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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. I.—No. 7.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1896.

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In this column we publish each month the names and addresses of one hundred subscribers, together with the dates of their arrival in Canada. Unless otherwise stated the post offices are situated in the Province of Ontario.

NAME.	POST OFFICE.	COUNTY.	DATE OF ARRIVAL IN CANADA.
AMES, WALTER	Ingersoll	Oxford	April, '95
AUSTIN, HENRY	Gamebridge	Ontario	June, '93
BRAUN, ERNEST	Bexley	Victoria	March, '93
BRAY, JOHN H.	Straffordville	Elgin	Aug. '93
BENHAM, AUBREY W.	Peterborough	Peterborough	March, '93
BOON, HARWICK N.	Huntsville	Muskoka	March, '92
BUNNEY, ARTHUR	Olinda	Essex	April, '90
BRETT, JOS. T.	Tintern	Lincoln	April, '89
BENNETT, CHAS.	Glenallan	Wellington	March, '93
COOLIDGE, JOHN R.	Omeme	Victoria	June, '90
CLAYTON, GEO.	Glenallan	Wellington	July, '94
CHIDGEY, CHAS. H.	Cedarville	Grey	March, '92
COCHRANE, ALBERT E.	Coventry	Peel	April, '86
CAMPBELL, EDWARD	Tilbury Centre	Kent	Aug. '93
CANNING, FRED	Morpeth	Elgin	July, '92
DOMAILLE, ED. C.	Ullswater	Muskoka	March, '92
DOYLE, WM.	Canton	Durham	Sep., '92
DEVINE, THOS.	Ivan	Middlesex	June, '91
DEVINSON, CHAS.	Wallaceburg	Kent	June, '91
DAI, CHAS. W.	Harwich	Kent	March, '93
DOW	Rodney	Elgin	Aug., '93
FARR, A.	Hartford	Norfolk	June, '93
FEENEY, EDWARD	Millbrook	Durham	April, '90
FANN, THOS.	Morpeth	Elgin	Aug., '93
FARROW, JNO. T.	Morpeth	Elgin	Aug., '93
FOALE, FRANK	Ruthven	Essex	July, '94
FOALE, HY. W. K.	Ruthven	Essex	July, '94
FRY, WM. C.	Forest	Lambton	June, '93
FISHER, EDWARD	Arden (Man)		April, '84
GUERRIER, ACHILLE	Box 623, Napanee	Lennox	June, '93
GRANT, HERBERT H.	Dutton	Elgin	Sep., '94
GILMORE, JNO.	Wallaceburg	Kent	June, '90
GATER, JOS.	Thistletown	York	March, '92
GRUNDY, HARRY	Springbank	Middlesex	Sept., '92
GRIFFIN, CHAS.	Oil City	Lambton	April, '88
HARDY, JOS. H.	Camborne	Northumberland	April, '94
HARWOOD, ALBERT	Grand Valley	Wellington	July, '92
HUNT, ARTHUR	Cobocoonk	Victoria	April, '94
HAWTHORNE, ERNEST	Arnprior	Renfrew	March, '92
HEWITT, A. LEWIS	Wolseley	Grey	April, '86
HARLOW, CHAS.	Pickering	Ontario	April, '89
HEAD, ALBERT	Georgetown	Halton	March, '92
HUGHES, GEO.	Lawrence Station	Elgin	April, '94
JONES, CHAS. HY.	New Sarum	Elgin	April, '90
JOYCE, FRED. W.	Cavanville	Durham	Sept., '94

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JASPER, WILLIAM I.	Paris	Brant	Sept., '92
JACOBS, WM.	Pelham Union	Welland	July, '95
JONES, ALBERT	Drayton	Wellington	April, '91
KAY, CHAS.	Thorndale	Middlesex	Nov., '95
KNOWLTON, ALFRED	Horning's Mills	Grey	June, '86
LENTZ, THOS.	Littlewood	Middlesex	March, '93
LAMB, WM. R.	Beaverton	Ontario	Nov., '94
LANGFORD, JNO. WM.	Campbelton	Elgin	Sept., '94
LAW, HENRY, E.	Kintore	Oxford	July, '92
MC LACHLAN, JAS. H.	Primrose	Dufferin	March, '93
MARRINER, FRED'K.	Fulton's Mills	Wellington	July, '92
MILTON, WM.	St. Catharines	Lincoln	March, '92
MARTIN, ALFRED C.	Edmonton	Peel	March, '93
MILLS, JNO.	Arlington	Simcoe	March, '92
MAKER, ALBERT E.	St. Mary's	Perth	July, '95
MANNING, GEO.	Ilderton	Middlesex	March, '92
MARGARESON, ROBERT	Crediton	Middlesex	April, '94
MUNSON, JOSEPH	Essex	Essex	March, '93
MCGLOSSON, JNO.	Shedden	Elgin	Aug., '91
NASH, ARTHUR	Nottawa	Simcoe	April, '95
NEVILLE, JNO. S.	Leith	Grey	March, '93
OUTTRIDGE, JAMES	Cannington	Ontario	March, '92
PRIMMER, GEO. F.	Thamesford	Oxford	July, '92
PULLEN, CHAS. G.	Walkerton	Bruce	March, '93
PARKER, HARRY L.	Martintown	Glengarry	April, '89
PREW, GEO. WM.	Glamis	Bruce	April, '91
PURKISS, FRED W.	Milton West	Halton	April, '91
PROWSE, WM. H.	Cowal	Elgin	March, '93
PERRY, THOS. J.	Springbank	Middlesex	Nov., '95
RICHARDSON, GEO.	Ilderton	Middlesex	March, '93
ROBINSON, JAS. R.	Reaboro	Victoria	March, '93
ROLLINSON, MARK	Moore	Lambton	Oct., '93
RICHARDSON, H. W.	Dutton	Elgin	Sept., '92
ROSE, FRED'K.	Ridgetown	Elgin	July, '94
RICHARDS, WM. W.	Banda	Simcoe	Nov., '94
SHAW, ALBERT	Holly	Simcoe	July, '94
SIMMONS, WALTER	Mt. Wolfe	Peel	March, '92
SUMMERSBY, GEO.	Newport	Brant	June, '91
SKINNER, ALBERT	Campbell's Cross	Peel	March, '92
SPRINGFORD, GEO.	Kerwood	Middlesex	Aug., '91
SIMS, FRED	Glencoe	Middlesex	Aug., '91
STEVENS, THOS.	Ailsa Craig	Middlesex	June, '91
SCANES, THOS.	Beachburg	Renfrew	April, '94
SWAN, CHAS. F.	Osborne	Lambton	March, '92
TREVERTON, ALLAN	Ingersoll	Oxford	April, '90
THOMAS, EDWARD G.	Cromarty	Perth	March, '92
TYSON, GEO. W.	Sandwich	Essex	June, '93
TIPPING, RICHARD	Sylvan	Middlesex	April, '90
THOMPSON, HENRY D.	Wheeler	Lambton	April, '91
TURNER, ERNEST H.	Chatham	Kent	March, '92
VENESS, FREDERICK	Parkhill	Middlesex	April, '90
WOODGATE, ARTHUR J.	Craigvale	Simcoe	April, '86
WELSH, WM. E.	Puce	Essex	March, '92
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UPS AND DOWNS

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VOL. I. No. 7.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1896.

PRICE PER YEAR. 25 Cents
SINGLE COPIES. 3 Cents.

ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

THERE have been stirring times in the great world around us since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS. We have heard of wars and rumors of wars, but in the little world of the lives of our boys there has been nothing very thrilling or momentous to record. With most of them "the daily round, the common task," has been the record of their lives, and we are glad to think that generally it has been a round of honest, useful work, and a task faithfully fulfilled, leaving the world so much better and so much richer than it was before. Some of us no doubt expect to be Prime Ministers or Generals, or Admirals of the Fleet, and might, even, not turn up our noses at being Members of Parliament; but there are a good many who will be content to soar in lower flights, and whose highest ambition, whether consciously or not, is patient continuance in well-doing. We have many hundreds of such boys settled all over this great Dominion, making no stir, attracting little attention, but providing things honest in the sight of all men and acquitting themselves worthily as men and Englishmen.

The lives of our boys in Canada are by no means all "beer and skittles." They have to work hard and laboriously, and there are probably few classes of men in the world to whom the words "in the sweat of their face shall they eat bread," more aptly apply than to the Canadian farmer. Our boys have their trials like other folks, and their positions are often very isolated, and they have to rub a good deal against the hard side of the world, and we, who watch the careers of all these thousands and know how well most of them do, and how often, even in the cases of those who fail, there are great allowances to be made, feel our blood boil at times when we read and hear the cruel, cowardly and unjust attacks so frequently made upon them.

"Canada has had enough of Banardo boys, even the best of them," writes the editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, the remark being eagerly quoted and endorsed by the blatant little demagogue who acts as the mouthpiece of the Trades and Labour Council of Toronto. We are not revengeful, and we believe that there is One above Who judgeth the cause of the fatherless, but we could find it in our hearts to wish that such men as these, who are deliberately using their influence to blight the lives and prospects of hundreds and thousands of their fellow-beings who have done them no wrong, and whose only fault is that they have been poor, might them-

upon the God-fearing sentiments and enlightened Christianity of its people and its free and purely democratic political institutions; and yet there are men who are agitating to have placed on the statute-book of Canada a law that would forbid a decent, respectable English boy, or party of boys, fellow-subjects of the same Empire, coming here to earn a decent livelihood and establish themselves in life. There would be an excuse for such a policy if the country were overcrowded and had to deal with and provide for a surplus population of its own; but Canada is a country actually starving for want of people, with vast natural resources awaiting development, and with immense areas of land of inexhaustible fertility still open for settlement, and capable of supporting millions of people. The population in England is at present 547 to the square mile, while over the whole Dominion of Canada it is slightly over 1.

One individual man, woman or child to each 640 acres, and yet there is no room for our boys! And we are told "Let the rich people in England keep them"; in other words, condemn them to live as paupers dependent upon charity or upon rates levied for their support.

There seems to us at times something almost fiendish in the extraordinary malevolence with

which our work is assailed, and we confess ourselves unable to find an explanation for it. We ask nothing for our boys but the right to live by their own exertions and carve out their own fortunes. They come to fill a need, and there are openings on all sides for them where they are eagerly sought after. No one is compelled to take them, but, on the contrary, we find that they are asked for in many times larger numbers than they can be supplied, and one would imagine that the sight of young boys with life before them, coming in this way to fill useful positions and starting forth with bright prospects, would commend itself to anyone with a spark of humanity and



DRUMMERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

selves have to feel what it is to suffer the pinch of want and to have to submit to scorn and insult and vindictive misrepresentation, such as they are meting out to those who, they believe, are powerless to defend themselves.

"Keep them down; shut the door in their faces; drive them back to degradation and pauperism; refuse them any chance of raising their position in life" would seem to be the attitude of these men towards our boys. It is almost incredible that it should be so in a country that prides itself and with good reason,

kindly feeling. And yet we find all over the country one little sheet after another lifting up its miserable little hand against us, and often heaping violent abuse upon Dr. Barnardo, his boys, his work, and his workers.

* *

Our only consolation is that unpopularity and opposition often prove for classes of people and public movements as well as for individuals, the fire in which the gold is refined, and the discipline from which they come forth equipped for more vigorous effort and more lasting success. We trust it will be so with ourselves and that the opposition we have to meet, and the sense that we are exposed to a constant fire of harsh and unkindly criticism, will tend to keep us on the alert against anything that will weaken our position or give ground for attack against us. We hope, and believe also, that it will promote a spirit of unity and comradeship among us, so that our boys will be ready to co-operate with us and with each other in anything that raises our prestige, and still more, that we shall feel that it rests with each individual to maintain in his own home, and in his own neighbourhood, our fair name and reputation, and, so to speak, to "spread the light" by himself leading an honest, upright, useful life.

* *

The letters and reports that have reached us during the past month show us, happily, that most of those we have heard of are indeed doing this. It has been a busy month of correspondence with us, nearly three thousand letters having been received and sent out from our office since our last issue. Some of the letters received have been letters of complaint, but the majority are from boys themselves, telling us how and what they are doing, and giving us little accounts and descriptions of their life.

* *

There may be nothing very original about most of these letters, and they may not display any very striking literary ability, but there is a healthy, bright, hopeful tone about them that is immensely encouraging and satisfactory. Many of the hands that write these letters are much more at home with the plough-handle than the pen, but when our boys sit down to write they say what they mean and mean what they say, and these letters bring us simple, straightforward accounts of steady progress and honest effort that are a credit to the writers. They show that many of our boys are tackling the business of life in the right spirit, and that they are taking sensible views of their position. No one can say that they are not in most cases looking at the bright side of things, and there is a remarkable absence of complaint or any disposition to make the most of grievances, but rather a desire to press forward in life and to avail themselves of all their advantages and to recognize gratefully all that has been done to help and befriend them.

* *

And in the start in life they are getting, our boys have indeed advantages to be thankful for. Most of our agreements expire on the 1st of April, as we consider that the best season of the year for both employers and employees to be ending engagements and entering upon new ones, and we have before us a long list of names of boys whose terms of service will expire on the first of April next. These lads will then be receiving sums of money varying from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars. Some of them will be barely seventeen, very few over eighteen, and these boys with the habits of industry they will have been taught, and the experience they will have gained, and with their money in the bank and the world before them, will have been splendidly well started in life. When we think

what an anxious problem it is to parents at home in England, amongst all classes, high and low, "what to do with our boys," we can unfeignedly rejoice in the success with which Dr. Barnardo has solved that perplexing problem in the case of so many of his boys in Canada.

* *

We are this month sending in to Dr. Barnardo our report for the past year of each individual boy who has been sent out during recent years. These reports go to him every year and they show what letters have been received from or about each boy, what visits have been paid him and what information has reached us from any other source during the twelve months. We have then to state all we know of his health, his conduct, behaviour, and general progress, and, in short, to give as full a history as we can of his life and doings. These thousands of reports are no light task, but it is a cheerful and pleasant one from the fact that the great majority are good reports, and convey to Dr. Barnardo the news that his boys are doing him credit in their Canadian homes. It is for us each year the rendering of an account of our stewardship, showing what our boys have done and what we have been able to do for them and we are thankful to be able to record in most cases that whatever efforts we have made have been rewarded by the well-doing and successful progress of our young charges.

Alfred B. Owen.

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By C. A. HODGETTS, M.D.

"OUR BOYS" FIRST AID TO THE INJURED ASSOCIATION.

PART. VI.

TO CLEANSE THE WOUND.

IT may be necessary to pick out pieces of glass, bits of coal, splinters of wood or iron, fragments of clothing, etc., adhering to it, or dirt, mud, sand, etc., may have been carried into the wound, these may be removed by washing with *clean* water, as that from a spring, river or well. Should you be so placed that *clean* water is not to be obtained, then refrain from washing at all for dirty water may poison the wound and cause results far more serious than those following the injury itself. *Be sure that your own hands are washed clean before attempting to dress a wound.* When possible, add a little carbolic acid to the water, about one part of acid to forty parts of water. If the latter has been boiled so much the better. Again the articles used in dressing the wound, as pieces of linen, towels or sponges, must be scrupulously clean. Always use the water *cold* for the purpose of checking the bleeding; warm water, however, is sometimes to be preferred. We will note the cases when you should use it as we go on. If the wound is clean, we mean free from dirt, etc., do not wash, and if a *dot of blood has formed in the wound on no account disturb it*, as you may thereby start the bleeding afresh.

ARREST OF BLEEDING.

When a large blood vessel is injured—the bright red blood spurting out, as in bleeding from an artery, or dark purple blood flowing down in a continuous stream, as it does from a vein—then direct your efforts to stop it as promptly as possible. The methods of doing so will be explained in the next paper. In the generality of wounds the blood oozes and drops

or trickles from the raw surface (this is bleeding from capillaries), and is readily checked by cold water, pressure of the bandage or by raising the injured part.

In some wounds there is displacement of the skin. After careful washing these should be replaced and kept in position by a dressing or bandage. Of course further attention will be given by the surgeon on arrival. When the wound is to the belly and is followed by protrusion of a portion of its contents, medical aid should be summoned without delay, the patient in the mean time being placed in a comfortable lying down position.

DRESSING AND BANDAGING OF WOUNDS.

Fold a piece of linen, muslin, shirting, gauze or handkerchief that is clean, or preferably a piece of lint, into a pad of sufficient size as to more than cover the wound, wet it in *clean* cold water if possible, apply to the wound and bind it on with bandage, this is known as a "cold water dressing," and is the best application for contused and lacerated wounds. Where you cannot obtain the water apply the pad as it is; this is "dry dressing," in any case it is the best to use when having to deal with an incised wound. The disadvantages of the "dry dressing" are it is apt to irritate and stick to the wound, so that when surgical aid is obtained its removal is effected with some trouble, and often distress, to the patient.

Should you have at hand sticking plaster it is better to apply it in strips to an "incised" wound, passing the same across so as to allow room for any discharge to escape; you can then apply the pad.

Having so treated your wound, next see that the *injured part is placed in an easy position and supported properly*, so that your patient can be removed with as little pain as possible, and without aggravating his injury. Thus, should it be the upper limb wounded, place it in a sling; if the lower limb, prop it up by folded clothes, hay, etc., or support and steady it by binding it to the sound leg.

Whilst on the subject of wounds let me warn the reader of the risk attached to the neglecting of *slight* wounds, as cuts, scratches, abrasions, pricks, etc., which are not severe enough to interfere with work. Splinters, bits of dirt, and the like, if left untreated in the flesh, frequently lead to inflammations and the formation of gatherings or abscesses, and as a result many a finger has been lost, and hand crippled, and many a workman unfitted for labour and forced to depend for several weeks upon his club. Therefore, in *slight* injuries be careful to pick out splinters, or pieces of grit, wash away any dirt, and then bind up the wound.

BLEEDING OR HÆMORRHAGE.

In discussing the heart and blood vessels, you will remember we spoke of the tubes in which the pure bright red blood from the heart travels to the different parts of the body, as arteries, and of the tubes in which the impure dark venous blood returns to that organ, as veins. The connecting link between these two series being capillaries, it must then follow that there are three different kinds of bleeding or hæmorrhage, as either of the different tubes are injured.

The amount of bleeding depending upon the size and number of blood vessels or tubes injured and the color of the flowing blood depending upon the kind of tube injured. Thus if an artery is injured, bright scarlet blood will spurt out in jets, often to a considerable distance, this being occasioned by the pump-like action of the heart—the pressure is said to be four pounds to the square inch; the blood, too, that trickles or oozes from severed capillaries will be red,

whilst dark purple or blackish blood flows out in a slow, steady stream from an injured vein.

Now, look to the practical question. How can you best give help in cases of bleeding? (Refer back to UPS AND DOWNS, October, 1895. Fig. 3 will show you the general plan of circulation and location of the larger blood vessels.) Of course, you would answer, *pressure* properly applied to the injured tube, be it artery or vein; but where is that pressure to be applied? The answer is, on the side of the wound from which the blood flows. In the case of a bleeding artery, apply the pressure on the side *nearest the heart*. In bleeding from a vein apply the pressure on the side *farthest from the heart*. In bleeding from capillaries, the pressure is to be made to the whole bleeding surface. A second method to stop bleeding, is by *position*, for as soon as a blood vessel is opened, the blood tends to gravitate and rush out of a wound, that is, when the injury is to a dependent part of the body, and for this reason it is always very important, in case of bleeding, to *elevate or raise up the wounded part above the level of the trunk*. Another method is the application of *cold*, in the way of cold water or ice, or even cool fresh air, and lastly, there are certain drugs, called *astringents or styptics*, as alum steel drops, which possess the power of clotting the blood and causing shrinking of the blood vessels.

Summary: To temporarily arrest bleeding try—first, *pressure*; secondly, *position*; thirdly, *cold*; lastly, *styptics*.

WESTWARD HO!

We have had several letters from our older boys in response to our suggestion in last month's issue that we should make up a party a little later in the season to go west together, with the idea, eventually, of taking up land. We publish below the names and addresses of those who have written us, so that if any one of them should see the name of some other lad whom he would like specially to join they can communicate with each other. Our present idea would be to assemble our party here sometime about the 10th or 15th of April, in readiness to start at once for Winnipeg. In the meantime we shall have been in correspondence with the Land Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and we shall have obtained all possible information from them as to lands open for settlement, the best points to get work, and so forth, and all this will be at the disposal of the members of the party. We will then arrange for their being met in Winnipeg and looked after until they are satisfactorily settled. The manager of Dr. Barnardo's farm in Manitoba, Mr. E. A. Struthers, is as well qualified as any man in the country to advise and assist intending settlers. He has had immense experience in Manitoba both in farming and in finding openings and locations for newcomers and he is a man whose judgment can be fully and implicitly relied upon. Dr. Barnardo's farm is 225 miles west of Winnipeg, but Mr. Struthers would no doubt try and arrange to be on hand in Winnipeg to meet our party, and even if from any cause it were impossible for him to be there himself we would take care between us that our colonists were well looked after. We shall hope to have more to say about this in our next issue, and, meantime, if there are any others who are disposed to strike westward in the spring we invite them to send in their names. The following boys have written expressing their desire to join the party:

- G. D. Stanford, care Mr. John Hanna, Kirkton P.O.;
- Arthur Blanchard, care Mr. McCabe, Bronte P.O.;
- Thomas C. Trebick, care Mr. A. G. Osborne, Kinglake;
- Chas. Henry Phillips, care Mr. Thos. Robinson, Norwood P.O.;
- Wm. J. Wood, care Mr. J. Snider, Bloomingdale;
- James A. Atack, care Mr. C. C. Robson, Ilderton;
- W. A. Diaper, care Mr. J. E. D. Campbell, Ivan.

ACROSTIC.

Thirty years!—How quickly they have passed away!
 How many changes have in that time been wrought!
 Ofttimes I backward look—it seems but yesterday,
 My mind still lingers round the first few boys I taught
 And plainly can I see that little crouching form,
 Saying sadly, yet so truly, "Sir, I have no home."

Just like a cry for help those words they reached my heart,
 Oh! how they prompted me to do and dare,
 Help, Oh! help me, Lord, to bear some part.
 Nothing shall daunt me, help me their woes to share,

Bound to my heart are those poor lambs of thine,
 Although they seem to have no sheltering fold.
 Reach out thine hand! Oh! Father, strengthen mine,
 Now help me, Lord, that I may help to shield them
 from the cold.
 Ah, truly Thou hast heard, Thou still doth hear;
 Renew my will, that Thine my will may be,
 Direct, control, dry every orphan's tear
 On earth, through time, through all eternity.

G. H. WEBB.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

Among the letters from our friends which we publish each month it will be noticed that many contain feeling allusion to the writers' remembrance and appreciation of the help they have received from Dr. Barnardo in days gone by. Expression is also given to an earnest desire to aid their friend and benefactor in carrying on for others the work which has proved such a potent factor for good in their lives.

What Dr. Barnardo's work has accomplished in the past, and what, under God's blessing, it can accomplish in the future none know better than our friends in Canada, enjoying as a result of that work all the comforts and blessings of their present position of honourable independence and bright prospects. These "looking backward" letters are a healthful sign. They show that a process of heart searching is going on among our friends. They tell of a voice from the past proclaiming the need of to-day and to-morrow; and that the voice is not heard in vain is evidenced by the donations which, from time to time, we have been able to forward to Dr. Barnardo. Many of our boys have most faithfully adhered to the promise they made when they left England, to contribute one dollar a year to the support of the Homes. But when we remember the several thousand boys in good positions to-day, earning good wages, or making a good income in one direction or the other, who received their first help upward from Dr. Barnardo, and turn to the list of those who *have* fulfilled their promise, we are impelled to ask:

"Where are the nine?"

Aye, where?

Surely not so immersed in their own pursuits as to have become entirely oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that there are still thousands in England only awaiting the grasp of the hand which helped *them*, to be placed, as *they* were placed, in the path which leads—shall we say to Canada?—at least to that condition in which all may be happy, a condition in which they have the opportunity of earning for themselves a comfortable and honest living amidst healthful and congenial surroundings!

No. We do not believe there is one among the many whose dollars have not reached the Home who would wilfully refrain from helping others to the opportunity they themselves have turned to such good account. But, again we ask, "Where are the nine?" Overcome by temporary forgetfulness? We believe and trust that nothing worse than this is the cause of their apparent inertia. We hope that like all men who occasionally take a "snooze" at odd moments, they will wake up determined to make up the lost time, and that in our next issue the

list of "Donations to the Homes from 'our boys'" will be more commensurate with the number of those who, "having obtained help," should "continue to this day witnessing."

Below we give a list of donations received since our last number appeared.

- James Atack, \$1; Joseph Ashton, \$1; Alf. B. Bavestock, \$1; Albert Blunt, \$1; Abraham J. Baker, \$2;
- John Barr, \$1; Richard Cox, \$1; Harry Collins, \$1; E. F. Clarke, \$1; Henry Cox, \$1; Wm. A. Diaper, \$1;
- Chas. Fuller, \$1; William Ferry, \$10; Arch Ferris, \$1;
- Frederick Floyd, \$1; Christopher J. Fox, \$4; Achille Guerrier, \$1; Geo. T. Garrood, \$1; N. Garnham, \$1;
- Thos Gannon, \$1; Geo Hearn, \$1; Jno. R. Head, \$1;
- Jno. Hancock, \$1; Alfred Hollifield, \$1; Richard H. Hallam, \$1; William Luke Hill, \$1 75; Alfred Jolley, \$1;
- William Jennings, \$1; William Kenney, \$1; Saml. M. Ling, \$1; William Luff, \$1; John Wm. Lumley, \$1;
- George Lane, 75c.; John Lewis, \$1.61; Robt. Leonard, \$1;
- Sid. G. Lawrence, \$1; Geo. F. Lott, \$1; Edward Miller, \$1; Chas Morrell, \$1; Wm. Milton, \$1; Hy. H. Mabe, \$1;
- Fred. G. Nowlen, \$1; Ernest Nowlan, \$1; Chas. F. Nent, \$1; Alfred C. Peters, \$1; Geo. Pavelin, 75c.;
- Henry Piper, \$1; Wm. J. Pauley, \$1; William Richards, \$1; Edwin Rose, \$1; Wm. Rainbird, 50c.;
- Samuel Snow, \$2; Wilfred C. Southern, \$1; Frederick Smith, \$1; Percy Thompson, \$1; Arthur J. Woodgate \$1;
- Arthur G. Webb, \$6; Charles H. Ward, \$1; Geo. Wright, \$1; David Wells, \$1; Thos. Ward, \$1; Walter G. R. Way, \$1; Thomas Wm. Wright, \$1; Henry Wildey, \$1; Richard Wright, \$1; Wm. D. Yelf, \$1.

OUR DEAD.

At the Home in Toronto death has been in our midst during the past month, and one who had been with us since his arrival from England in September last, is with us no more. Little Francis Woodward was a bright, docile, lovable little lad, and there was no one in the Institution who had not a good word for him. Up till Christmas there was no sign of his ailing, but shortly after that he was taken ill, and the disease, which proved to be tubercular meningitis, or acute inflammation of the brain, soon ran its fatal course. At the earlier stage of his illness he suffered considerably, but latterly he lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, and he may be said to have passed away almost without pain. His remains were laid in their last resting place in the Humbertdale Cemetery, outside Toronto, on the 23rd of January, but of the immortal spirit we can indeed say, in the words of the hymn sung at the conclusion of our simple funeral service, that it is "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Another of our number has been called hence since the last issue of our paper, Daniel O'Leary, aged 26, who left England in March, 1885. The news of his death was conveyed to us in the following letter:—

VIRDEN L. O. L., No. 1519.

VIRDEN, MAN., Jan. 18, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Daniel O'Leary, who came to Canada in 1885 from the Homes in England, died at Virden, Man., January 16th, was buried with Orange honours by Virden L. O. L., No. 1519, in Virden Cemetery, to-day. The cause of death was brain fever. Deceased came here from Petrolea, Ontario. I have communicated with Mr. Hyde, of Petrolea, where I believe he lived for two years. He was highly respected in this vicinity.

"Yours fraternally,

"CHAS. STINSON,

"Rec. Sec. L. O. L., Virden."

Many of our older boys will remember O'Leary, and will grieve that a life that seemed to be one of such bright promise should have been thus cut off in the full vigor of youth; but "He doeth all things well."

Ups and Downs

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1896.



WING to the unusually early date at which we published our last issue, this is our first appearance since Christmas, and "Christmas Day at the Home" is an event we cannot think of allowing to pass into the lumber room of "things that have been" without some mention of the many pleasing incidents the day brought forth. With the boys in the Home, at least, Christmas shares with Exhibition week the honour of first place among all the days of the year, with, we are fain to admit, a slight preference in favour of Christmas. Why this preference? will doubtless be understood by the time we reach the end of our story. Many days before the 25th young faces began to wear a look of joyful expectancy not unmingled with anxiety. We could not help noticing that if a boy were sent on an errand which took him past the culinary department, he displayed more than customary alacrity in starting away. It was strange how "round by the kitchen" seemed to be shortest way to everywhere during those days preceding Christmas; and it was not strange that expectancy deepened and anxiety vanished from the faces of the message bearers—for "coming events cast their odours before."

Hard labour and plenty of it was the order of the day—and night—in the housekeeper's department. The responsibility of providing for the Christmas appetites of forty healthy English lads is not a small one, but the undertaking was in the right hands. Under the skilful manipulation of Mrs. Cunnerty, assisted by a small army of very willing assistants, all sorts of good things began to take recognizable shape.

When at last Christmas dawned, boots were polished and best clothes donned with an energy which might be taken as an indication of that to be exerted at a later stage in the day's proceedings.

After breakfast the boys marched to Euclid Avenue Methodist Church, where a special Christmas service was held. As the hour for dinner approached, patience became conspicuous by its absence. Never before were boys so ready to obey the word of command, "fall in," for the march to the dining hall; never did boys' faces wear a happier and more determined look than did those of forty of Dr. Barnardo's boys as they gazed upon the turkeys, geese and other ex-members of the poultry yard, invitingly awaiting the magic touch of

Mr. Davis' carving knife. Pyramids of oranges, apples, and candies looked down alluringly from their places on the tables. "Let justice be done if the sky fall" was the ruling maxim; and justice was done. The feathered tribe quickly gave way to "real English plum pudding," in turn supplemented by the lighter delicacies. All having expressed themselves as satisfied, the tables were cleared and the afternoon was given over to games and singing.

There were two very pleasant interruptions of this part of the day's programme. The first was a visit from four young ladies—Misses Rose Taylor, Mabel Penny, Jamieson and McKennie—who came on behalf of the Euclid Avenue Methodist Bible Class, bearing greetings—and a generous supply of oranges and candies. This kindly act was highly appreciated by all in the Home.

We also had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Walter Stark, of Liverpool—a gentleman who has for some years past taken a warm and kindly interest in Dr. Barnardo's work. Mr. Stark gave the boys a few kindly words of greeting and advice, to which all listened with attention and, we hope, not a few with profit. It is not alone on account of the substantial contribution which he left towards our Christmas cheer that we thank Mr. Stark for his call and hope we may see him again in his future visits to Canada.

In the evening additional members of the staff and many other friends arrived. A few seasonable words from Mr. Owen, and then there appeared two large barrels filled with sawdust, which immediately became the cynosure of all eyes. Those barrels proved to be—we were going to say the *hollowest* of frauds, but the very reverse, as a matter of fact; mingling with the innocent-looking sawdust were many variously shaped parcels—three for each boy. Whatever a boy drew was his, and in a few minutes the scene might be likened to a gathering of young Indians clad in European dress. Knives were flourished and horns were tooted, while on the side-benches story books were eagerly scanned and the merits of colour boxes approved. But all this excitement rendered necessary a further strengthening of the "inner man," and cakes and fruit again held sway. Then followed blind-man's buff, every boy being desirous of making Mr. Webb blind man. With this and kindred games the ball was kept merrily rolling until 10 o'clock, when the National Anthem brought to a close a day which had been full of enjoyment for all at the Home.

There is one feature of the large correspondence which finds its way to our hands of which we wish to make mention. It is the readiness that is displayed by many of our boys to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the publication of a journal distinctively our own, to "write that others may read." We are particularly pleased to see this, inasmuch as the aim of UPS AND DOWNS is not only to interest and amuse, but, whenever possible, to instruct, and these epistles of our friends not only prove the means of keeping the various members of our large family in direct communication with each other, but they have considerable value from an educational standpoint, a boy writing under such circumstances being instinctively impelled to "do his best."

In ordinary conversation and private correspondence there is, to-day, a tendency towards slovenliness of expression, which not infrequently amounts to coarseness; there exists a desire to exchange good wholesome English for the slang phrases which are the shibboleth of the street-corner loafers.

Many fall into the habit of using these ex-

pressions through sheer carelessness. They hear others use them, become familiarized with them and make use of them themselves,—only occasionally at first, but, as in all bad habits, the "occasional" becomes the "general."

An occasional letter, written, not for private perusal, but for the "public," offers a good antidote to this tendency. Slang expressions, which through familiarity may sound allright, appear in all their hideousness when committed to writing. They are quickly erased and the proper phrase substituted. The result is beneficial not only to the writer but to the readers. The open columns of our journal afford our friends an excellent opportunity for exercising their faculties, and, as we have already said, the fact that they are making use of the opportunity is a source of pleasure to us. Some of our correspondents do not confine themselves to prose, but, like Mr. Silas Wegg, "drop into poetry."

In speaking of these poetical effusions we must exercise considerable discretion. Some are really good, and evince great depth of feeling and not a little knowledge of the technical requirements of verse building; and others—well—they do not.

There is an old Latin tag, which, translated, reads: "A poet is born, not made." We are not going to question the truth of this, but we must always remember that this is *our own* journal, and, if we decide to devote a little corner to the poetical efforts of some of us, who shall say us nay?

As we write we are very seriously asking ourselves why we cannot devote a not inconsiderable space in our journal to educational purposes—why, in fact, we cannot form ourselves into a sort of Literary and Mutual Improvement Association? We believe a page set apart for this purpose, containing special contributions from our friends, and useful items of instruction, together with extracts from the works of leading English prose and verse writers would be appreciated by all, and would prove of especial benefit to the very many among our friends who are seeking by their own efforts to supplement their previous educational opportunities. We might arrange for a very varied and interesting programme of papers or essays upon different subjects from our friends. We could select the topics, let us say for six months. Our selection could be made to cover most subjects in which our boys are interested and on which they would be likely to have something to say. By publishing a copy of our syllabus for six months, all would have an opportunity of rubbing up their knowledge of any subject about which they intended to write.

Then we might arrange a system of marks, and to the member gaining the highest number in the six months we would award a suitable prize.

To attempt to start a "Literary and Mutual Improvement Society" for our boys without the support and active interest of at least a number of them would be a waste of time. We have given an outline of our idea. Undoubtedly it is capable of amplification and improvement, upon more thoughtful consideration; but it is enough for the present. Whether we carry out our idea depends entirely upon our boys. Before our next issue appears they will have plenty of opportunity to write and let us know what they think of the proposition.

Three boys seated at the same table, all writing to wish their friends at the Home a

merry Christmas and a happy New Year! This is a pleasant picture to contemplate, and it is one that is presented to us in the case of Samuel Snow (April, '90), Samuel M. Ling (March, '93) and George Hearn (April, '94). The two latter are members of the household of Mr. A. Taylor, of Carlingford, who had kindly extended an invitation to Samuel Snow to spend a few days at Christmas with his friends. It was under Mr. Taylor's care that Snow gained his first experience of farming in Canada. Each of the three letters tells of a successful year and speaks hopefully of the future. Snow, who is 20, says:—

"You will be expecting car-loads of letters at this time of the year, as we are such a large family. I am in good health. . . . I sent my bank book with a check for \$80 to be deposited to my account on Saturday. . . . I would like very much to take a trip to England to see my birth-place. but it would run away with a pile of my money and my pile is not a car load yet and it is better lying where it is, I think. . . . Samuel Ling and George Hearn are both at the same table writing to you, so I suppose I need not say anything about them, except that both are, I think, prospering."

* *

Samuel Ling, who is 18, says:—

"It is with great pleasure I write my Christmas letter to you, hoping you and all at the Home are well. I enclose as my annual subscription to the Home \$1. which has been kindly given to me by Mr Taylor for the purpose. I am glad to say I am in good health at present, also Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. . . . I received a photo from England of my brother in his uniform as a policeman. . . . I also received a money order for two shillings; I think myself lucky. . . . I like to hear, through UPS AND DOWNS, how the boys are getting along throughout the Dominion."

* *

Geo. Hearn, the last of the trio, who is 16, writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am in good health. . . . I enclose one dollar as my subscription to the Home, which was kindly given me by Mr. Taylor. I think UPS AND DOWNS is getting better every month."

* *

From John T. Wastell (March, '93) we hear:

"I am getting along first-rate. I am in the best of health and strong. . . . This is my second year with Mr. Johnston. We have a farm containing 100 acres. . . . The new house we built last summer is a nice one. It is on the top of a big hill, and we have a good view of the village of Drayton. We have a good crop of hay and grain, and threshed 1,700 bushels in ten hours. . . . I attend Church and Sunday-school regularly. . . . I was glad to find some of my chums in UPS AND DOWNS—Harry Offord, Samuel Relf, Walter Brown, Harold T. Courtney, and Percy; we were all chums in the Grove Road Home."

* *

Herbert J. Williamson is a little fellow of 12 who has been in Canada since March, '93. He is learning farming under the guidance of Mr. Christopher C. Barker, of Paris Station. Mr. Barker is the owner of one of the finest farms in Ontario, and Herbert sends us a very well-written, interesting account of his surroundings:—

"We have a very 'slick' way of doing things around here. In the first place, we have 21 head of cattle in one long row; we can feed them in five minutes by means of a truck which runs in front of them. We have the cattle standing with their heads to the west, leaving a space of about five yards for the truck to run. On the other side are five box-stalls, which we have for the sick ones when any get sick and for calves. We have two at present in them. On the north-west corner is the turnip cellar, which is full at present."

"Next comes a box-stall, and on the south of it the harness-room; next east of it the horse-stable, which will

hold six horses. It is the finest I ever saw, with cedar-block floor, and the finest finished off of any I have seen. Next comes the drive shed; it is about 30 feet square; further south is where we keep the buggies and cutters. Next comes the work-shop, which contains the farm implements and where we do the carpenter work. The pig-pen, which is a place by itself, has a cement floor, and the hen-house is near it. This is about the best I can give you. You must come down and see it, and then you will get a better idea than I can explain to you."

"I must tell you that I am getting along first-rate. I had a pair of skates given me last winter. . . . And I must tell you I had a good silver hunting watch given to me a few weeks ago, and I am very proud of it."

Herbert's lot has fallen in pleasant places. We congratulate him upon his gifts; they are a token of the good opinion of those around him.

* *

"I got the medal, and I was very pleased with it and so was Mr. Harris. I thank Dr. Barnardo for it. It will help me along."

Thus writes Charles Fuller (July, '92) from Ballymote, Ont., where he is steadily hewing his way,—whether to fortune, time alone will



tell. But we can at least, judging by the past four years, look forward to a very bright and prosperous future for Charles, whose portrait we have the greatest satisfaction in publishing

* *

"I like the place and I get treated kindly,"

says Albert Henry Beak, one of our boys of last year's party, who has found a home with Benjamin Biddis, one of our old friends now farming on his own account at Woodstock.

* *

Wm. Kenney, who came out in April, 1891, some months since went to Chicago at the solicitation of a friend, hoping to find employment in that city. He unfortunately realized when too late that these large crowded cities are the very worst places to which young men, either skilled mechanics or unskilled labourers, can go to seek employment. But, being there, William decided to stay, and joined a regiment of the U. S. cavalry. While we may regret that one of our boys has deemed it necessary to change his allegiance from the old flag to that of a foreign country, we must not forget that, in spite of recent stormy signs, the English and the Americans are practically one people, and we are very sure that William will as faithfully perform his duty under the Stars and Stripes as he would under the Union Jack. In a recent letter he writes:

"As you said, I am much interested in the details of the dispute between the two powers, but I don't think it will amount to anything more than a tongue thrashing. I would not like to have to fight my own native country, but I am sorry to say, if it comes to that, I would have to do my duty. I have eight months in, and I have two years and four months to serve yet, and when I get discharged, if all goes well, I will return to my native country and help my parents in their old days."

* *

William Luff (June, '90) writes from Zimmerman:—

"I like the place, for it seems like home. . . . I got a good book for a prize at Christmas from the Sunday School."

Frederick Floyd has been over ten years in Canada, which have been well spent in steady devotion to duty. Frederick, now 26 years of age, is as firm in his affection for the Home as of yore, and writes from Beaconsfield:



"I had no idea that the paper would prove to be such a good one. I am sure every boy ought to be proud of it. For my part, I am more proud than ever that I belong to Dr. Barnardo's large family."

I was much pleased to hear of Dr. Barnardo's recovery. It seems like one of God's mercies to bring him safely through such a serious illness. . . . I can never repay the good he has done me, but I will endeavour to my utmost to keep up the good name of the Home."

* *

"This is my first letter to you, and when I write again I hope to be a better writer. I am well and very glad of my new home. I do not think anyone could be kinder to us than Mr. and Mrs. McLaren are."

The "first letter" is very creditable in every way to John Mills, who came out last year, and is 10 years of age.

* *

Robert T. Reid (November, '94), who is at Baltimore, Ont., informs us that "I am going to school after the New Year."

* *

"I have been here six months now, and my employer has never said a cross word to me. I guess I will put my year in and get my \$100."

This is the wise conclusion arrived at by Robert C. Pattle, who came to Canada nine years ago, and is now working at Walter's Falls.

* *

"I like living in Canada very much," writes John Moulden, who has had four years' experience on which to base his opinion.

* *

We are in receipt of a very bright, cheerful letter from Arthur Woodgate, who came out in April, 1886.



Arthur has proved himself to be a steady, industrious worker, having been for eight years in one situation, which he leaves the first of April next, in order to take another where he will receive the higher wages to which his experience now entitles him. He will

still remain, however, in the same locality—Craigvale—where he is held in high esteem. Arthur, who is now 22, writes:

"I thank Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen, and all connected with the Home, for the interest they have taken in me. . . . I am looking forward to try and save as much as I can for a few years yet, so that I shall be able some day to buy a home for myself."

"I suppose you thought I had forgotten the old Home. You will think I have quit sending money to the Home, but I have been under so much expense this last year, I could not send any, but I will make up for it when I get straightened up again. I have bought two lots. I intend to try and build a house next summer. . . . You will be surprised to hear I have a boy a year old."

This is news, indeed, from an old friend, Alfred Knowlton, who came from England in 1886. We congratulate him very heartily, if rather late in the day, upon his promotion to the proud position of father, and we very earnestly trust that the little man may be spared to grow up and be a comfort and a blessing to his parents. Since receiving the above letter, we learn that Alfred has secured an interest in a saw-mill.

It would be positively unjust to allow Archibald Ferris' gallantry to hide itself in the dark recesses of a pigeon hole. We trust the following extract will not be overlooked in the quarter whence our journal has derived the recent generous increase in its vitality and interest. It may be well to state that Archibald is 21 years of age, and therefore legally responsible for any statement to which he puts his name:—

"There were some nice-looking girls' photos in the last paper you sent. UPS AND DOWNS would be worth a quarter more if you put a group of them in every month."

Archibald is not the only one who greets the appearance of "our girls" with expressions of pleasure. William Essland, another "boy," passed to man's estate, waxes eloquent in his enthusiasm and propounds the following:—

"Would there be any harm in brothers and sisters running in double harness, for Dr. Barnardo has a great many children? I see that some of the girls have been getting the ministers to tie the knot for them! I hope there will be photos of the girls every month, so that if I see one that suits me I can make straight for her." This is really very serious.

UPS AND DOWNS was certainly started with the hope it would be a bond of union between Dr. Barnardo's young people. But matrimonial union! We never contemplated that responsibility.

On general principles we don't mind telling William that matrimony is a very excellent institution, and that objection cannot be taken to marriage between brothers and sisters in such a large family as ours (providing, of course, William, your "sister" shares your views). Information on this vastly important point William is, doubtless, quite capable of acquiring for himself without our aid. As a matrimonial agency we fear we should prove a terrible failure.

Distance does not diminish Wm. Fery's regard for his old friends. He is now 25, and came from England over ten years ago. Writing on the last of the old year from Oberon, N. Dakota, William says:—

"I now write wishing you and all connected with the Home a happy New Year; and long may Dr. Barnardo live. . . . I will enclose in this letter \$10.00 for the benefit of the Home."

"I am very glad for getting a chance for coming out here, for I have a good master, and I do like the new country."

This is from Ernest Nowlan (16), after three months' experience in the "new country."

"I came to Canada in 1887, and am six years past in the same place. I like the country very well. I have had good health ever since I came to Canada. I received my medal three years ago. I feel very proud of it."

The foregoing tells something of the character of Thomas J. D. Cox, who has recently

returned from a visit to England. Thomas' English friends urged him to remain, but our friend knew too well the advantages awaiting him in Canada.

Still another whose thoughts are hovering in ominous manner over the new department of UPS AND DOWNS is George Lane, 24, who has his experience of nine years with which to face the future:—

"You have some good girls as well as good boys; and they are very good-looking girls."

We cannot refrain from commending the candour of the following letter from Ernest Halls (June, '90), who writes from Dunedin:

"I see by your paper there is a lot of my old chums who are taking the paper; so I will make one more to their number. I am getting along fine, and am in good health and strength. I like the paper fine. I like to read about our boys, and see what they have done; although I have not done anything to brag of myself, but I stand a good chance of doing better."

"I am getting on quite well, and I like my place very much. I am quite used to the place now, and I never feel lonely. My employers treat me very kindly, and use me as if I was their own son. I do not have to work very hard, and I do not do very much; I never tire of the work. I go to church on Sunday, and I study the Sunday School lesson in the afternoon for this year, as the schools will soon be closed, as the roads get bad."

Thus writes Alfred Hulks, a boy of last year's party, aged 12. Alfred also tells of an unfortunate accident, from which, however, we are glad to learn he has not suffered very serious consequences.

Thomas Lashmar (July '95) says, writing from Macton:

"I like the paper very well, and like to see old faces and read letters from our boys. . . . I am getting on pretty well at my place and I like Canada."

George Moore (1883), now 21 years of age, writes:

"I have received the copies of UPS AND DOWNS, and I think it is just the paper for us boys to keep us together. . . . I did intend to come down to the Toronto Fair last fall, but I had to give it up. I hope you do not think I have forgotten you, and I hope you have not forsaken me for not writing a little oftener to you, as I am not much of a letter-writer. I am glad to say I am not ashamed of being a Dr. Barnardo boy, for I am just as much thought of as the other young fellows. I do hope that UPS AND DOWNS will continue and in time get larger, and as long as I live you will not be stuck for a subscriber in me."

Charlie Kay, who left England with our last party and is now at Thorndale, thus gives vent to his enthusiasm:

"I spent Christmas with Charlie Fuller. I never enjoyed myself better. I am getting along well. They (copies of UPS AND DOWNS) are the best papers in Canada."

"We sincerely return you thanks for bringing us out here and providing a good home for us. We are well and happy. We go to school and church regular, and derive great benefit from it."

This is from a joint letter from Alfred W. Ansell and George Clarke, two little boys who have been in Canada since July, 1894.

From Huntsville, where he lives, we hear that Edgar Jesse Gambrial, 11,—

"is well, and has improved very much. He attends school and is quite a good boy."

Wm. J. Wood (July, '85) hopes that a party for the North-West will be formed during the

spring; and if it is, William intends to be one of those "going West."

"I did not like the place when I first came here, but now I am doing well. Next fall my time will be up, and I shall have \$100. I hope I shall do well after that. I am trying to lead a Christian life. I am going to try and make something of myself in life."

WM. H. MABEY, age 18 (April, '91, party).

"I am very happy and I think I shall like my place. My master is very kind to me. I have had a very happy Christmas."

This is from a letter from Archie Hooper, 12, who came out last fall, and has recently been placed with a farmer near Windsor.

"I think the paper is very nice. It reminds me of a good many old chums."

THOS. WRIGHT, 14 (July, '94).

Wm. D. Yelf (April, '94) writes from Park-hill:

"I think it (UPS AND DOWNS) is really nice and interesting. The Doctor's photograph is not like him when I left the Old Country; he had not got his side whiskers. Stepany was just the same and the Labour House. I hope you will have Mr. Anderson's picture in. I am going to get all the numbers bound. I want to use them for reference for the 'First Aid to the Injured.' I am just sending you a dollar for the New Year for the Home, and I hope to be able to send some more toward the newspaper next April."

"George Doran and Robert Downham are both in good health, and I think are doing well," writes the guardian of our little friends, who are aged ten and six respectively, and whose home is at Lancelot.

We have received a very sensible letter from Alfred Jolley (June, '90), who has been working at Mount Forest for some time. During the past year Alfred was signally unfortunate in regard to accidents, but he deals with the troubles of the past in a very philosophic spirit. The course he is mapping out for his guidance in the future is one that, adhered to, will bring our friend much peace and happiness.

Alfred says:—

"Once more we have come to the end of the year, the time of reckoning. The question comes to my mind, 'What good have we done in the past year?'"

"I have not done as much good as I should have done, but it can't be helped now. I hope to make some good resolutions for the new year, and by God's help to keep them. I have been in good health all the year except accidents. I have had two of them, viz., a broken collar bone on the first of May, losing over five weeks, and another broken collar bone in September, on the other side. Rather unfortunate, but I am well and strong again. I lost over two months time during the summer. It was rather discouraging, but we all have mishaps sometimes, and I am not going to fret about the past, but I am going to push on to the things that are ahead. I have a very comfortable home; it is likely I will be staying with Mr. Norris another year. . . . I am so glad you have started a paper. It is a great help to the boys, and others, too. I am always pleased when it comes to me. I think that 'First Aid to the Injured' is a grand thing, also 'Among our Friends'; in fact, all the subjects are first rate. I think it is just the thing."

"Enclosed you will find one dollar as I promised. I am sorry I cannot send more, but I will try and make up for the three years I missed some year I do better. . . . I mean to start the new year different to the past. I was depending on myself too much, but I failed. I am now trusting in the Saviour. He is my dearest Friend and Guide."

Robert William Hawkesworth, who came out in '86, then a little fellow of ten, is still at

Chatham, where he went upon his arrival in Canada. He writes us that he is doing well, and is very pleased with UPS AND DOWNS, for which he sends his subscription, together with \$1.75 for the Homes.

Walter Lubbock has been in Canada nearly four years, is 21 years of age, and living at Scotland, Ont. He writes:—

"I bless the day when I first put my foot on Canadian soil, and I am sure I cannot give enough thanks to my friend, Dr. Barnardo, for taking me as it were out of the horrible pit and establishing my feet firm upon the rock, for I realize that coming out has made a man of me, and I am not ashamed to own up to the fact that if it had not been for the Doctor I might have been with the many thousands to-day in London starving.



I have heard much of the prejudice concerning our boys, and I, too, like our old friend Harry E. Cooper, am always glad to inform people that I am one of the boys from that Home. I have never seen Harry, nor did I ever know him, but when I read his letter in UPS AND DOWNS it fills me with enthusiasm. I like the spirit of it very much, and I trust that I and many others may follow.

"I am getting on very well, and the more I stay here the better I like it."

From Alfred E. Giles (June, '88), at Hulbert, comes the following short but interesting letter:—

"I received the first issue of the paper in August and I meant to write, but I went to Manitoba and forgot all about writing till a few days ago. I liked it pretty well in Manitoba this summer. A fellow can make pretty good wages up there. . . . I would not be without the paper for twice the cost of it."

"Our little boys are getting along nicely; they are obedient and willing. . . . They are healthy, and Willie is growing quite a big boy. Ben is small but he is a fine little fellow. They are getting along well at school, and are, I think, contented with their home."

The foregoing is the latest report we have from the guardian of two of our little boarders, Benj. G. Clarke, 8, and Willie Price, 10.

From Joseph T. Brett (April, '86) we hear as follows:—

"May the Home be prosperous through another year, and may God spare Dr. Barnardo for years to come to do His good work for the orphans. . . . I saved forty dollars this year."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am one of Dr. Barnardo's boys. I had never seen UPS AND DOWNS until Christmas Day, and I like the paper because it tells about Home boys; some I don't and some I do know. I live at Mr. James Brown's and go to Allansville School, and

on Sunday we drive to Port Sydney to Sunday school and church.

We had a Christmas tree at our house on Christmas Day. I got ten things off it, and some things in my stocking besides. I am in the Second Book at school. I like to go to school. I have been here nearly a year and a half. I like it very much. The 25 cents is for the paper. Send it to me. Can I write again some time. I will be ten years old on the 16th of February.

Your happy little friend,

EDWARD SHAYLER.

Our "happy little friend" may certainly write again. We shall always be glad to hear from him and all of our little friends, who, we hope, are as happy and contented as Edward. We congratulate him upon the richness of his Christmas harvest.

George T. Garrod, who came out in June, '93, and is now 18, writes from Bothwell:—

"I wish you and all the people of the Home and all the subscribers to UPS AND DOWNS a happy and successful new year. . . . I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday morning. . . . I think UPS AND DOWNS is a very nice paper for keeping the boys together, and I also think the girls should have their part. I am glad to hear Dr. Barnardo has recovered from his sickness, and hope he may live to see many another new year. I have sent a dollar to help to keep up the Homes, and hope all the rest will do the same."

Alfred E. Hinds, now 16, who came to Canada in March, '92, writes:—

"I am well pleased with the paper, and think it is a very suitable name, both for the paper and the boys. I like Canada very much; I like it better and better every year. I like my employer and my home, and I am fond of farm work and very fond of horses.

In the January issue I saw the picture of Samuel George Stargratt. I think he was my Leopold House chum. Please can you inform me on that, and can you tell me when he came out to this country and whether he came from Leopold House, as I am anxious to see if he is my chum. . . . I am glad now that I ever came out to Canada. I like this country and my Canadian home, but I still cling to my native land."

Alfred Peters (Sept., '94) finds UPS AND DOWNS a great solace to him during his long winter evenings. In his letter he makes enquiry of several old friends in the Home in England.

John T. Howard (June, '90) is looking ahead, and, writing from Millbrook, informs us he is "coming up to the Fair in the fall, if he is spared."

Francis V. Newby sends a letter full of hope for the future, and telling of considerable success in the five years that have elapsed since he left England:—

"I approve of the name of your paper, because we have many ups and downs as we travel through life, but when we 'get up' we should try to stay up, and help others up if we can. The ladder of life is hard to climb, and we must start at the bottom before we can reach the top. If we fail in the first attempt we should not give up and say 'forsaken,' but we should try again, like King Bruce's spider.

"I have been out here now 5 years, and have \$300 saved up, but I hope in 3 years more I will have \$300 more added to it. I have got a good name. I have worked for it and I will strive to keep it."



John Mills, Arlington (March, '92, party): "I am getting along well in my place, and my term will be up in the spring."

Herbert Friscoe, 14, sends a bright, cheerful letter from Glencoe:—

"I am well, and getting along well so far. . . . I am going to school this winter and I am going to Sunday School nearly every Sunday. I am looking for some of you to come down pretty soon now. We have more time to talk to you than we have in the busy harvest."

Edward Fitzgerald (June, 1891), Beachville:—

"My employer, Mr. Forden, is a very nice man. I like him very well. I am getting along very well. He



has 31 head of cattle, 10 horses and 10 pigs. We have lots of feed, and we cut all the feed with the wind mill. . . . I received a sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS and would like to subscribe. If you would take it out of my bank book I would be very glad."

George Summersby tells of his life in Canada in the following letter:—

"I have been in this country four years and five months, and I am getting along well. . . . Times are pretty hard; feed is scarce down this way, and I think it is pretty scarce all over. I have lots to do this winter. I and my master have ten acres of brush to cut down. We get up at five o'clock every morning."

"I take great interest in farming, and I can do anything at all on the farm. Mr. McNabb can go any place and trust me to do the work."

W. P. RILEY, Edgar, Ont. (June, '91).

From Tilsonburg comes the following cheerful letter from Herbert R. Rackham (April, 1895):—

"I like my place and am treated nicely. I can get on alright with the work, and I do not think I could get a better place, as I am well satisfied."

Nothing but the best of news reaches us of our little friends William Pulley, 11, and George Jennings, 8. They make their home with Mr. John Please, of Huntsville, and are very happy and comfortable. Both are doing well at school, and they were highly delighted to come across the names of some of their chums in UPS AND DOWNS, to whom and to all their Home friends they wish to be kindly remembered.

Edward Millar (July, '94) writes from Mohawk:

"I like my place very well indeed." Kind words of UPS AND DOWNS make up the remainder of Edward's letter.

From a leading city in Michigan, U.S., comes the following letter from our old friend George Ward, who left England in 1883, and has since steadily raised himself by his own exertions until he is now a teacher of a large school:—

"I am wishing some of my friends a happy Christmas this rainy morning, and, as you and Dr. Barnardo are not the least among those friends, I cannot forget you. The Lord was with me in very deed during the last few months. Things have not been as bright as they might have been, but I see His hand in it all, and can trust him for help. I return to my school next Monday, I have 78 pupils and am very busy. . . . I wish you a very happy Christmas, and a glad and prosperous New Year, both in your own home and in the great work you are doing for the Master."

Of Albert Young (July, '95), aged 13, we learn, through his employer, Mr. John Duff, of Hawley, that he—

"Is a very good boy to work; quick to learn; and his moral character, as far as I can see, is of the best."

"I am going to get \$120 in the spring for a year," writes Richard Cox (April, '89) from Stone Quarry.

"I have just started to get into the ways of this country, and I like it well,"

says Charles Fitzmaurice, 14, who has been in Canada six months, and is working at Teviotdale. He adds:—

"I am doing my best to please my boss all I can and I think he is satisfied with my work"

Good news from Robert Gilham, 13, who came out June, '93:—

"I have got a good situation and am getting along nicely. I am growing like a weed and getting so fat."

One of our first visitors at the Home for '96 was John Haynes, who had just returned from England, whither he had been sent in charge of a consignment of sheep. When in England John visited his old friends at Stepney. He is a robust and stalwart young farmer.

Wm. John Jones (July, 1892) writes from Banks that he likes his place very much.

"I can plough, harrow, cultivate, and do many other things on a farm."

Fred Parker, who came out to Canada in August, '87, and is now at Pinehurst, writes:—

"I have left Mr. McDonald and have engaged with Mr. Tyhurst for a year at \$135. This is not very big wages, but it is a very nice place. . . . I think UPS AND DOWNS is a very valuable paper for the boys. I was glad to see the letter in it from Robert Brandon. It brought back to mind so clearly that Saturday morning when we first saw Canadian soil, and the parting words the Doctor gave us. Robert is the only one of that party I have had the pleasure of meeting, but I hope it will be as the Doctor told us to sing, the chorus of that hymn:

'Yes, we'll all meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.'

Chas. Henry Ward, who is 12, and has been in Canada since March, '92, writes:

"I am in a very nice place now and enjoy myself very much. I have lots of friends now, and will soon be starting for school. I am sending a quarter-of-a-dollar to pay for the paper, which I like very much, and also a dollar for the Home."

A very kind letter reaches us from Mrs. Later, of Huntsville, with whom are placed three of our little men: James Hutton, Richard Dean and Joseph Webb. Mrs. Later gives us most encouraging accounts of her young charges, who are happy and healthy, and mak-

ing excellent progress at school. These are not the first of our young boys who have spent their early years in Canada under the motherly care of Mrs. Later. With her Harry Brooks, Fred and Walter Broster, and Robert Gilmore made their home until they were old enough to make a start at earning their own living. Their former guardian sends all kinds of good wishes for them, which we are sure will be appreciated and reciprocated.

From Harry Collins, living at Nipissing, we have the following:—

"I am a little late in writing this year. I am sending my bank book, so that you can deduct \$1.25—\$1 in support of the Home and 25 cents for my subscription to UPS AND DOWNS. I am getting along well."

Mrs. R. Billings, of Utterson, writes:

"The boy I have (Cyril Burns, of last year's party) is a dear little fellow; he is as happy with us as if he was with his own parents"

From Mrs. R. Leith, Utterson, we hear that Thomas Smith, 12, and Walter C. Barge—

"are getting along well at school. The teacher says they are good boys."

"I came out in the spring of 1889, when I was 16; I am now 23. Last summer I took a trip back to old London. Everything looked the same, except the London Tower Bridge, which, I think, is the best piece of engineering work I have ever seen. . . . I brought out an old chum. He is doing well, learning fast, and he says he is happy. Being lifted up myself I want to help others. . . . I am proud to be a Barnardo boy, although I did not make good use of my time my first three years; but after that time I became more steady and saving. I have never earned big wages, but I have saved a little. . . . I am a member of the Methodist Church and Epworth League. I thank God for what He has done for me through the aid of Dr. Barnardo."

There is much that merits the earnest consideration of one and all of us in this letter of James Ivy, who is now living at Teeswater.

We have not had to wait long for evidence of the good influence that "our girls" can exercise over "our boys." The following letter from Wm. Ryan (March, 1892) will prove a source of intense gratification to others as well as to us, and not least to the earnest-hearted girl whose simple words of entreaty for a higher conception of Christian life, in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, have touched a responsive chord in the heart of our friend. William says:—

"You don't know how glad I felt to get UPS AND DOWNS, and I hope you will send it for the whole year. I am so glad that it is published because it brings us closer together in different ways. I know it has formed a good resolution within me, in this way: While I was reading the letter from from an 'Old Thyme Girl' I thought, 'Now, look here, Will, you've not been doing as well as you ought,' and then the thought came to me like this, 'You can do better if you only try!' and now with God's help I am going to live as He would have me live."

John Hancock (July, '92) writes:—

"I like UPS AND DOWNS very much; it has some good news in it. I shall have about forty or fifty dollars to add to my account next spring. . . . I hope you will have a good time in getting your little party for the North-west. I hope many will join you. I should like to go myself."

Sidney Head (March, 1892) who is living at Masonville, and is 17 years of age, writes:—

"I received UPS AND DOWNS this evening, and I observed the picture of an old friend of mine. I was very glad you may be sure. His name is Edgar F.

Clarke. Not knowing his address, I thought I would write you at once. Please send it as soon as possible. I am very busy to-night as I have to go to a committee meeting, also Walter Denton. By the by, Walter has now got a good home, I can tell you. We are going to give our Sunday School teacher a present. Walter and I are in the same class.

"I think UPS AND DOWNS a fine paper. Just the thing for us boys and, well, young men and is a good way of keeping us together. I recognize three of my old friends in UPS AND DOWNS: E. F. Clarke, S. G. Stargratt and C. J. Sparks. It makes me feel as if I were back in the Home among them. Please remember me to them all in the next number of UPS AND DOWNS. My engagement will soon be through. I shall be both glad and sorry; but it must be"

Among other interesting news that reaches us in a letter from Wm. Gurrell are the following items. William came out in April, 1891, and is stationed at

"I go to Sunday School and church every Sunday morning. I am taking a great interest in the Sunday school which has been bricked this fall. . . . I am so glad to see so many Home boys around here, and I hope there will be more. I can tell you I am doing a man's work and I am able to do it, and I thank the Lord for making me healthy and strong, and I mean to work and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow."

"I like this country splendid, and the people, for they are good to me. I have learned to plough, harrow, reap, coil hay and stack. . . . Feed is small here; people are killing off old horses and cows to get rid of them. Hay is up to nearly \$20 a ton, and straw \$4 to \$5 a load. . . . I expect to go to school this winter for a while, but not for very long."

JOHN R. PAGE ('92), Tiverton, Ont.

We commend the following letter from Wm. H. Ward to the consideration of our musically inclined friends. Our ranks, perhaps, do not contain a Beethoven, a Liszt, or a Paganini, but we certainly count a goodly number of really excellent instrumentalists. If Wm. Ward's suggestion be favourably received by these we may expect to find the Home next September offering rival musical attractions to those at the great Fair.

"An idea occurred to me some time ago after reading the account of how the boys enjoyed themselves at the Home at the time of the Toronto Exhibition, that if six or seven boys could put their heads together they might manage to get up a small band in place of the cornet spoken about in that paper. I believe there are old Stepney bandboys who have suitable instruments for the formation of a small band.

"If you have no objections and think there is any use attempting such a thing, you might have something to this effect published in UPS AND DOWNS.

"If any two cornet (B^b) players, 1 tenor horn, 1 baritone, 1 euphonium, and a clarionette player, having instruments and who would like to try and form a little band, and who intend going to Toronto next fall, would let me know through UPS AND DOWNS, I will send them their parts of some easy march which they can practise, and then they can select some nice easy piece and send out in turn. We could do this until we get a few pieces, each one sending out one or two. I have a 14-keyed B^b clarionet to begin with.

"The pieces of music must be easy as it would be of no use attempting difficult music in this way.

"If any boys send their names they should not forget to state the instrument and the key it is pitched to. My address is, W. H. Ward, care Mr. W. Youngson, Metropolitan, Ont."

We regret that stress of matter will not permit us to publish in full two very interesting letters we have received from Jas. Atack and Wm. A. Diaper. We are therefore holding these over until next month.

ONLY THE DIFFERENCE OF A COMMA!

"Suffer little children" was the loving Saviour's plea.
"Aye! Suffer, little children" is the demagogue's decree.



FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

WE believe our girls will hail with great pleasure the accompanying picture of their friend, Dr. Barnardo. Different girls have written asking for it. Annie Morrish, for instance, says: "I see by one of the girls'

letters in the paper that a picture of Dr. Barnardo was on the first page of a back number; now I think it ought to be put in again for the sake of those who were not taking the paper, but who would have taken it if they had only known there was such a paper. Don't you think so yourself?"

Yes, Annie, indeed, we do; for we feel very strongly ourselves that we like to remember old friends.

Annie Marks says: "Why does not Mr. Owen put the doctor's picture in *Ups and Downs*? But perhaps it will be in the next month's nook?" Ah, Annie! Did you ever hear those lines:

"Full many a shot at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

But then, in this case, we believe the archer did mean it to find a mark, only we do not half believe she expected it to take effect so quickly.

It is very pleasant to look on the face of our friend again, even in a picture; is it not? And as we look on the well-remembered features, how many a memory it calls up of the old times in England; of the village home; of early childhood. Yes, it is pleasant even to look on a picture; but what do you think Leila Bentall says? "Does Dr. Barnardo ever talk of coming to Canada any more? I often think that I would like to see him." Well, Leila, shall we send a letter to him and ask him? or, better still, we will tell you what we can do: we will send our little paper over the sea, and we will address it to Dr. Barnardo, and we will mark it "private," and we will send it

"Sailing, sailing"

as

"Our good ship speeds away
White sails, white sails,
Ghitter in the golden light;
White sails, white sails,
Dancing over the waters bright."

And if the doctor does not take the hint, it won't be our fault, and it won't be yours; whose will it be?

In inserting extracts from letters from the three girls, Amy Hodge, Adelaide Hutchings, and Annie Marks, we are glad to put in accompanying portraits as well. Some of their old friends will be glad to look on their faces.

"I think it is a very nice idea about *Ups and Downs*, and it will be just lovely to hear all about the girls and boys, it is a great deal of encouragement to us girls who have been out. I had a very nice Christmas. I quite enjoyed myself. I had some very nice presents

given to me, and everyone is so kind to me. It does not seem that I have been here just two years, the time has gone so fast, but it always does if anyone is happy and contented in herself. I like being there so much. Mrs. S. said the other day that she did not know what she would do without me. She told Gertrude so, and she said she was very pleased with me. Miss L. wants to take me up to Toronto with her, but Mrs. S. said that it would never do for her to run away with me at all, for she said she wants someone to take care of her. I like being out here so much now. I do not get homesick much now, but I still miss Miss Loveys. I had a letter from her the other day. --ANNIE MARKS."

"My letter is very short, but still better than nothing. I have been in my place for eight years, and like it very much. It just seems like home to me. I like Canada very much indeed. When I first came out I never thought I should get along in Canada, but I soon got used to it. I am just delighted at the prospect of your new paper, called *Ups and Downs*. It is so nice to hear from the boys and girls once in a while. I enclose 25 cents, hoping the subscribers for this nice paper will be many. I am very pleased to hear of Dr. Barnardo's recovery, and hope he may be spared for many years to come --AMY HODGE, a 'Rose Cottage' girl."

"I had a magazine sent to me called *Ups and Downs*. It was very nice, but it had not anything about



DR. BARNARDO.

girls or Hazelbrae. It was the November number, and then I got another sent, the January number. I never saw a paper I liked so well. . . . I think I am going along nicely now. I am pretty busy sometimes. I milk two cows night and morning, and get up about 7 o'clock, or a little before some mornings. The folks are all very nice here. I will be here three years soon. I dare say the girls all had a jolly and happy Christmas and New Year's Day. I know I always had when I was in the Home. --ADELAIDE HUTCHINGS."

As our "enterprise" is yet young, we thought our readers would be interested to see what some of the girls think about the paper; and so, this month, have given a sample of some of the letters we have received. The welcome our little paper has received from the girls encourages us exceedingly. You know we are not publishing all we have received. Emily Manning, for instance, has written a very cheering letter, speaking most kindly of the paper generally, and specially mentioning the help the "Monthly Text" and the talk on it has been; for this we are also thankful.

We believe ourselves that this paper is going to bind us all closer together, and make us realize all the more that we are friends; but we do feel that, don't we? "Union is strength," and so just let us be all united in heart and mind, and let us "Love one another."

We think *Ups and Downs* and Christmas have been the means of bringing us letters lately of girls who might not otherwise have been writing, and we are glad to receive them. For, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind." Oh, no! we will grasp hands together still for the sake of

"AULD LANG SYNE."

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Sometimes we are so busy, and I am afraid sometimes so much taken up with our little interests and pleasures here, we would seem to lose some of the beautiful comforting thoughts of the Bible that should make us so happy. It is something like this. Long years ago, now,

I remember one day being out walking with a lady who was very very fond of talking, and she was talking with a will just then. But as we were walking along together I happened at that time to be very much impressed with the beauty around us. I think it was a specially lovely sky, and every now and then I had to break in the conversation and draw her attention to it. "Yes, beautiful;" she would say in a most unconcerned manner, and evidently not taking it in at all; and then would still go on with her conversation. It makes one think of the words:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Do you see what I mean? Now, do not let us be so much taken up with our own little affairs as not to see the beauty, and not to enjoy the comfort of God's wonderful thoughts in His Holy Book. Let us now give a little time to think of these most beautiful of all beautiful words: "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

We all crave love. Here is love, full, free, undeserved and faithful; and love from One, Who, in order to win us, gave up His own life for our sakes.

We want to be loved personally, not just in a crowd, and these words tell us He loved me, and gave Himself for me. As the hymn says:

"Thou art as much His care, as if beside,
Nor man nor angel lived, in heaven or earth."

Is there anyone feeling a little bit lonely, or a little bit sad? Drink in these precious words and enjoy them to the full and rest in them.

Such thoughts will not make us dreamy but they will serve as the very best inspiration for a life yielded up to serve the Saviour, for is not love the strongest motive power that can be? "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Can there be any heart that does not think much about it at all? Let me tell you a story. The celebrated preacher, Edward Irving, once went to visit a dying boy. He just put his hand on his head, and said, "God loves you." "God loves me;" repeated the boy, and dying as he was, he said the words over again, so that the people in the house heard him. "God loves me! God loves me!" The love of God won the heart of that boy; shall it not win ours?

B. Codes

CALLED HOME.

It sometimes seems as if our Home in all its interests and details were like a little world. We have our comings and goings, our individual interests and histories, our marriages,—and our deaths. While in one part of our paper for the current month we have inserted the notice of a marriage of one of our girls, we have also with sorrow to record, in the same number, three deaths.



Emma Saint, aged 21, died of typhoid pneumonia in Toronto on Dec. 14, 1895. Miss Woodgate was with Emma the day before she passed away, but she was very weak and ill then, so that the news of her death was not unexpected. As we think some of Emma's friends may like to have a little

remembrance of her, we are accompanying this notice with her likeness.

Edith Burrowes, of eleven years of age or so, one of our "little ones," passed away on the early morning of Jan. 9th, at Hazel Brae. She also died of pneumonia. There were many, many tearful eyes that morning at family worship among the children at the Home, as they sang the well-known words of the sweet hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and thought of their little friend no longer in their midst. Quietly and peacefully she passed away and left us.

Also, on Jan. 10th, little Ellen Robinson, aged nine, passed away in the Nicholl's Hospital in Peterborough, after a somewhat long illness. We love to remember these words of our Saviour as He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath.
The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Many of our girls were personally acquainted with Miss Lavinia Butcher, a resident of Peterborough, who used to come and engage in needlework at Hazel Brae. We believe that there are those, also, who regarded her with feelings of affection, and therefore we feel it would not be out of place to mention here that after a long trying illness, she passed away, in the month of December, to that "Better Land" "above the bright blue sky."

Only a little while before her death, some of our little ones walked up to her home and, standing outside the house, sang to her one sweet cheering hymn after another, and sweetly on the air floated the strains of, "There is no love like the love of Jesus," "There is a Home eternal," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "God be with you till we meet again."

"I heard the sound of singing
As I passed along the street—
An unseen tiny chorus
Of tiny voices sweet.

"They sang about the 'Happy land'
So very 'far away.'
And happier faces never shone
In any game of play."

May we, indeed, all meet in the "Home Eternal," where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

CHRISTMAS-DAY AT HAZELBRAE.

BY MISS LOVEDAY.

WHEN you see these words, perhaps some of you will say, "How I wish I could have been there." So do we, but, as it was, Hazelbrae was so full of children who were spending their first Christmas in Canada, that it seemed there was not room for one more. You who were away were not forgotten, and as you could not be with us, perhaps you will like to hear how we spent the day.

Well, quite early in the morning, before it was fully light, we older people were reminded that it was Christmas day by hearing sweet young voices in the hall singing the old familiar words, "Hark, the herald angels," etc. Then came all sorts of pleasant greetings and good wishes for a Happy Christmas.

In the forenoon all who could be spared turned out to church, for in the midst of all the pleasures and fun of Christmas we want always to remember Whose birthday we are celebrating, and to thank our heavenly Father for His first and greatest Christmas gift.

Then came dinner, when the whole household, between seventy and eighty, sat down together to enjoy turkeys and plum-pudding. The latter was hailed with delight, for it was known that somewhere in that wonderful pudding were certain mysterious small coins, the finding of which caused great excitement.

But in the afternoon, about four o'clock, came the crowning enjoyment of the day—the Christmas tree. The large schoolroom had been very prettily decorated with mottoes, Chinese lanterns, etc., and in the corner stood the large tree, reaching to the ceiling and laden with "fruit," and standing beside it was a real live Santa Claus, looking very venerable with his long beard, fur cap, etc. And now, girls, you must try and imagine if you can (for I cannot describe it) the shouts, and laughter, and clapping as the children trooped in, and above it all, over and over again, was heard the cry, "Who is it? who is it?" Well, like the children, you must guess. But I may tell you that when the "fruit" was gathered and Miss Gibbs' name called, she could not be found, and we remembered that she had not been seen lately.

So, "Who was it?"

This wonderful Santa Claus distributed dolls, puzzles, candy-bags and all sorts of nice things, till everybody had something, and, best of all, everybody seemed pleased and satisfied. It was a very pleasant sight to watch the eager, excited faces of the little ones, and to see their perfect delight as they examined and showed their treasures, and there could be no doubt that they were enjoying themselves to the full. During the afternoon they sang some very pretty carols, action songs, etc.; one entitled "Dolly Dimple," in which the dolls they had just received played a very important part, being put to sleep, waked up again, and so on, according to the words and music. In this they were led by their teacher, Miss Pearse, who had trained

them most carefully, and who thinks nothing too much trouble that gives pleasure to her little ones. To her also are due the exceedingly pretty decorations which added so much to the brightness of the day.

A pleasing variety this year was the presence of the Rev. E. D. Stephenson and the choir boys of St John's, who sang two charming Christmas carols, which were much appreciated by the children, and called forth hearty applause. Quite a number of visitors came during the afternoon, amongst them our pastor, Rev. W. R. Young, and all seemed much interested and pleased.

Then followed tea and a good romp afterwards, and yet there was more fun to come. A kind friend in Peterboro' had sent a large number of bon-bons; one was given to each child, and then the "pulling" began. Oh! such noise, and exclamations, and laughter, as one funny cap after another appeared and was eagerly unrolled and donned by the owner, and very comical we all looked going about in our many-colored and many-shaped paper head-dresses.

But Christmas-day, like all others, must come to a close, and even the liveliest were by this time quite ready to sit down and enjoy a final orange and rest both tongues and feet for a while.

This gave an opportunity for a thought and remembrance of absent friends, and in response to a word or two from our much-loved superintendent, Miss Woodgate, the old schoolroom rang again with cheers and clapping—first for Dr. Barnardo, at the mention of whose name eyes beamed and faces lighted up with pleasure (how we wished he could have seen and heard it all), then for Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and all in the Village Home in England, Mr. Owen in Toronto, all absent friends, for sisters and companions out in service, and for our little ones in Muskoka.

The day was brought to a close by singing—

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky."

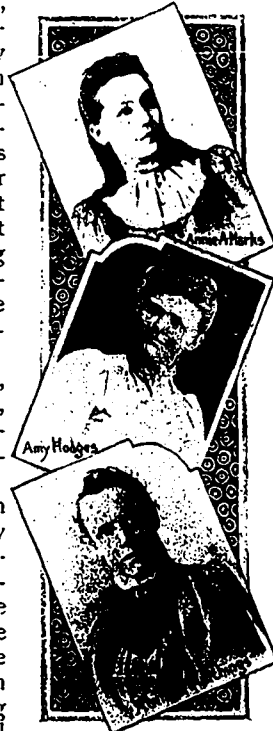
and by a word or two of prayer and thanks to Him from Whose hand all these good things had come. Soon lights were out, little ones asleep, and our Christmas-day was over, and one and all retired to rest with a feeling that we had had a very good time, pleasant memories of which, we hope, may be a help and cheer to the children in days to come.

One of the pleasant things that should have come on Christmas-day, but was unfortunately delayed until the next morning, was the receipt by Miss Woodgate of a message of congratulation and Christmas greeting from Dr. Barnardo himself; but, you may be sure, it was not too late to be very warmly received by every one of us.

And now, girls, good-bye, and we hope that you who were away, and especially those who lately left the Home, and to whom our thoughts have often turned lately—had also a pleasant Christmas-day—perhaps a little quieter than ours, but none the less happy, we trust—and you may be quite sure we all wish for you—every one—a very happy and prosperous New Year. When this reaches you the year will not be very old; there will still be time to carry out, in God's strength, the good resolutions which doubtless many of you have made, that this year shall be better than the last, and that it may be so, let me close by reminding you of the words of our motto card for 1896:

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."



"CHIPS."

Written for UPS AND DOWNS by Miss J. A. Templeton-Armstrong.



HE story of Elizabeth Fry's gracious and persevering labours among prisoners is, no doubt, well known to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS. It was very beautiful and noble of her to lay aside ease and comfort to do the work of a gaol missionary, but one turns with even more wonder and satisfaction to the life of Sarah Martin, a still earlier missionary, and one who was all her life a poor sempstress, earning her own small living, and devoting every moment she could spare to loving service among the most miserable of her fellow creatures. Sarah Martin was born about a hundred years ago. Her father was a poor labourer and died when she was quite young. As she had the misfortune to lose her mother some years earlier, she was left to the care of her grandmother who was also poor and a widow. Little Sarah went to the village school, such as it was a hundred years ago, and as she was an earnest student, she made the most of her slender opportunities. At the age of fourteen she was sent to learn dressmaking that she might earn her own living. The village where Sarah was born and lived was three miles out of Yarmouth, and so she walked six miles every day to her work. Her walk took her past the gaol, and she often thought of the unhappy inmates. Prisons in those days were a veritable inferno where criminals of all ages and degrees of guilt were herded together like wild animals. There were underground cells so utterly foul as to defy inspection or description, and in them human beings rotted in their wretchedness without pity or aid from any human soul.

In 1819, in the month of August, when the earth was full of beauty, and birds and flowers and murmuring streams made life a delight, a miserable mother was committed to prison for the murder of her child. Her story was well known, and a very sad story it was, and Sarah Martin, then twenty-eight, had followed it with more than common interest. She had thought of the unfortunate inmates for years, but this poor woman's case made her bold to ask permission to read to the prisoners. She was a little woman, slight of build, with tender, brown eyes, and gentle, quiet manners. She would not be called beautiful save in the enduring beauty of the mind and heart which made her face glow with an eager tenderness which few could resist. She made her way to the gaol and astonished the authorities by asking permission to see the unhappy woman under sentence of death. She stood in the dark porch whilst the matter was under consideration, in the midst of chains and fetters that had often clanked on human limbs and that seemed to enter into the very soul of the gentle woman who was begging to be allowed to minister to a sinful and suffering sister. Her request was refused. Official stolidness was unable to comprehend why a good woman should desire to meddle with such a wretched business. Sarah Martin was not wholly discouraged. She applied again, and again, until, by her importunity, she succeeded in obtaining admission. Prison chaplains seem to have been unknown at that time. There was no religious service of any sort, and no attempt made to bring the prisoners under better influences of any sort. This poor woman under sentence was a broken-hearted creature, eager and willing to hear of God's mercy, when all other hope and help was far from her.

Sarah Martin continued her visits to the prison, and, that she might have more time to do so, she gave up one day's work in the week, which was a serious matter for a hard working woman. A few years after, her grandmother died, leaving her a little legacy which came to about twelve pounds a year, a sum which seem-

ed to her wealth, and, on the strength of it, she moved into Yarmouth, and devoted herself more than ever to her work of mercy. Dress-making, however, is a jealous mistress, and she soon lost what little work she had, and had to live on the least amount possible in order to carry on her prison mission. One lady gave her a day's wages that she might give the day to the service of the poor prisoners. So she laboured on—a poor woman, rich in all the noblest qualities of Christian womanhood and Christ-like service. She taught the women to sew and make clothing for themselves. She taught them habits of cleanliness. She taught them the Gospel of the Divine Human Saviour. She taught them to hope, and in God's name to re-build their broken lives, and many of them learned the lesson so well that it became a part of their lives to worship God by serving His creatures. And when they left the prison she found them work and started them in the way of living clean, wholesome, human lives.

Sarah Martin had not learned, or perhaps heard of, the modern "gospel" of "getting on." She thought of *being* good and of *doing* good and it is doubtful if she thought of getting anything except opportunities of service. She did her work, as it came to her, with all her heart, and, although apparently forgotten, she was a link in the chain of circumstances which made Elizabeth Fry's work and Howard's possible, and should be remembered to-day as one of the moral ancestors of the men and women who are carrying on the benevolent work of the world.

Miss Templeton-Armstrong, the writer of the above excellent sketch, has kindly promised that if the girls like this she will contribute more for our magazine. We should be so glad to secure Miss Armstrong's help in our undertaking. She is a great friend of boys and girls, and it is such friends that we feel very thankful to for "joining hands" with us. We think ourselves that it would be a splendid thing to have more papers, something of the same nature as the one already written; the life of a good young woman should prove a powerful stimulus to others. What *has* been done *can* be done; and, though we are not all likely to have just the same sphere of work as Sarah Martin, still we can all in our little measure live to be kindly and helpful to others, and thus shine, "you in your small corner, and I in mine."

But now about reading. I think we must just want to read something really helpful sometimes. We are not going to run down stories; we enjoy a good story ourselves; stories (always provided they are good and healthy) are very good now and then, just as candies (if they are made with wholesome sugar) are very nice occasionally, but it would not do to live *only* on candies, would it? So that we think it would not do to read *only* stories

It just happens in a letter that we have received from Emily Manning (referred to in another place) that she speaks of taking up a reading course this winter. "I find it very interesting, as well as instructive. I think one cannot make better use of their spare time than to read good books to help them."

Now, that we are on the reading question, there is another recommendation about it, and that is that it gives us something good and helpful to talk about, and, perhaps, would keep us from talking too much about our neighbors. Is there not some truth in that?

Shall we take a vote as to whether we would like Miss Templeton-Armstrong to continue her papers? Write and tell us how you feel about it, girls.

OPINIONS OF GIRLS ON "THE PRESS."

"I should have written to you before what I really thought of UPS AND DOWNS. I think the name is very suitable for it; indeed, I was so pleased when the paper was brought to me. I shall look forward for the paper to come; it is very interesting. It is so nice to see some of the girls we know. I wonder what some of the girls in England would think of our friendly paper? I am thinking of keeping all the papers I get and having them made into one."

CISSY WALLACE.

"I often pray for you all and the paper, UPS AND DOWNS, that it may have every success. It will be a comfort to have your paper to read—I often feel like putting "our" paper instead of "your."

MRS. GEORGE SHANNON,
(formerly Susan Howard).

"What a splendid paper it is! I am quite taken up with it. It seems as if we were once more in the Home again. Do you know the very best days of our childhood were spent there? It is very kind of Mr. Owen to give us a corner, therefore I enclose my 25c. for 1896. Like Emily Manning, I am afraid one corner will not be quite enough. That the UPS AND DOWNS may spread and be a great success all over Canada is the great wish of an old 'Trefoil' girl."

SARAH JAKINS.

"I think that the book is just lovely, and that it is worth having. I hope it will be a help to all the girls, and I think that such a book as that ought to encourage us all to be good girls. I like the book because it tells all that is going on in the Home."

LOUISA MAUGHAN.

"It is a grand thing to know that the boys have a monthly paper, and that Mr. Owen is so kind as to give the girls a share in it. I hope it will be a great success and keep growing larger all the time. It is so nice to hear from each other every month."

NELLIE SMITH.

"Thank you so much for letting the girls have a corner in the paper. But, I thank you, oh, so much, for having a corner for puzzles, which is a thing I like doing very much. I should like now and then to send one or two lines with a hidden town or city, if you will let me, and also to answer your puzzles. Indeed, if all the girls felt like Gertie James and I do, you would need to make the book larger. When I read about the girls in UPS AND DOWNS, it saves so much time which I would have to spend in writing and asking about how each one is getting on, especially the ones I know who left about two or three years ago, so I hope many of the girls, as well as boys, will help to keep up the paper."

DAISY BAKER.

"I received the paper and am very pleased with it; it is quite interesting. I shall only be too glad to receive it, so I shall have a paper all to myself now. I am quite interested in anything concerning Dr. Barnardo. If I see anything in the paper about him, I read it over two or three times."

LAURA FITZ.

"I am highly delighted with the last paper, as it told about the girls. I am always pleased to hear how the girls are getting on. I think the UPS AND DOWNS will be a good way to keep us informed of how the girls are getting along."

MELITA BISHOP.

"I am much pleased you sent me a copy of UPS AND DOWNS. I think Mr. Owen must have known what pleased us boys and girls."

Further down Emily, the writer, speaks about her wish to have Dr. Barnardo's picture in the paper:

"I am sure, we would get it framed. I think we should be very grateful to him for all his kindness and help him with other children in the Home, by giving a

dollar or two a year, which we would never miss, and we could not do too much. I have been 11 or 12 years in Caledon. I like it splendid. I am 20 years of age, and a strong girl, too. I think when I am reading the paper it seems as if we were brothers and sisters. I think it is very cheap for such a nice book: I hope that it will take."

EMILY NORRIS.

SOME OF OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

Here is a group of eleven little ones with their teacher, Miss Adelaide Pearse. We will give you their names, beginning with the first girl nearest Miss Pearse in the top row, and taking the four little girls in that row, and then the four in the next, then the three in the last row, beginning each time with the child nearest their teacher. Here they are:

1st row.—Mary Sharp, Prissie Hurn, Maud Hislop and Rachel Bourne. 2nd.—Gracie Crisp, Bessie Jones, Carrie Tuck and Jennie Willis 3rd.—Florence Bourne, Mary Francis and Rena Franzen.

All these little birdlings have flown away from the Home nest now, and we hope they are all happy—and good!

Little Rena, our sweet little Dutch lassie, whose portrait is given alone as well as in the group, has been taken into the home, and also into the hearts, of a gentleman and lady who have adopted her as their own child. This gentleman writes: "She is filling her place most admirably, and is all we could desire from a child. I cannot speak too highly in praise of an institution and its management which enables you to train children in the way Rena has been." Is not that good?

Florrie Bourne is also adopted, and, we believe, thoroughly and heartily loved where she is living, and we hear no complaints about her. And the other children, though not adopted, are, we hope, all filling the right little corner in their little world. May our Heavenly Father spread His wings around them, and may they grow up to be all that their bright faces promise.



RENA FRANZEN.

We would mention that we have at present several bonnie little girls at the Home, of ages varying from six to thirteen, ready for any good homes that may offer. Is there some childless heart and home, to whom our Master would say: "Train these for Me?" Or, is there some busy women wanting other little hands to help her do the dusting, wash the dishes, or run divers errands for her? Or take care of the baby and be useful in many little ways. Terms may be had on applying to the secretary, Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough, Ont.

MARRIAGE.

The following account of the marriage of one of our girls was copied from the St. Catharines *Daily Standard*:

A quiet wedding took place this morning at 6 o'clock, when Rev. Geo. W. Kerby united Mr Joseph Bowman, of this city, to Miss Heal, who has been for years with Miss Anderson. After the ceremony a happy little wedding breakfast was partaken of at Miss Anderson's and the young couple left by the early train for Woodstock where they will reside. The home was furnished throughout by Miss Anderson as a wedding gift. Many friends will extend their congratulations to the young couple.

We are sure the readers of UPS AND DOWNS join also in hearty congratulations to the bride and bridegroom.



BURIED CITIES.

Sarah Jakins sends the following answers to our "Buried Cities" in the January number:—

1. Chatham
2. Toronto.
3. Whitby.
4. Kingston.

Daisy Baker contributes the first Buried Town of those we are inserting in our present issue. It is a town in England, so she has given us the keynote of this month; we are giving all English towns and cities.

1. The Queen's jewels are gleaming tonight.
- 2 The light from the moon looked very bright on the water.
- 3 The child fell down stairs head over heels.
- 4 I went to town to see my sister and found only Bob at home,
- 5 Was it Amy or Kate that knocked at my door just now?
6. Pineapple ices terminate the banquet.
7. The man was taken to a hospital on Donegal Street.

Look out in the March number for the answers.

PUZZLES.

Try to make sense out of the following words; it is a complete sentence:—

Stand take to taking
I you throw my

Another puzzle: Find out what this means:—

"Within a marble dome confined,
Whose milk white walls with silk are lined,
A golden apple doth appear,
Steeped in a bath of crystal clear.
No doors nor windows we behold,
Yet thieves break through and steal the gold."

Those who live on farms ought to know a little about this!

ANNIE COOK.

The book of Proverbs contains many wise sayings, among them the following: "Meddle not with them that are given to change." Annie Cook, whose portrait

we give here, is a girl who seems by her conduct to believe in the truth of these words. In July, '86, Annie set foot on Canadian soil for the first time; in July, '86, she arrived at her new home near Thorold, and January, '96, finds her still in the same place. We have been just looking up some of our visitors' reports about her. We find in the year '91; "Annie is still doing well with Mr. and Mrs. B., with whom she has been for five years." About a year later: "Annie is still quite happy in her good home and bears an excellent character." And then our last report says she "is still doing well and appreciating her good home. She is devoted to Mrs. B.'s children, who are also fond of her. Mr. and Mrs. B value her services and the girl takes a great interest in all that concerns the family." It gives us great pleasure to find such records as this, though we believe Annie herself would join with those who say, "We have done that which was our duty to do."



The following lines were suggested by reading our little notice of Esther Rondeau in the January number of UPS AND DOWNS, and were sent to us by the writer. The acrostic on the name is woven in with happy thoughts,

In Memoriam.

Early in the silent morning hours,
So tender, so gentle, the Master came,
To visit our home, to pluck one of our flowers,
He had known her before, she had long borne His name.
Early in life she had entered His fold,
Reached out and obtained the Pearl of great price,

Received in her heart those riches untold,
Obtained by believing and trusting in Christ,
Nearer and nearer with a kind Shepherd's love,
Drawing closer and closer to the side of His child,
Embracing her spirit to bear it above,
Away to the realms of the undefiled—
Up to His Heavenly Home He took His child.

G. H. WEBB.

We must repeat an intimation made in the boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS some time ago. In writing for publication be sure to write only on *one* side of the paper. We are *rather* busy people, and it may save us a good deal of work.

Some girls who have sent papers in and do not see them this month may find something of theirs published at a later date.

We are glad to be able to announce that Miss M. Butler-Gerds, a lady well-known in England as a writer, has kindly promised to send us some short stories for UPS AND DOWNS, and we believe we can count upon something good in store for our readers in this line.

We would ask those girls who are sending bank books to the Home to be made up, to remember that they have to come by *letter* rate, that is, three cents per ounce. Several bank books lately have been underpaid, and, therefore, charged for on delivery.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A GLIMPSE AT A BRAZILIAN COFFEE PLANTATION.

Written for UPS AND DOWNS by A. BERRY.

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise."—POPE.
 "Familiarity breeds indifference," is a slight change in the old tag which insists on "contempt" as the sequel of familiarity, but it expresses more accurately the state of feeling of the average, easy-going, non-enquiring human being in relation to many things with which we come into familiar daily contact, and which are very essential to our comfort, but about which, except to the extent of securing what we deem our fair share, we are not apt to concern ourselves very much.

A feeling of absolute indifference is engendered in regard to the origin and production of, let us say, articles of diet, owing to the ease with which we obtain them, notwithstanding that about almost everything that we consume much could be written and learned that is both interesting and instructive. Take for example the cup of fragrant coffee without which the matutinal meal of many of us would be painfully incomplete. Is it not a fact that the knowledge of their favorite beverage possessed by a very large number of its consumers is limited to the name of the grocer from whom they obtain their supply; the price they pay for it; and, perhaps, the not very explanatory terms "Java" and "Mocha"? And yet the story of this household staple from the time its seeds are planted until it appears on the breakfast table is decidedly interesting, and leads us to an acquaintance with places and people no less so.

In attempting to give some idea of the processes which coffee in its various stages undergoes we shall confine ourselves to coffee growing in Brazil, as the two chief coffee exporting cities of that country, Rio de Janeiro and Santos, practically control the world's coffee market. For much of our information upon the methods of the Brazilian coffee planter we are indebted to Signor J. C. Alves De Lima, Consul of Brazil for Canada, who two years ago gave a most interesting and comprehensive account of many of the political, geographical, commercial and other features of the country of which he was well qualified to speak.

The coffee tree, which is a native product of Mocha, Arabia, was first introduced into the northern States of Brazil by their Dutch rulers in the early part of the seventeenth century. From Pernambuco some seeds were sent south to Rio de Janeiro and S Paulo, and their cultivation proved so profitable that, says Signor Alves, "it has almost absorbed the whole agricultural activity of the State."

We have already made mention of the importance of Santos, which is the second city in Brazil, and the chief seaport of the State of S. Paulo, in which the great bulk of the coffee of Brazil is grown. To enable our readers to realize to what vast dimensions the coffee industry has so rapidly risen in Brazil, we will enlist the aid of figures which will tell the tale briefly but eloquently. The exportation of coffee through Santos in 1825 did not exceed 2,000 tons. In 1867 it reached 30,000; in 1887, 150,000 tons; and, in 1892, coffee weighing no less than 220,000 tons, and valued at 100,000,000 dollars, was gathered from the plantations.

In the eyes of the well-to-do Brazilian, a good-sized coffee "farm"—plantation—consists of from 1,500 to 2,000 acres, on which will be raised from 240,000 to 300,000 trees, the average yield of a tree being 2½ pounds. The coffee tree being one which must yield its cultivator a return every year, it is very desirable that the earth should be as rich in fertilizing properties as possible.

The intending coffee planter has to face many of the tasks which call forth the powers of the pioneer farmers in Canada. Acres of land are cleared, his underbrush and small trees with a scythe and the large ones with an axe, and in one month from the time this work is done fire is set to it, burning about one-half of the timber lying on the ground. It would be impossible to clear out the land with so many stumps and vines and have it ready for cultivation without resorting to the burning. The best that can be done under the circumstances is to leave all the timber half burnt lying there, which, in the course of years, becomes decayed, making a good fertilizer for the coffee trees.

The planting comes next. The different rows are made parallel to each other, and in

buildings it is spread very thinly over a very large area of ground, well paved with bricks, and there the grain stays until completely dried by the sun. If there are pebbles mixed with the coffee it is thrown into a big tank, the stones going to the bottom and the coffee rising on top. It will not take more than a day to have the coffee dried again and ready for hulling. The coffee in shell is taken to the machine, and in two or three minutes it is hulled, ventilated and assorted into three different grades. There are a great many machines used for hulling, ventilating and separating the big berries from the small ones, making in all three qualities of coffee, the superior, the regular and the preto (black), the last being the berry gathered in a green state.

There is another quality of coffee of insignificant amount for the market, not any better than the superior, so far as its flavor is concerned, but which looks better to the eye; it is the Mocha coffee, a small round berry which grows more on the top than on the lower branches of the trees.

After the hulling process is done, the coffee is put into sacks to be shipped to Santos or S. Paulo, or sold to customers right on the plantation.

From the seaports the coffee berry is shipped to every corner of the world, but what a change, never contemplated by the grower, it undergoes before it is finally transferred to the coffee pot. While in the hands of the Brazilians every attention is paid to keeping the coffee as much as possible excluded from the air, so that it may retain its delicious flavour to the full extent; but in Canada we see the grain exposed to the atmosphere without any regard apparently to the deleterious effect of the exposure which, as a matter of fact, reduces the strength and value of the coffee fifty per cent.

Although coffee can be grown all over Brazil, still it is not every spot where a plantation can be run profitably. The most experienced planters have come to the conclusion that the best zone for coffee production lies between the parallel of 22½ to 21 degs.

south of the equator, in which latitude S. Paulo is situated. Below 22½ the coffee trees have no difficulty in growing, their leaves being brilliant dark green, that shows the strength and fertility of the soil, billions and billions of berries covering almost every limb of the tree. Such is the sight in some coffee districts of Brazil, and even in Mexico, Guatemala and other Central American States. But instead of having only one gathering, as it is the case in S. Paulo, the planter is obliged to have two, and instead of clearing at once the limb with both hands, in these districts planter does more picking than dragging down the coffee so as to prevent him from bringing to the ground the ripe and green berries at the same time. Above 21 degrees the coffee trees die very easily through the rise of the temperature.



GROUNDS FOR DRYING COFFEE AND HOUSES FOR STORAGE.

each of these seeds of coffee would be thrown, ten to twelve feet apart, in holes about twelve inches deep. The trees now grow even and healthy, owing to improved methods of planting, and it is really a beautiful sight to look from the windows of a railroad car on the thousands of coffee trees of different ages.

There is between the coffee trees plenty of room for sowing corn, beans, rice and all sorts of cereals and vegetables. While the laboring man is weeding the coffee, he is at the same time helping his plants to grow, for the "hired man" on a coffee plantation has a very different arrangement from that under which his brother on a farm in Canada earns his yearly income. The laboring men cut down the forests, clean the land, plant the coffee in rows, and the planter at the end of four years will pay them so much for every tree, according to the different zones. After the trees are more than four years old no more cereals are allowed to be sown between the trees, and another arrangement is made between the planter and the hired man. The men sell all their products to the planter, and about the towns, at very good prices. In fact, they are to-day about the only farmers in Brazil.

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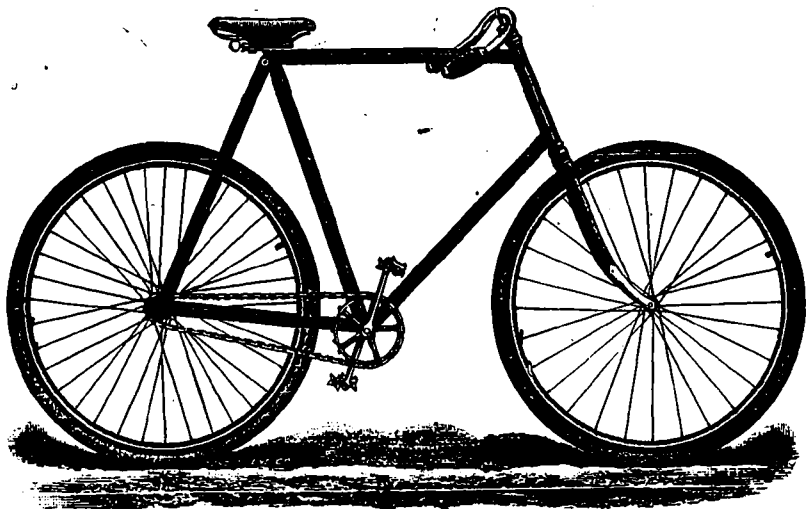
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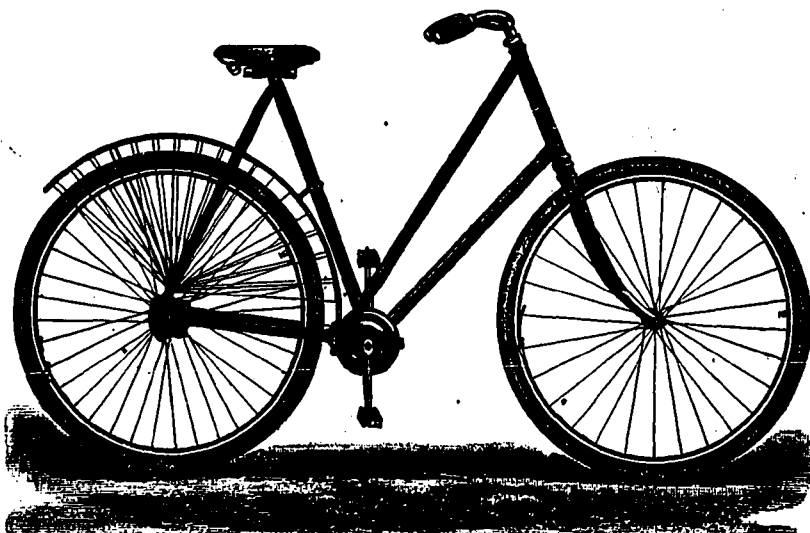
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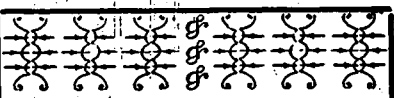
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