back again at Hazel Brae now with a broken *arm*, caused by a fall when running after the baby. Another, Mary Knowles, has just returned to her situation after some weeks in the hospital and at Hazel Brae with a broken arm, and Ethel Hamble, a little girl who came out in June of this year, fell down the cellar steps and hurt her leg so badly that she too has had to go to the hospital. One is not inclined to think breaking bones an "infectious disease," and yet it seems something like it, does it not?

Several of you may remember Nora Delmage and Sarah Woolley, who have been some time at Hazel Brae. They have both made a start for themselves and are, so far, doing well in their new homes.

The Summer at Hazel Brae has been a busy and pleasant one on the whole. We have not had quite as many visitors as usual, for having two parties of girls from England so quickly following each other, and many of them being little ones, the house has been more than ordinarily full the greater part of

the time. A good many girls have been in to see us for the day, and we expect to see a good many others about the time of the Fair.

Several girls have been away to the lakes and summer resorts with their mistresses and the family, but by the time this magazine reaches you all this will be over, and they will be settling down to the steady, regular work for the winter. Now that the summer is ended and the harvest is past, turn to again, girls, with a will, keep your places and do your best to keep up a good reputation for yourselves and for all "Home girls." This will be your best way of showing gratitude to Dr. Barnardo for what he has done, and to your Heavenly Father, in whose name you have been helped and started on your life's career in this new land.

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#### A Letter from Miss Gibbs.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—As I am not able to see you all personally to have a talk about my trip home to England, I think you will perhaps like to have a few lines from me through UPS AND DOWNS, and I am sure what will interest you most of all will be to hear something about my little visit to the old Village Home, a place, I know, that is very dear to many of you and which will, I feel sure, bring back to you some happy memories. I fancy I hear some of you say, "It was there I first learned to love the Saviour." I think I never saw the Village looking more beautiful than it did this early Summer, with all the fresh, young, green life, varied not only with the blossoms of the season but with the lilac and laburnum, so rich in colour. And also I am sure you want to hear something of the people. First of all, I must tell you I was greeted by two very dear friends of mine, Miss Code, so well known to you all, and Miss Stent, also known to a good many of you. Perhaps some of you do not know that Miss Code is arranging the

parties for Canada this year; she was in the midst of this busy work when I saw her, and almost too busy to talk much to me, which you know was a little disappointing when there was so much to say. In spite of all, however, we did have some good talks about our girls in Canada, and let me tell you a little secret, *Miss Code thinks Canada is much nicer than England.* Then I must tell you we had a pleasant afternoon in the meadow. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey kindly invited me to their Strawberry Social, when I had the opportunity of meeting many of the Mothers, who were very eager in their questions about their own particular girls; and oh! I was so glad when I was able to give a good and happy report, as I was in a good many instances.

And now, if we were talking, you would, I am sure, want to know whether I spent a Sunday in the Village. Well, yes, I did, and a very happy day it was too. I went to church morning and evening, heard Mr. Godfrey preach in the morning and Mr. Darling in the evening. How often some of you have listened to their sermons. I wonder have you treasured them up in your heart? And does God's Word bring forth fruit in your lives? Stop and think, dear girls, and ask yourselves these questions. And now may God bless each and all of you and make you truly His own. I am, with much love,

Your sincere friend,  
G. GIBBS.

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Girls of the June party of this year, and "Woodbine" girls from all parties, will be specially interested in the following letter received from Miss Johnson since her return to England. During the little time she stayed with us we tried to show her the pleasant side of Canadian life. Of course, she saw the wonderful Niagara Falls, and we feel sure she took back to England a pleasant impression both of the girls and of the country.

WOODBINE COTTAGE,  
GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME,  
ILFORD, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—It seems such a long time ago since we were on board the *Cambroman* together talking of the new land we were on our way to.

Most of you are now settled in your new homes, and I am back in the old land. You will be glad to know I had a very pleasant time coming home and enjoyed my trip very much.

I wonder, if I could pay you a visit, what I should find you doing to-day. Are your little candles quite bright in your own little corner? And if I should come out next year and visit you, should I find you have all learned music? I expect you will say, "No;" but there is a little instrument of ten strings, dear girls, that you will be playing every day of the year, and either making sweet, merry music in your own lives and others', or dark, sullen, passionate music that will spoil the days as they fly past.

And, now, what are the ten strings, and what will you do with them? There are two eyes, two ears, one tongue, two hands, two feet, one heart. Two eyes to look on all the beauties of your new home and to see the duties that lie close to hand. Two ears to hear the music God has given to wood and stream and bird, and to listen to all commands and all that is good and true and pure, and to be shut to all evil. One tongue to praise God for all His mercies, to give kind messages, to speak kind, true and loving words to all around you. Two hands to train to be helpful, industrious and honest. Two feet to walk in the paths of peace, and never to let them take you where you would not like to meet Jesus. One heart to love Him. And when His love is inside, don't you think there will be sweet music and sunshine all the day? For "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." So if you learn to play this instrument aright, if ever I



come out again, I shall hope to find  
happy and prosperous girls.

Your loving friend,  
M. S. JOHNSON.

### New Arrivals, 1900.

#### June Party.

Argent, Julia Amelia	Jeffrey, Beatrice M.
Ashby, Beatrice L.	Kibble, Daisy
Ayling, Florence E.	Kendle, Rose
Buck, Susan	Lambden, Harriet
Bishop, Christina	Lawson, Margar't A.
Buckel, Violet Ethel	Little, Fanny
Bowden, Eleanor	Mapie, Maud
Blundell, Agnes H.	Mason, Mary Jane
Burnett, Mabel	Mills, Eleanor
Burnett, Eliza	Meacher, Fanny
Bedwell, Frances	Meacher, Elizabeth
Birt, Ellen Sophia	Mohrman, Elfrida
Burden, Lydia	Moulder, Joanna
Boodle, Ann Emma	McIntyre, Rose Ann
Britton, Elizabeth	McHenry, Mary Ann
Bewick, Brenda W.	Noble, Catharine
Bradley, Ellen	Oakes, Louisa
Bradley, Mary	Oakes, Beatrice
Cox, Elizabeth	Pulley, Lydia
Chubb, Ada	Pulley, Mabel
Cambridge, Mary	Price, Ada
Crowley, Car. Daisy	Roberts, Florence J.
Coe, Sarah Eleanor	Remington, Alice
Cope, Amy Ellen	Rayson, Constance
Copping, Marg'ret E.	Rattenbury, Ethel
Clifford, Ada	Rowe, Mary Ellen
Coombe, Emily	Reed, Matilda
Cooper, Annie B.	Sullivan, Edith Mary
Dix, Rosjna	Sayers, Ellen Annie
Dale, Rose	Smith, Annie
Davis, Amy	Smith, Ethel Beatrice
Davis, Alice	Smith, Florence
Davis, Ruth Julia	Smith, Ada
Durbridge, Rosa	Smith, Eva
Durbridge, Lilian	Smith, Mabel Ellen
Dines, Georgina	Stone, Phoebe
Dyer, Constance	Saunders, Minnie
Fry, Lucy Elizabeth	Saunders, Harriet
Frost, Lizzie Louisa	Snell, Edith Hilda
Faithful, Ethel Mary	Sutton, Elizabeth R.
Gould, Mary Ann	Sutton, Louisa
Groundwell, Nellie	Speare, Jessie
Gibbs, Louisa	Stannard, Rose
Greenfield, Frances	Stannard, Ada
Gibbons, Florence	Stannard, Matilda G.
Griffiths, Alice	Simpkins, Ellen
Howell, Julia Eva	Sadler, Emily C.
Hassard, Charlotte	Sadler, Rose
Harris, Emily E'b'th	Timmerman, Ann
Harris, Lilian H.	Tolley, Flor'nce May
Harris, Maud Daisy	Taylor, Fanny
Humble, Ethel Alice	Taylor, Louisa G.
Higgins, Sarah	Thomas, Beatrice
Hartnup, Minnie	Woods, Lily Jane
Harris, Alice	Wagstaff, Mary
Hornby, Margaret	Wright, Lucy
Honey, Kate	Whale, Kate
Jarvis, Rose Ellen	White, Beatrice
Jones, Mary Jane	Wakefield, Eliza
Jones, Florence May	Workman, Annie

#### July Party.

Ainger, Flora	Hughes, Ethel
Ainger, Pollie	Jackson, Ethel
Alger, Florence E.	Johns, Mary
Arnold, Emily Jane	Kirby, Mabel
Balkwill, Amelia	Levitt, Beatrice
Bance, Elsie	Levitt, Louisa
Barth, Evelyn	Levitt, Rose Sarah
Barth, Ethel Flor'nce	Lincoln, Alice
Barth, Gert. Emily	Lyons, Sarah
Ballard, Katie	Meach, Mary Ellen
Betts, Lilian F. W.	Mead, Esther
Blooman, Florence	Marsland, Eva
Bloor, Harriet	Muller, Rose
Blowers, Gladys M.	Muller, Daisy
Bretland, Ada	Neville, Emily
Bretland, Nellie	Newton, Josephine
Brooks, Annie	Oliver, Elizabeth G.
Bowering, Eliza	Oliver, Ann Margery
Boswell, Elizabeth	Owen, Clara Maud
Boswell, Cinderella	Parkinson, Eleanor
Butler, Margaretta	Pearch, Ada Annie
Buscall, Ellen C'line	Prout, Bertha
Buscall, Alice Louisa	Pullen, Edith
Bowden, Mabel	Pynner, Priscilla
Candlish, Catherine	Ringrose, Mabel
Church, Alice	Rowe, Caroline W.
Coolidge, Rebecca	Rowe, Maria
Cross, Margaret	Saalborn, G. A.
Dalgarno, Mary Ann	Scott, Edith Lily
Denyer, Mary	Seal, Jessie Elizab'th
Dexter, Edith Ann	Seal, Nellie
Drake, Emily	Smces, Lily Louisa
Dunning, Alice Jane	Smith, Maud
Earl, Florence	Speller, Gertrude
Farrell, Constance E.	Speller, Alice
Gale, Maud	Spragg, Sarah Jane
Garner, Victoria M.	Spragg, Clara
Goodbody, Elizabeth	Stannmore, Mabel
Green, Elizabeth	Stephen, Sarah Ann
Green, Annie	Storer, Isabella
Green, Nellie	Storer, Alice
Griggs, Rhoda	Sullivan, Margaret
Gatehouse, H. Maud	Taylor, Lily Ann C.
Gatehouse, M. L. E.	Warwick, Maria
Hall, Emily Louisa	Warwick, Esther
Harris, Beatrice Jane	Webb, Rosie
Harrison, Louisa	Weeks, Rebecca M.
Harrison, Kate	Willis, Ada Edith
Head, Beatrice	Whittaker, Martha
Head, Eva Mary	Whittaker, Mary
Hepburn, Alice E.	Whittaker, Annie.
Hepburn, Edwina M.	Williams, Annie E.
Hockley, Rose	William, Frances L.
Hoggarth, Lily Mary	Williamson, Eliz'b'th
Hodgson, Annie	Wood, Edith
Holman, Maud Fl'ce	Woodman, Jane D.
Harley, Mary	Woolley Gladys C.
Hotson, Daisy	Wrench, Elizabeth
Howell, Agnes	Wyatt, Alice Maud
Hubble, Louisa	Young, Mabel

#### Girls' Donation Fund.

Mary Hauenstein, \$1.00; M. A. Jeffrey, 25c.; Emma Dooley, \$2.00; Ada Waters, \$2.00; Emma Clark, 50c.; Eliza Crossley, \$1.00; Annie

Addison, \$1.00; Emily Addison, \$1.00; M. A. Southworth, \$1.00; Kate Tame, 25c.; Mary Vale, \$1.00; Ethel Adams, 75c.; Lizzie Drury, \$1.00; Ellen Andrews, \$1.00; Keziah Smart, \$1.00; Annie J. Field, \$1.00; Clara Invine, 25c.; Florence Curtis, \$1.00; Lilian J. Forrester, \$2.00; sale of Hazel Brae photos, 80c.

### Notices to be Remembered.

UPS AND DOWNS is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October. The price is twenty-five cents per year, and all who wish to continue taking the magazine must renew their subscription yearly. These should be sent to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

Girls are asked not only to read UPS AND DOWNS but to contribute something for insertion therein, and thus help to make the magazine interesting to other girls. All letters, essays, puzzles, etc., for this purpose should be received at least three weeks before date of publication, and should be written separately from any other communication.

Photos of Hazel Brae can be obtained at ten cents each by either boys or girls, by applying to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

All girls are asked to contribute once a year to the Girl's Donation Fund. The amount should be in proportion to the wages earned, but we think *all* can afford, at least, *one dollar* per year.

Any change of residence or difference in post office should at once be communicated to the Secretary. This may prevent a visitor taking a useless journey and perhaps a long drive, and will also help to ensure letters reaching their destination safely and quickly.

Bank books should always be sent to the Home whenever money is deposited or withdrawn. They will fit into an ordinary sized envelope, and will require a two-cent stamp.

We must again request that girls when writing to us will always sign their name, and *both names*. A good

deal of time has sometimes to be spent finding out who "Mary" is or which "Alice" this is, and so on; and there are at present in a certain pigeon-hole, in the Hazel Brae office, several letters labelled "Writer's name not known," and therefore they are, of course, unanswered. It is also well *always* to give the full address, name of employer and post office.

Especially always remember we wish you to look upon all connected with the Home as your friends. Do not believe anyone who tells you otherwise. Our counsel and help are always at your disposal to the best of our ability and for your best interests.

### Our Picture Gallery.

Annie Boucher (July party, 1898) has had a comparatively short career in Canada. For the last nine or ten months she has been suffering from pain and swelling in the ankles, and after Dr. Barnardo's visit and examination he decided to return her to England and place her in our own Hospital at Stepney, where she would have skilled medical attention and nurses' care. She was very sorry to leave Canada, which she liked, and where she had given promise of doing well.

Ellen V. Lawrence (October, 1897). This Ellen Lawrence is not little Nellie, the sister of Amy Lawrence, though she came out in the same party. Since March, 1897, Ellen has been in the one family near Brantford, where she is still giving good satisfaction. Ellen started in Toronto, but likes the country much better, remarking to a visitor from the Home that she "never wished to live in any cities any more."

Lily Stanley—known in her own neighbourhood as Lily Morse—has a daughter's place in the home and in the hearts of her employers, which she reciprocates by affection and loving service. She is also fortunate enough to have her sister, Ethel, sufficiently near for the two to be able to see each other occasionally.

Ups and Downs



Annie Boucher.



Ellen V. Lawrence.



Katie Fuller.



Elizabeth Clayton and Rose Cutts.



Sarah Bennett.



Livy Stanlev.



Annic Ellis.



Ellen Page.



Blanche Jones.

Elizabeth Clayton and Rose Cutts. Here we have two of our older girls ---friends, living in the same town. Lizzie came to Canada in July, 1886, and Rose in October, 1896. The latter has had only two situations in Canada, having kept her first place until March, 1899. This speaks for itself as to Rose's character and conduct.

Those who came from England with Sarah Bennett in October, 1892, will scarcely recognize the bonnie, well-grown young woman of eighteen in this photo. Sarah has done well in Canada, and has been for two and a half years in her present place. By kind permission we are allowed to publish this pretty picture of Sarah and the oldest daughter of her mistress, which we have had for some months and which seemed too good to keep to ourselves.

Elizabeth Annie Ellis (September, 1898) is still in her first place in a doctor's family in a western town, where she is giving good satisfaction. Letters and reports tell of steady improvement and progress in various directions, and Annie bids fair to be a treasured servant and a well-respected young woman.

Ellen Page (July, 1898) gives promise of being a credit to herself and to us. She won golden opinions in her first place, where she stayed thirteen months, and which she had to leave on account of changes in family arrangements. She has been a year in her present place. Her mistress writes, "She is obedient and willing (two good traits) and tries to do right."

Blanche Jones (October, 1897) is still in her first place. "Blanche is quite a clever little maid; can make cakes and pastry," and, better even than this, she is good, frank, upright and trustworthy.

Katie Fuller (September, 1899) has grown and improved much during her first year in Canada. She has a nice home, kind and considerate employers and many opportunities of learning to be a good and capable maid, and we are glad to

find that Katie appreciates these advantages and strives to rise to the requirements and the responsibilities of her position. She is good and steady and content to be happily employed in-doors on Winter evenings. Wise girl! We wish some others whom we could name knew the same secret of getting and keeping a good name.

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### Notes from Visitor's Diary.

Alice Wade has a lovely home where fruit and flowers abound, and where, we hope, Alice is going to develop into a wise, strong woman.

Alice Mary Parsons is getting to be one of our big girls, and is really doing well. She feels a little anxious to see her sister, Gracie, more settled, and we hope it is a wish that will soon be realized.

Dear little Emily Hughes keeps her gentle, quiet ways, though she has grown to be quite a helpful, good little worker.

Florence Allan is the esteemed and trusted friend of her employers, and bids fair to make a good Canadian.

Beatrice Jeffries is a clever, bright girl, likely to be a credit to us and her adopted country.

Emily Opie is happy and content in her pretty home, where she is cared for most tenderly and kindly.

Little Alice Davis is very happy in her home and is faithfully striving to be hands and feet to her kind employer.

Mary Christian is in her first home and seems to have found it a home indeed, where she is learning to be a neat, thrifty housekeeper.

Kate Rogers was busy pumping some water when I arrived, but gladly left it to come and chat with me of her life and school. She was very sanguine about the latter, and, I hope, has found it all she expected.

Ethel Wickens is very happy in her new home. I found her gathering plums, which were very delicious.

Ada Scotcher has charge of a delicate baby now, and has evi-

dently found her vocation. She is doing her work so well that she has won the grateful love of her employer.

Charlotte Wilson is nearly a woman now—a useful, industrious woman with much to hope for.

Margaret Lawson has a home where she is well cared for and carefully taught, and her little face is full of smiles and joy.

Catherine Candlish, another of our new girls, was busy helping to can peaches and looked as bright and happy as a child can be.

Rose Waters has grown quite big and begins to look stronger. She has a wee, sweet baby boy to care for, who makes life very sweet to her.

Ellen Simpkin, another new girl, is giving great satisfaction to one of our old friends.

Carrie Tuck is growing tall and straight and has a very good home, where she is highly appreciated.

Sarah Lovell was housekeeper when I paid my visit, and full of the honour of her position, which she was filling with great satisfaction to everyone, and especially the baby, who is a great friend of hers.

Mary Clements is growing quite tall and straight, and has a bright, happy home with every advantage.

Hetty Barrett has grown quite a Canadian and has such a good reputation. Her bright eyes shone with pleasure as she told me all her enjoyments.

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### Correspondence.

As is usually the case, the new beginners (especially those of the June party) have made a good impression. From the pile of post cards and letters telling of safe arrivals, we select a few sentences here and there :

Sarah arrived here all right. She seems to be quite willing, and what she has done to-day, she has done very nicely.

I was disappointed at seeing Annie so small, but she is very willing and obedient. I think she has a nice disposition.

Rosie arrived safely, and is satisfactory so far. She was a little home-sick at

first, but has become accustomed to the place now, and is, I think, quite happy and contented.

Eliza arrived safely. She seems to be a smart little girl as far as wanting to learn, and I think I will like her very well.

I am very much pleased with my little girl so far, and I hope she will grow up as nice a big girl as she is a little one.

Eva is safe at home here. She looks like a bright little girl, and she is very glad to be with us.

The young girl, Kate, arrived yesterday. Leaving her youth out of the question, we think your selection an excellent one, and we will manage with her.

This is one of the many cases where we were obliged to send younger girls than were asked for.

I thank you for sending me such a nice girl. I am very much pleased with her, and we will take good care of her.

Sophie is getting along well. She is a good-natured girl, and both of us like her. I get her to read and to sing nearly every day.

Met Harriet at the station. Am quite satisfied with your choice, and hope we will get on all right.

Louisa arrived all right. Must say we are well pleased with her.

My husband and I are both very pleased with our little Connie. We thank you for selecting such a good child, only she is small for her age. I wish to keep her at school as much as possible, so as to fit her for a good position some day. Several of our neighbours are speaking of sending for little girls soon.

Emily is quite well and happy. She is delighted with the garden and the little chickens, and has not had a moment of home-sickness since she came. She is a very good, obedient little girl, and I am quite satisfied with her.

Phoebe was somewhat tired after her long journey, but she has got nicely over it. I am well pleased with her. I think she is a smart, intelligent girl. I never expected to get such a nice little girl from the Home.

We are much pleased with Minnie, and thank you for sending her to us. She is a very neat little girl, careful with the babe and company for my wife. I am much surprised that Minnie's training has been so carefully looked after. I am positively certain that there are few girls of her age in this village, brought up with all the advantages of parents and homes, who have been as carefully and as sensibly reared as she has.

You will be pleased, no doubt, to hear of Rose's welfare. She seems very bright and teachable, and I am quite pleased

with her so far. She has a very happy disposition, but she frets sometimes about her sister, Daisy, and wishes she could hear of her being settled in a nice, comfortable home where she could see her occasionally.

It would be quite easy to select just as interesting and gratifying accounts of the *homes* and the *people* to whom they have gone from the children's own letters. There are complaints of loneliness sometimes, and of longings for sisters and former companions; but the children, on the whole, are well pleased with their surroundings, so fresh and strange in many ways, and they appreciate the kindness and care shown to them.

But we must not overlook the correspondence with, and from, older girls who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have been tried and tested, and who have now grown up into self-reliant and respectable young women. We have before published letters from Mrs. Duck, of Nelson, B.C. (better known to our readers as Florence Ash). Florence, with Ellen Harvey, went out West early in May, 1899. The following is part of a letter received from Florence the other day:

I hope you will not think I have quite forgotten to write to you, but I have not, so I thought I would just sit down and let you know I am still in Nelson. Well, I must tell you that we built a nice house this spring. There are two large bedrooms, a sewing-room, bathroom and hall upstairs, sitting-room, kitchen, hall and pantry downstairs. And, what is best of all, we have just a *lovely little baby boy*. He is four months old and weighs twenty pounds. Nearly everyone that has seen him says he is the finest child of his age they have ever seen, so you can imagine how proud I am of him. Well now, I must tell you about Ellen Harvey. She is now Mrs. George Moir. She married a station agent down in Slocan City. He is a very nice young man and she has a lovely home. She lost her baby the other week: it was a little boy. They feel their disappointment keenly. I have been down to visit her, and she is getting strong fast. Well, there is not much news to tell you from here. My husband's sister is coming out here the last of this month, and is going to live with us for a while. We are having very nice weather here.

My husband wants to be remembered

to you. I think I will bring my letter to a close, hoping these few lines will find you well, as it leaves us at present. So I think I will say goodbye for this time with my love.

FLORENCE DUCK.

A mistress, writing of Annie Cox (1895), who has been with her some years, says:

I write to ask you for a girl. My other girl that I have had so long is married and is now going to her own home, but has stayed with me two months since she was married. I am sorry from my heart to have to part with her, for she was such a good girl and did all the business of the house and store. We have lived together for so long and so agreeably, and it grieves me to part with her. I want you to send me another as good.

Mary Vale (1895) is now only in her second situation in Canada. She remained four years on a farm near Creemore and changed this Spring for another good farm home near Peterboro. She writes:

I think it is time my letter to UPS AND DOWNS should be forwarded now. I have been going to send one for the last five months, but it is coming at last. I have been out in Canada for five years, and I am ashamed to say that I have not done much towards helping Dr. Barnardo; but I am going to turn over a new leaf now and do all I can, as he has done a great work for us. When I think of the war in South Africa, and then of the dear little children in India that are dying with starvation, I often think we are not half thankful enough. It is hard to tell what would have become of lots of us girls and boys if it had not been for Dr. Barnardo, who took us and cared for us and sent us out to this pleasant country. I am glad to say that I have put in a good time since I came to Canada. I was at my first place four years, and I thought this Spring I would like a change. I am glad to say that I now have a good home; the people are very kind to me, and I go to church and Sunday school every Sunday and to League on Wednesday night. I also had a good home at my other place. I have been on a farm ever since I came to Canada. I like farming very well. I think if I had my choice where to stay, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada; although we need to have a good word for England, for a good many of us have friends there. I guess a good many in the 1895 party will remember me and my sister. I went to see her this summer, and I am glad to say she has got a good home and is happy and I am sure the people are very kind to her.

I must say a word for UPS AND DOWNS. I think it is a very nice book. I think a

good many girls would be lonely without it. It is so interesting when a good, long letter from England is put in it. I will now ask you to take \$1 from my bank account, and I intend to get a photo of Hazel Brae when I go in with my cousin about the first of July. I hope I will be able to do a little more for Dr. Barnardo the next time. I think I must close now, hoping to see some more letters from 1895 party in the next UPS AND DOWNS. With best wishes.

MARY VALE.

The younger sister, Emily, has since gone to live with some new-found relatives in the West of Canada, so both sisters are happily placed.

Mary Hannah Smith (1892), who has been in her present place for five years, is sister to Ruth, who returned to England last Spring. Hannah has spent the Summer travelling with the family and looking after the children. She has had much to see, and probably you will be interested to hear of her doings :

I am glad to be able to write a few lines to our dear paper. UPS AND DOWNS. I am at present travelling with Mr. and Mrs. H—. We left home in March. We are having a very nice time of it ; very little work to do. We are at present in Brooklyn, and have a very nice home. We are having lots of picnics. Well, dear girls, perhaps you would like to hear about the day we spent at Coney Island, that is the seaside. It was on July 18th, and was a lovely day and pretty hot, so we had a very nice time indeed. We left home about nine o'clock, I think, and got there quite a little time before noon. We had a long ride on the street cars, which took us right into Coney Island. Mr. and Mrs. H— sat by the seaside most of the time. I did till after dinner, then I took off my boots and stockings and went in with the two children. It was lovely to get in the water. The tide was just going out. There were lots of people there in their bathing suits ; even little children, dogs and horses, too, went in for a little fun. The water was pretty black in some places with people. There were ropes put out a certain distance in the water, then there was a sign that beyond these ropes it was "dangerous." I was by the water most of the afternoon ; then when I would get tired of that, I would go round and see some of the other things and then come back to the water again. There was lots to see—dancing and the band ; horse-racing, which was fun to watch ; swings and merry-go-rounds, with lots of music to them. Then there was something else very funny—a monkey, a little one, dressed in red pants and coat and a velvet cap.

The man would play the organ and he would dance and turn over and would shake hands with anyone, take off his cap and bow to you. One man gave him a piece of a peach, and it would make you laugh to see him sit down and eat it. He would eat what was good and throw the rest away. He got lots of money ; everything he got he would make a bow and take off his cap. The money he would put in his pocket. It was lots of fun to watch the man put him in the water, but he soon jumped out again. There were lots of stalls of ice-cream, lemonade and fruit, then there was a tent to get your photo taken. We had a lovely time all through. I think it was the Atlantic ocean we saw. We spent a day this week in the park not far from here. It was very nice, too ; but the water was the best. And now, dear girls, I think I will soon have to stop. We expect to remain away from home for a year. That will not take long in going by, will it ?

You have likely heard through the paper that my dear sister, Ruth, has gone home to my sister in South Shields on account of her poor health. I do hope she will get better and that we will soon see each other again. Yours truly,

MARY HANNAH SMITH.

Beatrice Picknell (1898), who has a situation in Toronto, paid a visit this Summer to a farm house far back in the country, many miles from any town or station. She sends the following interesting account of her visit :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I arrived in Toronto quite safely last Tuesday. The stage starts on Tuesday, so I came through in the one day. I started at six o'clock in the morning from Apsley and arrived safe in Toronto between nine and ten o'clock. It was, as you said, a very uncomfortable journey by stage. At first I really did not think that I was going to get to see Mrs. R— alive ; but I did, and was very glad to. I was quite tired and stiff with sitting so long, but Mrs. R— had a nice hot cup of tea ready and a bed, and after a good night's rest I soon got over my journey. Well, I did enjoy myself so much in the country ; it is so beautiful ! I think I would much rather live in the country than the city, for everything is nice and quiet in the country, but I would not like to live on a farm. Mr. R— has eight cows and eight calves, three horses and a colt, lots of sheep and pigs, and hens and chickens, a dog, three cats and two kittens. The country is so beautiful, and there are so many pretty flowers and ferns. I could just live among the flowers, I am so fond of them. Everybody was so good and kind to me, and they were all sorry to see me come away, and I am sure



I was sorry to come away. But still I enjoyed myself and the change of air did me a lot of good, and I feel quite ready to begin work again. The people here say I am looking real well again. I enjoyed coming home, as the weather was more favourable. It was dusty but not so hot. We have had some dreadful hot weather : the heat was something terrible in the country, but it must have been worse in the city. Nearly everyone around gave me an invitation to go back and see them again soon. Well, I must draw this letter to a close, hoping all are in good health at Hazel Brae. So now I will say good-bye from  
BEATRICE PICKNELL.

Alice Bedford (1897) is one of our younger girls. She, too, tells of a happy day spent on the shores of Lake Erie :

I thought I would write a letter to the UPS AND DOWNS. I am going to tell you how I spent July 2nd. I started from home about half-past nine to go with some girls to Lake Erie, a distance of about two miles, to spend the day. When we arrived at the Lake, we took off our shoes and stockings to wade and enjoyed ourselves. We had our lunch with us, of course, so when it was noon we were ready for it. We spent the afternoon in finding stones, shells, etc. At last, we sat under some trees to rest before starting for home, where we arrived about seven o'clock, tired out, but ready for another holiday to come. I got badly sunburnt, so that I had a sore face for two or three days. I have been in my place a little over fourteen months. Wishing the UPS AND DOWNS success, I remain, your friend,  
ALICE BEDFORD.

Alice Lomas (July, 1899) has fallen into very kind hands, and we are pleased to print a part of her mistress' letter, written from Kingston on her return from New Brunswick :

I arrived home last week, and Alice came to me as soon as I arrived, seeming very glad to get back ; and she is now doing very well. I think she was a little homesick before we came. She seems so glad to be home again that I do not think I shall find it hard to get her to comply with my request ; and I strongly object to girls going out in the evenings. I give her many privileges, and want to make her happy, and she knows that and appreciates it. Alice is a good worker and is a great help to us in our home. The children love her dearly. She would take great pleasure in having her companions know she is getting along nicely.

The three sisters, Edith, Beatrice and Gertrude Storr, came to Canada in 1895. Edith remained nearly

three years in her first place in Picton, then over two years in the next one in Toronto, moving this fall in order to get higher wages and to be nearer to her sister, Beatrice, who has lately gone to live in the city. We are glad to give the following letter from Edith's former mistress :

It is my duty to notify you that Edith Storr is no longer in my employ. As the children are getting older, a cheaper and younger girl will satisfy me, and we both feel that Edith should now be earning more wages. I promised to assist her in finding another place, which I have done. Since Beatrice has come to the city Edith and she have not been able to be together as much as they desire, owing to the distance between their places, so when the opportunity presented itself for Edith to get a situation very close to her sister, we thought that the best time for her to make a change. I may say that during her stay with me I have found her always clean, respectable, honest and keeping good hours. I might also add that during the two years and two months of her stay with me she has been strong and healthy, and at present she is enjoying the best of health.

Little Alice Wyatt, who came out only in July of this year, has had a very pleasant experience for her first Summer in Canada, as will be seen by the following letter :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—Since I left Hazel Brae I have been to the Lakes, and I am going to tell you all about our nice trip.

We went by stage to the boat about six miles, and then we had a long sail, which we all enjoyed very much.

The lake was dotted here and there by pretty little islands, and on them were nice green trees. We saw a few wild ducks, and some loons were flying through the water, and they made such a funny noise. Then they would dive under water for quite a time, and I heard a gentleman say they were catching fish.

When we got off the boat, we went by stage again to the cottages. It was such a rocky road, and there were blackberries on the side. Some were on bicycles and they used to get off and pick the berries. There were two cottages and a stable ; they were all very close to the water. There was a group of trees around them, and we soon put up our hammocks, and on one cottage we put a Union Jack. The wharf was just in front. It was built with big stones and planks put across the stones, and farther out there was a pier, and I was allowed to go in bathing as far

as the pier, but not any farther, because a little way out there was quicksand, and people say you have to be careful about going out where it is or you will sink in it.

We had boats to go out fishing in, and someone used to go out early every morning. One day when I went out fishing I caught a large sunfish. We caught so many fish that we had some every day.

We had our little pug dog with us, and he did enjoy himself. His name is Rex, and he is such a funny looking little fellow, for his head is large and he has a curly tail. He will sit up straight and cross his front paws when he begs for anything. He used to delight in playing in the water, and went with me every time I went in bathing.

There was a spring of water near, but it was not cool enough for drinking, so we had to take a boat and go to the other side of the lake to get water. One night some of us went to look for a spring in a field, and we wandered all over the field looking for the spring, but we could not find it, and it began to get dark and the others came with a lantern to look for us. Then we all went back and searched till we found it.

Then there was an old lady that lived at the back of our cottage. We used to buy our vegetables from her. She has an orchard with apple-trees in it, and she has a tree with Alexander apples on it. One day I bought some of her, for I wanted to bring some home, for they are larger than the ripe ones we used for cooking. She gave me five very large ones for an English penny.

One afternoon, just before they went out fishing, I caught a frog, so I gave it to them for a bait. One of them put it on his hook, and when he put it in the water a big bass came up and swallowed the frog and the hook, too, but they could not get it into the boat, for it pulled so hard that the line broke and it got away.

The napkin rings were forgotten, so the young ladies made some out of birch-bark. They got a nice clean piece of bark and cut it the right size and then punched holes in the ends and laced them up with narrow strips of birch-bark. Then the name was written on the front, so each would know their own. One day I went into the woods and got a nice big piece of birch-bark and wrote a letter to my mother in England.

I must close my letter now because I think it is getting too long, and you have so many other letters to read that I am afraid mine will take up too much of your time. With love to all, I remain,

Alice Wyatt.

We have also received one or two very interesting letters from girls who have gone out West, but these must be held over for our next issue.

## In Leisure Hour.

GIVEN IN JULY.

1. What character is there in the Bible that has no name, that suffered death in a different form from any person before or since, and a part of the material of whose shroud is found in every home? *Answer*: Lot's wife.

2. What book in the Bible has not God's name in any of its chapters? *Answer*: Esther.

Answers received from Emma Dooley, Beatrice Thomas and Rachel Bourne.

We fear the girls have not searched their Bibles very much for the texts given below. Beatrice Thomas gives the only full and correct list:

1. *The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion.*—Proverbs xx., 2.

2. *The wages of unrighteousness.*—II. Peter ii., 15.

3. *The way of transgressors is hard.*—Proverbs xiii., 15.

4. *Be sure your sin will find you out.*—Numbers xxxii., 23.

5. *It is naught, is is naught, saith the buyer.*—Proverbs xx., 14.

6. *Her feet go down to death.*—Proverbs v., 5.

Buried Text: *The wages of sin is death.*—Romans vi., 23.

### Buried Towns. (Ontario).

1. Do not (*linger So*) let us catch him.

2. Give a regal touch to it all.

3. James, remember Lindsay is west of Peterboro.

4. Will the ghosts of Tampa rise to taunt us?

5. An old man from Warsaw hit Byington Brown on the nose.

6. Did Jenny Lind say yes or no?

Alice Elsom asks this difficult-sounding question. Can anyone answer it?

What do we see every day that the Queen seldom sees and that God never sees?

“Puzzles for the UPS AND DOWNS, but don't give answers till some of the girls or boys find them.” So writes Annie Farrell. We venture to give the first two by way of explanation.

A group of gates :

1. A gate of an inquiring turn.—*Interrogate*.
2. A gate which punishes severely.—*Castigate*.
3. A gate full of wrinkles.
4. A gate which connects and classifies.
5. A gate which travels by water.
6. A gate which makes claims.
7. A gate which increases in length.
8. A gate which goes to law.
9. A gate which soothes and alleviates.
10. A gate which conquers and subdues.
11. A gate acting as a representative.
12. A gate which cleanses and purifies.

Now, girls, shall we have another competition for Christmas? Such beautiful button-holes and well-made bags were sent in last year, that we are sure some of our girls have clever fingers, so we are hoping for something very good this time.

1. A prize will be given for the best *knitted tucker*, 14 inches long, made with white thread of any number from 30 to 50.

2. Another prize is offered for the best made *doll's frock*, to measure eight inches from neck to hem, of any shape, material or colour. The cost of the material will not be taken into account, but the *quality of the work* will decide the value.

These articles to be sent to Miss Loveday, Hazel Brae, Peterboro, by or before December 8th, with name and age clearly attached, and must not be washed before being sent.

### Contributed Articles.

From Annie Farrell :

#### A Bit of Family History.

Can and Will are cousins dear  
Who never trust to luck ;  
*Can* is the sister of *Energy*  
And *Will* is the child of *Pluck*.

Can't and Won't are cousins too,  
Who are always out of work ;  
For *Can't* is the son of *Never Try*  
And *Won't* is the son of *Shirk*.

In choosing your companions, then,  
Select both Will and Can ;  
But turn aside from Can't and Won't  
If you would be a man.

(We might add woman, as it is for both boys and girls).

From Beatrice Thomas, Ottawa :

#### Why Do We Wait?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf  
Before we speak our kindly word,  
And only utter loving praise  
When not a whisper can be heard ?

Why do we wait till hands are laid  
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place  
Within them roses sweet and rare  
And lilies in their flawless grace ?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed  
To light and love in death's deep  
trance—

Dear wistful eyes—before we bend  
Above them with impassioned glance ?

Why do we wait till hearts are still  
To tell them all the love is ours,  
And give them such late meed of praise,  
And lay above them fragrant flowers ?

How oft we careless wait till life's  
Sweet opportunities are past,  
And break our alabaster box  
Of ointment at the very last !

Oh ! let us heed the living friend  
Who walks with us life's common way,  
Watching our eyes for look of love,  
And hungering for a word of praise.

#### The Girls That Are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,  
Good from the heart to the lips ;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure  
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips ;  
Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
Ready and anxious to please,  
Kind and sweet to their own folks,  
And pleasant when nobody sees.

From Ada M. Williams :

#### Acrostic.

S'weet is the message that each Sabbath  
brings  
U nto the toilers, saying, " Fold your  
wings ;  
N o need to-day for work or earthly care.  
D o naught but worship God with praise  
and prayer  
A nd to His house repair this day of rest.  
Y ou thus will learn to do God's service  
best."

#### Summer's Good-bye.

The bright, glad, beautiful Summer  
of 1900 is saying good-bye.  
The golden rod in the fence corner  
is almost hidden by the Michaelmas  
daisy, and the trees which have kept  
their fresh greenness so long, begin  
to look dry and sombre, ready for  
the early frost to deck them in yel-

low, crimson and russet brown, and make our fair Canada one gleam of glory. I saw some swallows setting off the other day, beginning that long, long flight over empty fields and laden orchards to the land of perpetual Summer and abundant flies. We shall miss their gentle twitter and graceful flights and look to see them again when Spring comes back to make us glad and gay.

The harvest days of toil are over, and in many cases the threshing is done and the grain marketed. To be sure, there are still busy times for the farmer; but the rush and hurry is over and we can begin to think and plan how we will utilize the leisure Winter is sure to bring. It is well to have all thought out and planned before the snow is here, that we may be able to use every hour of our leisure for the accomplishment of the end we have in view.

I would say to all of both sexes: Make the acquaintance of a good book this Winter. Do you want to know something of this Canada of ours? Its history, its resources, its productions, its natural scenery, are each one of them worthy of your attention.

We live in days when history is being made, when Canada is rising from comparative obscurity into full recognition and shall henceforth, by a general assent of opinion, bear her part in the council of nations. Then, this is the time for us to make a full acquaintance with all her early struggles, and understand the difficulties which have been overcome, and the thousand-and-one hindrances that have yet to be encountered.

Many of our own number have gone out with the Canadian regiments to fight for the Queen and the land we love. We ought to know something about the war which has called for this display of loyalty, and the cause that led up to it.

Here are two themes it would be desirable we should read up. I am

sorry I cannot suggest the books which would be desirable, but use what comes to hand: the ordinary school history found in every home, newspaper and journal articles, and the lectures sure to be delivered in every schoolhouse during the Winter.

Then as to our resources. Europe is just discovering that it is possible to draw its bread, and fruit, and meat from our broad acres and fruitful orchards. We want to know for our own selves where these productions can best be grown, and which of them it will pay us to cultivate. So we should enquire into the climate and the soil that will lead to the best results, and grow deeply interested in ranching among the mountains and growing wheat on the broad prairies, and stand in fancy, as so many do in reality, beneath the orchard trees of Niagara.

Should these practical matters fail to interest us, there are yet, on every hand, hundreds of tempting and lovely objects which invite the attention of the interested observer. The chattering squirrel on the fence and pine tree has wonderful instincts and habits which are worthy of our study. We may learn from his thrift to lay up for a rainy day or for the snows of Winter, and we may, wisely too, do as he does. Try to find out how he cracks the butternuts and where he stores the acorns and chestnuts for his Winter food. Search among the Autumn leaves, which will soon strew every roadway, for the best and clearest and put them carefully away in some old copy book, and when you are writing to England, send a specimen to your friends, and tell them the "Land of the Maple" is as a land of promise, full of gladness and beauty and you are going to help to make it great and good.

If you are fond of animals and love to make them happy, get someone to lend you a book called "Black Beauty," or, best of all, buy a copy of it for yourself, and I am sure you will never want to be cruel

to a horse or allow anyone else to be so in your presence.

Get a lens, and when the snow-flakes are falling big and fast take it out of doors with you, and see the beautiful forms of the ice crystals; you will find hardly two alike, and some of them combining two or three different forms in one. The best way to see them is on the sleeve of a cloth coat or jacket where they will lie a minute or two whilst you make your inspection.

These wonders of nature help us to realize how great and good and tender is our Father in Heaven, and the study of them is sure to develop a deeper conviction of the reality and truth of our Christian faith, and tend to make us more and more trustful of His care and love. I have read of a traveller in Africa who wearied and worn by the toils and

privations of his journey, sank down beside a palm tree on an oasis in the desert ready to die, when his eye was caught by a little moss plant, all green and beautiful, beside the spring. He gazed upon it a few moments in wonder and delight and gained so much courage and rest from the contemplation that he rose strengthened for the future and willing to go wherever God would lead him.

Go through the world with your eyes open, my dear young friends, and you will find God has wonderful lessons for you in trees and flowers. Lessons of trust and love, lessons of frugality and patience, lessons of meekness and endurance, lessons of gladness and peace, lessons, indeed, which, by His heavenly light, shall lead you to Himself, the source of Light and Joy. S. OWEN.

## To Girls in Toronto

WE have an announcement to make that will be of interest to girls living in Toronto and its outskirts. Dr. Barnardo has entrusted the visiting and general supervision of the Toronto girls to Mrs. Alfred B. Owen, and Mrs. Owen's house, 323 Markham Street, will be considered, in future, as the headquarters of the girls' work in Toronto. Mrs. Owen is looking forward to making herself personally acquainted with those who are now under her charge as quickly as she can visit them in their

homes or places of service; but, meantime, she wishes to extend a very cordial greeting to all girls residing in Toronto, and to say to them, on behalf of herself and Mr. Owen, that she hopes they will consider themselves heartily welcome to their house at any time they may have the opportunity of calling. Mrs. Owen will always be at home on Sunday afternoon and evening, and it is hoped that the occasion will offer for many pleasant little gatherings during the coming Winter.