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# UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. II.—No. 5.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1ST, 1896.

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"THE SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME."

In last month's issue of UPS AND DOWNS there is a paper written by one of the boys, Samuel Ling, on "The Government of the Tongue," in which he says:

"The young man and woman from home, who perhaps have not lived quite as they should, have often been brought to change their living to a better by hearing sung one of the songs mother used to sing."

These words set us thinking of a little story which has been sent to us for UPS AND DOWNS and with which we now present our readers:—  
ED. OUR GIRLS.]

\* \*

"THE SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME."

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

I am what the world calls a commercial traveller, one of that large class of men who, by good conversational and persuasive powers, carry on much of the business that is done in this busy country. A favourite maxim with my father was—"A well-oiled tongue makes a well-filled purse"; but at this my mother would shake her head, and turning to me would say, half-tenderly: "Pierce, my son, your father's preaching is not so good as his practising—do as he does, and not as he says, and you will grow up a worthy man and a gentleman."

My father's last words to me were:—"My son, let nothing divert you from right-doing." With such a father and mother, it is no wonder that I entered upon my business career determined to live up to that spirit of well-doing. Among many honourable men, I yet found that the chief religion believed in was the gospel of getting-on.

"Oh," one would say to me, good-naturedly, "you are only half alive to your own interests, Lambert." I soon made them understand that my interests, and those of my employer, were identical, and though I often had hard times with some of them, the knights of the road were, as a body, fair and kind to me. I travel for a large firm of drysalts, and one day as I was waiting to see the principal of one of our largest buying firms, a little boy with golden curls and a fair face, put his head in at the door.

"Oh, Mr. Lambert," he said, "mother is with father in his office—we had to come on business; but she has sent me to talk to you until father is quite ready."

The clerks stared, for the fresh young voice was not often heard in the dull city office, and the gentle tones were sweet to the ears of men accustomed to the scraping of pens and the checking of facts and figures. I confess I had heard nothing that so refreshed me for a long time. "I shall be most glad for you to talk to me," I said. "Are we to discuss the money market, and city news, or shall we talk about your pets and mine? I know you have a pet." The boy flushed up—he looked perplexed for a minute, and then he held out his hand to me, saying:—

"Are not you making fun of me? I know nothing about the city yet, and as for pet animals, I have no time to take proper care of them. But I have a pet, all the same." It was now my turn to flush—the open, manly gaze into my eyes made us friends at once. I said: "Yes, I was poking fun at you, but for the first and last time I will not do it again. Who is your pet?" "A boy—our gardener's son. He lives at our place, and he has no mother but my mother, and she and I take care of him. He is a cripple, and sits by the window all day, for he cannot walk. He and I are great chums, and we do all kinds of things together, as he is much more clever than I am and helps me ever so much," said the boy. "And how do you help him?" I asked.

"I sing to him—the songs my mother taught me—and he loves them and learns them, and they help him to bear his pain." We talked for some time, and then Mrs. Hudson called her son, and with a very cordial farewell between the boy and myself, we parted, having first exchanged addresses.

Some months passed before I saw Frank Hudson again, and when I did so, it was by the invitation of his mother. I was very busy, for it was close upon the Christmas season, and I was harassed on all hands by orders that ought to have been given months before, and were now wanted immediately. But the letter I had from Mrs. Hudson put everything else aside for a time. My own mother was ailing, but when that other mother wrote and told me that Frank was ill, and that he was constantly asking for me, I knew I must go and see the boy. And I went. I found him weak and ill, but happy, and the other boy was constantly on his mind and heart.

"Why did you want to see me when you were so ill?" I asked; "I fear talking will tire you." "Never mind," said he, "I wanted to see you, and mother has been so awfully good in letting me have my way. Have you thought anything more about what we talked of?" "Yes," I replied, "and not only thought about it, but I have been putting some of it into practice. I have told my mother." The boy's face beamed; he stretched out his hand to me. "Have you read the book I sent you?" he asked.

"Most certainly," I could say; "it has been a daily, dear companion to me, and I thank you for it. I bought a copy for my mother, who owns that he who wrote it is the solace of her life and the saviour of her soul. I cannot say all this yet, but it substantiates my highest theories and all my noblest aspirations, and shows me how to practice them. They were unpractical dreams to me, before." The boy smiled: "It does one good to hear you," he said, "and how you wished you could hear my mother sing! She is going to sing to us by-and-bye—you shall hear her." I heard Mrs. Hudson sing, "O Rest in the Lord," and the words and tender pleading of the song so won my heart that I felt as if I must devote myself to the attainment of this rest. I spoke to her about it, and she was glad for me to do so.

"You cannot have the rest without the conquest and the submission," she told me. "Before you can rest in the Lord you must have given yourself to Him. That is an experience every Christian must pass through."

She gave me the score before I left, and I learned it and sang it to my mother, who grew to love it.

"Pierce," she would say, "it was a blessed day when you first met little Frank Hudson, for through him both you and I can rejoice in God, our Saviour. How I wish your father had known Him; he would have made such a thorough Christian, for he was a right thinker." Then I had to tell mother that that had not so much to do with it as she thought; for that the religion of Jesus Christ turned a man inside out, and completely round, and made the vilest even as acceptable as the least hardened and sinful. Mother wanted to know how I knew this, and then I told her about Sam Grainger, one of our men, who from being a drinker, swearer, wife-beater and thief, had become a sober man, a loving husband, and an honest and trusted servant in the course of a year.

"Who brought about such a change in Grainger? It seems hardly possible," my mother said, in wonder.

"God's Holy Spirit touched his heart." I said, "and I have never had such joy as I had when he came to me and told me that my prayers, my words, but above all my changed life, had led him to enquire into the way of sal-

vation." "Ah, my son, it was you, then, whom God used to bring Sam to Himself! I thank Him!" said my mother, fondly.

Every day I was with Frank Hudson and his young friend, the gardener's son. They were beautiful together—the rich boy taking devotion and love from the poor boy, and the poor boy owing all his joy and peace to the other who had taught him all he knew of the love of God, and to sing the songs his mother taught him—songs of God and Christ, and love and home. They were such manly boys, too. We used to talk of life—life as it is in the world's great mart, on the battle field; in the humbler spheres of business, such as my own, and then the boys would ask me if I did not wish to be a missionary. I had health—why was I not one? "I am," I replied; "I am as much a missionary (among the men and women I know) as I should be if I were sent into the islands of the South Seas to preach the gospel." And then I told them that I sang to many who cared to hear me sing, and I gave them instances of help and comfort derived from the singing of a few words in His name. "I always ask them if they would like to hear one of the songs my mother taught me," that being the name I give to the little collection of songs I have learned, the best being "O Rest in the Lord"—it is always a favourite. There was the wife of Peter Mackennal, one of our men, and I heard she was ill, and went to see her, about three months ago. Peter had let out something of the misery of his home, caused by his wife's drinking habits. We were all dreadfully sorry for Peter, but it seemed there was nothing we could do for him. I was praying about it one night, when the thought came into my heart, "Go and sing one of Mrs. Hudson's songs to her!" I went, and sang her "Come to Me, O ye children," and "O Rest in the Lord," and I read her out of the wonderful Book the beautiful words that end the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The woman listened eagerly, then she said, "You are not one of the goody sort, Mr. Lambert, are you? If you were I should not listen to you, but something tells me that what you sing is an experience; I wish I could say it was mine, but I am not a good wife to Peter, though I ought to be." I told her that my experience of the saving, keeping power of God might be hers, and that I was sure the desire for salvation was one which would be answered. I had to leave her, promising I would call on her again soon; but before I could do this Peter himself came to tell my mother and me of the happiness that had come to him in the changed conduct of his wife and the difference in his home. He wanted to know the history of the songs I had sung, and then I told him of Mrs. Hudson, and promised I would send her to see his wife one of these days, for I knew that where God's work was to be done, your mother would gladly go.

"That I know she will," said Frank, gladly.

Then I told them of Mr. B—, a merchant upon whom I called on business. We fell to talking of various things, and he remarked that I seemed very hopeful and happy. "I am very happy," I replied, "for my heart is at rest." "Those words remind me of my daughter," he said; "she tells me she shall never be happy till she finds peace. I laught at her, but she says it is true." I told him I could quite understand what his daughter felt, and I asked him if he knew Mrs. Hudson, for she would be able to tell her where to get comfort. "But," said her father, "Don't you know anything about it?" I replied that I did, and that one of the songs Mrs. Hudson had given me was "O Rest in the Lord," and I repeated to him the words your mother had said to me about the conquest before the rest. He seemed interested, but as he was busy, he had to wish

(Concluded on Page 3 of Cover.)

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 1ST, 1896.

PRICE PER YEAR 25 CENTS.  
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## ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

**D**URING the past month we have heard in many quarters the welcome sound of "better times," and we have observed not a few indications that the gloomy cloud that has rested for so long over the commercial and industrial world of Canada is gradually lifting. The price of wheat has taken an upward bound, and better prices are being obtained for almost all descriptions of farm produce than prevailed a few months ago; confidence is being restored and money beginning to "move;" and we have observed that a more cheerful view is being taken of the situation generally than seemed possible at the beginning of the year. Our boys help very largely to form the base of the great industrial structure of the country, and they will begin early to benefit by a revival of business, in the shape of better wages, a larger demand for their services and increased openings for enterprise. Of such openings we have not a few boys ready to avail themselves. It must not be supposed that we are by any means all of us "hewers of wood and drawers of water." It is true that very few of our number have as yet climbed very high on the ladder of fortune—we were none of us born with silver spoons in our mouths, and we had to creep before we could climb; but a good many of Dr. Barnardo's boys have already got a firm foothold on the ladder and are beginning to show their heads above the crowd, and better times will make the steps upward all the easier and less far apart.

Despite the dulness and inactivity of every branch of trade that has, more or less, crippled and hampered and depressed almost every form of business, we have seen a great many most praiseworthy and energetic efforts on the part of those under our care to "strike out for themselves," and wonderfully successful many of these little ventures have been. To a large extent this success is accounted for by the fact that the capital to start with was the saving from hard-earned wages, and the boy who has

laid by a couple of hundred dollars from his wages as a farmhand has generally learned the value of a dollar, and has laid the foundation, in habits of thrift and industry, for success in business.

The fortunes of such boys will grow with the growth and development of the country, and we are greatly mistaken if the next few years fail to give a steady and material impulse to that development.

Probably very few people realize at all the immense natural wealth of Canada and the vast resources that hold out rich rewards to the expenditure of capital and industry. We have in the North-West Territories limitless areas of

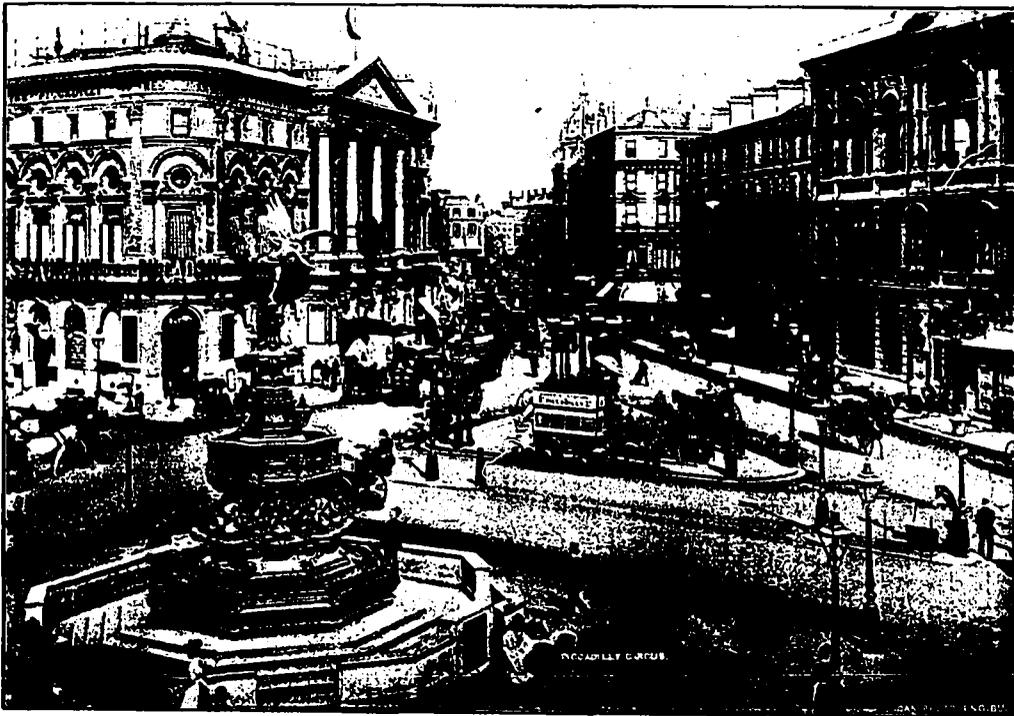
land, and almost everywhere the great system of internal waterways gives the readiest and cheapest means for the transportation of produce. The one crying need of the country is for population to settle the vacant land, to supply labour for the working of mining industries; and, in the older Provinces, to make possible the adoption of better methods of farming, under which land may be made to produce far more than at present. How to attract the surplus population of the older countries and to induce them to settle and make homes for themselves in Canada, has been the pressing question for Canadian statesmen, and all who are interested in the welfare of the country, and it is the problem that,

fat more than any miserable question of denominational education or even tariff adjustment, lies at the root of the country's existence, and is the keystone to its well-being. This problem Dr. Barnardo is in no small measure assisting to solve by his emigration work, and no one can look around upon the many hundreds of young people who have, under his auspices, been sent forth throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion to assist in its producing power and to add directly to its wealth, without giving him the credit of being an imperial benefactor not less than a great English philanthropist.

One of the most prominent lawyers of Toronto remarked to me the other day that he considered Dr. Barnardo was

doing more than any man living for the good of Canada by adding every year to the population of the Dominion a large body of healthy, trained, promising young people, forming the best material for future citizenship and adapting themselves at once to the ways of the country. We quite agree with this estimate of Dr. Barnardo's work, and we believe that time will prove that no more valuable and, in the end, no more successful class of emigrants have ever landed on the shores of Canada than Dr. Barnardo's trained lads and lassies.

Adult emigration can never be viewed in the same hopeful light. The sapling may be transplanted, but not the oak; and among grown-up



PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON.

land of the richest fertility, capable of being made the granary of the world, and of supporting, three times over, the population of the British Isles. The gold mines of British Columbia and North-western Ontario are said to rival the richest deposits of Australia and California; the development of the silver industry of the Kootenay district of the Rocky Mountains will, before long, make it one of the most important areas of silver production in the world; and the richest coal fields of the continent are north of the boundary line between the Dominion and the United States. The lumber trade, the fur trade, the seal fisheries, and the oil production are all capable of immensely extended develop-

people who emigrate to a new country there will always be many who find it impossible to disburden themselves of old habits and methods and can only by slow and painful pressure of circumstances be made to adapt themselves to altered and unaccustomed conditions. They too often fail altogether to establish themselves; or their industry and capital are diverted into channels where it is least valuable to themselves and the country. We find new arrivals struggling for existence in cities and towns who might do well in the country, but they cannot bring themselves to face what they imagine are the hardships and privations of country life, and one is too often forced to the conclusion that such people would have been happier and better off had they remained at home. With juvenile emigrants of the right class the case is entirely different. They come out to the new country with no prejudices to overcome and no preconceived ideas to be disillusioned of, and they go out full of health and vigour to lay for themselves the foundation of useful and promising careers. The emigration problem is a knotty one, and most of those who have tackled it in the case of Irish peasants, or Scotch crofters, or female domestic servants, or Russian Jews, or any other class, have had to admit a large measure of failure; but the emigration of our boys and girls, regarded from either the English or the Canadian point of view, has proved itself, by God's blessing, a glorious and unmixt success. We refuse in the least to qualify this statement, on the ground that in certain quarters there is a prejudice against us. This opposition acts rather as a healthy stimulus than otherwise, and "woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." We believe Dr. Barnardo and those associated with him are doing a great work for Canada in supplying her, in the shape of healthy and industrious citizens, with what she most needs to build up her national strength and take her place as an important branch of the Empire; a great work for England in relieving the congestion of her population and diminishing the fierceness of the struggle for existence; and a great work for our boys and girls, of which the full value will only be known in that day when every man's work shall be made manifest.

Our excursion to England was not a very large affair, a circumstance we by no means regretted. We could not have felt any gratification in seeing a considerable number of our boys spending their hard earnings on a trip that would often only prove a disappointment to them, and while we wish our travellers a good trip and much enjoyment from their visit to the "old sod," we are of opinion that those who stayed behind are more to be congratulated than those who went. The party were made exceedingly comfortable on the *Labrador*, and the Dominion Steamship Company acted most generously in giving them superior accommodation and making special arrangement for their meals and attendance. We gratefully acknowledge the kindness we received at the hands of all the officials of the Company and which enabled me to see the party off in Montreal with the feeling that we had done well for them, and that very few passengers crossing the Atlantic this season will get as good value for their money.

Our Home in Winnipeg is successfully established, and the prospects for the work that will centre there are highly encouraging. I opened the campaign with a party of 20 boys who arrived there under my charge on the 29th of October. Within 24 hours 15 of the 20 had been placed in good situations, and applications have been coming in ever since. We have secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. David White as superintendent and matron, and from our impressions of Mr. and Mrs.

White and from the record of their work in a similar capacity in England, we have good reason to hope that the work will be a success in their hands. I am writing now while on my way to Winnipeg with a second small detachment. We are expecting to make the acquaintance of some Manitoba winter weather, but my party consists of healthy, sturdy, little chaps, and if they find warm hearts and good homes at the end of the long journey, as I believe they will, even "40 below" will not do them any harm.

\* \* \*

We hear on good authority that the Provincial Government, led by the Hon A. S. Hardy, are intending to take up the question of child-immigration at the coming session of the Provincial House, and possibly to bring forward some legislation on the subject. We have no reason to believe that the Government will proceed without first of all making full enquiry and investigation as to the methods by which the work is carried on and the results obtained. Such investigation is what we have most to desire. We should gratefully welcome the opportunity of laying before some responsible official body the full details of Dr. Barnardo's emigration schemes, producing facts as to the source from which Dr. Barnardo draws his "material," the character of the training his boys and girls receive, the method adopted in selecting those who are emigrated, the provision made for looking after them and safeguarding their interests when they have been placed out in Canada, and the actual results as shown in the careers of our young people who are growing up in almost every township of the Province. We believe but one result would be possible from such an investigation—a result that would be in the highest degree satisfactory to us and would demonstrate conclusively that Dr. Barnardo's immigration work is one of the most valuable and successful movements in the country.

*Alfred B. Owen*

#### CALLED HOME.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Walter N. Knight, which took place on Nov. 8th. Walter had been taken ill two weeks previously, and, with a view to securing him the best of treatment, he was brought down from Claremont to Toronto and placed in the General Hospital where, in spite of the best medical skill, he passed away on the Sunday morning. The cutting off of a promising career at such an early age—Walter was 17—was rendered additionally sad by the fact that the deceased's only brother, Frank, arrived from Claremont just too late to say "good-bye." The body of our friend was removed from the hospital to the Home, and on the afternoon of Monday the 9th ult., a short service was held in the dining hall, at which the members of the staff and the boys in residence were present. It was a sad and sorrowful gathering, all hearts being filled with deepest sympathy for the young chief mourner, the bitterness of whose grief over the loss of his only and much-loved brother was indeed pitiful to behold. The mortal remains of our friend were laid to rest in Humbervale Cemetery, Mr. Davis and other friends being present with Frank at these last sad rites.

We know there are many good friends at Claremont, who will do all that kind and loving hearts can suggest to lessen Frank's sense of bereavement and loneliness, and very earnestly would we remind our dear lad that there is a Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother"—even that same Saviour with whom Walter is now safely at rest.

#### LIFE IS FLEETING.

CONTRIBUTED TO UPS AND DOWNS BY GEORGE WARD, ESQ.  
TORONTO.

Life is fleeting: let us gather  
Health's fair blossoms whilst we may,  
E'er the day dawns, when they wither,  
And for ever fade away.

Every youth and every maiden  
Should improve each passing hour,  
And, like bees, be always laden  
With the sweets from every flower.

Life is fleeting: do not waste it  
In pursuing vain delights  
Pleasure oft, to those who taste it,  
Every budding virtue blights.

Life is fleeting: let us live it  
As the wise man ever does;  
As each moment comes let's give it  
Our best thought before it goes.

Life is fleeting: at the longest  
It is but a little span;  
To the weakest or the strongest,  
Ever called a child of man.

Life is fleeting, as a flower,  
Often crushed in early bloom;  
Every day and every hour  
Bring us nearer to the tomb.

Let us use time as a treasure,  
None can e'er too highly prize;  
Every moment does but measure  
Distance 'twixt us and the skies.

Life is feeble—soon the brittle  
Thread of life is cut in two;  
Hear and ponder, ye who little  
Think that death will call for you.

Death approaches: his embassy  
To the righteous pleasure brings,  
And they hail the welcome message,  
Though 'tis borne on gloomy wings.

'Tis the passport to us mortals  
From a world of grief and sin;  
Open wide stand Heaven's portals,  
And the just shall enter in.

Hark! upon the breezes swelling,  
Solemn sounds the deep-toned bell;  
Of a brother's death 'tis telling,  
Or it tolls a funeral knell.

To the churchyard let us wander,  
See the graves there newly made;  
Lo! that grassy hillock yonder  
Marks my brother's silent shade.

In his youth or budding manhood,  
He was called from us away;  
In that narrow bed he sleepeth  
Till the Resurrection Day.

#### MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

 SINCE the date of the last notes from the Manitoba Farm, another very creditable party of young men and lads has been made welcome at the great house on the prairie, which, like a bee-hive, becomes filled and then at stated intervals "swarms off" the workers to different parts of the Great West, to begin life under new and, we always trust, better surroundings.

The trip from Quebec was made without any remarkable occurrences and on the regular schedule time of the C.P.R. to Portage la Prairie, where the lads were obliged to say good-bye to the convenient Tourist Car and make themselves as comfortable as possible in the Colonist Coach furnished, which, attached to an extra train on the "Manitoba and North-Western," was drawn up at the Russell station platform at two a.m. Friday, October 23rd,

nearly six days after leaving the gangway of the steamer *Scotsman*. The writer does not wish to complain in relation to the time made, although a pang of jealousy naturally runs through the party when they read of Mr. Owen's fast Grand Trunk Special flying along to Toronto at the rate of one mile per minute from the same steamer. Affairs at the Farm have gone on with scarcely a ruffle of annoyance during the term covered by these notes. A goodly file of promising applications have come to the office by post; and, best of all, very few serious complaints from employers have been received, while, on the other hand, letters containing, we believe, well merited praise in relation to the conduct of numbers of our clan who are facing the problem of manly self-support afield, have been posted in the great history ledger presided over by our painstaking and faithful colleague, Mr. Robert Gray, who, with his much respected and estimable wife, is just now entitled to the sincere sympathy of all attached to the Farm Home in any manner, in connection with the death of their only daughter, who passed away on Monday, November 2nd, after a painful illness.

"Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear."

\*\* \*

While turning over our collection of photographs this month, the writer was struck with the face of one who, to all appearances, has become a veritable Manitoba Nimrod, and looking for the autograph he finds the name of Albert E. Nosworthy, who came out to the farm in the month of July, 1890, at the age of fourteen. In August of the same year, a situation was found for this young lad, as chore boy with Mr. M. S. Beeston, manager of the Hudson Bay Company's stores at Shoal Lake. Nosworthy, always popular not only with his master and mistress (who by the way have been most helpful and kind), but with the customers at the store, was regularly taken into



the service of the great Company more than a year ago, with a very satisfactory allowance by way of salary; it is not, however, as a commercial man alone that Nosworthy has distinguished himself, for, true to his portrait, he is,

when leisure permits, quite a sportsman, occupying the position of captain of the local football club which has come through numerous battles with credit. It is with the gun, however, that our young friend has made the greatest reputation, and the lads at the Home only a few weeks ago had a grand spread, made up largely of roast wild duck, brought to them through the prowess of this Hudson Bay official. Poor boys have in years past succeeded in obtaining distinction in the service of this ancient and honorable Company, and that this may prove the destiny of our friend Nosworthy, I feel sure will be the heartfelt wish of Dr. Barnardo and all connected with the Homes.

\*\* \*

Manitoba and the North-West Territories are often designated the paradise of sportsmen, but no person who has not visited, "with intent to kill," the marshes of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the smaller lakes of Assiniboia and the farther West, can conceive of the magnitude of the wild fowl product in this corner of the world; and Professor Macoun, an authority on subjects of this kind, after surprising even the natives of the country with the statement that we have in this part of the Dominion ninety-five species of singing birds, eight flycatchers, fourteen of the Kingfisher family, twenty-four species of the Order of Raptores to which order belong owls and eagles, twelve species of Gallinaceous birds, to which order belong the partridge and grouse, thirty-six species of waders, closes with a list of twenty-six species of geese and ducks and a truly typical scene on the shores of almost any one of our Western lakes or ponds in the season. He says:

"On the margin of the pond the Tattlers are running backwards and forwards, making all manner of discordant noises. Killdeer, Plover, Ring necked plover and eight or ten species of Sandpipers are just as busy. Red-breasted snipe are in hundreds and very busy thrusting their long bills into the mud. Outside the line of waders, are the Spoonbills and Teal, and still farther out the Widgeon and Butterball."

The reader can picture this animated scene, and when a gun is fired the myriad life of these ponds with wild screams rises in the air, the flapping of the many wings producing the effect of distant thunder.

\*\* \*

We were very much gratified at the end of October, by a few minutes' chat with one of our old lads, William T. Gill, who is buying wheat at Neepawa for the great Ogilvie Milling Co., of Montreal, Goderich and Winnipeg; Gill is married and has become a much respected citizen of his adopted town. In connection with the wheat question, the rapid and continued rise in prices has helped in a most wonderful manner the farmers of Manitoba who have through competition among buyers, been receiving from five to ten cents more for their grain than the export price, and for this reason are more confident than they have been for years. We all look for an increase in demand for our lads in the spring, so that young men in Ontario, who have been looking westward, can with perfect safety keep their eyes on that part of their horizon, finally coming up to join us in developing this great Canadian heritage. In this Province thousands of young men have set up for themselves on the land with little capital other than strong arms and true, willing hearts, to become, after a few years, independent farmers with cash in hand, and although the writer has gone through the experience of longing to go back and see the old home and friends, he cannot but regret to hear of so many of Dr. Barnardo's young men devoting the better part of their two or three hundred dollars of hard-earned money to the purchase of tickets for the old land, when their little capital, properly invested, might be the means during a few years of changing their position from dependent

servants to solid, independent employers. It is to be hoped that any one of our Manitoba young men who contemplates this fall a trip to the Old Country for the sake of gratifying his longings only, will stop and consider when counting his packet of bank bills, how many long, hard days in a hot and blistering sun, each bill represents, and make this halt the turning point in his business career; bank or invest the savings and postpone the visit till, as a well-to-do-citizen, he can book as a cabin passenger, and arrive in England a personal demonstration of the possibilities in Canada for an earnest, hard-working young man of good judgment.

\*\* \*

By the time this letter is in the hands of our readers, the Post Office Department will have established a post office at the Farm Home to be known as "Barnardo," and our correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly.

\*\* \*

It is a source of regret to the writer that the lads out in service are not responding in the manner he hoped they would, in connection with the Church Fund. The desire of Dr. Barnardo for some years has been to have upon the Russell Farm a neat little edifice, dedicated to the service of God, and we feel sure when the proposition is better understood by our friends, that a liberal outpouring of funds will be the result. We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of five dollars for this fund from an old and trusted friend, George Fisher; and live in the hope that UPS AND DOWNS for January, 1897, may carry a good list of willing subscribers to the Barnardo Church.

*A. H. Sputher's*

"OLD HOME" NEWS.

WE consider ourselves fortunate, and our readers no less so, that we are again able to place before the latter a budget of news from the Old Home; this is contained in a letter which has just come to hand from Mr. Manuell. We venture the opinion that Mr. Manuell has but a slight conception of the avidity with which letters from himself and others in the Old Home are read by our friends. It is only those who are, or have been, abroad; who are separated from their own country and old associations by some thousands of miles of sea and land; who can really understand the zest and gusto with which "emigrants" of all ages and classes greet "a letter from home." We can confidently assert that Mr. Manuell's letter will not only have interested and enthusiastic readers in every Province in this big Dominion, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, but that many pleasant memories will be revived in the minds of several who are now living in different States in the great republic, but who find in UPS AND DOWNS a medium whereby they can keep themselves in touch with their old friends.

SCHOOL, 18 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

22ND OCT., 1896.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I was very glad to receive your batch of UPS AND DOWNS. The boys had begun to make anxious enquiries after them. The cricketers are delighted to find their exploits so widely blown.

While one copy went the rounds of the harness-makers this morning, one of the young apprentices, fresh from Jersey, named Alfred Rodwell, came across an item of news concerning his brother George. Alfred wishes his brother to know how glad he is to hear of his recovery. Would it be too much trouble to send us that back number of UPS AND DOWNS, containing their sister Daisy's portrait. Yesterday, being Trafalgar Day, the anniversary of Nelson's victory and death, was kept with unusual honours. Immense quantities of flowers,

(Continued on page 5.)

## Ups and Downs

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1ST, 1896.

### WITH OUR FRIENDS.

#### IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

**W**HAT our boys are doing; what they have done; what they hope to do in the future; all that pertains to their interests and welfare: of these things have we written time and again during the past sixteen months.

Except on one occasion when we followed Mr. Griffith step by step on one of his trips, our selection of "subjects" for the many little personal narratives, which have been a main feature of every issue, has been guided by no fixed rule. An interesting letter from a lad; the completion of an engagement marked by several years of faithful and meritorious service; an encouraging report by employer or "visitor," or other incident of equally noteworthy character; a visit to the Home by one or more of our friends, when we would push inquisitiveness to the limits of propriety: on such occurrences as these have we relied for our selection of "individuals for mention." And the source of supply has never failed us. On the contrary, it has only been by exercising to the uttermost whatever of the faculty of condensing we possess, that we have been able to make individual allusion to a small portion of those whose lives of well-sustained perseverance and righteousness entitle them to a place on our roll of honour.

This month we are going to deviate from our rule—or lack of rule—and make our selection on a geographical or territorial basis. The comprehensive records in our registers demonstrate that in the large majority of cases our lads settle permanently in the districts in which they are placed upon their first arrival in Canada. Without casting any reflection upon those who, and at times wisely, seek fresh pastures, this is in itself very conclusive evidence of the good reputation our lads establish for themselves, and it will have a very material and beneficial effect upon the respective communities in which our boys are settled, for we unhesitatingly express the opinion that not only is the influence of our lads *not* harmful to a community, but that it is, and must be in the essence of thought, elevating. Allowing for the two per cent. of failures our lads come to Canada deeply imbued with the conviction that on their own earnest efforts depends their future; it has been instilled deep into their young hearts and minds that positions of honourable independence and no small measure of prosperity are theirs if they adhere faithfully to the principles in which they have been trained; they come with an unquenchable desire to repay, by useful, successful lives, Dr. Barnardo for the help he has extended to them. Filled with incentive of the most ennobling kind they set to work, and quickly find that the hand of man (man as represented by an unenlightened section of the press and by verbose but ignorant stump orators) is against them.

Young hearts can be pardoned for quailing before a veritable tornado of stinging invective and vituperation. But our boys have not flinched, nor been turned one iota aside by all that malice could suggest to drive them to desperation. In their daily lives have they given the lie to their traducers; in their success-crowned careers have they vindicated the action of their benefactor in helping them to make a start in Canada. Youths with hearts filled at the outset with honest desire and determination to do only right, have emerged from the trying Ordeal by Abuse—men strengthened in their resolutions of righteousness, and with records covering several years which fully justify our assertion that the example offered by our boys is one of the best that could be placed before the young people of any district for emulation.

While this influence for good will grow stronger and stronger, and become more widespread as time goes on, it is not by any means entirely a thing of the future. It exists to-day in many parts of Canada, and nowhere has the good example set by our lads borne more abundant and healthful fruit than in the section of the country through which we purpose travelling in this issue—that portion of the Ottawa Valley comprising the counties of Carleton, Russell, and Lanark.

The conditions of life on a farm are very much the same in all parts of Ontario except in those localities far removed from any commercial centre, and where many of the discomforts incidental to the pioneer stage are still the lot of the isolated farmer and his household; but it will certainly be considered as one of the advantages of a district if it and the surrounding country are characterized by such scenic beauty as that to be found in the Ottawa Valley. Another advantage enjoyed by those counties we are giving attention to is the proximity of the capital of Canada, which is situated in Carleton.

Doubtless there are many of our readers who do not know how it was that Ottawa was raised to the dignity of Capital of Canada. Prior to the federation of the Provinces which constituted British North America, the capital of the country was Quebec—that historic city, the mention of which conjures up memories of Wolfe and his no less brave antagonist Montcalm. With Confederation came a desire from the Western Provinces for a more centrally situated city as the capital of the Dominion. Toronto, the chief city of Ontario, was the choice of the people of the west, while the good folks of Quebec clung tenaciously to their old love. A compromise was effected, both sides agreeing to leave the selection of a capital to Her Majesty the Queen, who, with commendable discretion, removed all grounds for jealousy on the part of the rival claimants, by choosing neither, bestowing the proud position of Metropolis of the Dominion upon Ottawa, which may be termed the "half-way house" between Quebec and Toronto.

Canadians are justly proud of their national halls of legislature, an imposing pile of buildings of great architectural beauty, and situated on a hill which commands a fine prospect of the whole city, and of the suburbs, and of the fertile country beyond.

A "seat" in Parliament is barred to none, however humble his birth, who by industry and intelligence can raise himself to a position which will warrant a number of his fellow-citizens in regarding him as a suitable man to represent them at the National Council; and we dare to hope that within the Chamber at Ottawa, which has ofttime rung with the statesmanly invocation and patriotic denunciation of a long line of Sons of Empire, more than one voice will yet be heard that at one time was wafted in joyous shout and merry laughter across the playground at Stepney

Causeway or Leopold House. When we thus have direct representation in Parliament we shall deem it necessary to increase the staff of UPS AND DOWNS by a "special gallery correspondent." In the meantime we must turn our attention to our boys in the Ottawa Valley who are at present performing less harassing but not less useful duties. As we make the rounds of our numerous friends in Carleton, Russell and Lanark Counties we shall not at all times follow the short cuts provided by the railway companies and convenient side lines, nor shall we avail ourselves of the privilege of travelling "as the crow flies." Our route will often be a very circuitous one, and we shall at times double on our tracks.

It is fitting that our initial visit should be paid to our oldest friends in our selected territory, and with the brothers William and Alfred Fowler we make a splendid start in the county of Carleton. William and Alfred are aged 21 and 23, respectively, and both are fine, steady fellows, whose eleven years of faithful service, with one employer in the case of Alfred, and with different members of the same family in the case of William, have earned for them a reputation which extends far beyond the limits of their immediate neighbourhood. Both have received the long service silver medal, and as the "pioneer boys" of Carleton county they have done much to smooth the path of the many who have followed them in the last eleven years.

Among the '86 additions to the Carleton contingent was James Reynolds who after a short spell at farming, was offered employment after his own heart, in the shops of the C.P.R. We now find James, a young man of 22, a brakeman, with prospects of early promotion, married and comfortably settled in a cozy little home in the city of Ottawa. We extend our very hearty congratulations to our friend upon his all-round good fortune and very earnestly do we trust the Great Giver of all will long spare him in health and strength to enjoy the comforts and happiness he has so well earned.

In Ottawa is also John Kent, of the second party of '88. For several years John was in the employment of the principal storekeeper of Stittsville, and so well did he acquit himself that when he returned from a visit to England he was heartily welcomed by his old employer. Later, John took a short course at the Military School and is now, as we have stated, at Ottawa, where he fills a position of trust most acceptably to those primarily interested. Throughout his eight years' residence in Canada, our friend's interest in the old Home has never flagged. He has been a generous contributor, and the means of securing other contributors, to Dr. Barnardo's work.

Albert Devine recently left this section of the country and went to Manitoba, where he is earning big wages and whence we frequently hear from him; but he did not leave before he had by several years' faithful performance of duty, with Mr. Owens, of Marathon, established a reputation which makes us hope for the best results of his migration to the west. We do not think Albert will quarrel with us if we attribute some portion of his ability to overcome difficulties to the fact that he is a Manchester man. At 22 he has all the tenacity of purpose and other commendable characteristics of the sturdy Lads of Lancashire.

At Carp and Marathon we find Alexander and Joseph Davies, respectively, most creditably maintaining the prestige of that name which is borne by so many illustrious men in various parts of the Anglo-Saxon world. The brothers

came out nine years ago; Alexander is 25, while Joseph is a year younger. We hear from several sources of Joseph's fine appearance. Still more numerous, however, are the channels through which we hear of the steadiness of both and of the high respect in which they are held.

\* \*

The end of 1896 sees Herbert Panting, at 21, in the same situation at Pakenham to which he went upon arrival in Canada in 1889. The silver medal is but one token to which Herbert can point of having faithfully striven to profit by lessons received years ago; other evidence along this line is found in the balance of over \$300 lying to his credit in the bank, while his frequent donations to the Home testify to Herbert's loyalty to his old friend.

\* \*

It is over ten years since George Chinn came out, and if we cannot say of him to-day that he is with his first employer, we can say the next best thing, that he is with the latter's son, and the change was not made until several years' experience had demonstrated that George was too valuable a man to be allowed to pass out of the family. "Steady and true" hits off our friend's character, and few young men of 23 are more highly spoken of than is he in the neighbourhood of Galetta.

\* \*

Fred Vallance ought to know something of Smith's Falls, and Smith's Falls ought to know something of Fred Vallance, for there is an intimate acquaintance of over 11 years' standing; and what Smith's Falls does say of Fred is greatly to the latter's credit. For many years Fred was employed by Dr. McKenzie, of the town in question, but he has for some time had charge of the outside work of a leading baker.

\* \*

In previous issues we have already referred to the satisfactory progress of Cornelius Albone, of the March '87 party. We cannot pass him by on this occasion, however, without remarking that he is as hardworking and as highly spoken of as ever, and still in the same situation he has filled for several years.

\* \*

The fame of our boys which John Kent established in Stittsville has been in no way diminished by Samuel Gildersleeve, who came out in '86 and is in the employment of Mr. Joseph Seabrooke of that place, who bestows unstinted praise upon Samuel. The latter's record for the entire 10 years he has been in Canada is one of which we are justly proud.

\* \*

Again we return to Ottawa to note that James Carley is there following the calling of confectioner with considerable success, and guarding well the good name he has earned since he came to Canada in 1886 as a boy of 14.

\* \*

One of the finest farmhands within a large radius of Antrim is William Vezey, now a young man of 25, and who came to Canada in '87. William has been for many years with his present employer, who treats our friend as if he were his brother.

\* \*

Compared with those we have already mentioned James S. Hadnutt is quite a junior, having come out in the fall of '92 and being now 18, but James has made good use of his time and is a hardworking lad. We regret to record a recent sojourn in the hospital, rendered necessary by a frozen toe. We trust there may be no permanent ill effects and that John will keep a closer watch on his "extremities" in the future. He is already back at work at Bell's Corners.

Perth is the county town of Lanark. Here for a number of years lived George Hooker in the enjoyment of the good opinion of his employer and neighbours. A recent letter, however, announces that George, who came out ten years ago, has decided to enlarge his field of effort and he is now in the North-West Territories, where, we trust, his perseverance and skill will be rewarded with no small measure of success.

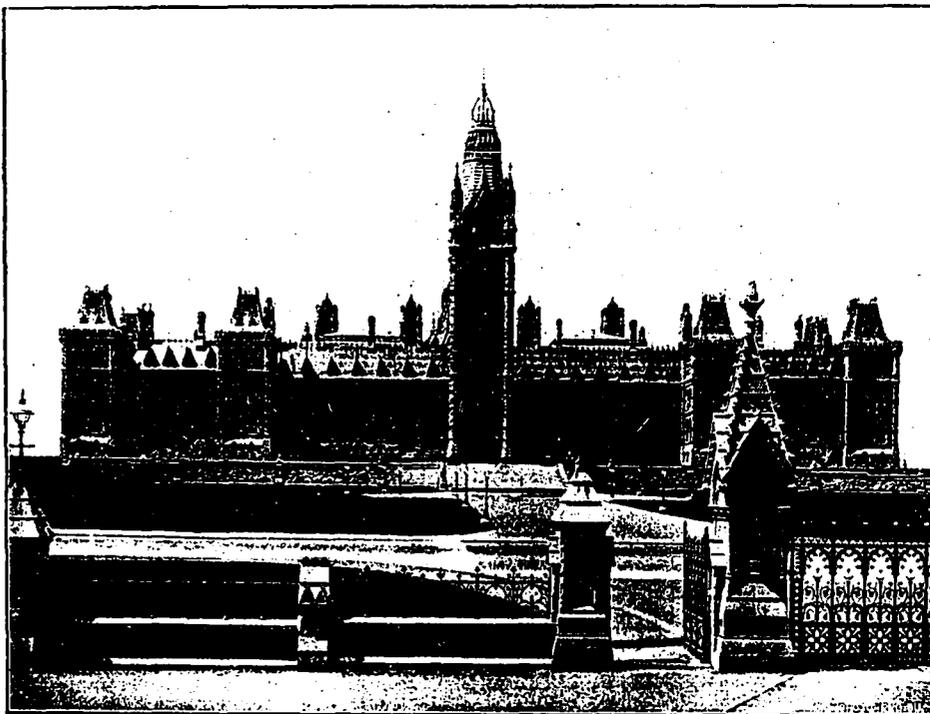
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A young man of the steady, deserving kind is James Davis, well and favourably known in this town. James' capacity for work has been subjected to a ten years' test, and those who ought to know declare that our friend, who is 22, can more than hold his own. Not very long ago James purchased a horse and buggy which did not, we understand, turn out a "good spec." Bicycles and Buggies are very alluring undoubtedly, but for sound investment the Bank has a stronger claim, and we believe that if James had his time to go over again he would leave his money with the last named rather than sink it in a horse and conveyance which are not necessary, and which further have an

that as one brother was a lad of such excellent parts there was every probability of the other being of the same type. Consequently, John and Henry were reunited last May, to the intense satisfaction of both. This further acquaintance with the Good family only served to strengthen Mr. Lowry's good opinion, and we have the greatest possible pleasure in announcing that there is now a request for the youngest of the three, Tommy, from a member of Mr. Lowry's family, who occupies the farm adjoining that of Mr. Lowry, so that by the time this reaches our readers the three Good brothers (we might dispense with that capital G) will be practically living together once again. Very gratifying, indeed, it is to know that this truly happy condition of affairs has been brought about by first one brother and then another, establishing a family reputation for trustworthiness and uprightness.

\* \*

John Humble is only a youngster, 14, although we would hardly think so when reading his record. When last visited by Mr. Griffith John was ploughing and doing the work well. He is described as a steady and good worker



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

unhappy knack of requiring all the owner's spare cash to keep in condition and repair, and all the time woefully depreciating in value

\* \*

The marriage bells recently rang out for our friend John J. Phillips; in consequence whereof we herewith despatch the heartiest of good wishes to Merrickville, where John is enjoying his newly acquired honors and where he is recognized as a good steady worker.

\* \*

In Marathon we come across evidence of a "family compact" of a character to which we believe not even the most fastidious Whig will take exception. Among the party of March, '93, were three brothers Good—Henry John, 14, John Francis, 10; and Thomas, 8. The two latter were boarded out, while John found a home with Mr. Robert A. Lowry, of Marathon. So apt did Henry prove to be at mastering the details of the work required of him, and so faithfully did he strive to give his employer satisfaction that it was not long before the latter held a very high opinion of our friend. So well pleased was Mr. Lowry with Henry that he offered to take John Francis, believing

by his employer, Mr. Allan Dillon, of Navan, who recently sent a donation to the Home, this kindly act we are inclined to believe being prompted by sympathetic appreciation of an institution which turns out such excellent lads as John Humble. This fourteen-year old hired "man," by-the-bye, has a nice little nest-egg of \$40 lying to his credit in the bank. John's surname does not seem to be quite as appropriate as that of our friends in the preceding paragraph.

\* \*

Not far from John Humble live Edwin and Alfred Gouge, 18 and 16 respectively, who have been in Canada four years. Edwin is a powerful young fellow, capable of any kind of work on the farm and has won warm praise for his kind treatment of his employer's stock. He wrote to the Home last September saying he had never been sick since he came to Canada and he likes this country very much. Alfred, who is equally well thought of by his employer, was unfortunate enough to break his leg while playing football last May. While he was laid up, a small boy, Joe Barney, was sent to take his place. Such a clever and obliging little man did Joey prove himself to be that his ser-

vices were secured by a member of Alfred's employer's family. Edwin and Alfred, who have led consistent upright lives from the day they came to Canada as boys of 14 and 12, recently sought full communion with the Mother Church and were confirmed by his lordship the Bishop of Ottawa. In taking this solemn and eventful step we are sure the brothers were actuated by the highest Christian motives, and very fervently do we pray to the heavenly Father that He will "defend these His servants with His heavenly grace that they may continue His forever."

Near Stittsville and in the home of Mr. George Acres we find two more brothers living together. These are Frederick W. (14) and Walter S. Smith (12), who left England a little over a year ago. Frederick entered the employment of Mr. Acres last year and did so well that his employer sent for Walter. Both boys are doing well, very fortunate, indeed, in being members of the household of Mr. Acres, a kind old gentleman, who takes a very warm interest in the brothers. So ably has Walter supplemented the good reputation established in the first place by Frederick that a member of Mr. Acres' family, Mr. Benjamin Acres, asked that he might be supplied with a boy of similar character. Thus it happened that Robert F. Luckman, of the second party of '93, went to live in the neighbourhood of Stittsville. Robert is 12, and of him we hear nothing but what is good. He has an exceptionally good home and is as happy and contented as the day is long.

Fred Smith was not the first link in the chain that connects the Home with Mr. Acres' family, William J. Edwards, now 13, having some time before entered the service of Mr. Wilson, a son-in-law of Mr. Acres, and it was William's fine character that induced the latter to apply for a boy, with the results we have mentioned. William is a well behaved and most trustworthy boy.

The latest news we have of James Geddings, 16, is, that he is still with the farmer in Bathurst Township, to whom he went four years ago; he is a big, stout lad, very truthful, and can do most farm work well.

In the same district as Alfred Bending is Frederick Chas. Braun, whose three years' record proclaims him to be a good boy, honest and truthful, taking great interest in his work.

"An intelligent, good-looking young fellow" is the summary before us of the characteristics of Thomas Nelson, who does good work in Fitzroy Township.

The first report we have received from Ramsay Township of Richard Hy. Griffin, who is one of this year's arrivals, is to the effect that "Dickie" does his best to learn, picking up work quickly; he is happy and contented, stout and healthy, and growing.

We not only leave our chosen territory, but pass out of the Province of Ontario when we cross the river to visit Ebenezer John Unwin, whose post-office address is Blanche, P.Q. John has been out two years, and is a well-behaved lad, of quiet habits, and very fond of reading.

Also in the older Province we find Ernest Bithell, a fine little fellow of 14, who was one of last summer's party. He is at Eardley, where he is very happy and contented, and he has already been the means of bringing us several applications from that district.

Alfred M. and Henry Herbert Houghton are brothers of 13 and 14 respectively, who realize it is foolish to listen to the wild talk of silly lads, and they are trying to do their best in North Gower, in close proximity to each other, where both are located.

In the same locality, and similarly anxious to excel, is Ernest J. Frost, 13, who wishes to remain with his present employer.

There is a promising outlook for Thomas Cottrell, who has been for the past 12 months with Mr. Wm Brown, of Goulbourn Township, whose two sons-in-law have also boys of ours.

Arthur E. Sedgwick, now 15, is still in the same place in the Township of Marlboro', to which he went three years ago. He is well grown, in the best of health, and doing remarkably well. His employer and family speak in highest terms of Arthur, who is a thrifty and careful Scotchman. In a recent letter our friend expresses his appreciation of UPS AND DOWNS, "which keeps fresh in my memory the Homes and the boys I was acquainted with when I was there."

Edward Thorpe sticks to his old master in Goulbourn Township, where is well liked and known as a good steady worker. Edward is not a Scotchman, or he would keep a tighter grasp on his money.

Walter W. Andrews, 14, of the June, '93, party, has a splendid opportunity of learning to farm; he is on the best equipped farm in Nepean Township, and is, we are glad to say, turning the opportunity to good account.

But for a recent attack of illness James Wm. Davis would have formed one of the excursion party that sailed for England on Nov. 7th. We are glad to say James is recovering and will soon be as active as ever. He has money in the bank, and has hired for another year with his employer in Montague Township, at good wages. James came out in '93, is 19, and is one of our medal-holders. On the farm right opposite, his younger brother George is building up a good reputation.

In the same township Benjamin Webb, 17, is spreading our fame by steady application to his duties. No less so is Henry Hedges, who recently received the silver medal, well earned by three years of persevering effort.

Among our friends in Arran Township is David Stirratt, a good lad, who is well liked, and is quite an adept at handling horses.

Four boys of the second party of last year now attract our attention, although living in different townships. They are Sidney Clarke, 16, who is one of a party keeping "bachelors' hall" in Huntley, where he enjoys the good opinion of a number of people; and deserves it; William Hy. Cottrell, 11, comfortably housed in Nepean Township, of whom we hear excellent accounts; Abraham Trow, 15, living at Johnston's Corners, Gloucester Township, thin and delicate in appearance, but full of vim and thoroughly reliable; and last, Frederick Wise, 14, stationed at Perth, which he finds very much to his taste, being in good health and very happy and contented.

Alfred Hinds often longs for a sight of Old England (who of us does not?) but forges manfully ahead at Merrickville, bearing an excellent character. We hear Alfred is quite an expert carpenter. His time will expire in April and he will then have a bank-book worth a hundred dollars.

A one month's test reveals the fact that John Dutton, 14, is a lad of the right kind. He is "doing splendidly" at Elliot.

Last June Sidney Lawrence, 13½, went to Perth, where we hear of him as doing his best. At one time Sidney was in the Niagara Peninsula, and later was fortunate enough to come under the care of Mrs. Riordan, the wife of Dr. Riordan, of Toronto, in whose service Sidney spent the period previous to his departure to Perth.

We constantly hear of the good character borne by Horace Wilson in Fallowfield, Carleton County. Horace is 20, came out five years ago, and is a very faithful, capable worker.

In the village of Hazeldean is Robert Marshall, of the second party of last year. Robert is 17, and is in the employment of Dr. Richardson, who has found him to be a good lad, steady and obliging. Robert was also one of the band of young Christians recently confirmed at Ottawa. Over him likewise may the Fatherly hand ever be; may the Holy Spirit so lead him "in the knowledge and obedience of Thy will that in the end he may obtain everlasting life."

Not far from Robert lives John Breakey, 17, who enjoys the confidence of his employer to such an extent that on the occasion of Mr. Griffith's last visit to Hazeldean, John was alone in charge of the farm and house. John is a son of Erin, hailing from Dublin, and is a splendid specimen of the good raw material that Miss Smiley has turned out from her Home in that city.

Nicholas Woods, 14, and Alfred C. Helmore, 12, are both boys of the second party of this year. Nicholas is with Mr. J. C. Bradley, Reeve of the Township of Goulbourn, who has had boys from other Homes, who have done well under his care. Nicholas promises to be second to none of those who have preceded him. He has proved to be very apt and is already a very careful worker. "He has milked from the second day after his arrival." Alfred is also doing his best and doing well; he is happy in his home, which is only natural, as he is employed by Mr. Mulligan, another member of Mr. Acres' family.

Not far away is Thomas Sessions (March '92) who recently completed an engagement with Mr. Wm. Vance, of Dunrobin, and has received the silver medal awarded under such circumstances. Thomas is 18, and his record is an excellent one throughout. He possesses a substantial bank balance, and he has re-engaged with Mr. Vance for another year.

Also in Dunrobin is Edgar Jos. Gurr, 13, of last year's arrivals. Edgar fell off a loaded waggon last September, having a marvellous escape from death. A broken leg was, however, the extent of our young friend's injury. This has necessitated a long sojourn in the hospital at Ottawa, where he has been regularly visited by the members of Mr. Boucher's (his employer) family and other friends. Edgar is a bright little lad, desirous of pleasing, and we hope he will soon recover from the effects of his mishap.

Alfred Horn, 16, of the second '93 party, finds a home with another member of the Boucher family. Alfred is an old Leopold House boy, and is doing his best to maintain the reputation of boys from that institution as steady, reliable workers.

William Davis continues perseveringly in the employ of Mr. Andrew Watt, of South

March, to whom he went in April, '91, shortly after his arrival in Canada.

Henry Avris (July, '95) is also here, and with another member of the same family is James Grainger, now 17, who came out in the spring of '94, and who, having fulfilled his first engagement in a highly satisfactory manner, has re-engaged at increased wages.

Edgar John and Francis Foot are brothers aged 17 and 14 respectively. They are fortunate in being within easy distance of each other, and are furthermore employed in the same family, Edgar being with Mr. William Gourlay, of Huntley, Francis with the latter's son. The record of the brothers is good and their future full of promise, although at one time they were inclined to display a little more independence of spirit than was necessary. A recent visit from Mr. Griffith established the fact, however, that Edgar and Francis were pursuing the sensible course of seeking to give every satisfaction to their employers and their employers' wives.

Sidney Clark (2-'91) was sent last year to Mr. J. Cox, of Huntley, an old patron of the Homes, and from whom Alfred is receiving valuable instruction in the best way to do well for himself and his employer. Alfred is 16, and is an apt pupil.

Albert Davie (Sep. '95), after several changes, finally found employment with Mr. Wm. E. Owens, who speaks in the highest terms of Alfred, now a promising youth of 16.

There is a family tie in the case of Henry Mabey (April, '91) and Samuel York (Mar., '92), their respective employers being father and son, Messrs. James and Wm. Steen, of Galetta. Both boys are upholding the reputation of the Home. Henry's time will expire in April and he will probably re-engage.

Albert Wright has been in Canada three years, and is still with Mr. John Grant, of Kinburn, a farmer who works 600 acres of the finest land in the district. Albert's work consists entirely of attending to stock, and these highly important duties he discharges in a decidedly creditable manner, being most reliable and trustworthy.

George C. Cable is a fine little fellow of ten, who came out last spring, when he was placed with Mr. Wm. Moorehouse, of Fitzroy Harbour. Here George is happy and well cared for; is already a useful little worker, although much is not expected of him at present; later he will, we feel sure, give a good account of himself.

Henry M. Cable is George's senior by two years and is with Mr. Thos. H. Murphy, of White Lake. Like his brother, Henry has an excellent home, and he is an honest, truthful lad, learning well.

In spite of some very pronounced attacks of "longing for England," Frederick T. Thorn continues in the enjoyment of good health, and works away steadily, being still in the same situation to which he went three years ago.

William E. Broomgrove, 13, is with Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Waba, and is described in a recent report as being "in good health, rosy, sturdy, contented and happy."

Another member of this family—Mr. Wm. Murphy—directs the energies of Walter E. Furby, who came out last year and is now exceedingly capable at many lines of work, handling an axe remarkably well, we hear.

In July, '92, Alfred Bending was placed with Mr. Thos. McCann, of Pakenham Township. He is there still; "well-treated, enjoys employer's fullest confidence, is spoken of as a model Home boy," says a recent report.

In the same locality is John Carrs, who has also had three years' experience, as a result of which he is now able to do most farm work and that in a most acceptable manner.

In Charles Wm Scott and Henry Everett we have two youngsters of the "2nd" and "3rd" '93 parties, respectively. The first named lives at Elliott and is referred to as a smart-looking, curly-headed, healthy little fellow, likes his home, and is well cared for; in return for which Charlie does his best to please. Henry's post-office address is Andrewsville, where he has a comfortable home which he appreciates. He has not much to do, but he does it well and is very kind to the stock.

The inexorable laws of "space" require us to bid adieu to our friends in the Ottawa Valley. We have endeavoured to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of the work these young toilers are doing and of the lives they are leading. Simple lives undoubtedly. But is it not out of such that there shall be built up for Canada that solid foundation of a nation's prosperity—a contented, happy yeomanry.

We should very much like some of our friends to whom we have referred in these pages, to supplement our efforts by sending us a short description of that part of the Ottawa Valley in which they live. We will make this a special topic for them in our Mutual Improvement Society Syllabus for February, and we trust we shall receive some very interesting little articles.

IN OTHER PARTS.

Frederick B. Cochrane, whose portrait we now publish, was one of the spring party of '93.



Shortly after his arrival here he entered the employment of Mr. John McPherson, of Campbellton. There we find Frederick today a thoroughly trustworthy young man of 21, enjoying to the fullest degree the confidence and esteem of his employer's family. He has received the long service silver medal, and is in all respects a good example to the lads of the district where he lives.

We were quite startled recently to see a contingent of the Royal Canadian Dragoons stop opposite the door of the Home and proceed to apply for admittance. All uneasiness vanished, however, when we found that the wearers of the scarlet coats and forage caps were none other than our old friends, Arthur Acland and Albert Edward Mutton, who had called to let us know that they had joined the above mentioned regiment, stationed at the New Fort, Toronto. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the Queen's forces the world over do not contain two more reliable and upright men than Acland and Mutton. They have done their duty faithfully in the past, and have proved that there is not an atom of moral

cowardice in their make-up, and that their physical courage is of equal standard, we do not for a moment doubt, and in the career they have chosen we wish them all happiness and speedy promotion. Before he said good-bye, Arthur Acland left \$10 as a donation to the Home.

"They are well and go to school regularly, and compare favorably with the best of the boys in our neighborhood."

Is the latest report from the foster parents of Arthur Endecott, 8, and Charlie Millward, 10, who are boarders at Port Sydney.

This interesting family portrait presents to our readers Frederick G. and Joseph Bray, and their sister Julia, all three of whom were among our Exhibition visitors. Frederick is an old stager, having come out in '87, and has spent by far the greater part of the intervening nine years in the locality of Burnt River, where as long ago as 1892 he had earned a reputation as a "splendid steady lad." Joseph Bray left



England in June, '92, and during his four years in Canada has worked in two or three places. Joseph is a capable young fellow, but he has not been fortunate at all times in his selection of a situation, and we recently heard of him experiencing much difficulty in securing the past year's wages.

Herbert Guthrie, whose misfortune in severely fracturing his leg we alluded to many months ago, writes:

"I am getting along very well. My leg is doing very nicely. I was out to see the doctor yesterday and he said he would like to see me every week, because if he did he could hurry it. It will not take very long to heal up if it grows as it is doing. I can walk about now without crutch or stick. I just use the crutches to walk any long distance."

Herbert also tells of certain little duties he is able to perform for the kind people who have indeed treated him as one of their own. Very glad indeed are we to hear such an encouraging account of our little friend's progress. He has proved himself to be a brave little man, passing through much suffering and pain with remarkable patience and cheerfulness.

William Jacobs, 17, writes enthusiastically of UPS AND DOWNS and tells us the journal is a great encouragement to him:

"We read of our old chums at home and of the masters; it is a great pleasure. . . . I do not say much about my place or the country, but it is just a fine one. Everybody treats me well. My boss and mistress take great care of me and I do my best to please them. I feel as though I am their own son. We have four farms which make about 450 acres in all."

William is living with Mr. Peter H. L. Bradt, of Pelham Union, where he was recently visited by Mr. Gaunt, whose report amply endorses what William says of the kind treatment accorded him by Mr. and Mrs. Bradt. The report also tells of William's excellent progress and faithful attention to duty.

Of John and Walter Hayes, two youngsters of last year's spring party, who are boarding out, we hear some interesting news. In a recent letter their guardian writes :

"John and Walter are quite well, and each one is trying how good he can be at school in the hope they may win a prize. Miss Willard is thinking of having a concert before Christmas. Walter is to sing 'The Red, White and Blue,' and John, I think, takes part in a duet. They will both do well as they are not at all nervous."

Writing us a few weeks ago from Rocklyn, Henry Pinchin, 15, took occasion to inform us :

"I hope I shall be able to send one hundred dollars to be added to my bank account before very long"

We also hear much of the stock, attending to which is a part of Henry's duties. Our friend is getting along famously, well maintaining the prestige of the spring party of '92.

Quite a long letter is to hand from thirteen-year-old Willie Harris, who came out Aug. '93 and is living at Port Perry :

"I am getting along splendidly as usual and so are the people I am with. They are very good to me and I am trying to be good to them. We still have a lot of stock.

I can now harrow and plough and I like it splendid. I asked Mrs. Ham if she had anything to say. She said I had been a very good boy and so forth,

(This is very modest on the part of Willie),

and she hopes I will continue. I went to see my brothers and they are getting along splendid."

The letter also contains a very full account of the wedding of a member of the family of Willie's employer. It must have been the occasion of a remarkable gathering and the families interested must be almost as numerous as those which flourished in the old days, if Willie has not made a mistake in the facts. He says :

"There were fifty at the wedding, and they were all relations, and that was not half of them; only the nearest relations were present, just uncles and aunts."

Our young friend appears to have participated in quite a number of enjoyable functions of late and naturally is very happy and contented with his surroundings.

We have much pleasure in publishing the portrait of Henry Joseph Page, who paid us a visit at Exhibition time. Henry has put in five years at farming and now commands as high a rate of wages as is paid in the locality. He has maintained a splendid reputation from the beginning of his career. In the township of Huron, in

which district he has been from the first, he is most highly spoken of.

George L. Bull, in a letter of recent date, says :

"I have been around here (Thornton) five years now. It is where I first landed. I may be going to Winnipeg next year."

Should George, who is now 23, decide to follow farming in the North-West, the excellent qualities of the possession of which he has given abundant evidence, will prove no less a source of success there than they have in Ontario.

## "OLD HOME" NEWS.

(Continued from page 3.)

some papers say over three tons, were used to decorate the column in Trafalgar Square. But what came closer home to us in this commemoration, was the invitation of Mr. Imre Kiralfy to our boys, to visit his "big show" at Earl's Court. All persons in uniform had a free pass to the exhibition. The Chelsea pensioners the "Duke of York's School" boys, in their smart scarlet tunics; and our boys, 700 strong, helped to pack the place. It would have done your heart good to have heard the ringing cheers when the grey-bearded Chelsea veterans marched past, seemingly forgetful of their years. We sat for two hours in the amphitheatre, and saw spectacle after spectacle of Mr. Kiralfy's contrivance. On the stage were hundreds of men and women, clothed in every possible fantastic fashion of cut and colour this side the sun; whirling, twirling, twisting, twining, involving, devoluting; and bewildering the brain with inconceivable complexities of combination. The boys were delighted. Our band and three other bands took four several positions in the last spectacle, the arrangement being made more with regard to picturesque effect than to successful music. "Rule Britannia" rolled out finely, but "God Save the Queen" proved a race as to which band should finish first. Of course our band was the only one that kept correct time. The boys say that themselves, so it must be true. After that, "Spiers & Ponds," the caterers, supplied buns and coffee and ginger beer, to our heart's content, for nothing. The boys then hurried off to the "Big Wheel," which stands nearly 300 feet high, yet looks as light and graceful as a bicycle wheel—one of our young wags wanted to know where the other wheel was. They had free entrance to the "wheel" and side shows, and some of the young rogues rode, and rode, smuggling up in corners of the cars and so went round and round. All concerned with the exhibition seemed desirous of giving the boys a good time. Mr. Debbage with great guile, inveigled me into a shooting competition with him, at a fine range there, the loser to pay; and when I innocently succumbed to his wiles, he went and placed six shots beautifully near the centre of the target, while I carefully missed, and had to pay the piper, and submit to be triumphed over. He must have been practising beforehand. Everything went off without a hitch, excepting a comical accident to the drum. Miles, the drummer, is a blacksmith—

"And the smith a mighty man is he";—so with his first blow at starting he sent his drum-stick clean through the parchment, and he had to grope for it inside the drum. Miles had to beat the other "head" very gingerly all day. When the boys got home they were jolly and tired, having had, in their own parlance, "a fair beano." I had almost forgotten one thing; it didn't rain once, and the sun even ventured to show his face, in apparent sympathy. So altogether we had reason to be particularly glad that Nelson won the day on the 21st of October, 1805.

I hope those Old Boys who have sent composition exercises to the paper, will pardon me if I take the liberty to congratulate them.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

J. P. MANUELL.

## OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

"WHEN the novelty has worn off, don't you think active participation will cease?" was a query propounded to us when we first decided to start our Mutual Improvement Society. We were bound to admit that we were free from any such fears; and that our faith was well founded is being more and more conclusively proved with each succeeding issue.

As the "novelty wears off" interest becomes keener and more widespread in this feature of our journal. Not only have we a sturdy little band of regular contributors, but every month brings us contributions from some who like "to take a hand in occasionally." It is a source of regret to us that we cannot publish all the essays we receive, but the reason of our inability to do so is obvious. We only fear that this may have a deterrent effect upon some who feel that it would be so much time wasted if they sent in a carefully prepared paper which was not published. Such a conclusion is decidedly erroneous. Time devoted

to such a purpose would be most profitably spent. It would certainly be a little disappointing if several consecutive attempts remained unrewarded by publication, but that would not be likely to occur, and while we have little reason to complain of the way our friends have co-operated with us in this work, we wish to see our band of contributors expand until it includes at least a hundred of the many capable of taking an active part in our Improvement Society. We don't suppose we have many Macaulays, Dickenses, or Thackerays in our ranks, but we know of quite a few whose ambition trenches close upon the domain of the professional story-writer. Even those whose hopes are soaring at so great an altitude may find the ascent of their Parnassus a little less difficult if they make free use at the outset of even such a modest little staff as "Our Mutual Improvement Society." But there is a very much larger number of the less ambitious who are, nevertheless, possessed of a most natural and commendable desire to advance their knowledge in various directions; to exercise and consequently strengthen various faculties.

Our columns afford to these an opportunity for testing their individual improvement; publication gives that stimulus which comes from a healthy spirit of rivalry, and we very earnestly hope that, now the winter is with us, the number of active workers will be increased four-fold. Most particularly do we trust that every boy with an idea to spare will be heard from in connection with the topic for next month. "A Christmas Greeting from a Barnardo Boy in Canada to His Old Friends in the Old Home in the Old Land" is a subject which should give everyone of our friends a severe attack of what is known as the "itch for writing."

As we observed last month, there will doubtless be many of our lads who would like very much to send such greeting through Ups AND DOWNS, but who, for one reason or another, may not be in a position to embody their greeting in the form of a short essay; we would therefore suggest to these, and to others as well, that they write out and send us a verse or a few lines of some seasonable poem or hymn. It would be quite an interesting feature, and one we are sure that would please Dr. Barnardo not a little, if we could have two or three columns devoted to "Greetings," selected by our friends from their favourite hymns or other poems; and we very earnestly ask one and all to help us to carry out our idea. Already a number of our friends have entered heartily into the project and have sent us short selections of a few lines each. It must be borne in mind, WE CANNOT GUARANTEE TO PUBLISH ANY CONTRIBUTION THAT DOES NOT REACH US BY DECEMBER 11TH.

There are several of our friends who are doubtless wondering why they have not yet received the selections of Penny Volumes ordered during the last two or three weeks. We must ask these waiting ones to possess their souls in patience for a few days longer when we shall be in a position to fill their orders.

## FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

GEORGE A. GILDERSON, Age 24, Party, April, '90.

It is a very important matter, especially in youth, that the associates we class as friends should be morally pure. How many young people, just merging into manhood or womanhood, place someone on the highest pinnacle of friendship, and believe in him, perhaps more firmly than in themselves, only to find by some unforeseen circumstance that the friend they surrounded with a halo of goodness and truth, and almost idolized, lived only in their imagination. By the rude shock which their highest and best feelings receive, infinite harm is

(Continued on page 12.)



Out of the bosom of the air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garment shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,  
 Silent, and soft, and slow  
 Descends the snow.

—Longfellow.

WE are ushering in our December number by a picture of a snow scene in England, at Clevedon in the county of Somerset, for by the time this month's paper is published, it is reasonable to suppose that winter may be fairly upon us, and, indeed, we would bid it welcome! We shall only too gladly exchange the dull gray skies and rain of the past autumn for the bright, clear days of the frosty Canadian winter, with its blue skies and pure white snow and its sleigh-bells' gay ring.

Hazel Brae is still a scene of departures, and day after day little girls have been leaving us for their new homes. One little girl was called for one day by her master and mistress, and taken with them a drive of thirty-five miles to her destination, and the next day another little girl, Charlotte Cluer, went a drive of twenty miles with her master and his little girl. Just as she was ready dressed and waiting, it happened that the Rev. James Potter, Presbyterian minister of St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, and his father were calling at Hazel Brae and showed a very kindly interest in the little traveller. Mr. Potter, Sr., who may be known to many by his work amongst sailors and lumbermen, gave a few earnest and kindly words to our little maiden, which we hope will indeed prove as a parting benediction to her.

Mary Precious, who left us on Nov. 10th, seems to be happily placed, and her mistress writes very favourably of her. We give Mary's letter elsewhere.

Little Lizzie Sheriff, too, went away on the 11th amid tears, but writes so happily that we feel glad to think she has fallen into such kind hands, and her mistress, too, says, "I am well pleased with her."

During the past month we had a visit from Alice Green's brother. We had to tell him that Alice had left the Home and was out in a place, but as it was not far off, it did not make very much difference, and he was able to follow her there. We hope the brother and sister had a happy reunion. He told us he had been thinking of, or intending to go back to England, but now that Alice had come out, he has quite given up that idea. So a sister may often act as a powerful loadstone to a brother—ah! and what a helpful influence she may have over him if she herself is good and pure and true.

In the late typhoid fever season, we are sorry to say that Emily Summerfield has contracted this trying complaint together with four others in the family where she is living. Emily has been well nursed and is getting on well; she is still with the same family and Miss Loveday has twice seen her since her illness.

On Nov. 1st, Rev. J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterborough, invited our girls to a children's service at St. John's Church on Sunday afternoon. A large number went, and besides being present at the service, had some very kind words of welcome to Canada from the rector. We think our little lassies must have very much appreciated them, for, strangers in a strange land, what can warm the heart better than a kind welcome? We, at any rate, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's little girls, would take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of Mr. Davidson's kindness and the Christ-like spirit shown by the servant of One who welcomed the people when "they came to Him from every quarter."

"Love ye therefore the stranger," were kind words uttered by the same kind God who said, "Leave thy fatherless children to Me."

From Miss Woodgate we hear of a very pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and we are sure the girls will wish her a happy Christmas with her family.

We are glad to be able to invite the girls to send in papers on the same topics as those

be well to inform the postmaster that a copy is sent regularly every month, and that before making complaints to the publisher the subscriber would like to feel sure that the paper had not been mislaid in the post office.

We still have girls of thirteen and twelve years of age in the Home waiting for places, and should be pleased to correspond with any friends needing such.

B. Codes

A LETTER FROM MISS LOVEDAY.

HAZEL BRAE, NOV., 1896.

DEAR GIRLS,—As you all know, the chief part of my time is spent in visiting some of the many girls scattered up and down the Province of Ontario—seeing their homes, talking with their mistresses, trying to get a settlement of wages, in many cases pleading for an increase (which in these days is very hard to get) and having a pleasant chat with the girls themselves. Of course, reports of all these visits are kept, and now I am



AN ENGLISH WINTER SCENE.

chosen for the boys for January, the Christmas number. For instructions, see November number UPS AND DOWNS, page 12, or the page of this number devoted to "Our Mutual Improvement Society."

Of course there would have to be a slight alteration made in our topic. Instead of "The Christmas Greeting of a Barnardo boy" it would be a Barnardo girl "in Canada to her old friends in the Old Home in the Old Land."

We hope the girls will not fall behind the boys in sending their greetings. Remember these papers must not be posted later than Dec. 10th.

Many complaints have reached us from girls of the non-delivery of their UPS AND DOWNS. In future, please address all such complaints to "The Editor" of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

At the same time much trouble might be avoided if, instead of at once concluding that the paper has not been sent, any girl not receiving it would ask for it under her own name as well as under that of her employer. If it does not then make its appearance, it would

going to let you a little way into the secrets of my note book.

I have just returned from a tour to Picton and the neighbourhood, and you may, if you can or wish, imagine that you are looking over my shoulders and seeing most if not all of what I have written of girls seen there. Not quite all—for, of course, there are some little private confidences that must not be made public; and, by the way, we are always glad for girls to speak out frankly and freely; we will always have sympathy with them in their difficulties and will try and give wise and helpful counsel.

First come the girls in and around Napanee: Beatrice Wilcox and Matilda Waite. Both in good country homes a little distance out, and both doing well and improving.

In Newburgh, a little village north of Napanee, is Florence Curlis, one of this year's party, who so far is very pleased with her home and very happy. "A willing good girl, we like her much," says her mistress.

In the town of Napanee are Lizzie James—who is with a thoroughly good, sensible mistress—under whose care, we hope, she may long remain. Emily Collins—of whom we have never heard anything but good, with Mrs. Deroche—she is very bright and happy. Mrs. Deroche speaks from experience and she has always a good word

or our children. She says she has had both boys and girls in her household, and, with one exception, they have all turned out well. One or two are married, and are respectable and respected citizens. We think Emily bids fair to keep up this good record.

*Charlotte Summers*—who came out in '92—has also a good home and seems to be giving satisfaction.

The next day takes us to *Picton*, where we feel to be well known, having quite a goodly number of girls there, several of whom are married and have comfortable homes; others have grown quite into young women, and are doing for themselves. These, though not now on our visiting list, we are always pleased to meet, and we think they are glad to keep up their interest in the "Home," and to hear of old friends at *Hazel Brae*.

Amongst the younger girls are: *Eliza Cogley*, of whom her mistress says: "She is a nice, good little girl, and tries to please." I was glad to be able to give *Eliza* a very good report of her sister *Annie* in *Muskoka*, whom I had visited lately.

*Edith Rowland* ('93) has a happy home, and is trying to be useful and careful with the children during their mother's absence through illness. *Edith* is living at *Glenora*, where is to be seen the wonderful phenomenon of a lake at the top of a mountain, quite near to the bay, which is far, far down below. One's first exclamation on seeing it, is "How did it get there, and what keeps it full?" I do not know, and even very wise people do not quite know, but there it is!

*Mary Hilder* is growing quite a big strong girl; she has been in the one place since she came to Canada in '93, and is still remaining there.

*Margaret Buch* and *Sarah A. Newton* came out to Canada this summer, and are both very happily placed in good, kind homes. *Margaret*, though inexperienced and with much to learn, is giving good satisfaction. I left her in very good spirits, as it had been arranged to send her younger sister, *Eliza*, into the same neighbourhood and they are hoping to see each other occasionally.

*Lizzie Langdon* has had her troubles and difficulties but is now doing well, and bids fair to be a good, hard-working, useful girl.

*Lizzie Lewis*, who remained nearly four years in her first place, has lately made a change. She has a thoroughly good name and seems to be doing well.



LIZZIE LEWIS.

*Edith Storr*.—Miss *Jamieson* had some very kind things to say of *Edith*, and told of some good points in her character, but—there is room for improvement which we hope has already commenced—for we quite think *Edith* appreciates her good home, and is fond of her mistress, and she promises to do her best to overcome certain difficulties, so we hope for a real good report at the next visit.

*Eliza Edwards* ('92) has had only one place in Canada; she has been with Mrs. *Alfred Brown* for more than four years, and has given good, faithful service. She is now working steadily on in the hope of becoming a nurse some day, for which she is said to have great aptitude.

Some of you may remember *Jessie Wallace*, who came to Canada in '92. You will be interested to hear that a friend, who was instrumental in placing her under Dr. *Barnardo's* care, has been to Canada this year and has taken *Jessie* back with him to his home in Scotland. *Jessie* has worked well here, and by dint of perseverance, and by the kindness of her master and mistress, has been able to pass the Entrance examination. We wish her every success and happiness in her new surroundings.

From *Picton* we pass on to *Wellington*, where we are pleased to hear good accounts of the new girls,

*Amelia Baxter* and *Caroline Wall*; also to find *Ellen Foster* much improved, and said by her mistress to be doing very nicely.

Calling on Mrs. *Beith*, the door was opened by little *Alice Shepard*, whose greeting was: "Oh, I am glad to see you—I have been wanting you to come for so long." This little maiden is very bright and happy, is attending school, and seems to be quite a help and comfort to Mrs. *Beith* who speaks most lovingly of her.

*Cissy Smith* too, is still keeping her place steadily and well.

Two of this year's party were next seen at *Weller's Bay*, *Alice Lawrence* and *Alice Ford*, both with Mrs. *James Young*. This is a large and busy farm house. Mrs. *Young* likes both girls, and has no complaint as to character, though the one in the kitchen finds the work a little beyond her capability; the other, who attends to the children, is very kind and careful with her little charges, and is getting on nicely.

A few miles' drive from *Trenton* brought me to the home of *Annie Thorne*, who is also doing well; but we talked over one little difficulty which *Annie* is trying to conquer.

Then home by way of *Malone*—a somewhat out-of-the-way little place, but where three of our girls have for some time had good, safe, comfortable homes. The two sisters *Mabel* and *Jennie Willis* are not far from each other, and both are getting on nicely. The third—*Marianne Giles*, has a bright, happy, home life, and Mr. and Mrs. *English* are pleased with her. She was much interested in showing and telling me of their new house, into which the family were moving that same day.

Most of you probably have heard how pretty *Picton* and the *Bay of Quinte* are in summer, and what pleasant trips one can take by boat, but, unfortunately, wind and rain have to be taken into account at this time of the year. Having to visit little *Harriet Briscall*, at *Adolphus-town*, I was hoping for a pleasant sail across the bay, but rising early for the six o'clock morning boat I found the weather anything but inviting. My first misadventure arose from the shallowness of the water, which prevented landing at the wharf I wanted, and, instead, being taken on to a landing stage two miles away. The prospect of a walk in the pouring rain was not pleasant, and a young farmer living near very kindly drove me to Mr. *McMurren*, where I had a nice time with *Harriet*. By the evening, when the steamer should have been returning the storm was raging furiously, and the wind was blowing a gale. So rough was it that, not heeding any signal or waving lantern, the *Hero* made her way slowly up the middle of the channel, afraid to venture near the shore, and I was left in the darkness, wind and storm. Near by was the farmhouse of Mr. *Alliston* (who had driven me out in the morning), where hospitality for the night was at once offered, and very gratefully accepted. The gale continued all the next day, no sign of steamer or vessel of any kind was seen, so my kind friends generously kept me through another night, until, on Saturday morning the wind had ceased, the sun shone on the quiet water, and the welcome boat made its appearance at the usual hour. While sorry for the delay, this gave another opportunity of proving the kindness and hospitality one so meets in Canada, and the goodness of our Heavenly Father in providing "a shelter in the time of storm."

But I am afraid you will be quite weary of reading of so many girls, most of whom, we are glad to say, are plodding steadily on and keeping up their own and Dr. *Barnardo's* good name. Naturally, there were a few complaints both from mistresses and girls, but no serious ones, only such as we hope will be remedied by consideration on the one side, and an extra effort to do well on the other. Nearly every one expressed great regret at the loss of our late Superintendent, Miss *Woodgate*, and many remarks showed how much she was looked up to and respected by all, and numerous were the messages of love and remembrance to be sent to her. We know, too, that her interest in the girls out here has by no means ceased, and that she will be gladdened by hearing good reports of your progress from time to time.

With best wishes, believe me

Your sincere friend,

J. LOVEDAY.

## LETTERS FROM GIRLS.

"I now write you these few lines to tell you that I arrived at my place in safety. I like it very much; my mistress is very kind to me and so is my master. I don't do much work, but what I do do I try and do it well. Would you please try and send me my brothers' address as soon as you can, so that I may write to them? The first afternoon I was here I took the baby out for a walk, and it is such a dear little thing. I am getting used to my place now and I have learned a good many things since I have been here. I think this is all I have to say this time but I will say more next, so good-bye.

I remain yours truly,

MARY PRECIOUS."

"Just a few lines, hoping to find you well as when I left. I arrived at my place quite safe. When I got to *Toronto* I went to the Boys' Home and I got there about half-past one. I had my dinner there and in twenty minutes' time my master came for me. I had thirteen miles' drive from the Home; it was not a very pleasant drive because it was so cold and windy. I got home about three o'clock. I live three miles from *Weston*, and it is about two miles to go to church. I went to church on Sunday with my master and next Sunday I am going to Sunday School. I thank you very much for getting such a nice home for me. It is on a farm, and we have cows, horses, ducks, geese, pigs, chickens, kittens and a dog. The dog's name is *Snap*, and I must tell you we have four canary birds. It is a very comfortable home and I have a bed and bedroom all to myself. It has a nice carpet and a washstand and table and chairs, and if I am a good girl I know I shall get on nicely. I can have all I want to eat, plenty of apples too. My mistress and master are so kind to me and I do all I can to please them. We have a Home boy and he has been here five years come spring, and another English boy which has not been very long. I get up about six o'clock and help all I can. I felt very homesick at first, but now I have got over it. I am going to learn to milk, to bake and to cook. I am going to write to Miss *Pearse* soon.

I remain, yours lovingly,

KEZA SMART "

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DEAR MADAM.—I thought I would write a letter for the *UPS AND DOWNS* and tell you about my place, *Cooper's Falls*. It is a very pleasant country and is very warm, and is sheltered with high rocks all around. In the summer there are lovely ferns and berries growing on these rocks, and I expect I will have to climb these rocks to go after the cows, and I shall learn to milk. I have two ducks, three turkeys and twenty-three chickens, to feed three times a day, and I am counting all the eggs I get during the year. My master keeps the post-office and store and there is a blacksmith's shop and a few houses here. The Presbyterians had a basket-social here last week and I put a basket in, and the lady's name was on the basket, and they were sold by auction. The gentleman who bought the owner's basket eat what was in the basket with her and a cup of tea was served to each one and then there was some good singing with the organ, and recitations and dialogues and some speeches and everyone enjoyed themselves. MARY MORTIMER.

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## "GIRLS UNDER FOURTEEN."

"Good things are done up in small parcels."

We had a visit lately from Mr. *Leonard Burnett*, M.P., who spent a little time out in the meadow with our lassies, and finally selected little *Edith Darbyshire*, aged twelve years, and took her away with him on the evening train.

*Edith* bids fair to give satisfaction; her mistress writes very kindly and says she was:

"A little disappointed at first in seeing such a small girl, but we find *Edith* ready and willing to help us; we find her to be clean and tidy."

We might say that *Edith's* master called in consequence of having seen the notice in *UPS AND DOWNS* about our girls.

Of another girl of thirteen from our last party, her mistress writes:

"M— is doing very nicely and so far we are very much pleased with her. She seems a nice girl and does her work nicely. . . . I hope she will continue as she has begun, for she is very satisfactory so far. I will make arrangements for her to begin Sunday School within a week, and will take her to church Sunday evenings with us."

We are giving Annie Boulton's picture this month. Annie came to Canada in October, 1892, and went to the same place in which she is now living the next month. We have been looking up our Visitors' reports of their visits to Annie, and cannot find a word of any complaints about her. For instance, Miss Love-day reports of her in April, 1893, when she was still a little girl:



"Her mistress says she is a very good girl, is getting very useful and she has no fault at all to find with her. Annie, too, is quite happy and contented, and has a good home. Mrs. Malcolm is just getting her some spring clothing, and seems very considerate with and interested in the child."

Then again in August, 1896, we find Annie being valued and trusted by her mistress, and all the intervening reports are satisfactory.

Lizzie Adams ('92 party) sends us some thoughts on "Friends and Friendship and Their Value." She says:

"The true value of friends is found in their friendship. We have a friend in Christ which sticketh closer than a brother. Also, we should be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in exchanging a friend. We all like to have a friend to whom we can run and tell all our joys, pleasures, trials and troubles and let them bear it with us. Some friends are ready to take your part in everything you say or do; but others are not afraid to correct you when they see that you are wrong, and they can share it with us and help us to get right, and that is the value of friendship. We are very much interested in our friends and we like to be with them and go with them anywhere and everywhere. The worldly friends, I hope, are few and far between.

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS.

1. Psalm 32: 1, 2.
2. Faith. Romans 4: 3.
3. Wages are earned, a gift is bestowed freely.
4. Never do anything which may have a bad influence over another.

We acknowledge answers from Annie Addison, Lizzie Adams, Edith Vincent and Annie Boulton, also joint answers from Edith Hallandale and her mistress' little daughter, Bea Jones. We are glad to see one who is not one of "Our Girls" taking an interest in our

magazine. We have given the answer to question 4 in last month's paper, word for word as sent by Edith and her little friend, for we thought it was so well put we could not improve on it.

We have also received answers from a nameless girl—she has not signed her name, at any rate—but we think it may be Minnie Bourne, as the post-mark is Queenston.

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DAILY PORTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

(See Scripture Union Cards.)

Some of the portions for this month are from the Psalms—that part of the Bible where every soul may find its own experience repeated, every heart may hear its own sigh breathed, or its notes of confiding faith, for "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Then we pass on to the readings in Deuteronomy, which are full of profit. We get, for instance, in Chapter 5, the giving of the Ten Commandments—those precepts which contain a holy God's requirements of His creatures. It is right that we should remember them, for the rule of right and wrong can still be measured by this standard; old as it is, it will never wear out.

Then we wander on through various lessons to Chapter 33, near the close of Moses' life. It seems a peaceful, patriarchal scene, the old servant of God scattering his blessings on the tribes of Israel before his departure. To how many hearts since his words have brought a message! We, too, cannot do better than drink them in. Let us, for instance, make that eternal God, the Rock of Ages, our refuge, for we all need a "shelter in the time of storm," and then, having made Him our refuge, what a comfort there is in the thought of those everlasting arms, strong enough to bear any and all!

Down to lowest depths it reaches,  
The all-loving Father's arm;  
Toward His rebel children yearning,  
Drawing them with magic charm;  
Till the yielding spirits move,  
Touched by everlasting Love

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QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. How many yearly feasts were the Israelites to observe?
2. In what month was the Passover to be held?
3. Give chapter and verse in Acts with quotation from Deut. 18.
4. Give chapter and verse in Romans with quotation from Deut. 30.

All the answers to above questions are to be found in the Daily Readings.

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We here subjoin an extract from a printed letter which we have lately received from the Scripture Union, England, written by Mr. T. B. Bishop:

This year will be marked in the annals of the Scripture Union by the step which has been taken by our Committee in sending out a Children's Missionary to work amongst the children of India. Mr. Bernard Herklots, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, took the Seaside Services at Scarborough in August, 1895, and in the October following he undertook the post of Secretary of the Scripture Union for Manchester and the surrounding district. After working most ably and zealously for some months in the north of England, Mr. Herklots sent in his resignation, feeling that, much as he loved the work amongst the children, God's call to him was for the foreign field. Just at this time an appeal had come to our Committee to send a representative to India, and they said to Mr. Herklots, "Why not go the foreign field of India, and labour specially for the children?" After much prayer for guidance, and after consultation with several experienced missionary friends, he accepted

this invitation. He continued his work with the Children's Special Service Mission during the summer, visiting Greystones, near Dublin, for Seaside Services in July, and Scarborough in August and September, and on the 23rd October, he sailed in the steamer "Nubia," for Calcutta. A special Valedictory Meeting was held a few days previously, when he was commended to God in prayer, and we feel sure that he will have the earnest prayers of our friends in all parts of the country. It is interesting to know that Mr. Herklots joined the Children's Scripture Union when he was only six years old, and that, as a boy, he spent about four years in India.

The letters which we have received from our Scripture Union friends in India since the appointment of Mr. Herklots have been most encouraging. There are now a large number of missionaries in India who were formerly workers in the Children's Special Service Mission, and who feel the deepest interest in extending work amongst children, and several have written about new plans for work of different kinds. The Rev. J. S. Stevenson, of Deesa, North India, who was formerly Oxford Secretary of the Public Schools Scripture Union, purposes to print the card for 1897, in Gujarati, a language in which it has not yet appeared. Mr. R. Baker, of Lucknow, would like to start a monthly Hindustani Scripture Union Paper, like those now published in Bengali and Tamil, but this would be a question of expense.

From the above we see that there is a prospect of the Scripture Union being joined by young people of another race and language. It is interesting to think that then the very same portions will be read by them as by our girls.

Not long ago we sent to England for a fresh supply of Scripture Union cards for the year 1897, and we should be pleased to receive the names of any girls, who have not already joined, who would wish to do so. It is a good habit to cultivate the daily reading of the Word of God.

In another part of this month's paper we have spoken of girls and their brothers. Here is a picture of a brother and sister, Minnie Dare and her brother George. Minnie has



now been for more than two years living in Toronto, and some little time ago received a visit from her brother, whose home is in the States, and we conclude it was on this occasion they were photographed together.

## MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

Persevere ye perfect men  
Ever keep these precepts ten.

Buried girls' names:—1. Edith. 2. Ada. 3. Hazel  
4. Hazel. 5. Ethel. 6. Emma.

Puzzle:—The downfall of *Turkey* which would cause the scattering of *Greece*, making a commotion in *Africa* and a crash in *China*.

F. WATSON,  
TORONTO.

## SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

1. Psalm 32: 1, 2.
2. Righteousness.
3. Wages are what we have earned, but a gift is something that is given to us for a reward of merit.
4. We learn that we must not do anything there is a doubt about for fear of hindering someone who is weaker than ourselves from doing what is right.

F. WATSON,  
TORONTO.

## IN LEISURE HOUR.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Missing letter puzzle:

"Persevere ye perfect men,  
Ever keep these precepts ten."

Buried girls' names: Edith, Ada, Edna, Ettie, Ethel, May.

Puzzle: The downfall of *Turkey*, the overthrow of *Greece*, the breaking up of *China*, and the humiliation of *Africa*.

Answers are acknowledged from Annie Addison, Edith Hallendale, Bea Jones, Annie Boulton, Lizzie Adams and Edith Vincent.

## PUZZLES.

The following puzzles are all sent by Bea Jones, the young friend referred to elsewhere, and Edith Hallendale. We thank them both for their contributions to our paper, and would especially acknowledge Bea's part, for of course we *expect* "Our Girls" to help, but we are very pleased to see others taking an interest in *UPS AND DOWNS*.

Buried Rivers:

1. You will be a good child if you do not do that.
2. If you do not rent yonder house, I shall be annoyed.

My first is in fire but not in coal,  
My second is in rod but not in pole,  
My third is in wood and also in log,  
My fourth is in the ground but not in a bog,  
My whole is a little animal.

My 1, 2, 7, is a very small bed,  
My 4, 6, 10, is a wrong done or said,  
My 3, 9, 11, is a fish's sure snare,  
My 4, 8, 6, 5, is something to wear.

BEA JONES.

My first is in talk but not in speak,  
My second is in minute but not in week,  
My third is in star but not in sun,  
My fourth is in work but not in fun,  
My fifth is in beat but not in blow,  
My sixth is in fly but not in flow,  
My whole hunts grasshoppers all day long,  
And keeps up a very monotonous song.

When are potatoes like a post?

Buried Cities:

1. "Well," replied Mrs. Wood, "stockings are very necessary articles."
2. Alice put a burning brand on the coals to light a fire.

EDITH HALLENDALE.

We have merely put each girls' name at the end of preceding puzzles, to show that she *sent* them.

## OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 8.)

done and injury inflicted which time alone can heal. A boy or girl cannot be too careful in choosing their friends or associates. We cannot choose our relations, but we have full liberty to select our friends, and may we be guided wisely always, remembering that "true

worth is in being, not seeming." A friend or associate can have a great amount of influence over us, whether for good or evil. A true friend will stay with us through cloud or sunshine, and in all our sorrows and trials. The next thing after we obtain a good friend is to keep him. Often we find friends like money. There are some so-called friends that, when a man is prosperous with plenty of cash, will flock around him, but let poverty fall upon that man, then! where are the friends? They are all vanished. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. It is easy to lose a friend; but a new one will not come for a calling, nor make up for the old when he comes.

If we wish to keep our friends, let *us be* what we expect *them* to be—sincere in all we do and say. Then, again, remembrance and practice of the Divine injunction: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "Bear one another's burdens," are sure means of retaining our friends.

When our earthly friends forsake us we should always remember that "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

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## FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THE VALUE OF THEM.

ALBERT E. YOUNG, Age 14. Party July, '95.

What would we Barnardo boys do if it were not for a friend? In Canada alone we stand in need of friends and friendship. One way of keeping friends is to never betray them, for once you are separated from a friend it is sometimes hard to reclaim them.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and we very often find ourselves in need. Friends, when you use them well, will do almost anything for you that they can. You can win a friend by being civil.

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## FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THE VALUE OF THEM.

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 19. Party June '90.

True friends are like precious stones, hard to find and of great value.

The rich have many friends, but the poor have few. When troubles and distress come; then we feel the value of friends.

When all things go smooth and calm we do not feel the value of friends.

Friendship makes us better, and more noble, and causes our thoughts to go out towards others.

If we were without friends, this world would seem very cold, and we would soon weary of it.

If we want friends we must be friends; there are plenty who do not seem to have friends; we should be a friend to such, help them and encourage them and the world will seem brighter to them and to us.

If we have a friend that has proved his sincerity, we should be very grateful to him, and stay by him through storm and calm.

We should be a friend to the friendless, and comfort those that are in trouble, weep with those that weep, and lift up the fallen.

The friendship of Jonathan and David is a good example of true friendship; it is said that Jonathan loved David as his own soul.

If we have a good and noble friend we shall grow like him, and grow better and nobler men.

Alas for those that live apart,  
That sweet solace never knew  
Friendship sheds around the heart.

\* \* \*

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SAMUEL RELF, Age 18. Party, July '94.

Animals were created by the hand of God for the use of man; but in many cases they are not used as they should be. So that may be called "cruelty," not using them properly. Our obligation, or our duty to animals is, to take the best possible care of them we can, and we also should train them in the way they should go, just the same as our parents are told in God's word to train us, who are trainable animals. There are, I think, a great many animals that are trained by cruel hands,

such as circus animals; but the donkey is the worst I have seen abused. Above all other animals we should be kind to the donkey, because it was our Lord that rode on the donkey; but as far as I can see, it is treated with cruelty more than any other trainable animal; especially in London, England. We should be very grateful to God for the wonderful and intelligent animals He has given us for our use, such as the horse, cow, sheep and pig; these are the four important animals that are used by the most of people in this century; the horse is to lessen our work, the other three are for food to strengthen our bodies. Let us all take good care that we do not abuse these animals in any way, for God does not abuse us; if we do, we shall be punished some time or other, which would be very deservedly given. It is a very grand thing indeed that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was ever organized. It must have been God that put it into the heart of man to organize such a Society; so it is easily seen that God will not have these dumb and helpless creatures abused.

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## FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

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

It is a good thing to have a friend. For instance, see what a friend we have in Jesus, that sticketh closer than a brother. Though all our earthly friends leave us, we have only to go to Jesus and He will be a friend to us. All Barnardo boys have one good friend on earth, which is Dr. Barnardo. What thousands of poor helpless orphans would have died only for his friendship! Lots of boys who have homes now would have died in the streets of London. There are very few friends on earth that will stick to you any length of time. The most of friends will only pretend to be friends while you go with them to gin palaces and gambling hells. When you get converted and talk to them about religion, they are friends no more but enemies. If one can get a friend that you can stick to, and trust, and put confidence in, it is quite a comfort to them. When they have a little trouble they can take it to the friend, and he can help them. David, because he trusted in the Lord, God was a friend to him and helped him. When he went to battle the Lord helped him, and he always gained the day. You see when Saul would not do as he was told, the Lord would not be a friend to him, but rejected him and put him aside. So with us, if we like we can have a friend in God too; but if we do not put our trust in Him and love Him, He will not be a friend to us.

\* \* \*

## LAMENT.

CONTRIBUTED BY FREDERICK F. TURNER.

Mother! While your soul's in the realms of God,  
And your body rests under yonder tree,  
Do you see your boy whom you used to kiss and caress  
As he rolls on this stormy sea.

Oft times I think of your smiling face,  
As it beamed upon foe and friend,  
And sometimes I think I can see it now,  
As I travel to this world's end.

The battle is fought, the victory won,  
The cross and the crown are thine;  
I watered your grave and kept it fresh,  
While your spirit with God reclined.

In childhood's days you comforted me;  
In my youth I am left alone;  
No comforting hand now soothes my brow—  
I am left this wide-wide world to roam.

Your battles were fought with patience,  
Upon duty you never frowned,  
Go back to God as white as you came  
And receive your well earned crown.

[Midocean, June, 1889.]

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## A CHARADE FOR "UPS AND DOWNS."

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. HAULTAIN.

Boys! aim to be my *first*, when changing years  
Bring to you life's best hopes and cares and fears;  
No craven heart or idle, listless mood  
Becomes my *first*, but effort strong and good.  
My *second* is yourself, howe'er you act:  
My *third* is always nothing but a fact.  
My *fourth* and *fifth* together you may take,  
And many such, good honest statesmen make.  
But how shall I in brief describe my *whole*?  
A house of industry—but not a home,  
No place of rest for heart or mind or soul:  
Yet, better far be there, than idly roam.

(Continued from page 2 of Cover.)

me good-morning. I saw him to-day, and he told me that he had bought his daughter some of the songs I had named to him, and she was very grateful to Mrs. Hudson and to me for the message sent by her father. He says, in his blunt way, that it has done them both good. So, you see, one need not go out of England to be a missionary. Every day since I knew anything of God's love, I have felt compelled to make it known to those whom I meet, as opportunity offers."

The gardener's son was now an inmate of Mrs. Hudson's house, and contributed greatly to the recovery of Frank who, as he got stronger, loved to use my arm in walks round the garden, or in visiting a few cottages scattered about in the village near his home. He got quite well, and his mother, failing in health, put him in my care, and provided us, during the summer months, with a covered van, a house upon wheels, and in this way we went about—he preaching (and he can preach!) and I singing "the songs my mother taught me," as we call them. We can always get a hearing, sometimes in the homes of the poor, sometimes by the roadside, often outside wayside public-houses, and always where there are children. I will tell you what a little girl said to me a few days ago: "Oh, Mr. Lambert, when you come to sing, father is so happy—he says he wishes he had had a mother like yours" "Why?" I asked her. "She taught you such very beautiful songs. When mother sings 'O Rest in the Lord,' grandfather says all the swear goes out of him," said the child. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," and Frank and I have found this to be true, as we travel the country singing His gospel in "the songs my mother taught me." M. B. GERDS.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THEIR VALUE.

CONTRIBUTED BY NORAH LINDSAY.

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. St. John 15, verse 14.

Do we ever think of the word friend in its true light? We all have our friends; are they the friends in our joy and sorrow? or do they forget us in trouble? I am going to give my view of a friend: I think a friendship a most sacred thing. I think, in the first place, we should ask Christ to choose our friends for us. Some may think it a small thing to ask; but no, it is not. My motto for November is, there is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance, or insult Him by taking it in our own hands. We would not think it an insult, but it really is, for to ask His guidance and then to take our own way, would indeed be an insult to our Saviour. Surely He who says the hairs of our heads are all numbered, will not think it too small a matter to choose our friends for us; then let us ask Him and believe He will also let us have, I mean, try to have our friends true and pure. I was away this summer for a holiday, the first in six years, and I can truly say that Providence chose a friend for me. I will tell you the kind of a friend she is. Every one who knows her loves her; she is first kind, sweet, loving and gentle, and I hope our friendship may be pure and lasting as was the friendship of Him who was the friend of Mary and Martha. We cannot value too highly true friendship. I think it one of the most sacred things in this world, and by asking the guidance of our Saviour, and believing He will choose our friends for us if we but let Him, He will also give us Himself for a friend. No earthly friend is like Him; there are times when we cannot have even our best earthly friends near us; then we have indeed a rich friend if we have our Saviour as our best friend. Again I would say, How many of us young people refuse to listen to the advice of an old person? Ah! if we would only stop to think of how many a sorrow and heart-burning they would love to save us, if we would only listen to them and follow their advice; they have gone through much experience, and how many an old friend would love to save us from sorrow. Oh, let us always

listen to and try to follow the advice of an old friend. . . Again I would say, Do we ever think of the words of our Saviour, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Just let us think. The Lord Himself says we are His friends; we poor sinful children may be his friends; it does indeed sound great, yet it is true as it is great. But notice, Christ always gives us a part to do to show us how much He wants us to work with Him. Here He says, to be His friends, we must keep His commandments. We sometimes think to obey Him a hard thing to do, but we make a mistake; it is not His command that is hard, but it is hard to give up sin. I have found it always to be the hardest to yield my will up to His, but now I have found it to be easier to give up my will than to have it, for to have it always would be the loss of a Friend that is dearer than a brother. Let us try to be true to our friends, whether they be young or old, and never let us listen to any one who might try to say an unkind word of our friends; but above all earthly friends, let us value our best and truest of all friends, who said, "Ye are My friends, if ye do what I command you." If we think of these words, I am sure we will try to do and keep His commands. I do hope that some one, if only one, who may read this, may try to think of the text, and, as I have written from experience of my own, I am sure there are many who will agree with me that they have found the same.

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—  
Oh how He loves.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THE VALUE OF THEM.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. WATSON.

First, what is a friend? Think seriously before answering this question. There are different grades of friends. First, what is called the outer circle, those we simply meet as acquaintances.

Then comes another grade, those with whom we come in closer touch, and so on until we come to those that are nearest in kin, and for whom we would die if need be to show our fidelity.

There have been many such friendships in the world's history, and some will live forever, pointing man to a higher and nobler conception of life, its possibilities and responsibilities.

We should cherish the friends we have, and cultivate friendship among those with whom we come in daily contact. We should be true, unselfish, and self-sacrificing; then when trouble and disappointments come, we will have a friend to whom we can look for help.

I once heard a young lady remark, that she could count all the friends she had (outside of her own family) on the fingers of one hand; while I would not like to say that, still I think that a great many of our so-called friends are nothing more than mere acquaintances.

God gave the title of friend to Abraham after He had tried him, and we are friends of His if we love and serve Him truly.

We shall be glad to supply copies of the undermentioned standard works of poetry and prose to any of our boys or girls at the rate of six volumes for 25 cents, this being the cost of the "Penny Volumes," after paying carriage across the ocean, customs duty, and postage from Toronto. Remittances may be made in stamps. Letters should be addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley avenue, Toronto.

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- Pope's "Essay on Man."
- Tom Hood's Poems, Grave and Gay.
- Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
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- Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
- Poems of Wordsworth, Part I.
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- "Jean Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
- "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.
- "Charles O'Malley," by Charles Lever.
- "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.
- "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
- "Helen's Babies."
- "Aldersyde," by Annie S. Swan.
- Lord Macaulay's History of England, from earliest times to 1660.

TOPICS.

- For Jan. { "An Account of How One Christmas Day Was Spent,"
- AND
- "The Christmas Greeting of a Barnardo-Boy in Canada to His Old Friends in the Old Home in the Old Land."
- For Feb. { "A description of some part of the Ottawa Valley,"
- OR
- "What I did on Christmas Day,"
- OR
- "My opinion of winter and winter sports in Canada."

NOTE.—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR JANUARY MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 10TH, THOSE ON TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY NOT LATER THAN JANUARY 20TH.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

- Write on one side of the paper only.
- Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.
- When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.
- Do not send two months' papers together.
- A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words (for January not more than 250). It need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

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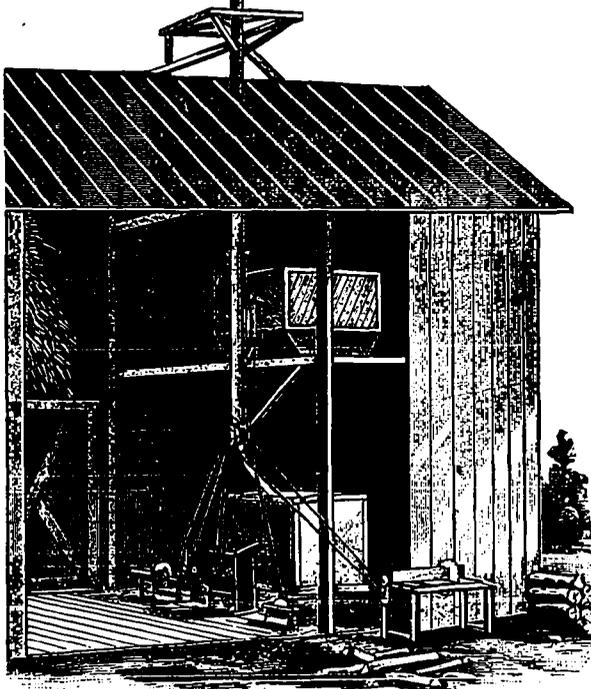
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