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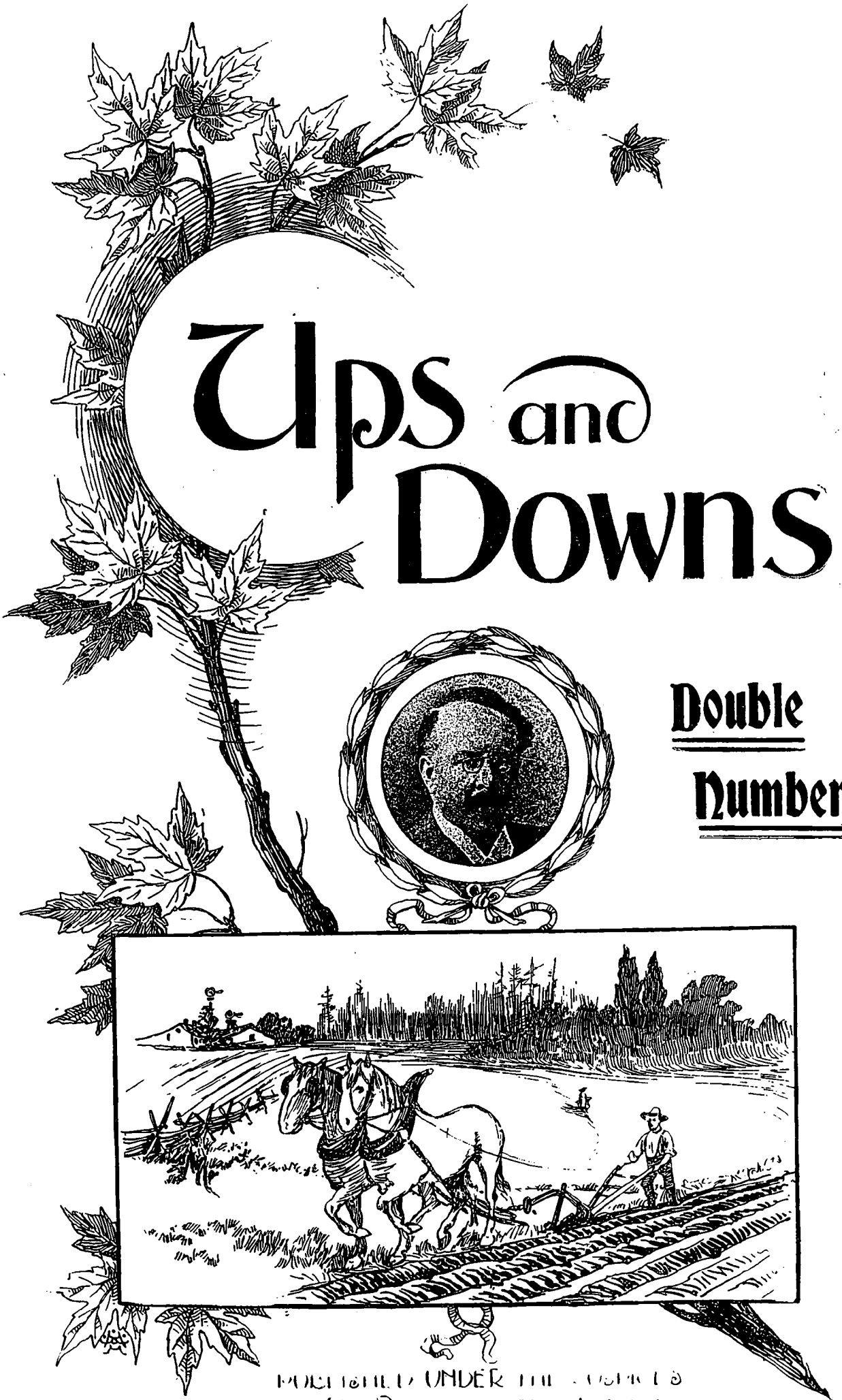
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Tips and Downs



Double
Number.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF DR BARNARD'S HOMES

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

This directory contains the names of those of 100 boys who came from England, Scotland, and the United States to the United States of America in 1847.

Ashton, William	Mr. Levi Mays	Killyleagh, Ont.
Ashton, William	Mr. William Rutherford	Hagersville, Ont.
Allen, Joseph	Mr. William J. Donaldson	Kinburn, Ont.
Allen, William	Mr. Alexander Sinclair	Cheltenham, Ont.
Andrews, Arthur Richard	Mr. Walker Sayers	Moira, Ont.
Adams, Charles	Mr. William J. Doble	Victoria Corners, Ont.
Adams, Ernest Alfred	Mr. Thomas Merrick	Victoria Corners, Ont.
Ahlen, Wilhelm	Mr. Hugh McCully	Mull, Ont.
Bendell, Wilfred	Mr. George Williams	West McGillivray, Ont.
Button, Bernard C.	Mr. Henry B. Sutton	St. Thomas, Ont.
Brown, George	Mr. Riley Roszell	Fletcher, Ont.
Brookman, William	Mr. Richard J. Bishop	Limestone, Ont.
Beard, Isaac John	Mr. G. W. Firth	Frome, Ont.
Bignell, Frederick William	Mr. James Ellis	Harrietsville, Ont.
Carpenter, William	Mr. R. J. Wilson	Enterprise, Ont.
Collins, Henry	Mr. James Williamson	Mount Forest, Ont.
Caldwell, Edward	Mr. James Sinclair	Walkerville, Ont.
Care, Charles Stephen	Mr. N. A. Sitter	Birnam, Ont.
Care, Ernest	Mr. S. W. McCraney	Oakville, Ont.
Cole, William Henry	Mr. Allan E. McKay	Harwich, Ont.
Cassells, John Donaldson	Mr. Robert Oliver	Allen's Mills, Ont.
Cassells, Henry William McF.	Mr. George Henry	Cheltenham, Ont.
Clayton, Albert Arthur	Mr. Russell Rogers	Kingsville, Ont.
Charles, George Alfred	Mr. Frederick Field	South Buxton, Ont.
Conway, Frederick Bertram	Mr. Thomas Welsh	Centralia, Ont.
Cock, Charles Garnet	Mr. Wilton Fox	Kingsville, Ont.
Corras, William Laurence	Mr. Thomas S. Crombie	Whittington, Ont.
Dean, Charles	Mr. Adolph Thur	Golden Lake, Ont.
Dixon, John Thomas	Mr. Angus Gillespie	Thamesville, Ont.
Edbrooke, Frederick H.	Mr. Thomas Galbraith	Kerwood, Ont.
Endicott, David	Mr. Edwin Myles	South Woodsee, Ont.
Flatman, Albert John	Mr. John C. Staddon	Oxley, Ont.
Freeman, John Henry	Mr. Joseph W. Irwin	Lakehurst, Ont.
Freeman, Charles Frederick	Mr. Robert Harvey	Guelpf, Ont.
Fall, Ernest	Mr. Richard Williamson	Brampton, Ont.
Gates, Joseph	Mr. William James Philip	Dromore, Ont.
Graham, Edmund	Mr. William Dillon	Atkinson, Ont.
Guthrie, Albert	Mr. Edward Irwin	Hall's Bridge, Ont.
Grantham, James	Mr. Edwin Phipps	Fairfield Plains, Ont.
Green, Charles Edward	Mr. Chas. W. Macklin	Centreton, Ont.
Green, Edward	Mr. John Spicer	Yeovil, Ont.
Hand, Harry	Mr. William James Johnson	Elm, Ont.
Hayward, Walter	Mr. C. Stanley Collyer	Tyrrell, Ont.
Holmes, Sidney	Mr. Robert Small	Alliston, Ont.
Hall, Thomas W.	Mr. Ben F. Canby	Burnaby, Ont.
Hall, Eric Carter	Mr. Thomas Dick	Arkwright, Ont.
Hammerton, Robert	Mr. Robert Paulker	Fallowfield, Ont.
Hargraves, James	Mr. William Reid, Sr.	Enterprise, Ont.
Harris, Reginald	Dr. Adams	Embro, Ont.
Howard, Thomas	Mr. Edward Patton	Glamorgan, Ont.
Hughes, George	Mr. James Carmichael	Arva, Ont.
Hedley, Thomas	Mr. John Skakel	Selton, Ont.
Hennell, Francis	Mr. Ronald G. McEabern	Robb, Ont.
Joyce, Albert Henry	Mr. James J. Guest	Cobden, Ont.
Jeffreys, Edward Harry	Mr. Albert William Robinson	Ilderton, Ont.
Jones, Nicholas	Mr. John G. McCallum	Cowal, Ont.
Kent, Wilfred Henry	Mr. George A. Baird	Watford, Ont.
Kelley, James	Mr. Lemuel C. Strigler	Allandale, Ont.
King, Albert Henry	Mrs. F. Lampman	Palmyra, Ont.
Kenyon, John	Mr. John Sweeney	Rankin, Ont.
Kingswell, William Alfred	Mr. John Henry Pogue	Little Britain, Ont.
Logan, C. N. Gladstone	Mr. Fred W. Dunbar	Millbrook, Ont.
Liggins, Leonard R.	Mr. Thomas E. Owens	Marathon, Ont.
Long, James	Mr. John White	Dartford, Ont.
Langstone, Herbert Clifford	Mr. George A. Snarr	Harold, Ont.
Longstaff, John	Mr. Alexander A. McLean	Finch, Ont.
Miller, William	Mr. Angus Galbraith	Dutton, Ont.
Mallett, John	Mr. Alexander Groves	Kinburn, Ont.
Mason, Arthur	Mr. William Henry Cowling	Littlewood, Ont.
Moss, George	Mr. John T. Bell	Fisherville, Ont.
Mowbray, Thomas	Mr. James A. Argue	Allenwood, Ont.
Moore, Albert Emmanuel	Mr. George A. Williams	Christina, Ont.
Mitchell, Lewis Leon	Mr. John Averill	Markdale, Ont.
Morgan, George Robert	Mr. George Adrain	Forfar, Ont.
Morgan, Cecil M.	Mr. Thomas Bolton	Portland, Ont.
Morgan, Joseph Edward	Mr. Donald McRae	Lawrence, Ont.
Milton, John Edward	Mr. Robert McKenzie	Harwood, Ont.
Nosworthy, Walter	Mr. T. Addison Hand	Hazeldean, Ont.
Newman, Richard Thomas	Mr. Edwin L. Smith	Clearville, Ont.
Noble, Walter	Mr. John J. Purcell	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Ozanne, Herbert Henry	Mr. John M. Whyte	Pakenham, Ont.
Osborne, Walter John	Mr. James Orr	Victoria Corners, Ont.
Proctor, Stanley	Mr. Robert Streachon	Craighurst, Ont.
Perceval, Thomas Alexander	Mr. William Lewis	The Grove, Ont.
Payne, George	Mr. William John Armstrong	Marathon, Ont.
Putman, Arthur Henry	Mr. Alfred House	Kingsville, Ont.
Potten, Herbert	Mr. William Cooper	Houghton, Ont.
Russell, William	Mr. Richard Fenwick	South Woodsee, Ont.
Richardson, Douglas	Mr. John Castle	Primrose, Ont.
Rose, James	Mr. Theodore Wigle	Kingsville, Ont.
Rice, George Thomas	Mr. C. I. McPaul	Allisonville, Ont.
Rogers, Thomas	Mr. John Brown	Red Wing, Ont.
Rooke, Thomas B. C.	Mr. John P. Grierson	Dirkton, Ont.
Rooke, Richard J. D.	Mr. Nathaniel Gordon	Kilmars, Ont.
Sanderson, William	Mr. Richard Newton	Kerwood, Ont.
Story, Edgar Edwin	Mr. Crawford Reynold	Oxford Mills, Ont.
Slater, Leonard	Mrs. Martha McMurray	Kintore, Ont.
Slater, Oscar	Mr. Henry McWain	Cobble Hill, Ont.
Selwood, William L.	Mr. William L. Coutts	Goldsmith, Ont.
Springall, Frederick	Mr. Francis B. Hodgkin	Arva, Ont.



View of King Street, Hamilton, Ontario.



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

Vol. VIII.—No. 1]

TORONTO, APRIL-MAY, 1902.

[PER ANNUM, 25c.

Editorial Notes

Explanations. We are afraid some of our friends will have begun to think that UPS AND DOWNS must have gone the way of all flesh. It is certainly a long while since we gave any evidence of our existence, but we are happy to announce that we are still on deck and not entirely a spent force as yet. We were very sorry to miss the issue of the April number, but circumstances were such that we had no alternative. When the Editor left for England in February, it was with the full expectation of sailing with the first party on or about the 20th of March. This would have brought him back, in the ordinary course of events, before the end of the month; and if such had been the case, it would then have been possible, by dint of considerable exertion and general rushing of things all round, to get out our April number nearly on time. Our calculations, however, were entirely upset by the unforeseen and unwelcome, but, under the circumstances, altogether unavoidable, postponement of our sailing from England till March 27th. We reached Toronto, as it was, on the night of the 8th of April, and to attempt then, amidst all the extra work attending the distribution of a large party, the additional task of the issue of a number of Ups and Downs would have been a veritable last bale of straw, under which the camel must inevitably

have succumbed. So we gave up perforce the attempt, and decided upon making a double number of our May issue, which double number we now present to our readers in the hope that it will find them in the full enjoyment in their hearts and lives of all the brightness, the sunshine and the cheerfulness of which being is the token.



Our Earliest Comers. WE have opened the season's campaign very satisfactorily with the arrival of our first contingent, numbering 242. It was almost exclusively a boys' party, and a remarkably fine party at that, as everyone testified who encountered us in transit and had eyes to see and judgment to discern. Of course, we know well that even under the fairest externals there oft-times lurk the elements of mischief and failure, and that sorry fruit is sometimes found on trees of attractive appearance and handsome growth. We have not the gift of prophecy and cannot forecast the future of any one of the twelve score lads who have just left us to begin life for themselves in this great Dominion, but we can truthfully say—and we say it with heart-felt thankfulness and gratification—that we have never had committed to our charge a pair of lads among which a better spirit prevailed during the time they were under our observation than

showed no marked and satisfactory evidences of good training, that were more amenable to discipline and orderly in their general conduct and behaviour. The great majority of the party seemed to us, in fact, just what boys ought to be who are going out as young colonists to make their way in a new country—sound and healthy in body, having had plenty of out-door exercise and good athletic training, bright and intelligent in mind and manner, decent in morals and, generally, honest, wholesome, well-disciplined, sensible English lads. That they will all turn out well and successfully make their way in the country we cannot, and do not, expect; but we look forward with confident expectation to seeing most of our last party develop into useful and respectable members of the community, and if Dr. Barnardo had done nothing else for the Dominion, he would have deserved well of Canadians for the 242 young people whom he has just landed.



The party consisted of
The Make-up 29 from the Youths'
of the Party Labour House, 44 from
 Stepney Causeway, 7
 from Shepherd House, 6 from Epsom,
 41 who had lately been recalled from
 boarding out in England, 14 extra
 members of the party, special cases
 who, under certain conditions, travelled
 under our escort, and, last but not
 least, 101 from Leopold House. Among
 the Labour House contingent will
 probably be found most of the black
 sheep, which no one's flock can hope
 to be entirely free from; but these big
 lads are not going out to be placed in
 situations for the present, but to receive,
 in the first instance, a year's active train-
 ing at the Farm Home, under the able
 supervision of Mr. Struthers. We
 doubt not that this training will do
 much for most if not all, of the party,
 and that in his latest consignment Mr.
 Struthers has some fairly promising
 material to work upon. The Stepney
 boys included a number of old shop
 boys who have been under the training
 of the Home for many years past, and
 about whose future there can be no

misgiving. The rank and file of the
 Stepney contingent contained a lot of
 good, able-bodied, hard working lads,
 who will make capital farmers' helpers
 and give a creditable account of them-
 selves. The little chaps from Shepherd
 House and Epsom are mostly under
 the age for placing in situations, and
 have gone to foster-homes where their
 maintenance will be paid for during the
 next few years while they continue to
 attend school. Most of them were
 sturdy, bonny little lads, and they were
 as good and happy during the voyage
 as children could be. The boarding-
 out boys were a well-selected detach-
 ment, and most of them have evidently
 been under the care of kindly, con-
 scientious folk in England, who have
 trained them carefully and brought
 them up in the way they should go.
 Among these little ex-boarded-out boys
 are many who have been under Dr.
 Barnardo's care from infancy, and
 whose earliest recollections are of
 Babies' Castle or foster-homes in Kent
 and Surrey.



Of the Leopold House
Our Right lads who formed the
Hand Men bulk of the party we can
 only speak in terms of
 the highest praise. Among them we had
 several of the old musical boys, and
 these were the *corps d'elite* of our
 party. We have never had before, and
 scarcely expect to be so favoured as to
 have again, such willing, reliable, re-
 sponsible and efficient petty officers as
 we found in McDonald, Ducklin,
 George Thomas and three or four
 others. McDonald was our second in
 command on every important occasion,
 and always the same trusty, sensible,
 capable helper. The trip must always
 remain impressed upon our memory on
 account of the splendid services of our
 boy staff, and we wish to take this
 opportunity of thanking them one and
 all for the unfailing and valuable help
 we received from them. With the few-
 est exceptions, the Leopold House con-
 tingent, generally, were bright boys of
 good physique, who will prove them-
 selves the right men in the right place
 as they grow up on the farms in Canada

**In Health
and Safety**

We crossed by the steamer *Dominion* of the Dominion Line, an old marine acquaintance and excellent sea boat. She is not one of the greyhounds of the Atlantic, and considering that we encountered head winds almost the whole way across, we had nothing to complain of in reaching Portland harbour on the night of Sunday the 7th of April. Our voyage was without remarkable event or accident of any kind. Needless to say that with serious epidemics as rife as they are at present on both sides of the Atlantic, there was occasion for much anxious watchfulness; but, through God's good providence, we escaped any of the ills that had foreboded, and no plague came nigh our dwelling. We were treated with the same kindness, courtesy and attention as usual—which is saying a great deal—by all the officials, medical, railroad, customs, etc., with whom we had to do at Portland and at each stage of our journey, and the final distribution of the party was accomplished with the customary despatch and facility. Within a fortnight of their leaving the London Homes the entire party, with the exception of the small section for the North-West, had reached their ultimate destinations in Canada and settled down into their new homes.



**The Doctor
and His Work.**

OUR readers will learn with no little pleasure that we left Dr. Barnardo in decidedly improved health, and having gone through an unusually arduous and trying winter's work without break-down and apparently without ill effects. The severe and well-nigh fatal illness of last year has left its unmistakable traces, but the Doctor seems to us to have lost nothing of his mental force, and we should imagine his power for brain work is as vigorous and active as ever, and his grasp of detail as clear and his appetite for work as intense as at any time of his life. Certainly the Institutions were never in a state of more active development in every direction, and during the past few months the work

may be said to have advanced with giant strides. We fancy that we are by no means as deep on this side of the water, but at home they are up and doing with a vengeance. The opening of new Institutions, the enlarging the scope of those already in existence, the improving and strengthening of methods of organization, the increasing in efficiency of every agency employed are in evidence on all sides, and all with the one grand object of seeking out, relieving and redressing child suffering, hardship and wrong wherever and under whatever circumstances it is to be found. There are, at the present time, over 5,400 children actually resident in the Homes and entirely dependent upon Dr. Barnardo for food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care. Ninety-eight distinct and separate Homes or Branches are in active operation in different parts of the United Kingdom, and several important additions are to be made to the list very shortly, while nearly 45,000 young people have now passed through the Homes and gone forth into life, trained and equipped for future usefulness and good citizenship. The money for it all does come in, uncertainly, tardily, as the result of great and unceasing effort, and often not till the Doctor's faith must have been tried to the severest limit; but the barrel of meal has not yet wasted, or the cuse of oil failed, and although living entirely from hand to mouth, without a cent of reserved funds or assured income, the liabilities of the work have, so far, been met, its needs have been supplied and the Doctor has gone on from strength to strength, and the mighty organization under his hands has advanced and is still advancing.



**Impressions
of the
Old Land**

As to general affairs in the Old Country, one who only occasionally visits England cannot be taken to task for many direct observations. The only practical advice given to be the Prince of Wales, in the speech to which he reviewed his royal tour, that he must "wake up" the English people in the saying, that

they have done things which enable them to hold their own than to sit still and expect the rest of the world to place on what superior people they are, what superior goods they manufacture and how superior are their time-honoured ways and methods to those of their rivals and competitors. The war and the almost universal outburst of hostility and ill-feeling towards us of which the war has furnished the occasion, has had a very chastening effect and given a severe but very timely blow to our national self-sufficiency. We had fancied ourselves supremely great in our "splendid isolation," and had flattered ourselves with the belief that though "we don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do," all sorts of things must happen and the rest of the world quake and tremble. Those old Dutch farmers in the Transvaal, that have been keeping us busy during the last three years, have taught us a lesson that we, no doubt, greatly needed and that has done us an immense amount of good. It has shown us that a good deal more than music-hall shouting is necessary if we are to maintain our naval and military prestige, and that to uphold our position among the nations we must earnestly devote ourselves to the task of developing a far higher degree of intelligence and efficiency in our public services. We have awakened to the knowledge that in our army the rank and file must be something more than mere machines, and the officers must have other qualifications than those of idle men of fashion and pleasure. We have learned that hide-bound regulations and official red-tapeism must give way to the exercise of intelligence and resource. The defects of our military system have, in fact, been painfully and glaringly brought home to us, and in military matters, at any rate, we are alive to our faults and anxious to set our house in order.



It is a lesson that we shall never forget, and we believe that our gratitude is due to those old Dutch farmers for the lesson that has been so timely and so valuable to the people of this country.

These years have had its silver lining in the strengthening and stiffening of the national character. We hold the opinion that England is coming out of this trial, with all its humiliating incidents, a greater and far stronger nation than she entered it; that her people are sobered, chastened and stimulated; that it has given a deeper and more strenuous tone to our public life, and has checked the flippancy and self-complacency that were fast becoming a habit of mind among the people. It has called out the manliness; the endurance, the self-sacrifice, the stubborn courage of the people, and, we believe, has led many to turn to the God of their fathers who had well-nigh forgotten Him, and to realize that righteousness alone exalteth a nation. England is to-day intent, as we believe she never was before, upon doing her duty to her people at home and abroad. She is addressing herself in a practical, earnest and Christian spirit to the problems of intemperance and impurity, the housing of the people and the improvement of education. Her foreign policy, if it is sometimes short-sighted and vacillating, is dictated by no greedy desire for self-aggrandizement and aims only at securing the maintenance of her territorial rights and an open door and equal privileges with other nations for her merchants and traders, while her colonial policy throughout all her possessions is to give to those who live under her flag the fullest possible measure of personal liberty, self-government and social and religious freedom.



**Feeling
Towards
the Colonies**

As for the effect of the war upon the relations of the mother country and the daughter nations, "Britain beyond the seas," it would be difficult to exaggerate the warmth of national sentiment which the loyalty and the ready and generous support of the colonies has awakened among all classes. We dislike and resent Mr. Kipling's unworthy suggestion that we "tanned" on the younger nations, the men who could tide and shoot. There has been

nothing fawning in our attitude, or anything unbecoming the dignity of a great nation, but the moral and material support of our colonies in our defence of the honour and integrity of the Empire has touched and warmed every English heart, and we have felt that as long as we can stand shoulder to shoulder with our brothers in Canada, Australasia and South Africa, we can regard with comparative indifference the jealous animosity of any or all of the European powers. The war has knit us together as an Empire as nothing else could have done, and the men and the sons of the men who have fought and suffered together on the veldt in South Africa have established a bond of union among the British race at home and over seas, upon which may indeed be inscribed *Quis Separabit*.



WE invite attention to our **Sunday Hour** a new feature in our paper that we inaugurate with the present number. The "Sunday Hour" is the title under which we propose to devote a page or two to the subjects that especially concern the life that is to come, and to draw the thoughts of our readers to the kingdom that is not of this world. We shall gratefully welcome any suggestions that will serve to make this department of our magazine interesting and profitable. In the present number we have attempted nothing more than to set forth in brief outline our own position in regard to those fundamental truths of revealed religion, the acceptance of which we believe to be necessary to the overcoming of evil in this world and the attainment in the world to come of the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away. If these truths present difficulties to any of our readers, or if they can from their own experience, or from what they know of others, offer or suggest anything that will bring us to a better knowledge or clearer understanding of the things that belong to our peace, we invite them to contribute their thought. We seek to make our Sunday Hour a means of help to each one of us in running the race that is

before us, and we hope for the future to see the participation of all our readers.



Supply and Demand.

By the time the present issue reaches our subscribers the second emigration party of the season, consisting of 105 girls, will be on the Atlantic. These, we expect, will be followed in July by a very large mixed party and by a fourth party in September. The big total of last year, 1,013, will, we hope, be at least equalled during the present season; but five times that number could not approximately supply the existing demand. Our application list is reaching extraordinary dimensions, and every mail brings additions to it. Such a state of things not only evidences the prosperity and rapid development of the country, but is the best possible vindication of Dr. Barnardo's work and the strongest testimony to the estimation in which our lads are held and the reputation they have established for themselves in the twenty years during which they have been settling in the Dominion and growing up in Canadian farm households. We could only wish that we had not the field so entirely to ourselves, and often when in England we contemplate the huge barrack-like establishments, Industrial schools, District schools, Workhouse schools and the like, maintained at enormous expense to the ratepayers in various parts of the kingdom, we cannot help lamenting over the number of boys and girls who are growing up in these places under the stigma of pauperism, who might not only be self-supporting in Canada instead of being a public charge in England, but might be growing up to prosperity and independence, supplying Canada with British colonists of the most useful and promising class and aiding directly in the upbuilding of the Empire and the development of its resources.



For the purpose of making it possible to send out a large number of emigrants, the Government has not a rare to send out a large number of emigrants, and we hope for the future to see the participation of all our readers.

British birth and nationality. We are not amongst the number of those who feel any alarm at the prospect of the settlement in the West of large colonies of Germans, Scandinavians, Finns, Doukhobors or Gallicians. There is plenty of room on the Western prairies for as much of the tide of European emigration as Canada is likely to receive for many years to come, and the people who are attracted by the bracing climate and rigorous conditions of life in the Canadian North-West are not a class whose presence will have any degenerative effect. But we sometimes wonder that those who censure or criticize the Canadian Government for its failure to draw larger numbers of immigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland, do not turn their attention more actively to the possibilities of juvenile immigration. Unquestionably it is a work that requires careful organization, and one that can only be successfully carried on within certain strict limitation and under wise and watchful administration. The young colonists must be carefully selected in the first instance to ensure their physical, mental and moral fitness for Canadian life, the homes in which they are placed must be selected with judgment and after due and proper enquiry into the character and circumstances of the persons receiving them, and subsequently the young people must be kept under close and vigilant supervision until they are able to manage their own affairs. These conditions, however, are neither costly or impracticable, and we venture to express our opinion, based on our knowledge and experience in the work, that there is no enterprise to day that the Canadian Government could concern itself in with greater advantage to the country than an attempt to concert with the Imperial authorities a some comprehensive scheme for placing out in Canada on the lines that Dr. Barnardo has so suc-

cessfully followed, some of the thousands of orphaned and dependent children who are now being supported in Poor Law institutions, but who have the physical health, the training and the ability to become useful citizens of the Dominion if the chance were but placed within their reach.



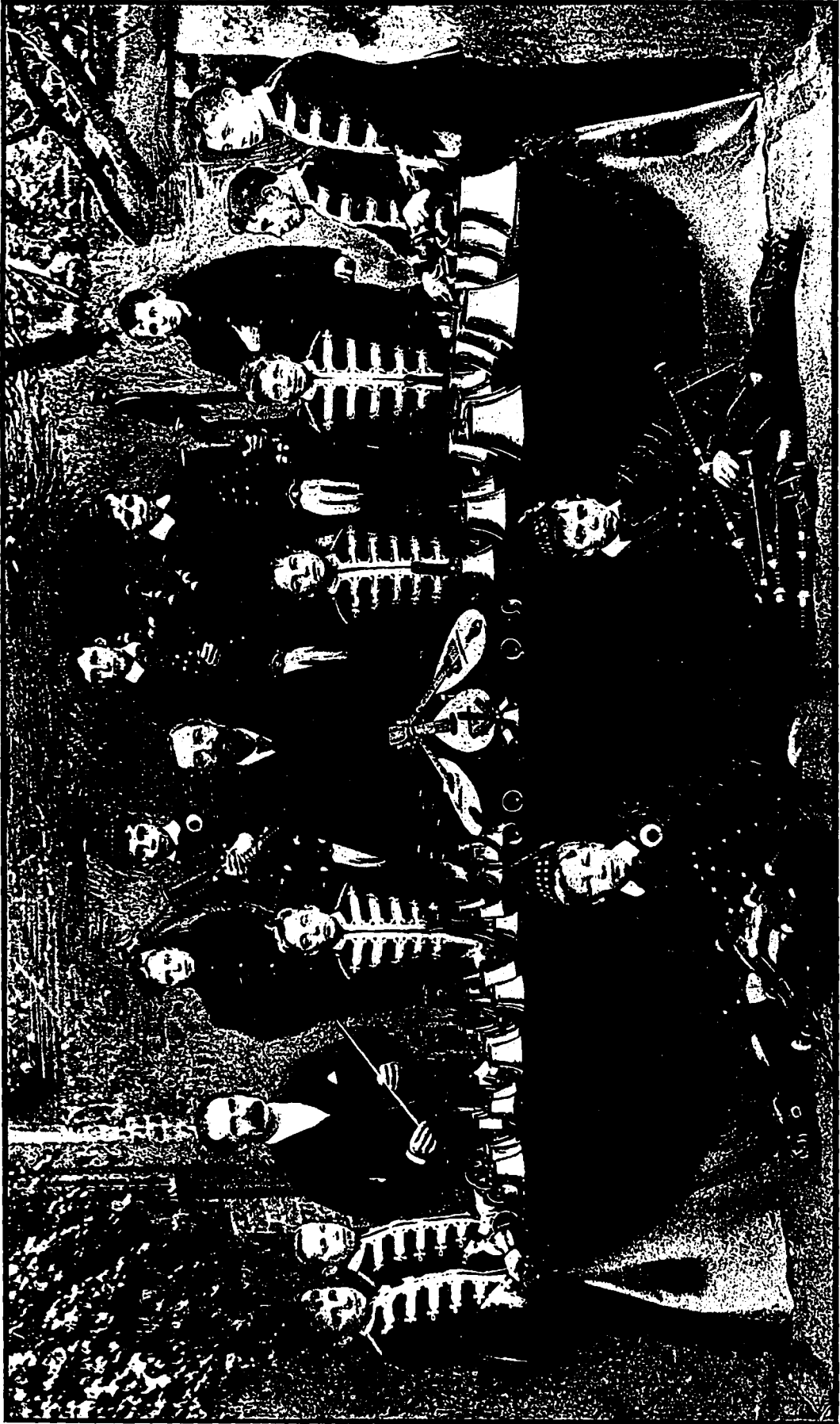
Our Western Budget. WE are devoting a considerable amount of space in the present number to letters recently received from our youngsters in the North-West. We cannot claim for the majority of these productions any high order of literary merit, but they will, we are sure, have an interest for all our readers in the bright little glimpses they give us of the lives and doings of our lads on the prairie farms. They serve to show that our boys are contented and happy amongst their surroundings, that they are taking a keen and intelligent interest in what is going on about them, and looking forward hopefully to their prospects in the country. We think we may assert without fear of contradiction that these letters demonstrate conclusively that the Canadian North West is a good country for our boys, and that our boys are good if we stated our candid opinion we should say the very best-settlers for the country. We have only to add that we offer all our correspondents, both those whose letters are inserted and the sadly large number whose contributions we are compelled by lack of space to reject for publication, our cordial and grateful thanks for their communications, and to express our hope that our boys will write to us as often and as fully as they can about their affairs, letting us as far as possible share their experiences with them and enjoy their confidence in anything that concerns their welfare and progress.

Dr. Barnardo's Musical Boys

THE "Musical Boys" play a not unimportant part in the institutional life of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. If Stepney can boast of its band of brass and wind instruments, then Leopold House can pride itself upon its hand-bell ringers, its Highland pipers and its players upon xylophones, dulcimers, mandolines, ocarinas, fairy-bells and auto-harps. It is many years ago since Dr. Barnardo had the first band of bell ringers and pipers put into training, and occasionally honoured them by allowing them to play at meetings which he addressed. It was not, however, until the appointment of Mr. J. B. Wookey and Rev. W. J. Mayers as Deputation Secretaries that the necessity arose for the fuller training and organization of the musical lads, and for some years past the actual instruction of the pipers has been in the hands of that sturdy Highlander, Mr. Milne, and the burden of giving tuition in the art and mystery of bell-ringing and playing on many other instruments has fallen upon Mr. H. Aaron, A.T.S.C., whose skill and patience have worked wonders on many relays of youthful musicians. To Mr. Chidgey now falls the position of mandoline teacher, while the general oversight and supervision of the whole of the musical boys is entrusted to Rev. W. J. Mayers, whose work is by no means a sinecure. In addition to the two efficient "touring bands," each numbering twelve or fourteen boys, there are two "reserve" bands coming on to fill the places of the efficient as they go off to situations, and beside these are the novices just making a beginning, the whole keeping Mr. Aaron's hands quite full when he is not assisting Mr. Mayers at the meetings held with the "A" band of boys. If the judgment of the public is to be taken as a criterion, the boys make good progress, for they are always very well received and their efforts loudly applauded. It would be difficult to say which instrument is the

favourite with the audiences; perhaps with the more musical the beautiful silver-toned hand-bells take the palm, though certainly to the juveniles the bagpipes seem to give the greatest delight, but both the ocarinas and mandolines are fast coming into favour. Many are the journeys taken by the musical boys in different parts of the British Isles, and a few years ago some even ventured forth under the guidance of Rev. W. J. Mayers to Australasia, and to Canada and the United States under the leadership of Mr. Wookey.

What wonderful tales the boys might tell of the places they have visited and the way they have been received as guests into many homes! This freely-given hospitality has been very gratifying to Dr. Barnardo, since it has testified to the confidence reposed in him and his helpers, and the sympathy felt for his great work. Many of the old "musical boys" are now out and about in the world, and from letters received it is clear that they do not forget or undervalue their former pleasures and privileges. A few of the pipers have made a mark in some of the bands of the Highland regiments, and other boys have turned their musical training to good account both in public and private life. They often turn up at the meetings held in the towns in which their lot is cast, and not long ago Mr. Mayers spied two of them in one of his audiences, and, calling them up to the platform, gave them the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with the bells. The audience was delighted, and the way the young fellows went through "Home, Sweet Home" showed how thoroughly Mr. Aaron had drilled them in the good old days. Not many "musical boys" have been sent to Canada, but some are there and others will shortly follow them. It thus should meet their eye let them know that they are not forgotten by their friends and companions.



C. Keel G. Ward Mr. H. Aaron E. Dalton J. Hornett W. Scandrett A. Picknell F. Farrow W. Shepperd J. Shaw
W. Slade Rev. W. J. Mayers S. Peck A. Bartram F. Dix
F. Huxley

at Leopold House, or by those under whose directions they often appeared in public. As they look at the group of boys presented in this number of UPS AND DOWNS, let them think of the past and, by God's help, seek to keep well up to the mark the reputation for good and gentlemanly conduct they

won in the Old Country. And may they have music wherever they go—the sweet music of God's heavenly blessing, the new song of the Saviour's grace, and the lovely strains of the Holy Spirit's peace, and these in blessed anticipation of the grand Hallelujah Chorus of Heaven.

W. J. M.

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to April 26th:

Anderson, Walter R., \$1; Arthey, John F., \$5; Broster, Frederick, \$1; Bell, Thos., (2'00), \$2; Baker, Oscar, \$2; Bruce, Alfred, \$1; Barton, Amos D., \$5; Barnes, Herbert L., \$5; Bateman, Harry, \$1; Baker, N., \$1; Cavit, George, \$5; Cushion, Harold, 50c.; Capps, Percy, \$1; Cousins, Wm. J. H., \$2; Cook, Wm. S., \$8; Clements, Edward, \$1.50; Clarke, Alfred W., \$2; Cose, Gideon M., 65c.; Corral, John G., \$2; Davies, Walter, \$5; Daintree, Geo. C. H., \$3; Erwood, Frederick G., \$1.75; Eames, Ernest, \$5; Edwards, Henry, \$5; Farley, Chas. F., \$12.30; Ferrell, Edgar, \$5; Faint, Edward, \$3; Foale, Henry W. H., \$14.35; Hinton, Thos. C., \$2; Hawkesworth, Robt. W., \$1.63; Hosier, Ernest J., \$2; Hills, Bertram H. L., \$2.50; Hale, Alfred J. P., \$3; Hedger, Henry H., \$5; Harry, Sidney, \$5; Howard, Bertie, \$5; Howell, Arthur, \$2; Helmore, Alfred C., \$3; Hornblower, Michael, \$5; Huxter, Frederick, \$5; Hobbs, William, (3'92), 75c.; Hollifield, Wm. T., \$1; Hawkes, George, \$1; Hallam, Richard Henry, \$1; Hales, Frederick, \$1; Hemming, John H., \$2; Hallday, Henry, \$2; Jones, Charles, (1'99), \$1.50; King, Chas. H., \$5; Love-lock, Wm., \$1.50; Luff, William, \$1; Lock-year, Albert, \$2; Morgan, E. W. and S. G., 25c.; Mitchell, Thos., \$1.50; Melrose,

Walter, \$5; Matthews, Wm. G., \$2; Matthews, Edward, \$1; Moss, Chas. W., \$2; Morgan, Wm. C., \$5; Norris, Geo. H., \$5; Out-tridge, James, \$1; Owlett, Wm., \$1; Palmer, Wm., \$1.50; Perry, Thos. L., \$2; Fow, Thomas, \$5; Parrott, Robert, \$3; Fegg, Daniel, \$10; Pearce, Henry, \$5; Pearce, John, \$5; Richardson, Reginald, \$1; Stephens, Wm. C., \$1; Spraggins, Frederick, W., \$1; Smart, James G., \$5; Smith, Wm. (3'98), \$2; Sparkes, James, \$1; Strong, John F., \$2; Smith, George (2'03), \$2; Singer, Jacob, \$2; Sherwood, Geo., \$2; Smith, George (3'95), \$2; Storrs, Ernest, \$1; Tanner, James A., \$1.50; Touzel, Gordon, \$5; Trott, Henry, \$1; Toreville, R. C. H., 75c.; Vincent, Alfred, \$5; Wash, Alfred C., \$10; Woodstock, Chas., \$1; Waring, Samuel, \$2; Whitehead, Albert, \$5; Watson, Harold, \$1; Ward, Frederick C., \$3.50; Walker, John, \$1; Watts, Henry, \$1; Ward, Thomas, (2'89), \$1; White, Joseph W., \$1; Wilcox, Walter, W., \$5. Total, \$283.93.

We have also received special contributions towards the publication of UPS AND DOWNS as follows:

Anderson, Geo. F., 84c.; Arthey, John F., \$1; Brown, Henry C., \$1; Collar, Arthur, 25c.; Evans, W. B., \$2.43; Heath, John, 65c.; Hall, Chas. H. E., \$5; Mundell, Geo., 50c.; Morrish, Miss Anne, \$3; Moyers, Rev. W. J., \$4.87; Powell, Alfred, 55c.; Sparkes, James, 50c.; Finnis, David, \$2; Wheeler, Thos., 52c.; Ward, Thos., \$1



THE affairs of the Homes in Manitoba for the past month have run on smoothly and in a very satisfactory manner. The weather has been most enjoyable, with the exception of one severe storm about the middle of March, and the outside work at the Farm Home has gone on apace. Cattle are being turned out in excellent condition after having gone through an exceedingly comfortable winter, and already obtain very good feed upon the prairie. Our only loss of a serious nature for the period was occasioned by the departure for England of our old friend, Charles J. Puddick, who has so long been associated with the dairy department of our Institution, under has it on a most interesting mission. Charlie has been a most faithful employee, and deserves the best wishes of all our clan, and the writer looks forward to the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Puddick, one of these days, under the walls of old Quebec. Up to date, no appointment has been regularly made to fill Charlie's place at the churn, and the rising young buttermaker, John Anderson, is looking after the affairs in connection with our dairy industry with great credit to himself and to the Institution as well.

Left the Hive

The last issue mentioned the making of an urgent call from Southern Manitoba for the young man, Benjamin Gray, whose excellent reputation had apparently travelled before him in a most wonderful manner, and our Management were at last forced to give way to the overtures of Mr. Goyier, of Manitoba, and Gray is now veritably the fruit of the tree, and apparently

very happy, although, as he admits himself in letters which have reached the Farm Home, he has very much more work to do and greater responsibility than he had at Barnardo. John Reid, one of our steady, tried and true young men, was sent to the farm of Mr. E. A. Healey about the middle of March to succeed Mr. Benjamin Kimber, who held the post in question some six or seven years without break. We have prophesied great things for Reid, and we trust his actions in the future will not prove us to be unreliable. On March 25th the young giant, George Manser, left with the Manager of the Homes for a situation with Mr. Browning, of Keyes Station, and we naturally look forward for good accounts from this location, as George has had considerable experience and should be able to make himself useful with any person with whom he is engaged. On the same day that Manser left the Home, the little man, George F. Doherty, was sent to a situation with Mr. Levi Thompson, of Arden. On April 15th, Francis W. Murray, of the summer party of 1901, struck out to make his way in Manitoba, and should be now found with Mr. Frank Kruger, of Pipestone Post Office. The young man, Howard Heyward, left the Farm Home the same day to enter the employ of Mr. A. Jack, whose address is also Pipestone, and as these lads have gone into an excellent district, we believe their chances for success in the country are good.

The following letter will be read with interest. The writer has evidently made his way to a position of responsibility in the town of his adoption, and our readers will cordially join in wishing him all the success his perseverance

and energy deserve. We should add that our friend's business letter heading describes him as the proprietor of City Delivery Number 3, and informs those interested that "all orders are promptly attended to. Charges moderate; terms cash."

DEAR SIR,—Just a line, hoping that you will not feel me intruding by writing you a few lines. When I read your articles in the UPS AND DOWNS, it does me and my wife good; I feel myself connected and interested as much and more than ever I did in my life. I am thankful to tell you that I am doing well, and hope to do much better. I am gaining ground with my business; I have six horses working, running a light and heavy rig. I am thankful to say that I have good health and strength, and family are doing well. The UPS AND DOWNS cheers our home every time it comes. My wife and myself are thankful it is a monthly issue. The great work of the Homes rolls on. Sometimes I come across boys who have been through its doors. Like myself, they have never lost the lessons and the manliness that was put in them while in the Homes. I hope some day that you, Sir, will be able to give me a call. I am sure you would enjoy the trip down the Okagan Valley, as it is the garden of British Columbia. We can grow everything but oranges. I hope some day to be able to visit the Farm Home. Though years have rolled on since I was there, I feel a longing to see it again. I hope to have a good summer's work this summer and make the business twice as big. I feel that I owe the Institutions a good deal, and hope some day to make it practical; but I am anxious to get a heavy truck and heavy team, so that I will be able to take everything that comes along. I must conclude with thanking you for your great kindness to me and the bridge that carried me over. I remain your obedient servant,

J. HARWOOD.

The photograph shown in our pages is that of Richard Gregson, who has the honour of being the only representative the Farm Home has in the fertile district of High Bluff. Gregson has been for some years in one situation in the neighbourhood mentioned, and for this reason alone deserves success and a place of honour in UPS AND DOWNS. The young man is a frequent contributor, and in all his letters he makes a point of expressing his gratitude and thankfulness to Dr. Barnardo for assisting him to Canada.

Winnipeg, we presume, will develop to a centre of attraction for our High Bluff boys and while some of them are no doubt doing remarkably well in the

city, the majority, we fear, who have good situations on farms and come into the capital expecting to find lucrative employment at once they put in an appearance, are doomed to disappointment, and generally slave along at odd jobs till they can earn enough to transport them to pastures fresh and new. Apropos of the above remarks, we met, on the day these notes were written, Reuben Barnett, of last year's party, who has dropped into a good situation, that of night watchman at the Dominion Government Immigration Hall; while, to prove the rule by an exception, John Kevern, an old-timer, was met during the same hour looking for work, without great prospect of success.



Richard Gregson.

Another item of news, which will help to prove the contention of Dr. Barnardo's friends and supporters, on both sides of the Atlantic that the chances for his youths in Canada in the way of becoming independent agriculturists, are good, came to the Farm Home office during the past month in the form of an application for a youth signed by our old friend, Herbert A. P. party of 1888 who we understand has an excellent farm near Bear Creek, possibly in the Gratiot district

...and they long this charter member of the Farm Home association would have stayed in England, had not Mr. Barnardo roused him up and made a point of seeing him in good employ in Canada, before reaching a position where he would be his own master and able to employ farm servants on his own account.

Elevator Monopolist.

Our readers will no doubt have perceived from time to time, since the harvesting of the crop of 1901, newspaper articles pro and con--mostly the latter relating to the business of that important body of men who purchase and handle the wheat of the North-West, and we believe our boys will take a deeper interest in this very necessary business enterprise (which, by the way, has some of the elements of sport sprinkled through its routine, particularly when the lively "bull" prances through the market tossing the prices away skyward, or, on dark days, when the serious-minded and sometimes savage "bear" embraces things in the wheat pit and causes a so-called "slump") when they are given to understand that several of our clan--old boys they must be, for no man can learn to buy wheat in a day--are occupying good positions in the trade. William F. Gill, the writer believes, is the pioneer for our boys in this branch of commerce, having filled an important buyer's post with the Ogilvie Milling Company for a number of years; and William Saxton, a most creditable member of our clan, is now to be added to the roll, for we learn, just as these notes are being prepared, that this young man has been for some time the trusted representative of the flourishing firm of William Lindsay & Co., of Brandon, at a station on the Prince Albert Branch called Hague--Saxton is lucky, we are told, in having a most commendable wife, industrious, frugal and ardent, and we are further informed that this worthy couple, with no desire to spare themselves a purpose, asking to the Home, are establishing a board in a house in the village of their adoption.

New Departure

At the Farm Home a new departure, and one which promises to help the Farm out of one difficulty in procuring fodder for our rapidly increasing live stock, is that of hay baling at the Meadows, a property under the control of the Homes, on the Assiniboine River some three miles south of Shellmouth, which work was taken in hand on March the first and is being pushed by a Winnipeg man named Walker, assisted by Robt. Dewar, Douglas Hooper, and Albert Armistead. The boys are getting on nicely with their work, and will before the end of March have a large quantity of hay in bale on the beautiful meadow property ready for rapid and easy transport to headquarters.

Westward Ho!

Our readers will be interested in hearing that another small contingent of happy faced lads reached Winnipeg on April 10th in charge of the writer, having crossed the ocean on the good ship *Dominion*, which landed at Portland on April 7th. Out of this party twenty remained at the Winnipeg Branch, where, after a day or two's rest and fitting up, they will be sent out to situations in different parts of the Province; and thirty proceeded to the Farm Home at Russell, there to undergo practical training and to become acclimatized and prepared for facing the difficulties which they are sure to meet upon going out to situations one year hence. As these young men will no doubt, in the days to come, fall under the eyes of many of our constituents, the writer thinks it well to append their names, ages and places of birth in the Old Country:

NAME	AGE	BORN
John E. Ackroyd	10	Manchester
Edward Bassett	16	London
George E. Burchall	18	London
Frederick W. Barnard	19	Guildford
Charles Collins	18	Stockport
Dennis Collins	17	Chester
John T. Casle	17	London
Thomas Combs	20	Halifax
Alfred H. Frazer	18	Bridport
William Saxton	17	Scarborough
Alfred Harton	18	Liverpool
Ernest Hilton	10	Manchester
George W. Hill	18	Fortsmouth

John W. Hurs	17	Lancaster
William Jones	16	London
Robert Laing	18	Carlisle
James McCullough	16	Armagh, I.
William Newham	17	Birmingham
George Newman	18	Bristol
Thomas Owens	17	Liverpool
Charles Ravini	17	London
William J. Rogers	16	Westminster
Alfred Redfern	18	Manchester
Felix Rogan	17	Durham
John Peter Scullion	17	Newcastle-on-Tyne
Alfred Stevens	19	Walthamstow
James W. Tipping	18	Battersea
Bertram W. Toomer	18	Portsmouth
Henry Ward	17	Newcastle-on-Tyne
Leonard H. Worgan	16	London

The party of lads for the Farm Home above referred to can claim a most enviable record for good conduct on the long, weary journey from the seaboard to Russell, the only unpleasant incident of the trip, when we put to one side the delays and tramps over slippery railway ties at the wash-outs near Portage la Prairie, being the "smoke drive" of the irrepressible Burchmore, who took upon himself to build a wonderful wood fire in the range of the tourist car occupied by the lads, and so managed or mismanaged the stove dampers that the thickest kind of oily smoke, instead of going up the chimney as it should, poured into the coach, while the wheezing, coughing, strangling lads rushed out in a mad stampede, accompanied by the writer, to avoid suffocation.

It is now the very happy practice of our band boys to turn out and play away on the road to the railway station lads booked for situations, and also to extend a hearty musical welcome to our parties of young immigrants as they arrive from England; but the

writer was quite taken by surprise, on his arrival at the head of the *Dominion* party in the grey dawn of a chilly Manitoba morning, to find the now excellent musical combination drawn up and rendering, under the lead of Mr. Jackson, in honour of our arrival, such lively numbers from their extensive repertoire as the "I. O. A. Quickstep," "Melbourne Quickstep," "Minstrel Quickstep" and "Mocking Bird Waltz." Music, no doubt, has a wonderfully beneficial effect upon our mental organization, and as first impressions go a long way toward fixing a man's permanent views regarding a strange locality, we can believe it to be a most happy thought on the part of our wide-awake Housemaster, to turn out the Band for his "fresh charges," particularly if he follows up this little attention with a good, wholesome and hearty meal in the mess room.

Prizemen.

Prizes were awarded to the following lads, since the date of the last contest for "cleanliness" at church parades:

- February 16th. Franklin, 1; Hooper, 2; Manser, 3.
- February 22nd. Goodwin, 1; Clarke, 2; Shaw, 3.
- March 2nd. Anderson, 1; Goodwin, 2; F. Smith, 3.
- March 6th. Swift, 1; F. Smith, 2; Franklyn, 3.
- March 16. Hatherton, 1; F. Smith, 2; Goodwin, 3.
- March 23.—J. C. Clarke, 1; Goodwin, 2; Swift, 3.

A. Spenther



Nothing to Do

The streets—the streets. Again in the street
Scanning the features of those he meets,
In quest of a soul whose Christ-like eyes
Shall greet his own with a pained surprise,
And, looking him tenderly through and through,
Discern his trouble—'I've nothing to do!

Nothing to do!—nothing to do!

The cupboard empty, rent overdue;
A room that shelters but scarcely warms
His sickly wife with a babe in arms.
With willing hands and a stalwart frame,
Yet lacking courage to urge his claim:

Something to do!—something to do!

The streets—the streets. What a wilderness
To one abandoned to dire distress!
Who, jostled by crowds on errands bent
To marts where money is made and spent,
Drifts with the tide of that surging throng,
And cares not whither he drifts, so long
As movement eases a wild unrest,
And quells the demon within his breast.

Nothing to do!—nothing to do!

With luxury everywhere in view,
Grip famine at home, contempt abroad,
And doubt of the providence of God,
What wonder should Anarchy find a tool
To break the plots of that murderous school?

Nothing to do!—nothing to do!

The streets—the streets. Let the wanderer roam
Their cheerless labyrinths, then go home
To repeat the tidings of yesterday
That no good fortune has come his way
Unfed, let him seek his pallet of straw;
Let hunger and hate at his vitals gnaw:
We're church-going men, and the church demands
Our alms to Christianize heathen lands.
The claims of the pagan we can't ignore,
Though a Christian starves at our very door.

(Nothing to do!—nothing to do!

Professors are plenty—Christians few).
Since "Nothing," say we, "succeeds like success,"
To the devil with him and his distress!
If he can't swim, he deserves to sink.
Who cares what humanitarians think?

"Nothing to do?—nothing to do!"

It's always the cry of that shillelagh
The jail and workhouse built by us
To house and feed the necessitous?
What more would you ask? We've done
And you'll be bolded to hear his prayer

Something to do!—something to do!

W. W. B. D.

Home Chat

MARCH winds and April showers have brought forth letters in rich and generous abundance from our correspondents in the East and the West, and we gaze upon the lordly pile of manuscript that constitutes the material for Home Chat with a sense of bewilderment and despair. How on earth are we to dish up from such a wealth of good things a literary banquet that will be palatable to every taste, without disappointing any of those who have laboured mightily in their efforts to write something that they will see in print in UPS AND DOWNS and get to bed in reasonable time ourselves, having regard to the fact that we have several small boys to despatch by early trains in the morning and that the said trains will leave without any respect to the exhausted condition of the editorial mind or body? It looks easy enough, of course, as does threading a needle, holding a baby or walking on snow shoes, till you try. It might be supposed that we could just let the printer come and help himself. What a happy thought, instead of his making our lives a vexation and burden to us as now by the continual and everlasting cry for "more copy!" Unfortunately, the printer might probably would fall upon a bunch of letters, each beginning, "I now take my pen in my hand to write you these few lines, hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves me at present," and then proceeding and concluding with a catalogue of horses and foals, cows and calves, sheep and lambs, sows and their progeny, geese and goslings, ducks and ducklings, dogs and puppies, cats and kittens. After a dozen or so of these effusions it might dawn upon the printer that there was something wrong (printers have the organ of intelligence however strong may be the vulgar impression to the contrary), and he would probably meet the difficulty with a polite request for "more copy." We scarcely anticipate that the interests of science, or other motive of curiosity, will prompt anyone to dissect the

Editor's remains after his decease, but if such process were to take place, we are quite satisfied that the words "more copy" would be found embedded and engraven in some part of his anatomy. However, as we are not yet in a fit and becoming condition for dissection, and as the printer will be waiting for us in the morning in his chronic condition of appetite, we must e'en gird up our loins to our task, sweep the cobwebs from our brains—or from the cavity where those organs should be, but which at present feels suggestive of an aching void—and make a Balaclava charge at those letters.

At the top of the pile we see a letter from our young friend, Robert Yeates, in which he recounts some of his early experiences in the land of his adoption, detailing, amongst other things, his laboured attempt to make a sheaf of wheat stand up. Robert has long since mastered the art and science of shocking, and concludes by imparting to us the information that he can now do anything he puts his hand to, is sixteen years old, weighs 140 pounds, five weight," and wishes the Editor, and all connected with the Home, many happy returns of the day.

Lewis W. Keeble, writing from Fenn Dale, Assa., adds to the inevitable catalogue of horses, cattle, hens and pigs a big dog, named Trust, that Lewis tells us well earns his name. We trust the same title could be as deservedly applied to Lewis as to his four footed friend.

Reginald G. Taylor is described by his employer, Mr. J. Elford, of Arrow River, as "a very good and very trustworthy boy." Reggie himself is evidently contented and happy and writes as though he took a keen interest in the affairs of his master's farm.

The bestower of the gifts of patronage has not endowed our young friend Henry Delley, in an such degree with the qualifications necessary to a successful magazine writer, but we have deciphered sufficient from his

letter to assure us that he is thriving and well and that he has made considerable progress in learning his business, inasmuch as, to quote his own language, "I would stand to plough." Harry's employer, Mr. Peter Giesbrecht, sends us a report of him that, rendered into English, is that he is a good boy, not very quick, but what he does is done right, and that he is kind and quiet with the children at home.

Reginald Wood likes his place "fine," thinks Manitoba is a fine country for wheat and that UPS AND DOWNS is a very nice paper. His employer, Mr. Savage, adds a few lines to Reggie's, expressing the opinion that he will "make a man in time."

Willie Brett likes Manitoba "first rate" as the result of his four years' residence in the Prairie Province. His master farms 600 acres near Thornhill. His engagement will shortly have been completed, and Mr. Bailey writes:

He is a good worker and will easily get a place when I am through with him. I will be quite willing to hire him for another summer if he sees fit to do so; and should I want another boy, it will be to the Barnardo Homes I will apply. I think Dr. Barnardo and his men are doing good work both for the boys and for this country. The boys in general are well behaved as other boys.

Charles P. Strickland has contributed a very interesting and well written account of his experiences in the North West. He is evidently a useful man on the farm, as he tells us that during the harvest he built the loads for two wagons and in the threshing time drew grain to town from the machine.

Henry Collison, who will soon be able to look back upon an experience of six years in Canada, writes us as follows:

LEARNERVILLE, Feb. 5th, 1902.

Dear Dr. Sir, I now write to you, hoping you are quite well. I thought I would try and give a little account of myself and surroundings. I herded between seventy and eighty head of cattle this winter and on the wood lot the home. We had a good crop last summer, the wheat were about thirty one bushels per acre and barley forty bushels per acre. We are having a fine winter this year; there is hardly enough snow for a good sleighing, but we have quite a bit more of the winter to come yet. I have been here past five years today. I am looking up Mr. Westwood on

Lelearnerville and expect to go and look for him. I am in David City. I think this is the best place I can find at present, so good bye to all. I remain, as ever, respectfully,
Henry Collison

Mr. Westwood has favoured us with a report of Harry, in course of which he says:

I may say that Henry Collison has been a good boy in all ways. He is very small and not likely to be strong enough for general farming, and Mr. Head, a large cattle dealer, would like to have Henry to assist with cattle, and Henry has had to do with our cattle since being here and, I think, likes the work. That I think and hope will be a good opening for him, and most likely he will do well. As I tell him, we will see him a cattle dealer himself some day, and being with us so long, we shall always have an interest in his welfare. As to Barnardo boys generally, any that have come under my observation compare very favourably with other boys, as boys are boys all over, and I think the work of Dr. Barnardo and his Homes is a great blessing to not only the boys and girls, but to the country generally. Wishing you every success in your work, I remain, yours sincerely,
F. E. WESTWOOD.

Our old time friend, Arthur Smith, whose arrival from England dates back from 1880, and who evidently believes in seeing the world, writes us from St. Louis, sending greetings to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS and giving us a brief account of his well being. We have a shrewd suspicion that friend Arthur's worldly position and prospects would have been better to day had he stuck to the mill on a farm in Ontario, but St. Louis is to have a World's Fair next year, and "great expectations" are the order of the day in that part of the world, which we sincerely hope, as far as Arthur is concerned, will be fully realized. Our friend's letter was accompanied by his photograph, for which we have to thank him gratefully and which we are delighted to have amongst our collection.

From a report recently handed to by Mr. Griffith, we learn that William Hickey is established on a ranch of his own in the North West, and, according to all accounts, is doing well for himself and making a successful settler.

William Thomas Eaton, one of the reported "three" contingents of the spring party of 1891, writes us from his home in the North West.

My mis us and master are good to me; I get lots to eat. The boys and me get along all right. I don't do much work; I just milk one cow in the morning, feed the cows twice a day, cut some wood for two stoves and carry it in.

Robert W. Greenwood, another Leopold House boy of the same party, begins a letter by informing us that he has often wanted to write to us, "but a boy my size is always busy; if he is not working he is having fun." His letter continues:

I turned over a new leaf on New Year's Eve, and on it reads, "Write Mr. Owen," so I am going to this time sure. I wish all the poor little boys in England were over here, Mr. Owen; but I suppose you are bringing them out as fast as you can. I tell you I think this is a fine country; if a fellow is ambitious and does his best, he has a chance to be somebody when he gets to be a man. A boy never had a better home than I have here with Mr. Robert R. Johnson. I just love the whole family. I am happy all the time, because I am getting big and strong and learning to farm and I am going to get a good education. Thank you for sending me *URS AND DOVES*. I read it and enjoy every page.

I am sincerely your Home boy.

ROBERT W. GREENWOOD

A letter that lately reached us from our esteemed friend, William Hutt, who, we may say, has kept himself in close touch with us from the time of his arrival in the country eighteen years ago, informs us that he has bought a farm in the Township of Trafalgar, Ontario, this township being, in the opinion of those who live there, and possibly of some who do not, the very garden and vineyard of Canada. William expects to take possession of his property on the first of April. We are sufficiently acquainted with his financial affairs to know that he starts with a nice little capital at his back, the result of the steady savings of past years, and we look forward with confident expectation to seeing him make a success of his new venture.

Walter Ford has been some time appointed at his name never having yet appeared in *URS AND DOVES*. Walter may accept our assurance that the omission has not been from any failure on our part to recognize his deserts. We regard him as a boy who is a credit to the Home, and one who will get on quite well, and succeed in

of the Dominion. We have not the space to publish his letter, but we may inform our readers that Walter reports himself to be in good health, very comfortable in his place, sixteen years old on the day following the date of his letter and now completing the fourth year in his present place.

There is a charming variety in the modes in which some of our correspondents open their narratives when they have taken in hand the task of giving us some little account of their experiences. Our young friend, Frederick G. Berrow, opens the ball with "Well, here goes," and with this brief introduction proceeds to tell us that during his first year in the West he attended the cattle only, the second year he did a little work on the farm, but "last year was the best of all." We imagine Fred's "best" must have been a very satisfactory performance for his employer, as he tells us that he "helped to gang most of 40 acres, harrowed over 240 acres and in the fall disked 55½ acres," while after the threshing season he hauled grain to the town, a distance of thirteen miles from his employer's residence. For a boy of fifteen this is a record by no means to be despised, and evidently Fred is one of those whose industry is helping to build up the great Canadian West.

Mr. George William West, of Rodney, the employer of George Smith, of the '95 party, and himself an old "Barnardo boy," writes of George as follows:

I am giving up farming and will have no use for him for the next year, but there are a number after him, as he is a good boy. He has had the offer of \$10 a month for eight months, and go to school the other four. He has had several other offers, and there is no trouble for him to get a place.

John T. Wastell has contributed a letter to *URS AND DOVES*, in which he gives some very sound advice to those whom he addresses as "Dear Boys." Example, however, is at all times better than precept, and we prefer to extract the following from a letter that John has written us with a view of publishing it, and in which he says:

First, you must be a good boy, and a good worker, and I may say on that subject

and I am getting \$150 a year, so don't you think that is good wages? Well, Sir, I am buying a farm in New Ontario. Mr. Benjamin Johnson, of Drayton, my former employer, is going out there in May and he is going to get me a hundred acres of fine land, and I would like you to give me your opinion of that country.

We heartily congratulate friend John on his prospects and wish him every success in his new start.

From Sintaluta, Assinaboia, the following report has reached us of our little friend, Charlie Stubbings. We perhaps should hardly say "little" now, but our personal recollection of Charlie goes back four years, when that description unquestionably applied to his physical proportions:

Charlie has been here near four years, and has given the very best of satisfaction all the time. He is nice and mannerly in the house and is very bidable. Mrs. Fallock would be very sorry to part with him.

Charlie himself writes:

I like the country very much. This has been a very nice winter. I see after twenty-nine head of cattle, and I have no water to lift for them. We have a running stream about two hundred yards from the stable. We have four thousand five hundred bushels of wheat and six hundred bushels of oats. I have not been sick since I came here. I like my place very much. I can burn straw and water them. I can burn and haul out the wood, I can mill.

Henry E. Coventry has sent us a cheerful little account of himself, which his master, Mr. Willway, has kindly supplemented with a few lines that we are much pleased to publish:

COTHAM, BROADVIEW, ASSA., Feb. 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN:—I am very glad to be able to write a few words for *UPS AND DOWNS* again this year, and to be able to tell you that I am getting on all right. I am able to do nearly everything on the farm now except very heavy work, and I like the life and my place very much. This fall I have been with my master threshing for nearly two months. He owns a half share in a twelve horse power, and sometimes I had the job of driving the horses, which is not a bad job if it is not too cold. We had a good crop this year in Cotham; the wheat went at out thirty bushels to the acre. I think my master is going to have another try this year to do the share. I am thinking to buy a young horse now, and hope to be able to drive him this summer. We took out last year's crop. This is all till next year. With best wishes to Bernard. HENRY COVENTRY.

The following letter is published with the kind permission of the author, to be published as

I have said before, that he is a good lad and a credit to the Home. He likes his place and his work and is quite one of our family, and both myself and my wife are proud of the way he has got on since he came to us. We are hoping to get another lad this spring, and if he turns out anything like Henry, we shall be more than satisfied. He is quite a big boy now and can do any work on the farm that is not too heavy. He is also very handy about the house, but much prefers outdoor work. Thanking the Home for having sent me such a lad, believe me, yours faithfully,

H. H. WILLWAY.

Henry's brother, Willie, has also written a little letter, in which he tells us that he is well and happy and is "now able to do a great many things on the farm." Willie's master writes as follows:

COTHAM, BROADVIEW, ASSA. March 25, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—As Willie is writing to you, I thought it best to enclose this note to you. I am glad to say that his health has improved wonderful and is getting to be a robust boy. He is also improving in his work, but is inclined to be thoughtless; but I hope as he grows older, this will wear off, and I think he will make a good worker. I have often thought what a grand start they have in life, and if careful with their savings, I see no reason why they should not become farmers in time. Wishing you every success in your good work. Believe me to be yours truly,

ALF. W. RAWDEN.

The following letters require no comment from us, and will be read with interest by all who wish well to our boys in the new country:

QU'APPELLER STATION, ASSA., N.W.T.
A. B. OWEN, ESQ. Feb. 27th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose you think my letters come few and far between. Well, I would write oftener, but I do not have much of any importance to say, as I have been at the same place since I came to the country. But don't think that I have forgotten the Home or ceased to take an interest in it. I will never forget to send what money I can to help on the cause. There was a great crop in the West this year, the wheat averaging from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre. In some cases there was nearly 50 bushels to the acre. The result is the elevators are blockaded and they cannot get the wheat away fast enough, which is a great drawback to the farmers. This is indeed a fine country for a young fellow to get a start in life. I have no intention of leaving it, but intend to settle down on a farm of my own as soon as I can. I take great interest in the *UPS AND DOWNS*, and am very glad that it is now published monthly. I am glad that our old friend, Dr. Barnard, is well again, and hope he may continue so for many years to come to carry on his great and noble work. I wish you and your family every success. I wish you adieu with best wishes, your truly,

H. F. GREENSTREET.

DUGAID, MAN., Feb. 10th, 1902
 TO MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I write these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health. I am very well at present and I hope you are. I like the farm very well. I am getting along very well. I am going to school this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are very kind to me; they let me go to the skating rink sometimes to skate. I like skating very much. I like doing chores and milking cows. I have four cows to milk. We have twenty-two horses, thirty-one cattle, we have two young calves. We had a very good crop this year—5,600 bushels of wheat and we had 6,500 of oats and barley. The crops in this settlement are all very good this year. We are having very good weather this winter. About a month ago we had it very cold; it was about thirty-two below zero. I stand the cold very well. I like living in the country very well; it is a very good country to learn to be a farmer. I know it has been a big help to me. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out to this country. I get a letter from my mother and father every month. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. We are having Sunday school every Sunday this winter. I got two nice books off the Christmas tree for attendance. I was absent only one Sunday in the year. I came out with the July, 1899, party. I will be fourteen next month. JAMES EDWARDS

DUGAID, MAN., Feb. 28th, 1902
 A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—As Eddie is writing to you this week, I will take the opportunity of sending a few lines along at the same time. We have had James Edwards for two and a half years and we are quite well satisfied with him. This is the third winter that he has been going to school and he is learning considerable. He is a strong, healthy lad and is quite useful around the farm. There is another of your boys across the road from here, and he is a splendid chore boy. Altogether, I think your boys will compare favourably with Canadian boys. There may be an odd black sheep among them, but there is just as likely to be the same among the farmers; all are not considerate. I will close with wishing you every success in your noble work. Find enclosed one dollar for UPS AND DOWNS. Yours truly,
 JAMES WILSON

HULLHEAD, INNISEFALL ALTA., Feb. 24, 1902

DEAR SIR—Just a few lines to say how I am getting on at farming here. I like it very much. I can milk cows. The winter was very fine this year. I can harrow. I like the place. I can hitch up horses. I have a pony and can ride after the cattle. I can stook grain and pitch on the loads. There were good crops this year. I go to church on Sundays. I have been here a year past in October, and have grown six inches and am now five feet two inches, and will be sixteen years old 2nd of August, this year. I like the Ups AND Downs very much and am delighted that they are now monthly. There are fine readings in the evenings. I like to say

five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS. My
 best wishes to you, your sincere friend,
 WILLIAM J. LEE

INNISEFALL, ALTA., 24th Feb., 1902
 ALFRED B. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Just a line to say that Mrs. Munro and I are very well pleased with William, and hope he may turn out as good a man as he promises to do at present. I consider this a good country for your boys, and placed out and supervised as they are by you, all that have "grit" should do well; in fact, many have proven this. No doubt but Dr. Barnardo is doing an excellent work. I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

GIBSON MUNRO.

Box 61, BALMORAL, Feb. 18th 1902.

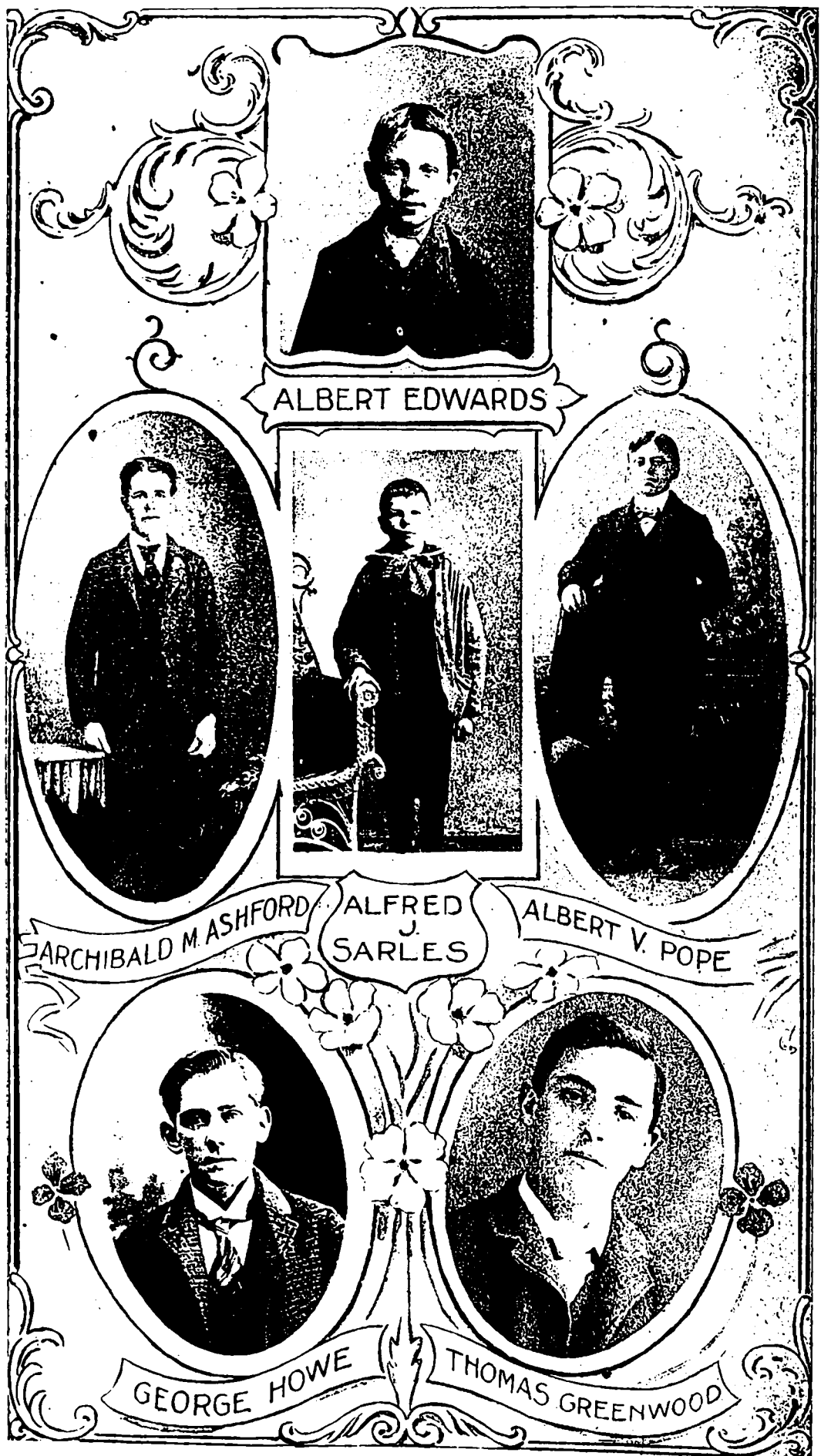
DEAR SIR,—I received your letter a few days ago and was glad to get it. I was just thinking of writing when your letter came. I am glad you are going to publish UPS AND DOWNS monthly, for I like reading it very much. It was such a long time to wait when you published it quarterly. Well, about my home, I like this place fine and I like the people. I don't have much to do now, only see to the cattle and the stables and cut wood. Mr. Fines had a pretty good crop last year. His wheat went from twenty to twenty-six bushels per acre, oats went from thirty to forty, barley went about the same. In the evenings I study. I like reading Shakespeare and I like studying elocution. I got another book from the Sunday school on Christmas; it is called "Two Years Before the Mast," and I like it fine. I said a recitation at our Sunday school entertainment. My brother, George, came out here two years ago. He went to Cuba last fall, but he came back. I hear nothing of him now. The last time I heard from him he was in New York. I hear from my brother, Charlie, often, and he says he is getting on all right. From your friend,

C/O Mr. Jacob Fines. A. A. HINTON

REGINA, ASSA., N.W.T., Feb. 24th, 1902.
 MR. ALFRED B. OWEN,

214 Farley Ave., Toronto.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I now take the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know how I have been getting along this last year. I like this country well. We were living on our farm, but went to live at our ranch. I was there seven months, and now I am in Regina, where I will be going to school for a year. On the ranch I used to horse rake hay and help to care for the stock and milk two cows night and morning. My master got me a pony and I can ride it fine. I can throw the lasso pretty well. The crops were the best last year that the farmers had for a number of years; the wheat just in this district would yield over forty bushels to the acre. Farmers did not get through threshing until about the 1st of January. We have very little now here this winter. It has been a lovely winter all through. It is just like spring weather now. I do not think I could get a better place at a school. I have got and I think I will go back to a good school year.



ALBERT EDWARDS

ARCHIBALD M. ASHFORD

ALFRED SARLES

ALBERT V. POPE

GEORGE HOWE

THOMAS GREENWOOD

and if I go back to England, I will come back I think this is all at present, and I will be I remain yours truly,

ARTHUR HEPPARD

REGINA, ASSA., Feb. 24th, 1902
MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

MY DEAR SIR,—As Arthur was writing to you, I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how he is getting along. He has been with us over a year now, and I must say he is a very nice little boy. We have found him truthful, honest and kind, and really I do not think we could have got a better boy. We are living in Regina and we brought him home from our ranch, and are sending him to school for about a year. I am, yours respectfully,
WM. J. LEMON.

DEAR SIR,—I write you these few lines, hoping to find you quite well as it leaves me at the present time. I am very glad to say what a good home I have got to. I am getting on very well with my work, as I have not much to do. In the winter I help to feed eight horses and eight head of cattle and three pigs, and I went to school about three months, and in the summer time I was herding six head of cattle and about twenty-one sheep, and I help to do the chores, and I also learned to plough. I ploughed about fourteen acres, and eight acres of fall ploughing, and I helped to pick seventy four bags of potatoes and also helped in the harvest. I built the loads, and I did like it. I have learned a lot of things since I came to Manitoba. We have a nice Christmas time I think that is all I can say this time, so good-bye. Yours truly
JOSEPH STRANGE

MINIOTA, Feb. 21st, 1902.

DEAR SIR, Joseph F. Strange is well and doing very well. He is going to school in the winter. He is quite a help in the summer. He has learned to plough. Yours truly,
ANGUS CRAIG

Fred. Hopkins and his master, Mr. James Thompson, neither of whom, we should imagine, has the pen of a ready writer, have compiled the following joint epistle, for which we sincerely thank them and which we have received with the greatest pleasure:

HILL FARM, Feb. 10th, 1902

DEAR SIR, I write you these few words to let you know that I am well, hoping this will find you the same. I am going to send you some money as soon as I get it. I am having a good time this winter cutting wood. My brother was down to see me this winter and I had a good time. The crops are very good this year. We had about 1,000 bushels of wheat. We have nine head of cattle, three horses. I like the UPS and Downs to read. Mr. Owen, I write these few lines to certify that Fred Hopkins is a good boy and a very good worker. He milked four cows all summer, sometimes followed the team. I haven't anything to say but what he is good and

agreeable. I hope he will do well for his school and may God lift the light of His countenance upon him. I am, yours truly,
FRED HOPKINS.

FRED HOPKINS.
JAMES THOMPSON.

Mrs. McPhee, of Fleming, has responded very kindly to our request for a report of her two boys, William G. Alford and Bertram Biggins, and what she has to say of them is most gratifying:

ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—As the boys are writing I will enclose a few lines also. In the first place, that we now have the second boy, speaks well for the first one, and that they fill a much-felt want. Mr. McPhee says he will never be without one again. Now about the personality of the two boys, William Alford will have been with us five years next April, and he has been a splendid boy to us. In the five years he has never given me a saucy or impudent word, and is a strong, healthy, lively, good-natured boy, and I don't think he will ever be given to bad habits. It also speaks well for him that he has had more than one offer by neighbours to go to work in the spring. Bertram Biggins came to us last August, and a fine little lad he has proven to be. They are the best of friends and have some fine times together. We trust Bertram implicitly with the choring; in fact, he had charge of the chores for six weeks in the fall while the thresher was running, and everything went on all right. He is very careful to do just what he is told. We find him very truthful, yes indeed very much "a little gentleman," and we are very fond of them both. I am, yours truly,
MRS. M. McPHEE.

William has put together an interesting little review of his experiences, showing how he has increased in wisdom and stature since he came to the country five years ago, and little Bertram confides to us that he is "well treated" and that "the farm where I am staying is very nice."

Albert Victor Weil has written a capital letter, recounting his experiences of the past seven years, including his earliest impression of the country, his first breakfast in his Muskoka foster-home and his five years' life on the prairies of the North West. He is now apprenticed to a harness maker in the thriving town of Indian Head, and informs us that he is "getting on splendid, and always happy to."

Arthur J. Taylor has also written a capital letter, and tells us that he is a foster-son of a Canadian. He says that he is a foster-son of a Canadian, and that he is a

in due course to Manitoba. The only thing is his report of himself.

YAKATOON, SASK., Feb. 15th, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS, Being asked by Mr. Owen to write a letter for the UPS AND DOWNS, I will now take a try at writing one. I don't suppose many of you remember me. I came out in 1897, five years ago. I was sent to Muskoka to board-out and go to school. I stayed there nearly a year and was then sent to where I am now with Mr. Andrew. When I came here I herded cattle and helped Mrs. Andrews in the house, the next year attend to the garden as well as herding, a little more every year as I got older and bigger. Next year I shall be driving the teams on the farm instead of herding. I like the place very well. We are handy to a town and a river. I used to go fishing in the summer, but didn't catch much. The winters are cold, but a person soon gets used to that. We have 480 acres of land, of which about 300 are ploughed up. We have seven horses, a colt and two mules, twenty head of cattle, thirty sheep besides the lambs, fifteen pigs and about thirty fowls of different kinds. There are lots of wild fowl such as geese, ducks, chickens, turkeys and partridges, so you see there is plenty of shooting going on. We generally put in about 200 acres of crop, wheat being the main thing, oats, barley, flax. We intend to put in a lot of flax next year, as the frost doesn't hurt it as much as wheat. Quite a lot of the wheat was lost in this year on account of the late spring. I don't think I shall ever go back to England, as I like Canada much better, as it is a much healthier place than England. Now I think this is all I have to say. I shall be glad to hear from you.

ALL YOURS TRULY,

George C. Gibson, who is living with Mr. M. Boez, of Hednesford, Assa., writes us that he "likes here very much," adding the sensible observation that anyone who wishes to make a living in the West must work hard. Mr. Boez writes of George: "We have found him to be a good, trustworthy boy, and he will, I think, some day make a good mark for himself. If he continues as he is, I think he will be a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Wm. Malling writes enthusiastically of his impression of Canada generally and of the Brandon Hills district in particular. He has lived for the present on a ranch with Mr. J. D. Baker at a wagon pass with a road and logging. Mr. Baker speaks of Wm. that he is "with a good workman for here and all."

Wm. Malling writes of his impression of Canada generally and of the Brandon Hills district in particular.

around here, but I think yours is a grand work for the benefit of poor children of London, and I think there is a good opening for them in this country, as I think this is going to be the banner province of our fair Dominion.

Arthur Denham tells us that he is "a great swimmer," has lots of fun when he is through with his work, and pumps the organ at the English Church, for which he receives the handsome remuneration of fifty cents per Sunday. Frederick W. Francis remarks that his work is light, but his appetite heavy. He has been three years in his place, and likes it very much. Robert Pembers has ploughed with three horses on the walking plough and driven four horses on the harrows, can build grain stacks and nearly run the binder. Pretty good for a boy in his fifteenth year! Joseph William Smith gives us some interesting particulars of his work on the farm. He likes his place and his master, has never been sick since he came to the country and had a good time at Christmas. Edward H. Hodge writes from his home in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains that he is well and thriving. He has a pony and saddle and fetches the mail from McLeod, twelve miles distant. He is in the centre of a magnificent ranching country, and tells us that there are thousands of cattle and horses about him that are never stabled in the winter.

Frank Fox has earned an excellent character for himself since he began life in the West. Mr. Donald McKay, of Balmoral, Man., with whom Frank is living, writes of him as follows:

He has been with me one year and a half and he suits me very well indeed. He is very quick to learn and almost takes a man's place in doing the work, as he is quite strong and sturdy. He is a very healthy boy and has not been a day sick since he came here, and is always able to do his work. There is one grand point about him, he is truthful. No matter what trouble he gets into, he always tells the truth.

Frank Fox has earned an excellent character for himself since he began life in the West. Mr. Donald McKay, of Balmoral, Man., with whom Frank is living, writes of him as follows:

nice lot of vegetables: it took us two weeks to get them all out and in the cellar." Mr. Burge, Percy's master, says of him: "We all like the boy we got very much. He is a very good boy, and we are satisfied with him."

William H. Ford likes the country and intends to start farming for himself when his time is up. He tells us that he weighed 85 lbs. when he came to the West, but now tips the scale at 125. Has learned to plough and harrow and work the seeder, and is generally well satisfied, as we think he has every reason to be, with his attainments and prospects in the country. His master, Mr. King, reports very favourably of him.

The following letters from our young friends, Arthur T. Handscombe, Francis J. Clapp and George C. H. Daintree, tell their own tale:

STRATHCARRALL, Feb. 5th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write these few lines. I have been out in the North-West five years next April. This is the first letter I have wrote to the Home. Well, to begin with, I must say that this is a beautiful country. I have not been sick much. This is a fine winter; it is not very cold and not much snow. I have not many chores to do. Before I came out to the West I was boarded out in Muskoka two years, and I went to school, and there were lots of other boys besides me. I started to work last spring by the month and I got \$10 per month, and that was my first start. Last year was a fine season; there were fine crops, but it was a hard time to get the threshing done. I can do anything on a farm now. I hope the Doctor and everybody connected with the Home is well. This is all I have to say, so good-bye. Yours truly,

ARTHUR T. HANDSCOMBE.

CARBERRY, MAN., Feb. 7th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter a few days ago and was glad to hear that we can have our UPS AND DOWNS every month, and will be glad to let you have a few lines from myself to help fill up space. I am sure that all our boys and girls will try and do the same. I am having a good time in Carberry this winter. I am stopping at Mrs. Homer's. I worked for Mr. Cope for very near five years, and I learned a lot of farming in that time, and he was quite satisfied with my work. He had a very big harvest last year; he had some very near thirty or forty settings of wheat, and about eight settings of oats, and four settings of barley, and nine stacks of hay, and the crops were good all over. When I left Mr. Cope he told me I was the best boy he had ever had, and was sorry that I was leaving him. I am skating and playing hockey this winter, and I had my picture taken with my friends, suit on, and it is very nice. I shot a

wolf on Mr. Cope's farm last year. I took about twelve hens from the barn. I went down to Winnipeg for a visit, and I stopped at the Home, and I seen my friend, Willie Clarke. I stayed two weeks in the city and had a good time. I will try and visit Toronto Home some time. Well, I think this will be all for this time. I will try and write some more for the next number of UPS AND DOWNS, hoping you will have room for it. Well, I guess I have done my best, so I will say good-bye. I remain, yours truly,

F. J. CLAPP.

TWO CREEKS, MAN., Feb. 9th, 1902.

DEAR READER,—Having been asked by Mr. Owen to tell of my experience in this country, I will try to do so. I have been in this country five years, coming out on the good ship *Scotsman*, which has since gone to a watery grave with eleven ladies. I came to Elkhorn the last day of October, 1896. The next day my master came for me and we drove about eight miles on a load of flour. It was dark when we got home, so I had my supper and went to bed and had my first sleep in a Manitoba farm house. The next morning being Sunday, I went and looked around the stables. There were about twenty head of cattle and six horses and a lot of hens and turkeys, and they were all afraid of me. I did not do much that winter—just helped to feed the cattle and dig snow. It was an awful bad winter; the snow was about three or four foot deep, and some mornings after a blizzard we could not see the stable for snow. The next summer I herded the cows and helped in the harvest. In the winter I looked after twenty five head of cattle myself, and the next spring I helped put in the crop and worked on the farm most of the summer and done the chores in the winter. I stayed at that place four years and a half, and last spring (1901) I moved to where I am now. My boss had 2,500 bushels of wheat this year; it averaged twenty-five bushels per acre. The country is improving rapidly every way; the farmers are getting good barns and houses up, and now they are talking of building elevators. They are trying to buy an elevator at Hargrave, ten miles from here. They have raised \$6,000 already, so I guess they will manage, and my boss and some others have clubbed together and bought the Clydesdale stallion that won second prize and a \$500 premium. He cost \$2,600 which all goes to show that the farmers are prospering. And then the winters are getting less severe, this winter cattle and horses have been able to pick their own living nearly every day. I think this is a far better country than the Old Country, for a young fellow to start in, as wages are good and work is plentiful. A fellow by working steady and being an odd can save at least \$100 every year, and after a few years' work can take up a free home, and start to make a home for himself, which is not so easily done in the Old Country. So now I will close with best wishes for all.

Richard Champion discourses in his letter, dated March 6th (his sixteenth birthday), upon the mildness of the winter and of his work, which consists of looking after the cattle. He asks permission to purchase a bicycle, which he remarks "you may think is useless, but it comes in handy for going to football in the evenings and to Christian Endeavour on Sunday night."

Charlie Whitely, living with Mr. Percy, of Wascana, is evidently well and doing well. He is a close and appreciative reader of UPS AND DOWNS and wishes to join the B.O.B.S.

Charles W. Parvin writes from Neepawa, Man., that he likes his place, has been going to school during the winter and thanks Dr. Barnardo for "bringing me to this healthy country." Mr. W. J. Ash, of Neepawa, writes of him:

We are well pleased with Willie. He is a good boy and is very useful around the farm and house, and he gets along very well with the children. He seems contented with his lot and is most anxious to please all the time.

James J. Towner's letter is printed as follows:

KERRAS, N.W.T., March 6th, 1902.
DEAR SIR:—Just a line telling you how I am getting on. I must say we had a good crop this year. We had over 1,000 bushels of grain. I cannot plough or harrow yet. I am growing like a weed. I was fourteen in December. I am stronger and healthier than I was two years ago and have changed a lot since I came. I don't think anybody would know me if I went back to the Old Country, but I think I will take up a farm of my own before I go back there. The winter has passed so quickly, being such a nice one. I helped to stack the hay this summer and load the grain. Well, I think this is all I can say, as I am getting sleepy.
Yours truly,
JAMES TOWNER

Mr. John W. Fox has added a few lines to James' letter, in course of which he says:

James is getting on all right and is a good hand at looking after the heath is good and he is so strong. Of course like other boys at his age he is a bit of a rascal at times, but very honest and straight to every day. We intend staying all year with him in the way of helping him to get a farm and get on to it if he stays with us and continue as good a boy as he has proved to be in the past.

Charles J. Fox writes of a matter of interest to our readers. Dr. Barnardo has written

with a note in which he gives a very cheery little account of himself. His master, Mr. Ezra Shaw, of Davin, supplies the following testimony to Charlie's good conduct and usefulness:

I wish to say that it has been about three years that Charlie has been with us, and I find him in a great many ways equal to a man. Charlie has got to be a good teamster and good and faithful with taking care of stock. Hoping you will arrive with a good lot of lads this year, which is a good help to this country. Yours truly,
EZRA SHAW.

We publish in full the interesting letter that Fred. Cowley has sent us in response to our suggestion that he should contribute a little account of his experience for the benefit of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS:

ARGYLE, MAN., March 18th, 1902.
DEAR SIR:—Just a few lines to you, hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves me at present. Dear sir, you asked me to give you my experience since I came out to this country. Well, sir, after three days' riding on the train we arrived at Winnipeg, where I stayed three weeks waiting for a place; but at last I was sent to Mr. Irwin's, Stonewall, where I stayed three years. Well, when I started to work I thought everything pretty strange. One of the first things Mr. Irwin put me at was driving a team on the scraper, as he was digging a six foot ditch. Well, if ever there was a greenhorn on the end of a pair of ribbons, I think it was me, but I soon got used to it after breaking four traces. The first morning after that, we started haying and I had to build loads for two pitchers, which I thought was pretty hard work at first, but I soon got used to it and thought it was great fun. Then after that we started harvesting. That kept us busy quite a while, as we had three farms under crop that year, two of Mr. Irwin's own and one he had rented. Then after we got the crop off and threshing done, we started ploughing, which was something new to me. I had to use two big horses on the sulky plough, as I was too small to use the walking plough. Then when the ploughing stopped on account of it freezing up, and the winter set in, I had to do the chores, but that didn't keep me very busy, as we didn't have many cattle, but in the spring Mr. Irwin bought eighteen more cows, so that kept me more busy the next winter. The second summer I was there we had twenty five cows milking, so that kept us busy for a while every morning and night milking and feeding the calves, as we had eighteen. Well, after I had been there three years, Mr. Irwin sold one of his farms for \$1,000. He didn't want me any more, so I went with Mr. Campbell Argyle to find out why to me. Well, when my time was up I came with Mr. Wilson for \$5, for

a year, which is nearly up, but he has asked me to stay another year for \$125, but I only hired again for seven months for \$90. I think that isn't so bad for a young fellow. Well, sir, we have had a pretty nice winter here; we haven't had enough snow on the main roads for sleighing; but we are making up for it now for the last three days. Mr. Willson says it is the worst storm he's seen since he came to the country twenty-two years ago. We can hardly get around the stables, for the drifts are so bad; but I guess the snow won't stay very long, as it is so near spring. Well, I guess I must close, as it is getting late. Remember me to all. I remain, yours truly, FREDERICK COWLEY.

John Carss has presented us with his photograph for the benefit of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and in doing so has written a little account of his experiences in the West that we have much pleasure in reproducing. He says:

SIR,—Having made up my mind to write to you, whether you scold me for not writing sooner or not, I will just write and let you know just where I am. Well, in the first place, I am at Hartney, Man., just now; but I have hired with Mr. J. F. Shillington again for eight months and intend going West to work on his farm. Now as to the crops around Hartney, they were just fine. Wheat yielded from twenty to forty bushels per acre, and prices ranged from 50c to 60c. per bushel for No. 1 hard, 50c to 58c. per bushel for No. 1 Northern; 45c to 50c. for No. 2 Northern, oats from 25c to 30c. per bushel. The land around Hartney is adapted for wheat raising, and it is a good part of the country. Now as to my place. I tell you, Mr. Owen, I done a very wise act when I bought a half-section, for the land has gone up. I bought it at three dollars per acre, and now it is worth six dollars per acre, so you see I did not lose anything. I have also hired fifty acres broke and backset at four dollars per acre, which will cost me \$200. Well, I have that amount in the bank and will have this summer's wages, which is \$172, besides, so you see I am not making a bad start for a young fellow, and any fellow with enough push in him can do the same.

Hartney, Man.

JOHN CARSS

George J. Melson, whose portrait we also reproduce, is a youngster who has done thoroughly well and made excellent progress since he came to Canada eight years ago. At first he was boarded out in Muskoka, but has lately been employed by Mr. G. W. Darke, of Lindsay, whom he describes as an "extra good man to work for." If

we are not greatly mistaken Mr. Darke finds our young friend George "an extra good boy" to have cared for him.

John T. Mohun, another little boy whose features adorn the present page, is at present boarded-out in Muskoka, and his foster-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Later, of Huntsville, have nothing but praise for his conduct both at home and at school. He is evidently a good, happy and thriving little lad.

Henry Potts, in sending us his photograph, after charging us not to forget to put the same in UPS AND DOWNS and observing that he looks "good and fat," proceeds to inform us that he is "getting along first rate at farming," is "all right and quite well," likes his place and sends his love to the Home.

The first impressions of new comers are always interesting, and we have selected the following from the batch of post cards that have reached us from the members of our latest detachment, announcing their safe arrival:

DEAR SIR, We both arrived here safe, and thank you for taking care of us. We are both staying with very kind farmers, and I am on a large farm. Yours truly,

J. FORTER

DEAR MR. OWEN, I got to Comber all right, and I think I shall like my place. We have a little baby here and a boy. We also have a lot of pigs. Yours truly,

T. E. ATKINSON

DEAR SIR,—I arrived safely at my new home about a quarter to twelve. I think I will get on in my new place, and I am going to start to learn my work to-morrow. I like the place very much.

FROM ARTHUR ERNEST NIGHTINGALE

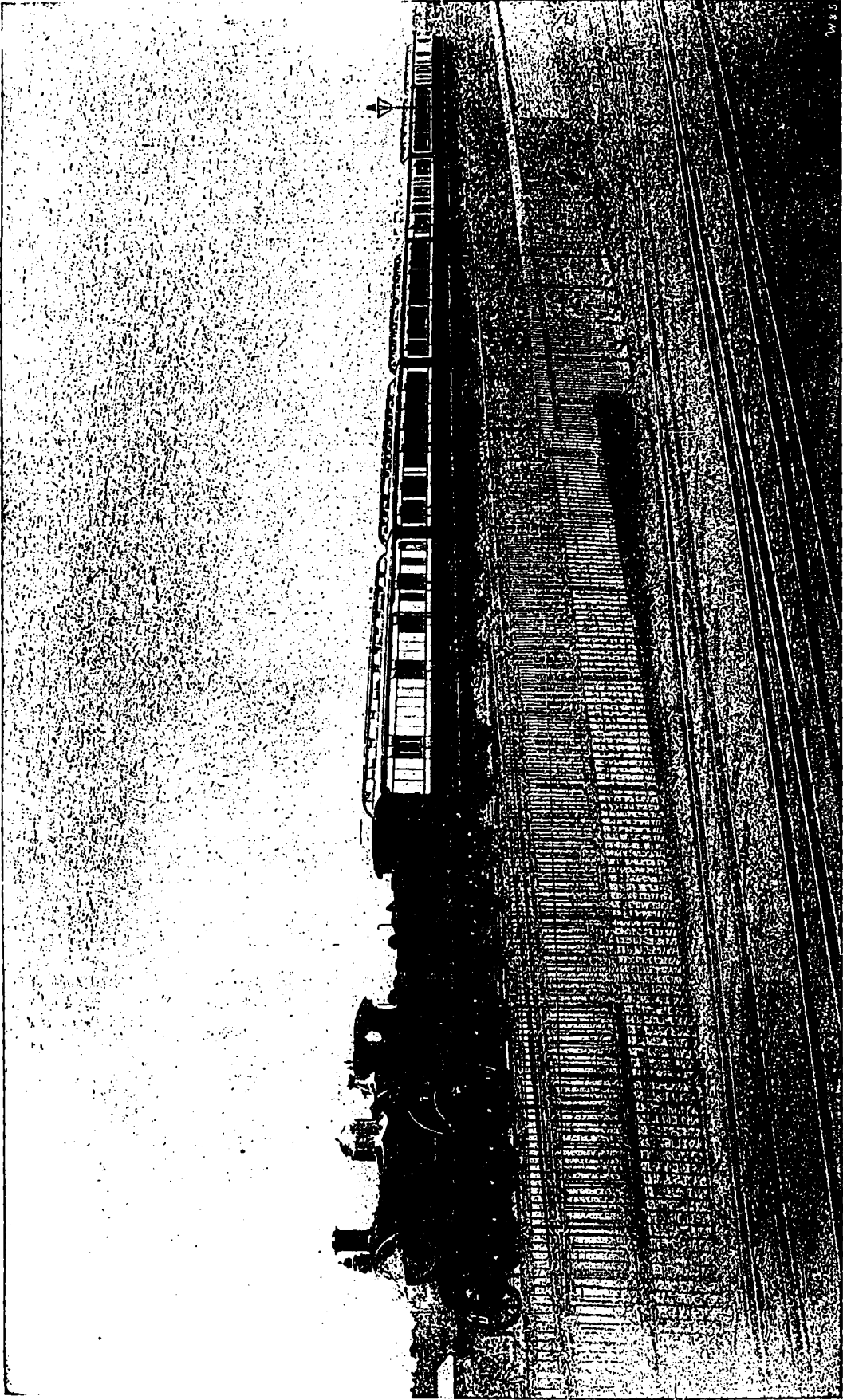
DEAR SIR, I arrived at my destination safely, and it is satisfactory so far. Just a few lines letting you know.

P. J. SARTON

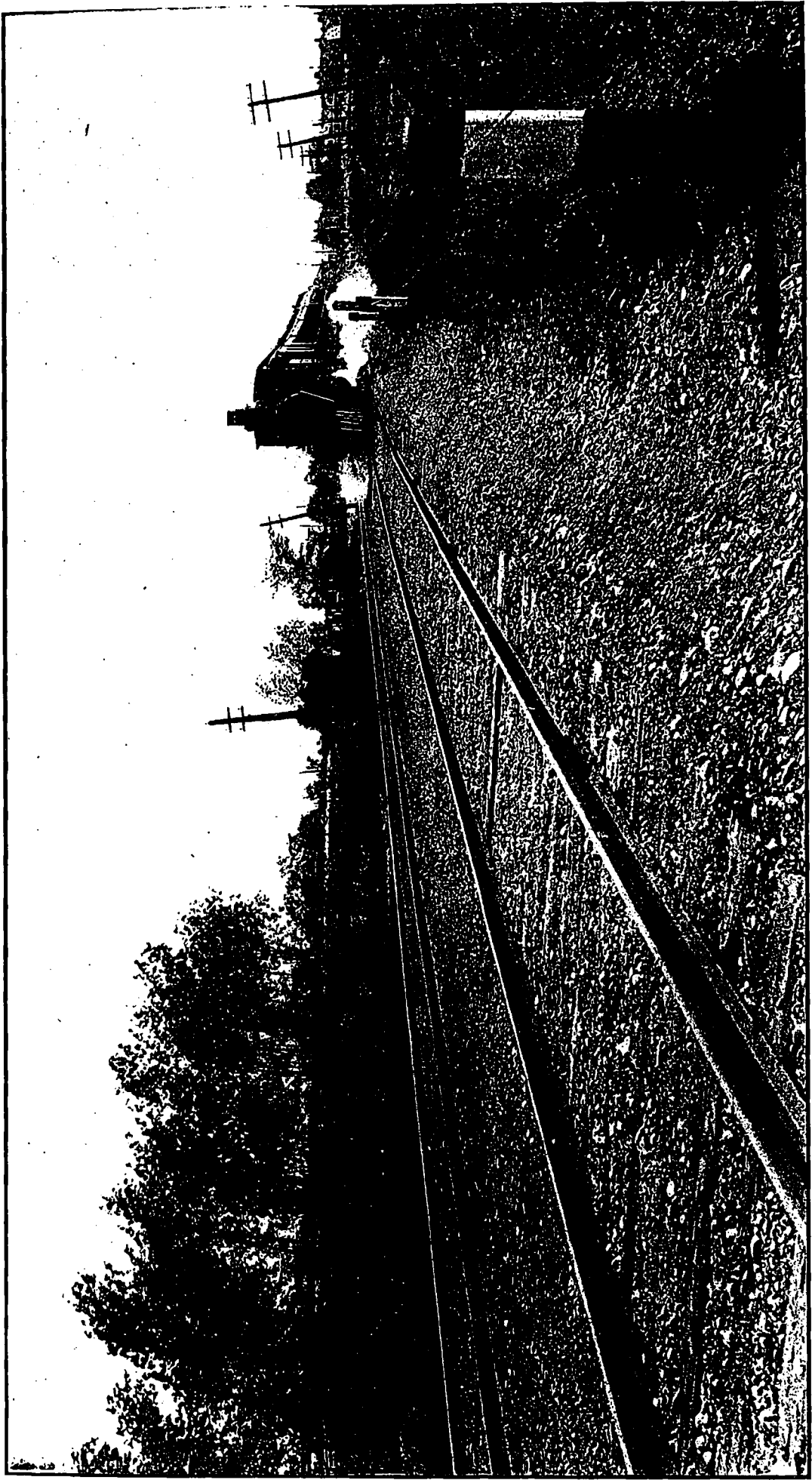
DEAR SIR, I have arrived safely. I was met by Mr. Shute at Hick's House, and had ten miles' ride before I got home. I think I will like my place. Mr. Shute has given me a pair of top boots, and they fit me very nicely. No more at present. Yours truly,

W. R. BERRY

DEAR SIR, I have arrived safely. I was met by Mr. Shute at Hick's House, and had ten miles' ride before I got home. I think I will like my place. Mr. Shute has given me a pair of top boots, and they fit me very nicely. No more at present. Yours truly,



On the Line in England—Our Special Train en route from London to Liverpool, Great Western Railway.



On the Line in Canada -- Our Special Train en route from Montreal to Toronto, Grand Trunk Railway.

Will send you my short letter with best
 wishes and thank you for the good home.
 EDWARD JEFFREYS

DEAR SIR, My brother and I arrived safe
 at our place, and we are very much pleased
 with them. Please could you send me The
 Home monthly?
 PERCY and FRED ANDERSON

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, -Our boy arrived safely on
 Wednesday. We are taking him home to-
 day. Am much pleased with his appear-
 ance. Yours truly,
 R. B. DALE.

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, -I will write you a few lines
 to let you know that I landed at the station.
 Mr. Penney met me, and we were home at
 dark. I like Mr. and Mrs. Penney very
 much. This is all at present.

From W. McDougall.

DEAR SIR, -I reached my place on Tues-
 day evening and started work on Wednesday.
 I like the work, also the place. I am not
 far from my mate. I daresay I shall see
 him now and again. I am your sincere
 friend,
 W. HASHAGAN.

DEAR SIR, -I reached Finch quite safe
 and left the station at half-past eleven and
 went to my master's house. I like my
 place very much, and my master is very
 kind to me. This is all I have to say.
 Yours truly,
 W. MACLEAN.

DEAR SIR, Just a line, hoping it will find
 you all right. You must excuse me for not
 writing before. Now I must tell you that I
 like the place well. I am happy. This is
 all I have to say. I remain your sincere
 friend.
 W. A. BAKER.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I got to my destination
 all right, and I think it is a very good place
 for me. I could not have got a better one.
 Yours truly,
 J. CUNNINGHAM.

DEAR SIR, -Just a line to let you know I
 arrived here quite safe. I like my place very
 much; they are very kind to me. I think that
 is all at present. Yours truly,
 C. BENNETT.

DEAR SIR, -Just a few lines to tell you
 that I have got to my place safely, and I like
 it very much. The people are kind to me. I
 think I will close. Yours truly,
 H. DUNN.

COBBOONK, April 21st, 1902

MR. OWEN

DEAR SIR, I am glad to let you know that
 I arrived at Mr. Chapman's safe and sound,
 and I like it very much. This is all I have to
 say at present, and I will write more next time.
 Yours truly,
 WM. BEARD.

COBBOONK, April 21st, 1902

MR. OWEN

DEAR SIR, -Just a few lines to let you
 know I arrived safe. He takes to his new
 surroundings very well. He is quite happy all
 the time. He says he likes his place very

much. He is a nice little lad and we like him
 very well. He appears to be a very fair
 scholar at reading and writing. As soon as he
 gets used to the place, I am going to send him
 to school and give him all the learning I can.
 He is writing you a post card to-day. Thank-
 ing you very much for sending me such a nice
 little lad, I remain, your dear friend,
 FREDERICK CHAPMAN.

KINGSVILLE, April 28th, 1902.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, -I received my boy on the 9th
 inst. Am very much pleased with him so far.
 I think I can make a good boy of him, as
 he is bright and quick to learn. He is small
 for his age, and it will be some time before he
 will be of much use. I would like to have
 him for five or six years, providing we can
 agree on terms. I remain, yours truly,
 SAMUEL N. SCRATCH.

Frederick Woodhouse, who is now
 entering upon his second year of
 life in the West, writes us that his
 master, Mr. Black, has allowed him
 to go two rounds every day on the
 sulky plough. He enjoys working
 amongst the cattle. Is helping with
 the harrowing and generally seems
 to be useful and thriving. His mas-
 ter, Mr. Black, writes of him, "He
 is very obedient, and attends to his
 chores satisfactorily. He is grow-
 ing and looks well. Should he keep
 on and improve as he is doing, it
 will be pleasing to all of us."

Arthur Ernest Robinson, who be-
 gan life in Canada at the same time
 as Fred, gives a very similar report
 of himself, and is evidently well and
 doing well in the land of his adop-
 tion.

Robert C. H. Toreville writes us
 that he is growing big and strong.
 He drove two horses last spring, and
 expects to drive three during the
 present spring seeding. We must
 not omit to add that Robert's letter
 enclosed a dollar as a contribution
 to the funds of the Home, and also
 a letter from his master, giving a
 very satisfactory and favourable re-
 port of him and especially referring
 to his fondness for reading.

Our young friend, John H. War-
 ren, comments upon the healthful-
 ness of the country and confides to
 us the satisfactory intelligence that
 he gets plenty to eat and drink,
 weighs eighty pounds, has seen lots

of wolves, as well as prairie chickens and wild ducks, since he came to the country. He has written to his mother and sent her a dollar. The latter part of his letter is occupied with an enumeration of his master's poultry, a subject that is doubtless of constant and lively interest to Master Johnnie, but might not be equally so to our readers. Mrs. Smith, Johnnie's mistress, writes of him, "He is a very good little boy, and we are very pleased with him. He seems to be happy and quite at home. Our family consists of myself, husband, grown-up son and Johnnie."

Thomas Frederick Anderson has contributed a cheerful little account of himself, that we have great pleasure in passing on to our readers:

REGINA, ASSA., April 20th. 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to tell you how I am getting along in my situation. I have been in it for two years, and I am very glad with it. The farmers around our district have started seeding already. We have not started on our land yet, for it is too wet, and I do not think we will be able to start for about two weeks, as we are having a snowstorm now. I have been going to school right along, and like it fine. I expect to go until the 15th of May, and then start to herd the cattle. I will have about 130 to herd this summer, as we have bought a lot of calves this spring. I go to church every Sunday and Sunday school too. I hope you had a nice trip going and coming across the ocean. I know we had a very nice trip coming across. I do not expect to go back to the Old Country, for Canada is such a nice country. I was glad to hear that Dr. Barnardo had recovered from his illness. My letter is getting long, so good bye, wishing the Home and Dr. Barnardo every success. Yours truly,
E. F. ANDERSON.

We also publish the following letter from our young ranchman, William Merrison, from which our readers will gather that William is well satisfied with the conditions of his life in the West:

March 11th. 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just received your letter. I have been in the best of health since I came to the country. We are ranchers. We are in the valley of the South Saskatchewan River. It is a very pretty place. We are thirty miles from Rush Lake. I am satisfied with my situation. We do not cultivate any land except a kitchen garden. I do chores and odd jobs about the ranch. There are several kinds of game, deer and a couple. My mother saw a nice big bull in the

had no gun with him. There are chickens, ducks, geese, rabbits, foxes and wolves. The wolves have killed a number of cattle this winter. I can use a gun. My master is a bachelor; his mother keeps house. She has two grandchildren, which is great company for me. I get the UPS AND DOWNS regular. I must now close, as it is time for me to go to bed, so good night. I am yours obediently,
WM. MERRISON.

Albert Shepherd, who migrated to Manitoba after two years pleasantly and, we believe, profitably, spent in a Muskoka foster-home, writes us that he "likes Manitoba fine, although hardly as well as Ontario." Charlie is located in the Dauphin district, and gives us his opinion that "this part will be a splendid place when it gets cleared up, although there is still a lot of scrub on it. Our potato crop was a failure, but our oats and wheat were splendid." He continues, "I wish the boys in the Old Country knew what a fine country this was, for I am sure they would come out. I write to my mother often and get lots of letters from her. She said she wishes she could come out here, and I am going to try hard to fetch her out. I have not been sick once since I came to Canada, and enjoy good health since I came here."

William Kness has been presented by his employer, Mr. Metcalfe, with a fine calf, for being, as William says, a good boy when his master was away. This is a satisfactory beginning for William as a Western stockman, and we hope to see him some day the owner of a fine band of cattle. We rather gather from our young friend's letter that there have been incidents in his history that are not altogether so pleasant to narrate as the presentation of this calf, and the account he gives of his "playing up sick" and of the application to his person of a big mustard plaster, with speedy and salutary results, should serve as a warning to any who have a tendency to that form of disease. Commonly known as malingering. We are glad to say, however, that this disease is extremely uncommon among our readers. Use your common sense.

very rarely he is of anyone feigning sickness as a means of shirking work. Even with William we should imagine that the mustard plaster was a cure once and for all, and that, generally speaking, he is to be found where his duty calls him.

Our young friend, William Walker, begins his communication by telling us that although he finds it a hard task at first to write a letter, after he once "gets started" it is "easy as play." With this introduction, he proceeds to tell us that his possessions include a rifle, and that he can shoot with the same; but that he is "careful not to have any accidents." Nevertheless we must confess that our instincts of self-preservation would lead us to prefer to be well out of gun-shot when Master William is exercising his prowess with the rifle, and although a special providence is said to watch over boys and inebriated sailors, we cannot help thinking that it would have been wiser if Master William had waited for his rifle until he had reached years of rather mature discretion, and that fourteen is a little young for a boy to have the use of a weapon of this kind. Apart from his rifle, however, we gather that our friend, William, is doing well and is an acquisition to the land of his adoption.

Alexander Guthrie writes "I am just as fat as I generally am, and I am never sick these days, so I am always feeling well." Alexander also is an amateur sportsman, and he writes, "I have a gun of my own now, and I am very proud of it too. It cost seven dollars. I have not shot any prairie chickens, but I have shot a couple of pigeons with it, and I guess I will shoot some ducks next summer."

Johnnie, the little boy, is a very good-looking child and has not yet had a whipping from the master. He has learned to make an harness and goes for the mail. He tells us that he likes Manitoba all right but

Frederick Vesty, whose career in Manitoba dated from July of last year, delivers himself of the following review of his experiences:

QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA

DEAR SIR, - I am a long time in writing to you, but it is better late than never. Well, you know I came out with the July party in 1901, and a pretty rough voyage we had over the ocean. I reached my home safely on the afternoon of August the 7th, the day before the Qu'Appelle fair. I went to the fair and saw my brother, and we had a good time. There were the Mounted Police on horseback and a clown and nigger boxing. I used to go with my master to bring up the cows. I have a kind master and mistress. I helped to buck the straw when we were threshing. I can saw wood and do lots of chores. I live just four miles from town. We have quite a few cows and horses. I am very pleased with UPS AND DOWNS. I had a watch for a birthday present from my mother. I have been here just seven months. Last year I helped to pick up the potatoes and pulled the currants. We have a dozen or so of plum trees. We have had, and are now having, very fine weather for winter. I am going to have my photo taken some day, and will send it to you. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out into this beautiful country; he could not have sent me to a better home. I am just five miles from my brother. I often go to church, as it is not very far. We have no one living very near, as the nearest one is a mile. I went to two Christmas trees and got a present from each. I think I can drive a team; it seems easy enough, as they are all steady horses. We have a Scotch collie dog by the name of Geoffy, and he is a good, faithful friend. He will do anything I want him to do. Please publish this letter in the UPS AND DOWNS, if it is not too late.

Clarence M. New, who is an old timer in Manitoba, tells that he had a visit from the Inspector, who was very pleased with his visit, as neither Clarence or his employer had any complaints to make. He adds:

I have done my best to try and win a silver medal, and hope I have succeeded. I remember coming to Penner's in the fall of 1897, and they were all busy threshing. I wondered greatly at the great machines, not having seen the like of such before. The first fall and winter I did not do much more than helping around the house and doing little odd jobs. In the spring I helped to harrow and learnt to drive, and then at harvest I helped to stook, and this time at threshing I had to help cutting bands. The next summer was about the same, but the last two summers I have been able to do considerable more, doing the stooking myself and all the ploughing and not only have I learned all the work so that I can now do a man's work anywhere, but I have learned to speak, read and write German so altogether I do not think I have done badly. Should this

meet the eye of any boy in England hesitating as to come or not, I say come by all means, if you only have the chance, for if you are strong and well, you will live to bless the day you came. My master being German, is not able to write, so he told me to say that I am a good lad and ought to get on anywhere. I think this is all this time.

James Bennett writes us that "the country is progressing very fast," and that He himself is "quite well and getting along nicely." Frank Parr "likes the country fine," and his employer, Mr. Joseph Dellhaya, Arden, Manitoba, writes that Frank is getting to be a good boy, and expresses the opinion that Manitoba is a fine country for a boy to get a start. Herbert Wills is "getting on fine" in his place. Walter Galey writes: "I am all right at present. I like this country all right, and I think it is all right for lads that want to get an honest living. It is an enterprising country, and you can learn most anything, and there is lots of sport out here."

Christopher Rieveley has written us a letter that we must publish in full up to the point in which Chris. says: "I must tell you about my badness." The paragraph to which this is an introduction we must keep to ourselves; but suffice it to say that poor Chris. brought severe judgment upon himself by the "badness" aforesaid, and in future we hope he will profit by his sad experience, and if left alone again, will know better than to interfere with the firearms. His mistress, Mrs. Cobb, in a kindly little note that she has added to Chris.'s letter, tells us that he is forgiven and that his hand is getting better.

SEARNO, P. O., POSEN, MAN.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I now write these few lines, hoping that they will find you quite well and happy, as it leaves me at present. I have been in Canada four years this coming April, so I ought to be able to tell you a little about Manitoba. I like Canada very much, and don't think I would like to go back to England. We have forty five head of cattle, two pigs, three horses and twenty seven fowls. We are having rather bad luck; we have lost three young calves, a big heifer calf and a horse this winter. We made 151 loads of hay last haying, but we got a lot of it burned in our yard. We don't know how the fire started, but it was an awful fire; two big stacks were burning side by side. The fire started at two o'clock in the afternoon and went out at four in the morning, and then on Monday in the

stack got on fire, and that made three stacks burnt. Our neighbours were very good to us, as they helped to carry water to put out the fire and to give us some hay. I had a rather bad experience last fall. I was out hunting the cattle on horseback, when a prairie chicken flew up and my horse jumped to one side and I was thrown off, and I pitched on my head, and that was all I knew until night. I came to myself, and it was cold and rainy, but I was not alone; the dog I had stayed with me. When morning came, I got up and started for home, and when I got home I found two of the neighbours were out seeking me; but I was not home long before they came back, and one of them had my horse; but the bridle was lost, and I lost a knife. Mr. Cobb was away to Winnipeg, and me and Mrs. Cobb were all alone. It takes a week to go from here to Winnipeg with a team, if you have any business to do. We had a wedding up here too last fall. The bride and bridegroom looked very well. There was a splendid dinner given, and I'm sure I enjoyed myself very much. I must not forget to tell you that Mr. Cobb got me to join the Posen Farmer's Institute, and that I am caretaker of the hall, and I get two dollars per year for that. I had a very good time at Christmas. We had a plum pudding and a Christmas cake. Mrs. Cobb gave me a quarter and Mr. Cobb gave me some candies. And on my birthday Mrs Cobb gave me a very nice silk handkerchief with my initials on it. I am pleased to get UPS AND DOWNS every month now. I always look forward for it coming. I had Mr. Heap come and see me last year. He stayed at our house all night, and I thought he was a nice man. We are breaking in two steers now; they are both rather quiet. I like staying with Mr. Cobb very much, but I get very careless sometimes.

We can do nothing more than offer our hearty congratulations to the writers of the following letters upon the accounts they are able to give of themselves, and, in the case of Edward Jacobs, of the account that is given of him:

OXBOW, Feb. 27th, 1902.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR.—I have been here nearly two years, and I like it fine. It is a nice place. I go to church every Sunday. I got a prize from my Sunday school teacher for learning Bible verses. It was a book about the life of David Livingstone, and also a card. Some days I have lots of fun, for there are two boys that live a short distance away from here come and fetch their hand sleighs, and then we ride down an ice hill. The crops out here were very good; in fact they were rather too good for the buyers for the elevators were all full, and they cannot get it moved, and the people are storing it up in any place they can get. We are having a very nice winter out here, for we have had only two or three snow storms yet. There are a lot of people leaving the



John Carey

part and going West, and there does not seem to be any coming in their places. I have not much to do, there being just two horses and four cows and two calves. There was quite a fire in our town a while ago. It was a misty day when it started. It burned the Massey-Harris shed to the ground and the post office, Walsh Brothers' store and also a harness shop and office of Mr. Nobles. I was going to school all summer, and I am in the third class. Our teacher's name was Mr. Earnie Bishop. There was no school here in the winter. There was a big day in our town on Sunday. The new English Church was opened. There were five ministers there besides the Bishop. The church was full. I think this is all for this time. I remain, yours truly,

HENRY LAWRENCE.

AUSTIN, MAN., Feb. 28th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, - I now take great pleasure in writing you a few lines, hoping that you are quite well, as I remain at present. I was very pleased to hear from you. I like my situation splendid, which I thank you for very much, as I am getting along very well. I like my master and mistress fine. I expect to hear from you when you return from your journey. I would be much pleased if you would kindly take my best wishes to the master of the Home if you happen to see him when you are there. My master is away at present, helping one of his sons on a place which they rented and are busy getting ready for spring. I am doing fine at present. I milk four cows and clean out the stable and feed pigs and split wood, and so on. I expect to be busy stooking in the next few months for my master. We have ten fat pigs, four thin pigs, three geese, three ducks, three turkeys and thirty chickens and

one sixteen head of cattle and seven horses. I have learned quite a lot of things since I came to Mr. Harding. When I first came my mistress sent me to look for eggs, but I did not know what she meant because I had never seen a hen in my life before; but I can hunt eggs anywhere now. I can do all the chores myself now. My master has been away for a while, and he left me to do the chores for him. I have a fine mare, which I have learned to harness myself, and I draw water with her, clean out stables with her and so on. She has a fine colt, which is going on two years old in June. I expect to have a fine ride on his back some day. I can ride horseback fine now. My mistress likes me fine, she said, and me and her get along fine together. She said I am a good boy. I have been going to school all winter. That is all I have to say at present, so good-bye.

FROM ERNEST ROUTLEDGE.

LONGLAKETON, March 3rd, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I now write these few lines to you, hoping it may find you quite well, as it leaves me at present. Well, in the first place, we are having beautiful weather out here in the North-West. We have about forty head of cattle. I have a cow and calf of my own. There was good crops around here. I can plough, harrow and mow and rake hay. Please find enclosed one dollar for UPS AND POWERS, which will leave me paid up till 1902. I am truly,

EDWARD H. JACOBS

LONGLAKETON, March 3rd, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN. As Edward is writing, I thought I would just say that Edward is a very good boy. I am in hopes that he will make a good man. He is a strong, healthy



George J. Melson

boy, and his work very good for
the season. I will close, with respect
Mrs. JOHN LUZARSKI

PROSPECT FARM, THEODORE P. O.,
VORKTON, ASSA., N.W.T.,

March 2nd, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN,--I now take the pleasure
in writing to you, and hope you are quite well
and happy, as it leaves me. Last summer was
very short, but the farmers had splendid crops.
My boss put some wheat in, and it came up
fine. We put some oats in too. I help my
boss to put up his hay. I did a lot of raking,
loading and stacking. It was fine weather
too. I'll never wish to go back to England,
because there is plenty of work to do and have
good wages. Last year was all work. I can
harrow, but I can't plough yet. There was a
lot of threshing to do last fall. My boss had
two stacks of wheat and two stacks of oats.
Mr. Walton came with his horse-power
machine and his threshing machine and
threshed the stacks. We got 360 bushels of
oats and over 100 bushels of wheat, and then
threshed some of the farmers' around here.
On Christmas I went down to see my mate,
John Black, next farm. We have got forty-
three head of cattle to look after this winter.
My boss has dug a big well to get some water
for the cattle. We do a lot of milking and
separating too. We have lots of work to do
this winter; there isn't hardly any time to
write in the week-day nights. I like to read
the UPS AND DOWNS very much. There
isn't much time to read. So now I must close
with best wishes. I remain yours truly,

WM. G. ROBERTS



John T. Mohun.

ROCK LAKE, Feb. 26th, 1902

FOR UPS AND DOWNS.

I like farming, and hope to own and culti-
vate a farm of my own some day, if I am
spared. I think this is a good country for
boys to grow up in. We get accustomed to
the climate, and learn the best way to farm,
and when we become men, we will know how
to go to work for ourselves. I mean to learn
everything I can, and I expect to know how
to manage a farm in Manitoba when my five
years are up. I am learning to drive the
team, and I expect to do some ploughing next
summer. I am very much pleased that you
are publishing UPS AND DOWNS monthly
instead of quarterly as heretofore. I think it
is a great improvement. We now get some-
thing fresh every month, and I like it much
better. I like my place much better, and I
like my master and mistress. We had a great
crop of wheat in this country last year. Some
farmers' wheat went twenty-five bushels to the
acre. There was a good crop of June-berries.
We had 175 pumpkins and 125 citron and
about fourteen pails of cucumbers and 100
bushels of potatoes. We live about one-
quarter of a mile from Rock Lake. It is very
pretty here in the summer. Our post office
is Mather. I must close now. From your
obedient servant,

ARTHUR ALFRED BELL
Care of Mr. Alfred Bell, Mather, Man.

W. G. OWEN, Esq., Feb. 26th, 1902.

DEAR SIR:--I am writing you
and to the W. G. through I have
let you know how I am getting along in
this country here, and I am getting to
a help on the farm. I am having a



Harry Potts

I am, and his mind is to be found in all I have said, and in the various things I have done, and in the manner I have the credit and help with the others. I must say I've been lucky to secure a home like this. I'm treated like one of the family. There's Mr. and Mrs. Rigney and their daughter and two sons, who are all very kind to me. The two boys own 1,120 acres of choice land, and Mr. Rigney has 320 acres. The boys manage the farm, as their father is getting old. We have had a very nice winter up to the present date, but to-day is a trifle stormy. I'm growing very fast and enjoying the best of health. Hoping you shall continue to prosper in your good work. I remain very sincerely yours,

GEORGE BLACK.

We have been asked to stir up to remembrance some of the old Buckenhill boys, and to give them a hint that a good many of Mr. Phipps' lads would like to hear from each other through the medium of UPS AND DOWNS. The suggestion came to us from David Wells, and arose out of a letter he had received from Mrs. Phipps, referring to several of her former proteges and showing that she and Mr. Phipps still maintain the most kindly interest in their old boys. David himself tells us that he is getting along fine in his present place and likes the part of the country in which he is now situated. He sings in two choirs and is about to join the town band, so if they are short of music in the vicinity of Cambury, it is clearly not the fault of our friend, David. On the same day that we heard from David, the post brought us a letter from Harry Brown, a Buckenhill boy of 1890. Henry introduces himself as a "wandering sheep," and evidently considers that he has strayed of late from our fold. We have certainly not regarded our friend, Henry, as at all in the light of a prodigal. It is true we have not heard very frequently of him of late, and we have long since regarded him as beyond the necessity of our supervision, but each year after his round of visits in the neighbourhood of Embury, Mr. Gaunt has brought us news of him, and the report has always been good. In my letter

have had good health all the time. I have been back to England once, two years ago this last winter, but I did not care for it, so I did not stay long. I think that is the way with most of us after we have been away so long. Dear Sir, I would like if you could send me the address of some of the Buckenhill boys that came out in 1890, if you have any. I have looked in the UPS AND DOWNS that I have come across, but have not seen any. I am working for Mr. Robertson, about one and a half miles south of Tilsonburg. I am sending you one dollar, and I will try and help the Home again.

Amongst the batch of letters waiting our recent arrival from England, there is one from our esteemed friend, James R. Kibble, of which we must give our readers the benefit. There are many who will remember John and know him to be one of those good things that are sometimes done up in small parcels. He says:

DEAR SIR: I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you. I haven't written many times but it is not because I forget you. I am always happy and proud to testify to Dr. Barnardo's work, and many times I have spoken to people who doubt whether he is helping Canada by his immigrants who are constantly coming out. They sometimes say they are no good to anybody, and then I ask them what nation or community of young people hasn't got its black sheep. They never say much to me when it comes to arguing, because, although I'm not very tall, I have always stayed right with them in work of all kinds. Well, Mr. Owen, I am about to start in another place. I have been here over a year, and I think I can get more wages by mowing. My sister Jennie, and I have hired at the same place. It is on a farm and only about twenty rods from Lake Ontario—that is, the house and barn. They say it is the finest point on Lake Ontario on the Canadian side, and it must be a nice place in the summer. It is about three miles south west of Bowmanville. Wages are very good down here this year, on account of the scarcity of men. I am getting \$18 per month for eight months, my board, washing and mending included, so that is not so bad for a little fellow, is it? And Jennie is getting \$8 for the first month, and if she proves satisfactory they will be raised to \$10 per month as long as she wants to stay. I have just received my UPS AND DOWNS, and I think the monthly publication is just perfection. I don't know when my subscription runs out. I would like you to let me know, so as I could renew it, for I wouldn't like to miss any of the numbers. I have often looked for some of my old chums' names, but I've not seen any. If it is not putting you to too much trouble I could like the address of Chicago, Ill.

John Barnes, William Morris, Walt & May and another big Ebbson House lad by the name of Cushion. (I forget his first name) Please don't bother too much with them, for I know you are always "terrible" busy, but if you should run across them, I should be much obliged if you would let me have them. I guess I will have to quit now, so I will always remain your sincere and obedient servant and friend,
Bowmanville P.O. J. R. KIBBLE

With respect to the first named among those about whom John enquires, our latest information of our friend, Christopher, came to us four months ago in the shape of the following cutting from the Brantford Expositor:

HAPPILY WEDDED.

PARIS YOUNG LADY BECOMES THE WIFE OF A BRANTFORD GENTLEMAN.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Edwards, Paris, when their grand-daughter, Edith, was united in marriage to Mr. C. J. Barnes, of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Paris, in the presence of about forty guests, the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was charmingly attired in a white organdie dress, trimmed with white satin and silk lace. Miss May Hayden acted as bridesmaid and was prettily gowned in a white organdie, trimmed with blue silk ribbon. The groom was supported by Mr. Harry Snider, of Brantford. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Hiram Pottruff, and Miss Christine Wilson played the "Wedding March."

After the ceremony the guests sat down to a dainty tea. The bride was the recipient of a number of very handsome presents, among them being two very handsome rocking chairs from the employees of the Adams Wagon Works. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will reside in Brantford.

Master Benjamin Smith has not depended solely upon his powers of composition to convey us an adequate idea of the thrilling incident of his being pulled over by a calf, but has embellished his letter with a blood curdling sketch of the quadruped in mad career and himself, indicated by the words in the margin "this is me" in a horizontal position at some little distance in the rear but hanging on to something which, the context explains is a rope, that Benjamin informs us "I kept hold of because I would not let it go." There is something the Editor might commend itself to our readers, to mark and we hope it will not be "villainous"

to other things in life with as much persistence, although with less disastrous results to himself, as he clung to that intractable calf. Ben. tells us that his master (who was himself, we may note in passing, at one time a Home boy) is good and kind to him, and that he is very happy in his home.

Albert J. Flatman, although a comparatively new comer, has already established a highly satisfactory reputation for himself. His employer, Mr. John C. Staddon, of Oxley, writes of him:

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR.—Albert J. Flatman, who has been with us the past nine months, has proved to be a very useful boy. He is quick to learn and is handy about everything on the farm. I find him to be a willing and trustworthy boy. I think he is the making of a thorough farmer. He goes to church and Sunday school regularly. Hoping this will not be too late for the UPS AND DOWNS.

We cordially congratulate Albert on having earned this excellent report.

In settling up accounts for last year's service of Henry J. E. Cornwall, his employer, Mr. Joseph A. Child of Frikton, writes of him:

Henry and I has got along fine, never had any words. He is the best boy I ever had, and I hope he will get along well. He is hired with Mr. James Moore, just a mile from my place, and a good home he will have. He gets \$120 a year and the promise of \$10 more if he get along well, and I know he will.

We have a very kindly and appreciative reader of UPS AND DOWNS in the person of Mr. W. H. Strachan, of Huntsville, with whom the little boy, Walter Jenner, is at present boarded. Walter has compiled a little letter for publication, which we have great pleasure in finding space for:

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, — Perhaps you would like to have a letter from me telling how I am getting on. I like a Canadian winter very much because there is so much sleigh riding. I go to school every day and bring a report home every month. I am in the Junior Secondary. I have heard of a "pau" called "The Miller" at the P. M. on Friday afternoon, which are common here. I go to the Presbyterian Church every Sunday and to the District School of Farmington with my Mother. My Street is 101 and with my paper and my desk and my chair. I am a little boy and my father is a minister. The name of my father is Mr. J. L. Strachan. I am at the P. M. on Friday afternoon.

copy home to England, and I would be very glad to see my letter in the *Western Farmer*. I am learning the tests on the calendar you sent me in the January *UP AND DOVENS*. Mr. Strachan has promised me ten cents for each month learned and committed to memory. I will try and write another letter soon. I remain, yours truly,
 WALTER JUMPER
 The River, Huntville, Muskoka.

We have to thank Albert Hickford for a very interesting little account of farming prospects and happenings in his locality. Farmers seem to have suffered a good deal of damage from the melting of snow in their grain stacks. Of course, they blame the climate and regard themselves as the victims of an unkind Providence; but some people might be disposed to attribute a good deal of the misfortune to the building of the stacks. Of course, poor slow-going, benighted old England is generations behind the times in the eyes of the up-to-date Western farmer, but, nevertheless, we have seen hundreds of grain stacks standing in the most unsheltered situations on the Wiltshire Downs and other parts, and exposed for many months to rain, hail and snow, without a pound of grain being damaged by weather. Albert tells us that he is thinking of striking out for the Province of Alberta and taking up land there. If he does so, we can assure him that he will find it a magnificent country, and we may add our opinion that Alberta will acquire an excellent settler.

Our small friend, Albert E. Mothersole, thus writes of his present conditions and calling, his letter being dated in February, but reaching us too late for our last issue:

WABEKA, Feb. 13th, 1902.

MR. OWEN,

DEAR SIR, I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines to let you know that I am quite well at present, hoping to find you the same. I like my place fine and I like the country all right. I have lots to eat and drink and have got a kind master and mistress. The crops were very good last summer. We have twenty-four head of cattle and seven horses and two sows and six little pigs to look after. There are three in family, master and mistress and me. We have been having very fine weather, but for this last few days it has been snowing. I think this is all so good right now.
 I remain, yours truly,
 A. MOTHERSOLE.

But I have just thought that it must be time that my brother should be coming out into this country, and I should like him to be with me. Thomas Mothersole, care of Mr. G. King, Great Lotham Hill, Witham, Essex, England. This is the address of where he lived when I left.

His master, Mr. Tudge, of Hill Farm, gives a most encouraging account of Albert, describing him as a "first-class boy, small" of his age, but with "nearly a man's head on him."

The following letters from two members of our Western family, John Abel and George Hughes, respectively, although similar in their contents to a good many others that we have published, will, we are sure, be read with pleasure:

CHICKNEY, ASSA., Feb. 9th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,--I will do my best to give an account of my experience in Canada. I came to this country in 1897; I left England July 10th. I was sent from Winnipeg to my present employer. I arrived at my place on Saturday, so I did not do anything till Monday, when I started herding, and have been herding every summer since. I was pretty home sick for a little while, but that soon wore off. I like the country fine, and I intend to stop in it as long as I can. When I came out things seemed pretty rough, and I did not feel as if I could settle down; but I soon settled down to a Canadian life. My master is very kind to me, and I like him first rate. He gave me a watch for a birthday present. I have a good home and have not very much work to do. I have been hauling wheat to town this fall. I had to haul it twenty five miles. My master had a very big crop this year: He had nearly 4,000 bushels of wheat and a lot of oats. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me to so fine a country and such a good home. I like my master and mistress very much; they are very good to me and give me all I need. With best wishes to Dr. Barnardo and his helpers, I remain, yours truly,
 JOHN ABEL.

PILOT MOUND, Feb. 14th, 1902.

DEAR MR. OWEN,--I received your letter to-day, and I am now answering it. I have left Mr. Lawson, who has taken up the Frost Wood Agency at Killarney, and he has been in the confectionery business here for nine months and made a pile of money. When he left the farm, I stayed with him, and I like the confectionery business, and so Mr. Lawson sold his confectionery store to Mr. J. B. Campbell, and I decided to stay with Mr. Campbell at the same terms as with Mr. Lawson. I feel very sorry to part with my old master and mistress who were so kind with me; but Killarney is just fifty miles from here and is on the same line, and so I can go up soon, through the fall and see them. Mr. Lawson has just rec'd his farm, and gets half every year and provides seed. He has a

pretty good crop this year. I am going to school at present and am doing well. On the last UPS AND DOWNS there was a picture of the Stegney Boys' Home Band, and I saw quite a few old boys. I am getting on well with my new master and mistress. I have thirty dollars in the bank in Winnipeg, and I get \$70 from Mr. Campbell when my time is up, which is April 1st, 1904. I think Canada is the best country in the world for a boy to start in life. He may find it pretty rough at first, but it comes out smooth at the end. I am sorry that the war is not over yet, but I do not think it will last long. We are having a lovely winter here, and it is nice and mild. I have a skating ticket for the season, and I am in a football team and I also play hockey. I hope you are in the best of health, as it leaves me the same. Wishing the Home every success, and great thanks to Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out. I hope he has recovered from his terrible sickness. I think this is all I have to say, so good-bye. I remain, one of the boys
 GEORGE HUGHES.

Of the boys whose likenesses compose the group on page 24, we can say for each and all of them that they are worthy of a place of honour in our columns.

Albert J. Sarles is an 1895 arrival, and has lived for the past five years with Mr. T. Mells, of Falkenburg. Mr. Mells has invariably written of Albert in terms of the highest praise, and looking over sixteen reports of visits that have been paid to him by Mr. Gaunt, we cannot find a word in the least discreditable to our friend's conduct and behaviour.

Our last communication with Master Archie M. Ashford, is a request that he may be allowed to draw money to purchase a shaving outfit, from which we gather that he is losing the bloom of youth. Otherwise we cannot better describe our young friend than in the words of Mr. Griffith's last report, in which he is spoken of as a "stout,

well grown, healthy lad, a good student and generally well behaved."

Albert H. Edwards is still boarded out, and we hear from his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, that he is growing fast, is making good progress at school and lately carried off the first prize in a Sunday school of seventy scholars for the best essay on the life of Joseph.

Albert V. Pope has borne an excellent character since he commenced his Canadian career in October, 1900. Mr. Griffith remarks in his last report that it is a "real pleasure to hear a boy so highly commended." We are told of Albert that he has never been known to tell an untruth, that he is fond of study, anxious to improve himself, always attentive to his work and that he bids fair in every way to become an ornament to the Institutions.

Our young friend, George Howe, completed a three years' engagement in a very creditable manner on the first of April last, and we are looking forward to having the pleasure very shortly of awarding him one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals for good conduct and length of service. George has now a substantial sum in the savings bank, and although he is not particularly strong or robust, he has hired for another year at good wages, and is evidently a very useful man on the farm.

Thomas Greenwood is doing well and making satisfactory headway in the country. We would mention to Thomas's credit that we received from him, not long ago, a donation of eight dollars to the funds of the Home.





Boys' Home Football Club—First Eleven, 1901.

Barnardo Old Boys' Society

HAVE you joined B.O.B.S.? If not, why not? This question has been before the readers of UPS AND DOWNS for some months past, and has doubtless been answered mentally in various ways. In dealing with the question it will be necessary to go over old ground and to give some reasons why all old Barnardo boys should become members of the Society. Those of us who may count ourselves as veritable old Barnardo boys, having come to Canada anywhere from twelve to eighteen years ago, will remember that the lot of the Barnardo boy then, like the policeman's, was not always a happy one. Doctor Barnardo's work was very much misunderstood, often wilfully so, and there was a wide spread impression that the lads who came to Canada were, to put it mildly, of a very undesirable type. We can all remember how prominently and with what large headings any item apparently derogatory to Dr. Barnardo's work and his boys was published by certain of the daily papers, and how very modest and unassuming was the space given to the often necessary contradiction when the publisher's attention was drawn to the fact that the report was absolutely incorrect. We often chafed under the unfairness and injustice of the treatment to which we were subjected; but it is no doubt true that we, in a measure, were, and are, responsible for the fact that to be known as a Barnardo boy was too often, and still is by some, counted somewhat of a stigma. It may be stated as a general rule that the world places that estimate upon an individual which he places upon himself. That is, if a young man's object in life is to be known as a steady, honest, upright and down straight fellow who can be relied upon to do his level best under all circumstances, the great mass of those who know him will know him and respect him for what he is, and accept him at the high value he places upon himself. It is unfortunate that a great many of our old boys may be ignorant and will to come to Canada in a very much

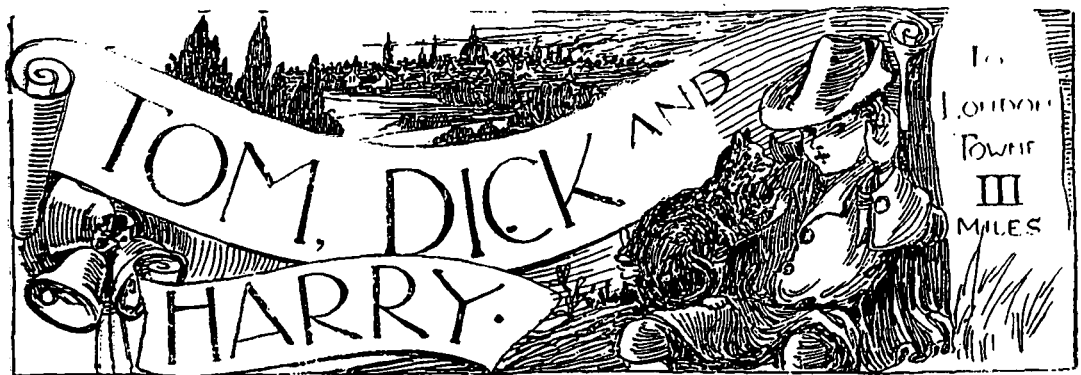
afraid of the fact becoming known that they were former inmates of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Probably the uncharitable things said of Dr. Barnardo's work has had more to do with this than anything else. In self-defence, however, and in justice to Dr. Barnardo, it would seem that the right and manly course would be for all of his old lads to, at all times and in all places, endeavour by all means to show that the Doctor's boys are at least as desirable settlers in the country as any that have so far come to Canada. Among our old boys we have those and they are largely in the majority whose ideals are high, and who live up to the highest requirements of good citizenship, and who are known and respected by their fellows. It would be a trial, perhaps, to some to own their origin as Barnardo boys, but the trial would be largely in their imaginations. The writer knows several personally, who occupy good positions and have great influence in their own particular neighbourhoods, who are known to be old Barnardo boys, but that rather adds to than detracts from the esteem in which they are held. We have black sheep among us, doubtless, and if one of them happens to get into trouble, it is amazing how promptly he acknowledges his connection with Dr. Barnardo. Indeed, it has been known that some who were never within a thousand miles of Stepney Causeway have in some mysterious manner discovered the fact that they were old Barnardo boys. Now, surely the great mass of right living, honourable men and boys who owe their start in Canada to Dr. Barnardo should not permit for one moment the statement so often made that Dr. Barnardo's boys are "N.G." to remain unchallenged. To educate our old boys to think of this line was really the prime reason for forming the Society. Of the many faults and shortcomings we are attributing to the Society it would be far more easy and timely to permit us to say, "member boys, we do not wish to suggest that the

Society was started with the right idea. Many in applying for membership have so expressed themselves. In raising the social status of our members we shall be of benefit not only to ourselves but to all who shall come hereafter. It will be worth an effort to try to smooth for the feet of the young lads the rough way some of us have trod. The Society has for its Honorary President Dr. Barnardo, our good friend whose kindly interest in his old boys never ceases, and as its Honorary Vice-President Mr. A. B. Owen, whose cheery words of encouragement and hearty hand-grip have stiffened the backbone of many a wavering one and chased away the blues from many a despondent lad, and given him fresh energy to go on, and, as has been the case so often, succeed in his chosen walk of life. Our Society does not profess to, as yet, do great things. It does not yet undertake sick and funeral benefits, or propose to experiment with insurance on the assessment plan; possibly never will. It cannot offer big premiums to the members bringing in the most new members. The annual fee of fifty cents does not run to that. It is as yet purely a fraternal Society. Its possibilities are all in the future, and those possibilities are great. We are even now a voting power of considerable influence. We number

among us men in good business standing who can, and will, use their power for the benefit of the old Barnardo boy and for the benefit of Dr. Barnardo's work in various ways, some of which will readily occur to the thinking man. We have among us those who can see in the future a community peopled largely, if not entirely, by old Barnardo boys, and, if we guess aright, girls, a community which will show what the Barnardo boy and girl can do. We have men in the professions, on newspaper staffs, in public offices, and owners of their own farms, whose influence is, and will be, with us; and, if the remark may be allowed, we have, among our members some—a very few, but still some—who instead of, as usual, sending their dollar contribution to the Homes, have split it in two, contributing fifty cents to the Homes and paying their membership fee with the other half dollar. It is only necessary to mention this to ensure that it shall not happen again. We are not receiving any complaints from Mr. Owen on this score; but we happen to know that some have, possibly through misunderstanding, done this. And as Mr. Owen will not see this little protest until it is in print, he will not have the opportunity of running his blue pencil through it.

A. G. SMITH, Sec. Treas.





NOT only has "An Undecided One" come of age, but the following letter shows him to have cut his wisdom teeth also. He need only follow his own good judgment to take the proper step at this important juncture of his life. He has himself taken a comprehensive survey of the question in all its bearings, and noted the objections to several courses of action which it would be unwise to pursue. It remains, therefore, for me to commend his good sense and comment upon his remarks for the benefit of those similarly situated. But let him first state his case.

DEAR WHITTINGTON

DEAR FRIEND, I would like you to advise me in a matter where I find it very difficult to know what is best to do. I have been in Canada now eleven years, and though I say it myself, I haven't done bad, and have never been a day idle or out of work, and I haven't wasted any money foolishly. Well, to make a long story short, when I get my wages on the first of April—which is when I get my pay for this year—I shall have just \$450 saved up, and I can't exactly make up my mind what I am going to do. I am now twenty-one—or was last November—and I think it is time I decided for the future. Sometimes I think I will just keep my \$450 and go on working and add more to it just year in and year out, and presently take a little place. I know I could easily rent a place, for everybody knows me well round here, and then I suppose I could buy a place after a while, and just work and toil away, and never spend any money, and get a living, and have a home and lots of hard work, and be what they call a mossback all my days. It's true it's very independent, and, like Mr. Owen once wrote me, the farmer who can pay his way and owns his farm is the most independent man in the world; but it seems a bit slow and hum drum for a young man to settle to for life long. Sometimes I think I will use my money and get an education and go to a business college, but then I suppose I could only be a small clerk, and everybody tells me that in the cities these ordinary clerks don't get enough to starve on, and that girls do all the work and cheaper than men. Something I fancy I will take my money and travel. I

could see a lot of the world for \$450, couldn't I? But then I might get cleaned out somewhere, and I would feel rather cheap if I spent all my savings that I worked so hard for and laid up, and had to go back again just as poor as ever. I can't make my mind up just what to do, and I thought perhaps you would say something about it in UPS AND DOWNS, as there must be many more lads who are in my same position. Yours truly,

AN UNDECIDED ONE

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To my mind, there are two propositions worthy of serious consideration. The first is the advisability of renting a small farm to gain experience as a master farmer and turn over his capital for anticipated profits; the second, waiting until he has accumulated enough money to buy a farm of his own. I am inclined to favour the first method, for the reason that the risks are less, and the opportunity of becoming his own master immediate, with the prospect of increasing his capital more rapidly than by savings from his wages. It depends upon himself and his ability, however, as to whether he should or should not defer the venture until he is older and has more skill and experience as an agriculturist. He may be all that can be reasonably desired of a hired hand, and yet lack the wider range of knowledge and executiveness to qualify him for success from the start. He might lose his money before he has learned how to make a farm pay, but if he is intelligent and industrious, competent, careful and economical, I see no reason why he should not see the first likely chance of renting a farm—not too big at first—and use his capital sparingly, and judiciously, to seed and cultivate it, keeping the object always before him of making the farm yield as much as possible of the working expenses which he can reach, so that crop and holding his capital intact

as circumstances will permit for emergencies. It is easier to put money into a business than to get it out again. After the preliminary outlay that may be necessary, he should set his wits to work to devise ways and means of deriving an income from the many sidelines an enterprising farmer can supplement his revenue with, and so make the farm produce its own working capital. It is well to be cautious and be slow and sure. By improvising means to an end, by working a little harder and patiently enduring inconvenience for a time, a successful start can be secured without jeopardizing much hard-earned money. It is astonishing how little one can get along with if one is determined to do so. Comfort and convenience will come in time; and if the farm can be made to provide for its own requirements, that is so much money made. To buy recklessly is often to leave one without means to turn a bad corner, and may mean failure. The farm exists for the farmer, and not the farmer for the farm; and as the object is to make money, the farm should encroach upon the reserve capital only for the purpose of more profitably employing that capital, and with a clear prospect of increasing it. It is a poor farm and badly managed that will not pay for itself when it is equipped, stocked and planted; and, with careful management, its resources may be utilized to provide for all but the bare necessities to begin with.

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Brains and brawn--these are what should be relied upon more than money. These are latent capital that may be drawn upon to an unlimited extent, and may save many an inroad upon a bank account. The farmer needs a binder or a mower, another horse, or he has to meet a financial obligation. Very well. We will say he is a smart, enterprising, resourceful fellow, who looks ahead and is prepared for everything before it comes. He foresees the requirement and, regarding his bank account as something to be added to rather than taken from, set about finding a way to earn what he must have. At any rate, he will not

spend a dollar in business until he clearly sees how it will come back with a percentage of profit.

† † †

Then there is the other proposition of buying a farm outright. I really know little of farming myself, and therefore should hesitate to speak with certitude in this connection; but if my opinion, based upon an average amount of commonsense and some practical business experience, is worth having, I may venture to put it forward, not as advice, but rather as a consideration of the case from my point of view. Well, I should imagine that \$450 would not go far towards buying an Ontario farm of any account. Except in districts remote from the recognized markets, this province is pretty well settled up. The price of land is high, and a homestead is hard to procure as compared with fifty years ago. Moreover, unless the soil has been well fertilized, it may be nearly exhausted. It would seem to me that a young man with a small capital should turn his eyes to Manitoba or the North West, where land is cheap and the soil good for some years' cultivation without fertilization long enough, at any rate, to allow him to get upon his feet before replenishing its exhausted fertility. There is a great future ahead of the Territories, and a homestead to be bought now for an old song will be worth considerable money before many years have elapsed. If a prudent choice of situation is made, the investment, I should think, would be both safe and lucrative, and would amply compensate for any early difficulties encountered in a new country. Many of our lads who a few years ago built a shack and, hopeful of the future, broke the virgin prairie and harvested their first crop under conditions that tried their mettle, are now on the road to Easy Street, and the accounts which we read in *THE NEW DOWNS* from time to time of their increasing prosperity should appeal strongly to the enterprising, adventurous spirit of any young fellow who is ambitious of becoming his own master and working his own farm for his own profit. I should think that the right kind of a fellow could

hardly make a mistake in following their example.

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Going to a business college is all very well for one who is bent on a commercial career; but, my friend, let me tell you—and of this I can speak positively from knowledge—you would find the position of a third-rate clerk in a city establishment more than “a bit slow,” and “hum-drum” to the last degree. Girls, with an eye to pin money and an early marriage, have long ago spoiled such positions as a prospect for a young man who has to make his bread and butter and, in due time, support a wife and family. His only hope for the future in such a situation is in promotion, and he must wait his turn, often to be overlooked when a smarter fellow is in the field. The industrial world of this continent is at present in the throes of fierce competition, in which legitimate business is rapidly deteriorating into shifts and schemes, and personal probity and integrity are no longer to be relied upon. Juggling with notes of hand, technically known as “kite-flying,” is getting to be lamentably common; bankruptcy is alarmingly frequent, and audacity is callous to shame; angling for trade has made of advertising an art and prevarication an accomplishment; shoddy and cheap substitutes for the real article are the order of the day, and in this wholesale cultivation of imitation, artifice and deception, the man has become like his wares—a creature of plated pinch-beck, whose appearance of respectability will hardly bear a second glance. No, the way to true manhood and self-respecting independence is not to be found in the walks of trade. Back to the land and natural conditions of existence is where we must turn if we would find rest for our souls. Let me counsel you earnestly and sincerely not to give this idea a second thought. Turn from it as a path that leads astray.

Travelling is an education certainly, but it costs like the mischief, and more often than not, when it does not ruin a young fellow, it unsettles him from a steady following of one pursuit, which is essential to success in every avocation, and makes him shiftless and changeable. And when the \$450 are gone, what then? He must go back to what he left and begin again where he quit minus his savings, or become a tramp if he cannot settle down, beating his way from place to place on freight trains, following a will-o'-the-wisp, aiming at nothing and getting no more, unless it be bad habits and a sorrowful fund of experience. Surely no one in his proper senses would think seriously of such a reckless proposition! On this point, after foreseeing in so shrewd a manner as he has the probable end of such a step he cannot long remain “An Undecided One.” The question itself suggests the negative, and I shall not venture to enter the discussion.

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To sum up, I should say that one who has \$450 to show as the savings of eleven years, and these the least remunerative of the productive period of his life, has good and conclusive evidence in his favour to substantiate his claim to thrift and economy. He must be tolerably competent and industrious or he could not have held his job for so long, and with these qualities to start with, there is little room for apprehension of failure, if he should embark in farming on his own account and does not “bite off more than he can chew.” Trusting what I have said will have weight enough to counterbalance any tendency to tilt in the wrong direction, and that he will not bury his talent in a napkin, I remain his friend and well wisher,

W. M. Mitchell



OUR GIRLS

Notes and Comments

Our Mail Bag.

LETTERS! letters! letters! They come pouring in faster and faster as the days grow longer, with applications to go East and West, North and South, and they all want good girls, tidy girls, big girls, obliging girls. Very comical requests are contained in these same letters sometimes. One lady wants her order booked for the first party; another wants a catalogue of the girls who are coming out, with a photograph and full description. Some are more obliging and do not object to freckles, and are not particular about the colour of the hair, etc. There are some who want to know if we "give girls away" at Hazel Brae, and though none have actually offered to buy a girl, enquiries about terms are couched in strictly commercial language, as if that were the only basis. Make yourselves worth the highest wages, girls, and remember you are never out of the care of the Homes. When you can fight your own battles wisely and well, do so, by all means; but rest assured that any appeal for advice will meet with prompt and immediate response from the old friends who have your highest interests at heart.



Little birds are making their homes. Poor children! they are so lonely, so rather desolate, and on such a dreary and uncomfortable day. He is a little bird and while he has been in the nest he has sung hide hide in the maple tree and he is the bird that is to be the next year on the top of the birch tree. Child, the little bird and the little bird are the

made him think regretfully of warm winter quarters; but sunny days will come and he will preen his brightest feathers, and fly with glad notes to the grass plot, and make our hearts rejoice that spring is here. Robins and girls are much alike just now; they are getting the houses ready for summer, and thinking a good deal about the "fine feathers that will make fine birds." Do the house cleaning well, girls. Faithfully turn out every corner and make the darkest, duldest places bright, sweet and clean. Beat the carpets with a will and nail them down again straight and firm. All this will help you to the place of rejoicing when bright summer days are here and you have time to put on those pretty summer dresses, and be gay and glad like the robin in the maple. Take care how you buy those summer dresses. They *must* be pretty, but see to it that they are something that will wash and wear and can be easily ironed straight again if a summer shower ruffles them. Cheap silks are a delusion and a snare; pretty lawns look just as well *at first* and *ten times better* at the end of the season, and will make nice second dresses next year. Make hats and dresses tone together, and be sure both are neatly put on and well within your means; then you will be sweet as the flowers and gay as the birds.



Little birds are making their homes. Poor children! they are so lonely, so rather desolate, and on such a dreary and uncomfortable day. He is a little bird and while he has been in the nest he has sung hide hide in the maple tree and he is the bird that is to be the next year on the top of the birch tree. Child, the little bird and the little bird are the

have a large new element of young life poured into our midst to join with those already here in helping to build up this Canadian Empire and open its mighty resources for the use of the world. We are living in days throbbing with life and promise for the future. What part are we going to bear in that promise? Girls, do you realize that you are factors in the upbuilding of one of the richest, grandest and most fruitful nations of the world. Let South Africa give its diamonds to grace the queenly brow, its ostrich feathers to adorn the beautiful, but to Canada is reserved the right of feeding the nations of the earth, and pouring forth among the storm-tossed dwellers of the older world its wealth of food in every form. With such a gift as this, it is utterly impossible for Canada to take a back seat in the councils of the world, and when behind these councillors stand hosts of men and women, who through godly life and honest purpose have won for themselves that best of inheritance a "good name," no small degree of power and honour must be given. What is our individual share in this work? We will answer the question in Bible language: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." That is, the righteousness of each person in the nation. Let each one of our nearly 3,000 girls be in her private life a pure, industrious, God-knowing woman, and what a mighty avalanche of power they will become. In such a presence the ungodly oath and impure jest must die; the home will be bright and cleanly, the conversation intelligent and exalting. The word of God will be honoured and obeyed. Girls, are you going to do this for Canada? God has given you a grand opportunity, will you not respond to the call, and bring blessing on yourselves, your country and the world at large? Little girls have their share in this work too: every time they put away a temptation to tell an untruth or take something that is not theirs, speak an unclean word or take light of God's Word, they are building up the nation. The coral reefs that form such big rocks off the coast of Australia were built up by the insects,

each doing its part in its appointed place; but the rocks are built and withstand the roughest storms. God sees the little efforts, and will own every thing that is done in a right spirit. Set yourselves these high ideals, and let all be done with the thought of pleasing Him. S. Owen.

Chit-Chat.

The following notes, culled from our Visitors' diary, bring tidings of girls in and around Almonte and Cobden who came to Canada last year:

Beatrice Foote, one of the elder ones, was in the town of Almonte, but has since moved with the family to Perth. She was apparently giving every satisfaction and seems to have had better health than when she was in England, and altogether Beatrice gave a happy account of herself.

Gertrude Griffiths was a little downcast, and feeling home sick for her sister, Alice, so has since been placed in the neighbourhood of Algonquin, where we hope she will win the affection and esteem of her employers; as Alice has done. We shall look for a good report the next time we visit her.

Phoebe Henshawe, a bright, happy-looking little girl, evidently quite contented with her lot, is learning to be useful and was spoken of in high terms of praise, which we hope will always be the case when the visitor comes to see her.

"A good little girl" was the sum and substance of all we heard about Edith Voss; but Edith was rather home sick for friends in England. On our next visit we shall probably see her taking a brighter view of things, and shall hope to find her settling down to life in Canada more happily.

Margaret Fern was a little disappointed; all we heard was of a kindly, happy and giving good satisfaction. She has a comfortable farm home.

Margaret Cobden had a very good report in a good home with a kind and loving couple who brought her to the hope of an able to her feet, and a new life.



Ethel Summers looked the picture of good health, thoroughly enjoys farm life, has learned to milk well, and was proud to tell of what she could accomplish in this respect. Her mistress praised her highly, which we hope she will always be able to do.

Esther and Emily Pring went together to Cobden in October, Esther to the village and Emily four miles in the country. Both have good homes, and life in Canada looked bright and promising for each of them. Their little sister, Sarah, has since gone to a happy home in the same village.

Mary Beadell is a little small for the place, but has found favour with her mistress, who wished to keep her, and Mary too did not like the idea of leaving. She is quite useful in minding the little children, and can do many other little chores to help her mistress.

Nellie Leach is also a happy little girl in a good country home. Besides learning farm-house work she is to have lessons in dressmaking, her mistress being competent to teach her, and Nellie herself having a natural taste for sewing.

Emmiline Gill, quite a little girl, is going to school and not able to do much more than mind the baby and help wash the dishes; but she will learn, we hope, and always try too to be a good child.

Christina Swales had just gone to her second place, where she will apparently have a good home with people who were disposed to take a kindly interest in her, and the child herself was very happy to stay.

Lizzie Barlow, living in Galetta, is a very happy little girl with good, kind people, who have taken Lizzie into their hearts and treat her as one of the family.

Isabella Newman is in a good farm home at Portland, where she is very happy and doing well. She has, of course many things to learn, but is willing and does her best to please her mistress, who has every hope of having comfort and good help from Bella.

The following letters have come to hand, which will speak for themselves.

DEAR FRIEND, I am writing to you at last. I feel ashamed that all the other girls have written to UPS AND DOWNS except me. Now I am going to write too. I live on a farm with nice people. We have about 200 acres of land. I suppose some of the girls who take UPS AND DOWNS will know me when they see my letter. I live in a very nice place, with the St. Lawrence River right in front of the house, and we see the big boats and the little tugs; and the trains we can see at the back of the house, and the big maple trees all around the house, so it makes it very pretty. I wish you could come and see me; it is so pretty here. There are three little children here too. We have a big orchard. Well, I will be in Canada five years next October, so that is a pretty long time. I guess there are other girls who have been out here longer than that. When I get my picture taken I will send you one to put in for me. I think I will have to close now, with love to all, from one of your girls,

FLORENCE D. MOORE.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I would like to write to UPS AND DOWNS, as I never have. First thing, I am thankful for the good place and people I am with. I am thankful also to Dr. Barnardo. I had a letter from a sister, and she said that I was put in the Home when I was thirteen months old. I have a good mistress and master and such a lovely baby; I am so fond of him. I wish to have the UPS AND DOWNS this year. I think it will be so much nicer to have them every month. I will enclose twenty five cents. I am in much better health since I have had my tonsils cut. I have gained seven pounds in three weeks; if I keep gaining I think I will soon be a big girl. I am feeling altogether better. I have a nice Sunday school to go to, and I get some very nice papers. The teacher of my class gave me a very pretty card. We have had cold weather back here in Enniskillen. The snow is eight feet deep in very bad places; in others it is not so deep. It seems to keep the men busy shovelling the roads. I think I must close now. I remain one of your many girls,

EDITH ALICE BRIND.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, Just a few lines to you in answer to your kind and loving letter. First of all, I must tell you how I spent Christmas. My mistress and the youngest boy went into London and stayed all night and the next day, Christmas Day; and the other three boys and their pa and me went. We went in the new cutter and rode all the way to London, about eleven miles. We started between nine and ten o'clock. We had a beautiful dinner, we had turkey, pudding and pie and every thing you could think of, and we also had a nice tea. The people we went to have four children, two boys and two girls. One is twelve and another thirteen years old, and I had lots of fun with them. You must excuse me not writing to you before, as my mistress has been ill in bed, and I have not had much time to write. I was a pupil to see in UPS AND DOWNS in C. J. St. Ursula's.

married. I like my sister, Fannie, very much at the same boarding-out places as me, and also Maud Holman, Lizzie Britton, Florence Cull, Sarah Seaby, Lizzie Goodbody and others. I should be very pleased if you could send me the addresses of some of these girls, as they all knew me. Dear Miss Loveday, I am trying to go to Sunday school every Sunday now. I do not want to miss the prize next Christmas. There was not any church last Sunday because the snow was so deep; it had drifted so before two or three days. I have a sister in England, and she is saving up her money to come out and see me. I think this all I have to say just now. With love to you all,

DOROTHY ALTRIA.

CORNWALL.

DEAR MADAM, I was very glad to get your letter. I am quite happy and satisfied. Please put this letter in UPS AND DOWNS, if it is fit to go in the next one. I do my work better, so hope I will get on all right now. I suppose you have heard of the smallpox breaking out in Cornwall; but we live out of the town. I am going to be vaccinated soon. I hope you are all well. Give Miss Gibbs my love, and tell her I send Miss Pohle (my cottage mother) my love. I have a good warm bed to sleep in and plenty to eat. It is bedtime now, so I must go, so good-night. I remain, your truly,

Yours truly,

JAMES MARTIN.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, It is now evening, and as I sit in my kitchen my thoughts wander back to the Home in England, where there are many who have not forgotten me. I came out to Canada in the year 1900, at the beginning of June. I am in my third place. I am living about a mile from my sister. My mistress is aunt to her mistress. I go to the Quaker Sunday school. I have a very nice place, and hope to stay for a long time to come; but of course that depends upon myself. I think if I had the choice where to live, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada, because it is far easier for anyone to make a living than it is in England, although I often wish I could go back and see some of the friends there; but I think when I got there I would want to come back again like most people do that go back to England. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, one of your girls,

FANNY MEACHER.

WOODVILLE.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I just write these few lines to you, hoping to find you are quite well, as I am myself. I received the cards, and they were very nice indeed. I have been writing to my sister, and she said that she was coming next year, and if she does, will you let me know? Our school has stopped, and we are having our holidays. It will start again next week. We had an entertainment in the basement of the church, and it was very nice. I was in the tambourine drill, and we had to be in white, and I said a piece of recitation, and read Bailey and I sang "Jesus Bids Us Shine," and Mary sang a Glee song to the

people, and they all laughed at it. I enjoyed myself very much. I was invited out to tea on Christmas. I go to Sunday school, and I like it very much indeed, and I read my card every morning. Yours truly,

JANE HENRICKSON.

Some of our girls have been successful in a very laudable competition, repeating the Shorter Catechism without mistake. Mary Dawson won a Bible in this way at Hamilton, and Edith Pullen at Berlin. They are to be warmly congratulated on having such a bulwark to their faith as that excellent Catechism affords.

A nice likeness of our old friend Kate Lloyd, and a long letter from her, speak for themselves. Many will be glad to see her face and hear of her life in Canada:

DEAR GIRLS,—I came out to Canada in September, 1894, so that was quite a long time ago, you know. I stayed at the Home about a month, and then went to live with a lady in Picton, and stayed there until the spring, and on the 13th of May I came to Tilsonburg, and here I have lived ever since, and it will be six years in May. I am living on a farm, and it is two miles and a half from town, and it is 100 acres of land, and the nicest land and the prettiest planned place I ever saw. The garden in the summer time is beautiful: it has a large lawn and such lots of evergreens. They are kept trimmed, and we have the loveliest flowers; the roses are just beautiful. I have never written to UPS AND DOWNS before, and I have so much to tell that I am afraid it will take up too much room. I want to tell you all about my joining the Church of England. I was confirmed the 16th of last May by the Bishop of Huron, and the same day the church was consecrated, and my mistress' father gave most of the land and quite a sum of money. It was the first church that was ever built in this part of the country. It had been fixed over and was consecrated again, and now it is like a new one. I go to church every Sunday. I look forward to the UPS AND DOWNS coming. I like to read the letters in it. I like Canada very much.

Your sincere friend,

KATE LLOYD.

FANNY LOVELL, one of our 1889 girls, has sent a photograph and a very happy little note, in which she tells us of her good home, which she has kept for five years, with every prospect of remaining. Well done, Emma!

Mary Watson sends a note to the girls, and a letter, in which she says, "I like to go out sleigh riding, but the snow is too deep now. Our church is nearly

four miles from where we live, and it does sound so pleasant to hear the cutters and sleigh bells jingle so merrily.

Mary Tooth tells us how much she likes Canada and says, "I think it was very kind of Dr. Barnardo to send me."

Martha Gill is trying hard to be a real German like her kind employer, and in her note tells us how well she can milk and churn and what good times Easter will bring.

Jane Woodman, whose picture was one of a February group, tells us of her good home and of the dear baby whose prattle enlivens it. She says, "I have been here a year and a half, and I hope to stay a good many more years."

Jane Boulwood does not like the cold winter very much, but would not go back to England even to escape the cold.

Louisa Burfoot's mistress says she is an industrious, obliging girl, a character



We hope she will continue to do her faithful service.

We hear a very good report of Ellen Pover. Her mistress says she is getting along quite nicely and has some very lovable traits. She is exceedingly fond of the children, especially the youngest, who calls her "Dear Nannie" in return. We fear that Ellen (like some others, probably) has felt rather lonely; but we hope she will soon be cheered by a visit from Mrs. Owen.

Emily Hill's face will speak for itself and tell you she is well and happy.

Eliza Crossley is getting to be quite a young woman now. She has kept her place well, and is evidently happy and at home there.

Hannah Perrin, another of our pictured girls, has an excellent report, and looks what she is—well and happy.

Emily P. Owen has been two or three years in our home and grown to be quite a big girl and a true Christian woman.

One of our older girls who has sent a generous donation to the G. D. F. writes full of regret that the girls do not respond more liberally to the claims of the work. She thinks girls have as much to be thankful for as boys. Really, it seems as if they might have more, and we trust that in the future they will show it by their gifts, which should be in proportion to their wages.

Emily Manning has had the opportunity of shaking hands with Fanny Crosby, the blind lady who has written so many beautiful hymns. She is over eighty years of age and still feels young in God's service. How many of us are in that service? She would recommend it to each as the secret of a happy life.

Let us do our duty as we can, and never. Our contemporary is a sad and disappointed if we do not give the whole of our days and too much trouble to get that to be spent in a thing so we will sell the same amount of interest that we have in the world. Let us do our duty as we can, and never.

I am in the Second Book, and think I shall be ready for the Third Book soon. Mr. R. has a large sugar bush; he tapped over 400 trees; I like sugar very much, and we made over two gallons of syrup.

Jessie Seal tells us how the syrup is obtained. She says:

I wish you were here just now; we are tapping the maple trees. We bore a hole in the tree and hang a tin bucket under it, and the sap runs into it. It is as clear as water. We gather it and boil it in the woods until it is a brown syrup; then we take it to the house and boil it again until it is thick; then we put some on cakes of snow for taffy, and let some get hard for sugar. We tapped more than 100 trees.

Mabel Sullivan tells us how happy she is in her home. She has been there more than two years, and has seen the children she loves so well grow bigger and stronger. She speaks of the severe weather of the past winter and says:

For a solid week our roads were blocked, and even the cars could not travel. How I long for summer; it cannot come quite soon enough for me. I guess lots of the girls think the same. I was pleased to get UPS AND DOWN every month; it was a little too long to wait three months. I just love to read the girls' letters, also that nice story. I am sure it teaches us a lesson to be kind to everyone. I often think of the dear old times in the Village Home. I am sure we can never thank Dr. Barnardo for his kindness to us. My sister, Maggie, is well. She is thirteen on the fourth of this month; she is going to school next. I am one of your dear girls,

MABEL SULLIVAN.

One of our old girls writes us a long letter for this issue. We hope several will remember Lilian Madden and be interested in her experiences:

DEAR MADAM,—This is Sunday evening, and I am going to try to say a few words. If I am one of the old girls, I feel sure you are just as much interested in me. I am so glad to know the dear Doctor has recovered from his illness; few of us are thankful enough for all the great love he has shown us. I am not one who is ashamed to say I am a Home girl. I was much delighted to get the UPS AND DOWN monthly, and I think we all are. There are a few girls who will remember me who came out when I did. I am glad to see so many out of my cottage are out here. I went to Sunday school last Sunday, and Edie went with me. We went through a box from France, and that it was so deep we had to get down on our knees and crawl. When we got there, if Edie Stacy could have seen me, she would have said, "Just like I had." I don't forget the good things we used to have

in the Village Home talking in our room, and then when we heard the pat of the "Mother's" feet be snoring in our bed; but those childish days are gone. I have been in my place nearly six years now. I think I should like to go in the town when this year has gone. I should like to be where I could get out a little and get to Church oftener. My mistress says she is sure, if I was as good there as I am here, I shall get on. I have done very well in my place so far. This is all I can say this time, so good-bye. I remain your loving Home girl,
LILIAN MADDEN.



Who is this?

In a letter from Rosina Wagner she tells us of a visit to her sister, Sarah, at Christmastime. After a long journey, she went with Sarah to a tea-meeting, so no wonder she adds "I was quite ready for bed when I reached Mrs. Sangster's. I spent a very happy Christmas, and on Thursday we went and got our pictures taken, one of which I send you." We are sorry these pictures are not quite the right tone for reprinting.

Annie Logan, one of our correspondents, gives us some of her rather interesting experience in milking, which may interest some. "I live on a large farm of 200 acres. I have been here three years and have suggested. The clearest rule I am to Canada there is milking before on a farm. We are milking seven cows now, but there will be ten or twelve in the main time. I have got to be patient

good milker. I remember the first cow Mrs. B. sent me to milk switched its tail, and I ran away. I was very silly; but I'll never do that again. My mistress is very good to me, and treats me as if I were her own." Annie finishes her letter with some hopes for the future and a strong determination to save her money. She is a good, healthy, strong girl, and will, no doubt, do well.

Keziah Smart, who is one of our old girls, has sent us a letter in which she speaks of herself as one of the short kind of people; but she is not a girl who believes in short service, for she has been nearly six years in her place. She is proving the wisdom of this conduct by a growing bank account, and she may well say, "I do not think I would like to leave this place and go to another; it is far better not to be on the move all the time. I have never tried it, but I see other girls, and they are not so well off as those that keep their places."



Howard Duck.

Carlton Duck.

Two bonny little girls children find their places among our girls this month. Their mother, who was Florence Ash, is now Mrs. Duck, and has sent from her far away home in the North West these two bright little ones to brighten our pages. We trust they will grow up to bear their share in the upbuilding of the good West and brighten our future.

The first of these is Howard Duck, a boy of five years, and the second is Carlton Duck, a girl of four years. They are both very bright and cheerful children, and we are sure they will do well in their new home.

eight years. She grew up a healthy, smart, intelligent young lady. We learned her all about dairy farming, but we let her go three years before her time was up. I gave her \$100 as per contract with the Home authorities, kept her well dressed, and gave her a good outfit on her wedding day. She is now settled on a dairy farm near by us. Her husband is a model young man and is very good to her. They have one sweet little girl that calls me Grandpa. We are getting too far advanced in years to think of adopting another, and would rather get one to work for wages and clothing, if your terms are suitable.

We have extracted the following additional items from our Visitors' note books:

When we have been to see girls two or three times we feel so differently about visiting them. They are friends now, from whom we are going to have a glad welcome, and the difficulties of getting confidences are past. Of course, they will tell us all they have been doing and all their hopes and plans for the future.

Nancy and Lizzie Spence are very near each other. They are big girls, too, and able to take care of themselves, but it is always a pleasure to see them and hear a little about their lives. They have been to the ice skating rink for a pleasant winter.

Mary McCormack is in the same neighbourhood, and has this winter shared their pleasures. Mary has a good record for faithful service, and promises to be a fine woman.

Lilian Aldridge is a little girl who is enjoying the protective care of a good home. She feels herself one of the family, and will, we trust, grow up to make a good Canadian.

Florence and Rose Cuth are two sisters who often get the opportunity of visiting each other. Florence is not so strong, but she has no very hard work, and lives a quiet, happy life.

There are a few other girls who are doing well, but they are quiet, and do not like to make a great deal of noise. They are all doing well, and we are glad to hear of them.

We are glad to hear of the progress of all our girls, and we hope to see them all again soon.

but I heard lots of good things about her, and have great hopes for the future.

Marian Ivy has found her niche, and is a bright and happy girl. She takes a keen interest in the incubator and brooder, and was very proud of her eighty early chickens, which seemed so happy and content in their warm quarters.

Annie Kimber was very delighted to see her visitor. She is getting quite a woman now, and takes a womanly interest in her home and surroundings.

Annie Rolfe, another 1901, is well, happy and good. Her gentle, kindly mistress is well pleased with her and gives her many pleasures.

Mabel Sullivan has written us a letter for this number. She and Margaret are near each other and go to the same church and Sunday school. They are both winning for themselves a good name.

Daisy Dewart is keeping her place well, and is highly appreciated for faithful service.

Our pictures speak for themselves. One of them really must, for we do not know who she is. Will she please write and tell us? And, remember, girls look so different in other clothes, and we cannot be expected to remember all the faces. Annie Logan has been already mentioned as a good girl we are going to feel proud of. Emily Vale and her kind cousin look very happy together. Annie Pett will doubtless be recognized by a host of friends. Edith Biggs has grown so sweet and womanly, we are glad her schoolmates should see her face again. The dear wee ones are Mrs. Duck's children. Fizzie Cot has not changed much. We are sure her old friends will all be glad to see her face again.

Bible Questions

Answers to the questions to be found in the January number: Beatrice, the girl; Minnie, Louisa; the Miller, Abigail; Nellie and Gladys, Canadian girls; a list of the names of the girls in the Old Testament. For the children, a list of places mentioned in the Bible.

Toronto Topics

IT is three months since our last talk, and instead of the deep snowbanks we had then the grass is all uncovered and the air feels spring-like, the evenings grow longer and the mornings are light and sunny, and everything seems waking up to brightness. What does it mean to each one of us? Does it speak to us of the Risen Saviour and the happy overcoming life He gives us by His grace and Holy Spirit abiding with us, or does it only mean that winter is over and we must think about our new dresses or fine hats to go out in? The words of the Editor in the last number about frivolity and love of dress are only too much needed. It is quite natural to want to look nice and be noticed, and there is no reason why you should not; but why spend all you earn on it without a thought for future needs? Neither is there any reason why the older girls should not have a "young man;" but be careful to have one who has had a proper introduction, and who is well known and respected, and who would not be ashamed to call at the house for you. But the young men who stand on the street corners and follow and speak to any young girls passing are not safe companions for any girl, as they have no respect for themselves or the girls. Ellen Andrews came to see us the other day, and while talking of these matters she recited a poem, a copy of which she has sent for our readers. If our girls would only measure their young men by this standard, things would go well.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about the drudgery of housework and one and another "hating" it so much; but really, girls, if you do not like housework now, when it means so much hard cash every month, how much better will you like it when you do it all alone and for no payment? True, we have one or two girls who have, by sheer hard work and steadfast determination, got beyond housework; not, mind you, by doing it night and day and unwillingly, but then ought to all

and quickly, so as to have time to study when the work was all finished up, and have saved their money, buying new only what was necessary and mending carefully what they had, and so have got quite a little money put by, and have fitted themselves for office work, and are carrying the same amount of energy and push into their new positions. Ask of their mistresses, and you hear that So-and-so was "a splendid girl; everything was done so well and cheerfully." Here is part of a letter from Carrie Wall, written on a typewriter, and very nicely written too:

I have got a very good position on Bay Street, and am getting \$4 a week to start with. I do not think that is bad to start with, do you? I am glad my working at service is over, for I did hate it so, as you know. I am still studying at night to gain speed, but it does not cost anything now, as I go at night. I took a month at day school, and used to pay my board. I am glad you will get my letter in Ursula Downy's. I hope she will do anyone any good.

Now for news. We have many interesting little items this month of new arrivals and visitors and visits paid. Among our new comers is Fizzie Kerr, who has been in Canada since the fall of 1900 and stayed in one place all the time. Now we have her with us in the city, and feel sure she is going to be one of the best of our family. Josephine Appleby, whose picture we publish in this number, has lately come to the city from Brighton, where she has a three years' record, and we are looking forward to her making the same kind of record with us. Annie Buck, formerly of Orton, has also come to Toronto, and is now in a situation in the north end.

Gertrude Wood has lately returned to a trip to England with her husband, and we are glad for her to have such a treat in prospect after her five years of faithful work.

Nellie MacIntyre has just written about her career in the city, and how she managed to get a very good position, and how she managed to get a very good position, and how she managed to get a very good position.

Charles Ogill has gone to a country place to see how she can get on, and we hope she will find it has been a good move to make in more ways than one.

Then for visitors we have had Sarah Sedgemoor from Weston, who had met with an accident and wanted to nurse up a little and get her arm well, after which she went out to a farm near Peterborough.

Dorothy Blakey spent a little time with us when passing through Toronto on her way to visit friends in Bowmanville.

Lizzie Hatcher came in from the same place to take a situation in the city and spent a few days with us, and we are glad to welcome her to the family, and hope she will be very happy and successful while with us.

Kate Hume, who was spending the day in Toronto to do some shopping with a particular friend, who did some shopping too (in the jewellery line), came in for a couple of hours for a chat and was rather disappointed to find the wrong Mrs. Owen. However, the fact of Kate's sister, Maude, having been our guest last September made a sort of introduction, and, at any rate, Kate had a rest, which she must have needed, before returning to the station.

Bessie Smith, from Scarborough, was in the city again for a day or so, and had a good look all through Eaton's store.

Florence Lynch, an old-timer, joined us one Sunday, and besides being very welcome and a very pleasant addition to the number of our singers, has brought us news of her own sister, Helen, and of Louisa Dickson, who are both in the city. Margaret Foster and Annie Steer are also in Toronto, I hear and though they have not been to see us yet, they will be welcome at any time they like to come.

Ada Bretland has been very busy on it to her sister Nettie and they have had a splendid time, and has come back looking so well and bright, and determined to try harder than ever to do her work well and please her mistress, although she knows of Mrs. Weston's trouble, and she is quite sure to be a little late.

Do our girls realize what important factors they are in our homes? How, if "Mary Jane" is obliging and polite and tries to remember the little things and willingly helps, it makes everything go so smoothly and pleasantly; whereas if she is sullen and cranky and only does her work carelessly and unwillingly, it spoils the whole day and fills the house with discomfort. Yes, I know often we mistresses are cranky and hard to please; but when we see that a girl does try to do her best to remember the little things that seem so trivial to her and yet are perhaps great points to the mistress, and who does not answer back, it makes the mistress ashamed of her want of self-restraint and helps her to try and overcome her bad temper, whereas if Mary Jane answers back, it only adds fuel to the fire and the trouble increases.

Since the last issue quite a stir was made in Toronto by the visit of 2,955 young men and women, delegates sent from various colleges all over the United States and all parts of the world to the convention held by members of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. It was a sight long to be remembered, sitting in the top gallery of Massey Hall, to look down on the sea of heads and realize that each person there was one who had given himself or herself up for missionary work among the heathen, and there was something very inspiring in the sound of so many voices singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name;" but best of all when, with bowed heads, all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer, claiming the one Father for us all and the same blessing for all nations. What a change it ought to make among the heathen, and what a power for good all these young people ought to be in the world if they all live up to their profession! I hope some of my girls went to the meetings; it will have done them good.

Yes, the streets are quiet and homes standing that has been, and either the partners must have been too busy cleaning up and mending their own business for once, or maybe we were too busy to run the cinders out would you be like to get on it or scolding it.



HARRIET DAVIS



GLADYS PARSONS



LIZZIE KERR



MARY HUTCHINSON



JOSEPHINE
APPLEBY



ELLEN ANDREWS



LIZZIE DONOVAN



MYRA NEIL

over, and we never tire? It is too bad, is it not, that we all missed that? But, for all it was kept so very quiet, I am sure it is quite what the girls would all wish that our very heartiest good wishes should be expressed here, and we all wish Maud every happiness and all the grace needed to meet the greater responsibilities of the new life she has entered upon.

What will the summer bring to each one of us? Although we know that every little step of our lives is ordered for us, yet we are left free to act, and we make our own choice in all things. Let us be very watchful of every action and every word, remembering that each one is like the ring made in the water if you drop in a stone—a ring that increases and grows every minute until it reaches the shore. And a careless word "just said for fun," where does its influence stop? And our actions? Be careful, girls! One can enjoy life and have all the fun and merriment going without being giddy or careless of one's conduct. The girls who are quiet and modest always gain the most respect and real admiration; the others are perhaps taken more notice of for the time, but they are lightly esteemed and lightly spoken of, and are on very dangerous, slippery ground, on which it is easy to go down, but only those who have had the sad experience know how fearfully hard it is to get back again. May God keep all our girls from these dangerous ways, giving them all a sense of His care and watchfulness over them!

EMILIE G. OWEN

An Answer

Do you know you have asked for the best thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might have asked for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

My lessons of duty you have written out;
Man-like, you have questioned me:
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Till I have questioned thee.

You require your bread should be always good,
Your stockings and shirt should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef
I require a far better thing!
A seamstress you're wanting for stocking and
shirt:
I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home—
And a man that the Maker, God,
Can look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am young and fair, but the rose will fade
From the soft, young cheek some day.
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be.
If you give me this, I will stake my life
To be all you require of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You may hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.



Our Sunday Hour

Who is wise will ponder these things.

THE idea of devoting a special portion of UPS AND DOWNS to the discussion of definitely religious subjects has been before our minds for some time past, but we have hitherto somewhat shrunk from the undertaking. We trust this unwillingness to approach these sacred topics has not been from any feeling of false shame, but we have felt the solemn responsibility that must always attach to any attempt to guide young minds in the study of eternal truth, and we have strongly realized our own unfitness for such a task. We have at length, however, decided to add what we are calling a "Sunday Hour" to each issue of UPS AND DOWNS, and in doing so we can but humbly trust and pray that the Holy Spirit may direct our thoughts and words, and may take of the things of Christ and show them unto us.

There are many among the readers of UPS AND DOWNS to whom religion is more than a name or the observance of certain forms and ceremonies with a view to conforming to a decent standard of respectability. We have good reason to know that to not a few of our boys and girls their religion is a power in their daily lives, that there are those amongst our number who seek and strive after the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and who are walking humbly and steadfastly in the light of God's truth. There are others who see through a glass but darkly, who have not yet fully opened their minds to the influences of the Spirit of God, in whose hearts the seed that has been sown has been choked by other growths, and who have brought no fruit to perfection. There are still others who care for none of these things, who are yielding themselves servants to sin, who are strangers from the covenant of promise. We hope for our Sunday Hour that it may be a means of enlightenment and spiritual blessing to

each of these classes, that those of the household of faith it may enable the better to give a reason for the hope that is in them, to know more fully Him in Whom they have believed and hold fast with still stronger grip that good thing which has been committed to them. We would seek and pray that those who are luke-warm—who are neither cold nor hot, who halt between two opinions—may be brought to the point of decision; may face these great realities, knowing that they concern life and death; may lay aside every weight and hindrance; may hearken to the voice of truth and of God. And those who are wandering in the dreary exile of darkness, unbelief and self-indulgence, may they hear the Good Shepherd's call as He goes forth to seek and to save that which is lost; may they be brought from darkness to light; may the chains be broken where with Satan would bind them and lead them captive at his will; may they enter from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of Christ's service.

And now, as a preliminary to what we hope will be a series of helpful discussions upon these mighty and all-important questions of God, Life and Eternity, may we uplift our own standard of belief and set forth briefly what we conceive to be the foundation truths that alone offer a right solution of these momentous problems. We believe in God, not merely as a great First Cause—a Supreme Being, but as a Father, all loving, all powerful, all wise, all benevolent, entering into personal relation with His children; Whose compassion are infinite, Whose tender mercies are over all His works, Who is the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift. We believe that He created and made the earth and all things that are therein, that He appointed to each its place in nature, that He endued man with the highest gifts and faculties that

and intelligence, which he is intended and destined to use for the glory of his Creator; that there is set before humanity a high and noble end, to which, in accordance with the Divine will and purpose, it is advancing by slow and painful processes and to which all human progress, physical, intellectual and moral, is tending. The law of God and of good is confronted everywhere and conflicts ceaselessly with the lawlessness of sin, with the powers of darkness, evil and destruction. Whence and why came these forces of evil into the earth and arrayed themselves against God and the life and happiness of humanity: for what purpose exists sin, pain, suffering and death; to what end human lives are darkened and ruined and souls alienated from God is not revealed to flesh and blood, and is among those things that we know not now, but we may know hereafter; but we believe and are sure that for man in his lost estate there came forth in the person of the Son of God a Redeemer, One mighty to save, able to keep, having power over all flesh, proclaiming deliverance to the captives, bringing life and immortality to light by the gospel.

We believe with all the fulness of our hearts in the person and work of Jesus Christ. We yield the most convinced assent to the historical facts recorded in the Gospels of His birth; His life of love, service and self sacrifice; of His miraculous power to heal bodily diseases and ailments: to restore to the blind their sight, to make the deaf hear, the lame to walk, to cleanse the leper, to cast out devils from those possessed, to raise the dead to life. We believe in the story of His passion, of

His cruel and shameful death on the cross of Calvary, in His triumphant Resurrection from the tomb, in His glorious Ascension to the right hand of God. We believe in the presence in our hearts of the Holy Spirit, convincing us of sin, testifying to us of Christ, helping our infirmities, shedding abroad in our hearts the love of God, guiding us into all truth.

And the Christian religion in its fullest and truest sense is to know Christ. We regard it far less as a system of doctrine, claiming our acceptance, less even as a life to be lived in accordance with certain precepts and teachings, than the revelation to our souls of the Son of God as a living, loving, personal, ever-present Friend, to be known and confided in; to be followed as an Example, loved with the truest and deepest affection of our souls, hearkened to as a Teacher, obeyed as a Master; a Comforter in every sorrow, a Friend in every perplexity, a Help in every need, a Defender from all assaults that would hurt and injure us from within or without, the One who will uphold and direct us in every stage of life's journey. Whose hand will clasp with ours as we cross the dark river at the end of our pilgrimage, Who will open unto us the gate of everlasting life.

This is the religion that we ourselves profess and would teach our boys and girls, as far as we have the power and means of influencing them. But truth has many sides and inexhaustible riches, and we look forward to having from others an answer to the great enquiry, "What think ye of Christ?" and some thoughts on those solemn questions, "Whence camest thou? Where art thou? Whither goest thou?"



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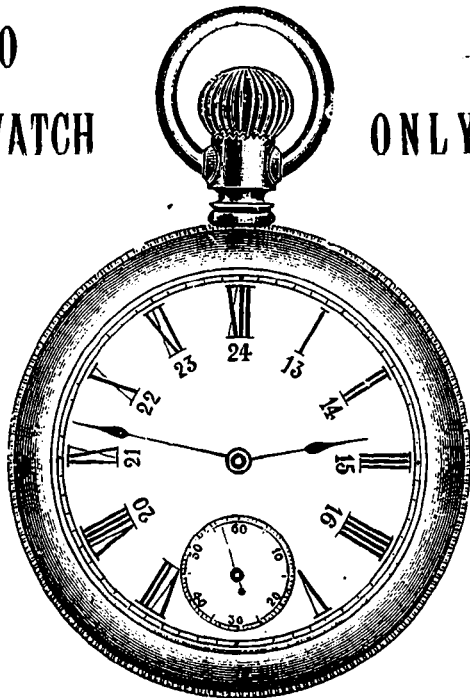
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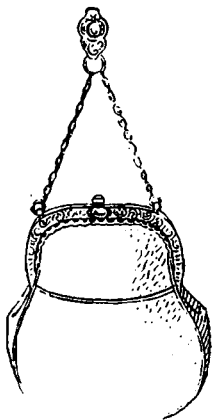
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