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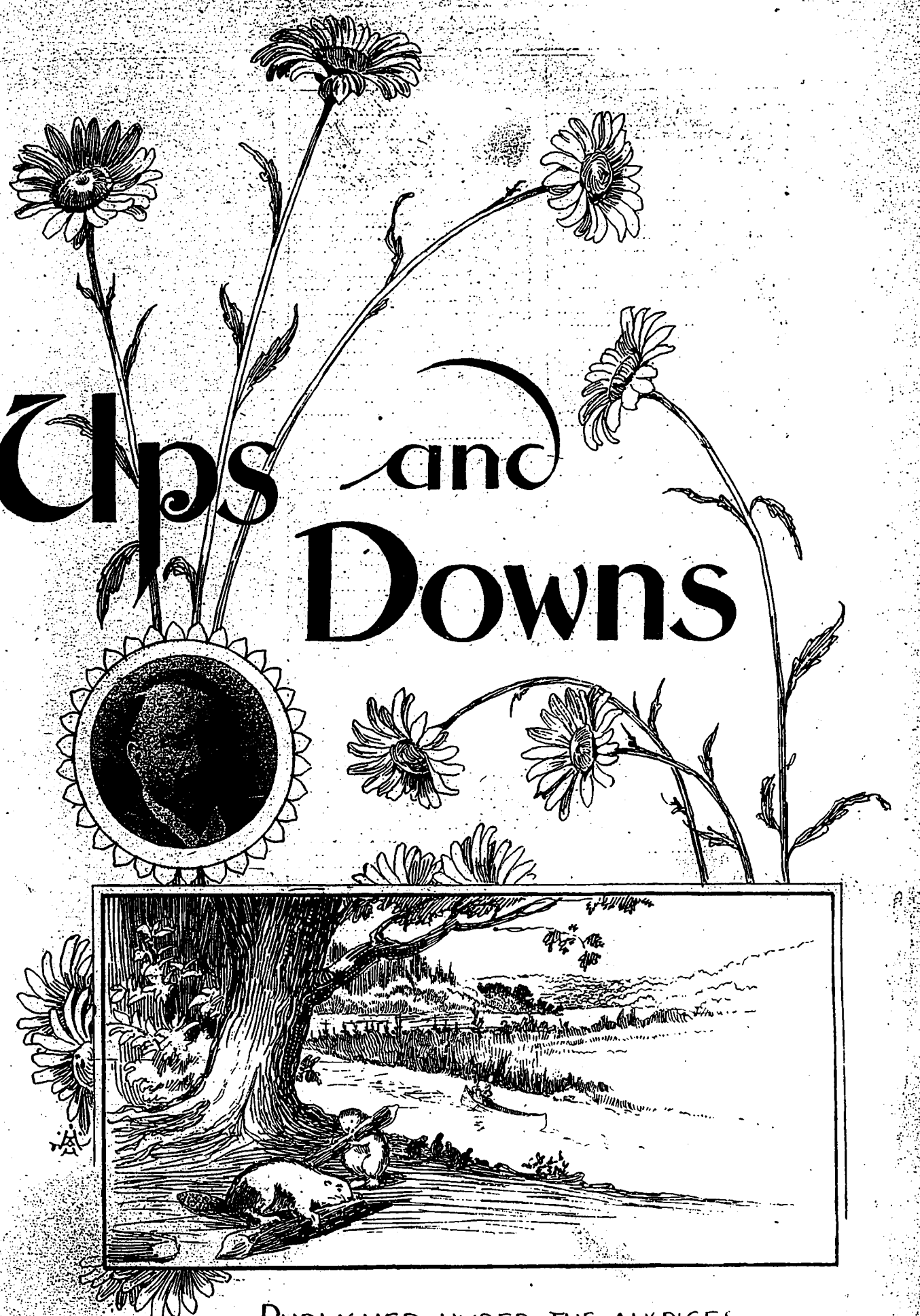
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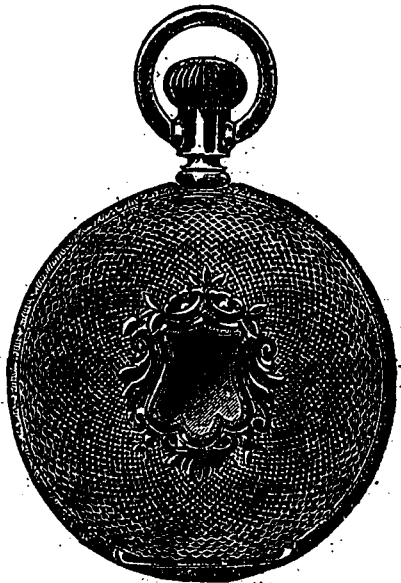


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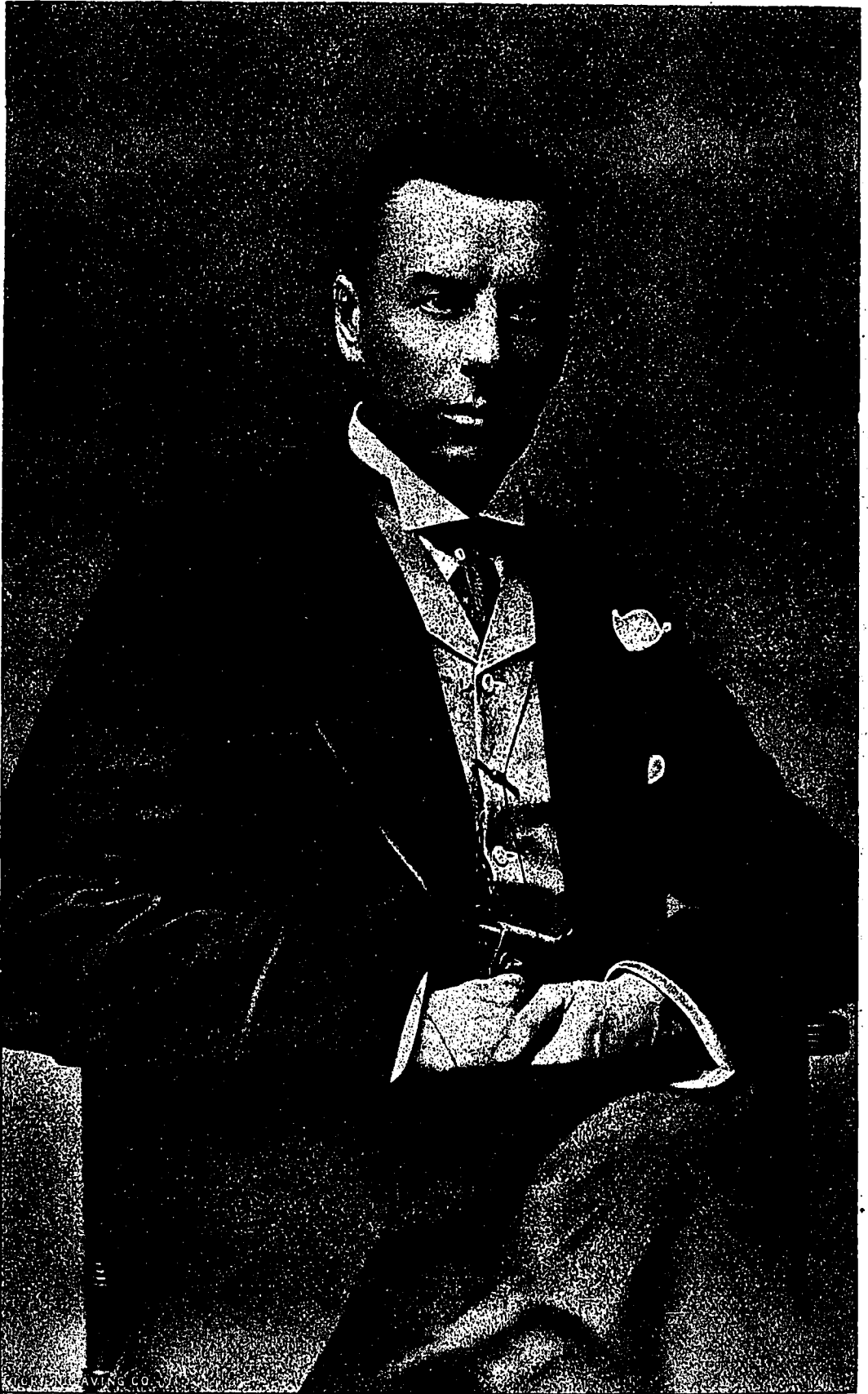
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The Addresses given below are those of a hundred boys of the party who came
- from England in June, 1893

NAME OF BOY	EMPLOYER.	POSTAL ADDRESS.
Andrews, William	Marshall Beckett	Kemble.
Andrews, Walter Wm.	Robert Faulkner	Fallowfield.
Albury, Arthur Geo.	James Armstrong	Birr.
Austin, Henry	Wm. R. Warren	Gamebridge.
Ainsley, Arthur	Ben. F. Canby	Burnaby.
Ahmid, Abdullah W. H.	Gordon Emerson	Bervie.
Augurs, Jasper	William E. Pope	Port Ryerse.
Ashton, Joseph	G. P. McNab	Mulmer.
Auld, James	Richard Pettitt	Cairngorm.
Barlow, Daniel	Thomas Splan	Glamis.
Broom, William	James Jefferis	Orillia.
Bennett, Frederick	Hugh McCann	Homer.
Burgin, James	Thomas Campbell	Box 243, Chatham.
Batterbee, Sidney A.	Garvin Muirhead	Lisle.
Bogie, David	Levi S. Taylor	Victoria Harbour.
Brooks, William	Henry Lucas	Mandanmin.
Brooks, Eli Samuel		Roland, Man.
Blunt, Albert	W. F. Kennedy	Fenwick.
Briscoe, William	Elwood Barradell	Kettleby.
Brass, Frederick	Samuel Parish	Oil Springs.
Boothroyd, Harry	George Duckwith	Alton.
Barr, John	James Kendrick	Essex.
Beardsley, John H.	Samuel James	Hazeldean.
Boston, Vivian	Benjamin Brisco	Hawley.
Barney, Joseph	Samuel McLinton	Twin Elm.
Burgess, Walter S.	James Hay	Box 132, Arkona.
Baker, Thomas		Dryden, Algoma.
Cullen, Arthur	William Gibson	Hobart.
Cooper, Alfred	John Hanbidge	Mount Hope.
Clements, Ed. Geo.	Oscar F. Shaw	Kent Bridge.
Collar, Arthur Percy		Belmore.
Daubney, William Jas.	Elijah Welsford	Paisley.
Davis, George	Aemilius McCrea	Andrewsville.
Davis, William	Miss C. Carroll	Box 105, Norwich.
Donohue, Samuel	Robt. A. Porter	Mt. Horeb.
Deit, Francis Wm	Albert E. Wismer	Essex.
Down, George	Colin D. Gillis	Rodney.
Ellis, Douglas Wm	James Stephens	Ballymote.
Erwood, Fred. Geo	Joseph Hunt	Eganville.
Erwood, Walter John	Wm. J. Green	Lake Dore.
Everett, Robert	John Holmes	Athens.
Everett, Henry	N. F. McCrea	Andrewsville.
Ellison, John	John McGlashan	North Pelham.
Egan, Francis	Robt. H. Livingston	Woodbridge.
Ekers, Arthur Walter	O'Challaghan Holmes	Adelaide.
Fryer, Harry	Henry McCabe	Eganville.
Fitch, Wyndham H	Josiah R. Snider	Humber.
Farr, Walter A.	A. Simington	Hartford.
Flint, Thomas Geo.	John Ewart	Bolton.
Fry, William Thos	Frederick Thomas	Forest.
Fennell, Herbert James	John A. Hanks	Rutherford.
Fennell, Sidney Geo.	Thos. W. Blackburn	Dresden.
Greenfield, John Thos	Wm. Thos. Hawton	Hope Bay.
Griffiths, Geo. Jeatyn	John Coveney	Baldoon.
Griffiths, Wm. Eldred	David Yerex	Little Britain.
Griffiths, John	Thomas Culbert	Crewe.
Gilbert, Charles Henry	J. Leith Laidley	Ome mee.
Gilbert, Ernest Geo	W. H. Fee	Ome mee.
Guy, Thomas	Jacob F. Schwitzer	Box 26, Duart.
Grant, Austin	John Lee	Essex.
Garrod, George Thos	James Ferguson	Bothwell.
Guerrier, Achille	Thomas Harley	Troy Laundry, York st., Hamilton
Haynes, George Henry	David Hamilton	Durham.
Harman, Percival	John B. Gauthier	Sandwich.
Harris, George Albert	Jabez North	Little Britain.
Hubbard, Henry	George Cammidge	Monck.
Hall, Jos. Harrison	Ezra Rittenhouse	Vineland.
Hall, Charles Edward	John Cain	Ridgetown.
Hunt, Henry Wm	Andrew Gemmill	Ripley.
Holder, Henry	Edward Pearson	Cairngorm.
Holborn, Arthur Ed	Thos. Walsh	Box 140, Oakville.
Heard, Henry Geo	James H. Stewart	Franklin.
Hearn, William B	Chas. E. Peacock	Wallaceburg
Horn, Alfred	Francis Boucher	Dunrobin.
Hanlon, John Edward		Nassagaweya.
Holdford, William	James Millar	Whitewater, Man.
Haley, Daniel	Wm. Smithson	Glenarm.
Heath, John	John Short	Seagrove.
King, Henry Alfred	John McCord	Hemlock.
Kingsbury, Gabriel	James T. Bell	St. John's.
Lewis, Alfred	William Gourlay	Diamond.
Lambert, George Wm	John W. Wilcox	Beeton.
Luke, William Henry	Albert V. Carefoot	Redwing.
Lutman, Robert F.	Thomas B. Acres	Vernon.
Leary, Charles Sidney	A. S. Benn	Hagersville.
Moore, Fred. John	James E. Soper	Vienna.
McGrath, Matthew		West Hill.
Murphy, Andrew	Joseph Forder	Burton.
Messenger, John	Henry McGuffen	Denfield.
Morgan, John James	John Stinson	Singhampton.
Morgan, Henry Herbert	Thos. Spiers, sr.	Huntsville.
Morris, William	Jos. Geo. King	Hastings.
McConville, Arthur	William Sullivan	Kerwood.
Newell, Thomas	Donald McNeil	Thornhurst.
Nicholson, Herbert	Albert Nevin	Tecumseh.
Owens, Frederick W. G.	Edmund Green	Newboro.
Oates, Herbert	J. W. Laird	Orangeville.
Oates, Herbert Edwin	Joseph Pierson	Glencross.
Pickett, Frederick	Wm. Campbell	Box 653, Blenheim.
Paddington, George Henry	Henry Ferrier	Bervie.



Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Colonial Secretary.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. III]

JULY 1ST, 1898.

[No. 4

Personal Notes

THE arrival of one more good-sized party from England, the large migration of our old boys to the North-West, and the lavish expenditure in the hire and purchase of bicycles, have been the most noteworthy features of our work during the past three months. The first two we record with great satisfaction, and the latter with no satisfaction at all. We have already delivered ourselves upon the subject of bicycles in the columns of UPS AND DOWNS, and during the past few months we have written scores of letters of advice and expostulation; but still they come, and still the money goes, and we have arrived at the conclusion that we are "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and that, as far as bicycles are concerned, we may as well hold our peace.

The party that was on its way from England when the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS reached our subscribers, consisted of a hundred and sixty lads, big and little. We crossed in our old friend, the *Labrador*, and landed at Halifax, after a pleasant and fairly fast passage, on Saturday, the 9th of April. We may say of the party that our only grievance against it was its being so much too small, and we could have wished it had been three or four times as large. The demand for boys among

the farmers, both in Ontario and the North-West, during the past spring has been enormous and persistent, and beyond anything we have experienced for several years past. Every boy has been applied for half a dozen times over, and it has been lamentable to have to refuse so many thoroughly eligible applications. A good many of our clients are waiting in the hope of our supplying them from parties to arrive later in the season; but we fear there will be many disappointments, and we heartily wish we had a thousand good boys to fill all the applications and satisfy the importunities of people who are looking to us for their season's "help." As it was, we could only do our best with the limited material at our disposal, and needless to say we made a very speedy clearance after the arrival of the party, and the Home has since been almost untenanted. Our next party will leave London on the 14th of July, and although we are hoping for a very large consignment, we are afraid we shall have again to be satisfied with very short "deliveries." Happily we have no misgivings as to the "quality" of the "goods." We are sure that Dr. Barnardo means that to be up to the standard, and we are looking forward to having some bright promising, well-trained boys to place

out between this and the end of the season.

What we have referred to as the second noteworthy feature of the past quarter's work—the westward movement among our older boys—is one that we can dwell upon with pride and pleasure. The prevalence of “Manitoba fever” we regard as a most healthy symptom, and we hope to see it become increasingly virulent and epidemic. During the winter and early spring we had a great many letters of enquiry and requests for information about the North-West, and to each and all of our correspondents we gave Horace Greeley's advice, “Go west, young man!” We are glad to say that our efforts to encourage our boys in this direction bore very satisfactory fruit, and during the months of March, April, and early part of May, we were every week seeing off single individuals or small parties bound for various points in the West. A good many have since been heard from, and the reports have been most encouraging, and we only hope we may see a still larger number following in the same direction another year. The Canadian North-West is, in our opinion, an ideal country for young settlers. There is no laborious and expensive clearing of land from timber, brush or stones. The young farmer can run his plough from one end of his farm to the other the first day he takes possession of his homestead. The soil is unsurpassed by anything in the world, being nearly everywhere a rich black loam of varying depth, capable of producing magnificent crops of grain and vegetables. There is abundance of fuel, both wood and coal, and building material is cheap and easily obtained. The country is being settled with a class of thrifty, law-abiding, English-speaking people, who have either come direct from Great Britain or have migrated from the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. There is plenty of employment at good wages, and the climate, in spite of the severe cold in winter, is splen-

didly healthy and enjoyable. There is no fever, ague or malaria, and none of the relaxing, enervating conditions that impair health and vitality in regions farther south. The Canadian North-West is destined to be the home of a hardy, vigorous, intelligent race, and we believe it will prove a veritable “Land of Promise” for those of our boys and girls who embark their fortunes in what was once called the “Great Lone Land.” We include the girls, as we have been impressed with the fact that the commodity at the present time most in demand in the North-West is wives. One sees on all hands young bachelors with good farms and in prosperous circumstances, but condemned to celibacy, and the attendant discomforts of such a condition, from the simple fact that they know not where to look for wives. As for servant girls they are unquestionably the masters (or mistresses) of the situation. Female help is scarcely to be obtained for love or money, and the few girls who are willing to take places of service can command their own terms. The North-West is a great country with a great future, and we hope and expect in future years to see very many of our young people making prosperous homes for themselves on the prairies, and growing up with the growth of the country to wealth and independence.

Both in the East and West the letters of our correspondents tell of the revival of “good times.” There is generally throughout the country an abundance of work and good wages. Confidence is reviving, and trade seems to be improving in almost every direction. In short, the tide seems to have completely turned, and there are indications that the country is on the eve of a period of unexampled prosperity. We have already felt the effect of this improvement in the increased demand for boys, and the larger number of openings for new-comers; but among our old settlers also prospects seem to be looking up all

round, and boys who have their heads screwed on the right way and know how to take care of their money will, we believe, make good headway during the next year or two.

Payments for wages that became due on the first of April were remarkably well met. Out of some hundred and fifty amounts, of which we made ourselves responsible for the collection on behalf of the boys, there will not be more than three "bad debts," and in the large majority of cases the money was paid sharp to time. This is a much better result than we had anticipated, and shows that farmers have come out of their difficulties much less crippled than was generally feared. In fact, as a whole, our boys lose very little money in the course of a year through non-payment of wages. Here and there, we come across an unprincipled man who will try to evade payment, and resort to all sorts of underhand means to deprive a boy of his earnings, but such cases are not frequent. Perhaps the most glaring and impudent attempt of this kind was made only a few days since, when a man, who has had the services of a boy for the past four years—and honest, faithful service, too—wrote us that if we enforced payment of the amount due we might "rest assured that no time will be lost in petitioning our member to have a bill introduced prohibiting the importation of English waifs into Canada." We need hardly say we gave this individual very short shrift, and only by remitting the full amount due by return of post did he save himself the expenses of a suit in addition. But, happily, our boys seldom fall into the hands of such people as this, and their wages are usually paid fully and punctually. We cannot pretend to think this would be so to the same extent if it were not well understood that there is someone behind them whose business it is to see that justice is done them, and to whom they can always appeal. We are

fighting boys' battle from one year to another; but, as the result, the number of boys is very small who can say that they failed to receive money that they had justly earned and were entitled to receive.

It seems looking rather far ahead to talk about the Toronto Exhibition in our July number, but we realize that this is our last opportunity to issue our invitations to the annual gathering of our old boys from far and near that we hope to hold on that occasion at the Toronto Home. This gathering has now established itself as a regular annual event, and we hope to welcome a larger number of guests than ever next September. The second week—the big week—is the time to come, and we will guarantee to anyone who accepts our hospitality that they will find plenty of old friends to entertain them, plenty to eat and drink, plenty—we fear perhaps more than plenty—of noise and fun, by night as well as by day, and a jolly good time, without, we hope, any rowdyism or misbehaviour. It is generally the one holiday of the year for our young farmers, and we like them to spend it with us and to see them enjoy themselves. We cordially invite everyone, and hope that as many as can possibly manage to get away will accept our invitation. We keep open house during the week, and wish our visitors to come in without ceremony and make themselves thoroughly at home. We heartily wish we could hold out any prospect of Dr. Barnardo being here to act as host to our visitors. We have heard some hints of his intending to visit his Canadian Homes this year, and we are sure it would be an immense pleasure to all his old boys if he could manage to be with us when we have the opportunity of meeting together. We know it must be an extremely difficult matter for the Doctor to leave the helm at home even for a few weeks, and that there are innumerable claims upon his time and presence, but in the name of all his old boys in Canada we lay

before him our very earnest desire and request that if it is possible to accomplish it he will be with us next September. We will give him a right royal reception, and we are sure that it would do the Doctor good and strengthen his heart for his arduous and trying work at home, to see at once so many of those whose lives represent the fruits of his labours, and whom he has known under circumstances so different. We can believe that it would be a revelation to him of the happiest kind, while his presence at our exhibition gathering would give untold pleasure to the many who cherish for the Doctor a personal affection and grateful loyalty that nothing could extinguish.

We print elsewhere the list of donations received from our boys during the past three months. To the donors, each and all, we offer our hearty thanks for their remembrance of the needs of the work, and the generous expression they have given of their gratitude for

what has been done for them by the Homes. It is with no disparagement to them that we ask, "Where are the nine?" Are there not at least 5,000 lads now in the Dominion who owe much—some of them we might say owe everything—to the Homes? And there are not found but these few—less than one per cent.—to repay, even to the smallest extent, what they have received, or to help do for others what was done for them. How easily, and with what a slight effort of self-denial, most of our boys could contribute, say twenty-five cents a month, to help and support the old Home, and yet what an amount of good the money that would thus be contributed would accomplish in the relief of want and suffering! Help is sorely needed by those in distress, and does not the thought at times pass through the minds of some of our boys that the words may be applied to them, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

Juvenile Immigration.

We give below the official statistics, taken from the report of the Department of the Interior for the year 1897, of the numbers of children sent out during the year under the auspices of the various agencies and societies engaged in the work:

Rev. R. Wallace, Belleville, Ont.	100
Mr. William Quarrier, Brockville, Ont.	235
Mrs. Louisa Birt, Knowlton, P.Q.	132
Catholic Protective Society	76
Southwark Catholic Emigration Soc'y	55
Catholic Emigration Committee of London	38
Miss Macpherson, Stratford, Ont.	86
Mr. Fegan, Toronto, Ont.	67
Dr. Stephenson, Hamilton, Ont.	34
Church of England Waifs and Strays Society	04
Bristol Emigration Society	15
Mr. Middlemore	107
Dr. Barnardo	656

Donations to the Homes.

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue:

Allum, Geo., 75c.; Allum, David, \$1; Bird, Thos., 87c.; Brooks, Hy., 32c.; Beard, Ernest H., \$1; Brock, Chas. W., \$5.87; Breakey, John, \$1; Barr, John, \$1; Careis, Geo., \$2; Carss, Robt., \$1; Cornwall, Chas., \$2; Dickason, Walter J., \$1; Dewbury, Thos., \$1; Farthing, Regd., \$1; Fitzgerald, Edwin, \$2; Ferris, Archd., \$1; Hill, Chas. W. D., \$5; Hodge Geo. Ed., \$4.25; Halls, Fred C., \$5; Hughes, Wm., \$5; Hawkins, Samuel, \$1; Heath, John, 75c.; Hutt, Thos., \$73.22; Kavanagh, Philip, \$4; Ling, Samuel M., \$1; Matthews, T. D., \$1; Mills, Robt. J., \$1; Osborne, Fredk., \$8; Outridge, Jas., \$2; Powrie, Alf. D., \$3; Parsons, Walter G., \$6; Pitway, Robt. W., \$1; Parker, Fred., \$1; Pattle, Robt. C., \$1; Rose, Edwin, \$1; Rushton, Jno. J., \$5; Richardson, George, \$5; Spooner, Jno. A., \$1; Sandiford, Wm., \$1; Woodstock, John, \$4.



IT seems but a few days back when the writer was busy hammering out notes for the closing of the year 1897, and here we are within a few hours of our longest day. This longest day in Manitoba is decidedly very long, owing to our latitude, and one is not obliged to travel so very far north of Winnipeg to reach a point where the sun, in the month of June, seems loath to lose sight of the residents of the earth, even for a few moments, and appears to glide along just under the horizon, giving sufficient light to make the reading of ordinary newspaper print quite easy at the hour of midnight. In writing of this peculiarity in high latitudes, the writer is reminded of a very amusing story told by one of the British delegates sent out by Sir Charles Tupper when occupying the post of High Commissioner for the Dominion Government in London. The delegate referred to, our readers must understand, was sent out to obtain all the practical information possible regarding farming conditions in the Dominion, and calling upon a humorous old lady in the neighbourhood of Birtle, Manitoba, he asked her whether poultry-raising proved satisfactory in the North-West; to which query the old dame replied that the hens were healthy and strong, but owing to the peculiar action of the sun in the long summer days, the poor things got no opportunity to lay their eggs. My enquiring friend, being a practical poultry fancier and breeder, could not understand the old lady's statement, so, questioning her carefully, he got the following laughable ex-

aggeration: "You see, Mister, our hens scratch hard all day and get very tired, but being foolish hens from my old country in England and not willing to fall in with the western Canadian ways, they will not go to roost till it is dark, and wander about waiting for the sun to go down and be followed by the darkness, sometimes till ten o'clock. Now this sitting up so late at night demands extra rest in the morning, and as you know no intelligent English hen ever thinks of laying an egg after mid-day, we obtain very few, as none of our imported stock can possibly see their way to getting up in time to lay their eggs." As the stock-in-trade of nearly all American humorists consists almost entirely of gross exaggeration, we fear our dear old lady will have her name enrolled among the list of these amusing prevaricators if she does not stay her tongue. At the same time, I give you the story with its hidden lesson to all new comers to Canada, from whatever older country they may hail, to leave bigotry and prejudice behind, stepping from the gangway of the ocean steamer which ferried them over the salt water prepared to accept the conditions of the new Dominion, even though the sun may not set exactly in accordance with their notions of the proper habits for a well-regulated solar body.

The Farm

The work on the farm paper has gone on smoothly and with comparative speed, for, owing to the fact that Dr. Barnardo's young farmers were situated like nearly all the

grain growers of the province, owing to early fall frosts in 1897, very much behind with fall ploughing, it became a case of rush, and the engaging of some outside help was found necessary to complete spring work. With this help, however, the seed was placed in the ground in a most satisfactory manner, and, as a matter of course, at the present time the centre of attractive conjecture is "what shall the harvest be?" Very dry weather has been experienced all through the province this spring, but it would appear that a change in conditions is taking place, as copious rains have fallen during the last week. The prospects as regards prices are good in all lines of farm produce, we should say, particularly cattle and pigs, as reports from nearly all western United States stock shipping points show a shortage in all lines. As regards the prices of grain, the sudden collapse of the great Leiter speculation in Chicago and the consequent drop in wheat values all over the North-West have at least given the grain speculators something to think about; and as regards the interests of the hard-working producer, it seems high time that some check were placed upon this class of gambling.

The live stock trade of Manitoba and the North-West is rapidly developing great proportions. Large shipments are being made both to England and the United States, while the abattoir and large packing house, now under construction for the firm of Gordon & Ironsides, Winnipeg, should prove a useful factor in keeping up the local prices of fat cattle.

The usual April event, being the arrival of the spring contingent from the Youths' Labour House, occurred this year on the 14th of April. The party consisted of some forty-four youths who came over on the *S.S. Labrador*. On the 15th, Dr. Wright, our medical officer, made a careful examination of each member of the party, and reported very favourably upon the contingent. In this party

were two young men, Alfred Watson and James Norton, who have a fair knowledge of painting, and aside from the fact that with their help our resident carpenter, Mr. St. Lawrence, was enabled to bring our neat chapel into exceedingly fine condition, the young men have been found really remunerative employment by the management, Watson with Mr. J. T. Lyon, of Russell, and James Norton with the North-West Navigation Company, at Selkirk. Watson is naturally often seen and appears to appreciate the chance given him before the termination of his agreement with Dr. Barnardo, and Jimmy Norton, writing on June 1st, acknowledging the receipt of a Bible and some other literature, says: "Everything is going alright with me; so far so good."

Prize Men in the Home.

As the writer promised in the last issue of *UPS AND DOWNS* to furnish each quarter a list of the fortunate prize-winners at the Sunday parades during the period covered by the notes, we have great pleasure in appending herewith the names of the recognized youths:

March 27—French
 April 3—Whittle
 10—Roberts
 17—Norton
 24—Mayne
 May 1—Long
 8—H. Thyers
 15—H. Thyers
 22—Ford
 29—Ince
 June 5—H. Thyers
 12—Stevens

The party of April, up to a few days ago, were forced to parade on Sunday in their working clothes, and many an obstinate mud patch or grease spot had to be contended with. Now, however, and since the arrival of a consignment of neatly-made and well fitted tweed suits from the well-known clothing manufactory of John W. Peck & Co., Montreal, the parade is very smart and the prizes more difficult to award.

The event of the quarter, however, was not the distribution of tweed suits, the official welcome of the *Labrador* party, nor yet the exhibition given by Mr. St. Lawrence, but a fully equipped and first-class wedding, barring the bells. Rumour had it for some time that an event of the kind was not unlikely to come on the boards, but nothing was certain among the members of the colony until the receipt by quite a large contingent of the friends of the contracting parties of the following invitation from Dr. Barnardo's representatives at Russell:

MR. AND MRS. STRUTHERS
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of

MISS ELIZABETH L. STOBBS
to

MR. GEORGE FISHER
on Thursday afternoon, March 31st,
at 2 30 o'clock.

BARNARDO CHAPEL.

Naturally a half-holiday for the lads on the day of this auspicious event was gladly accorded by the management. The pretty little chapel was prepared, and at two o'clock the guests began to arrive. Promptly on time the prospective bride and groom were ushered into the chapel and took their places before the Chaplain of the Home, the Rev. George Gill. The bride was duly given away by her brother, Mr. John Stobbs, who, by the way, has the honour of having his name on the rolls of the initial party or organizing contingent of Dr. Barnardo's Industrial Farm, which arrived at the Farm Home on April 15th, 1888. The fortunate groom went through his part of the ceremony with becoming fortitude, and at that point in the ceremony where "George and Bessie" were pronounced man and wife, the wedding march, played by our gifted organist, Mr. M. E. Davis, pealed forth. The registers duly signed by the principals and witnesses, the wedding party entered the sleighs in waiting

amidst showers of rice and followed by hearty cheers from the lads assembled, sped away to Cherry Hill, where a pretty and daintily prepared wedding breakfast was partaken of. After the usual toasts and responses, a pleasant hour was spent in social recreation, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, accompanied by the hearty good wishes of the assembled guests, drove away to their neat and home-like cottage near Millwood.

Left the Hive.

The sending out of youths to situations did not really begin till April 16th, when Edward Williams, the coloured lad who for so many months had charge of the youths' mess-room, left to enter the employ of Mr. Percy H. Nelson, of Binscarth. Very flattering reports have come in to the office since Williams took up with Mr. Nelson's work, and we feel sure from what we know of the lad that he will at least try to make a success of himself in this part of the world.

William Bygrave left on April 20th to enter the service of Mr. David Dunn, of Minnisha, near Russell, and was at date of last report giving his employer satisfaction.

John Richmond was sent on April 22nd to the employ of Mr. John McKinnon, near Shoal Lake.

John Trayner left on the same day for Shoal Lake, to engage with Mr. Dugald McLean.

Richmond and Trayner were accompanied by Thomas Cullen, who was pleased to enter the employ of one of his countrymen, in the person of Mr. Robert J. Donnelly, of Foxwarren.

On April 25th James Wright was sent to a situation with Mr. Philip Snell, Florenta, and letters received from both Wright and his employer have satisfied the management that no mistake has been made in this case.

George Houghton was on April 25th sent to service with Mr. Peter Gibson, of Hohahel, and recently

George is keeping up the record he made at the Farm Home, for Mr. Gibson speaks very highly of his services.

Reginald O. Furlong, who has indeed met with a few of the ups and downs of life in previous engagements, seems now to have found work which he can perform, and is steadily doing it.

Henry Chas. King, who will be remembered as a lad coming back to the Home in the fall of 1897 for treatment, returned to his old employer on April 27th, and his address will now be care of Mr. Thomas Winter, Fleming.

John Wm. Smith is now trying his luck with Mr. David Hogg, of Whitewood, having left for the situation in question on April 27th.

Some months ago an application was received from His Lordship the Bishop of Qu'Appelle for a lad to work in the garden, care for the horses and do general chores about Bishops Court. This is the kind of situation calling for a first-class article, and we think we found that quality of goods in Arthur James Payne, who was despatched to Indian Head on May 4th, and has so far lived up to our expectations.

George E. Mulloy left on May 6th for a situation with Mr. Robert Coutts, of Newdale, and as we understand George is in correspondence with his uncle in the State of Iowa, with a view to emigrating to that state, we may have seen the last of the young man as a British citizen; at anyrate Mulloy will make a *good* citizen, no matter where he may pitch his camp, and we certainly wish him health and happiness in abundance.

On June 6th, James John French started out on his long journey to the farm of Mr. Rufus Marr, of Lennox, Manitoba. No report has as yet reached the Home, but we feel sure James will give a good account of himself in his new surroundings.

It is pleasing to note that we are constantly receiving requests from old lads for sample copies of UPS AND DOWNS. This appreciation will, no doubt, prove most gratifying to the Managing Editor; but we would suggest to these admiring applicants the prompt remittance to 214 Farley Ave., Toronto, of the sum of twenty-five cents, the subscription price.

A. H. Spink



Midsummer

ANTITHESES.

I.

How cool the breeze that sways the balmy pines,
And rocks our birch canoe beneath their shade,
While drifting idly where the bitterns wade
Toward their nests, as day's red orb declines!
On yonder bank the wild-grapes' tangled vines
Give forth mellifluous of some strange bird,
Who pipes his vespers that they may be heard
Among the gods of all the island shrines.

O, how delightful are the Northern Lakes!
How near is God in these His solitudes!
Let us forget Ambition's clamorous throng,
And pitch our tent nigh where the cascade booms
Here but the trapper or the deer intruder
For here is Paradise the summer long

II.

The squalid tenements, steeped in stifling heat,
Exhale their fetid and pestiferous breath:
And horrid fevers only move to death
The stagnant pulse of every narrow street
Vice, enervated in its foul retreat,
Forgets the glitter of the luring gem,
And not for any regal diadem
Would rise from beds that now need not a sheet.

O God! the heat!—the nauseating food!
The crawling filth!—the putrifying air!
The fierce desire of alcoholic thirst!
And oh! gaunt Destitution's sweltering brood,
That find the floor more restful than a chair.
What have they done, that they are thus accursed?

WILLIAM T. JAMES

Under Tropical Skies

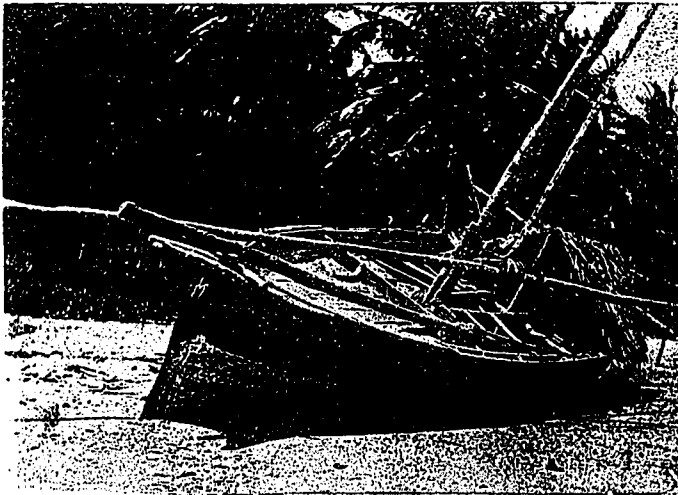
THE LITTLE FRIENDSHIP MISSION, PEMBA, ZANZIBAR.

MARCH, 12th, 1898.

MY DEAR BOYS,—About a year ago your Editor was kind enough to put a letter of mine in *UPS AND DOWNS*, telling about Leopold House, and now I am hoping he will let me say a little about a very different place called Pemba.

Pemba is a small island off the east coast of Africa, just north of the island of Zanzibar. It is in the

A year ago a law was passed which we all thought in England would free every slave in these islands. It gave every slave power to claim his or her freedom, and so when this law was about to be passed, the Friends in England thought with much sympathy about all the slaves out here who would probably be thrown on their own resources, and determined to help them.

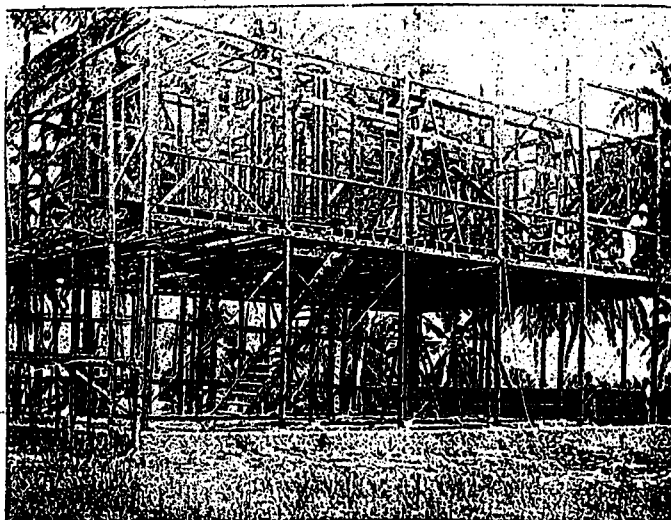


Condemned Slave Dhow.

tropics, and therefore very hot, and, moreover—and this will make it interesting to many of you—it is to a great extent a coral island, and its shores are deeply fringed with mangrove creeks running far inland, and giving abundant chance for slave-dealing dhows to hide away from our blue-jackets. The water, when the tide turns, runs out so fast that a man-of-war's boat would soon be aground, whereas the dhow, knowing exactly where the deep currents lie, could easily escape. In spite of this, every now and then a capture is made; and here we have a picture of one dhow that will never carry any more slaves. She was captured with slaves on board, and therefore is now condemned and will never float again.

In order to see what could be done and how best to do it, Henry Stanley Newman, a man with a heart large enough to take in both orphans in England and slaves in Pemba, and Theodore Burtt, who was a practical farmer, came over to Zanzibar and were very kindly received by the Sultan's prime minister, the Consul-General, and, indeed, every one else who knew of their mission.

After staying a few days in Zanzibar, they went to Pemba and, staying there for several weeks, had a good look round the island, and finally decided that if Friends in England took the matter up the best thing to do would be to purchase a "shamba" and grow cloves and coconuts, and by this means em-



The New House in Course of Erection.

ploy a great number of the people as they became free.

Henry Stanley Newman returned home, leaving Theodore Burt in Pemba, and put all the information he had gathered before the Friends, and they decided at once to send out someone else to be with Theodore Burt, and that they two together should buy a suitable piece of land. Thus it came to pass that Miss Armitage and I, having offered our services for this work, were accepted. In May, 1897, we left Leopold House (and very hard it was to part from so many whom we had grown to love dearly), and I came out here, it being thought best for my sister to follow later in the year.

Soon after my arrival in Pemba, T. Burt and I bought on behalf of the Friends a most lovely shamba or plantation, called "Banani," with hundreds of cocoanut palms and thousands of clove trees upon it, in a most healthy situation, with the sea on two sides, and a capital place to erect a house on the highest part of it. We now felt quite ready for the host of freed slaves that were to come. But they did not come at all! Then we discovered that only very few of them

knew of this new law and were not aware they could be free if they asked. The proclamation of this new law had only been made to their masters, and the slaves had not been told at all. Some of the boys in our employment were slaves, and so we asked them why they did not claim their freedom; but their answer was at once given that they "did not want to go to gaol!" We enquired further, and found that many slaves

who had come forward and asked for freedom had been at once put in gaol and their master sent for and the men handed back to him. This was discouraging but to remedy the evil in some measure, an Englishman was appointed as Commissioner and Magistrate, and again we hoped that now, at any rate, the people would be freed. But no! Although the Commissioner has been here a year now, very few slaves have been freed, and none, as far as we can learn, have received their papers of freedom. What, then, is done? you may well ask. This is what is done. A slave applies for freedom (and they are applying now in considerable numbers); his name and height and any other particulars are written down, and then—he is made free?



The Wives of Three of our Boat Boys

Certainly not. He is then placed with a host of others on the Government shamba of Tundana and is kept there, being allowed a few pice per day for food, and is expected to do some light work in return; and there he waits and waits, and is still waiting; even as I write these lines there are hundreds of slaves on the Tundana Shamba, waiting until their cases are finally settled and their owners have received compensation for the loss of their services. Some of them have been waiting now for months, and no one seems able to say when they will be absolutely free. There is a bright side to every cloud, and I ought to have said that our own people who are working on Banani are all free and were at once returned to us, though they have not yet received their freedom papers. These people are earning good wages, and that of itself must be a great lesson to the people around us, where the slave has to work for nothing at all except the right to work on one or two days a week at his own plot of land, where he grows his bit of muhogo or rice. It is indeed a dark land at present. Christianity is almost unknown, and the only worship that has any hold over the people is Mohammedanism.

On the 30th of January, 1898, Theodore Burtt and I had the joy of welcoming Mrs. Burtt and Miss Armitage and another helper named Arnold Wigham. And now my dear sister and I are fixed up in a little house at Chaki-Chaki, the chief town of the island. Theodore Burtt and his wife and Arnold Wigham live in a native-made bungalow on Banani, where they are superintending the erection of a wooden house which has been sent out from England, and which, when completed, will be large enough to hold us all. Meanwhile Mrs. Burtt is teaching the children on Banani the Swahili alphabet, and we in Chaki-Chaki are doing what we can in the same direction with the youngsters here.

Every Saturday brings the Ban

ani party home to spend Sunday here, and we have a little service in Swahili on the Sabbath morning, when English and Swahili, white and black, slave and freeborn, all meet around God's mercy-seat. We all join in hearing God's word read, singing Swahili hymns to Sankey's well-known tunes, and, above all, in kneeling together and repeating that beautiful prayer which unites every one of us as children of the same Father, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Now, I know it is time I stopped, and I have only got through the "introduction," as it were. I wanted to tell you about our first football match out here and a host of other things; but I expect already the Editor's blue lead pencil will have scored out some of my paragraphs, for I gave him full leave, and I am sure he will do right. I wonder if he will let me write again by-and-by? Anyway, I trust he will allow me space to thank most heartily all those boys who have written us such nice letters, from both countries. Oh, they have been a pleasure! Yes, and a great help, too. I have a packet of over fifty boys' letters received here in six months, and do you know many of these boys are praying for the work out here and that God will bless our efforts? Will you join in that prayer? And we on our part can assure you that never a day passes without our remembering at the Throne of Grace all those dear lads who were once so often in our sight, who sometimes gave us trouble, but far oftener filled our hearts with thankfulness and joy as we saw signs in them of a desire to do right, a determination to be straightforward and truthful in all things and to do God's will. Miss Armitage joins me in much love to you all.

The postage here is the same as to England, and we shall be only too glad to reply to any letters you care to send us.

Your sincere friend,

HERBERT ARMITAGE.

Home Chat

WE have been receiving, as a rule, admirably satisfactory reports of our little boarders in Muskoka. Our family in these northern regions has of late been reduced very considerably, the immense demand in Manitoba and the North-West for boys from eleven to thirteen years of age having made it possible for us to recall a large number from their foster homes and transfer them to situations in the West, where they are now self-supporting and well provided for. We have still, however, about 250 boarded out in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, and, with few exceptions, they are bright, promising little lads, and thriving like "green bay trees" in their country homes. The following extracts are taken from amongst a large pile of letters that have recently come to hand, and refer in some cases to boys who are still in their foster homes; in others, to boys who are just leaving for their new quarters.

PARKERSVILLE.

I have again to report about your two little boys, George and Francis Lightwood. They are doing nicely, growing fine and very healthy, attending day and Sunday School regularly. I think they are above the average in intellect at their age, and I think will make bright and intelligent men if they are spared to come to the years of manhood.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM CHALMERS.

PORT SYDNEY.

The boys are both well and in good health, and are getting along fine, and are growing tall, Richard especially. John is doing nicely at school. I will get him to write for himself soon. It is very hard to get him to write. They both like it fine here, and neither one of them would like to leave us, and we think a lot of both of them, and they are very smart.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM CUSSON

NOVAR

I write to inform you that our little boys Leland and Charles Smith, are quite well and attend school regularly. They are bright and happy little fellows. We are

very fond of them, and hope you will let them stay with us. We want to take Leland to keep until he is eighteen years of age, if you will kindly let us have him. He is very anxious to stay with us. We do hope you will still let poor little Charles stay with us. We would like to keep them together until they grow up. Kindly let us know about Leland, and oblige, yours,
MRS. THOMAS ADAMSON.

The foster-father of Willie Corral, who has had the boy under his care for the past two years, writes of him as follows:

I am very sorry that you are going to take my good little boy, Willie, away from me. We have no little ones but Willie; my youngest child being a girl of nineteen. All my family was greatly taken up with Willie. He is a good, truthful, honest boy. I never heard a bad or saucy word from him since he came to me.

Yours truly,

R. C. MCKINNON.

PORT SYDNEY.

The two boys, Louis Stargratt and Wm. McRae, are in the best of health, and both doing well. The people here can't make out how I happened to get two such good boys. It is all in how you use them and train them. Kindness is the best. I find

Yours, etc.,

WM. ESSON

NOVAR.

John A. Wooler is well and doing splendidly.

MRS. WM. DRAFER.

WHITE SIDE.

Our little boy, Charles Dillon, is a very good boy, and is attending school regularly

J. C. TUPPER.

Mrs. Tooke, of Newholm, who has shown herself to be a most kind and devoted foster-mother to several of our little lads, writes in reference to Charles Hart and Thomas Wilson:

I am very sorry we have to give Charles up. You may recommend him to anyone who wishes him to take care of horses or cattle; he is so kind to animals. You would think so could you see them. Both he and Tommy are so kind.

Of David Morris we hear that he is "quite well, and doing remarkably well at school."

Mr. Hodgson, of Chatham, with his excellent wife, have been

everything to their little boys that we could wish of foster-parents, tells us in a recent letter respecting Alfred Brayshaw and John Henry Edwards, that "the little boys are in school every day, and are making good progress with their studies. They have received no word from their friends in England or in Ontario, and are forgetting to watch for letters when the mail comes in. They are well, happy and hearty, and my prayer for each is that he may put his trust in Him whose friendship never fails."

An excellent report is given us of little Willie Banner by his guardian, Mr. James Hudson, of Utterson. Mr. Hudson writes :

The boy is quite well, and is a good boy. He is the best boy there is in any place around here. He never tells lies or swears, and is very kind and obedient. He hopes you will not take him away yet awhile.

DWIGHT.

Our boys are both in first-rate health, and doing well. Eacott is getting on better at school now than he has ever done before. Dutton is a first-rate little fellow; in fact both are good boys.

ELI LEECH.

In connection with the above we have great pleasure in recording a little circumstance that occurred some time ago, and which we intended to have referred to in a previous issue of UPS AND DOWNS. How it was overlooked we cannot explain, and so we won't try to manufacture an excuse. A donation of ten dollars came to us as the offering of Mr. and Mrs. Leech and their two little boarders. The share of this generous donation contributed by the two little lads was the amount realized by the sale of a crop of potatoes that they had themselves raised on a little plot of ground that had been specially devoted to their use. We venture to assert that of the many gifts, large and small, that have come into Dr. Barnardo's treasury during the past year and have supplied the means of carrying on his work, there are few that have been the outcome of a purer spirit of unselfishness than prompted these little lads to contrib-

ute their "all" to the help of the needy. We thank them with all our hearts, and we assure each of these kind donors that their gift was most warmly appreciated, and that the expression of our thanks, although somewhat tardy, is none the less sincere.

SEELEY.

With regard to John William Burfiend, he is doing well at school, and is getting a big strong boy and a very smart boy. He got the prize at Christmas, which he is very proud of.

Yours truly,
JOHN HACKING.

ZISKA.

I write to say that Thomas Cornish that is under my care is well and in good health. I have no complaint about him. He is a good boy in every respect.

Yours truly,
EDWARD PAYNE.

The marriage of William Banger and Eliza Green, at St. Matthew's Church in Toronto, on the evening of the 31st of May, was not a society event in Toronto, but it was, what we fear a great many marriages in high life are not, the happy union of two young people who have been attached to each other for several years past, and who are not marrying in haste to repent at leisure, but are entering upon their life partnership to be true friends and help-meets. The young couple left Toronto by the morning train on the 1st of June to spend their honeymoon at the best possible place for a honeymoon—the comfortable little home that William has got ready for his bride at his farm in Northern Michigan. They have taken with them the heart-felt good wishes of all their friends that their married life may be a truly happy one, and may realize something of the old ideal—"first year joy, second year comfort, and all the rest content."

Comparisons are always odious, but we doubt much if there is one of our great family whose record we can look back upon with more genuine satisfaction and pride than our highly esteemed friend, Thomas Harley, whose portrait *en famille* we present to our readers. The present proprietor of the Troy Laundry in

Hamilton came from England just twelve years ago as a "Barnardo Boy," a genuine specimen of the article, arrayed in blue jersey and corduroy trousers. For the first season after his arrival Tom bore the burden and heat of the day on a farm near Peterborough, and we have before us the report of a visit paid to him in November, 1886, in which it is stated, "This is an exceedingly good boy, and his master and mistress speak in the highest terms of his conduct. What he does, he does well." But Tom was



Thomas Harley.

scarcely strong enough for farm labour, and after eight months' trial he was obliged to come back to us, and we secured a place for him at Napanee, where he entered the service of Mr. Deroche, Q.C. For the following four years, or thereabouts, Tom kept his place, earning the very highest character from all who knew him. He left to learn the trade of baking, and, after working at the trade for a couple of years or so in Napanee, removed to Hamilton. Some time after we heard that Tom had established himself in the laundry business, and that he was doing a good trade, and also, that he

had taken to himself a wife, and had got a very comfortable little home. Then followed correspondence in reference to the application of Mr. and Mrs. Harley for a little girl from the Peterborough Home to assist in their household and look after their own little one. Their application was supplied, and we hope to their full satisfaction; and our latest communication with our old friend was in reference to a boy in Hamilton that he had been assisting, and in connection with whose case he begged us to give him the names of any boys whom we might place in Hamilton or the vicinity, that he may be able to keep a friendly eye upon them. We cannot leave the subject without relating afresh an incident that happened in one of our journeys across the Atlantic with a party of youngsters. A musical entertainment was given in the saloon, in which the boys took the principal part. At the close of the entertainment the customary votes of thanks were moved, and a clergyman on board was asked at the last minute to second the vote of thanks to the chairman. The clergyman was the Ven. Archdeacon Jones, now living at Brockville; and having no idea how the Archdeacon regarded Dr. Barnardo's work, we were in some trepidation as to what he might say. His remarks were brief and to the point, and were, in substance, that personally he knew very little of Dr. Barnardo's boys, and in fact had himself known two only, and he could only say that he had never had among his Sunday school workers one more earnest, sincere and Christian-hearted than Tom Harley, and when a short time previously he had been in Halifax, and had been taken seriously ill at a friend's house, no man could have had a more faithful, devoted nurse and attendant than he had found in George Hollinfield. Need we add that the vote of thanks was most cordially received?

We have heard nothing lately of our old boys who are in the market for a home, and we shall be glad to hear

selved. John Lucken was a very small boy when he began life in Canada in the year 1885, and the time was when we scarcely regarded John as among the "flower of our flock." He now writes us: "I am getting along as good as I could wish. I never regret coming to Canada. I have a nice comfortable home, and everything seems to be prospering around me. I think I am the youngest farmer on the road for quite a few miles, and my crops look as good as any of the rest."

Mr. Reazin sends us a very interesting report of his having come across another of our early pioneers in the person of James Alden. James has lived and worked on the same farm for the past fourteen years, and there seems good reason to believe that at no very distant date the farm will become the property of James and his wife. The latter, we are pleased to add, is an old Peterborough Home girl, Rose Stephens.

The following letter from Frederick Parker is the close of a correspondence that we have carried on with Fred, under what have been to him very distressing circumstances. Like a sensible fellow, Fred. made up his mind to go west last spring, and in due course packed up his traps and soon found himself in British Columbia. Like a very silly fellow—we are sorry to have to say it—Fred. got home-sick, and threw up his prospects in the west, and started back to Ontario, travelling *via* Chicago. Passing through Chicago, he fell among thieves, who, it may be remarked, are, in every species, colour, and form, uncommonly thick on the ground in that part of the world. They stripped him, not of his raiment, but of his pocket book, and left him friendless, moneyless, and ticketless to the mercies of another and more rapacious variety of thieves—such thieves they might be called—the Chicago police. These gentlemen, the main devote their energies to very different objects than the pursuit and conviction

of criminals, and, although our friend's assailants were secured, and their booty with them, Fred. found that this by no means involved the restoration of his property. Ultimately, we understand, the thing was "squared"—after the manner of Chicago—doubtless to the great satisfaction and profit of the police, the mitigated satisfaction of the criminals (who would doubtless have to "put up" heavily, but would escape with no more unpleasant consequences) and the unmitigated loss and annoyance of the complainant, and the dismal defeat of the ends of justice. We did what we could to help Fred. out of his trouble, and we fancy he will be content to give Chicago a very wide berth in the future. He now writes us from his old address:

Just a few lines to let you know that I have started to work for Mr. Johnson, the next place to where I was working two years ago, and I like the place. Am getting \$17.00 a month. Crops are looking splendid around here, and there is every prospect of lots of fruit. We have just finished planting our corn. Excuse this short letter, as it is late. Hoping you are all well at the Home, and also Dr. Barnardo, I remain, yours truly,
FRED PARKER.

Enclosed find one dollar for the B.D.F.

A letter that reached us within the past month from George Clive, dated from Louisville, Ontario, is the sort of communication that warms one's heart, and makes us feel that we are doing great and good work in the world. We sincerely thank our old friend for his letter, and offer him our hearty congratulations on the success of his enterprises:

It is a long time since I last wrote to you, but I have wished times out of number to reply to your letter, but each time something has prevented my buckling to; but now I will try for its accomplishment. However, I trust you continue in good health, as it leaves me at present. Although we are a long way apart, and it is nearly seven years since I saw you at Toronto—and during that time I am sure your life has passed under all sorts of different circumstances—I know I have experienced quite a lot of ups and downs during that time, although I am glad to say that I have no reason to complain. I have more reason to be grateful to the Great Giver of all good things, and also to Dr. Barnardo, who is a

father to the fatherless, hope to the hopeless, and help to the helpless. Since I wrote you I have been busily engaged in the timber business. I gave steady employment to from five to eight men for the last two winters back. I had 350 cords of four-foot wood, and twenty-five cords of stove wood, and 64 000 feet of elm logs, which I handled inside of eleven months, and came out successfully in my speculation. I paid \$200 for my outfit, horses, trucks, etc. I am now working for Mr. John Arnold for the summer season, but I hope to go farming for myself next year.

We are sure that our friends, Henry Lednor and Walter J. Dickason, will not consider that we are betraying their secrets in holding them up as an object lesson to other boys of the advantages of thrift and industry, and as a practical demonstration of what can be accomplished by a little self-denial. Let some of those young gentlemen who have been spending their earnings so freely of late in bicycles, watches, etc., read and ponder over the following figures, which represent an exact copy of ledger entries under our friends' names. We may remark that the two boys were placed in the same situation, and worked together for several years:

HENRY J. LEDNOR.			
1893.	Feb. 9.	By Deposit	\$100 00
	Dec. 30.	" Interest	3 49
1894.	May 30.	" Deposit	75 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	5 89
1895.	Mar. 30.	" Deposit	60 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	9 17
1896.	June 3.	" Deposit	65 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	11 05
1897.	Apr. 19.	" Deposit	45 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	14 47
1898.	May. 4.	" Deposit	70 00
			<hr/>
			459 67
1895.	July 31.	To UPS AND DOWNS,	0 25
		" Balance.....	\$459 42

WALTER J. DICKASON.			
1894.	Oct. 22.	By Deposit	\$200 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	1 53
1895.	Dec. 31.	" "	8 06
1896.	June 3.	" Deposit	50 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	9 54
1897.	Apr. 19.	" Deposit	30 00
	Dec. 31.	" Interest	12 62
1898.	June 17.	" Deposit	32 00
			<hr/>
			343 75
1897.	Aug 31.	To UPS AND DOWNS,	0 25
		" Balance.....	\$343 50

A short time ago we received for publication the following very interesting little letter from Alfred Little. Alfred is a westcountryman, hailing

from the ancient city and port of Bristol. He came to Canada four years ago and has, we are glad to say, done credit during that time to his country and his upbringing. With Mr. David Hilton of Norland, in the county of Victoria, he has as good a home and a prospect for the future as any boy could wish. It might make Alfred conceited if we were to produce alongside of his letter the report of him that we lately received from our local correspondent, Mr. Reazin, and we will content ourselves with saying that it was in all respects highly satisfactory.

April 28th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to let you know I am in good health. It is not very often I write, and I thought I would try to write now. My master and mistress are good and kind to me. I went to school last winter and had lots of fun. Now we have our spring work started. I have grown like fun since I came to Canada. I was fifteen last January. I have not done very much this spring; only picked stones and cultivated a little while, and ploughed a few rounds. I am having an easy time. We have five horses, eleven head of cattle, twelve pigs, two sets of sleighs, one waggon, nine ewes, one billy, six yearling lambs, seventeen of this spring's lambs, one pet lamb; and we have a binder, pea harvester, two single ploughs, two gang ploughs, a seeder, mower, horserake cultivator, set of drag harrows, cutter, scuffler and buggy. I think I have a pretty good home. I have lots of fun with Ernest Brown. I think he is a nice fellow. I hope you are all well; please send me word. We have eight acres to sow. I could not think of what to write for UPS AND DOWNS.

Yours truly,

ALFRED LITTLE.

Having mentioned Mr. Reazin's name, we must do ourselves the pleasure of introducing him more particularly to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, to a section of whom, however, he is already well known. About a year ago we began to find that the work of visiting our boys in their homes was becoming more than could be accomplished by the regular visitors, Mr. Guffman and Mr. Gaunt, and as Dr. Barnardo's instructions have been very emphatic that the work of visiting must and no consideration be neglected or allowed to fall into

appears, and that as the number of boys to be visited increased there must be a proportionate increase in the staff engaged, we began to cast about for someone who could undertake the duty of representing us in some particular district, so that we might relieve our regular staff of that amount of territory. Mr. Reazin's name was mentioned to us as being the right sort of man to undertake the work, and we have already had abundant reason to congratulate ourselves that in appointing him as our local agent we have secured a valuable and efficient helper. He has for a great many years past filled the important post of inspector of schools in the county of Victoria and adjacent districts; but the duties of this position leave him a margin of spare time that he is now devoting to our work. We have placed under Mr. Reazin's supervision the boys located in the counties of Ontario, Victoria, Durham, Northumberland and Peterborough, and already he has paid his introductory visit to a number of his charges. We are sure we may say of Mr. Reazin that his heart is thoroughly in the work, and that our boys will find in him a wise and kind friend, and one whose wide experience of young people and intimate knowledge of country life and ways eminently fit him to look after their interests and to act on their behalf with discretion and judgment.

Several of our old lads who migrated to the west in the early spring, have sent us interesting accounts of their first experiences and impressions of the country. The following is from Henry J. Granville, whose name we have previously had pleasure in mentioning in UPS AND DOWNS:

May 6th, 1898

DEAR SIR: As I thought it was my duty to write and let you know where I am, and how I am getting along, I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines so as you would know. Well in the first place, I liked the journey very much and saw some very interesting sights. We stayed in Winnipeg over Sunday night which I thought was very nice, and we landed in

Souris Monday night at seven o'clock, and true enough there was a blizzard blowing to beat two forty. You could not see five rods ahead, and so we had to stay there until Tuesday afternoon. I am hired at J. D. Ross', Mr. Wilson's brother-in-law, and we are through seeding all but two days' work. We have got 1,100 acres of wheat sown, and about 200 acres of oats, so you see that we have not idled our time, for we started on Good Friday to sow. There are six men hired here, counting myself. I like this part of the country very well, as it is very healthy; and I am not losing flesh, either, but putting right on, as I weigh 160 lbs., so that is not bad; only seven lbs. gained since I came up. We have only been one half day off from seeding, and that was on account of it raining. It is lovely wheat-growing weather here now. I like this country better than Ontario. You may depend that I am anxious for the UPS AND DOWNS. I feel kind of lonesome without it, I can assure you. I think I must draw to a close. Wishing you all long life and happiness, I remain,

Yours truly,

H. J. GRANVILLE.

John Woodstock, who went up a little later in the season, writes us on the 16th of May:

We arrived here about a month ago. I got a job for four days at a dollar a day for harrowing. We harrow about thirty acres a day up here. Now I have a job at \$12 a month for six months. My brother has a job for \$20 a month. I think you ought to have a Girls' Home up here. I hear of quite a lot of people that would like to get a girl, and I think they would get more pay up here. I could have got \$15 for one month, but I thought \$12 a month for six months would be better, so I took the job. We are through seeding, and the fields are looking quite green. We have just started to plant potatoes. We are having a pretty good spring, and an early one, too.

Peter Eppy is another of our friends who, after ten years' experience in the Province of Ontario, made up his mind this spring to try his fortune in the West. We make the following extract from a letter we lately received from him:

I write a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I think this is a fine country up here. I am getting \$15 a month for seven and a half months. I think that is pretty good. We will start seeding about the middle of this week. I think this is a fine country for a young man to come to. He has a chance of picking up a cheap farm. I am looking around myself for one. The man I am working for has got 600 acres of land. I think that is a big

farm. I have got pretty well tanned since I came here. It looks so funny without any fences or bush land. I have been four weeks here to-day, and like it well. There are a few Home boys around here, Neighbours are far apart. It is a good wheat-growing land—clay loam, and as level as a floor. When Mr. Griffith comes around here to see the boys, he might call and see me. I live three miles north of Sintaluta. I would be glad to see him. I think no young man ought to settle without seeing this country.

Another very cheery letter from Manitoba came to us a few days ago, the writer being little George Neale, one of the juniors of the last party. As giving George's experience of his first six weeks in Canada, we regard it as a most interesting communication, and one that it gave us the greatest pleasure to receive:

HARGRAVE, MAN., May 30th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to tell you I am quite well now and like my home well and the country as well and the people, and my mother and father are so kind to me that I like them. I was small when I came, and have grown a little. I am twelve years old and work on a farm, and look after the cattle and the hens and the horses and calves as well. I can ride horses, plough and harrow, and I can eat all I want to and can drink as much milk as I like. We have got plenty of pork and two pigs in the sty, and lots of pretty flowers on the prairie and wild ducks on the ponds. Mr. White shot one and we had him roasted, and it was so nice. I go in the buggy to Sunday school and church, and to the prayer meeting on Thursday night. I catch gophers, and we have seven canaries, and some of them can whistle. I like my home, and am dressed well Sunday and week day. I went to the sports with Mr. and Mrs. White, and in the fall I am going to help out hay; and I can drive two horses in the waggon. There have been lots of prairie fires. We have a lot of wheat and oats, and I can do what work I like to do. I have lots of rides in the buggy, and now I am learning to play on the organ. We shall have a lot of gooseberries, currants and potatoes. I am going to thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me to get a good home in Manitoba. Good-bye. Dear Sir, I close by sending twenty-five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS, and I would like to hear about the other boys. I like to read about the better in the UPS AND DOWNS.

GEORGE NEALE.

Just across "the line" at Bottineau, North Dakota, the two brothers, George and William Cain have located themselves, and, according

to a letter we have received from George, have evidently made a good start. The brothers went west rather over a year ago, and it was a long while before we heard anything from them. The letter, from which we quote a few extracts, reached us just as we were going to press with the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, and too late, therefore, for publication. The reference to feet of snow and degrees below zero sound a little out of date in the present number, for which we are preparing copy with the mercury in the nineties; but as our readers know, the transition from winter to summer is a rapid one in western America, and, even at the risk of being unseasonable, we must give the many old friends of George and William the opportunity of hearing something about them and their prospects:

I am very sorry I did not get writing to you before this. I put in a very steady summer working out. I worked eight months for the man for \$125 while my brother Will took up a claim and broke on it. I worked all winter in the Turtle Mountain taking out wood until just here lately. Now I have nothing to do till spring opens up. We are having as fine a winter as I ever saw. Snow is only about a foot deep on the level, and 40° below zero is the coldest we have had, and that only a couple of times. We have got about thirty acres of breaking done. We have one yoke of oxen. Will intends working out this summer, as he can draw bigger wages than I, and I am going to stop home and put the crop in and break, as we are working together till we can once get a start. We have another ox to get, and a set of harrows, and quite a lot of things; and prices and interest are terribly high out here. I like this country very well. I think it is just the place for any poor person to make a start. Land is free, wood is free, and hay is free. I am five miles from the boundary line, and fifteen miles from Deloraine, Manitoba, so we are not far from the old flag.

We hear excellent reports of James Cameron, who was visited by Mr. Griffith early in May. James is now a stalwart man, and in his twenty-second year. He has been in Canada over nine years, having lived for the greater part of that time with Mr. Livingston, of Beaton. James is working this summer with

Mr. James Early, of Beeton, but seems to make his home with the Livingstons, and is liked and respected in the neighbourhood.

Francis Killick, with Mr. James Thompson, of Thompsonville, is a boy who is fortunate in his home. There were signs of trouble with Frank a little while ago, but from what Mr. Griffith tells us in his report, we are in hopes that the "clouds have rolled by," and that Frank has quite made up his mind to settle down to business. He had an idea that two dollars a week in Toronto, having to pay board, lodging, washing and clothing out of it, was far better than twenty dollars a year in the country, in addition to board, lodging, washing and clothing. Other people have had the same idea, and have discovered their mistake by bitter experience; but we hope Frank's mind is now quite disabused of these fancies, and that future reports will be as good as the present.

We hear of George William Lambert that he has grown very much since last year, that he is in the best of health, and that he is truthful, trustworthy and attentive.

A capital report is handed in by Mr. Griffith of his visit to Edward James Walker, living with Mr. Richard Marchant, of Beeton. George is evidently a good boy in a good place. George was boarded out in England with Ernest Potts, and we understand is very anxious for news of his foster brother. We are glad to tell him that Ernest is doing exceedingly well. We hear that he is growing and thriving, is smart and useful in his work, can drive a team, and harrow and roll, and is very happy in his place. His address is care of Mr. Silas Purvis, Belle River, County Essex, Ont.

Living quite near Ernest, with Mr. John Purvis, of Puce, is George B. Wright. George is a boy of whom we have yet to hear a word of complaint or disparagement. Both at home and school we hear of his bearing an excellent character, and

proving himself in every respect a credit to the Home.

Arthur and Herbert Ward are two brothers who rank high in our estimation as worthy citizens, and young fellows who are doing the brightest credit to their opportunities. They came from England with our first party in the year 1888, and have worked near together in the Township of Innisfil for the ten years that they have been in the country. Herbert is earning fifteen dollars a month, and Arthur thirteen for the present season. They are both members of the church, and we hear of their being highly spoken of and generally liked in the district.

Mr. Griffith brought us, along with a very flattering report of John Pocock, a photo of John that we should have been very pleased to have presented to our readers if consideration of space would have permitted. As it is, we must be content with stating that Mr. Griffith reports that John is an honest, faithful, useful worker, that he and his master have this spring put in seventy acres of crop without further assistance, and that Mr. Griffith found him ploughing in the field, and tells us he could distinguish no difference between John's work with his team and that of his employer.

William Bridgman is a boy that is doing admirably well, and growing to be a fine, strapping, hard-working young fellow. We hear that although only fourteen years of age, Willie is "big enough for seventeen," and we are told that he is "highly spoken of by his employer and others." He is living with Mr. Richard Stanley, of Purple Grove, Ont.

William Thomas, who left for the North-West in the spring, after living for the previous five years in the neighbourhood of Ripley, writes us that he hopes soon to take up land in the Pilot Mound District, Manitoba.

Francis C. Pishley has lately availed himself of our services to

transmit the amount of his bank balance, not far short of thirty dollars, to his mother in England. We were greatly pleased to execute the little commission, and have regarded it as a very gratifying little episode in Frank's career. He himself is getting on remarkably well, and is comfortably settled in what seems to be a thoroughly desirable place.

We have just accepted another little commission of a somewhat similar character. William J. Curnick, who last year paid all the expenses for the emigration of his brother from England, has now placed in our hands the money to pay the fares of his mother and sister, and we are hoping to bring them with us by the same ship as will carry the next party. William has himself borne a quite exemplary record for the past twelve years, and in what he has done for himself and is doing for those of his kith and kin we see, at any rate, one brightest result of Dr. Barnardo's labours.

From Fort Morgan, Alabama, came a letter from Thomas Hutt, who as an artilleryman in the U. S. army still reverts with pleasure to his association with Dr. Barnardo's Home. From his subjoined letter will be seen that gratitude and the most kindly feelings have actuated him to the bestowal of what, to a man in his circumstances, is certainly a munificent gift. He has contributed in two amounts no less a sum than \$73.22 toward the maintenance of the Homes, which entitles him to our hearty thanks and cordial appreciation of his generosity and unselfishness. Nourished by such acts of devotion, the work cannot fail of growth and much fruit. In the name of the needy we thank him. No doubt by this time Thomas is under orders for the front, and will soon know what active service means. We have written him that we trust that, as a United States soldier, he will acquit himself on the field of battle as a true born Englishman.

BATTERY "I," THE ARTILLERY,
FORT MORGAN, ALA., JUNE 25th 1895
MR. ALFRED B. OWREN

DEAR SIR, - All the money, and interest of the money from the date of the first deposit until the present time, lying to my credit in the Home bank, I give to the use of the Home, and I wish you would be kind enough to arrange the gift for me. I regret very much that I am not able to add to it.

I have always taken a great interest in the work of the Home, and always will, and I understand that there is a paper published in Toronto by the Home, and I would like to know the subscription price per year. It was my intention last Christmas to give the money to the Home, but owing to a severe illness I was not able to do so. I was taken into the hospital last September, and was kept in there until the last of March. I thank you very much, sir, for your kind and welcome letter, which shows me that I am still remembered. Wishing success to the Home and all of its works.

Very respectfully,
THOS. HUTT.

The following letter from one of our boys, now a young man, embodies a sketch of the vicissitudes of his career during the past ten years. A good, honest, thrifty, God-fearing lad, he has not disappointed our expectations of him, but in striding manfully forward to one success after another, he has placed himself in comfortable circumstances, and given us abundant cause to rejoice that the work done for the Master has prospered in our hands, and added yet another to the list of energetic Canadian farmers, who have graduated from Dr. Barnardo's Homes into a sphere of successful activity, which cannot fail to confute the aspersions so wantonly cast upon the character of youths whose chief fault is the misfortune that they are otherwise friendless and forsaken. Such a letter we put forward with pardonable pride, as the best evidence of what an orphan may become under salutary discipline and careful training.

Dear Sir, - One of the papers published under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, has just been received by myself through a young lad from the Institution. Looking through it, I see a good many characters and experiences which please me very much. I am always pleased to hear, not only how the lads are getting along as to their temporal welfare

but that so many of our boys and girls stand up for Jesus to be consistent Christians. It puts in remembrance that I myself was a lad of the same Institution. And now I have the good chance, I shall give you my experience of ten long years away from the Home—five in Ontario and five in the wild North-West, as the saying is—and as straightforward as I possibly can, not only giving you a statement of my temporal affairs, but also of the spiritual work which God has done for me.

Well, I left the Institution June 15th, 1889, where I had spent six or seven years in being trained to become a good young man, and received, you might say, all my education, also a trade as brushmaker, instrumental training to play the piccolo and side-drum, as well as having been taught to sing, be manly, obedient and faithful in whatever I was called to do. Moreover, I received a religious education, as every young lad can say who ever left Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which I have never forgotten, and for which I thank Dr. Barnardo with all my heart, and still look to him as my earthly father.

Before being placed in the Home, my father and mother passed away, leaving behind seven girls and two boys, and so I was sent to the Home.

When I landed in Ontario, I was placed in a good situation at Bathurst. The people were very good to me and took great care of me, and I learnt a good deal of Ontario farming. They used me as one of their own sons. My wages were very small—\$30 per year for the first year—but I never minded that, as I intended to learn and become a man and then earn a man's wages. Well, the year rolled away fast, as I thought. I saved all my wages, \$30, which was so much toward my future welfare, which I was looking forward to, if God should spare me. The second year I got \$50, and I then had in the bank about \$65, using the balance for my needs. In 1891 I received \$84 for seven months' work, doing hard and honest toil for God, and finished with kind words and a good character. Then I received my medals—one bronze and one silver—from Dr. Barnardo for length of service and good conduct, which gave me more courage to go on to be a blessing to Dr. Barnardo.

At the end of 1892 I had \$130 in the bank. Then I longed to see my sister and brother, whom I had not seen for five long years, so I thought I would take a trip across the Atlantic on the good ship *Sardinian*. Before leaving, I bid all good-bye and had a good shake hands all round. I started on the 6th of May, getting to Montreal about midnight, where I spent a very miserable night in a poor hotel. I had \$100 and my ticket with me. Next morning, the first thing after my prayers, I looked to see if all was right, finding everything as square as ever. I paid my account after breakfast, which came to \$2

On leaving, I thought I would take a

along the pier. It was not long before I was told the time of day by a gentleman, who turned out to be otherwise. Having a short conversation with him, he led me astray and took my hard-earned money, leaving me but fifty cents and my ticket. I tried everything—the police, and I don't know what else—then I thought I would quietly kneel down and tell the Lord my trouble, who had kept me from wickedness, though without father or mother. I tell you I received great relief.

I got on board at eight o'clock the following night, having had nothing to eat all day, and paid the purser my last mite for my bedding and tins for use while crossing the ocean. So you see I had nothing left. After sailing 200 miles off Newfoundland, a young gentleman asked me did I know the young man on board that lost \$100. He said he read of it in the *Montreal Witness*. Telling him I was that foolish young man, he said he would help me out, as I had to get from Liverpool to London. He drew out a subscription form and told me to take it to the clergyman in the saloon. He signed it and gave me quite a little sum. Thanking him, I returned it to the young man, who collected for me enough to go from Liverpool to London. I was very thankful to him and turned my heart to give God the praise.

I reached home in safety and, after visiting my sister and brother, next day took my steps to the Stepney Home, which was not far. I must say the Home had not gone back, but had managed to cover about an acre or more land, with a building about five or six stories high, where there was every kind of trade you could mention, from engineers to printers, also rooms for singing and acting, with about 700 youths in the Home. It had one of the best brass bands I had heard for some time. Forty-five boys, I think, were in it. I paid a visit to the Leopold Home, finding it had done better still. It had gained not only in buildings but in bands. Think of it! Bagpipes, drum and fife, and No. 1 hand-bell ringers! It was just fine to hear them play. I also went to Dr. Barnardo's house, South Hackney, where I was his page-boy at one time. Then I returned home. I got a ticket from Mr. Owen to return to Ontario, which I paid back in two months.

So you see, readers, my life has not been all sunshine; I have had dark days and a good many ups and downs. For all the four years had been spent, I went back to start afresh.

I started work in hay time, at \$1 per day for one month; for the next month I got \$10 and for the next \$8, until I made altogether \$80 after working all the winter. \$18 I paid back to Mr. Owen, leaving \$62. Dr. Barnardo's boys, you see, are not neglected; care is taken, and followed up also.

The next year, March, 1894, I left Ontario to go to Manitoba, but I banked

\$45, and took the rest for my fare. Then I will tell you of my five years in Manitoba.

Arrived there, I was idle two weeks. Then I got work for the summer at \$20 a month. I worked very hard, and learned a good deal about Manitoba farming, which I counted as good as money to me. At the end of the season I had \$149 coming to me; so you see I spent but very little. At the end of December I placed in the bank \$200. The next year I did not get quite as much—\$15 a month for five months. I had \$75 at the end of my term coming to me. Then fall threshing and winter work I made \$150 more; this made \$300 with interest in the bank. Next year I got \$16 a month for seven months, and at the end of the term \$80 was due to me, which I put in the bank. Through the winter I received good wages as second cook in an hotel in Winnipeg, and managed to make up the total to \$500.

Next year another young man and myself bought a farm in partnership for \$1,300, consisting of 200 acres of good wheat land in the Red River Valley, twenty-five miles from Winnipeg. Not a building—nothing but the vast prairie. Well, we put up a comfortable little house, also a nice little stable and ice-house, and dug an ice well nine feet deep and six feet wide, and I went in for "batching," as the saying is.

I started to break May 3rd, did 60 acres and got them well cultivated for the coming season. My partner still worked out. The next year we put in our 60 acres in wheat and, like all young men starting in Manitoba, looked for a terrible big crop and got less. The returns were very good; we were thankful for 800 bushels of wheat. We managed to square up all debts, improve our place and get more machinery.

This year, 1898, we have put in 100 acres of wheat, and also have a very big garden, and prospects seem to be very good. Our farm to-day is worth \$12 an acre—\$2,400 for the land alone. Then we have five horses, harness, a wagon, binder, mower, seeder and several other things, so you see things are looking better.

I have still ups and downs. I always like to tell both sides of a story, and must say this: Last year I sought more after the riches of this world than after the riches of the Kingdom of God, lost my Christian experience and got very cold. But God did not let me wander long. He brought me back to His fold the following winter. I gave up all and surrendered myself to Him in the Salvation Army. Since that I have had a brighter experience, and feel like pressing toward the mark, bless God! When I returned to my farm in the spring, the people placed me as their superintendent of the Sunday School, where we spend one hour every Sunday studying the Word of God and having a good time. There are four teachers and forty five scholars, when all are there

I do not wish to praise myself at all now, but to thank God for ever making Dr. Barnardo the means of bringing me up in the way I have told you of; also for the kind friends I came in contact with, who helped me time and again. We should be very careful that when we receive blessings to be very thankful to our Father in Heaven, for all good things cometh from above. Not only do I enjoy those comforts of life which God has bestowed upon me, but the love, joy and peace which He bestows on my soul.

Now, before closing my letter, I wish to say this to any young man starting in life: Make it your aim not to do as I have done, but do better. First seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you. Be as David when fighting the great giant. Go in the strength of God; He will help you to slay sin and self. Now may God bless you and keep you till we all meet with the great multitude around the great white throne.

Yours in His name,

C. E. CARTER.



Arthur J. Woodgate.

Arthur J. Woodgate, whose portrait appears above, is a youth of whom we have heard nothing but good since he started life in the Dominion over twelve years ago. His record has been that of steady continuance in well-doing, and he has earned the character of being an honest, steady, upright young man. Arthur is no longer in Ontario, having pulled up stakes last March and

started for Indian Head in the North West. We have not heard from him since we took leave of him in Toronto, but wherever he goes, we feel certain, Arthur will do well and make himself liked and respected.

Called Home.

The summons has come to two of our number since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, and the place that knew them knows them no more.

Charles Edward Godwin was one of the October party of last year. He had been an inmate of the Stepney Home for over five years before his leaving for Canada, and was a familiar figure in the brushmakers' shop. He suffered fearfully from sea-sickness on the way out, and had hardly recovered when we landed in Quebec. We considered him scarcely strong enough for farm work, and he was placed with Mr. Deroche, Q.C., of Napanee, who has had one or other of our boys in his service for many years past. Here we knew well that Charles would have a comfortable home and very pleasant place of service. Although he was ailing at intervals during the winter, he seems to have worked well and, we believe, did his best, and was very kindly spoken of by Mr. and Mrs. Deroche. On the 6th April he was suddenly taken ill, and lapsed into a condition of partial unconsciousness. On his removal to Kingston Hospital, it was found that there was serious disease of the brain, from which there was no hope of recovery. He lingered but a short time, and although he had previously been a great sufferer, his death was comparatively painless. His remains were interred in the Catarqui Cemetery at Kingston. A peculiarly sad feature of the event was that his little brother, Leonard, who came out with the last party and had been looking forward to going to his elder brother, arrived only to receive the news of his death.

The other of ours who has passed the dark river is Charles William Stoyles, and we lost in him an honest, faithful, high-minded youth, and one who had given good promise for the future. Charles had just completed his first twelve months in Canada when consumption marked him for its prey. He returned to the Home in Toronto on the 22nd of March, and it was evident to us all that he could not long be spared. At first he was buoyed up by hopes of recovery, but latterly began to realize that the end was near, and towards the last spoke often as though the thought of death had become familiar to him. He died trusting simply in his Saviour, and we laid him to his rest in sure and certain hope that his spirit was indeed "with Christ, which is far better."

Roll of Honour.

The list that we give below, comprises the names of a hundred and one, who have just been made the recipients of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal in reward for good conduct and length of service. The readers of UPS AND DOWNS have heard before of the prizes given every year by Dr. Barnardo, to those whom we are able to recommend to him, and a year ago we published a roll of honour, that, although not quite as large in number as the present, bore eloquent testimony to the number of boys who had maintained an unblemished character over a period of several years. The silver medals are the special reward for boys, who, having been engaged on their first arrival from England for long terms of years, have faithfully fulfilled these engagements, or apprenticeships, and conducted themselves worthily throughout. We believe we can say of every boy in our present list, that he has fully merited this distinction, and, in fact, we have sought, to the best of our judgment, to exclude from the list any boy of whom this cannot absolutely be said. Each boy has been in his place for

a term of from four to six years. We know right well that Canadian farmers do not keep our boys for ornament, and every boy has had to work, and work hard, and has had to learn his business and earn his living by his patient, steady industry. No boy of whom we have heard that he is lazy, or untruthful, or careless, will see his name on the list of prize-winners. The medal is a certificate of high character and good honest service, and as such, it has given us the greatest pleasure to hand it to each of our friends on Dr. Barnardo's behalf, and now to record the names as an encouragement and incentive to others. To a large extent, these boys have now earned the right to act independently for themselves, requiring less than before to be kept under immediate supervision. We regard them, in fact, as started in life; and we hope they will look upon the medal that they are receiving as a souvenir of their connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and that in after life, when they are making their way upwards in the world—as we hope and believe most of them will—it will be a pleasure and pride to them to be able to produce this evidence of their having done their duty faithfully, and earned the esteem and appreciation of those whose task it has been to watch over and care for them:

Abbott, William; Budd, Albert E. J.; Burton, Geo. F.; Bradfield, Ernest W.; Brown, Walter; Bird, Herbert; Breese, William; Battersbee, Sidney A.; Broom, William; Bending, Alfred; Bedwin, Arthur; Bedwin, Charles; Brown, Thomas; Blandford, Fred. J.; Bobbins, Harry; Barker, William D.; Breakey, John; Cornwall, Charles; Cordwell,

Benjamin G.; Calis, Pettie J.; Commander, George N.; Cullen, Arthur; Carss, John; Careis, Geo.; Curl, William; Dougherty, James; Dyer, James R.; Dewbury, Thomas; Dainton, Alfred; Dixon, William; Derrick, George William; Elliott, Frederick C.; Elines, Henry; Foote, Edgar J.; Flory, Edmund C.; Farthing, Reginald; Garrood, Geo. Thomas; Giddings, James; Houghton, Henry H.; Hill, Alfred E.; Haigh, Joseph; Hughes, William; Hill, Charles W. D.; Hall, Joseph H.; Haynes, George Henry; Hawkins, William; Ireland, Ernest; Jackson, Henry; King, George S.; Kavanagh, Philip W.; Lott, George; Laccohee, Arthur C.; Lentz, Thos.; Langan, John; Lane, John; Moulder, Walter B.; Martin, George Henry; Martin, Alfred Ernest; Messenger, John; Munson, Joseph; Midlane, Ernest; Mansell, Leonard; Messenger, Arthur; Neville, John S.; Newcombe, Joseph T.; Owens, Fred. W. G.; Oates, Herbert; Poyser, Joseph T.; Peters, James R.; Prowse, William Henry; Pressley, George; Page, Frederick W.; Parsons, Walter G.; Page, William Henry; Rickson, Robert; Roberts, Ernest J.; Richardson, George; Rolfe, William; Richard, William; Radcliffe, Francis D.; Relf, Samuel; Stringer, Nathan R.; Smith, Walter Thomas; Sessions, William; Sparrow, Edward; Storton, William Henry; Smith, George W.; Swaine, George Henry; Townson, Francis G.; Wingate, Herbert; Whitaker, James W. C.; Wilson, John; Ward, Henry; Williams, Richard; Wadmore, John; Walton, Charles; White, William H.; Wiffin, Frederick; Ward, Charles E.; Young, George John.

Deeds that Won the Empire

The "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake"

"The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo ;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow !
You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand—
Thus, thus, boys ! steady, steady,
Till right ahead you see the land—
Then soon as you are ready,
The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo ;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow !"—C. DIBDIN.

ON the early morning of June 1, 1813, a solitary British frigate, H.M.S. *Shannon*, was cruising within sight of Boston lighthouse. She was a ship of about 1,000 tons, and bore every mark of long and hard service. No gleam of colour sparkled about her. Her sides were rusty, her sails weather-stained ; a solitary flag flew from her mizzen-peak, and even its blue had been bleached by sun and rain and wind to a dingy grey. A less romantic and more severely practical ship did not float, and her captain was of the same type as the ship.

Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke was an Englishman *pur sang*, and of a type happily not uncommon. His fame will live as long as the British flag flies, yet a more sober and prosaic figure can hardly be imagined. He was not, like Nelson, a quarter-deck Napoleon ; he had no gleam of Dundonald's matchless *ruse de guerre*. He was as deeply religious as Havelock or one of Cromwell's major-generals ; he had the frugality of a Scotchman, and the heavy footed common-sense of a Hollander. He was as nautical as a web-footed bird, and had no more "nerves" than a fish. A domestic Englishman, whose heart was always with the little girls at Broke hall, in Suffolk, but for whom the service of his country was a piety, and who might have competed with Lawrence for his self-chosen epitaph, "Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

A sober-suited, half-melancholy common-sense was Broke's characteristic, and he had applied it to the working of his ship, till he had made the vessel, perhaps, the most formidable fighting machine of her size afloat. He drilled his gunners until, from the swaying platform of their decks, they shot with a deadly coolness and accuracy nothing floating could resist. Broke, as a matter of fact, owed his famous victory over the *Chesapeake* to one of his matter-of-fact precautions. The first broadside fired by the *Chesapeake* sent a thirty-two pound shot through one of the gun-room cabins into the magazine passage of the *Shannon*, where it might easily have ignited some grains of loose powder and blown the ship up, if Broke had not taken the precaution of elaborately "damping" that passage before the action began. The prosaic side of Broke's character is very amusing. In his diary he records his world-famous victory thus :

"June 1st.—Off Boston. Moderate."

"N.W.—W(ro)te Laurence."

"P.M.—Took *Chesapeake*."

Was ever a shining victory packed into fewer or duller words ? Broke's scorn of the histrionic is shown by his reply to one of his own men who, when the *Chesapeake*, one blaze of fluttering colours, was bearing down upon her drab-coloured opponent, said to his commander, eyeing the bleached and solitary flag at the *Shannon's* peak, "Mayn't we

have three ensigns, sir, like she has?" "No," said Broke, "we have always been an *unassuming* ship!"

And yet, this unromantic English sailor had a gleam of Don Quixote in him. On this pleasant summer morning he was waiting alone, under easy sail, outside a hostile port, strongly fortified and full of armed vessels, waiting for an enemy's ship bigger than himself to come out and fight him. He had sent in the previous day, by way of challenge, a letter that recalls the days of chivalry. "As the *Chesapeake*," he wrote to Laurence, its captain, "appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship." He proceeds to explain the exact armament of the *Shannon*, the number of her crew, the interesting circumstance that he is short of provisions and water, and that he has sent away his consort so that the terms of the duel may be fair. "If you will favour me," he says, "with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you should any of my friends be too nigh, while you are in sight, until I can detach them out of the way. Or," he suggests coaxingly, "I would sail under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair, to begin hostilities . . . Choose your terms," he concludes, "but let us meet." Having sent in this amazing letter, this middle-aged, unromantic, but hard-fighting captain climbs at day-break to his own maintop, and sits there till half-past eleven, watching the challenged ship, to see if her foretopsail is unloosed and she is coming out to fight.

It is easy to understand the causes which kindled a British sailor of even Broke's unimaginative temperament into flame. On June 18, 1812, the United States, with magnificent audacity, declared war against Great Britain. England at that moment had 621 efficient cruisers at sea, 102 being line of battle ships. The American navy consisted

of eight frigates and twelve corvettes. It is true that England was at war at the same moment with half the civilized world; but what reasonable chance had the tiny naval power of the United States against the mighty fleets of England, commanded by men trained in the school of Nelson, and rich with the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar? As a matter of fact, in the war which followed, the commerce of the United States was swept out of existence. But the Americans were of the same fighting stock as the English; to the Viking blood, indeed, they added Yankee ingenuity and resource, making a very formidable combination; and up to the June morning when the *Shannon* was waiting outside Boston harbour for the *Chesapeake*, the naval honours of the war belonged to the Americans. The Americans had no fleet, and the campaign was one of single ship against single ship; but in these combats the Americans had scored more successes in twelve months than French seamen had gained in twelve years. The *Guerriere*, *Java*, and *Macedonian* had each been captured in single combat, and every British post-captain betwixt Portsmouth and Halifax was swearing with mere fury.

The Americans were shrewd enough to invent a new type of frigate which, in strength of frame, weight of metal, and general fighting power, was to a British frigate of the same class almost what an ironclad would be to a wooden ship. The *Constitution*, for example, was in size to the average British frigate as 15.3 to 10.9; in weight of metal as 76 to 51; and in crew as 46 to 25. Broke, however, had a well founded belief in his ship and his men, and he proposed, in his sober fashion, to restore the tarnished honour of his flag by capturing single-handed the best American frigate afloat.

The *Chesapeake* was a fine ship, perfectly equipped and a sturdy, and popular commander. Laurence was a man of brilliant intelligence and

courage, and had won fame four months before by capturing in the *Hornet*, after a hard fight, the British brig of war *Peacock*. For this feat he had been promoted to the *Chesapeake*, and in his brief speech from the quarter-deck just before the fight with the *Shannon* began, he called up the memory of the fight which made him a popular hero by exhorting his crew to "*Peacock* her, my lads!—*Peacock* her!" The *Chesapeake* was larger than the *Shannon*, its crew was nearly a hundred men stronger, its weight of fire 598 lbs., as against the *Shannon's* 538 lbs. Her guns fired double-headed shot, and bars of wrought iron connected by links and loosely tied by a few rope yarns, which, when discharged from the gun, spread out and formed a flying iron chain six feet long. Its canister shot contained jagged pieces of iron, broken bolts and nails. As the British had a reputation for boarding, a large barrel of unslacked lime was provided to fling in the faces of the boarders. An early shot from the *Shannon*, by the way, struck this cask of lime and scattered its contents in the faces of the Americans themselves. Part of the equipment of the *Chesapeake* consisted of several hundred pairs of handcuffs, intended for the wrists of English prisoners. Boston citizens prepared a banquet in honour of the victors for the same evening, and a small fleet of pleasure-boats followed the *Chesapeake* as she came gallantly out to the fight.

Never was a braver, shorter, or more murderous fight. Laurence, the most gallant of men, bore steadily down, without firing a shot, to the starboard quarter of the *Shannon*. When within fifty yards he luffed, his men sprang into the shrouds and gave three cheers. Broke fought with characteristic silence and composure. He forbade his men to cheer, enforced the sternest silence along his deck, and ordered the captain of each gun to fire as his piece bore on the enemy. "Fire into her quarters," he said,

"main-deck into main-deck, quarter-deck into quarter-deck. Kill the men, and the ship is yours."

The sails of the *Chesapeake* swept betwixt the slanting rays of the evening sun and the *Shannon*, the drifting shadow darkened the English main-deck ports, the rush of the enemy's cut-water could be heard through the grim silence of the *Shannon's* decks. Suddenly there broke out the first gun from the *Shannon*; then her whole side leaped into flame. Never was a more fatal broadside discharged. A tempest of shot, splinters, torn hammocks, cut rigging, and wreck of every kind was hurled like a cloud across the deck of the *Chesapeake*, and of one hundred and fifty men at stations there, more than a hundred were killed or wounded. A more fatal loss to the Americans instantly followed, as Captain Laurence, the fiery soul of his ship, was shot through the abdomen by an English marine, and fell mortally wounded.

The answering thunder of the *Chesapeake's* guns, of course, rolled out, and then, following quick, the overwhelming blast of the *Shannon's* broadside once more. Each ship, indeed, fired two full broadsides, and, as the guns fell quickly out of range, part of another broadside. The firing of the *Chesapeake* was furious and deadly enough to have disabled an ordinary ship. It is computed that forty effective shots would be enough to disable a frigate; the *Shannon* during the six minutes of the firing was struck by no less than 158 shot, a fact which proves the steadiness and power of the American fire. But the fire of the *Shannon* was overwhelming. In those same six fatal minutes she smote the *Chesapeake* with no less than 362 shots, an average of sixty shots of all sizes every minute, as against the *Chesapeake's* twenty-eight shots. The *Chesapeake* was fir-built, and the British shot riddled her. One *Shannon* broadside partly raked the *Chesapeake* and literally smashed the stern cabins and battery to mere splinters, as completely as though a

procession of the British had been through it.

The swift, deadly, concentrated fire of the British in two quick following broadsides practically decided the combat. The partially disabled vessels drifted together, and the *Chesapeake* fell on board the *Shannon*, her quarter striking the starboard main-chains. Broke, as the ships ground together, looked over the blood-splashed decks of the American and saw the men deserting the quarter-deck guns, under the terror of another broadside at so short a distance. "Follow me who can!" he shouted, and with characteristic coolness "stepped"—in his own phrase—across the *Chesapeake's* bulwark. He was followed by some thirty-two seamen and eighteen marines—fifty British boarders leaping upon a ship with a crew of 400 men, a force which, even after the dreadful broadsides of the *Shannon*, still numbered 270 unwounded men in its ranks.

It is absurd to deny to the Americans courage of the very finest quality, but the amazing and unexpected severity of the *Shannon's* fire had destroyed for the moment their morale, and the British were in a mood of victory. The boat-swain of the *Shannon*, an old *Rodney* man, lashed the two ships together, and in the act had his left arm literally hacked off by repeated strokes of a cutlass and was killed. One British midshipman, followed by five topmen, crept along the *Shannon's* foreyard and stormed the *Chesapeake's* foretop, killing the men stationed there, and then swarmed down by a back-stay to join the fighting on the deck. Another midshipman tried to attack the *Chesapeake's* mizzen-top from the starboard mainyard arm, but being hindered by the foot of the topsail, stretched himself out on the mainyard arm, and from that post shot three of the enemy in succession.

Meanwhile the fight on the deck had been short and sharp, some of the Americans leaped overboard and others rushed below, and

Laurence, lying wounded in his steering, saw the wild reflex of his own men down the after ladders. On asking what it meant, he was told, "The ship is boarded, and those are the *Chesapeake's* men driven from the upper decks by the English." This so exasperated the dying man that he called out repeatedly, "Then blow her up; blow her up."

The fight lasted exactly thirteen minutes—the broadsides occupied six minutes, the boarding seven—and in thirteen minutes after the first shot the British flag was flying over the American ship. The *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* were bearing up, side by side, for Halifax. The spectators in the pleasure-boats were left ruefully staring at the spectacle; those American hand-cuffs, so thoughtfully provided, were on American wrists; and the Boston citizens had to consume, with what appetite they might, their own banquet. The carnage on the two ships was dreadful. In thirteen minutes 252 men were either killed or wounded, an average of nearly twenty men for every minute the fight lasted. In the combat betwixt these two frigates, in fact, nearly as many men were struck down as in the whole battle of Navarino! The *Shannon* itself lost as many men as any seventy-four gun ship ever lost in battle.

Judge Haliburton, famous as "Sam Slick," when a youth of seventeen, boarded the *Chesapeake* as the two battered ships sailed into Halifax. "The deck," he wrote, "had not been cleaned, and the coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore as if in a slaughter-house. Pieces of skin with pendent hair were adhering to the sides of the ship, and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer walls of the frigate."

Watts, the first lieutenant of the *Shannon*, was killed by the fire of his own ship in a very remarkable manner. He boarded with his captain, and his own hands pulled

down the *Chesapeake's* flag, and hastily bent on the balliards the English ensign, as he thought *above* the Stars and Stripes, and then re-hoisted it. In the hurry he had bent the English flag *under* the Stars and Stripes, instead of above it, and the gunners of the *Shannon*, seeing the American stripes going up first, opened fire instantly on the group at the foot of the mizzenmast, blew the top of their own unfortunate lieutenant's head off with a grape shot, and killed three or four of their own men.

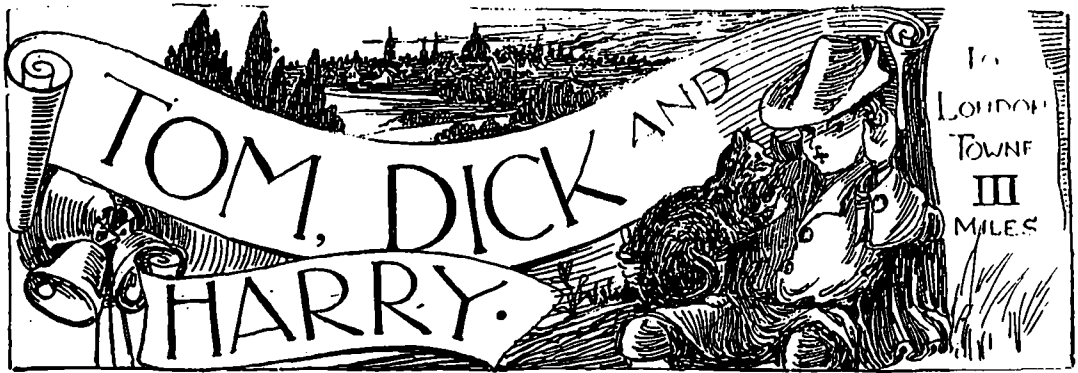
Captain Broke was desperately wounded in a curious fashion. A group of Americans, who had laid down their arms, saw the British captain standing for a moment alone on the break of the fore-castle. It seemed a golden chance. They snatched up weapons lying on the deck, and leaped upon him. Warned by the shout of the sentry, Broke turned round to find three of the enemy with uplifted weapons rushing on him. He parried the middle fellow's pike and wounded him in the face, but was instantly struck down with a blow from the butt-end of a musket, which laid bare his skull. He also received a slash from the cutlass of the third man, which clove a portion of skull completely away and left the brain bare. He fell, and was grappled on the deck by the man he had first wounded, a powerful fellow, who got uppermost and raised a bayonet to thrust through Broke. At this moment a British marine came running up, and concluding the man underneath *must* be an American, also raised his bayonet to give the *coup de grace*. "Pooh, pooh, you fool!" said Broke in the most matter of fact fashion, "don't you know your captain?" whereupon the marine changed the direction of his thrust and slew the American.

The news reached London on July 7, and was carried straight to the House of Commons, where Lord Cochrane was just concluding a fierce denunciation of the Admiralty on the ground of the disasters suffered from the Americans, and

Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, was able to tell the story of the fight off Boston to the wildly cheering House, as a complete defence of his department. Broke was at once created a Baronet and a Knight of the Bath. In America, on the other hand, the story of the fight was received with mingled wrath and incredulity. "I remember," says Rush, afterwards U. S. Minister at the Court of St. James, "at the first rumour of it, the universal incredulity. I remember how the post-offices were thronged for successive days with anxious thousands; how collections of citizens rode out for miles on the highway to get the earliest news the mail brought. At last, when the certainty was known, I remember the public gloom, the universal badges of mourning 'Don't give up the ship,' the dying words of Laurence, were on every tongue."

It was a great fight, the most memorable and dramatic sea-duel in naval history. The combatants were men of the same stock, and fought with equal bravery. Both nations, in fact, may be proud of a fight so frank, so fair, so gallant. The world, we may hope, will never witness another *Shannon* engaged in the fierce wrestle of battle with another *Chesapeake*, for the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are knitted together by a bond woven of common blood and speech and political ideals that grows stronger every year.

For years the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* lay peacefully side by side in the Medway, and the two famous ships might well have been preserved as trophies. The *Chesapeake* was bought by the Admiralty after the fight for exactly £21,314 11s. 11½d., and six years afterwards she was sold as mere old timber for £500, was broken up, and to-day stands as a Hampshire flour mill, peacefully grinding English corn; but still on the mill timbers can be seen the marks of the grape and round shot of the *Shannon*. Rev. W. H. Fitchett, in the *Melbourne* 17, 23



WELL, boys—you that didn't write to me, I mean—how do you feel by this time? Are you nearly thawed out yet? Don't you feel like scraping an acquaintance with me now? I'm not half a bad fellow to chum with—that's a fact, if I do say it myself. I've knocked round a great deal—been to sea, travelled considerably, had my ups and downs, and have learned a bit of the ways of the world. I know how many beans make five—that is to say, I have gumption; I should have travelled in vain if I have not. To what end is experience, if one does not learn to avoid the snags with which one is apt to come in contact? It seems to me that all the troubles into which we who are young rush headlong, are essential to a practical education, and that they are chiefly to be deplored when we fail to learn the lesson they alone can teach. It is strange, but true, that we young fellows like to figuratively butt our heads against a stone wall to be sure that it really does hurt. To see somebody else do it is not so convincing, even though we may behold him weeping a torrent of tears and, with every facial expression of pain, vowing volumes of vows never to do so again. We do not even pause to persuade ourselves that our heads are harder than his, but we go full tilt against the same wall and, having ascertained that we have developed a bump on the cranium not recognized by phrenologists, we go in search of another wall, and in due time gain further experience that the stone in that wall is hard also. That is the way

we choose to learn, rather than by the precept and example of others.

† † †

I have tackled a few stone walls myself in my time, and it hurt on every occasion. I have already confessed to the faults of the average man; but I trust I am getting better as I grow older by letting one experience suffice. There are so many walls, that one's head is likely to become somewhat battered if it does not learn to take care of itself. Now you, Tom, do you want a bit of my experience, gratis, or would you rather have only your own and pay for it? Whichever way you decide, there is no reason why we may not still be chums. I like a fellow who is independent, even if he is a trifle headstrong, and so unless you want advice I don't expect you to ask for it. But, hang it, man, let's be sociable!

|||

I know that letter-writing is against the grain of one's disposition, especially when one gets in tired after a hard day's work. A little relaxation and recreation—if it's only to sit on a snake fence and whittle sticks—is more desirable than to sit down to write a letter that won't come, however much we may pump the brain for it. But, hark you, Tom, every man that ever amounted to anything had to buck against his own inclinations, and stand up or sit down and do many things which would have been left undone had he consulted them. I don't write to you because I like correspondence, I detest it. But I have an earnest desire to get on the sunny side of

your nature and back in your friendship, and so I sit down with the determination to say something; and it always comes after a spell of pumping. If you don't want anything to do with me, write and tell me so; that will show that, at any rate, you do not lack the will and energy to execute a purpose. If you think I'm a chum worth having, as I have said before, let us be sociable—write on any subject under the sun, and I'm with you. We'll let it go at that.

† † †

I've gained at least one correspondent, who hails from Watford, Ont., and enters into the spirit of my proposition with a zest that does credit to his heart and head. And a very clever letter he writes, too. He's a facetious critter, with a humour that finds a ready expression with his pen. Says he has a bad case of "bike fever," shakes hands and wishes me to prescribe for him. All right, old fellow; we'll shake, and see how we get along together. We'll make no contract for a definite period; if we're mutually agreeable, we shall stick; if not, we'll have a dissolution of partnership, and so avoid hypocrisy, which is one of the meanest traits of character I know of.

|||

He says, "The symptoms in my case are a wistful looking after each wheelman that passes, and a feeling akin to assault and battery comes over me, for I feel like pushing him off and jumping on myself. Visions of a bike geared somewhere in the neighbourhood of a hundred, myself on it, speeding over the road," and so forth; closing with the remark that my answer may not reach him before the disease has proved fatal.

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How this is touching me on a very tender spot. I'm not going to say what I might do, but what I think I ought to do under the circumstances, for I'm only common clay. I am riding a wheel now

which I bought when I really could not afford such a luxury; and Harry—I call him Harry for convenience—hints that his bank account is not particularly in a flourishing condition just now.

† † †

The sight of a city athlete "scooting" through the country on a wheel (in all probability not yet paid for) is fascinating to the tyro who is as yet unfamiliar with the ups and downs of learning to ride, and the exasperating difficulties of a tire punctured far from home and five miles from the nearest railroad station. All prospects of enjoyment cast a glamour over the beholder; every new thing is enticing, or we should not go so far out of our way to gain experience that is not always devoid of pain and disappointment. When a case reaches the stage of that of my friend Harry, the patient must be of an apathetic temperament, or, on the other hand, be possessed of an indomitable will, if the desire for a bicycle is not simply irresistible. The thought that the consummation of the desire may not prove an unmixed delight is usually an after consideration—something that dawns upon the realization like a thundercloud upon a summer landscape. How much of evil we might avert by anticipating the future we rarely pause to contemplate. We desire and then seek to possess, and Nature sees that we do not lose the experience which goes with the bargain.

† † †

But I wish to avoid pessimism; cynicism I deprecate. I must, therefore, candidly admit that wheeling is good exercise; as a recreation it is, perhaps, unsurpassed, if "scorching" is not indulged in. I like it myself. I only wish to point out the difficulties to be encountered as a necessary concomitant. Not everyone who rides a horse will break his neck, but he has no guarantee that he will not do so. Nevertheless he should not be deterred by obstacles,

or he will never succeed at any thing. Yet he who would buy a bicycle should count the cost. The outlay as purchase money can he afford it? Would it not be wiser to let the money stay in the bank and accumulate, to be applied to a more useful purpose later—the purchase of a farm or the getting a start in life? Then the cost and annoyance of punctures and breakages; the time and trouble of cleaning it; the many little expenses which, in the aggregate, mean so many dollars spent in a year, that might have been saved and accrued interest. These are questions which should be deliberately considered, not waived aside until they come upon the mind with regret when it is too late. To be thwarted by difficulties implies a lack of determination; but it shows a want of prudence and foresight not to exercise one's best judgment, and be guided by it, when about to engage in a transaction for which one may be financially or otherwise unprepared. "*Be sure you're right, then go ahead*" is a good motto for any young man. If we make a mistake, let us not whine over it like a petulant child; the consequences entailed are the means adopted by our good old nurse, Dame Nature, to warn us of the error and to avoid its repetition. Let us only be sure that we have carefully considered the matter, to ascertain what is the right thing to do, and having done that, if we do not prosper we shall have learned a useful lesson which we ought not to forget. Well, Harry, you have so many dollars in the bank, and the dealer has so many bicycles in his store. You want a bicycle and the dealer wants your money. All things considered—mark you, I say *all things*—do you think it would be prudent for you to withdraw fifty or seventy-five dollars from the bank in order to get a wheel? Think for yourself; exercise your own judgment—that's what it's for—and, right or wrong, do what you think you ought to do. But see to it that your reason is not blinded by mere desire. You are a

capable lad, with a mind of your own; I can tell that from your letter. Perhaps the only advantage I have in coming to a right decision is that I am free from desire, and you are not. Put your desire aside for the time and think over the matter dispassionately, and you will need no advice from me. Glad to meet you; come again.

† † †

When Mr. Owen told me how many boys had "hit" the Home bank this season for the wherewithal for bikes, I will not say that I was appalled, because there is no denying the fact that bicycles are all the "go"; indeed, to such an extent have they superseded other means of locomotion, that I positively saw a bicycle going down the street the other day, and on the wheel was a man, and on the man's back was a baby carriage, and in the baby carriage was—Mark Twain would say triplets, but I will candidly confess that I don't know what it contained. Nevertheless I was surprised. "Are many of our boys millionaires?" I asked. "Not many," he replied. "How many, then, of these boys do you consider extravagant?" was my next question. "Every one who bought a bicycle!" was the emphatic answer. Now, you fellows that are sporting a wheel, what do you think of that? I thought so, too, but I daren't say so, because I had already succumbed to the same temptation.

† † †

"And still they come!" Mr. Owen added, in sheer despair; "if this goes on, we shall have some of their accounts utterly depleted!" I shook my head disconsolately in sympathy, for I knew what an ardent advocate of thrift the manager is; but, at the same time, I was thinking "great hunks of thought." Having ascertained that the door was open for escape in case of an emergency, I ventured to suggest (very mildly, it must be owned) that while some of the more level-headed boys would heed his sound advice not to squan-

der their money on luxuries, a few would have wheels despite the protests of the management. Some of these would buy second hand, out-of-date wheels, because the price is low, and then spend more in repairs the first year than the difference between what they paid for an old wheel and the cost of a new one, if bought right. Bicycles are cheap now. Others would buy here, there and everywhere, in all probability paying the top price, without being assured of getting a durable, reliable bicycle, and good value for their hard-earned money. Would it not be doing a good turn for the boys, I argued, if, for those who could afford the cost and were determined to have one willy nilly, arrangements were made with a responsible manufacturer in Toronto to supply good, up-to-date, reliable wheels to our boys, at a price within their means? Without detailing the discussion, or telling how the manager was induced at length to give his consent, I may as well tell you at once that, while our boys are strongly advised to keep their money in the bank at interest, such arrangements as were suggested have been made with a Toronto firm; and the boy who must "have a wheel or bust"—or, rather, *and* "bust," perhaps I should say—is now referred to an advertisement in this issue, which will, in turn, refer him to the editor of UPS AND DOWNS, who will quote very advantageous terms and book his order, if there is "no cause or just impediment" why he should not be united to the object of his desire. Now, if some of you fellows "fly off the handle" and fancy you want a bicycle on this account, I shall be in a nice predicament, won't I? I shall feel guilty of being indirectly the means of leading you astray. For my sake, if not for your own, don't be rash or impulsive. Don't buy a wheel unless

you can really afford it, and must or will have one under any circumstances. Remember the manager knows just where to put his hand upon me at any hour of the day or night, and if I should thus, innocently, precipitate an avalanche of orders for bicycles, I shall be in a pretty pickle. Bear in mind this offer is only for boys who have the ready money *to spare* for such a purpose; *no wheels sold on credit*, to encourage our boys to get into debt.

+++

One of our big boys is in love, poor chap! Cupid—the little beggar!—has been making a target of him, and had lots of fun at his expense. Now he's going round, fairly bristling with arrows stuck all over him "like the quills of the fretful porcupine." With all those feathers attached to him, I wonder he doesn't fly; I would if I were as near a state of collapse as he seems to be. One complaint at a time, if you please. The "bike-fever" having become epidemic, I have exhausted my space in a futile effort to eradicate it—or increase its virulence, as the future may show. We will have a little informal confabulation on the subject of courtship next issue, and see what we can do for the sufferer. In the meantime, if any reader has anything to say on this interesting topic, why send it in for discussion. And, by the way, Master Tom, you needn't snicker at our friend's predicament; you haven't seen every girl in the world yet. And who knows what might happen as soon as you have coaxed that tardy moustache of yours on a stage further? Marble hearts are sometimes broken; and don't you forget it!

Dick Whittington

The Rise and Growth of London

IF we may believe Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, London is the centre of the terrestrial globe; we know it to be the centre of commerce, of wealth, of intellectual and social life. As all roads led to Rome, while she was mistress of the world, so now every thinker and worker, every artist, every inventor, every financier, seems to turn to London, and to find his best home or market there, where the multitudinous transactions of mankind are concentrated and carried on. In this vast metropolis there are to be seen individuals, families, tribes of nearly every race on the habitable globe, of almost every tongue and dialect, of every colour and complexion, of every faith, religion, persuasion and opinion, howsoever eccentric. We can assert of London, more truly than Gibbon could claim for pagan Rome, that she is the centre of religious toleration—the common temple of the world. The idlers, who, whether from predilection or obligation, take no share in the work of London, have their marked characteristics; the beggars theirs, and the thieves theirs also. Of the thousands who rise in the morning knowing not how they are going to earn a breakfast, nor where they shall lay their heads at night, it may be said that a large proportion would certainly starve anywhere but in this amazing metropolis, where the crumbs which fall from so many hundreds of thousands of tables are picked up by those who are on the alert to watch for them, and who thus gain a living by the habits, foibles, vices, fortunes and misfortunes of their neighbours.

To trace the history of this microcosm, we shall have to go back before the Roman era. There was a town there before the Romans came, which the Britons knew as *Caer Ludd*, or the City of Ludd. The present name is derived from the Latin *Londinium*, mentioned by

Tacitus as “a city not indeed dignified by the title of a colony, but frequented by a large number of merchants, and by many ships entering its port.” The Romans built the old city walls and forts, and fixed the position of the city gates. They made Watling Street, the great highway from south to north; they reared fine buildings, and brought the civilization of the world to London; but when they retired after nearly five hundred years’ occupation, they seem to have left behind them no adequate impression upon the people. The Anglo Saxons were but barbarians, compared with the Roman invaders, and they destroyed, or left to decay, the structures which were the legacy of Rome. William the Conqueror brought with him the arts and sciences which the Normans had acquired in the south of Europe, and from his time began a new era of improvement. He built the White Tower, and granted a charter to the corporation of the City of London, which secured and enlarged old privileges, afterwards still further strengthened by the Great Charter.

The city of London proper, *i.e.*, the ancient portion governed by the Lord Mayor and Corporation—consists of vast warehouses, offices, banks and counting-houses, with all their belongings; also of hundreds of churches and similar buildings, once well filled but now almost deserted, for the busy citizens no longer reside at their places of business, but in suburban dwellings, where rents are cheaper and the air more pure.

The Corporation of London consists of the Lord Mayor (elected annually on November 9th from the Aldermen); twenty-six Aldermen (elected by the freemen and rate-payers of the twenty-six city wards for life); two Sheriffs (chosen annually for London and Middlesex);

206 Common Councilmen; about 10,000 Liverymen (so named because of their privilege to assume distinctive armorial bearings of liveries, indicative of the several crafts or chartered guilds); and about 20,000 Freemen (the freedom of the city being obtained by birth, *i.e.*, the son or daughter of a freeman; seven years' apprenticeship to a freeman; gift or by vote of the Corporation, usually bestowed as a mark of distinction for distinguished service, or by purchase).

The history of the world can show no other such city as London; it is unparalleled. Its statistics are all upon such a gigantic scale that if they were related of some remote and foreign place, we should stand amazed at the revelation of them. With the enormous population of nearly 6,000,000, greater London has double the population of Paris, which is next in size to it, and 1,000,000 more than the entire Dominion of Canada. Inner London contains about 4,500,000 people. Every year the increase continues--London adds daily to her population 108 persons. It is computed that in 1991 its population will be $7\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and in 2191, 9 millions. There are more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Jews than in all Palestine, more Scotchmen than in Aberdeen, more Welshmen than in Cardiff, more Irishmen than in Belfast. Nearly eight hundred thousand persons, and over seventy thousand vehicles, daily enter and leave the comparatively small area (632 acres) of the City of London proper, where every inch of ground is ardently contended for, and where recently (in Lombard Street) a special plot of land fetched a price equal to \$10,000,000 an acre. Within a radius of six or seven miles of Charing Cross more than 250 miles of railway are in operation; and, reckoning double lines, but not including sidings, there are at least 750 miles of railway in the metropolis.

London Bridge, opened for traffic in 1831, cost with its approaches

over \$7,000,000; and although the roadway is only fifty-two feet wide, more than 20,000 carts, carriages, and other vehicles, and 107,000 pedestrians, have been counted as having crossed the bridge in twenty-four hours.

The London Custom House dues equal those of all the other ports in the kingdom.

The total rateable annual value of the parishes and districts comprised within the metropolitan area doubled itself in the twenty years ending 1878, amounting in 1893 to \$184,150,045.

In the ten years ending December, 1892, there were 138,517 new houses built in the metropolis, then estimated to contain over 800,000 houses, and to cover within the area protected by the metropolitan police more than 688 square miles.

Its streets, placed end to end, would extend to nearly 3,000 miles; its 1,600 churches and chapels would not hold a tithe of the inhabitants, whose refreshment is provided for by over 8,000 public-houses, and 1,700 coffee-houses. They consume annually over 2,000,000 quarters of wheat, 800,000 oxen, 4,000,000 sheep, calves and pigs, 9,000,000 head of poultry and game, and 140,000 tons of fish--the fish supply alone has been estimated as equivalent in food to the driving into the metropolis 10,000 oxen. Their drinking is upon the same vast scale: 180,000,000 quarts of malt liquor, 31,000,000 quarts of wine, and 18,000,000 quarts of spirits.

Innumerable gas lamps light London, at a cost of \$17,500,000 annually, and 11,000,000 tons of coal are needed per year for warmth, cookery, etc. The daily water supply is over 150,000,000 gallons, derived from the Thames, the New River and the Lea.

The omnibus and cab traffic of London is proportionately great. The number of passengers carried by the London General Omnibus Company (who owns the greater number, but by no means all the

omnibuses) was in a recent half year about 45,000,000. This company possesses about 850 omnibuses, each earning on an average over \$70 per week. The London Road Car Company runs over 200 cars, which carry over 36,000,000 passengers in the year. The tramway cars number about 1,065, and the cabmen upwards of 15,000. The district and metropolitan railways carry annually over 110,000,000 people.

To protect the millions of human beings and their untold millions of property, London employs a comparatively small number of guards. The metropolitan police at the end of 1892 numbered only 15,099, costing in that year \$6,320,110. To these must be added the city police of 867 men, costing about \$500,000 per annum. The Police Commissioner's Report mentions that there were 135 adults and seventeen children lost and missing in 1892, of whose fate nothing had been learnt; but these were but the remnants of a total of 25,427 persons reported as missing; all the others having been found. There were street accidents to 5,664 persons, of whom 143 were killed and the others injured. The vice and crime of London are, unfortunately, in proportion to its size and wealth; the crime generally amounts to one-third of all the crime in the kingdom.

Of places of amusement there are many and various, including over 500 theatres and 400 music halls, concert rooms and harmonic meetings, nightly entertaining more than 300,000 persons.

Since 1856, when the Metropolitan Board of Works was first established, the Board raised and spent above \$175,000,000—its expenditure for 1882 was over \$25,000,000; while the Corporation of London,

with an annual income of \$40,000,000, has also contributed immense sums for the same purpose. The London County Council, which superseded the Board of Works in 1889, has an income of \$11,752,910, derived from rates, except about \$2,500,000 contributed from the national exchequer. The Metropolitan School Board spends nearly \$15,000,000 a year.

As the result of all this expenditure the abodes of vice and crime and disease are being cleansed or rebuilt, inconvenient, narrow and crooked thoroughfares enlarged, and new streets opened up.

The great increase of School Board buildings and free libraries is one of the noted features of the last ten years, and this, with the freedom of access to the British and South Kensington Museums, the National Art Gallery, the Tower of London, and numerous other institutions of antiquarian research, educational, artistic and historic resort, combine to make London the scientific and literary, as well as the political, commercial and monetary centre of the civilized world.

The Mecca of all travellers, the Eldorado of the ambitious, the place of all others most discussed, and the city exerting the widest influence upon every other city, it stands to-day unrivalled for magnitude, magnificence and munificence. London, the compendium of the earth and the epitome of mankind; the pulse of the world's throbbing heart—a Rome, an Athens, an Alexandria, and a Babylon, all merged into the mighty capital of modern England, the mistress of the sea, and the beneficent administratrix of nineteenth century civilization to the greatest empire ever founded on justice and liberty.





IN order to make good porridge the oatmeal has to be stirred continuously; if it is allowed to settle at the bottom of the saucepan the porridge will be spoiled. Running a mutual improvement society is very much like making porridge: if the members are not stirred up occasionally they are apt to subside into indifference, and the society into stagnation.

We suppose the past three months have been a busy time on the farm, and so we are disposed to excuse the apathy of our boys shown towards this department; but to say that we are disappointed by the feeble response to the request for post-card papers on the topics suggested, only half expresses our regret. It is as necessary to exercise the mind as the muscles, if one would develop strength of character as well as physical strength. Brains and brawn are a good combination, for without brains there is no intelligence to direct the body, and so use its strength aright. Our boys get all the physical exercise they need, and perhaps more than they want; this department is designed to afford a little mental recreation that the faculties of the mind may not become dormant, and the boys who do not avail themselves of the opportunity afforded for mental exercise, are stunting the growth of their minds by their own negligence.

One of the tasks set was calculated to induce research, and to make our readers better acquainted with history and the noble examples it furnishes of great men whose lives stand out in relief against the past, full of instruction and guid-

ance for the young man and worthy of his emulation. Yet among the thousands of those who read the request only one took the trouble to respond. Such indifference is positively a reproach to boys who cannot plead illiteracy and inability as an excuse for their inattention. Books are cheap, and they can read; indeed, they need not have referred to any other book than their own Bible to have found instances of three men who

- (1) Were born great;
- (2) Achieved greatness;
- (3) Had greatness thrust upon them.

For the sake of their own reputation, if not for the facts to be gleaned, they should have devoted what little time was necessary to the finding of these three examples. Now that the sowing is all done, we hope that our boys will redeem their good name in the interval that precedes harvest time by writing, every one of them, on the next topic, for which a prize is offered for the best composition.

John W. Noakes, of Purple Grove, Bruce County, Ont., is an individual who enjoys the unique distinction of being the contestant, and here is his paper:

(1) Christ was born great. "He shall be called the Son of the Highest."—Luke i., 32.

(2) Moses achieved greatness. He divided the waters of the Red Sea when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt.—Exodus xiv., 16.

(3) King Solomon had greatness thrust upon him by the Lord. Solomon built the temple, and the house, when it was building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer or axe, or any tool of

iron heard in the house of the Lord in building." I Kings vi. 11.

"Trust in the Lord and the power of His might."

Christ was, of course, born great by reason of His divinity and mission; but should not Moses be placed third in the category? Was not the leadership of the children of Israel thrust upon him by God? (See Exodus vi.) David may be cited as one who achieved greatness when he slew Goliath and afterwards became a renowned warrior, so that eventually he was chosen king. Nevertheless, we commend the author of this paper for having done his best, which is by no means an unsuccessful attempt.

Our next number will be published on October 1st, when most of the crops will have been gathered

in. We therefore offer a year's subscription to *Farming*, a weekly agricultural journal, as a prize for the best and most concise report on the crops this fall. What we require is that each boy shall give the best report he can of the crops of the farm on which he is engaged, or of the section in which he lives. Not the largest yield, but the best and most intelligible report, takes the prize. Now, boys, you will not have to consult any books for this; all you have to do is to describe in the simplest language you can command, and in the best manner you are able, using as few words as possible, the yield of your farm or section. Let us hear what you can say of your own business; and mind, no shirking the task this time.

As Others See Us

THE following letter appeared in the *London Daily Chronicle* of a recent issue, from the pen of Mr. C. Stansfield Hicks, the writer of "Our Boys and What to Do With Them," and "The Merchant Service," who chanced to cross the Atlantic with a party of our boys and girls by the steamship *Labrador*. The letter formed the subject of a very interesting editorial, in which the highest praise was bestowed upon Dr. Barnardo's emigration work and its results. The *Daily Chronicle*, it may be mentioned, has now the largest circulation of any of the great London "dailies."

Dr. Barnardo's Boys and Girls in Canada.

SIR, I had occasion last Autumn to take a business trip to Canada, and crossed in the favourite *Labrador* R.M.S., which carried a party of Barnardo children.

The tween-decks forward of the bridge were allotted to the young people, the

part on the left to the boys, and the part on the right to the girls. The middle, or main deck, was reached by ladders carefully railed, this deck being used as a playground and for exercise in bad weather when access to the upper deck was not allowed. From the main deck the ladders went down again to the lower deck; the space (I am speaking only of the boys' side, the girls', which had separate ladders and was securely portioned off and self-contained, I did not see, but presume it was much the same) was divided by rough deal partitions into a large compartment for the little boys, a box room and a smaller compartment for the labour lads. The bunks were great shelves eighteen or twenty feet wide and some feet deep, with ledges dividing the boys from each other, each shelf holding two rows. A couple of cabins were roughly put up for the assistants in charge.

The food appeared to be very plentiful and good but plain, and suitable to the children.

The voyage across to Moville was a pleasant one, and all on board enjoyed the beautiful scenery of Lough Foyle; but we had hardly got clear of the land when we ran into a three day gale which gave us a bit of a tumble, although the good ship made splendid weather.

The children suffered terribly from sea-sickness. The little boys got on best, bad though they were: they were fine little chaps, reared in the Institutions and showing the benefit of the training they had enjoyed. Although very sick indeed, they came up smiling, and between the intervals of the attacks tried to sit up to table and generally showed pluck and spirit. Little chaps of seven or eight, cutting about in shirts and trousers and bare feet, manfully trying to struggle up the ladders and to help those who were weaker than themselves. They all seemed kind and helpful to each other; but the big lads, who were in a separate compartment, kept in their bunks as long as they could and slept.

At all times of the day and night the Canadian Agent was ubiquitous, nursing the sick and helping those who needed help. The boys were bad enough (no one but an old hand could have stood the sight, and only a man of exceptional qualities would have given the constant and devoted service); but I was told the girls were far worse. Picture to yourself a nasty head sea, a rolling, pitching, tumbling ship, sometimes with her bows high in mid-air, and then smashing into the great green seas, which break in clouds and send heavy water streaming everywhere over the fore-deck, while at each pitch the whole fabric shudders and groans with the racing of the propeller lifted high out of the water and revolving at tremendous speed. Down under that fore-deck, in a comparatively small space, are some eighty sea-sick girls, incapable of helping themselves, and the matron single-handed. But sometimes there, sometimes with the boys as he is needed, filling the meanest offices and ever assisting and helping, is an active clean-shaven man with a shrewd eye and an air of dogged determination. He is dressed in a pilot suit and dark flannel shirt; there is no time for fine linen, as what little sleep he has he will take in his clothes as long as the bad weather lasts. His assistant is ill, down with a chill, and must not leave his bunk by order of the doctor, and therefore, instead of being any assistance, has to be nursed and looked after; and yet the work goes on like clockwork. The meals are to exact time, the prayers read and the hymns sung, and all conducted in order; and in the intervals of this work, our friend retires to his cabin, not always to rest, but frequently to write up all the facts he can glean from the children as to their character, and also to copy out in full the memoranda he took from the officials in the train, and to compare them with his own notes; for it is he that will have to get these children situated and be responsible for them in the new country. And then come frequent nightly rounds to see that all is right, for in a ship a cargo of girls is a terrible anxiety.

The gale passes, and in the sunlight the

people are coming out to the fresh air; and the children are brought up, the girls ranging along one side of the deck, and boys on the other, and free from their sickness, they soon pick up appetite, and become rosy and bonny under the invigorating influence of the Atlantic breezes.

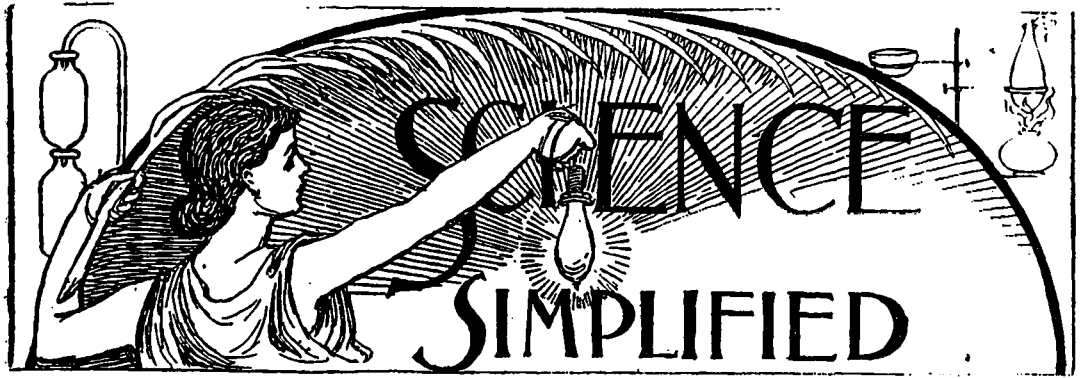
Later on, while at Toronto, I looked in at the Barnardo Depot. An humble place, not a penny spent on show, nothing to encourage loafers to leave situations to idle round, but practically useful. Firstly, a distributing Home, recognizing that its object is to distribute the boys and not to keep them, but yet a true Home for any who may need it, with a kindly word from the Agent and practical real help for all who will benefit by it.

The cargo of living souls had been dispersed. Just passing through the Toronto Home, the children were spread over the Dominion.

Of the bigger lads I can only say that they are much as other big lads, and have derived a good deal of benefit from the comparatively short training in the Labour House in London; but with regard to the little boys and girls trained in the Institutions, morally and religiously educated for years, and manifestly showing the result of their training in their bright and cheerful faces and good conduct. I felt that Canada ought to pay a sum for every such boy and girl landed in the Dominion. They, and such as they, are the life-blood of a new country. Growing up with the country, they will be amongst her best citizens. If we take each child as costing £14 a head to keep in the Institutions, and average training as, say, 3½ years, then the Barnardo Homes send a consignment of £40,000 of English flesh and blood, trained as well as any children can be trained, and taken into the Homes at such an early age that for all practical purposes they are as good as any other carefully trained children.

In the office at Toronto I saw the voluminous records of those who have passed through the Home. A page is opened for each child, and there you can trace all its movements and records, the facts being supplied by paid Visitors or Inspectors employed by the Institutions to regularly visit the children and see after their well-being. From the London office the Barnardo Organization stretches out its hand and keeps in touch with each child, seeing that it is treated fairly or justly and kindly.

And there in a British country, under a British flag and the British law, in a country whose beauty charms, and whose vastness and riches amaze. I leave those who were once the jetsam and flotsam of our overcrowded city, now placed under happy auspices and protective care in a new land of tremendous possibilities, and with that new training without which all else were worthless.



The Earth.

AS one of the planets of the solar system, the Earth is by no means the largest or the most important; but as it is our home and as we know more about it than the others, we are able to give a more detailed description of the orb on which we live.

The Earth is in shape like an orange, having a diameter of about 8,000 miles; and as the circumference of any round body is about three times its diameter, the Earth, consequently, is 24,000 miles in circumference. It has a superficial area of nearly 150,000,000 square geographical miles, three-fourths of this being water and one-fourth land.

The Earth turns completely round once in twenty-four hours, and as the atmosphere and all the objects on the surface partake of the Earth's motion, we cannot feel it move. We can judge only of its motion by observing the changing position of the sun and stars as the Earth revolves. A man in a balloon does not feel any motion as he floats along; he knows that he is moving only by watching the position of the objects below him. It is thus with us on the Earth. We are carried round and onward with it in its yearly journey round the sun without being conscious of any motion.

It is this revolution of the Earth on its axis which causes day and night. The sun is always shining, but the Earth being round like a ball, only the one half facing the sun can receive its light for the time

While one side is lighted by the sun, the other side is in darkness, as the body of the Earth obstructs the sunlight. When our side of the globe is towards the sun it is day with us, and when the Earth has turned half way round so as to bring our side away from the sun and the other side (which we call the Antipodes) towards it, it is night with us. So that when it is mid-day with us, it is midnight in the Antipodes.

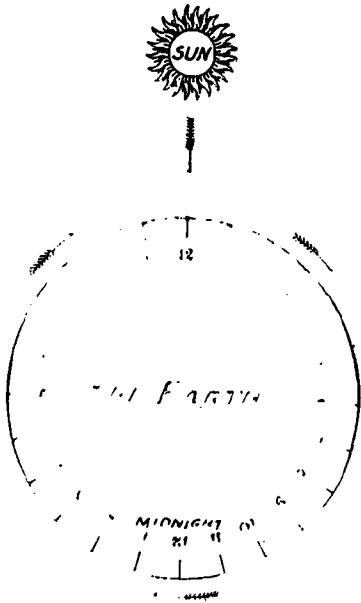
When a place first comes in sight of the sun it is sunrise, or morning, at that place. When the Earth has turned round until that place is beneath the sun, it is then noon; and when the place is just going out of sight of the sun, it is sunset, or evening, at that place. The Earth turning from west to east, makes the sun appear to rise in the east and set in the west.

In order to measure time, we must have a definite unit, determined by a uniform succession of events, invariably exact and perpetual in their periodic recurrence. There is abundant evidence to prove that the Earth revolves on its axis with uniform velocity. La Place, the great astronomer, informs us that, from a rigorous investigation of the whole subject, he discovered that the period of rotation of the Earth upon its axis has not changed by the *hundredth part of one second of time* in a period of more than 2,000 years. Thus the duration of one rotation of the Earth on its axis, whereby any given fixed star appears to revolve from the meridian of any place entirely round to the same meridian again, for

nishes to man a unit of time, which, by its subdivision and multiplication, renders it possible to take account of historic and other events, and to mark their relations to each other, not only in the order of time, but also in the interval of time. This is called sidereal time.

But in civil life, inasmuch as the duties of life are regulated by the return of the sun to the meridian (the point in the heavens immediately overhead to an observer), solar, and not sidereal, time has become the standard in the record of events.

Solar time (or time told by the sun) is subject to a slight variation, owing to reasons too technical to



be here given, and so what is known as *mean solar time* has been generally adopted, except for astronomical purposes.

If we were to make twenty-four marks at equal distances round the Earth, the mark exactly beneath the sun would represent twelve o'clock noon, because the sun is in the meridian at that point. As the Earth turns, the next mark would be brought under the sun, and it would be noon there, while it is one o'clock p.m. (p.m. means *post* or *past meridian*) at the first mark, and so on until the first mark returns to its original position beneath the sun, after a lapse of twenty four hours, when it would be again noon at that

point. The foregoing diagram illustrates what is meant.

Besides constantly turning round on itself, the Earth is at the same time sweeping through space in its orbit around the sun at the rate of one hundred miles in five seconds, or 596,000,000 miles in 365 days, which make one year.

It is to this motion round the sun that we owe the change of seasons. In one part of its journey the Earth receives the light of the sun more directly upon its northern half than upon the half south of the equator; then the north has summer and the south winter. At another part of the journey the sun shines more directly upon the southern hemisphere, which then has summer while the north has winter. This explains why it is summer in Australia when it is winter in America. Between winter and summer is the spring, for then the sun is said to be going from the winter to the summer solstice; and between summer and winter the autumn intervenes, for then the motion of the Earth makes the sun seem to recede to the winter solstice.

High in the heavens to the north is the Pole Star. From year to year we can detect no change in its position, although the other stars are seen to be moving round it in a circle. Beneath this star is that point on the Earth's surface which we call the North Pole, the most northern part of the Earth. At the North Pole, the Pole Star would be seen directly overhead. The most southern point of the Earth is the South Pole, exactly opposite the North Pole. An imaginary line drawn through the Earth from pole to pole is the Earth's axis. As the North Pole always points to the Pole Star, this star is seen to be stationary, while the other stars appear to circle round it as they are passed by the spot on which the observer stands. This, of course, is due to the rotary motion of the Earth, which at the Equator is at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour; at the British Islands, in the northern

half of the globe, 650; while at the poles all motion ceases.

The Equator is an imaginary line round the middle of the Earth, the same distance from the North Pole as from the South Pole--that is, 6,000 miles. It is called the Equator because it divides the Earth into two equal parts.

Places north of the Equator are said to be in north latitude, and places south of the Equator are said to be in south latitude. Parallels of latitude are imaginary lines on the Earth's surface parallel to the Equator, and are used to denote distance from the Equator, either north or south.

Longitude with us means distance either east or west from the meridian of London. The French reckon from the meridian of Paris; the Americans, from the meridian of Washington. A meridian is an imaginary line running north and south from pole to pole. It is called a meridian because all places on the same line have noon at the same time. The word meridian means mid-day. Meridian lines are drawn on globes and maps to mark the longitude. In navigation, by means of the lines of latitude and longitude, any spot of the Earth's surface, on sea or land, may be exactly designated without any land-mark whatever.

1,600 miles north of the Equator, an imaginary line round the Earth is the Tropic of Cancer, and 1,600 miles south of the Equator another line is the Tropic of Capricorn. The word tropic means turning-point. The Tropic of Cancer is the northern turning-point in the sun's course, and the Tropic of Capricorn is the southern turning-point in the sun's course--its apparent course, rather, for it is the Earth that moves, not the sun. On June 21st, the sun is directly overhead at the Tropic of Cancer--the summer solstice--the longest day of the year in the northern hemisphere and the shortest for the southern hemisphere. On December 21st, it is directly overhead at the Tropic of Capricorn--the winter solstice--the longest day in the year for the southern

hemisphere and the shortest day in the north.

The Earth is divided into five zones, the North Frigid Zone extending 1,600 miles south from the North Pole, and the South Frigid Zone the same distance north from the South Pole. Adjoining these are the North and South Temperate Zones respectively, both 3,000 miles wide, and connecting the two temperate zones is the Torrid Zone, 3,200 miles wide. The frigid zones are the coldest regions of the Earth, and the Torrid Zone the hottest. To learn the characteristics of the zones, the reader should consult an atlas and a book on geography, where explanatory diagrams will be found.

The climate of a place depends not only on its latitude, or distance from the Equator, but also on its nearness to the sea, its height above the sea, and on its prevailing winds. Places near the Equator are extremely hot, yet on mountains 16,000 feet high the snow never melts even in the hottest regions of the Earth. The nearer to the poles the nearer is the snow-line to the level of the sea. Places near the sea have a milder climate than places at a distance from it. Edinburgh and Moscow lie nearly on the same line of latitude, and yet Edinburgh, from its nearness to the sea, has a much milder climate than Moscow, which is in the midst of a large continent. Winds also have a considerable effect on the climate of a country. The east winds that prevail in Britain during spring, having passed over the great plains of Russia and North Germany, are cold, dry and piercing; while the west winds from the Atlantic are warm and moist.

Perhaps we shall have more to say on the subject of climates in a chapter on the Weather, which we propose to print later. In the meantime, our next subject will be Geology, a subject full of interest and instruction for the farmer.

W. H. A.

The Death of John Powell

WE fear there are very few of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS who will not have been startled and horrified at the newspaper heading, "Murder and Suicide by a Barnardo Boy," that stood forth conspicuous in nearly every paper in the country on the morning of the 23rd of June. A smaller number will, we hope, have seen our letters or telegrams to the principal papers that gave the facts of the distressing story, and will have learned that once again one of our boys is the victim of foul slander and cruel injustice. The little lad, John Powell, whose death with that of his companion formed the subject of these sensational paragraphs, was admitted to the Homes in London as a child of four years old. For rather over four years he remained an inmate of the Home for Little Boys at Leopold House, until at length he was included in one of our emigration parties, with a view to his being boarded out in Muskoka. He arrived with a number of others in August, 1893, and before the end of the month was placed, together with his brother Alfred, under the care of a thoroughly kindly, worthy couple in the Muskoka district. For the next four years little Johnny's life was a very happy one. He was soon thoroughly at home on the farm, was always in the best of health, and earned for himself the character of being an obedient, docile, bright, well-behaved boy. His foster parents became much attached to him, at school he made very creditable progress, and each visit that was paid to him by Mr. Gaunt resulted in our receiving a highly satisfactory and favourable report. About the middle of last year, we decided that the time had come when we might cease to pay for Johnny's maintenance, and when he could be placed in a situation where he would be self-supporting. After careful

consideration, it was decided to recall him from his foster home and to transfer him to the Winnipeg Home, and thence, as soon as possible, to a situation in Manitoba. His foster parents were in much grief at parting with him, but our arrangement was carried into effect, and on the 9th of July, 1897, Johnny entered the service of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, of Austin, Manitoba. During the subsequent twelve months we heard nothing but good reports, and the little lad seems to have behaved himself in every way well, and made himself a general favourite. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler treated him quite as one of their own; he always addressed her as "Ma," and there seemed every reason to look forward to his remaining several years in his place and making it his home. On the evening of the 21st June, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler left home for a short absence, leaving Johnny and their own little four-year-old boy at home. Johnny was milking the cows at the time, and the little boy standing beside him. Both boys were in the best of spirits, and, in fact, were always very happy together, Johnny being particularly fond of his little companion and always willing to take care of him and amuse him. The Wheeler's left about seven in the evening, and on their return, two or three hours later, the boys were missing. A search was made, and resulted in the ghastly discovery of the lifeless bodies of the two little lads, lying side by side in a small stable a short distance from the house. The younger boy had been shot through the temple, and Johnny through the heart. The coroner was at once notified and, of course, the neighbourhood aroused. As is usual in such cases, the wildest rumours became current, one of the earliest of which, assigning the two deaths to murder and suicide on the part of Johnny Powell, was eagerly seized

upon by the local correspondent of the Press Association and rushed over the wires to every quarter of the country. The evidence gathered, however, from all the circumstances, points unquestionably to a very different conclusion. We cannot here attempt to enter into a discussion of the details, but suffice it to say that the Wheeler's themselves were distressed and horrified at the idea of their little boy's death being caused by any malicious intent on the part of Johnny Powell, whose own death they seemed, indeed, to grieve for scarcely less than the other. The actual facts of what transpired will, in all human probability, remain unrevealed until the day when the grave shall yield up its secrets; but our absolute conviction from the fullest examination of all the evidence, is that after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, the idea occurred to the little boys of having some sport with the old revolver that lay on the window ledge, and which Johnny, at least, had used before for shooting gophers and squirrels. By a terrible mishap, we believe, he fired the fatal shot that must have instantly killed his little companion, and we believe that the child became completely deranged under the influence of

terror and distress, and that after rushing about the place in a mad state of frenzy, he was seized with the impulse to take his own life, and another shot from the revolver stretched him lifeless by the side of his little friend and playmate. We unhesitatingly accept this theory in the total absence of any motive for murder or malicious injury, and in the light of the evidence that affords the strongest testimony to the existence of an affectionate feeling between the two children, and to the boy's inoffensive and kindly disposition. To our great regret, the Coroner decided that an inquest was unnecessary in the absence of any proof of foul play. Had such an inquest been held, there is no question that the verdict would have exonerated our poor little lad from the foul charge with which his memory has been assailed; but our conviction of his innocence is none the less absolute. The tragic event has been a profoundly distressing experience for us all, but we can but leave its issues in His hands Who ordereth well the affairs of men, whose power to save hath robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory, and in Whom, as the Resurrection and the Life, that which was sown in dishonour shall be raised in glory.



An Old Friend in a New Light

ONE of the most interesting figures in our large Canadian family has been that of John Nzipo, the Zulu, and we are publishing, verbatim, a letter from him which lately appeared in a leaflet issued by the Board of Church of England Missions. Nzipo, like many another wanderer of every race and clime, found his way to London, hoping there to get an education and to make a career for himself. Disappointment awaited him, and in a short time the poor Zulu lad was destitute and friendless. By the Superintendent of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, he was directed to Dr. Barnardo, and on the 26th of March, 1887. Nzipo, then a young man of twenty, was admitted to the sheltering care of the Homes. During the next few months his conduct was exemplary, and in August of the same year he was allowed to volunteer for emigration, and was included in the party then leaving for Canada. On his arrival we secured employment for him in the town of Gravenhurst, and there he soon made himself a well-known and popular character. He was soon able to make arrangements for attending school during the greater part of the year, while he supported himself in an humble way by his work out of school hours and during the holidays. He became well known to the Clergyman of Gravenhurst, and through him to the Bishop of Algoma, who ultimately secured his admission to the Shingwauk Mission Home at Sault Ste. Marie, with a view to his being trained for mission work. After a considerable period of residence in the Indian Mission, the funds were provided by Mission workers in Toronto and elsewhere to send Nzipo as a missionary to his own people in South Africa. He left for Natal at the beginning of the present year, and the following letter is printed exactly as it was written.

ISANDHLUANA, April, 1893.

I have pleasure in writing this letter. I have had safely landed at home after a long voyage. At present time I am in Isandhluana College, in whom he is on the charge of the College. I am helping him in teach the boys. The scholars are taught the Scriptures and common school education. I found the books not the same as those I had study in Canada; these are called the Royal Reader, and it makes me to teach and to learn. I do like teaching, but I am not feeling well; my lungs and all my bones are aching. I had rheumatism from dampness climate of Chicago; I am afraid it might disturb me from my work. I not very much like Zululand for the present time, but my heart is great faith in the people. The chiefly I like to tell you about the children; it is a hard thing to make their memory understand anything you it teach them. I often say to them, it is easier to teach the horses than to teach you boys. My head is aching every day since I began teach in Isandhluana, on cause of the boys' dullness; when I teach the Indians, I not find such a difficult. However, I knew before that will be hard. They found-easier to write the dictation in a very fine handwriting, and spelling the words very good than most of the white children I know, and doing better in Geography. The arithmetic is hard as a stone, they think; and pronuciation of the big words, they make me feeling of leave the room. They close with the word thirty, they are all will saying sati, so the word aunt, they calls it ounti.

Now it is a third time I met Bishop of Zululand; he advise me to stay at this school until he send me to another. He thinks to send me to Swaziland, teach and interpreter, but I not in settled about it. My brothers and sisters they are in Natal; I not see them yet. I came here when I landed in Durban; I told to go straight to Isandhluana, so I not like neglect my duty. So I sent a man to say brothers and sisters to tell them I came back, but I have to go to see Bishop first. He told me to remain in my teaching six weeks, and then go to see them and come back to my work. I made a writing about it with him; now it is four weeks since we have spoke about. I hope now two more weeks I go to Natal. My mother is dead four year ago, I heard; I am without either parent. In my talking with the Bishop before I was in mention about paying, he told me that they do not pay a salary of money to this work; all people work for their Society; they work for God; but did not answer him about it. I said with him anything I say it is better for me to say to you. My remembrance to all friends. Your true friend,
Isandhluana South Africa JOHN NZIPO



FOUR GIRLS

Hazel Brae Notes.

UNDER the trees in the meadow !
Lovely green fields, beautiful spreading branches of stately trees in the old Village Home, life in its summer fulness, and under the trees congregated young human lives in the spring and summer of life, life stretching out before them with all its hopes, its questionings, its probabilities, we stop and think as we look at the little group in the picture before us (perhaps some of these very girls are in Canada now), what is life to them ?

Ah ! girls, truly our lives are often very much what we make them. Not always, not entirely, I admit ; there may be difficulties which some have to encounter that others have never met with, though a girl with "grit" in her may ever make obstacles stepping-stones to advancement, and they will only serve to bring out the "go" in her. What did the great Napoleon do when he wanted to get across into a country from which he was separated by a towering mountain range ? Why, with his indomitable zeal and energy he just made a pass through the Alpine range ! So with the lesser difficulties in life ; where some would sit down in despair, and give up, others will press on undaunted and come out victorious.

Yes, our lives are very much what we make them. I have met with something like the following :

"A thought becomes an action, action becomes habit, habit makes character, and character forms destiny !"

Let us, then, be careful over our *thoughts* and *actions* ; our characters and future lives may then look out for themselves, or, rather, we may trust the steering of our lives to the Great Captain of our Salvation.

Now that our paper is published only quarterly, there is, perhaps, a little fear of letting some of the past items of interest slip by.

The 24th of May has come and gone. Just after flags were hanging half-mast for the death of England's statesman, they had to hang out merrily to celebrate the birthday of her Queen. UPS AND DOWNS does not go in for politics—in fact, we do not know to which side most of our girls lean ; and, after all, is it not (or *was* it not) a woman's privilege to keep off this debatable ground ? All the same, whatever the politics of our readers, we are giving elsewhere an interesting little incident about Gladstone.

The 24th of May brought some visitors to the Home—Maud and Ellen Noke. We had seen Maud lately, but Ellen had not been here since the year 1888, so it was quite an event. Cecilia Cowderoy came with them, looking bright and well, and Ellen Snell (now Mrs. Pearson) came down from Toronto with her sister, Lizzie.

We have had some anxious cases of illness. Poor Lizzie Donovan met with a bad burning accident, and though on her way to recovery, still has had a sad time of suffering. Then Emma Flint was for some time lying ill in a most critical condition at the Home, but kind care,

medical skill, and careful nursing, crowned by Divine blessing, have done their work, and she is now getting better all the time. Emma is held in esteem and affection by the family with whom she has lived ever since the year 1892, when she came out to Canada, and where she has had a happy home. On the 24th of May her master, Mr. J. Bicknell, came all the way from Byng to see her. Other girls have come for care and rest, and, after spending some

followed, we understand, by two more parties before the season is over.

Most "Village" girls—and especially all who have belonged to "Oxford" cottage in the Village Home—will read the following paragraph with feelings of deep regret and loss. In a late issue of *Night and Day* Dr Barnardo says:

Just as we go to press the sad tidings reaches me of the death at our Girls' Orphan Home, Bradninch Place, Exeter,



"The Meadow," Village Home, Ilford.

time under Mrs. Metcalfe's kind care, start forth again re-invigorated for future work.

Little girls have been started out for their first venture on life's ocean in Canada. How our hearts go with them! How we hope they will from the beginning do their "little best," small though it may be, for "even a child is known by his doings"; and we cannot but say how we hope those who receive them into their homes will take them into their hearts as well. And now we are looking for fresh arrivals; we are expecting a new party in July, to be

of my dear friend and fellow-worker, Miss Alice Seago. For many years she had been the honorary "Mother" of a cottage at Ilford, giving all her time and devoting all her powers to the loving task of caring for a family of some five-and-twenty little ones gathered in Oxford Cottage. When the Home at Exeter was opened, she cheerfully responded to my invitation to preside over it. Her devotion to the work and loving interest in the children under her care were beyond praise. About a fortnight ago symptoms of typhoid fever declared themselves. On the 18th of April pneumonia set in, and on the 19th she breathed her last. I write these lines under a sense of deep and almost personal loss, for few had such a fellow-worker, so loyal, devoted and true-hearted, as I had in Miss Alice Seago.

Girls' Donation Fund.

The following names complete the list of subscribers to the G.D.F. for this year. We have sent it off to Dr. Barnardo, but we are not satisfied with the amount; *it ought to be much larger*. This remark does not touch those who have so willingly given; but where are all those who have sent in nothing? If any regret already having lost their chance this time, the best way to mend matters is to send in at once a subscription to go for next year. It is not too soon to begin; indeed, we have already some names—those of Emily Judge, \$1; Alice Wheeler, \$1; Lizzie Shipley, \$1; and Amelia Brian, 25c. Who will follow?

Alice Walder, \$1; Kate Rennals, \$1; Alice Webb, \$5; Maggie Whitnell, \$1; Edith Stevens, \$1; Alice Shaw, \$1; Mrs. Stanton (M. Marshall's mistress), 50c.; Mabel Geer, \$1; Nelly Smith, \$5; Edith Burcham, \$1; Phoebe Carter, \$2; Caroline Hardie, \$1; Emma Lewis, \$1; Beatrice Thomas, \$1; Mary Heslop, \$1; Mary Crisp, \$1; Mary Kay, \$1; Dorothy Black, \$1; Louisa Foster, \$1; Kate Ellen Wright, \$1 75; Emily Pusey, \$1; Cissy Smith, \$1; Alice Parson (1897), 50c.; Florence Tapper, \$1; Ethel Pettitt, 50c.; Mrs. James Boldrick (Miriam Killick's mistress), \$1; Miriam Killick, \$1; Annie Smith, \$1; Gladys Verner, \$1; Edith Darbyshire, \$1; Minnie Winkworth, \$1; Blanche Poyser, \$1; Ada Bambridge, \$1; Alice Richardson, \$3; Charlotte King, 50c.; Amy Griffiths, \$1; Maud Eades, \$1; Martha Prime, \$1; Amy Windus, \$4; proceeds of photos of Home, kindly given by Mrs. Haultain, \$2.60.

B. Code

Our Picture Gallery.

The little group represents Mary Downey, with two of the children of her employer, Mr. David Anderson. She came out to Canada in September, 1895.

The following letter from her mistress leaves a very pleasant impression:

DEAR MADAM,—As this is the second time for Mary to live with us, I can surely

say something of her. I think Mary a good girl, and a splendid nurse and good to the children, and smart to notice if there is a hole in their stockings or a tear in their clothes, and, better still, so good to mend them so neatly. Mary is very good and kind to both of us. Mr. Anderson says



Mary Downey.

Mary is the best-mannered and most thoughtful girl he ever had, and speaks kindly of her, and I am sure Mary thinks the same of her master. The two children taken with Mary are her bed-fellows. I think I must draw my letter to a close. With love from all to all.

Your sincere friend,

MRS. D. ANDERSON.

LIZZIE FODEN (November, 1894) sends us her photo and writes:

I have been at Mrs. Doughty's on June 1st two years, and I expect she will want me to stay another with her, so you see I can't be such a bad girl after all.

MIRIAM KILLICK (September, 1895) went to her present place in October, 1895, where, we are thankful to say, she bears a very good character. She paid us a little visit at the Home last November. It is nice to welcome old friends and renew acquaintance with them.

AMY KEYROIDS (October, 1895) We will refer to our Visitors' notes in the present number for her name.

Flattings of A Wild Thyme Girl.

Our readers have noticed contributions to our paper at different times, signed "A Wild Thyme Girl." Well, it seems we cannot say of this flower the words of the poet when he tells us :

" Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert
air!"

for this flower has been gathered to gladden and brighten a home; in other words, our Wild Thyme Girl is married, and has now gone to her own farm home, where, we understand, she is very happy.

Girls always like to hear about dresses and weddings, so they will be interested to know the bride wore a brown suit and rustic straw hat, trimmed with violets and white flowers and cream ribbon. She carried a bouquet of carnations, and had a spray of orange blossoms on her coat.

Somebody said she was one of the neatest little brides that ever entered that church. May God's blessing rest upon her, and all prosperity attend her.

Now that we are on the subject of married girls, we would mention that we lately heard of one of our girls, married and living in the North-West, described as "one of the finest little women" in the district, her husband being the leading merchant in the thriving little town.

A lady in Toronto applying for a girl, says :

I had a girl called C. C——, who came out in the first batch of girls for this country. She has married well, and was such a nice good girl. She leaves for the States with her husband to-morrow. I hope all are well in the Home. What a great work the Doctor does! It makes one so often think who will be found to fill his place; but we hope he may be spared for many years to come to do his life work, which is one of the noblest.

October, 1880, Party

Now this month we will mention a few of our friends who came out to Canada in October, 1880 and who will mention as married :

Alice Chilvers, Sarah Sheridan, Emily Fay and Annie Taylor.

ALICE CHILVERS (now Mrs. John Smith) always has a welcome for the Visitor when in her neighbourhood, and, indeed, likes to have her staying at her home.

ANNIE TAYLOR (now Mrs. George Nash), whose husband also hailed from the old Home, is living in Muskoka with her little family.

ALICE BLABER seems to be doing well, living not far from Peterboro. We had a call from her at the Home some time ago.

NELLY BRIDGEMAN has been for the last eleven years in her adopted home, where she takes the name of the friends whom she indeed regards as father and mother. Nelly says they have always been good to her, and for all the world she would not leave them; but all the same she has kept up a feeling of affection for the Home.

ALICE CATER went to her present place in May, 1887.

NELLY COVEY went to her adopted home the same month she arrived in Canada, and there she has remained ever since.

KATE HILTON, also adopted, has been in her home since August, 1887. happy and all satisfactory.

ROSE HOY has been in her present place for some years, and has a nice little sum of money in the Home bank, as has also Kate Hilton.

FANNY JENKINS, after different experiences, went to her present adopted home, near Peterboro, in November, 1890, where she seems to have "dropped her anchor."

MAUD MARSHALL is also adopted, and went to her home in November, 1887.

Minnie O'Connor has gone to the States to be near her elder sister there.

BERTHA BENTON. It was only the other day we had a pleasant visit from Bertha. She does not live at

a great distance, and every now and then looks up her friends. She also is in an adopted home, and is truly as one of the family. She has been there since October, 1886.

SARAH ANN SMITH has been at her present home at Chippawa since November, 1886. A good useful girl and in a happy home.

EDITH VINCENT, after being for years in service in Canada, finally went to the States to be near her brother.

GERTRUDE SNOWBALL is another girl who seems to have found out



Miriam Killick.

the right corner in the world. She went to her present home eleven years ago.

Most of the girls whose names we have mentioned have been adopted. It seems, indeed, quite a feature of the October, 1886, party. There are others of whom we hear ever and anon, and who are still "keeping on," such as Harriet Gray, Emily Impey, Louisa Mc Mahon and Amy Young.

JANE WATKINS we have heard of as having died in April, 1899.

The following is a letter from Annie Addison, and from our sister

girls, who, after living for several years at Prince Albert, have recently made a move to Dundas.

We will first insert a newspaper cutting from the *West Daily Spectator*, which speaks well for Annie.

Miss Annie Addison, who has resided here for some years, is about to leave Prince Albert for the town of Dundas, near Hamilton. As a member of the Bible class in the Sabbath School and a member of the church, we could not speak too highly of her noble character and qualifications for usefulness. We pray that her path may be as the path of the just, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I was so pleased to get your delightful letter, and I must confess I was feeling a little lonesome when it came.

I have been rather busy house-cleaning. I have a very good place here; Mr. and Mrs. B— are both earnest Christians. I am getting on very nicely. Of course I am not the same here as I was in P. A.; but I am treated with every respect. I wear a cap and, of course, a white apron always at hand, and I daresay you know just what work I would have to do in a place like this, such as wait on table, etc.

I was sorry at not seeing you before I left P. A., but Miss J.— was welcome. We came a little way on the car together the day I left. I had just a fine trip. Flora Watson met me at the Union Station. She took me to Simpson's and Eaton's stores, and then we went for a ride on the belt line (this was the first time I was ever on a street car). Then we went through the Parliament Buildings. We saw several of the private rooms of the House; it was very nice there. Then we went through part of Victoria Park. Flora took me home with her, and we had dinner. After that I took the car for Dundas. It was my birthday, so you see I had quite a nice time. Have you seen Flora since they moved into their new home? It is very nice there, and, of course, the baby makes it brighter.

Now, Miss G—, you wanted to know if you should call to see me when you came to Dundas. I will be delighted to see you or any others from the Home, and if I hear of your being here and not seeing me, it will make me feel badly.

I have joined the Methodist Church and Sunday School. I go to class meeting after Sunday School. The class is a number of Christian girls about my own age, we have delightful little chats. We have slips of paper given every Sunday, with texts for every day of the week, and then the next Sunday we talk about the text that has helped us most. I will send you one and mark the one that came home to me. My motto is, "What would Jesus do?" It has been a great help to me, and what a consolation

comes and I am not quite so glad as if our motto always helps me.

I am sorry to hear of Emma Eliot's illness. I remember her name well. Will you give my love to her? I wonder if she remembers me? You see it is such a long time ago since we came out.

I will close with fondest love, from your ever loving,
ANNIE ADDISON

Extracts from Visitor's Diary.

"Making extracts" is a most difficult thing to do, because we do not quite know whom to leave out, and should like to tell something of every girl visited, but space forbids that, and you would get tired of reading it all. We will begin with:

ANNIE AND EMILY ADDISON (1892), sisters, who were placed, on their arrival in Canada, in Prince Albert—one with Mr. Jeffreys, Senior, and the other with Mr. John Jeffreys, Junior—and both have remained in the same place until this spring, when Annie left to take higher wages and to make room for a younger girl to fill her place. A letter from her is inserted elsewhere. Emily still remains a good and valued servant.

MINNIE BOURNE (1892), one of three sisters, each of whom has a good record, the eldest being still in her first place, and Minnie only lately moved to her second in Whitby. The report reads: "Minnie is giving good satisfaction, and she herself is pleased with the place, and seems very happy."

LIZZIE DAINSEY (1892) went to her present home in Whitby in December, 1892, and up to the present she has no wish to leave, nor her mistress to part with her.

EDITH DARBYSHIRE (1896) has a very nice home near Port Perry. Heard a very good account of her, and no complaints. Edith attends church and is interested in missions. Showed me some pretty little things she was making for sale.

MARY AND GRACE MANNING (1897) Mary has now a very nice place in Toronto Junction, Mrs. C. likes her much as regards character and disposition. Grace is away north in

Elmvale. "A good girl, willing and anxious to please, and very faithful with regard to the children."

ALICE WALDER (1892). "Mrs. G. speaks very well of Alice and has no fault to find at all. Alice is evidently at home and happy, and all seemed satisfactory." Went to this place in 1895.

MATILDA BROWN (1895). "Matilda is a stout, strong girl, and seems thoroughly happy, and to be giving satisfaction. Mrs. R. speaks well of her and finds her very useful."

ALICE LONG (1894). "A thoroughly conscientious, good little girl, likes her home, and all is satisfactory. She is under good influence, and has lately become a member of the Methodist Church. Took Alice with me to see Beatrice Woodford, and the two had a pleasant afternoon together."

In May, during a tour out to the West, the following, amongst others, were visited:

MARGARET A. RICHARDSON (1894), living in London near her brother. Had a very good report, and no complaints. Much interested in the Presbyterian Church and Christian Endeavour. Maggie walked out with me to see her friend, Sarah Graham.

SARAH GRAHAM (1896) has a very nice home, with many advantages, which she seems to appreciate. Sarah is a good, steady girl, with nice manners and, better still, "a good name." Has already been two years in this place.

PRISCILLA HALL (1897). A bright, healthy girl, also with very nice surroundings.

JANE SMITH (1896) and ALICE BARTON (1897), living quite near each other. Both good, useful little girls. Jane's mistress says: "She is very fond of the baby and always good to him."

ANNIE MCGREGOR (1897) "Much improved, and happy and contented with her home and surroundings."

LOUISA LOOKER (1897) and BESSIE HIBBERD (1897), living quite near each other. Mrs. D says of Bessie: "She will make a No. 1 girl in time."

MINNIE NEVILLE (1897). "A good girl; happy, and appears to be doing well. Has had a Prayer Book as a prize for regular attendance at church and Sunday school."

BLANCHE BATEMAN (1897). "Bright and pleasant; good girl and very satisfactory. Bids fair to make a capable servant."

AMY REYNOLDS (1896), Kent Bridge. A bonnie, happy little girl.



Amy Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. S. are very fond of her, and take her quite into their home and family life.

SUSAN PIGGOTT (1897). Mrs. T says: "If Susan were old, a little stronger and had a little more experience, she could not have a girl who suited her better."

LILY STANLEY (1897). Lives at home in Leamington. Mr. and Mrs. M. are well pleased with her, and

say she seems by this time quite like one of their family. Attends school regularly and has many advantages.

VIOLET HOPKINS (1896). Violet is a very good little girl; most willing and useful, but too small and young for the present needs. At the same time Mr. and Mrs. C. could not bear the thought of parting with her, and the suggestion of removal brought tears to the child's eyes. She has been there now a year. (Another strong girl has since been sent, and Violet is to remain in peace).

SARAH TITE (1894). Always the same good account of Sarah—clean, tidy, bright and interested in hearing and asking news of her former friends. She is now in her fourth year in a good home.

WINNIFRED ROBERTS (1893). Now in her fifth year in her first place. Has grown a big, strong girl. Has an exceedingly kind mistress and good home, which she quite appreciates. One great advantage in Winnie's estimation is that her mistress always entertains the *visitors* the whole of the time she is in the neighbourhood. Needless to say that the visitor appreciates this most gratefully.

ADA BRETON (1895). With good, upright people, living near Glencoe. Ada is now in her third year there, and there were no complaints.

FLORENCE CHAPMAN (1894) is still in her first place, where she has been more than three years. "Found all satisfactory here, and Florence going on happily and well." Florence is living in a village a little distance from Lindsay.

ELEANOR REGAN (1895) has been for more than a year in a minister's family, where she has many advantages. Attends school regularly and is getting on well.

CAROLINE BOND (1897) is a good mistress and maid much to be commended, and Caroline greatly improved. Quiet steady girl, getting on well.

Chatham market, on Saturday, 17th November, for meeting several

older girls living out in the country, who have been in the same place many years. The one who "bears the palm" for long and faithful service is BEATRICE BURRETT (1886), now in her twelfth year with Mrs. Wallace. She is well known and respected all around; is trusted with the disposal of the dairy produce, and seems quite at home in the various details of farm-house life.

Even this long record is out-distanced by LILY B——, living in Chatham, who went to her present



Lizzie Foden.

home in 1884. Her friend and companion is another of our girls, who went to her present home in 1890. These are our *real helpers*,—for we are again and again asked to send a girl like one or other of these. We would hold them up as examples to any girls who may feel inclined to run away from their difficulties and think to escape them by "*trying a fresh plan*." J. L.

A LETTER FROM CHINA

My dear reader, with me is a Miss Quinn, who used to keep the office here, and who was the president of the Junior Christian Endeavor

your Society in Peterboro. She is now a missionary in China, and the following is a letter from her, addressed to "The Juniors" here. We think most of our girls will be interested in reading it:

WUHU, CHINA, April 9th, 1898.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I have so often thought of the many dear young friends that God gave me in Canada since coming here, and felt like writing to so many, that I have decided that I shall write to you all, and will ask some of my older friends to see that you all get a chance of either hearing or reading my letter. It is such a pleasure to think of you all; some of you I know so well, and others I have only seen once or twice, perhaps, as I have spoken to you in your Junior Endeavour meetings, Sunday schools, or homes; but still I seem to hear your voices and see your bright, earnest faces as I sit here writing in far, far away China. How clean and well cared for you all seem to be as I see you; so very different from the poor children here. I suppose some of you feel pretty cross, too, sometimes when you have to get rubbed and tidied. I am sure if you were old enough to know, you would prefer that and thank the kind mothers and friends who care enough for you and go to so much trouble. Here the children are so dirty and ragged, and they have so many skin diseases just from filth, and nearly all that I have seen are so uncared for, it would make your heart very sad, I know, to think of them. I wish I could tell you just how they do look. The little boys wear quite long garments like a dress, and their hair braided down their backs in a queue or "pigtail"; when the weather is cold they wear more clothes, and some of the little chaps look as if they could scarcely waddle. The little girls look very much the same, only their heads are shaved almost bare, just a bunch of hair left over each ear near the crown, which is braided in a tight little braid on each side, and it makes them almost look as if they had horns. But you should hear them sing in the Sunday school. You would think them very clever if you saw their books, for I think it very hard work to learn such queer writing. They are not a bit afraid to sing out either; indeed I think of some boys and girls I knew that would feel very much ashamed of their weak singing if they heard these children. It is very funny to hear them studying their lessons in school. They all study out loud at the top of their voices in a sort of chant, swinging their bodies to keep time with their words, and as they are not chanting together the effect is very startling. I know I could not enjoy listening all day to them. I don't think they learn much except to read and write their characters, and they work away without knowing the meaning of anything they are say-

ing. But I have great respect for their ability since I have been teaching the same lessons.

Of course, if I were living right in the city, I would see more; but there are a good many children about. Several I see herding cows and watering buffaloes. Very often they get on the back of the latter and remain there all day; I should think it would be a rather uncomfortable seat in hot weather. One day I was out walking and I came across a number of lads; they saw I was gathering flowers, so they began to gather them for me and brought me so many. I could not talk much to them, but they seemed so very bright and interesting. I saw a little fellow the other day that I wish I could describe to you. It was raining very fast, and he was leading his cow over the graves looking for a place to pasture her; he had on a huge hat, and a cape that covered his body down to his knees, and both hat and cloak were made of long grass woven close together. It was a very odd sight, and I would like so much to send you a photograph, so you could have a better idea how he looked.

Often as I pass houses, I see poor little babies set in a sort of barrel, something like an old-fashioned churn. They must be very uncomfortable hanging that way from their arms. But the people here have no idea of comfort, as far as I can see. They live in houses made altogether of mud, and grass roofs, often without a window, and an open door. During the winter it is very cold and damp; they have no nice cheerful fires like we have, but they put on more clothes, if they have them, as it gets colder. When it is rainy and muddy they stay in their houses if they can, for they have not got shoes to keep out rain. I have never seen anything at home like the mud that they have here, and it is worse in the city—just a slushy mud half way to one's knees at times. The poor women have a very hard time getting about, for you know they have such little feet. I think you have all heard of how they have their poor feet bound. It's a dreadful sight to see such deformed feet; and the people are so blinded by sin that it is very hard to get the custom broken. I am sure you will pray for the poor little girls who suffer in this way so much.

I saw such a dear little boy two weeks ago in the hospital at the Methodist Mission here. He has hip disease, and the doctor thinks he can't get better. He has given his heart to Christ, and I don't know when I saw a brighter little Christian. I tried hard to talk to him, and managed to carry on a little conversation. He was very much amused at my attempts and kept saying, "Ni-puh tong teh," which means, "you don't understand." I wish you would pray for this dear little fellow. His father is so anxious he should get well, he is a merchant in Wuhu, and this is his only son.

Now I hope you will all be glad to

you are so happy and having so many great advantages, I do trust you are often thinking about and praying for those poor people who know so little of Jesus. At most all of them have never heard yet that there was a Christ who loves little children so much. And then, if you are very much in earnest, perhaps you will be able to get some money to send others out to tell the story. I have two dear little friends (I think they are only about six and four years of age), and yet already since I have left home they have saved up ever so many pennies to send to buy Bibles for the children here. The little girl had fifty cents some time ago. I know it meant a great deal of self-denial for these little folks, but that is good for us, for you know "even Christ pleased not Himself." The missionaries can use pretty cards and pictures and many little gifts such as many of you could easily make, and they would be so much thought of here. I am not asking for these things (Phil. iv., 17), but just ask God to let you have a share in bringing in these precious sheaves. I know you will pray for me; it has been a great joy to me to think of you doing this. Ask God to get me ready as soon as He can to tell the old, old story that has done so much for you and for me. I am so glad to be here. If Jesus tarryes, I hope many, many of you will be missionaries, but you do not need to wait to grow up to help, do you?

Now, I would like to mention you all by name and send you my love, but you will each just put your own name in. I don't think I am forgetting one of you. Some day I hope you will write me a letter. Just send it to Wuhu, China, and then I will get it in about five or six weeks' time. Remember me to all your friends. Perhaps some day I will write again if I think of anything more interesting.

With much love, I am,

Your friend,

MARGARET QUINN.

In Leisure Hour.

Answers to last month's puzzles.

Puzzle.

The Coachman

Buried Girls' Names

Ellen

Lots

Eva

Lucy

Anna

John

William

John

John

John

Puzzles.

From Minnie Ranken :

Riddle me Rec

Five hundred begins it,
 Five hundred ends it,
 And five in the middle is seen ;
 The first of all letters,
 The first of all figures ;
 My whole is the name of a famous
 king.

From Annie Boulton :
 My first is to watch.
 My second is an entrance.
 My whole is a seaport in Scotland.

Scripture Questions.

NAME THE DIFFERENT WELLS.

A well in the desert.—The runaway maid,
 Thinking all had forgotten her, hither had
 strayed ;
 But God sent His angel good tidings to
 tell,
 And to cheer her sad soul, as she sat by
 the well.

A well in a wilderness.—A mother with joy
 From its cool, sparkling water gave drink
 to her boy ;
 From her home she was banished : her
 bottle was spent,
 And that well to her heart fresh encourage-
 ment lent.

A well by a township. When sinks the
 red sun
 One who asked for a sign when his journey
 was done—
 A beautiful girl giving drink to him there
 Showed him swiftly the sign he had asked
 for in prayer

Three wells in a valley.—The shepherd, he
 tells
 How they strove when the water sprang
 up in the wells.
 Said the chief : " Two I give, but the third
 I shall keep ;
 Bring up now the cattle, and water the
 sheep."

A well in a field.—A tall stranger is here ;
 He is seeking his kinsman : his daughter
 draws near.
 Soon all is explained, and she hastens to
 tell
 The glad news that a kinsman stands there
 by the well.

A well in a courtyard.—The pitcher, in
 great dread,
 Lying there in the darkness, heard
 them said
 " The soldiers who seek thee
 no need to look,
 They've gone, and are now safe
 over the
 brook."

A well in a village.—Said the king, " If I
 had
 A drink from the well where I drank when
 a lad !"
 Through the foe broke three soldiers, and
 at point of the sword
 Obtained the clear water to give to their
 lord.

A well near a city.—Our Saviour sits by
 And talks to a woman of truths from on
 high.
 He drinks from her pitcher, and then He
 doth tell
 Of the water that's drawn up from no
 earthly well.

—*Christian Observer.*

**A Puzzle for Those Who Are Fond of
 Figures and Finding Out Difficult
 Problems.**

Once upon a time there were two
 old men who sat in the market early
 every morning and sold apples.
 Each one had thirty apples, and
 one of the old men sold *two* for a
 cent, and the other old man sold
three for a cent. In that way the
 first old man got fifteen cents for
 his basket of apples, while the other
 old man received ten cents, so that
 together they made twenty five cents
 each day. But one day the old
 apple-man who sold three for a cent
 was too sick to go to market, so he
 asked his neighbour to take his
 apples and sell them for him. This
 the other old man very kindly con-
 sented to do, and when he got to
 market with the two baskets of ap-
 ples he said to himself : " I will pu
 all the apples in one basket, for it
 will be easier than picking them out
 of two baskets." So he put sixty
 apples in one basket, and said to
 himself : " Now, if I sell *two* apples
 for one cent and my old friend sells
three for one cent, that is the same
 thing as selling *five* apples for *two*
 cents." When he had sold the sixty
 apples, he found he had only *twenty-
 four* cents, which was right, because
 there are twelve fives in sixty, and
 twice twelve is twenty-four. But if
 the other old man had been there,
 and each had sold his apples separ-
 ately, they would have received
twenty five cents. Now how is that
 explained ? (*Australian Home Journal*)

The Books of the Bible

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand ;
 In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land ;
 Leviticus contains the Law, holy, and just, and good,
 Numbers records the Tribes enrolled all sons of Abraham's blood.
 Moses, in Deuteronomy, records God's mighty deeds.
 Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
 In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite ;
 But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.
 In first and second Samuel of Jesse's son we read.
 Ten tribes in first and second Kings revolted from his seed.
 The first and second Chronicles see Judah captive made ;
 But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
 The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again ;
 Whilst Esther saves her people from plots of wicked men.
 In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
 And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
 The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.
 Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.
 The mystic Song of Solomon, exalts sweet Sharon's Rose ;
 Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the "rapt Isaiah" shows.
 The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns ;
 His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns.
 Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries ;
 Whilst kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.
 Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell.
 Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
 Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call ;
 Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
 Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord.
 Micah pronounces Judah lost, lost, but again restored.
 Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured
 A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's vision give,
 Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn repent and live,
 Haggai wrote to those who sought to rebuild again
 And Zechariah prophesies of the triumphant reign

Malachi was the last of the Old Testament prophetic chord ;
 The final notes sublimely heard the singing of the Lord.
 Matthew and Mark and Luke and John the Holy Gospels wrote,
 Describing how the Saviour died, His life and all He taught ;
 Acts prove how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place
 St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
 The Apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves.
 Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
 Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be.
 Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
 In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.
 In Timothy and Titus a Bishop's rule is given.
 Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.
 Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law.
 James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead.
 St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
 John in his three Epistles on love delights to dwell.
 St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath, and hell.
 The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day
 When Christ, and Christ alone shall be the trembling sinner's stay

MRS. GILFORD HARRIS

The following instance of their usefulness, related by Dr. Irwin, will be read with much interest :

Mr. Robinson, in company with some of the directors of the Limerick and Waterford Railway Company, had, by arrangement, waited on Mr. Gladstone, who was at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view of getting a loan for the completion of the railway. Mr. Gladstone received the deputation at Hawarden Castle, and, if I remember aright, acceded to their application. After the business was concluded, Mr. Robinson stepped forward with some tracts in hand and asked Mr. Gladstone would he accept a tract offering him one entitled *The Bible of the Bible*, which is a single page tract. With characteristic promptness Mr. Gladstone took the tract in hand and read

it through and turning to Mr. Robinson and taking him by the hand, shook it most warmly and said: "Mr. Robinson, this is remarkable. When the deputation was at the door, Mrs. Gladstone and I were reading the Bible, and she said to me, 'Is it not strange that with all the tracts that are written, there is not one to tell us in short compass what the Bible is about?' and here you come and put a tract on this very subject into my hands. It is most remarkable. I thank you most gratefully for this tract, and may I ask you for a copy for Mrs. Gladstone?" It is needless to say that Mr. Robinson was as delighted to give Mr. Gladstone another copy as Mr. Gladstone was to receive it.

Q—uid est veritas? Veritas liberabit vos et servabit vos;
 O—ld is best, but the best should never be kept;
 P—eople should see that the floors are all swept;
 Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
 R—emember the young cannot thrive without light;
 S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
 T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
 U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
 V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train;
 W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
 X—erxes could walk full many a league;
 Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
 Z—eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

Health Alphabet.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association, of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health, which we find copied in the *Sanitarian*.

- A—s soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
- B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
- C—hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
- D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
- E—at slowly and always chew your food well;
- F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell;
- G—arments must never be made too tight;
- H—omes should be healthy, airy and light;
- I—f you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
- J—ust raise up the windows before you go out;
- K—eep the room always tidy and clean;
- L—et dust on the furniture never be seen;
- M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;
- N—ever forget your windows have need of your care.

Sibilant Silliness.

Sweet Sarah Sawyer's sickly sister Susan sat singing swiftly. Squire Samson Seward's son Sam strolled, smoking, sorrowfully seeking sweet Susan. Suddenly spying sad Susan sitting singing, Sam slouched slowly, stealing sunflowers, scaring sweet Sarah. Susan, starting, screeched, "Sam, stop stealing sunflowers; seek some stale sandwiches!"

Sam seized several, swallowed seven, sank slowly sighing, "So seasick."

Sweet Sarah sauntered slowly. Seeing Sam so seasick she said, "Sister Susan, sprinkle some smelling-salts."

She sprinkled some salts, singing sweet songs. "Sam survives," spake Susan. She sobbed silently. Sam said, "Susan, stop sobbing."

She stopped, shivered, sneezed suddenly,—so suddenly Sam shuddered. Somewhat startled, Susan said, "Sweet Sam, sing some sad Sunday school songs."

Sam sung successfully.

Editorial Gottings

Our
Frontispiece.

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., of whom our frontispiece is a remarkably good picture, is to-day the second foremost figure in British politics. As Secretary for the Colonies, he is directly associated with the Imperial administration of Canadian affairs, and should any difficulties arise in our relations with foreign powers, we shall look to him with confidence for the best protection of our interests. Mr. Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and in later years, while living in Birmingham as a member of the firm of Nettlefold & Chamberlain, became a local celebrity by reason of the interest he took in public affairs, his advanced Radical opinions and his fluency of speech. In 1868 he was appointed Chairman of the first Executive Committee of the Education League, and also a member of the Birmingham Town Council. Elected a member of the Birmingham School Board, he became, in 1870, its Chairman. Mr. Chamberlain is also an Alderman of Birmingham, and was three times elected Mayor of the same town. He retired from business in 1874, when he came forward to oppose Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield, but was defeated. In 1876, however, he was returned for Birmingham, and again, in 1880, he was elected for the same borough in company with Messrs. Bright and Muntz. Soon after this triumph, under Gladstone's administration he became President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet. During this administration Mr. Chamberlain continued to be a prominent member of the Radical party, and was generally regarded as the leader of its "advanced wing", but after the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1880 (in which he held the post of President of the Local Government Board) he resigned from its

ability to agree with the Prime Minister's Home Rule policy. At the general election of 1886, when he was returned unopposed for West Birmingham, he stood as a strong Unionist, and withdrew from the Gladstone party. In 1887 he went to the United States as Chairman of a Fisheries Commission, and signed the treaty in 1888. He went again to the States in the autumn of that year, and married Miss Endicott. On the elevation of Lord Hartington to the peerage, Mr. Chamberlain was nominated the leader of the Liberal-Unionist party in the House of Commons, and since this time he has untiringly opposed his former colleagues. His shrewd, vigorous and determined handling of President Kruger in the South African difficulty proved more than anything else the adaptation of the man to the office he now holds, and has increased his popularity to a marked degree. Although early in his career he was a Radical of the Radicals, with the ripening of his intellect he developed, as is generally the case with a tractable mind, a wholesome conservatism; and to-day no Tory can outdo him in the active promotion of Imperial unity and the consolidation of the Empire. Cool, skilful and logical in debate, his clear, vivid, incisive manner of expression, together with his overpowering personality, make him a formidable opponent to those who would thwart his will. Few men have risen to his altitude in so short a time and with no better opportunities at the outset, and few among his political contemporaries have a more favourable prospect of one day being raised to the peerage of the realm.

THE next time we shall see
Austin, Manly, and John
John F. ...
... was required to ...
... and his company ...

four-year-old boy, after consulting the house, committed suicide, is another instance of reckless ink-slinging from mere conjecture based on insufficient evidence. The boy's record, together with such details that will ever be known of the tragedy and its cause, are given elsewhere in this number, which, coupled with the significant fact that the coroner deemed an inquest unnecessary (there being no evidence to warrant the assumption of foul play), casts a dark reflection upon the credibility of journals that have again and again maligned us by their hasty and ill-founded conclusions. Whenever the name of a Barnardo boy has been spoken of in connection with an illegal transaction, it seems to be the policy of a few journalists to sling the ink-pot at that boy and besmirch his character. While an abundance of credible testimony may be cited to prove that a boy who has graduated from the Barnardo institutions is generally a good boy, so deeply rooted in the minds of some is the antipathy to what they consider "an undesirable element," that they cannot refrain from abuse until the undeserved suspicion is removed by subsequent investigation, but jump at once to the conclusion that he is guilty. This is unfair and unworthy of the journalist who realizes the responsibility of his position. Moreover, it is unjust and injurious to the prospects of the thousands of our boys in Ontario and elsewhere, whom the public may thus be misled into regarding with prejudice, when they are living most exemplary lives and earning a reputation for honesty, integrity, industry and good conduct. In this case, not only were the parents of the child shocked that any reference to crime should have been made, but the two lads were buried together, mourned alike as the victims of a fatality with a grief devoid of reprehension for either. At the grave the clergyman spoke in unstinted praise of Johnny Powell; of his good conduct and the many commendable traits of character manifested as a regular attendant of his church and Sunday school. Vindicated once more in the eyes of the world, and with a clear conscience and righteous indignation protesting against this continual misrepresentation, we remember our work and turn to it again more than ever convinced of its necessity, and of its ultimate triumph of truth and right.

On all its multitarious interests, perhaps "the one thing needful" to the commercial prosperity of the Dominion is good crops. The farmer is the greatest exporter, and he it is who brings the most ready money into the country in payment for his produce. When the farmer has plenty of money to spend, the manufacturer and merchant are busy and the citizen contented. This year will be an extremely favourable one for the agriculturist. With the exception of a temporary drop in the price of wheat—due, if not wholly, in a large measure, to the manipulation of the market by speculators—prices have been generally remunerative, and the demand for grain steady. The canning industry has had a boom, and in clearing off old stock, the packers will need to buy freely of fruit, vegetables and fish for their next output, which will benefit the growers. The weather, too, has been most propitious: there have been no frosts to nip the grain or fruit buds, and rain, and not too much of it, has fallen at the time when it was especially desired. The prospects are therefore most encouraging; indeed, we may venture to say that a plentiful harvest is assured. While the wave of prosperity is upon him, the frugal farmer will wipe off old debts, reduce or discharge the mortgage (if their be one) on his farm, and after providing to a reasonable extent for his creature comforts, put by a nice little sum for future use. Canada, with all its drawbacks, is not a bad place to live in, after all. Under the Union Jack, in a young and growing country of immense resources and fertility, with a salubrious, invigorating climate, the Canadian ruralist and citizen have much to be thankful for and much to hope for in the bright future which has begun to dawn upon this fair and favoured Dominion.



DON PEDRO and Uncle Sam from diplomatic sparring have got to blows, and Uncle Sam has his antagonist "in chancery." In the brief space of three months since the declaration of war, Rear Admiral Dewey has practically annihilated the Spanish squadron at Manila, and might have seized the Philippine Islands had he a force large enough to occupy them, and control the

turbulent population. Havana is blockaded and a more or less effective blockade has been established of all the Cuban ports; and with Admiral Cervera and his crew prisoners of war and his ships destroyed, and the third division of the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Camara, in a state of dilapidation, so that it is scarcely seaworthy, much less in a condition to meet a stronger and well-equipped foe, the Spaniard is on his last legs and in a truly pitiable plight. On the verge of bankruptcy and civil war at home; his colonies in revolt against misrule and oppression; a discontented soldiery fighting his battles abroad, ill-fed, ragged and their pay in arrears; his ships and forts unable to withstand the terrific fire of modern ironclads, and their ordnance of a type obsolete in the warfare of to-day; only the pride of the Don and his sensitiveness to the humiliation of defeat, warrant the prolongation of a war that has so far been almost wholly in favour of the Yankee, to whom a cheap and certain victory is already assured. The American arms have certainly received a check at Santiago, where the belligerents were more fairly matched than elsewhere; still, as the outcome of the fight, the troops of the United States have captured the outworks of the city, which must soon capitulate or be taken by assault. In the meantime Uncle Sam is going about with a swelled head and it is not because the Spaniard punched it, either



As the progeny of John "A Chip off Bull, Uncle Sam bids the Old Block," fair to resemble his father in so many traits of character, that the other powers are doing all they can to circumvent an Anglo-American alliance. One England is enough for this world, they think; two, and these two united for co-operative action, would

make the Anglo-Faxon an impossible dictator as to what shall or shall not be. For some time the attitude of the United States has been an aggressive one as to the extension of its commerce, while it has refrained from territorial aggrandizement and declined to meddle with the politics of Europe. But, having developed into a populous, wealthy country, of immense internal resources, it has dared to interfere with the rule of Spain in Cuba, and dictate to that nation the alternative of freedom for Cuba or war. In the war thus precipitated, the United States has astonished the world with a brilliant naval victory at Manila, and shown such skill, courage and enterprise, considering its unpreparedness, in the general prosecution of the war, that it is now conceded that this young and virile people are worthy descendants of an illustrious stock, and are now a power to be reckoned with should their interests be infringed upon. This war will teach them their weaknesses as well as reveal their strength, and if it should result, as anticipated, in their raising a large standing army and the strengthening of their navy, the introduction of this new factor into the problem of statesmen cannot otherwise be viewed than as a serious menace, made trebly ominous by the prospect of an alliance with Great Britain. The Philippines have already become a bone of contention, around which the dogs of war are beginning to snarl, in order to frighten the United States to drop it. Will the United States become a colonizing power? That is the moot point which is vexing many statesmen in Europe just now. And how to keep Uncle Sam at home, instead of picking up eligible sites for coaling stations and acquiring a few centres of trade in the Pacific and Caribbean Sea, is another problem which the German Emperor, for one, is seeking to solve



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But if you must, buy a good one.

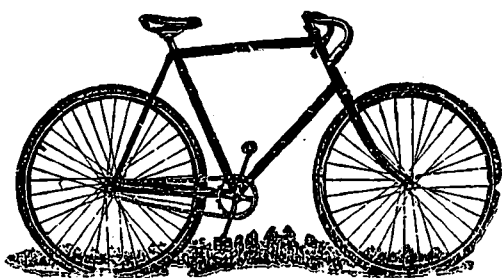
This is a good one.

The manufacturer claims for

xxxxxxxx

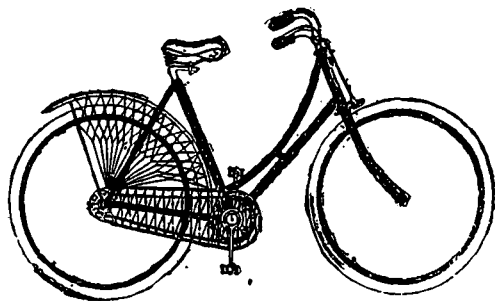
"The Ivanhoe"

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