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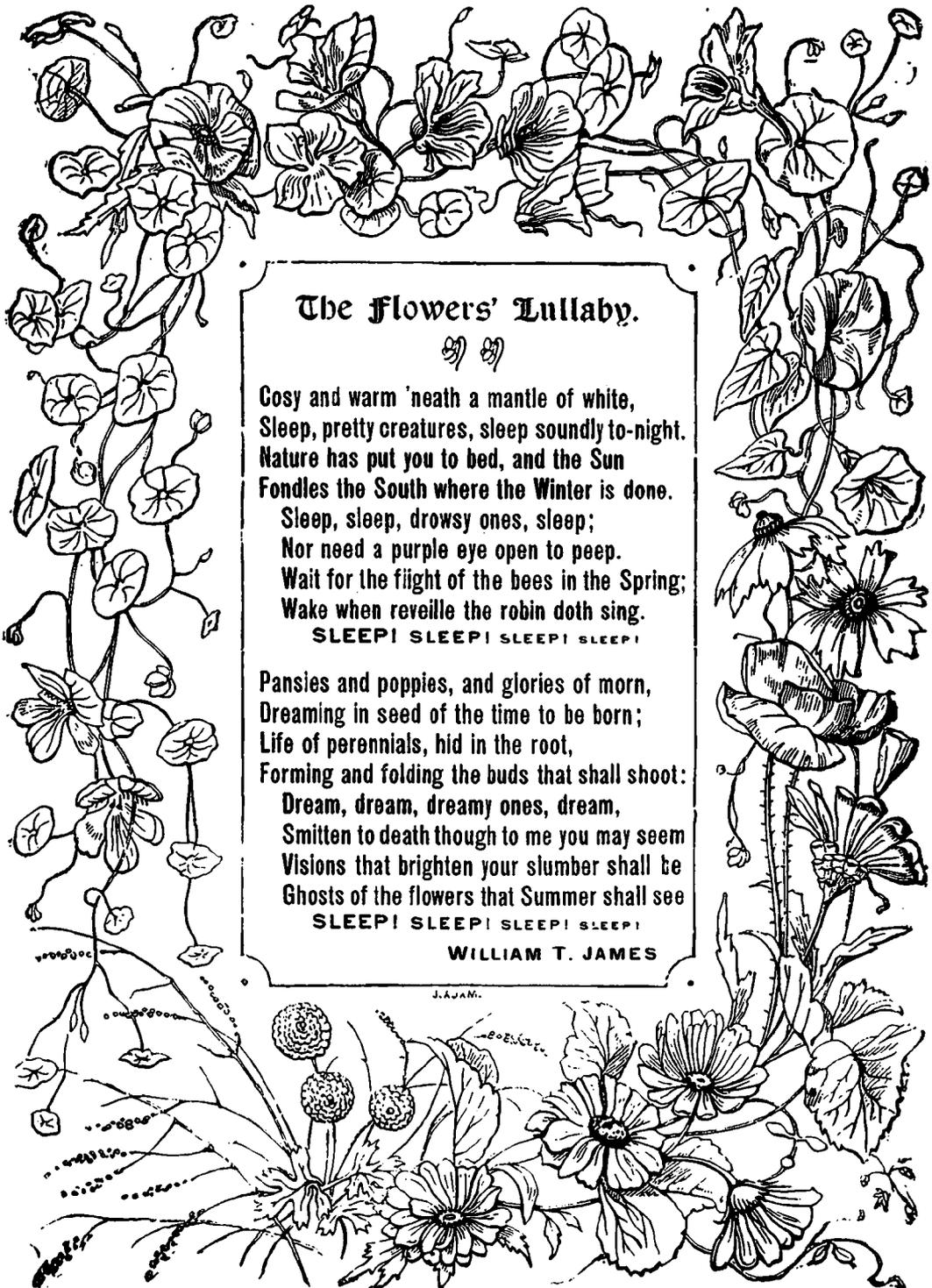
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# Round the Yule Log



Xmas Supplement 1899 Ups and Downs.



## The Flowers' Lullaby.



Cosy and warm 'neath a mantle of white,  
Sleep, pretty creatures, sleep soundly to-night.  
Nature has put you to bed, and the Sun  
Fondles the South where the Winter is done.  
Sleep, sleep, drowsy ones, sleep;  
Nor need a purple eye open to peep.  
Wait for the flight of the bees in the Spring;  
Wake when reveille the robin doth sing.  
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

Pansies and poppies, and glories of morn,  
Dreaming in seed of the time to be born;  
Life of perennials, hid in the root,  
Forming and folding the buds that shall shoot:  
Dream, dream, dreamy ones, dream,  
Smitten to death though to me you may seem  
Visions that brighten your slumber shall be  
Ghosts of the flowers that Summer shall see  
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

WILLIAM T. JAMES

J. J. J. J.

# Blob Tisha & Co.

## A Tale of Two Runaways.

### I.



N odd, a very odd name is "Blob Tisha." How Bob Brogan became metamorphosed into Blob Tisha the story will show in due course. Since the practical joke of his re-christening got abroad, nobody but Mike thinks of calling him by other than his nickname, and even Mike so calls him behind his back. Bob has made the use of this sobriquet the *casus belli* of three fights, scoring one victory when he defeated Mike and getting badly used up on the other two occasions when there was a preponderance of avoirdupois on the side where right is spelled with an "m." Yet the name stuck with a tenacity that in time engendered familiarity, and this, the philosophers tell us, breeds contempt. As Bob has long ceased to resent or repudiate identification as Blob Tisha, I may be pardoned for taking a liberty sanctioned by public usage.

While this story is not wholly true as to names and places, who will say that it is entirely fictitious? Certainly not the writer. Gather together where you will eight thousand lads, and you may be sure of having among them the material for "all sorts and conditions of men," which phrase includes one or more specimens of the nomadic tribe who nightly pitch their moving tent a day's march nearer nowhere. Rolling stones may not gather any moss, if by this term money and social position are meant; but they do, as a rule, accumulate experience of one kind and another which, from its variety, sensation, humour and discomfort, makes life a kaleidoscope of perplexing transformations.

Bob was one of those artful dodgers who might or might not have been born at some period of his life, but whose habitual trickery would warrant the suspicion that he slipped into existence in some manner other than lawful. He was not really wicked; there was nothing of the felon or sneak in his make-up. He was rather a "cute cuss," who had such a contempt for conventionality that it was part of his erratic code of conduct to have a way of doing things entirely his own. He was unique. Others might have reasons for a course of action, others might look before they leap; what was that to him? When he was struck with a novel idea, having no patience for theorizing, he put it into practice forthwith and paid the piper on demand without a murmur, his elasticity under misfortune, like that of a rubber doll, asserting itself as soon as the pressure was relaxed. Bob "bobbed up serenely" after every mishap, unsubdued and eager for a fresh adventure. "Singe the whiskers of the man in the moon?" "Why, certainly; come on!" "But the man in the moon has no whiskers." "Never mind; come on. We'll find that out when we get there." This would be about the nature and extent of his "reasoning" prior to an escapade.

How he came to forsake his nightly "doss" in Flowery Dean Street for a clean, comfortable bed in Dr. Barnardo's Labour House, Mr. Owen knows; I don't. It was a fresh experience, and that was something enticing. But how he got out to Canada it is easy to guess. So much work in a given time and the regular routine of the Labour House were too much for Bob. Not that he was lazy—oh, no. He would work like a beaver, provided he could work when and how he chose, with plenty of variety, which was indeed to him the spice of life. Spice! he could make a meal of it three times a day. That is to say, he had a taste for things hot and piquant, and liked to flavour one change with another to

add zest to an otherwise dreary repetition of the same sensation. Always on the alert for excitement, a trip to Canada was just what he was looking for, though a voyage to the North Pole or the interior of Africa would have found him equally delighted with the prospect. He had no geographical knowledge to hamper his choice, nor had he any prejudice. He was prepared to accommodate himself to the habits of the blubber-eating Esquimaux, and when that mode of life should lose the charm of novelty, to migrate to a land where fashion plates are unknown, and where local etiquette is in no wise shocked by the substitution of an expansive smile for the clothing that elsewhere is considered indispensable to a public appearance. The more radical the contrast, the more Bob would feel at home. Yes, he was sure, now he had heard of it, that to go to Canada was the one thing that all his life he had pined for. Once on a farm in the wild and woolly West, he could divide his time between farming and hunting buffalo and slaying the last edition of the Mohicans (revised but not much amended). Of course, he would come to Canada and be a farmer, and stick to his work, and do as he was told, and hold on to his situation with both hands—oh, yes; “swelp me!” And he came.

Mike, his chum, was one of a numerous family whose mother was dead and whose father, an Irish labourer, was more often “in drink” than in work. He, with two brothers and a baby sister, had been taken into the Homes, whence, after three years’ residence, he had been sent to Canada to be boarded out with a childless couple in Muskoka, being afterwards transferred to a situation on a farm in Manitoba. He was so well spoken of by his employer that the proprietor of an adjoining farm applied for a boy also, and was well suited with Bob, who was not slow to make acquaintance with Mike.

Bob was in clover. Indeed, he told his Sunday school teacher that he did not wish to go to heaven, as Manitoba was good enough for him. What greater contrast to the streets of London could he desire than farm life on the prairies of the great West? A cow was an elephant to him and the Dorking rooster a bird of paradise. Everything was strange; every day had a fresh revelation. His wonderment amused the natives not a little, and his asking to be armed lest he might encounter a lion or a tiger, was a joke that spread far and wide, evoking laughter and jocular remarks wherever he went. He ought to go to Joggins’ Corners and see the wild whangdoodle that Sam the blacksmith had just caught. Hadn’t he seen the queer beast up to Whalley Range? Oh, he ought to go and see the giraffe browsing on the tops of the poplars. Up to Gilgal there was a “boar constructor” fifty feet long, that ate a sow and a litter of pigs at one meal. He had better watch out the next time he went that way; it hadn’t been captured yet. Sharp as he was on the pavement, on the prairie Bob was as green as the grass in springtime.

When strange things became familiar—always the first symptom of unrest—he was given a pony which, in learning to ride, was the source of another excitement. He entered into every new experience with such zest, was so apt to learn and so good-natured and cheerful withal, that his master and mistress were very indulgent as their fondness for him increased. He was given a collie as a companion, and, mounted on his broncho, was set to tend a herd of cattle on the prairie—neither a hard or an unpleasant task.

But as this grew monotonous, and rumours, followed by exaggerated reports, began to circulate in the neighbourhood of the fabulous wealth of the newly discovered gold fields at the Klondike, Bob transferred his interest from farming to prospecting. He had no idea where the Klondike was, or of the hardships to be undergone in getting there, but that did not matter. Having heard enough to set his imagination on fire, that settled it—he would go to the Klondike. Moreover he was willing to share a good thing when he found one, so he would take Mike with him. They would go to the Klondike together and soon get rich; then they would come back, give a lot of money to their employers as a

## Round the Wule Log.

compensation for leaving before their term of engagement had expired, return to London, make a munificent donation to Dr. Barnardo for his kindness to them, and then——well, he could not quite make up his mind what to do after that. Perhaps he would buy Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works, or the Tower of London, or a certain fried fish shop in Whitechapel, where he was wont to banquet on a "penn'oth o' fried fish (middle cut, if ye please)" on the days when he fared sumptuously. He wouldn't say for sure *yet*, but he thought he would buy the fried fish shop, anyhow; the Tower of London could come afterwards. And,



"You must be a hinfant in disguise."

and he could arrange with the Queen or the Dook o' Wellin'ton to have the Hoss Guards (the Fust no Blues for him!) to escort him back'ards an' for'ards to and from the Tower, at £1 not more than one pound five the trip. He could then show the people of London how to ride. Residents of Flowery Dean Street, on making themselves known and cheering vociferously, should receive a tamer apiece for their admiration. But as his imagination was likely to "come it rather strong" if he didn't stop at possibilities, he would seek first

## Round the Dule Leg.

the golden Klondike and all these things would be added unto him. In the meantime he would ride over to Mike and warn him, if he had any desire to wallow in wealth, to be ready to start to-morrow afternoon, right after dinner which would have to be a big one, as it was a long way to the Klondike.

How did he intend to get there? Why, walk, of course!

### II.

"Don't you know wot a nuggit is? A nuggit's a piece o' rock made o' gold." Mike. They find 'em all over the Klondike!"

"And wot's the Klondike?"

"Don't you know? You'm a fly kid, you are! The Klondike's a—a kind of a wot-d'ye-call-'em—you know—a place where they finds gold. Anybody knows that."

"And wot do they find it with?"

"Wot do they find it with! Think they finds it with tallyscopes? They finds it with their heyes—h-i-e-s, heyes—wot yer sees yer way about with. You must be a hinfant in disguise."

"Who belongs to the Klondike?"

"Nobody; they've just found it, and there ain't been no war yet. That's why we got to go to-morrow. If the Rooshians annexates it, we'm done for; they won't let us in. They'll put a wall all round it and a reg'ment o' soldiers at every gate, and where'll we be?—out in the cold. Are you comin', or do I leave ye here in poverty an' procrashtination?"

Mike did not mind the poverty, but the "procrashtination" was full of nameless terrors for him. The "crash" in it had an ominous sound, suggestive of a youth smashed and pulverized beyond recognition. He would rather not go; but, in view of the consequences, he guessed he would meet him, with a full stomach, at the village at the hour of three in the afternoon of the morrow.

### III.

"Please can you tell us the way to the Klondike, sir?" said Bob, as, after a weary tramp of ten miles westward very much ho! he accosted a native who was driving into a village through which they had just passed.

The man looked at them in amazement, and went on his way with a laugh. On the question being repeated apparently in good faith, he pulled up and scanned them closely for other signs of insanity. Finding none, he exclaimed:

"Tell ye the way to the Klondike! Yer sure that's where ye want to go?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mike—"where the gold is found, that's the place."

"Heavens-above-and-the-earth-beneath-and-the-waters-under-the-earth! The way to the Klondike! Well, if that *ain't* a joke! Yes; I'll tell ye the way to the Klondike. That's where I was bred and born—just come from there this very minute! See them bags in the waggin? Mebbe ye think them's full o' common, ord'nary garding pertaters, eh? No, siree! Them bags is chuck full o' golding nuggits as big as yer fist which I picked up on the way."

Mike's eyes glistened with astonishment and eager expectancy. Fagged out with travel, hungry and sleepy as he was, he was wide awake in an instant and full of animation. Would the stranger tell them how to pick up a waggon-load of gold such as that? Would he perhaps give them a nugget, as he had so many? But Bob, disgusted with a man who would not answer a civil question civilly, nudged Mike and muttered:

"Ah, rats! The feller's on'y foolin'. Come on."

"Would ye be good enough to tell us the way, Mister? Can we get there to-night?" asked Mike.

"Well, hardly. I can't exactly tell—my memory ain't good—but it's either two thousand or two million miles away from here; I forget which."

## Round the Wule Leg.

"Come on, Mike; he thinks he can fool us," said Bob.

Before they were out of earshot, the man shouted to them :

"Turn to yer right and go due West until ye get there. Ask for Silas Spatterpan's gold mine. If you can find it, you can have it."

All that Bob knew of the Klondike geographically was that it was in the West. Mike did not know even this much; as all points of the compass were the same to him, to be told that it was in the West had no more significance than if he were told it was half-way down the bottomless pit. They had been travelling toward the setting sun for ten miles with the double object of eluding pursuit and getting that much nearer to golden affluence; but as the sun showed every symptom of becoming a setter before they could get a reliable pointer on the whereabouts of the Klondike, they slunk into the first barn they reached, climbed into the hay-mow, covered themselves with hay and went supperless to sleep, too tired even for speech.

### IV

"Gee whizz! If I didn't come nigh jabbin' the fork inter one of yez!" was the greeting that saluted their ears in the morning as, dazed with the rude awakening, they tried to unseal their heavy eyelids to see where they were and who it was that had spoken. "A purty pair o' Babes in the Wood ye are, ain't yer? covered over with hay and curled round one another like a litter o' pups. Ye look to be as snug as a bug in a rug. Don't want to come out of it, eh? Well, here goes, then; if the hosses can't eat yez the hogs can."

And he thrust the fork under Mike as if he would pick him up with a forkful of hay.

"Murder! He's massacrein' me with the fork!" cried Mike, rolling over and over until he disappeared through a hole in the floor and fell into the fodder-rack below, to the consternation of a blooded stallion, that reared and plunged; while Bob, seeing no chance for escape, assumed a kneeling posture and begged for mercy.

"It's not mercy ye want but breakfast, ye catamounts; and ye needn't be lettin' all them yells out'n yez to make room for porridge. Ye can eat enough without that, I'll be bound. Now, what's yer name?. Tell the truth; it ain't agoin' to be used against yez. I'm goin' to let yez off this time."

"Bob, sir, an' he's Mike."

"Now, Bob and Mike, what be you adoin' here in my barn?"

"Sleepin', sir."

"Durn yez! Can't I see ye been sleepin'? Where be you agoin', I mean?"

"To the Klondike, sir."

"Eh? Did I hear you say the Klondike? What fur?"

"To hunt for gold an' get rich, sir."

"Ah! Listen to that now, will yez! Run away from home to go perspectin' in the Klondike! The durned fools! Say, be you two agoin' to the Klondike—now, really?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sakes alive! If I hadn't been a boy myself I wouldn't b'lieve yez. Acts respectable, too; says "yes, sir" and "no, sir" quite respectful-like. Look ahere, Bob and Mike: You ain't got no fathers and mothers, oh, no; of course, yez come inter the world yerselves, quite independent-like? Don't owe no obligations to anybody, do yez? Yer mothers ain't cryin' their eyes out this very minute, I suppose, not knowin' where ye are and thinkin' the Lord knows what has happened to yez?"

"No, sir," replied Bob with twitching lips.

"What! You ongrateful varmints, ye think yer parents don't care where ye ...? Look at them chickens out'n the barnyard; hear how the old hen clucks an' clucks an' clucks when one of 'em goes astray. Yet you tell me——"

## Round the Dule Log.

"If you please, sir, I'm an orphan—don't know nothin' about my parents. Mike ain't got no mother, an' his father——"

Here Bob broke down and began to whimper.

"Ye don't say! Well! well! now that is hard lines. Barnardo boys, I reckon—that so?"



"Gee whizz! If I didn't come nigh jabbin' the fork into——"

"Yes, sh!" replied Mike, who had found the courage to  
and poke his head up through the hole.

## Round the Dule Tug.

"Boys is all alike, only you seem to be more so than others. Stop yer cryin', Bob—durn ye, chuck it, will yer! I can't stand cryin'—specially orphins. Come and have some breakfast, and ye can stop with me, both on ye, till they sends fur ye. None o' yer durned-fool Klondike expeditions, if I can stop it. I knows Mr. Struthers at Barnardo, and I'll get Mirandy to write him. Had a Barnardo boy myself until last spring. Left me to take up a quarter-section out near Dauphin. Good young feller he was, too. Comes to see me once in a while, and says he's doin' well (as he oughter) and getting things inter shape."

Alternately chatting and chaffing, he led them out of the stable, across the lot and into the kitchen, where breakfast was being laid by a buxom dame, who looked askance, yet not unkindly, at the two adventurers.

"A couple o' scallywags, Mother," said the farmer, by way of introduction. "This'n I come nigh stickin' the hay-fork inter, and this'n rolled out'n the hay-mow inter the rack, which comes o' sleepin' in the barn instead o' comin' to the house and askin' you to make 'em a shake-down in the parlour. Ye mind our Mirandy readin' in the papers about them crazy galoots as goes to the Klondike with great expectations and comes back in rags and remorse, when they'm lucky enough to get out alive? Eh? Yes. Well, here's a sample o' the juvenile breed of 'em. This'n's Bob and t'other's Mike. Stand up, you boys, and show yer pints, so's we can see what a real live pair o' Klondikers is like. Say, Bob, you look like a bright chap; did ye ever have the colic? No? Well, ye'll get it in the Klondike. Ever eat mock-turtle soup made o' old boots, with a hunk o' tobaccer to give it the right flavour? Ye never did? Wait till ye get to the Klondike. Ever know it to be so cold that the words 'ud freeze comin' out'n yer mouth, and sometimes break off in the middle of a sentence? Ye didn't? Ye oughter go to the Klondike. A man out there who was workin' a claim alone and got inter the habit o' talkin' to himself was found covered with icicles, and when they thawed him out, two men who couldn't swim was drowned in a flood of elerquance. Great country, that! Ever have scurvy, foot-and-mouth disease, heaves or spavin? Ye can have 'em all to once there. Well, did ye never pick up hunks o' gold in the middle o' the road and di'monds off'n goose-berry bushes? Ye haven't? No, nor ye never will, at the Klondike or anywheres else. Have ye got any idee how far 'tis to this here Klondike? I guess not. I don't know myself exactly; but ye can make up yer mind it's a couple o' thousand miles or so, and the worst kind o' walkin' ye ever put yer foot to. The rocky road to Dublin's a boulevard to it."

After what they had heard from the farmer, Bob was not a little taken aback when, grace being said before meat, "Amen" was followed by a long-winded supplication to the Father of the fatherless that He would forgive the lads for their fool-hardiness. The farmer, in his blunt, outspoken manner, did not choose his words. They didn't intend to make fools of themselves; they didn't know any better. O that He would give them *some* sense—a little horse-sense would do, if it were but enough to enable them to appreciate three square meals a day and a bed to sleep on. They were orphans; they were without a mother to guide them or a father to give them a good, soul-saving licking when they needed it. And the Lord knew they needed it then—*badly*. They were friendless and forlorn, because they had left their friends to go out into the wilderness and leave no stone unturned to prove what a pair of jackasses they were; and there was none to say them nay—no, not one. O that the Lord would turn them from the bleak and barren wilds into green pastures, where they might eat of the grass of the field, as did Nebuchadnezzar when he also was insane.

Mike was melted, and as he dropped crocodile tears into his porridge, whispered half aloud with an intensity of emotion that he wouldn't go to the Klondike, but would go right back and be a prodigal son. Bob, on the other hand, half amused and half ashamed, with a very red face, stole furtive glances at the farmer to see if he was not joking. But there was no mistaking his earnestness;

## Round the Mule Leg.

flippant as his speech and droll as his prayer might seem, he meant every word he said, and would, no doubt, have repudiated the charge of irreverence. Bob was much relieved when the farmer had made an end of his strange petition and turned with a friendly, yet by no means trifling, demeanour to him and said :

"Now how d'ye feel? Yer as red as a beet; that's a good sign. Shows ye're ashamed o' the error of yer ways. Now, I want ye, both o' yez, to promise me that ye'll give up this fool-hardy idee o' goin' to the Klondike, and then we'll change the subject. Now, Mike, *you'll* promise me, I know?"

"Yes, sir; I won't go, for a fact," said Mike.

"And you, Bob—ye're the leader in this blindman's buff—what d'ye say?"

"If Mike won't go, I'm not goin' by myself," replied Bob; "but——"

"There's got to be no buts; don't try to be a goat and an ass too. What is it—yes or no?"

"Yes; I won't go to the Klondike, but I won't go back."

"I said there was to be no buts. Make it plain yes, and we'll let it go at that."

"Alright, sir—just yes."

"Very well, then. Now pitch in and have a good breakfast."

But there was a look in Bob's face that implied that he waived the determination not to return to his employer with mental reservation.

When the eccentric but kind-hearted farmer came in to dinner, full of a project for their welfare, they were not to be found. They had decamped.

## V.

The people of Manitoba, particularly the pioneers, are very hospitable. If their treatment of the wayfarer were put into words, it would be, "Help your self, and welcome." Their good nature has not been overtaxed, as that of the Eastern farmer, by the ubiquitous tramp. So that Bob and Mike, by sleeping now in a barn, now on the leeward side of a haystack and occasionally in a farm-house, had not fared so badly during their wanderings of the next two weeks. They had only to turn up at meal-times to be invited to sit down and eat to their repletion.

They had dropped the Klondike notion, and, having struck the trail of a one-horse circus, Bob had been inspired with the conviction that there was only one thing in this world worth living for, and that was to be a clown. Anybody with half an eye could see that Mike would make a good pantaloon. Where was that circus? They had been hot-foot on the trail for more than a week, in one place missing it by a day. If they could but overtake it, their fortunes were made and they would live happily ever after. Come on, Mike—hurry up!

It were indeed a comical sight could their antics on the prairie have been witnessed by a spectator. Re-habilitated jokes and pranks of a half-forgotten pantomime, extemporized horse-play, clumsy attempts at acrobatic performances, which might aptly be described as tumbling in which gravitation rather than intent was the ruling factor—these and other nonsensicalities were diligently rehearsed a dozen times a day, that they might have some ability to display when they should come into the sublime presence of "the red-headed gent in the check suit," described to them as the manager of the circus.

Having obtained tidings of the circus and where it would next exhibit, they made a bee-line for the railroad, and, finding a freight train on a siding, crept unseen into an empty box-car and fell asleep.

After travelling some hours—how many they could not tell—they awoke to find themselves in utter darkness and a downpour of rain, driven by a fierce wind, beating against the car. To dispel a feeling of loneliness and to cheer up Mike, who was both hungry and pessimistically tired of the circus prospect, Bob began to sing in a lugubrious voice "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With

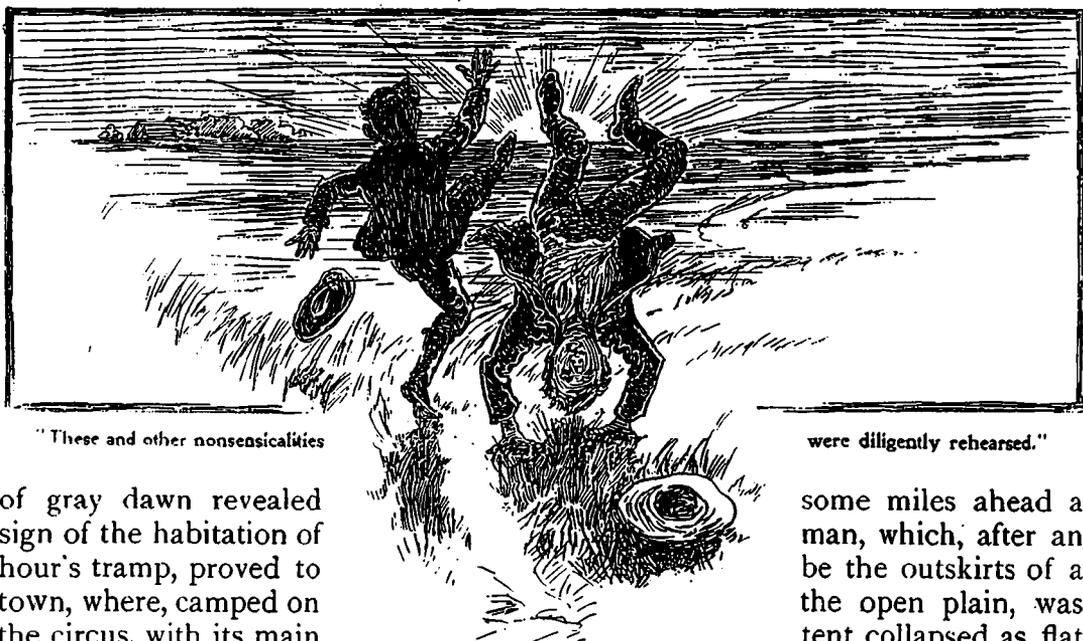
## Round the Wule Log.

Me Now" It was supposed to be a sentimental song, and the touching manner in which it was bawled by Bob was suggestive of a dog baying the moon from the sepulchral chasm of an empty stomach. Perhaps it was this that caused the conductor to stop the train and look for a hot box, as a squeaking axle in need of lubrication is called among railroad men. It was certainly the means of their discovery and its consequences, which were that they were kicked off the train into outer darkness, where for a time there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

They were now in a pitiable plight indeed. No shelter, not even a tree, from the pelting rain; alone on the open prairie at midnight, in darkness so intense that they were afraid to move, not knowing what was before them. In blank dismay, Bob sat down in a puddle of water to think, and in rising with more alacrity than he sat down, butted Mike in the diaphragm and upset him into a ditch. In helping him out, he stumbled against the bank on which the railroad was built, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Here y'are; keep close to me and we'll climb up this bank and walk between the tracks, and then we won't get lost."

So, drenched to the skin and hungry as wolves, they trudged hour after hour through the driving rain and enveloping gloom until the first faint streaks



"These and other nonsensicalities

were diligently rehearsed."

of gray dawn revealed sign of the habitation of hour's tramp, proved to town, where, camped on the circus, with its main as a pancake. They lost no time in reaching it and crawling beneath its voluminous folds, and, wet as they were, slept the slumber of exhaustion.

As the morning advanced and the weather cleared, from three small tents pitched beside the caravans one after another of the circus men came out and, on beholding the havoc of the storm, expressed his displeasure according to his individual vocabulary of words that do not appear in the dictionary. One of them stepped upon the canvas to pick up a flag, when he was startled by a shriek and a convulsive writhing of the canvas, followed by a series of groans. As he stood dumbfounded, from beneath the tent two pairs of human limbs protruded and wriggled out, gradually disclosing the outlines of two boys.

At this juncture, the red-headed gent came up and, accosting them with pre-atory oaths, demanded:

"Who're you and what are you doing there?"

"If you please, sir," answered Mike, trembling in every limb, "we've been waitin' you for more than a week to get a job. Bob's the clown and I'm the pantaloon. We got here before you was up, so we got under the tent to have a sleep, sir."

some miles ahead a man, which, after an be the outskirts of a the open plain, was tent collapsed as flat

## Round the Wule Log

Angry as the manager was to see his tent demolished, he could not help laughing at this odd speech.

"Bob's the clown, is he, and you're the pantaloon? Ha! ha! ha! I should say you *was* a pantaloon! That's the funniest joke I've heard this tower. Where did you come from? Ever been with a circus before?"

Bob had straightened himself out and was rubbing off the blood that flowed from his nose with his sleeve. As soon as he could speak, he narrated their adventures and asked to be taken on.

"So you want to be an actor, do you? Well, you shall act as the feeder of the animals. I guess we can find enough work for the both of you to keep you out of mischief. I'll give you a dollar a week apiece and your board, and maybe your clothes. We'll see how you make out. How's that, my brave buckoes?"

That was all right. To be identified with the circus in any capacity, at any price, was a delightful prospect. And so they turned to with a will and helped the men put up the tent, after which they sat down to breakfast, happy in the consummation of their desire.

### VI.

After breakfast, as Bob and Mike were carrying a bucketful of water between them, one of the men—the clown, to whom the manager had jokingly remarked that Bob had been engaged to supplant him—called out to them:

"Is that water for the elephant?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, with alacrity.

"Wait till I show you a trick I taught him."

Then, slyly winking at his companions, the clown came over to the elephant, followed by all hands.

While the elephant was sucking up the entire contents of the bucket with its trunk, the clown said:

"This 'ere elephant's been all through the Injun Mut'ny. Knows his drill like an old soldier that he is. Watch me put him through his facings."

"Present arms!"

The elephant put out its trunk horizontally in a line with the face of Bob, who had never before seen an elephant drink, and who, little thinking that the water was still in its trunk, gazed with open-mouthed wonder at this marvellous feat of elephantine sagacity.

"Fire!" shouted the clown.

In an instant Bob was deluged with a volume of water as from a huge syringe, that struck him full in the face and fairly knocked him over, to the vociferous delight of all beholders, Mike included.

"There now, what d'ye think o' that?" asked the clown as Bob, with a sheepish look, rose spluttering and gasping for breath. "Ain't he a cute un? I tell you, sir, that animile knows a thing or two, he does. When you can train any kind of a brute to do that, you *will* be a clown. That's your christening. You can choose your own name; what shall it be?"

Bob muttered something that sounded like "Blob," and immediately sneezed.

"Blob Tisha it is, then."

And so long as he was with the circus he was known as Blob Tisha.

There was to be an afternoon performance that day, and Bob was detailed by the manager to make himself useful in the ring, placing and removing paraphernalia and incidentally to help the clown.

The clown whitened Bob's face and painted it with fantastic streaks of red and black, inducted him into a clown's cast-off costume and made him a sight to behold.

"What am I agoin' to do?" he asked.

"You're going to do Alexander the Great thing by triumph through the streets of Kalamazoo after the battle of Santiago."

## Round the Wule Tea.

"I don't know nothin' about Alexander or the battle o' Antisago, but I can ride," said Bob, with an air of assurance.

"That's a pity; it might spoil the act. However, we shall see. You've never straddled an Arabian steed, have you, Blobs? Don't say you have—please."

Bob said he didn't even know what kind of a thing an Arabian steed was, and the clown said he was glad to find that Bob's ignorance was of some use. However, Bob entered into the spirit of the act with enthusiasm and no misgivings, going boldly before the assembled crowd, at the call of the clown, with the effrontery of an old stager.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the clown, introducing him, "is Blob Tisha, son of a noted Arab chieftain who hunts the wild and wicked walrus on the burning sands of Sarah's desert. He brings with him, as you see (pointing to a donkey), his thorough-bred Arabian charger, captured in a mirage while the simoon was raging, on which he will perform feats of horsemanship never before equalled by mortal man. *Ham sam ramadam sham, O Blob Tisha*, which in the language of the East means, Mount, Blob Tisha; the world awaits you."

It began to dawn upon Bob that he was being made a fool of, and, forgetting his guise as a clown, he was about to remonstrate, when he felt himself hoisted upon the bare back of the donkey and as suddenly upset by a trick of bucking with which the animal threw him over its head.



"Sprawling in the Sawdust."

Whereat the audience roared with laughter, construing such mishaps as a clever bit of acting. He was then seized by the slack of his pantaloons and placed face downward across the donkey's back, whereupon the beast reared and he slid off behind, narrowly escaping being kicked as the animal's hind legs flew out like a thunderbolt. Then he was placed astride the donkey backwards and trotted round the ring, in momentary jeopardy of a dangerous fall, the animal at last being urged forward so suddenly that it went from under him and left him sprawling in the sawdust. At a motion from the clown, the donkey wheeled to the left and, picking him up by its teeth, carried him into the dressing-room amidst boisterous applause.

Here, with unseen winks among the performers, he was flatteringly complimented upon his first attempt at playing the clown. In fact, it was so natural it

## Round the Dule Loag.

could hardly be called acting—it was indeed realistic. How he did make the people laugh! Listen, they were calling for an encore; he must go and do it again. This time, if the donkey wouldn't let him ride it, he ought to pick it up and carry it round the ring on his back. That would bring down the house, and he ought to do it if he expected to be a real clown.

But when the manager came for him, Bob was in a state of collapse. He felt so conceited at having elicited applause with his unintentional awkwardness that, to support the dignity of his exalted mood, he thought he ought to smoke and look big. Having borrowed an old clay pipe, foul enough to poison an old smoker, a few whiffs of the rank tobacco with which it was filled were enough to upset a stomach that was already in a state of panic as the result of playing the clown. The inevitable happened, and as he hung limp as a dish-rag over a heap of harness his face turned a bilious green, his glassy eyes rolled wildly in speechless agony, quivered and then closed while he regretted his folly, deaf to the coarse ridicule and unmindful of the shower of missiles that assailed him from all quarters. Bob had had enough of the circus for that day.

## VII.

After many days' experience of circus life in various towns, the gilt and the glory began to wear off and show the brass beneath. Mike was fairly satisfied with the drudgery at which he was kept, fagging for the men and getting more kicks than halfpence, yet, now and again, he would say that he wished he were back at his job on the farm. But Bob was ambitious, and ambition has its illusions. He had to be disenchanted by stern realities, brought home to him oft-times with harshness, before he could see things as they were, devoid of glamour. Not until the life began to grow monotonous, and the romantic became the real, did he begin to see that he was anything but a hero; that he had to work hard for little pay; that there was no more fun in feeding an elephant, a jackass, a superannuated lion and several asthmatical monkeys than in ministering to the wants of the cattle on the farm; that to be a clown meant years of training, done more for plain bread and butter than glory; and that, after all, the only thing he took a delight in was riding in the procession, dressed as a jockey and pretending to be what he was not—a circus performer.

He began to be inattentive to his work, and dream day-dreams, and frequently run foul of the manager's foot and the men's abuse. He began to think, and when he indulged in thought that was the precursor of a change. He could not decide what he should do next. Everything he could think of lacked novelty. While waiting for a suggestion, he was slowly coming to see that beneath every illusion there was a grim reality to be met some time; that it were better to probe superficial appearances before venturing; that there was such a thing as duty, which might not be ignored with impunity under any circumstances; that change in time loses its charm and leaves the changeling more discontented than ever.

One day, when he was in one of these moods, he came face to face with a visitor of the Home without warning, and was recognized. He made a half-hearted effort to escape; but, when caught, offered no resistance, and although neither acknowledged it, both were glad to be taken back each to his former employer, and the reports received of them from time to time show that they did not soon forget the hard lessons learned in the bitter school of experience.

Ask them now if they wish to go to the Klondike; ask them how they like circus life, and see what they will say. "All is not gold that glitters," and "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," if that bird is but a cock sparrow.

# The Cruise of the "Will-o'-the-Wisp"

A Yarn of the North Sea.



FAIR wind favoured the coaster, *Kate*,  
Off Shetland Isles on a starry night;  
The watch below in a circle sate,  
Enwreathed with smoke in a murky light.  
The jest went round, and 'twas broad and lewd,  
Till yarns were spun of old wrecks reviewed.

Ben Bluff, a reticent, gruesome man,  
Whose weird eyes beamed with mysterious fire,  
Spake not a word since the talk began,  
But looked askance at the latest liar.  
"Cheer up, old messmate!" a seaman said;  
"You're pale enough to be sick or dead."

"What if I am?"—and he made a pause  
That plainly showed he was ill at ease.  
"I don't git white, though, without a cause:  
I knows a yarn as'll shake your knees!—  
Summat as 'appened in this 'ere sea,  
An' 'ere it is, if ye'll hark to me.

"Tain't comic, lads, so ye needn't grin:  
S'help me, it's orful an' mighty queer!  
'Tain't all about where I ain't abeen,  
Nor one ye've 'eard for this forty year.  
What's more, it's true as the Phantom Ship  
That haunts the Cape since the Dutchman's trip."

As condiment to the yarnster's speech,  
His messmates kindled their pipes anew,  
Then gathered closer each unto each,  
While Ben his hand o'er his forehead drew  
And posed to them as a ghost-crazed man,  
Ere thus his narrative he began:

"It's gone ten year since the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*—  
A well-found schooner an' taut an' trim—  
In ballast sailed, with the weather crisp  
(Pat Boyle was skipper—ye've 'eard o' him),  
For sev'ral ports in this very sea,  
To smuggle whisky an' wine an' tea.

She carried seven of crew, all told:  
The skipper, mate, an' two boys an' me,  
A Rooshian Finn an' a wench as bold  
As ever follered a man to sea  
The cap'n's niece, a poor orphan lass,  
But a full rigged craft of the A1 class

## Round the Wule Loq.

'A month went by since we'd left the Nore,  
When summat worried the Rooshian Finn.  
For at the time when he ought to snore  
He'd jabber just like a himp o' sin,  
Start up asleep in the topmost bunk,  
An' cut more capers than one that's drunk.

"He'd bawl the name o' the cap'n's niece  
'Most loud enough for to make her hear;  
The more we told 'im to 'old his peace,  
The more he gev us a cause to fear.  
We told the skipper 'ow matters stood,  
Who only laughed, as we knowed 'e would.

"One night ('twas blowin' a spankin' breeze;  
We'd let out every reef we dare),  
The Rooshian Finn at the wheel I sees,  
With heyès like two red-'ot coals aflare!  
The binnacle light it was gone clean hout.  
'Ho-ho! there's mischief,' says I, 'about.'

"Afore I turned in I saunters aft.  
Says I: 'D'ye see, like a cat, at night?'  
He looked as wild as a man gone daft,  
An' scared, yet savage enough to fight.  
'Ye swab!' says I, 'what d'ye mean to do?'  
You just steer right, or I 'ails the crew!

"He grinned—the fiend!—but he didn't speak  
I went below for to call the mate,  
When *crash* she struck, an' begun to leak!  
I saw his scheme now it was too late.  
The mate an' skipper they rushed on deck  
To find the schooner a 'opeless wreck.

"Her bows was jammed in betwixt two rocks;  
The foremast gone by the board; the boat  
Stove in an' covered with ropes an' blocks;  
And in the fo'castle chests afloat!  
High as the boom of the main trysail  
The seas was dashed by the rising gale.

"'You furrin lubber!' the skipper said;  
And, tremblin', stammerin'—white with rage,  
He draws a pistol to shoot 'im dead,  
Just like the hactin' upon the stage.  
But safe he stood on the windlass still.  
It's 'ard the devil's own son to kill!

"Nobody thought o' the cap'n's niece  
Till she comes runnin' along the deck  
And, like a woman, implores for peace,  
And throws her arms round her uncle  
Poor girl! Her troubles was all forgot  
To save the Rooshian from bein' shot.

I saw the skipper in the strict of trap!  
 The cabin crew made for the sleeping aid,  
 I grabbed the arms of our little Ruth,  
 What was the end of the sea's best paid  
 The cap' n' fired with most ady' brim,  
 I'd bet on it, 'fore a man'd be count'd to blame.

I saw 'er fall an' I heard 'er groan;  
 I saw the skipper stand petrified;  
 Then clutched the Rooshian an', like a stone,  
 I heaved 'im over the weather side;  
 Then turned an' saw, both shot through the head,  
 Pat Boyle, the skipper, longside Ruth, dead.

Well, mates, next mornin' the hull broke up,  
 An', one by one, all the rest was drowned.  
 Three days I hadn't a bite nor sup,  
 An' scarce could buy the girl I found.  
 When I was seen by an Orkney coast,  
 An' that is how I got safely back.

I passed that island five year ago,  
 One summer night, when the moon shined  
 The wind 'er drooped low, we sailed  
 An' the night wind 'er brought a cheer,  
 An' the wind 'er brought a cheer,  
 An' the wind 'er brought a cheer.

Up on the mound that still marks Ruth,  
 I can distinctly the medman stand,  
 When he began, then I gun to raise,  
 An' the wind 'er brought a cheer,  
 I can distinctly the medman stand,  
 An' the wind 'er brought a cheer.

A catspaw tautened our flappin' sails,  
 An' bore us far from the spectre grim;  
 But dreadful heehoes of shrieks an' wails  
 Came from the rock, in the distance dim.  
 Ye well may tremble, *Again, to night,*  
*At eight ball, mates, at ll' heave, in sight!*

WALTER F. JAMES



# Tips and Downs

With  
Christmas  
Supplement.



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TO A LETTER FROM DR. BARNARDO

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Dr. Barnardo



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## To My Old Boys in Canada

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December, 1899.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Though so far away from you, I am glad to send you a few words of greeting at this festive season. I only wish we could see each other face to face, and grip hands for the sake of old times, and by way of encouragement for the future! I am proud of my sons and daughters over the sea, and I may perhaps be pardoned in feeling a father's pride in the success of such a vast host of young folks grown up, or growing up, to manhood and womanhood—a credit alike to the country of their adoption and to the Old Homes that gave them the life chances which they have so well taken advantage of.

A Happy Christmas to you one and all, and the Happiest New Year you have ever had yet! I fancy I see you gathered round me through the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Owen. What a host you make! 10,000 of you and more! Little did I dream in the early days, when I began (with perhaps a little misgiving) to send my youngsters to carve a career out for themselves in other lands, to what colossal numbers my family would grow! How God has blessed that first venture of faith! What a record of success has He permitted us to inscribe! Surely, my lads, the first thing we must do at this, our paper reunion, is to lift up our hearts in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His everlasting mercies. My heart is, I know, full, very full, as I picture myself in your midst, and look into your faces with the thought, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given me."

Well, my dear fellows, you are all my sons, as you know, and though some of you are well settled, and even married in the New Country, you must let me speak, nevertheless, in a fatherly capacity. You must forgive me if I make good use of my opportunity to have a little straight talk with you all—I do not often get such a chance—you know!

Now, I hope you believe that I want you to get all the happiness and good life that any young fellow can possibly get. I have no sympathy with

people who think that this life is a miserable, wicked thing, and that Christians should be always turning up the whites of their eyes, or longing for Heaven where the wicked cease from troubling, and so on. Not a bit of it. God meant this life to be full of joy and gladness; yes, and one of success, too. And can I wish you anything less? I trow not! And that is why I eagerly desire for you the greatest happiness and the utmost prosperity that life can give you.

But then it has been found by experience that success and happiness are only to be found along certain lines. They do not come by chance. They are not found haphazard or apart from definite principles. And they are hardly dependent on circumstances, either. They are within the grasp of every lad, young or old, well-off or poor, who will endeavour to live his life along certain lines.

Now, what are these lines? Well, there are some things to shun and some things to follow. For instance, you must avoid that awful bane of men and boys—*Impurity*. Ah! how many a fine, promising young fellow has split upon this rock and made shipwreck of his career and of his soul forever! An experience of thirty-four years among boys and young fellows has shown me that the ravages of impurity are far greater, and the habit of it far more prevalent, than I could possibly have thought without personal knowledge of its reality, and I have determined to speak out and warn all my lads, for whose welfare I long, against the folly and sin and shame of this thing in all its forms. Nothing like this so fatally ruins health and happiness, or so deadens the soul to higher and nobler things, while it saps the power of a fellow's will, until at last he cannot even make the effort for his own deliverance. My lads, let me beg of you, by all you hold sacred, to lay my warning words to heart.

Now suffer from me a few words of suggestion and exhortation.

Is it needful to say to you: Be chivalrous in all your relations with girls and women? I hope it is not, but I say it all the same. True manhood is always gentle and courteous. Our late poet-laureate wrote of "that divine gentleness which when it weds with manhood makes a Man." Treat every girl as you would wish your own sister, mother, or your future wife to be treated by other men.

Then, beware of anything which to eye or ear or touch would sully your mind. When I have been in America I have found on bookstalls in various cities and towns the most abominable printed and published filth that ever defiled a man. God give you grace never to countenance such things. Let your conversation, too, be only such as you would wish your noblest friend to overhear. Your body, remember, is to be the temple of the Holy Ghost. Defile not the Temple of God. There is indeed no such other effective safeguard for any young fellow, after all, than to be wholly given up to Jesus Christ, body and soul, for Him to cleanse and keep—to keep not only from the sin itself but also from the love of it.

I hope you never gambled. Do beware of it. I do not mean to say that I had started about five weeks ago, as a young fellow, into my first horse race. I had rather had had a portion of my own year's or thereabouts (about \$1,000, as

I suppose you have learnt to say by this time), and when neither had a private income of her own. The father took to gambling, and, ere long, all was lost and the home was reduced to beggary. Gambling begins generally with little things: a small bet, a trifling wager, with the odds, so to speak, even. Then perhaps comes a long odds for money, and soon it becomes the tyrannous master of the heart and soul. Lotteries, sweepstakes, coupons—of all these, my lads, stand clear, as you value success and happiness and all that makes life worth living.

And then, of course, beware of *Drink*. There is not one of you but has seen its evils. Perhaps I'm old fashioned, but I always think that if it were not for the "moderates" there would be no drunkards. If you never drink intoxicants at all, even in moderation, you can never go on to excess. And then, you great, big, strong fellows, especially remember that it is often, indeed usually, from the example of the "moderates" that those others who have not the same control over themselves learn to take the first glass, and then fail to stop there.

Do you all observe God's day as you should? It is the sacred observance of that day which, in the opinion of many thoughtful observers, has to a very large extent kept England and the English flag in the proud position which they occupy to-day. In this matter fellows often easily begin to drift. I know that in country places some of you are miles from a place of worship. Never mind! Go, if you can possibly get there. If you cannot go, you can find time for your own room. Take a helpful book—take THE BOOK. Open it on your knees: who knows but that God may meet and bless you there? To you, as to so many, why may there not come times never to be forgotten, and perhaps too sacred to be told of to another?

Then, about *Prayer*. Ah! my lads, I look in thought into your thousands of faces and I see you there as living monuments of God's faithfulness in answering prayer. But for prayer the work of the Homes must have perished in its very infancy. Do you know my prayer-hearing God? How easy to slip one's habit of prayer! How fatal, though, is that omission in its far-reaching results! And with prayer generally goes the reading of His Word. By that Word we shall one day be judged. So let us know from its pages what is required of us.

And then, **BE STRAIGHT**. Oh! to see you all open and frank as the day straight as the arrow from the string! Above a lie, above deceit, above a questionable deal, above the level of the standard of the business world, above the ordinary level of church membership right up to the measure of the standard of the Perfect Man, OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST.

My lads, to Christ I would have you look for salvation, for strength, for power and for guidance; and if such be your life, it will assuredly be prosperous and happy. That's my recipe!

But I must not say good bye to you and so my pen must stop for this part of our work here in England.

We are always changing, and I am sure that you will be glad to hear that the fellows would know the place. It is old-fashioned, but I have a great deal to

now the place is divided into workshops, and I don't know what else. Thirteen trades my young fellows learn here now. Some of these chaps will soon be following in your steps, and perhaps they may beat the lot of you yet. Look out! We have a beautiful chapel, made out of the lower school-room and band room. Here we have our services and prayers morning and evening. The afternoon's service is now a Sunday School.

At Leopold we have a Boy's Brigade Company, which is doing wonders. Why, bless me! It carried off the challenge shield the other day for London! Let the Boers come here, and see what they'll get!

At Ilford—well, you'll hear one of these days what is going to happen. See if I don't startle folks soon. The Children's Church there is the pride of the village, and the new schools, too, are buildings to talk about. There are also new sewing-rooms and classes not a few for the girls.

And then I have opened Shelters and Ever-Open Doors in a lot of new places. We have new centres in Belfast, Cardiff, Plymouth, Bath, Bristol, Stepney, Notting Hill, Spitalfields, Leeds, Stockton-on-Tees, Newcastle, Liverpool, Birmingham, Portsmouth, and I have started a Home for cripples in Bradford, besides taking over one in Cambridge and one at Epsom. And soon there will be a Home, God willing, in every county in England.

Now you are getting tired. Perhaps I am a bit myself. So good night, and God bless you one and all. Don't forget the old Homes now you are doing so well out over the seas. There are others to follow you. See that you lend them a helping hand on their way up life's ladder.

Again I send you all a Happy Christmas and a Happy New Year! This must be the final word and wish of

Your old Friend and Father,

*P. B. Barnardo.*



## Editorial Notes

WE heard rather a **Nothing** good thing a short **Left Behind.** time ago at the opening of a speech at the banquet of one of the national societies. The speaker wondered if any of his audience had noticed the difference between the mode of procedure of an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman in getting out of a railway carriage. The Irishman springs impetuously from his seat, thinking only of the fact that he is at his journey's end, and at the earliest moment jumps from the carriage and marches himself off. The Englishman, a little more deliberate, gathers up his belongings and, after looking carefully round to see that he has left nothing behind, steps out to the platform. The canny Scot remains discreetly in his seat till the others have gone, and then looks quietly round to see if perchance *anyone else* has left something. We are reminded of this story by the rather helpless and despairing sensation with which we have been looking about and within us to try to discover something that we can say by way of an appropriate message of greeting to our boys for the New Year's season that has been left behind from former years, and that will not bear a strong family resemblance to something that we have already delivered ourselves of on one or other of the twelve previous occasions on which it has fallen to us to address our boys collectively at the beginning of a New Year.

✱

WE find it rather a  
 strange thing to  
 find ourselves  
 at the beginning of  
 a New Year  
 saying the same  
 things in the same  
 language of being  
 considered at the  
 beginning of a  
 New Year.

though it be "the old thing over again" it is none the less our sincere and heart-felt wish for all our boys that the New Year may have much happiness and blessing in store for them, and that amidst all its ups and downs they may be found doing their duty faithfully and growing in the grace and strength of Christian manliness. They will not find it all sunshine in their path, and indeed some of our lads have a very full share of the thorns that always grow with the roses in life, and have to knock up pretty often against the rough edges of the world; but we look forward to see them quit themselves like men during the coming year, and we trust that each one of us may abundantly prove the truth of God's promise that He will go before us and make the crooked places straight for our feet. Our lot in life may at times seem a hard one, as compared with others, and we may feel that we occupy rather a lonely and friendless position in the world; but if our hearts are the dwelling place of God's Spirit, we shall find Him indeed a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.



**Goodness and  
 Mercy hath  
 followed us** As we look back upon the year that has gone to its account and pass before our minds the history and progress of our work, we can but again ask our readers to join us in praising the love and goodness of our Heavenly Father for all the way in which He hath brought us. It has been an active, faithful and successful year in our history. True, it has had its seasons of perplexity and trial, but never have we realized more fully that altho' as a develop-

ment of Christian philanthropy, as a practical scheme of social reform, and as a hopeful solution of industrial problems on both sides of the Atlantic, our work is accomplishing great, permanent and far-reaching results. We can now count by thousands lads and young men, scattered all over Canada, whose useful careers and established prospects in life offer the highest possible testimony to the value and success of Dr. Barnardo's labours. They are making their way in every variety of calling and occupation, although the great majority remain attached to the land and will grow up as farmers, supplying the great need of Canada for an agricultural population, and prospering with the prosperity of the country. The plants, whose early growth we tended and watched over, are shooting up into vigorous and sturdy saplings. Here and there in our nursery we find a crooked growth, or one that seems hopelessly dwarfed, but the soil and climate are highly favourable to the variety, and most of our transplantings have struck root, and some of them will reach grand proportions before the old woodman. Time, love his eye at their roots.



**Supply and Demand.** THE number of our new arrivals for the past year reaches the respectable total of two hundred and five girls and four hundred and fifty-one boys. Our three detachments landed respectively on Canadian shores on April 3rd, July 29th, and September 21st, and we have travelled by sea and by land without serious accident, mishap or detention. Once again the demand during the past year, as shown by the number of applications registered in our books, has outstripped any of its predecessors and as compared with the supply has been at least ten times in volume. There is little reason for anxiety or misgiving as to the future prospects of the world. In view of each one of our boys applied for ten times

over on his first arrival, and when we see, moreover, with what readiness and ease our older boys who have learned their business and are paddling their own canoe find openings and keep themselves in employment at the highest current rate of wages. There has not been a day in the year, from January 1st up to the date on which we are writing, when it would have been in the least a difficult matter for us to have placed a hundred boys if they had unexpectedly walked in upon us, and they would have gone to employers who had been waiting weeks—in many cases months—in the hope of our being able to supply them. This demand is no mere greed for cheap help, and we would once again record our emphatic protest against the "cheap labour" cry as occasionally raised against our lads. We are as keen advocates for a fair day's wage for a fair day's work as the most active trades' unionist in the country, and we venture to assert that we often accomplish more in a month for the cause of *bona fide* labour, and expend a greater amount of exertion and effort to protect the rights and enforce the claims of individual workers, than half the labour organizers do in ten years. We assert further, as a matter of fact and actual experience, that under the engagements we make on their behalf our boys receive very fair, reasonable, and, in many cases, very generous remuneration for their labour, and when they have fulfilled their indentures and are making their own bargains, it is a very rare circumstance for them not to demand and receive as good a wage as any other men or boys of the same strength, experience and capability who are employed in similar work.



It is a great pleasure to us to have been so remarkably free from trouble; of a serious character great family and we are glad to hear that at

the present time there is less crime, less disease, less idleness, less pauperism, less drunkenness, less vice amongst them than among any class of the community. We admit that in externals we are perhaps not very polished or elegant. We are not people who shine in society, and a person who looked for a prominent display of the graces and refinements of life in an assemblage of our boys would be lamentably disappointed; but in those solid qualities of heart and head that make for success in life, in sobriety, industry and perseverance, our lads will compare favourably with any class of citizens in any country.



**Girding up  
our Loins  
Anew.**

WRITING on behalf of those who represent Dr. Barnardo in Canada in looking after his boys and constitute the staff of the Canadian Branch of his work, we wish to place on record our desire that we may be enabled, during the year that lies before us, to devote ourselves with unsparring and unswerving loyalty to the interests and welfare of our charges. We gratefully acknowledge how much cause we have had in the past for encouragement and thankfulness in the number of our lads who have done well and have acquitted themselves worthily, and as more of them grow up, and we are able to watch their advancement and success, we expect to find still more to inspire and encourage our efforts. Unfortunately, it happens, of necessity, that our attention is so much more frequently and more absorbingly devoted to the small percentage of failures, or partial failures, than to the large percentage of successes. There may be ninety seven boys out of a hundred of whom we seldom hear complaints, and who never cause trouble or anxiety, but it is the remaining three whose making, or short coming, occasion troublesome and voluminous correspondence, who expose the

work to criticism and to attack, who necessitate special journeys and entail heavy expense, and from whom we get nothing but disappointment in the end. It is when these troubles are pressing in upon us and they seem never to come singly—that we are in danger of forgetting that, after all, our boys have not been born without original sin, and that among ten thousand frail and erring young mortals, few of whom have had the best possible advantages in early life, we must expect to find a certain amount of weakness of character and moral defect as well as mental and physical disabilities. We shall doubtless have cause, often and abundantly, to realize this during the year that we are entering upon; but we wish to “gird up our loins” for all that lies before us, believing that we are indeed about our Master’s business and that the work in which we are privileged to take a part is one of the noblest of human activities and the highest and worthiest of all.



**Difficulties  
and  
Perplexities**

WE expect to have to deal with the usual allowance of complaints, grievances and shortcomings. There will be boys who try to shirk work and masters who try to shirk wages; boys who are a little “soft” and masters who are a little “hard”; boys who neglect to write to their mothers and masters who neglect to sign agreements; masters who want to turn off their boys in the fall and boys who want to turn up their places in the spring; masters who expect too much work and boys who expect too much play; slow boys, fast boys, restless boys, spendthrift boys, sick boys and lame sick boys. We shall have them all in turn, or all at once, and we shall be called upon to exercise on behalf of our lads, and under all sorts of different circumstances, the functions of doctor, lawyer, banker, father, confessor, journalist, employment agent, steamship agent, &c.





### Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
 Their old familiar carols play,  
 And wild and sweet  
 The words repeat  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

\* \* \*

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
 The cannon thundered in the South,  
 And with the sound  
 The carols drowned  
 Of peace on earth, good will to men

It was as if an earthquake rent  
 The hearthstones of a continent,  
 And made forlorn  
 The households born  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

\* \* \*

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep  
 God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep :  
 The Wrong shall fail,  
 The Right prevail,  
 With peace on earth, good will to men

*London 1854.*

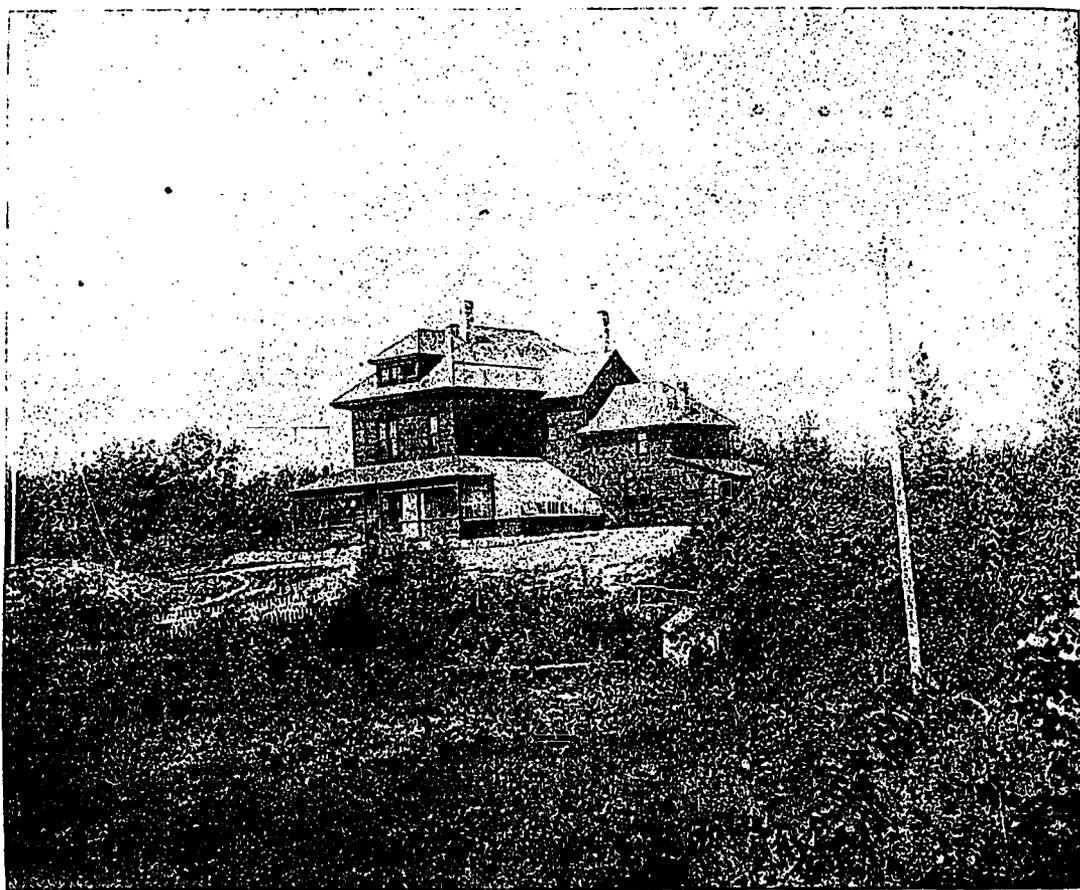
**A** RESPECTFULLY worded requisition for sheets by the dozen, for red, green, yellow, black, blue and white tissue paper, yards of Turkey red, yellow calico, and black lining, not to mention orders for horsehair wigs and whiskers, sent in by a select committee, brings forcibly before the writer of the Manitoba Farm Notes the fact that Christmastide is again upon us, for no matter how lightly other seasons of the year are allowed to pass, our lads never let the season of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" go by without an extra effort to celebrate in their own peculiar way, while requests from old lads, now in situations, but who have not forgotten the delicate flavour of the Barnardo turkey, nor the delicious odours arising from the blazing pudding of old England, as it heads the procession of dainties through the spacious mess room at the Farm Home, for permission to report themselves on the festival day, are being received in goodly numbers, even from far distant parts of the country. And why not? It

may strike the casual reader as strange that a few of our lads who found the Farm Home, with its rules and regulations, not at all to their tastes when residents of the institution, are now requesting permission to again enter its wide-open doors for Christmas. But it is not strange, dear reader. Is it not an instinct with us all to fly, if possible, at this particular season of the year, to the home of our childhood, where loving, sympathetic hearts are ever yearning to hear that all is well with us? Consequently, it follows that with many of our lads the big, red farmhouse at Barnardo being the hive from which they have taken wing on their own account, and representing their only home, they should feel like coming again among friends deeply interested in their welfare in this their adopted country. Friends ever willing to go promptly to their rescue in time of sickness or adversity, and it is a source of constant regret to Dr. Barnardo and his colleagues that the resources of the institution do not permit of the wholesale issue of invitations to an

old pupils to come and join in an annual grand reunion at the Farm Home during the holiday season.

Amid all our Christmas festivities, however, in this year 1899, we shall not, I fear, be able to throw off the dark shadow of war that hangs over our Empire, and many a hearthstone, in the words of the poet, "will be rent" beyond recognition through the results of this deplorable South African struggle, in which the flower of Great Britain's youth are engaged in such numbers;

slaughter to a finish. For some time, at the beginning of the invasion of the southern provinces of South Africa, special news reports were sent by telegraph into the Russell district, and at 12.30 each day repeated to the office of the Farm Home by telephone, taken off in shorthand and read to the assembled lads in their mess-room, and the writer must say that the hearty British cheers which went up from our lads, upon the announcement of some deed of valour or of victory



Cherry Hill, Dr. Barnardo's Farm.  
(Residence of the Manager).

and while the forceful energy and show of watchful preparedness exhibited by the British lion causes the heart of each member of the great Empire to swell with pride, it should be the prayer of all Christian men and women, who are strong in their belief that "God indeed is not dead nor doth he sleep," that "the Wrong shall quit the Right prevail with peace and with good will to men bringing this trouble

won from the brave but stubborn foe, led him to believe that the same quality of blood courses the veins of Englishmen in all parts of the globe to day as flowed in the days of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

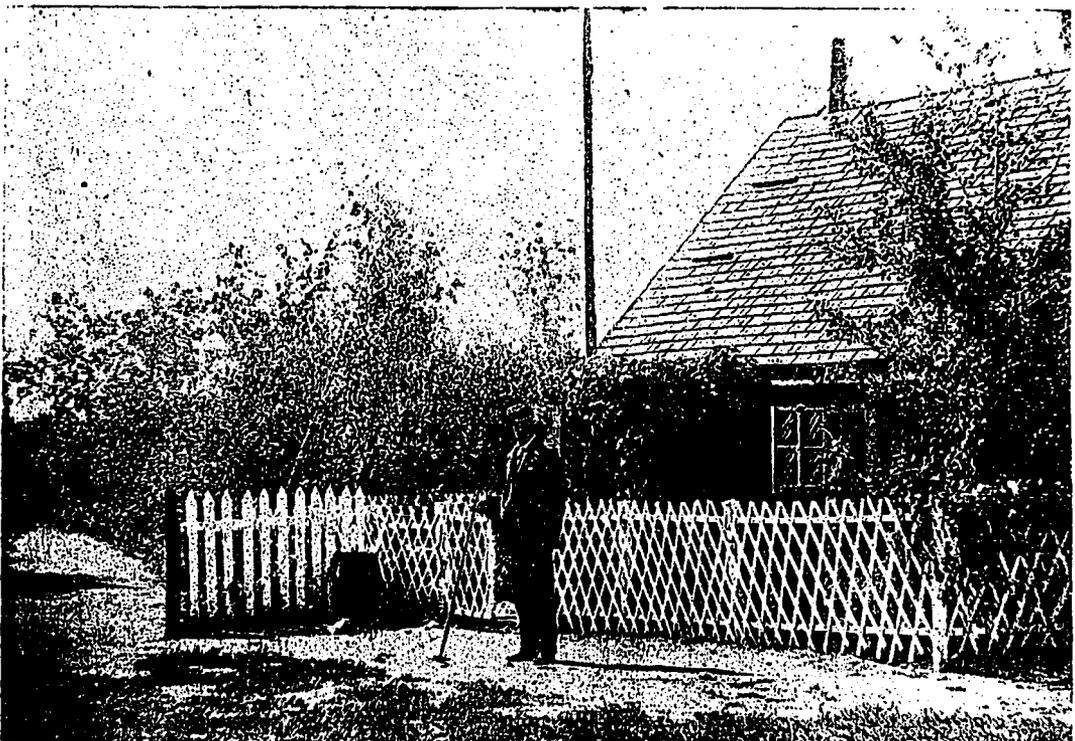
On September 26th, the small party of lads sent out on the steamer *Tea-ti*, now in the service of the Imperial Government, arrived at the Farm and were honoured by the fact that they were accompanied by

the Inspector of Provincial Public Institutions, John W. Sifton, Esq., who was making his first visit to the Farm on this occasion. Mr. Gray, with the other members of the staff and lads, was in waiting, although it was eleven o'clock, to welcome the party, and, after a service of prayer in the little chapel, Mr. Sifton gave the lads a most helpful address, filled with kind words of advice and encouragement.

### Left the Hive.

On September 13th, the many friends of George Sabell were called

to Dr. Partridge. Philip Lybeck, another of our "standbys," was placed on the Manitoba and Northwestern Bridge gang on October 2nd, and, during his engagement, earned some \$40.00, giving such good satisfaction to his foreman, Mr. Jolliffe, that he has promised him an engagement in the spring as soon as bridging operations are again renewed. Stanley Keith, that sturdy young "Scotch Yorkshireman," so much thought of at the Farm Home for his manly bearing and honesty, after a long visiting trip with the Manager, entered the



Foreman's Cottage.

upon to bid him good-bye, as he was leaving for a situation with Mr. Wm. Cook, of Moosomin P.O.; and many were the regrets at our loss. However, Sabell seems to have dropped into his proper niche, for he says in a letter dated October 1st, addressed to the writer, "I wish to thank you for finding me so good a place; it is as good a job as anyone could wish." We feel like congratulating Sabell on his happy lot. However, congratulations are much more in order for Mr. Cook, who has indeed secured a young man who is a credit

to employ of Dr. T. A. Wright, Russell, where his prospects are bright. Keith indeed deserves a good home, and has enough Scotch sense about him to know that he has secured his deserts.

During the quarter Wm. H. C. Candall was paid off and sent to a situation with Mr. Wm. Brewster, of Highview, Assin. Candall always had a character for being thoroughly trustworthy, and it is hoped he will live up to his high character in every respect.

The little lad, James Chalpass, was at the Farm Home on October 1st, to Job

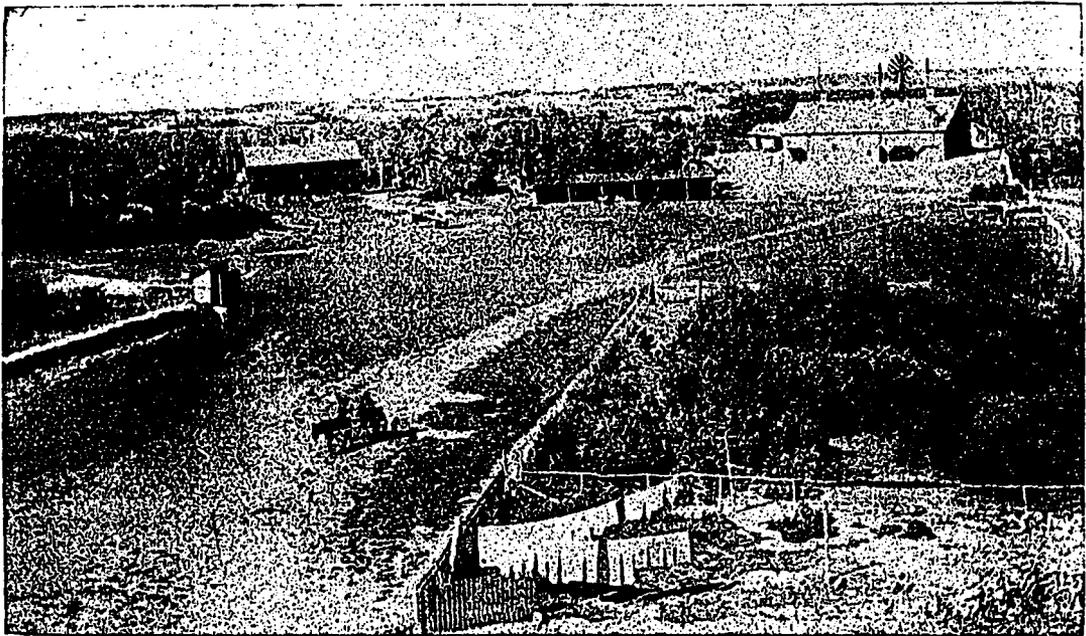
McRea, a thrifty farmer of Gladstone, and is understood to be doing well in his situation.

Joseph Tilston, who finished his engagement at Shoal Lake this fall, has been found an excellent post with Mr. Wm. A. Mott, of The Knowle, north of Russell. Tilston deposited a nice sum from his first outside earnings before going to Mr. Mott.

The coloured lad, Edward Williams, who was, during the summer, in the employ of Mr. Charles Pittaway, desiring a change, was found an excellent place with Mr. James Turnbull, of Binscarth; but, falling in with some "ne'er-do-well" who

for so long been Mr. Somerville's "batman," was sent to an excellent place near Yorkton, and great hopes are entertained as to his final success in Canada.

James Russell came back to the Home for a few days, after finishing a two months' engagement with the Manitoba & North-Western Railway Company, painting on their stations and section houses. Russell was long enough with us on this sojourn to paint up in the most artistic style the new poultry house at Cherry Hill, and is away by the next train to enter the car shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Winnipeg, where he will, no



Farm Buildings, Dr. Barnardo's Home.

told him of very green pastures to the south, Williams was foolish enough to pass by the situation he was sent to, and, joining company with some young men, journeyed to Crockston, Minnesota, from which place the young man writes that he has been robbed of all his cash and clothing and is, furthermore, out of work. The story of Poor Dog Tray fits the case exactly, and lads generally find their best interest served by remaining among their friends.

On the subject of education, the

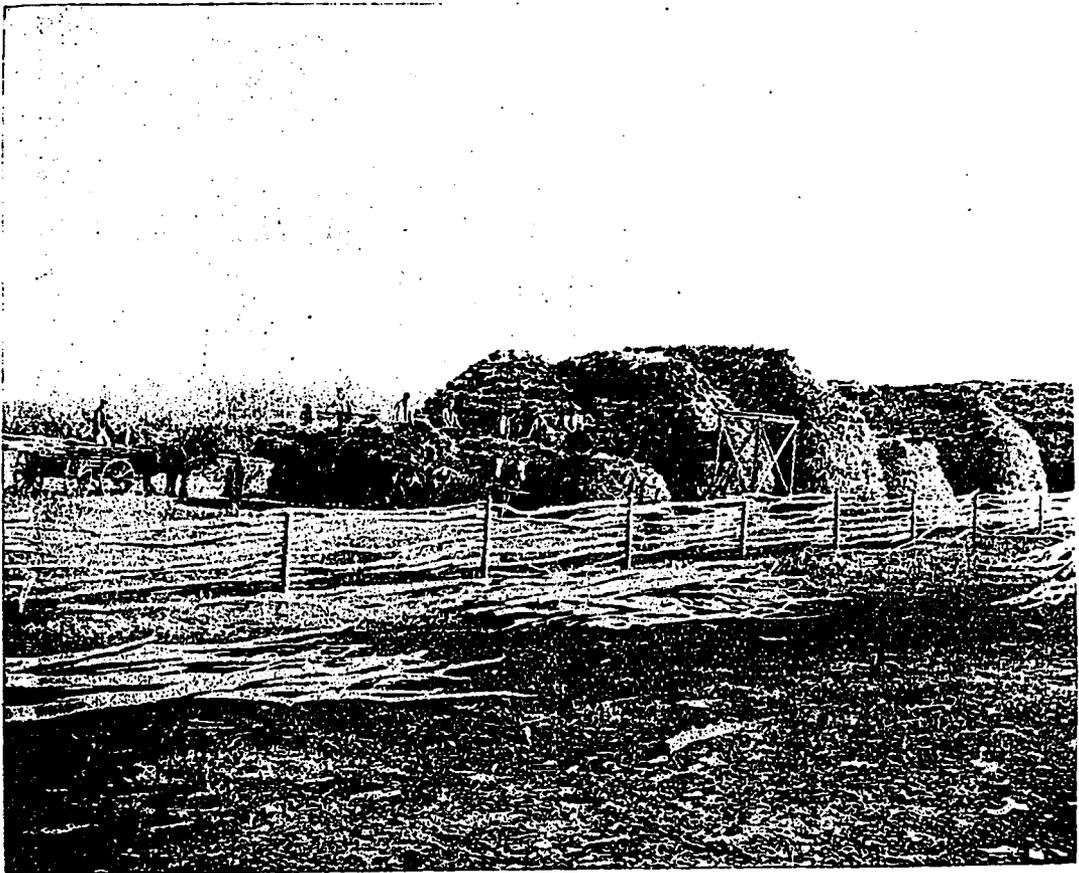
doubt, have a fine chance to improve himself at his trade, earning substantial wages meanwhile.

### Visitors.

Among numerous visitors during the quarter there is no one who created a finer impression upon our lads than R. A. Lister, Esq. of Dursley, England, founder and president of the R. A. Lister Co., Limited, manufacturing dairy supplies of all kinds with agencies throughout the civilized world. Mr. Lister addressed the lads on the Sunday night he was with us, enlarging

upon the opportunities the young man has in Canada, as compared with England, and impressing upon the pupils the extent of the debt of gratitude which they ought to acknowledge to Dr. Barnardo, for having been selected out of the thousands of destitute youths in England (who would only be too glad to receive aid in the way of an advance for immigration expenses) as pupils on his farm. Mr. Lister appears to have been as well pleased with his visit as we were to receive him, for

November, to be at home to his old friend, Cleopatra Thompson, of the *Lakeland*. June, 1897, party, who called on November 22nd to pay his respects to the manager and staff of the Farm Home. Thompson is at present in the employ of Mr. G. R. Hulbert, a very superior farmer of the Minnedosa district, and is without doubt in an excellent situation. He says he has been receiving wages at the rate of \$15.00 per month, and has quarters in one of the finest and neatest farmhouses in



Stacking Grain.

in the *Winnipeg Tribune* of October 24th, in a long interview, he says, relating to his visit:

I was much impressed with the most happy relations that prevailed between the staff and the boys and young men. There was liberty without license, order without restraint. The Sunday services were cheerful and helpful. I was glad to find the demand for the boys far in excess of the supply, that 95% turned out well, and that a deep interest was shown in the boys after they left the Home.

The writer was pleased to find

Manitoba. Thompson says he has the most pleasant recollections of the Farm Home and a warm spot in his heart for the institutions generally, which statement the young man made good by handing to the manager a nice contribution toward the carrying on of the work. In contradistinction to the above visitor's report was that of B. J. W. of the *Lakeland* party, 1900, who, in conversation with the manager, distinctly commended the institution.

which had cost him his situation. Fenwick and about of the necessary winter clothing, P. L. W. presented a sorry picture. However, upon his assurances that his lesson would be taken to heart and that he would try and do better in the future, his immediate wants were relieved and a situation found for him.

It is thus they come and go, the few complaining and despondent, the many full of good cheer and

on Maritoba looking for a better return.

No doubt there are many different ways for a young man to add to his importance as a citizen, and while Johnson has at least gained a solid footing among the farmers of the Russell district, he is still a bachelor (more's the pity!) and has been completely distanced by one of his old companions in another line of enterprise, A. J. M., who joined the happy band of benedicts during the



In the Potato Field.

hopeful as to their future in their adopted country.

The writer met Fred Johnson a few days ago in Russell, and, noticing a particularly bright smile lighting up his countenance, made inquiry as to the cause, and found he had, during the last fortnight, threshed out nearly 1,500 bushels of grain, some of which you will say, to him a veritable stone change countenance. Fred is now recognized as an excellent farmer, and I wonder if there are any others of

latter days of November. I am sure the happy swain has the best wishes of UPS AND DOWNS for himself and better half, and we must now see if we cannot inspire the "farmer man" to go and do likewise.

We are just now receiving a great number of reports from employers of our lads, and as they vary greatly in quality, and as we are anxious to bring them into better conformity, I am giving below a model report which I should like all employers to be in a position to copy, as far as

possible: In February, 1897, James Foley, *Mongolian*, November, 1895, wrote the Farm Home as follows: "I mean to get myself a good name." He has succeeded, dear lads, for here is Mr. Bolton's report on October 27th, 1899, which I hope all will read carefully:

Re James Foley, he is in good health and has given me entire satisfaction since entering my employ. He is obedient, obliging and always tries to do his best in the interests of his employer. He also conducts himself in a respectful manner at all times. I am well pleased with him.

The old lads from under our roofs, and who may have in years past

while in the hands of this string crew. The plates, I am sorry to say, proved failures, owing, the photographer says, to the hazy atmosphere. Some one remarked I forget who it was for his own sake that the plates could not stand the flash of beauty which suddenly came upon them, and collapsed. The writer is very sorry, all joking aside, as a copy of such a photograph would have been highly prized by Dr. Barnardo, as it could have been placed before friends of the Homes in England, to show them the confidence which is being placed



A Mixed Audience.

helped us with the threshing when the mercury was dancing about the forties, will be glad to hear that this year's work at the Farm Home was performed during most favourable weather conditions by Mr. William Cusitar and his excellent crew, which has on its rolls such old familiar names as Gilbert Bishop, Francis Cox, Joseph Gartlan, Thomas Costello, Henry Sparks, not to mention Jimmy Welsh. The fact of the gang being so large, of an Irish cause, the writer to make an effort to secure photographs of the outfit

in so many of their *protéges* in this part of the world.

Prizes were awarded to the following lads during the quarter for cleanliness on parade:

McGILL	FRY
JOHN P. LEE	HEALON
DOBBINS	BARBER
LISSAMAN	BARRY
PORTER	TURNER
NEWTON	BARRY

FRY	FRY
LEE	FRY
FRY	FRY

turned to England on account of physical weakness, and Mr. Cole advises us of their safe arrival in Liverpool, Woodward to go on to his married sister in Birmingham, Maringo being sent to Her Majesty's Hospital, London, where, we have no doubt, Dr. Milne and Sister Eva will do all in their power to alleviate his sufferings, and, if possible, will win him back to health and strength.

We are sorry to have to record, in connection with the hospital re-

of a provincial election, and the writer does not remember a contest in which a greater interest has been taken by the people at large; and as nearly every one of our lads who came to Canada previous to 1895 is possessed of the rights of a free and independent elector, we can see that they are taking a deep interest in the results. The editor of the *Manitoba Farm Notes*, while he has no desire to dip his hand into the political pie, must be allowed to say that he can see no real practical



The Assiniboine River, Dr. Barnardo's Farm.

ords, the arrival of William Woodward, *Vancouver*, July, 1898, who returned from the farm of Mr. C. E. Cox, Foxwarren, on October 18th, suffering apparently from a severe cold. The symptoms rapidly changing, Dr. Wright finally pronounced his attack a mild form of typhoid fever. The young man has fortunately been aided past danger from the ailment just described, but is still in a very weak condition.

Manitoba just now in the

issue between the two parties other than the issue, which is a very grave one, I believe, to the professional politician and those dependent upon him—the issue of the Ins and the Outs. There appears to be little ground for complaint in connection with the general management of the affairs of the Province by the present Government and really all that a strictly neutral writer can point out, we think, with wholesome effect to any party in power, is their growing

disregard for public opinion—being as it does not affect votes, which disregard and contempt seem to increase rapidly and in almost geometrical ratio as years are added to their terms of office. And as relates to the part taken in these campaigns by the party press, the less said the better. There may be electors who are influenced by editorials paid for by the foot. We presume there are, *but* I trust all members of the Barnardo Colony in every and all elections will adhere to the party courting candid enquiry into their acts and general management in preference to bluff and bluster when questioned as to their policy.

It would certainly seem ungrateful to bring these notes to a close without some complimentary reference to the weather which Manitobans have been enjoying all through this fall and into the beginning of the winter.

any having kept far above its usual location at this time of the year. And as this high temperature has been accompanied for the greater part of the time with clear days, free from wind of any consequence, the conditions have been remarkably pleasant. Indeed, a friend of the writer, living in the eastern part of Canada, writing to Russell a few days ago, complimented the weather to the extent of saying that it reminded him strongly of the conditions generally prevailing in the south of France during the winter season, and we know of no people who are complaining in relation to the weather conditions, unless it be the clothing and coal dealers.



## Christmas at Home

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The year is long, though life is short,  
And Sorrow often comes to stay;  
And Need hath driven friends apart  
To travel each his way:  
But there's a time—a happy time,  
When hands are clasped and hearts are true,  
When fields are white with Winter's snow,  
While hearts glow with delight  
In Christmastide, and Christmas eve,  
That sends the scattered beams home.

W. A. Russell

WE can vouch from personal knowledge for the fact that amongst the readers of UPS AND DOWNS there are many who take a keen and intelligent interest in public events, and, as far as their opportunities permit, keep themselves tolerably well informed as to what is going on in the world. Naturally, however, these opportunities are extremely restricted and seldom extend beyond a glance at a daily or weekly paper that is probably largely occupied in the discussion of local politics and the personalities of local politicians. As a supplement to the information gleaned through these channels, we have thought that it may be instructive and helpful to some of our Retrospective friends if we attempt to give them a brief summary of the chief events that comprise the history of the world during the year that is closing, and a little sketch of the position of public affairs especially as they affect the British Empire. We fear that we cannot consider ourselves as in any respect well equipped for such a task. If we are not exactly men of one idea, our time and mental energies are almost entirely devoted to the study of one deeply interesting and absorbing subject, namely, the progress and development of the "Barnardo boy." We appreciate the fact, however, that although we have but little opportunity for studying it, there is a rather big world outside of Dr. Barnardo's boys and even of the Dominion of Canada and having set ourselves the task of surveying it for the benefit of some of the aforesaid boys and having put our brains in a sleep with that intent during the greater portion of a journey from Toronto to Whiting, we offer our readers the result in the hope that they will regard with indulgence the

imperfections and deficiencies of our attempt, of which no one is more conscious than ourselves.

Looking back over the history of 1899, the words of our Lord, in which He foretold the condition of the world that should precede His own second advent, are irresistibly recalled to one's mind:

**Wars and  
Rumours  
of Wars.**

"Upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." The prevailing note seems everywhere one of unrest, and in all quarters we mark the symptoms of a state of tension that is becoming daily more acute. The advance of civilization and the spread of Christianity seem almost as far as ever from having fulfilled their mission of bringing "Peace on earth, good will toward men." There is less of brutal violence and a growing aversion to the destruction of human life, but, at the same time, every great nation is arming itself in readiness and expectation of conflict, and the ablest scientific effort is employed in devising and perfecting machinery for the wholesale slaughter of men by their fellow men. No one would venture to guarantee for a month the peace of any single nation and, it may be said, indeed, that the dogs of war are straining in their leashes, and the men at the head of public affairs act and speak with the knowledge that a single hasty or unguarded word, a slight miscon-

**Ambitions  
and  
Jealousies**

ception, a trifling breach of etiquette might plunge half the world in the horrors of war. On every side there are points where the ambitions of great nations are at my moment liable to clash and where the spark of fiction may fire the magazine.

The newspapers, in the greedy search of sensational matter, are always and everywhere eager to inflame every sore and fan every spark to a conflagration, and their breathings out, on the smallest provocation, of threatenings and slaughter find an only too ready response among the people. The "dying nations," of which there are at least three tottering to their fall, are a spoil that is scarcely likely to be dismembered without strife, and the eagles that are gathering round the carcasses of Turkey, China, Persia and Morocco can scarcely be hoped to carry off their prey without turning their talons upon each other in the scramble. Great Britain, from her enormous wealth, the success of her free trade policy, the growth of her Colonial Empire, and her refusal to entangle herself with European alliances, is an object for the jealousy and malevolence of almost every other nation. France, amidst all the disorganization of her government, the corruption of her army and the decay of her national character, keeps before her as the darling object of her ambition the recovery from Germany of the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine lost to her by the Franco-German war of 1870. The constant object of Russian intrigue is the weakening and ultimate destruction of the Ottoman power, leaving her the possession of Constantinople and replacing the crescent by the cross on the dome of St. Sophia. For this she is ready to expend her blood and treasure, and for this she persistently maintains her unfriendly attitude towards England, whom she regards as the chief obstacle to the attainment of her ambition. The German Emperor, whose restless energy is always liable to break out in some fresh and unexpected quarter, is haunted with dreams of making Germany a world-power, and his ambitious schemes are a constant element of disquiet. The Vatican has never yet accepted the loss of its temporal power; the Turkish Provinces, which the Turks themselves rule but not inhabit, are in a chaotic condi-

tion of smouldering revolt, that in Montenegro, Macedonia and Albania may burst at any moment into a flame; the Austrian Empire is torn by the rivalries of its German and Slav populations; Spain is writhing in the bitterness of rage at her defeat by the Americans that she attributes to the corruption and impotence of her rulers, while every nation in Europe is haunted by the spectre of Socialism and other forms of Anarchy. The century may close without the long-threatened European war, but dark clouds hang everywhere on the horizon, and it would seem as though the bursting of the storm cannot be far distant.

The leading events of the year have been the Boer war, in which England, in the fulfilment of her Imperial responsibilities, is fighting to rescue a number of her subjects from a position of intolerable oppression and servitude, and to settle for all time the question as to whether the English or the Dutch race and modes of government are to be paramount throughout South Africa; the long drawn agony of the trial and conviction of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the French Army, upon the charge of having held treasonable communications with a foreign power; and the assembling at The Hague, by the invitation of the Czar of Russia, of representatives of the European powers and the United States to consider the question of the reduction of armaments.

At the beginning of the year there seemed a fair prospect of a peaceable solution of the difficulties in South Africa. It may be well to recall briefly the recent history of the relations between Great Britain and the Dutch Republic in the Transvaal. At the close of the previous war in 1884, and after the British had been defeated in several encounters, including the disastrous skirmish of Majuba Hill, terms of peace were concluded in which the Boers, the

London Convention. In the preamble of the treaty it was set forth that Great Britain stood to the Transvaal in the position of the suzerain power, the Republic being a protected or feudatory state. Subject to this condition - which certainly implied the unrestricted admission of British subjects into the territories of the Republic and their claim to a reasonable measure of personal liberty and political rights - its independence was conceded, and the government, of which President Kruger was at the head, was left to the management of its own internal affairs. In 1886 gold was discovered in the Wilwaterstrand Hills in vastly rich deposits, and the discovery was followed by an inrush of population to the districts in which the gold fields were situated. Johannesburg, the principal town and business centre of the mining districts, sprang up in an incredibly short space of time to a city of over 100,000, and before the boom was over the newly arrived immigrants outnumbered the Dutch Boer population in the Republic by nearly three to one, and were the owners of probably nine tenths of the wealth of the country. Had the Boer Government adopted towards its immigrant population a reasonable and enlightened policy, the influx of capital and population would have furnished material for the build-

**Grievances of the Outlanders.**

ing up of a wealthy and powerful state. Instead of this it has been their policy to treat the Outlanders as an inferior and subject race, refusing them the rights of citizenship and any voice in the affairs of the government to which they are required to contribute almost the entire revenue. It was not to be expected that a greedy, wealthy and enterprising community of English speaking people would patiently submit to the tyranny of a corrupt and ignorant oligarchy, and despite the arbitrary measures of President Kruger, to oppose legislation the direct effect of which was to increase

intense. In the beginning of 1896 it culminated in the Jameson Raid, the ill conceived and ill managed attempt of Dr. Jameson to organize an armed revolt. The enterprise met with the miserable failure that it deserved, and has generally been acknowledged as a crime and a blunder, not less so since it served to strengthen the hands of the Boer Government and furnish it with a pretext for fresh exactions and a more strenuous oppression of the Outlanders. The resulting condition of affairs, that was rapidly becoming intolerable, occupied from the first the constant and serious attention of the British Colonial Office, and no effort was spared to obtain from

**Negotiations with Kruger.**

President Kruger some substantial redress of the grievances of the Outlanders and to induce him to afford them, as constituting the bulk of the population of the country and bearing almost the whole of its public burdens, a reasonable voice in its administration. The negotiations have been in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain from the time of his appointment as Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's ministry, and we are amongst the number of those who believe that Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of these negotiations is worthy of the best traditions of British diplomacy. He has shown tact, patience and firmness in the right combination, keeping the essential objects clearly in view and resolutely maintaining his ground, but always with fairness, courtesy and respect to the views of his opponent. On the other hand, President Kruger has displayed to the full the essentially Boer characteristics of obstinacy, suspicion and cunning, continually taking back with one hand what he undertook to give with the other, resenting the British intervention, and letting it gradually become apparent that he had no genuine intention of giving voluntarily any relief to the Outlanders or admitting them to the rights and privileges of citizenship

in the Republic. Early in the year it was arranged, as the result of a long series of despatches, that a conference should take place at Bloemfontein, the capital of the

**The Bloemfontein Conference.** Orange Free State, between President Kruger and the British High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, who has been described by a political opponent as possessing "one of the clearest and strongest heads" in the Empire. This conference was opened on May 30th, but broke up without arriving at any agreement. The demand of the British Government was for an immediate grant to a considerable proportion of the Outlander population of the right to the franchise, with such a redistribution of seats in the Transvaal legislature as would give the mining districts a fair representation, and thus afford them the prospect of obtaining a redress of their other grievances by peaceable and constitutional means. President Kruger offered to confer the franchise upon the Outlanders after a period of residence of seven years in the Transvaal, but confined his offer to persons possessing an income of £200 a year or over, and further imposed so many hampering conditions as to make the offer utterly nugatory as affording the immediate and substantial relief demanded by Mr. Chamberlain. The discussions in the Raad, or legislative council of the Transvaal, that followed the conference at Bloemfontein proved conclusively that the Boer Government had no intention of yielding, and the bitter, intolerant and contemptuous spirit that was displayed among the leading members gave little hope of any peaceable settlement of the situation. A well-meaning attempt on the part of Mr. Hofmeyr, the leader of the political party in Cape Colony known as the Afrikaner Bond, and which occupies much the same position in Cape politics as the Irish Home Rule party in the Imperial House of Commons, met with no better success than the

Bloemfontein Conference. Proposal by Mr. Chamberlain for the appointment of a joint commission to determine how far the terms offered by President Kruger would be effective in giving immediate and substantial relief to the Outlanders were met by a counter proposition, in which a five years' term of residence was offered as qualifying for the franchise, with a partial redistribution of seats, but with the stipulation that the differences between Great Britain and the Transvaal should be submitted to arbitration, and that Great Britain should recognize the absolute independence of the Transvaal Republic, and should consent to the abolition of the rights of suzerainty secured to her by the London Conference. The reply of Mr. Chamberlain to this offer was an emphatic refusal on the part of the British Government to recognize the sovereign independence of the Republic or to entertain the renunciation of her own rights as the paramount power, but expressing the willingness of the Government to consider any reasonable scheme of arbitration, provided that the grievances of the Outlanders were effectually and promptly redressed. The despatch concluded with a warning to the Transvaal Government that if in respect to the grievances of the Outlanders and the proposals for a joint commission their reply was "negative or inconclusive," that Her Majesty's Government must reserve to themselves the right to reconsider the question *de novo* and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement. The rejoinder of President Kruger was a highly disingenuous and unsatisfactory communication as regarding the points in dispute, and was embittered by a demand for an explanation of the strengthening of the British forces on the Natal border. After receipt of this despatch immediately followed by the issue of warrants for the arrest of several prominent Outlanders it

was generally felt that war was inevitable, having been forced upon us by the persistent and obstinate refusal of the Boers to yield a reasonable measure of justice to the British subjects who formed the majority of their population. The Government had sought peace and conscientiously striven for a solution of the question without recourse to arms; but, in the words of Lord Salisbury, "We have to save and to rescue British subjects from treatment that we should not think it right to endure in any country, even if there were no conventional arrangements, but which it is doubly wrong that we should endure when the very terms of the Protocols and Conventions of 1881 and 1884 obviously protect them from any such disgraceful treatment." The Boers were in fact trying to keep a quarter of a million of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen in a state of political serfdom, in which they were denied a voice in the administration of public affairs, were refused the right of free speech and free meeting and were heavily taxed for the support of an utterly corrupt tyrannical oligarchy, under which their personal liberties were at the mercy of an ignorant and brutal police and where justice was denied them in the courts

**Colonial Sympathy.** of law and they were debarred from the use of their own language in the transaction of all public business. As war became imminent, the sympathies of the Colonies of the Empire with the British cause were not slow in finding expression. The Legislative Assembly of Natal passed unanimously a series of resolutions pledging the support of the Colony in the efforts of England to secure equal rights for all in the Transvaal, the denial of which rights, in the words of the Natal Premier, "can only lead to race hatred, strife, anarchy, tyranny or war." A unanimous resolution of sympathy passed the Dominion House of Commons on the motion of the Premier, and from

the Australian Colonies offers of assistance in the shape of a contingent of troops were received considerably in advance of the outbreak of hostilities. The Canadian Government, although less prompt than the sister Colonies in giving practical expression to its sympathies, was at length urged forward by an outburst of popular feeling that swept before it the opposition of a section of their French followers whose loyalty would have confined itself to words, and the offer of a thousand Canadian troops, to be landed in South Africa at the expense of the Dominion, was submitted and promptly accepted by the British Government. It was felt that England was taking up arms in the cause of liberty, that she was fighting for no selfish ends but to protect the subjects of the Empire against tyranny and wrong. At home public feeling was almost universally and enthusiastically in sympathy with the Government. The criticisms of the opposition upon the methods of Mr. Chamberlain met with a cold response in the country, while the handful of politicians who professed sympathy with the Boers were hardly accorded a hearing. The general public, once convinced that war must come, was only impatient of delay and more disposed to chafe at the inactivity of the Government than to accuse them with precipitating the conflict. The short-lived suspense was effectually relieved, and at the same time all responsibility for the commencement of hostilities taken off England's shoulders, by the astounding insolent ultimatum presented by the Boer Government to the British Resident in Pretoria on October 10th. After accusing the British Government of breaking off friendly correspondence, of sending troops to South Africa and complaining of H. M. Majesty's "unlawful intervention," the Boer Government proceeded to demand the assurance of the British Government upon four points:—first, that all points of dif-

ference should be amicably settled; second, that the troops stationed on the borders of Natal should be instantly withdrawn; third, that all reinforcements sent since June 1st, 1899, should be sent back; and fourth, that the British troops then on the high seas should not be landed. An immediate and affirmative answer was demanded, to be received by the Transvaal Government not later than 5 p.m. on Wednesday, October 11th, and the absence of such reply would be considered as a declaration of war. There could be but one answer to such a communication, and at the expiration of the time limit set by Mr. Kruger, England was at war with the Dutch Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, whose government, although not directly concerned with the questions at issue,

**Outbreak of War.** had decided to cast in its lot with their constitutionalists. Parliament was summoned without an hour's delay to give the necessary sanction to the calling out of the reserves and to vote the sum of £10,000,000 for the expenses of the war.

The transportation of troops and munitions of war was provided for by the chartering of a number of large steamers, including several of the principal vessels engaged in the Canadian trade. An army corps was immediately placed under orders for despatch to the seat of war, and the command of the forces entrusted to Sir Redvers Buller, a man of great military experience and capacity and thoroughly familiar with South Africa. Within a fortnight of the declaration of war a number of large transports were on their way to South Africa, and by the end of November over 35,000 men had been landed from England. The subsequent events of the war have necessitated the despatch of double this number during the month of December, and early in the year there will be a force of not less than 70,000 men under arms in South Africa. The

facility and speed with which this formidable force has been equipped and despatched, and the completeness of all their arrangements reflects the greatest credit upon the British military authorities and shows that there are men with brains at the head of affairs, and that we have in some measure retrieved our reputation of having an army of lions led by asses. There has been marvellously little gush or shouting, but in a quiet, sensible, thoroughly British spirit we have girded up our loins for the very ugly and by no means trifling task that has been imposed upon us, and which we shall not lay down until we have carried it to the end and obtained throughout South Africa equal rights for all, and laid the foundation for a free and prosperous South African commonwealth. The Colonies were no less prompt and energetic in their preparations than the Mother Country. In Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, New Zealand and Tasmania

**The Canadian Contingent**

mainly the call to arms was responded to with the utmost alacrity, and the Canadian contingent, 1,000 strong, and recruited from all parts of the Dominion from Halifax to Vancouver, sailed from Quebec on the 30th of October and had taken its place at the front at the beginning of December. Nothing indeed could exceed the loyalty and enthusiasm displayed in all quarters of the Colonial Empire, and the effect was not lost upon the hostile Continental press, whose rampant jealousy of England found relief in the expression of eager hopes for her defeat and humiliation. Meanwhile the Boers had lost no time in assuming the offensive and pouring their forces into the Province of Natal. At the outbreak of war the total British force in Natal

**Losses Engagements**

At the

numbered dead 1,500 men, including the gallant Lord Ebury and a small detachment. The British losses in the war up to the present

time, and of the recent campaigns to need recapitulation, and we must not attempt any detailed history of the progress of hostilities. Suffice it to mention that in the three earliest skirmishes at Telana Hill, near Glen-coë, Blandslaagte and at Rietfontein the Boers were repulsed with heavy loss, although not without considerable sacrifice of life on the British side.

In the fourth engagement at Nicholson's Nek a serious reverse befell the British forces. A night attack upon the Boer flank failed owing to the stampeding of the mules, taking with them the guns and the greater part of the ammunition, and the troops engaged, after defending themselves with magnificent bravery, were compelled by the exhaustion of the ammunition to surrender, and over 900 men were taken prisoners to Pretoria. Since then the garrison at Ladysmith, although closely invested by a largely superior force and exposed to a constant bombardment, has held its own, and several successful sorties have been accomplished by General White. At Mafeking General Baden Powell is maintaining his position, and Kimberley, though closely beleaguered, is still holding out. The relieving forces have, unhappily, met with several severe and unexpected reverses. Lord Methuen, after suc-

cessfully engaging the Boers at Belmont, at Graspan and at Modder River, has had to

fall back, with an appalling loss of life both among officers and men. General Gatacre, misled by his guides, fell into an ambush, and in an attack upon an impregnable position lost nearly 1,000 men from the division under his command, while General Buller has been outmanœuvred at the Tugela River and compelled to withdraw his forces with a loss of eleven out of thirteen guns. This succession of disasters and the consequent loss of British prestige in South Africa has caused a profound dejection throughout the Empire, and has brought England face to face with one of the most

serious and anxious crises in her history. Nearly 8,000 officers and men, mostly comprised in the crack regiments of the British army, have been killed, wounded or taken prisoners, and our non-success has enormously strengthened the disaffection among the Dutch in Cape Colony. It has only served, however, to redouble the determination to carry on the war to the bitter end. The reserve forces, military and naval, the militia and the volunteers have been called out. The Canadian offer of a second contingent has been promptly accepted, and General Lord Roberts, the hero of Candahar, and generally acknowledged as the ablest and most successful of living British commanders, appointed to the supreme command in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as his Chief of Staff. We are being called to meet a foe far stronger in numbers, better organized, and better equipped for war than there was any idea of; but there is no thought of giving up our task or laying down our arms until British supremacy has been established finally and effectually throughout the entire territories of South Africa.

**Reconstruction.** The task of reconstruction that will follow the close of the war will demand the exercise of the greatest wisdom, foresight, and sagacity. There seems no doubt that the war will end the existence of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State as independent states. Whatever form of self-government is conceded to them, they will no longer be permitted to remain outside the limits of the British Empire. At the same time, the rights of the Dutch minority must be adequately safe-guarded, and there must be no possibility of the English-speaking majority in the Transvaal meting out to the minority any similar treatment to that which they have been hitherto subjected themselves. The way must be left open, as far as the circumstances will permit, for the ultimate fusion of all the South African States into a Dominion similar to that of Can-

ada, with the same working affiliation between the two races that exists in Canada between the English and French speaking populations. Such a fusion of races should be no impossible task when the bitterness of the present conflict ceases to be felt, and in the end there will be fewer barriers to reconciliation than in the case of the French in Canada, where religious antagonism has served to keep open the breach. Security must be provided for the humane and proper treatment of the native population and the absolute stamping out of slavery under any form, under any pretext. It will take time and the exercise of much mutual forbearance to overcome long-standing animosities and develop a healthy national sentiment; but it is no visionary aspiration to express the hopeful belief that the present war will be the dawn of better days for South Africa, and that future years will witness the growth of a loyal, vigorous and prosperous race in the descendants of the men who are fighting in the Transvaal to day.

We have mentioned as the second important event of the year the developments of the **The Dreyfus Case** Dreyfus case, that has hung over France like a pall for the past four years and has done more to disparage France and Frenchmen in the eyes of the civilized world than any crime in history has discredited a nation since the crucifixion on Calvary. It has cast a stain upon the national repute that can never be effaced, and at the same time has hideously shown how the lust of persecution and hatred can lead men to disregard truth, justice and humanity. In December, 1894, Capt. Alfred Dreyfus was secretly tried and condemned by court martial on the charge of having traitorously supplied information of a secret character to a foreign power. He was a Jew, and as such, and apparently for no other cause, an object of disdain, aversion and suspicion to the majority of his

brother officers. Being a Jew, his conviction by a secret tribunal, acting upon secret evidence, and refusing to the accused the means of defending himself permitted to the most notorious criminal, was approved by the French army and by a majority of the French people. Dreyfus had friends, however, who never ceased to assert his innocence and to protest against the despicable means by which his conviction had been obtained. For a long while it seemed as if there would be no hope of these protests prevailing against the frenzy of terror, hatred and suspicion into which the French people had succeeded in lashing themselves towards the Jewish race. At length, after many tragic incidents and the overthrow of several suc-

**A New Trial** cessive governments, the sentence of the secret court martial was annulled as illegal, and a new trial ordered to take place before the criminal section of the Court of Cassation, the highest and most respectable tribunal in France. On the 2nd of July Dreyfus landed at the little port of Haligöen from the Isle du Diable, where for the previous four years he had been undergoing in the most deadly climate in the world all the refinements of mental and physical torture that the malignity of his persecutors could devise. The story of the sufferings of Dreyfus in his horrible exile reads indeed more like an episode of the dark ages than the experience of a French officer in the Nineteenth Century of the Christian era. He himself appears to be a marvel of fortitude, and has passed through the protracted and frightful ordeal with but little impairment of mental or physical vigour. It was confidently hoped and believed that at last he was to have a fair and open trial before a properly constituted and impartial tribunal, and that the heinous mystery was to be cleared up; but even still bigotry and prejudice seemed to dog the

footsteps of justice. At an early stage of the proceedings the astounding news was received that M. Quesnay de Beaupaire, the President of the criminal section of the Court, had suddenly resigned, avowing as his reason that he believed his fellow judges to be favourable to the prisoner. The ground for this impression was apparently that some courtesies had been shown in offering refreshments during the recess of the Court to Colonel Picquart, a gallant and high-minded officer who was one of the chief witnesses and intimately concerned in the case, but who had incurred the odium of his brother officers by his avowal of the truth as to the means by which the original conviction had been obtained. The resignation of M. Beaupaire created a painful sensation and seemed to render hopeless the prospects for a fair trial. A committee appointed to investigate the statements of the resigning judge pronounced them to be inane and founded on the idle gossip of menials, but in face of this report the French Government, in a panic, brought in a bill transferring the hearing from the criminal section of the Court of Cassation to the full Court, containing many persons avowedly and actively hostile to Dreyfus, and which had only power to order a revision of the former trial before a court similar in kind to that by which the first trial had been held. This meant that the second trial would be before a court martial, controlled by the chiefs of the army whose reputation was at stake in supporting the former conviction. The revision was ordered accordingly, and the proceedings of the second

**The Second Court Martial** commenced at Rennes on the 7th of August, the judges being seven military officers nominated by the government. A daring attempt to assassinate the saboteur, the leading counsel for Dr. Dreyfus, as he was walking to the court house, and the subsequent escape of the would-be assassin, showed that the crime, with

which the trial was surrounded. The evidence for the prosecution consisted almost exclusively of long and envenomed harangues by various members of the French General Staff, asserting, often in the most brutal and offensive terms, their own opinions and defending their individual action, but without adducing a tittle of conclusive evidence of the guilt of the accused such as would be accepted by a British court of law. The "bordereau," or invoice of the documents supposed to have been delivered by Dreyfus to a foreign power, was proved to be a mass of forgeries, and the trial disclosed an amount of perjury, fraud and folly that one can only describe as revolting and horrible. The trial, which was little more than a mockery of justice, ended on the 9th of September in a verdict by a majority of the judges of five to two finding the

**The Verdict and Sentence** accused man "guilty with extenuating circumstances," and a sentence of ten years' imprisonment in a French fortress was passed upon the accused. The French Government, alarmed by the universal disgust and loathing with which the verdict was received in every quarter of the civilized world, hastened to release Dreyfus, and the unhappy man has gone to live for the present in retirement, having previously addressed a very touching and dignified message to his friends and supporters, again avowing his innocence and assuring them that he will "never rest until there is no longer a Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime committed by another." So far the discreditable and painful episode is at an end; but it has revealed an evilness of character among the highest officials in France that bodes ill for the future of the nation of which such men are the trusted leaders.

The Peace Conference may be considered as the third most memorable event of the year, although more on account of its present interest than

of any permanent influence it is likely to exercise in the destinies of Europe. There can be no doubt that the enormous increase in military expenditure, and in the size and equipment of armies, is imposing a burden upon the population of Europe that is becoming well-nigh insupportable, and that the Czar, in inviting a Conference to deal with the question, has been actuated by a high and honourable impulse that deserves the generous response with which it was received. The Hague, the seat of government of the Kingdom of Holland, was selected as the place of meeting, and the Conference assembled there on May 20th, each nation of Europe, as well as the United States, being represented. The specific proposals which the Conference was invited to consider and express its agreement to were four in number: first, that there should be no increase in the existing armaments for a definite period of time; second, that there should be no increase in the war budgets of the different nations represented; third, that fresh regulations should be adopted for the protection of the wounded in battle or of vessels disabled in naval conflict; and, fourth, that a limit should be set to the increase of scientific improvements in naval equipment. Each of these points formed the subject of exhaustive

**Arbitration Schemes.** discussion, as well as various schemes of arbitration that were suggested as expedients for the settling of international questions of dispute that would otherwise lead to war. In the end, the Conference concluded its sittings on the 29th of July without having accomplished any tangible results in the shape of an agreement between the powers, but there is no doubt that the cause of peace has been advanced by the discussions and the idea of a permanent Court of Arbitration has been for the first time brought within the range of practical politics. It is understood that the Czar was himself greatly

mortified at the failure of the Conference to achieve more important results, and a rumour of his intended abdication was regarded by many as not altogether without foundation. He appears to be a man of melancholy temperament, and much weighed down with the responsibilities of his position and the arduous duties of the administration of the mighty Empire of which he is the despotic ruler. He has no son, and in the event of his death or abdication the Grand Duke Michael, believed to be a prince of high character and reputation, would succeed to the throne.

The direct relations of Great Britain with foreign powers have generally been of a highly satisfactory character. In Lord Salisbury we have as our foreign minister

**Lord Salisbury and Foreign Relations.**

the most experienced and respected diplomatist in Europe, and one who has proved himself under the most difficult circumstances to be strong, wise and temperate. His position at the head of affairs is the best possible guarantee for the safety and prosperity of the Empire, and under his management of our foreign relations, England has reached a position of strength and security rarely known in her history. The friendship and good feeling between England and the United States that have been the outcome of our attitude during the Spanish war shows no sign of weakening in spite of the tail-twisting exertions of the Irish politicians. These gentlemen have been rather giving themselves away of late by their resolutions of sympathy with the Dervishes in Egypt and the Boers in South Africa, and while no one regards very seriously these exhibitions of hatred to England and enthusiasm for her foes, whether they are the blood-thirsty and barbarous tribes of the Sudan or the corrupt oligarchy of the Transvaal, they serve as an object lesson to other nations, and especially to the Americans, of the unfitness of the Irish for any creature of

self government that would place them in a position where they would have resources at their command to employ in making common cause with our foes. We have traitors in the camp whose presence we are compelled to endure, but we can hardly be expected to show our appreciation of their sentiments by giving them an independent command. As an instance of the feeling

**Anglo-American Friendship.**

towards England in the highest quarters of the United States, and the sense of their obligation to us, a speech may be quoted that was delivered at a banquet given in his honour at the Army and Navy Club in New York by General Woodford, the United States Ambassador at Madrid up to the time of the outbreak of the war. After making the statement that with the sinking of the *Maine* almost the entire available supply of ammunition for the United States Navy went to the bottom, leaving barely two rounds a gun for the whole fleet, and that he was in consequence instructed by his Government to exhaust all the arts of peace to avoid an outbreak of war till after April 15th, he proceeded to say: "Had it not been for the unfaltering, unchanging and loyal friendship of England and the attitude of her Minister at Madrid, I might have failed, because the representatives of Continental Europe at Madrid were ready at any time to interfere with the plans of the United States if the British Minister would only join them." If any further proof was needed as to the improvement in the character of the relations between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, it is only necessary to refer to the reception accorded Sir Thomas Lipton and the *Shamrock*, when all classes combined to welcome the visitors, and the great international concert passed off without a jarring note or unpleasant incident.

The subject of the relations between Great Britain and the United States must not be dismissed with

out reference to the still unsettled question of the Alaskan boundary, involving the right of possession of the natural gateway to the gold-fields of the Yukon.

**Alaskan Boundary Question.**

The question hinges on the interpretation of the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, concluded between the powers when Alaska was a Russian possession, and forty-two years before its sale to the United States Government. By the terms of this treaty Russia was given possession of a narrow strip of territory lying between the ocean and Canadian territory, and extending inland from the coast for a distance of ten leagues. The point at issue is the meaning to be attached to the word "coast." It might seem an easy matter to draw an imaginary line measured at a distance of ten leagues from the seashore, but the difficulty arises when an inlet or arm of the sea is met penetrating far into the interior. Should the line be carried across such an estuary or carried up to and round the head of the tidal waters? The Canadian contention, as applied to the Lynn Canal, is that it should be carried across from point to point, leaving Canada in possession of the important towns of Skagway and Dyea that lie at the head of the inlet and nearly 100 miles from the open sea. The Americans claim that the coast line means the bank of the estuary, and they support their claim by right of prior possession, inasmuch as the little trading and fishing posts that have now become important towns and seaports have always been administered as United States possessions. They have refused to consider their claim as a subject for arbitration, and at present neither party shows any sign of yielding. Various suggestions have been offered as affording a possible solution of the difficulty, but at present there exists a rather unpleasant "dead lock," while the action of the Provincial Legislature of British Columbia in passing stringent regulations

with the object of excluding American miners and American mining enterprises from Canadian territory has not served to pour oil on the troubled waters. Apart, however, from a few "hot heads" on both sides, there is no disposition to force matters to extremities, and it is reasonable to hope that the resources of diplomacy will not be exhausted without finding some means of reconciling the conflicting claims or, at any rate, of devising a working compromise.

**Treaty with France.** With France Lord Salisbury has entered into an agreement in respect to disputed territory in Africa that, it may be hoped, will terminate the series of disagreeable episodes that have so continually threatened the peace of the two nations. By this agreement France is secured in the possession of a very large extent of territory in Northern Central Africa, extending from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and from the Nile Valley to Lake Chad. On the other hand, the position of England is recognized in the Soudan and the Valleys of the Nile and of its tributary, the Bahr El Gazelle. This removes all pretext for French interference in the Soudan, where, under the extraordinarily able and successful administration of the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, peace and order have been restored and good government established. In the

**Opening up of the Soudan.** regions formerly devastated by the barbarous hordes of the Mahdi life and property will soon be as secure as in Canada, and it was recently announced through official channels that by the end of the year railway communication will be established between Cairo and Khartoum, with a regular and well equipped dining and sleeping car service. The civilization of the Soudan and the emancipation of its inhabitants have added one more to the long list of England's triumphs in the cause of freedom, righteousness and peace,

one more of the dark places of the earth where her presence has brought to an end the dominion of barbarism, cruelty and lust, and opened the way for commerce, education and the spread of the Gospel of Christ. In connection with the Soudan, mention may be made of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway scheme of Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

**Cape-to-Cairo Railway.** Whether this vast undertaking, involving the construction of 3,500 miles of railway through the heart of the Dark Continent, will ever assume practical shape, is a dream of the future in which it would be hardly safe to risk a prediction. It cannot be considered a much wilder project or less possible of fulfilment than the idea of a railway connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific through the northern portion of the American Continent must have appeared at the beginning of the present century, and many of our readers may live to see an "Imperial Limited," with through Pullman "sleepers," running from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, and carrying passengers from one end of Africa to the other with the speed, comfort and regularity with which they are at present transported every day from Montreal to Vancouver.

**Anglo-German Agreement.** An agreement with Germany, by which the troublesome Samoan question has been disposed of to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned, is another of the diplomatic successes of Lord Salisbury, and, immediately followed as it was by the visit to the Queen of the German Emperor and the cordial welcome accorded by all classes of the people to the distinguished guest, has opened the way to a better understanding between Germany and England than has existed for many years previously. Commercially each nation is the benefactor of the other in almost all the markets of the world, and the competition of German and British manufactures is one of the successful

to be appreciated, is applying a wholesome stimulus to the over-conservative and slow going methods of English traders. Business rivalry, however, should be no more an obstacle to international than to individual good feeling. We have much in common with the Germans in religion, in national characteristics and political aspirations, and the reigning families of the two countries are connected with each other by the closest ties of kinship. England has no cause for quarrel with Germany, and Germany, in her policy of colonial expansion and in her ambitious designs for extending her influence both in Asia Minor and the far East, has everything to gain by cultivating the friendship and support of England. The condition of affairs in Samoa that existed at the beginning of the year, although hardly to be called critical, was sufficiently

**Samoa** a collision that, while  
**Question** unimportant in itself,

might create an exceedingly awkward situation. The Samoan group, as a good many of our readers are no doubt aware, consists of fourteen volcanic islands in the South Pacific Ocean, situated in the direct track of steamships between Australia and North America. The area of the group is about 1,700 square miles and the population is estimated as 34,000. The greater portion of both the area and population is contained in the three islands of Upolu, Savaii and Tutuila. Previous to the present treaty the Governments of Great Britain, Germany and the United States exercised a joint control over the affairs of the islands. At the beginning of the present year a state of civil war existed among the natives, the contestants being two rival chiefs, Malietoa and Mataafa. The representatives of Great Britain and the United States supported the claims of Malietoa, the German of Mataafa. The American and British warships assisted in the ultimate defeat of Mataafa's forces

and, unfortunately, in a skirmish that took place, the lives of a naval officer and nine seamen were sacrificed, part of the number being British and the rest Americans. This naturally inflamed the feelings of the British and Americans against the Germans, and at one time the incident seemed likely to lead to grave complications. By the new agreement the spheres of influence of the different nations have been precisely defined. England has definitely renounced to Germany her claim to the islands of Upolu and Savaii, and Tutuila is handed over to the United States. In compensation England acquires all of the Tonga group of islands and the two principal islands of the Solomon group, so that with the exception of the Samoan islands, now divided between Germany and the United States, and the group comprising the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, which belong to France, the whole of the Western Pacific is a British preserve. The settlement of territory in Africa, that has hitherto formed a subject of dispute, is a scarcely less important feature of the new Anglo-German agreement, and the partition of the respective spheres of the two powers has been accomplished in a manner highly satisfactory to Great Britain, as opening up an immense extent of fresh territory to her trade. Furthermore, Germany has abandoned certain "extra territorial" rights that she has hitherto claimed in the province of Zanzibar, and which have hampered our position as the actual rulers of that country and proved a fruitful source of friction and misunderstandings.

By these treaties with Germany and France the scramble for territory in Africa may be said to have reached its final stage. The whole continent has been apportioned between the various European powers whose ambitions lie in that direction, and the several nations have now each their allotted field for their

colonizing activities. It remains to be seen what success will attend these activities. Hitherto France has been singularly unfortunate in her colonial enterprises. Like Spain, she regards her colonies as estates to be administered, not with a view to the benefit and advancement of the inhabitants, but as a field of profitable employment for armies of functionaries and a direct source of gain to the Mother Country. Her rule is generally oppressive and often cruel, and her colonial policy is one of extortion and greed. In the Congo Free State the Belgians have signally failed up to the present time in restoring order, and the sanguine expectations of King Leopold of developing an India on the Congo have so far met with disappointment and disaster. Within the past twelve months there has been a general mutiny of the black troops in the Belgian service, and a deplorable state of anarchy exists that will probably only cease with the withdrawal of the Belgians from the Congo and the relinquishment of their territorial rights in favour of some power that is better equipped both in experience and resources for the work of establishing law and order. In contrast with the failure of the Belgians on the Congo, it is gratifying to record the unrivalled success of the Royal Niger Company, the great British corporation that, under **Royal Niger Company.** Sir George Goldie, has administered an immense extent of territory in the region of the Niger River. The friendship of the native chiefs has been secured, and an extensive and profitable trade developed. The territories over which the Company has hitherto exercised jurisdiction has lately been taken over by the British Government, together with their fleet of steamers and other effects, the price paid to the company being £205,000. By this transaction the Niger Company's territories become a British possession,

and a little of half a million people will be very nearly equal to twice the combined **Russia and China** area of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, have been added to the dominions of the Queen.

Russia is a power upon whom it has too often proved in the past that agreements, treaties and promises have little binding power; but it is satisfactory to note that an agreement with her has been concluded that will protect the interests of England in the event of that dissolution of the unwieldy, huge fabric of the Chinese Empire that is generally believed to be in the near future. We have no desire to acquire territory in China, and the task of the re-organization of the Chinese Empire would be an undertaking that, with India, Egypt and South Africa already on our hands, no English statesman would care to see us committed to. We have, however, to protect the interests of our immense and important Chinese trade and to see that when the inevitable scramble occurs we are not altogether shut out. We have now secured the recognition of Russia to our claim to regard the vast and fertile valley of the Yntze River as our exclusive sphere of influence, and in consideration of this recognition and the pledge of Russia that she will neither undertake nor encourage any railway enterprise in the territory that we have ear-marked for ourselves, we have given a similar pledge in favour of Russia in respect to all Chinese territory north of the Great Wall. Very considerable railway concessions have already been secured from the Chinese Government for British enterprises within the limits of our sphere of influence, and there is every prospect of an active development of our trade in the region in which we are now secured from the interference of Russian intrigue and political opposition. Other nations besides Russia and Great Britain have been asserting their claims in China and wringing concessions of territory or trading privileges from

the corrupt cowardly and imbecile government at Peking. England would have preferred the policy of the "Open Door," maintaining the political independence of the Chinese Empire but throwing open the trade of the country to all comers. This generous and essentially free trade policy has been rendered impossible by the weakness and rottenness of the whole fabric of the Chinese Government, and we have been

**Spheres of Influence.** forced to accept the alternative policy of "Sphere of Influence";

in other words, the apportionment in advance of Chinese territory between the different powers, and then waiting for the inevitable collapse to take possession of our allotted share. It seems likely that we shall fare as well as anyone else when the final allotment comes to pass, and meanwhile the sagacity, firmness and skill of Lord Salisbury have secured for us all we could expect to gain without any rupture of peaceable relations with any of the interested powers. Japan is an uncertain element in the situation, and rumours are current that justify the belief that Russia will not be allowed to appropriate quietly the great province of Manchuria that she has allotted to herself and which is traversed by her Trans-Asian railway. The statement that a conflict is impending between Russia and Japan has been vehemently denied, but none the less the cloud no bigger than a man's hand may be the forerunner of the tempest. Japan has neither forgotten nor forgiven the intervention of Russia at the close of the Chinese war, by which she was largely deprived of the coveted fruits of her victories. Since that time she has made large additions to her fleet and strengthened both her military and naval forces. The Japanese are a high-spirited ambitious people. They are greatly overcrowded in their own country, and would have made themselves masters of a considerable slice of Chinese territory had not Russia interfered. It is not unlikely

that they have in the least abandoned their designs, and those who have closely watched the development of the Japanese Ambitions the situation believe that Japan is only biding her time to strike a blow at Russian power and influence in China. She could obviously do this more effectually before the completion of the Great Siberian Railway has established direct means of communication between Russia and the Pacific. She is probably far more than a match for Russia at sea, and on land the Russian forces would be fighting, under present conditions, at an enormous distance from their base. A war between Russia and Japan might not greatly affect England, but, on the other hand, it might only be the beginning of a desperate struggle for supremacy in China, of which it would be impossible for us to remain passive spectators, and in which we might soon have to defend our own rights with the sword.

Meanwhile in the Philippine Islands the United States is finding her task of taking up the white man's burden an unexpectedly severe tax upon her resources and trial to her patience. The mongrel population of the Islands has shown the bad taste to offer the same resistance to the authority of the United States and the Philippines. the Americans as they did previously to that of the Spaniards. Their leader, Aguinaldo, is evidently a man of considerable parts, and has shown himself to be possessed of courage and resource in maintaining a guerilla warfare against the United States troops. The latter have suffered severely, less from the attacks of the enemy than from the effects of the deadly climate and from the inefficiency of the arrangements of the commissariat department. Only one really important battle has been fought with the native troops, which took place on the 5th of February. The force under command of Aguinaldo

numbered, it was estimated, 30,000 men, and were totally routed, although with a loss to the Americans of 250 lives. Since then the rebel forces have confined themselves to harassing attacks upon the American positions, in all of which they have been beaten off, but not without loss of life to their opponents. They, in fact, appear and disappear very much at their own convenience, taking advantage of the ample cover afforded by the dense jungle with which the country is covered, and in their retreat burning behind them the wretched collections of huts that are inaccurately described as towns. They are undeniably brave, and have developed an unexpected power of resistance and capacity for the kind of desultory warfare that has been carried on throughout the year. The American commander, General Otis, seems to be rather too heavy a weight for his position, and he has hardly displayed the capacity for organization and constructive ability necessary to cope successfully with the condition of anarchy, conspiracy and ruin that is the legacy of centuries of Spanish misrule.

The prolonged campaign, that seems to bring neither glory nor profit, is being watched with increasing impatience in the United States, and the Anti-Imperialist party, who have consistently opposed the annexation of the Philippines on any terms, have made considerable party capital over the failure of the Administration either to suppress the insurgents or to establish any permanent form of government. It has, no doubt, proved a hard task for the American Government, but they have approached it in a wise and enlightened spirit. The treaty with

Spain that followed the close of the war left them in military occupation of territories that had become utterly impoverished by the Spanish and government and demoralized by the state of anarchy that had resulted from the overthrow of the Spanish

power. They have been called to restore order and to re-establish the elements of prosperity, and in doing so have had to set aside for the time being many preconceived ideas and maxims of government that have been accepted as the political creed and gospel of the American people. They have had to govern without the consent of the governed, and to enforce their sway by very severe and drastic measures; and they have had to leave the politicians at home in the administration of their newly acquired possessions and entrust their affairs to naval and military officers who are trained and educated men, will obey orders, can enforce obedience in subordinates and can be shot for misconduct. In Cuba the task of pacification will be lightened by a large influx of population from the States, whose presence will create business, provide employment and assist the educational process by which the native population can be brought to adapt themselves to free institutions and to acquire habits of thrift and industry. The Philippines, on the contrary, are a "white man's grave" and will never be a desirable field for colonization. The people are fairly intelligent and have a smattering of civilization, but are at present entirely unfitted for self government. The prospect of having to rule several millions of Asiatics at the other side of the world, and to be responsible for their good behaviour, is highly repugnant to a large section of the American people, but we believe they will realize that a duty has been imposed upon them by the stern arbitrament of war that they cannot refuse without loss of national honour. The fact that they are engaged in the work of civilizing dark races that has been England's mission in so many quarters of the Globe has, no doubt had an harmonizing effect in strengthening the ties of friendship between the two countries, and violently and completely repudiated the political slogan of an "England who has business interests in the Philippines" that some of our

were to be the destiny of the great Anglo-Saxon nations to march side by side in bearing the blessings of law and order, of peace, education and Christianity to helpless, oppressed and barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples. The next Presidential election, which will take place in November, 1900, will determine how far the people of the United States have accepted their newly-incurred responsibilities. The cam-

**American Political Parties.** campaign will be fought chiefly on the issue of Imperialism or Anti-Imperialism, although "Anti-Trusts" will be a strong and popular plank in the Bryanite platform. Those who accept the situation in the Philippines, and who generally desire to see the power and influence of the United States extending beyond the limit of their own country, will support President McKinley, although his administration has not been by any means faultless. He has in several instances been singularly unfortunate in the selection of his colleagues, notably in the case of Mr. Alger, who proved a lamentably incompetent War Minister. General Otis is not a Lord Kitchener, and is regarded by a good many as a round peg in a square hole, while grave charges of inefficiency and corruption have been brought against several leaders in the war, and not very successfully disproved. None the less President McKinley has generally retained the confidence of his supporters, and throughout the crisis in the national history during which he has been at the helm, he has guided affairs with prudence and judgment, and at the same time has shown that when the occasion required he could act with vigour and promptness. His opponent, Mr. Bryan, is a fluent and prolific orator, but in the multitude of his words there lack the not much-forgotten political clap-net. He undoubtedly possesses remarkable powers of winning popularity, but he imparts no confidence in the stability and future of the country. He is a very

thing essential in the important and arduous position he aspires to occupy. There are many cross currents in American politics, and it is seldom safe to forecast election results, but we can hardly conceive that Mr. Bryan, with all his efforts to play to the gallery, will succeed in arousing a sufficient degree of popular enthusiasm for his crude and contracted notions of government and the national destiny to carry him to the White House. The Silver Question is scarcely any longer a live issue, and little is now heard of the "16 to 1" theories of which Mr. Bryan was the foremost apostle and exponent. The Anti-Expansionists will rally round the Bryanite standard, and his crusade against trusts and monopolies will attract a large section of voters, especially in the West. It cannot be denied that the existence of these gigantic combinations that now control the price and output of scores of articles of daily consumption is a danger and a detriment to the welfare of the people. A mere handful of men can at any moment double the price or restrict the supply of such articles as soap, writing paper, sewer pipes, wire, lead, oil and sugar. Competition is effectually crushed by the enormous strength of the combi-

**Trusts and Combines.** nations, and the consumer is absolutely at their mercy. Unfortunately, the resources of the principal trusts are so vast, and can so easily be replenished, that they have enormous funds available for political purposes, and what money can do outside the walls of Congress money can do within. We expect that many of the most violent anti-trust agitators at present on the stump as candidates for Congress will suddenly become strangely mute and apathetic on the subject when they have taken their places. Political integrity is unhappily a plant of slow growth in the United States, and while the abominations of Tammany Hall flourish unchecked and unattended

in the commercial capital of the country, the promoters of trusts and monopolies have little cause to fear any change of administration. In spite, however, of her monopolists and politicians, the United States is at the present time passing through a period of almost unexampled prosperity. Wealth is being heaped up on an almost bewildering scale; men of fortune are springing up like mushrooms, and the volume of trade and business activity is increasing by leaps and bounds.

Underneath it all, and in sharpest contrast to the luxury and ostentation of the wealthy classes, there lies a seething mass of ignorance, poverty and disaffection which is daily being recruited by the huge volume of European immigration, that at the present time is being drawn almost exclusively from the lowest elements of population. Poles, Italians, Hungarians and Jews from all quarters of Europe are flocking in tens of thousands into New York, Chicago and the other great cities. None of these people assimilate readily with the American population, and they remain exclusively in the cities and large towns, where they form foreign colonies and live in filth, ignorance and squalor. When the lean years succeed to the present era of prosperity, as they inevitably will, the presence of these elements will constitute a very formidable social problem; but meantime the American nation is making haste to be rich, and the almighty dollar is enshrined on the altars of the land.

In England itself the past year has been one of the most prosperous in her history. The revenue has expanded far beyond the most sanguine estimates; there has been an extraordinary demand for both

filled and unfilled labour, manufactures are generally employed to their full capacity, and the country is humming with a foreign trade and shipping business more

active than there is in the whole of Europe. There is not the splendour and display of wealth that is every where manifest in the United States, but among the mass of the population there is a higher standard of comfort, a greater freedom from pressure and far more general content. There is probably a larger proportion of the population in England who can be described as comfortably well off than in any country in the world. Our public burdens press less heavily than those of any other nation, and we impose fewer restrictions upon personal liberty. Our people are well educated, well governed and at present well employed, and the eightieth year of the life of our Gracious Sovereign has been amongst the most happy and progressive in the annals of England's domestic history. Even Ireland is quiet and prosperous. The politicians are earning their wages by proclaiming throughout the country the virtues of Ireland for the success of the Khedifa in the Sudan or the Boers in the Transvaal; but meanwhile the Irish regiments are heroically facing death for the honour of the flag, and Irish men in scores and hundreds are performing deeds of valour or laying down their lives in the service of the Empire.

In Australia, the federation of the Colonies is at last within sight, and the conflicting interests that have caused one member and another of the group to hold aloof seem to be adjusting themselves.

Here in Canada, where similar differences that once existed are a memory of the past, and which we have for so many years been enjoying the benefits of federation, we find it a little difficult to appreciate the real particulars that are impeding construction in the way of what is generally held a natural and the ever-way-to-be arrangement, but the fact that the Canadian continent has been by and large a very successful one, both

**England's  
Industrial  
Progress**

Let us, and they have not the same course to realize that Union is strength. A meeting of the Premiers of the various Australian Colonies, that was held early in the year, unanimously approved the principle of federation, and the project, having thus been accepted by the heads of the Governments, it may be expected that a scheme will be forthcoming that will be acceptable both to the Home Government and to the people of the different Provinces; and that the Commonwealth of Australia will before long take her place in the family of nations. The Pacific Cable scheme, by which direct telegraphic communication will be established between Canada and Australia, is an interesting and important development in the recent history of the Empire. During the past year the

**Pacific  
Cable  
Scheme**

great undertaking has been placed in charge of a Board of Commissioners, representing Great Britain, Canada and the Australian Colonies. The shares of the company will be taken up by the respective governments, Great Britain and the Dominion taking five eighteenths each of the total amount, and New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand and Queensland one-ninth each. The route will be from Vancouver, via Fenning Island and Fiji to Norfolk Island, and branching thence to Queensland and New Zealand. The immense reduction in the cost of communication will undoubtedly have the effect of facilitating business relations between the two countries, and it will give England communication with her Australasian Colonies without touching any but British possessions. There seems good reason to anticipate that the undertaking will prove a paying concern from the first, and that ultimately it will furnish a source of revenue to the different governments. Another aspect of our relations with Australia has attracted a great deal of interest and attention on the part of the public

of the British public, who are little concerned with either the prospects of Federation or the Pacific Cable scheme. The Australian cricket team has been covering itself with glory during the past season, in all parts of England, defeating one after another of the crack English "elevens." Of the five great "test" matches between the Australians and "all England" elevens, four ended in a draw, and the fifth was won by the Colonials, so that they retired with the honours of victory, and the Mother Country has had to acknowledge herself fairly beaten in the national game.

We must not attempt more than the briefest mention of the award of the arbitrators appointed to determine the boundaries between British Guiana and Venezuela. It will

**Venezuelan  
Award**

be remembered how the attitude of President Cleveland to this question, and the affront offered to Great Britain in his famous despatch in which he proclaimed the United States as the champion of Venezuela, brought the two countries dangerously near to the verge of war. The hideous catastrophe and crime of a conflict upon such an issue was only averted by the moderation and good sense of Lord Salisbury, and when the Americans had recovered from their little fit of jingoism, it was agreed to refer the whole question to a Board of Arbitrators, including two of the most distinguished judges of the United States Supreme Court, whose decision should be accepted as final. The case was argued at great length by the eminent lawyers engaged on both sides, and has ended in a unanimous award by the arbitrators under which 60,000 square miles of the disputed territory are declared to belong to Great Britain and about 200 square miles to Venezuela. The result has abundantly vindicated the justice of the British claim, and may be regarded as a signal victory for us as the close of the prolonged and serious dispute.

What is generally termed the Ritual Question has, during the past year, been the subject of an immense amount of bitter and angry controversy in the press, on the platform and in Parliament, and has absorbed a large measure of public attention. It has arisen in the determined attempt of a small section of the clergy of the Church of England to re-introduce into the services and teaching of the National Church those doctrines and practices that are regarded as the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome. The men who are identified with the movement to restore compulsory confession, the sacrifice of the Mass, prayers for the dead, the ceremonial use of incense, the reservation of the elements in the Communion Service and the adoration of the Virgin, undoubtedly include many Churchmen of the highest character, zeal and devotion, while the proceedings and utterances of the more violent section of the Protestant party have often been indecent and reprehensible in the extreme. It is perfectly clear, however, that the great body of the English people have no leaning in the direction of Rome, and that the attempt to Romanize the Church of England, or to approximate in any way her ritual, doctrines, and practices to those of the Church of Rome, is entirely repugnant to the wishes and convictions of those who form the bulk of her adherents. The general disposition of the English people, and of English churchmen, is to allow the fullest possible degree of liberty of conscience and worship, and there is no desire to make martyrs of the adherents of any section of the Church. It is not coming apparent to every one that there are men in the Church who are taking her name upon themselves, and setting her credentials at naught, in order to influence the world, and to secure the influence and domination of Rome. The general principle, that forms the basis of her creed, that no man should be compelled to believe the things which

she teaches, and that she should not be purged from the Church of England at the time of the Reformation, and at the cost of the lives of some of the noblest of her sons. The excesses of these men and their open defiance of the authorities of the Church have at length raised a storm of indignant protest that should convince the extreme party that neither the people or the Parliament of England will permit this betrayal of their sacred trust on the part of those who have pledged themselves to defend the Reformed faith and doctrine. If Lord Halifax and his brethren of the English Church Union are wise, they will recognize that Englishmen of the present day are as strongly Protestant as in the days of Elizabeth and William III., and entertain as lively a horror of anything that savours of priestcraft, idolatry and Papacy, and they will submit to the remonstrances of the Bishops who, it must be confessed, in a rather half-hearted and selfish spirit, are at last endeavouring to cope with the lawlessness in the Church that has aroused such strong popular indignation. The progress of the struggle is, no doubt, eagerly watched in Rome,

**The Pope and Papal Power**

where the aged Pope, now in his ninetieth year, still retains possession of his faculties and directs with marvellous astuteness the vast system of which he is at the head. We can hardly imagine that the outlook of the world from the Papal standpoint can be very encouraging, and despite the extraordinary skill and untiring vigilance by which the Romish power is supported, it must be apparent that the chains of Papal domination are losing their binding power wherever men are learning to think and act for themselves, and to exercise the rights of private judgment and liberty of conscience.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Pope is surrounded by the riches and splendour of a monarch. Prosperity is his, and he is surrounded by the pomp and splendour of a monarch. It is hardly necessary to say that the Pope is surrounded by the riches and splendour of a monarch.

good, trade flourishing, prices improving, labour in active demand. There has been a change of government in Manitoba, and it is to be hoped that there will soon be a similar change in British Columbia. The Premier of Ontario has retired from public life and there has been a consequent re-arrangement of the Ontario Cabinet, but otherwise the political history of the year has been uneventful. The Federal Government at Ottawa seems to have maintained its strength in the country, in spite of the formidable artillery of the Opposition. We should transgress our rule to maintain in UPS AND DOWNS an attitude of strict impartiality in all political questions in which our readers have a direct interest if we were to express any opinion as to the record of Sir Wilfred Laurier's administration, and suffice it to say that we enthusiastically appreciate the boon of the two-cent postage, and that we consider the immigration of the Dunkhobers, the Quakers, and the sect from Southern Russia, of whom we read that some have been

settled on vacant lands in the North-West during the past year as an achievement of which the Government may well be proud, inasmuch as it has added to the population of the country a large number of thrifty, industrious, law-abiding people.

We are very far from having exhausted the history of 1899, and

**An  
Incomplete  
Task.**

there are many interesting and important incidents that we have been obliged to pass over. We can only hope, however, that the hurried glance we have taken at some of the leading events of the day will stimulate the interest of our boys in the great drama that is going on around them, and be a means of drawing some of their attention from their own personal and local affairs to those of the great world beyond, and especially of the mighty Empire of which we form a part, and which seems destined, under God's Providence, to play so noble and glorious a part in the evolution of mankind.

ARTHUR D. COOPER.



## Home Chat

WE are represented in the Canadian Contingent now making its way to the front in South Africa by Albert Edward Merrix, aged twenty-one, an old Buckenhill boy, who came out with the March party of 1892. We feel satisfied that Albert will do his duty as a soldier of the Queen, and we trust that he may be spared to return safe and sound to his friends in Canada.

Correspondence has been brisk during the past three months, and there are many hundreds of letters to our hand from which to extract items of news of boys and their affairs. Under such circumstances, it is always a difficult matter to know where to begin and where to end, and we have to be content with a rather rough-and-ready selection.

We begin with a very old friend whom, considering that he will never see thirty again, we can hardly describe as a "boy," and his letter that we publish gives a record of patient continuance in well-doing that we can hold up as a pattern to any and all of our readers:

DEAR SIR, I received your kind letter, and am glad to write a few lines about my ups and downs since I came out to Canada from Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Well, to begin, I was sent to Mr. Robert Peebles in the year 1883, in June. My stay with him was nearly a year at Kilbride, and then he moved to Salmonville, which is now called Terra Cotta. Now I was with him there seven years, and after that he moved again to Inglewood, where I stayed nearly two more years with him, making in all nine years and nine months. He used me well all the time, and his wife was like a mother to me. Well, I thought then I would like a change, being all that time on a farm, farming all that time, so I left in February, 1893. I did nothing for a month, only rested myself by visiting some of the old boys that came out a year before me. I had a good rest, and I went to work again. Well, then my second master was Mr. David Graham, Sons & Company, Woollen Mill. I started with him to work in March, 1893. I am still with him yet, and I have been married for nearly five years and have a beautiful young girl. I never did believe in counting the years.

I always think of that old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." True it is. Well, I saved my money and I went and bought a house and lot with it. Am making good wages now and am still working, and the best of all, I am trusting in Jesus for the future. I have never been sorry that I came out to Canada. I like the country well and the people that are in it.

HARRY WOODS.

We have rather a fancy for contrasts, and we shall certainly exhibit a striking one in following our friend Mr. Wood's letter with a communication that was sent to us for publication by one of our stray sheep. It reads like a romance, but we have good reason to know that it is strictly authentic. We have explained to the writer that we publish his experiences not as an example, but as a warning to our friends. We will publish the letter just as it stands, sentimental passages and all, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

### LETTERS FROM AMERICA

#### THE EXPERIENCES OF A BARNARDO BOY.

I was born in the town of Brighton, Sussex county, England, in the year 1877 A.D. My mother died while I was quite young. My father then went from bad to worse, and so provided but a scant living for his three children, myself being the youngest. In 1884 I was placed in the care of Dr. T. J. Barnardo, where I received a training that has served me many a time since. On June 13th, 1889, I was brought to Canada by Mr. A. B. Owen and "bound out" to a farmer near Niagara. The following spring I was transferred across the River Niagara to a Mr. Galen Miller, of Lewiston, N.Y. The following winter a family came to keep house for my "bo's." They claimed to be from Grand Rapids, Michigan. They told me all about Michigan, which sounded well to me "green" as I was, they said they were going back, and I could try with them in Michigan, and I could do that in a week, say, without thinking of the cost, so I went on April 1st, 1890, with fifty cents. I was out some of the night, but I was not strange, and a strange hotel I reached I found one in Grand Rapids, who had a very good night's work. My money was gone, but I had a wife from Michigan, and I was in a very happy

I had a "thought" at the one o'clock night. It came at last. I trodged on until for safety I was obliged to lie down, and was soon fast asleep on the roadside. How long I lay there I don't know, for I was awakened rather suddenly to see a big, stout man bending over me. After asking me several questions, he lifted me into his buggy. I was soon fast asleep; when I again woke I found myself lying on a sofa. I looked around me; everything showed evidence of prosperity and refinement. I began to realize where I was, and seeing a door, I started for it, when just as I reached it I was lifted up and carried to the sofa from which I had just arose. That was more than I could bear, and so, bursting into tears, I cried myself to sleep. When I awoke, the fire was burning brightly, day was breaking. I helped to milk eight cows; I was given plenty to eat and a lunch to carry with me. They gave me good advice and tried to prevail on me to stay. However, I started out again and began to realize the seriousness of my position. I soon procured work, pulling red-root at fifty cents per day for two days, and thus I earned my first dollar in America. Of course I felt rich. I was able to pay for my lodgings. I eventually reached Detroit, Michigan, having walked some 230 miles. On the 16th of April, 1891, I turned from the railroad and, after walking about a mile, I stopped at a farmhouse situated on the outskirts of the city. The owner was a Frenchman, Mr. Charles Rouleau, whom I worked for some twenty-one months, first at a dollar a week, then with a gradual rise to ten dollars per month.

On January 1st, 1893, I went to work for a baker at three dollars per week, and in May of 1893 I went to work at the Michigan Bolt Nut Works. The foreman saw I was very apt at learning, so I was soon running a machine in consequence. Time went on, and I worked first at one thing, then another; but when winter came, I quit my job and thought I would go back to farm work. But I soon found my money nearly gone, and out of a home to go to. Being too independent, I would not go to any of the places I had left, and so one night, while on my way to accept a situation, I became so sleepy, I laid down on the side of the road, the snow being quite deep; but I did not mind it. However, I awoke next morning, just at the break of day, to find myself nearly frozen to death. All feeling seemed to have left me; I rubbed my hands with snow until I could ease the pains caused by the contraction of the blood; then, pulling off my shoes and socks, I ran up and down the road, stopping only long enough to scratch a handful of snow with which to rub my feet. Desperately going through such a sport I soon returned to my thoughts. Ever to my mind and do I wear by the side of my "Home" "Bible" or "Bible" made there in the public library. Do a reader

if ever you are tempted to leave your home, stop and think; study well your part before starting out in the cold world, for you will have a rough road to travel. I have almost "starved in the midst of plenty." Perhaps it was my own fault; work I could not get, and I am too proud to beg, so thus for three days and nights have I went without even a morsel of bread. Although I am now a man of twenty-three years, I admit that at times overwhelming thoughts of home would cause me to cry myself to sleep. It's true I am alone in the world; no one to comfort me when in sorrow; no loving hand to guide me, so I go my own way. All the friends I have are friends I gain by traveling, and the world is full of such friends.

On December 20th, 1893, I went to a place near Ypsilanti, Mich., where I stayed all winter. In the spring of 1894, I again went to Detroit, working first at one thing then another.

In April of 1895, I went to a place (Mull) some thirteen miles south-east of Chatham, Ont., Canada, working a few months in a stove mill, then on a farm. While at Mull I made acquaintance with a "Home boy," Thomas Hyslop, who was wanting to go south, so with a little persuasion on his part, I decided to go with him. We were to go to Alabama and pick out a good location for gardening; one was to look after the garden and the other was to return to Detroit to run a stand on the market.

However, in November, 1897, together we started for the South. Our first stop was at Toledo, Ohio, after leaving Detroit, then to Cincinnati, Ohio. We then started through Kentucky afoot, with some fifty dollars in Canadian "greenbacks" in our pockets; but we could not buy anything with it, and, after walking eighty miles, we were obliged to go back to Cincinnati. Getting our money changed at a discount of three per cent., we went to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we spent Christmas, and there on Christmas Day I climbed the rugged sides of the Look-Out Mountain. On December 26th, 1897, we drew the balance of our money from the Bank (\$150) and then went on to Atlanta, Ga., then to Jacksonville, Fla., then to the deserted town of Sandford; Lakeland and Tampa, Fla. January 3rd, 1898, we sailed for Mobile, Ala., on the steamship *Florida*. We were in Mobile two days; I became very sick, so, after spending my remaining thirty dollars for doctors, January 16th, 1898, I was taken to the City Hospital, where at first it was thought I had yellow fever, but, after ten days, Prof. Moody, of this city, pronounced it typhoid fever. I got worse, had a high fever for eight weeks, and, after a struggle between life and death, I slowly came back to life. I had eventually become so weak that I could not raise my head off of my pillow. I was given up as beyond hope of recovery, but, youth with a strong constitution conquered. On June

27th, I left the hospital to enlist in the 2nd Regiment of Alabama Volunteer Infantry. I was advised by many friends not to go, because I was not strong enough, they said, to stand the hardship I would have to go through. But my enthusiastic English spirit predominated, so I enlisted at Mobile. Our regiment was mustered in May 11th, 1898. On June 27th, 1898, we were ordered to Miami, Fla. We were in expectation of being transported to Cuba from there. However, we soon changed our minds when we reached there, for we found ourselves about to camp in a veritable jungle. It was rather tough for me, after leaving a nice, soft bed in the hospital and a fine living (even luxuries), to be cramped up in a car, two soldiers to each seat with all their luggage, and live on hard-tack and side-bacon, and then to sleep on rocks, one big lime-rock for a pillow, two or three for a mattress and one for a foot-rest, with the sky for a covering. To make a long story short, it was a very tough life. While in the United States service I "fell in love" with a young lady of Alabama, when, after six months courtship, we were to be married; but as the time was getting nearer the wedding day, I decided that it was not right for me to marry until I could get cured of this disease of roaming from one place to another, and so two loving hearts were separated, perhaps never to meet again. However, I was mustered out of the United States service at Montgomery, Ala., then went to Forkinston, Miss., where I burned charcoal for Mr. A. Smith at \$1.50 a day, who swindled me out of ninety dollars in wages, and I could find no way in which to get it, so I left for New Orleans, La., where I sold charcoal on commission. For a while I did fairly well, but, however, I had to fad as in all else, so I was without work for three months, and, hearing that they were about to quarantine the city, I started for the North. Just 156 miles from New Orleans, at Heidelberg, Miss., I procured work at a saw mill. Having never worked in a saw mill before, I was given ninety cents per day. However, after a fortnight my wages were raised to one dollar per day, but the living was bad. Ten dollars per month for board! Corn-bread, bacon, beans, syrup and coffee, with rice about once a week, is the total bill of fare at Southern saw mills. Being in bad health, I then returned to the Mobile City Hospital, where I am at present working as night watchman at twelve dollars per month and board. Thus you have a brief sketch of my "forty years' experience in America."

GROVER T. ALBERT

As the above is copied from a contemporary of our friend, I can only say that it is a very different and a very remarkable story of the ups and downs of the life of a man who has had a very

years that will be appreciated by a good many of our readers. It is giving Charlie no more than his due in saying that his letter has not by any means done justice to himself. As his bankers and confidential advisers, we have had a good deal to do with his affairs, and no one knows better than ourselves what a thoroughly sensible, kind and good, if somewhat old-fashioned, head rests upon his shoulders. If we felt ourselves at liberty to publish the figures of his bank account, it would be a striking object lesson of what can be accomplished by thrift and steady effort. We should perhaps explain that his letter is in response to a suggestion that he should write a little account of his experiences for the benefit of the readers of UP AND DOWNS:

HAMILTON, Nov. 14th, 1899

Your letter of the 9th to hand yesterday, and contents noted. I must say that you have asked me a difficult thing to do, but I will do the best I can.

On Thursday, the 13th of June, 1880, the good ship *Lancaster* sailed from Liverpool, outward bound for Canada. Among the passengers were a large party of boys, myself among them. We had an excellent passage and enjoyed ourselves immensely, with the exception of the first two or three days, when most of us were troubled with a peculiar sensation at the pit of the stomach; but our hearty English appetites soon reasserted themselves, and before many days had passed a more jolly crowd of boys it would have been difficult to find. The trip up the St. Lawrence River was delightful; the scenery on both sides is very fine. We arrived at Quebec on Sunday the 23rd, and disembarked about 8 p.m., and, after regaling ourselves with a substantial supper, resumed our journey to Toronto via C.P.R. and reached that city on Tuesday at 2 a.m. By night the majority of us were installed in our respective situations.

My first home was in a little town called Woodstock, in Oxford county, among one of the finest farming districts of the Dominion. I was placed under the care of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cook, and I shall there, no one can doubt, have stayed with greater consideration and care than myself. Although no doubt I received their patient hospitality, during my stay there I was very much troubled with liver disease, and I can only say that the highest medical authorities of the day failed to cure me. It was a long and very painful illness, and I can only say

My next place was with Mr. Cosby's brother-in-law at Copetown, in County of Wentworth. I stayed there two years, getting sixty dollars for the first and one hundred dollars for the second year. I could now do almost any thing required to be done on the farm, and I thought a change would be for my benefit. I then hired with Mr. J. K. Jones, whose farm lay on the opposite side of the road. My wages here were one hundred and thirty dollars for the first year and fifteen dollars a month for seven months for the second. By this time I was pretty well known in the neighbourhood, and I knew I should never have any difficulty in getting work as long as I cared to stay around.

In November, 1894, I received word from my relatives in England that when my father died he had left a sum of money to be equally divided between my brother and myself. After consulting Mr. Owen, I decided to go over and see after it. I left the 3rd of December on the *S. S. Laurentian*, and arrived home in Luton, Beds., on the 10th. Unfortunately, I was not able to glean any reliable information concerning the money that was supposed to have been left, and I found that my trip over had been time and money lost. The winter of 1894-5 was an exceptionally cold one for England; the snow stayed on the ground for weeks, and a sleigh could occasionally be seen. The weather was fine and the sun shone almost as brightly as in Canada. I spent a very pleasant time visiting friends in London, Wellingboro, Bedford and other places. Towards the end of February, I felt as though I should like to get back to work, so I took passage on the *S. S. Monaghan*, which left Liverpool on the 4th of March. My second trip to Canada was in great contrast to my first. The first was in midsummer, the second in one of the roughest months of the year. We were beset by head-winds and heavy seas the whole distance across, and land was not sighted until the 11th day after leaving Liverpool. All of us were thankful to set foot once more on *terra firma*. Arriving in Toronto, I called to see Mr. Owen, and left the following day for Copetown, where I secured work with a Mr. Waugh for seven months at fourteen dollars a month. I continued working in this neighbourhood for three years, and a busy three years it was; hard at work from daylight till dark; out in the fields among the crops in summer, in winter out in the bush cutting and drawing logs and cordwood. That the climate of Canada is healthy goes without saying. Up to the summer of 1897, I had never had a day's sickness, and scarcely knew what it was to be tired, but now the hard work begins to tell on me, and I was troubled a good deal with rheumatism, and, as the fall came on, it did not improve. I came to the conclusion that I could not keep on long enough for hard work. I wrote C. M. O. on about it, and he at once taking

the North West, but I had heard so much about the cold winters, and had heard so many accounts of the country from people who had lived there, that I was dissuaded from going. My brother-in-law at Nottingham, Eng., with whom I corresponded, thought that if I returned to England and learned the confectionery business, I should get along all right, adding that he would do all that lay in his power to help me. After considering the matter for weeks I decided to try it, thinking it would be for my benefit. I bid adieu to Canada, as I thought, forever, on the 5th of January, 1898. I sailed on the *Scotsman* and arrived in Nottingham safely, and in the course of a few days was fortunate (or unfortunate) in securing a small business in Mansfield Road, one of the leading thoroughfares of the city. It was but a small shop and the trade had been let run down, on account of the lady who kept it being troubled a great deal with rheumatism; but I hoped and trusted that it would soon show signs of reviving. It did revive to some extent, but it never proved to be a paying business. Competition was strong and, to make matters worse, I found I could not get along with my brother-in-law. I wanted things done my way, and he wanted his own way. It went on like this until October, when I decided to sell out and move elsewhere or return to Canada. Finally I sold out to him, and decided to come back to Canada. I left England for Canada on the 26th of November on the *S. S. Labrador*. We had a remarkably fine trip, and called at Halifax on the 4th of December and left the next morning for St. John, N.B. We were caught in a terrific wind and rain storm, which lasted about five hours. However, we passed through it safely and reached St. John on Tuesday the 6th, from there via C.P.R. to Toronto.

I called at the Home, and rested for a day or two and tried to get work in the city. Not meeting with any success, I decided to go to Hamilton and look around there. Mr. Owen kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Harley, proprietor New Troy Laundry. I called on him, and he kindly asked me to stay, so that I could look around for work in town. Apart from farming, I found it was as hard to get work here as in the Old Country. On Saturday, I went to the market, hoping to get a job with some of the farmers. I was only able to get my board, however, by doing the chores. I was out on the farm for three weeks, when I received word from Mr. Harley, telling me he could offer me a place in the laundry if I cared for it. I accepted it, and have been here since with the exception of about seven weeks in summer, when I went into the confectionery business again, but it turned out to be a failure. At the present time, my prospects for the future are not very bright, but as long as I have health and strength to work and

earn an honest living I never did, and I know that all the good work of the year is good to them that have done it. I close, wishing

A Happy New Year to our friends far and near  
In our homestead, our cottage, our hall;  
To our friends far away here's a Happy New Year,  
And a Happy New Year to you all,  
May the path we may tread, as the New Year is  
round,  
Be as fair as the flowers of May;  
And gladness and joy in our midst shall abound,  
As we happily speed on our way.

CHARLES COLLES

338 York St., Hamilton.

Under the letter heading of a prominent Buffalo business firm, Richard Cox, of the March, 1889, party, writes us that he has secured a good position in their service, and is deeply grateful to Dr. Barnardo for the start that was given him in life.

Walter B. Moulder contributes a report of himself that needs no comment from ourselves, unless it be our heart-felt congratulations to Walter at being able to show as good a record at the end of his first ten years in Canada.

ESSEX CENTRE, Dec. 2nd, 1890.

DEAR SIR, I write you a few lines of my experience since I have been in Canada, and I shall not take any more room in your paper than I can help, on account of others who are of more importance than I am. I came to Canada in the spring of 1892. After arriving at Toronto from Halifax, I was sent with five others to Emsdale Station. Getting on the train at night in Toronto, we got to Emsdale about five or six o'clock in the morning. After having breakfast at a hotel, there were some men come in, and some of the boys began to disperse. After a while, I was captured by a very kind-looking man, and, therefore, I was not afraid, the person in question being Mr. Clearwater, the postmaster at Scotia, about two and a half miles from Emsdale. Here I was told to make myself at home, which I did for eleven months; and, as to the home and the people, I found them to be second to none. They used me as they would their own son while I was there. I was well pleased with the country and climate, and when I left was well pleased with my surroundings, and a more healthy place cannot be found. And at the end of eleven months I was sent to a good and work out for myself. I was brought back to the Home and then sent to Mr. Osborne of King Lake, about twelve miles from Tilburg. I did not prove satisfactory there, and was removed to Middleton, where, but as yet in Essex Centre, to Mr. Walter Moulder, with whom I have remained for a year, and

a half, getting \$1.00 and Dr. Barnardo's silver medal. And right here I would stop and say to boys who are just merely got started, that it is worth trying for, and then look what a sunshine it throws on the whole of the Doctor's work which is started in Canada. When my time was up with Mr. Linton, I hired with him again for a year for ninety-five dollars, and I have much to be thankful to him for his good advice which he gave me. While I was with him I became a member of the Methodist Church at Essex, and I thank God for his goodness to me, and I have found Him to be a friend to the friendless in time of need. As to my future, I expect to become a citizen of this country and try not to bring one dark blot on Dr. Barnardo's work which I would be ashamed of. This is my experience since I have been in Canada.

Yours truly,  
WALTER B. MOULDER.

A correspondent in Nelson, B.C., in a letter lately received, gave us the interesting information of Henry Duncan Jackson that he is employed in the Athabaska Mine, earning three dollars and a half a day for eight hours' work. His brother, Herbert, is still in Ontario, and when we last heard of him a few months ago was entering upon his sixteenth year's service under his first employer, having hired at a high rate of wages. Both brothers are men of the right stamp and will do well to stick to it in the future.

To The very Dowry

DEAR READERS, Mr. Owen has asked me, among other old boys, to give a short sketch of my life since I came to Canada, and, as I have never contributed to the literary part of our paper before, I feel a little dubious about starting.

I started from England on March 17th, 1892, on the *S. S. Carthaginian*, and arrived at Halifax ten days later. From Halifax we took the train for Toronto, and steamed into Union Station about 4 p.m. on the third day after leaving the coast. I was sent immediately to Nipissing where Mr. Owen had supplied me with a place, and at once started on my new career as a farm hand. What troubles I encountered or what new experiences I came through, I shall not write about, but we are all quite familiar with them, but at the end of eleven months we were all ready to go, and I stayed on my first location just a year, and after I had found a place with a Mr. King, and I stayed twelve months, and then went out for four days, and I did not stay long, but I had a good time, and my employer had a board for the year, and I could do as much more, and I was

to go to school, and went for two years, being employed by Mr. K. through the holidays. I must here say my employer gave me every encouragement and helped me to a very great extent. I passed the necessary examinations and took out a third-class certificate to teach. After going to the Model School at Parry Sound for four months, I secured a school at the salary of \$250 per annum. In this school I am now teaching, and have been since January of this year, and have every prospect of being hired for the next year.

I now come to the conclusion of my sketch, and have only to say I don't intend to stop where I am, but, when opportunities occur, intend to reach for something better.

Hoping this may interest some of my old friends, I remain, dear readers,

Yours respectfully,  
HARRY COLLINS.

The employer of William B. Hearn, Mr. Charles E. Peacock, of Wallaceburg, in a recent letter about him, informs us that he is now "as good a boy as it is possible to have." Mr. Griffith, who was lately at Wallaceburg, found Willie in the best of health and growing steadily. He is attending school this winter, but we are afraid he is not a very brilliant scholar and will never set the world on fire by his intellectual attainments.

Mrs. Robert Harper, of Falkenburg, foster-mother of Thomas Ringrose, writes of him: "He is doing well, his health is good and he is growing a fine big boy. He is getting along well at school. He is going to make a smart boy, and we are proud of him."

A recent report of Henry Newling, who completed his tenth year in the country last September, gives us the information that he has for some time past been working a farm on shares near Milan, Mich., and, we are told, is making excellent head way.

Benjamine Biddis, another old friend who has been for a considerable time established on his own hook, was visited by Mr. Gaunt in the course of his recent trip in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, and was introduced to Mrs. Biddis and the little Biddis. Our friend's connection with us in the form of a newspaper in Western Ontario. It is not

yet fully paid for, but every year is bringing the proprietor several steps nearer that happy consummation, and he expects to have wiped off every encumbrance within a very short time. Mr. Gaunt tells us in his report that the stock on the farm included four good horses, a colt, eight milking cows, and a number of young stock, pigs, poultry, etc. The dwelling house is said to be neat and comfortable, and evidently Friend Biddis is well established in life. We learn further that he is a member and office-bearer of the church, and apparently a highly respected member of the community. Needless to say we were greatly interested and pleased at receiving this report of the success of our friend, whom we remember well, fifteen years ago, as the bugler of Leopold House and general factotum of the establishment. His present position is entirely the result of his own industry and attention to business, supported, no doubt, by the thrift and careful management of his excellent wife, and we offer them both our very hearty and sincere congratulations and good wishes.

William L. Huckle writes us from Rounthwaite, Manitoba:

I must answer your letter which I received some time ago. I am about to leave Mr. Newton this morning. He don't want a man any longer, although my time is not up for two weeks; but there was a man up after me last night, and I am going there on Monday. He has to thresh yet. He will have about ten days' threshing, anyway. He has 1,800 acres of land. He wants me for all winter, so I guess I will be all right this winter. I got \$136.00 clear in seven months and seven days. I am going to slap \$120 in the P. O. bank after dinner, and keep the balance for pocket money. It is fine weather just now for the time of the year; it freezes hard at night and the sun is shining bright all day and nice and warm. Ploughing is mostly over around here, although some of the folks try it a little in the afternoon, but I don't think it very nice work turning over the chunks of frozen soil. I drew Mr. Newton's plough and harness in yesterday for this year. I am glad to hear of you having such a good year at the House. I think this year was all right all round.

Extremely, things are all right in regard to our friend, William

and, as we wrote him in reply, we hope soon to hear that he has got a homestead of his own in the West.

The writer of the following letter is a young man whom we hold in high esteem, and it gives us especial pleasure to reproduce for the benefit of our readers the little description he has given us of his progress in starting business for himself as a back-woods farmer.

NIPISSING, Nov., 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the spare time to write you this letter to tell you how I am getting along. I have taken up two hundred acres of the best hardwood land around here. It is a little backward from the government road, but I can get a good serviceable road out without a great deal of trouble. I got a good crop this year off of it. I was working for Mrs. Hartley's son this summer after I got my crop in. We were peeling tanbark, and three of us peeled 110 cord, and we expect to take out about 2,000 logs this winter, three of us. That will keep us jogging. I expect to be working on my own place altogether next summer, chopping and getting in as much crop as I can. I guess I shall be able to see my way clear so as I can pay a little every year to the fund of the Homes and keep up the subscription for the UPS AND DOWNS, for I have more interest in reading those that James Totten got than any paper we are getting here, and it's right that I should, too. I worked in Smith's lumber camps last winter. I was sawing logs, and counted as good a sawyer as was there, and the gang I was in put up biggest count all winter. So here I will have to come to a close, from

Yours truly,

HARRY ODD.

Albert E. Jones, the second in age of the three Jones brothers who came out in March, 1892, writes us from Chicago that he has started for himself in the ice business, and last summer had over two hundred customers and is "getting on fine." He adds: "I have been married pretty nearly three months. I have got a nice flat [we presume he refers to his place of abode], and have got my two brothers living with me."

The following is the sort of report that always does us good to receive:

My dear Mr. Jones,

The girls get a letter from you every week, and I wish to say a word to you. I have been all that could be desired, and my husband is all that I could wish for.

I would like to see you, but I can't. I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will get better soon. I am very truly

MARY HARTLEY.

The receipt of a registered letter a few days ago revived recollections of Fred Shapcott, a small boy of the June, 1892, party, but now a stalwart young lumberman and a good specimen of the species. We reproduce his interesting letter in full:

CAMP 1, COLLINS INLET,  
Sunday, November 20th.

MR. OWEN,

DEAR FRIEND,—I now write to you a few lines to let you know how I have been getting along this summer. I have got along first-rate this summer. I have been here a little over five months now, and I have made up my mind to stay here all winter. I got twenty dollars a month this summer, and I am to get the same for the winter. I am sending you fifty-two dollars and a half, fifty of which I wish you to put in the bank for me, and two for donation and the fifty cents for UPS AND DOWNS, which you have been so kind to send me. The reason I don't send more to the bank this fall is because I treated myself to a watch, a thing that I can't very well do without here, so I thought I would get a good one while I was at it. I am going into the camp tomorrow where I got my first job, and I remain, as ever, Yours humbly,

FRED SHAPCOTT.

Our young friend, Bertram H. L. Hill, sends us a characteristic account of his experiences, in which, while availing himself of the Englishman's privilege of grumbling, he gives us to understand that he is in good health, has a large circle of friends in the neighbourhood where he is living, has money loaned out at interest and is generally in prosperous circumstances. We can quite believe that Bertram has had to work hard, and though he is a pretty good looking fellow, he will wait a good while yet before anyone hires him to put in a glass case for a parlour ornament, so that we will be him to accept hard work as his lot, and console himself with the knowledge that it is a great deal better to wear out than rust out, nor that he looks a much danger of either a casualty.

Perly Andrew writes me that he has "learned a good deal about lumbering," and he is very happy to

in good health, delighting in reading and hoping that all the boys are doing as well and as contented as he is. We can say for Percy, in addition to what he has said for himself, that he is a good, faithful, kind-hearted little lad and that he has a comfortable Christian home with Mr. Wm. J. Caswell, of Flesherton.

We are publishing a photograph that was sent us a short time ago of the little brothers, George and Francis Lightwood. We are pleased to say of them that they are quite as good as they look, and, in fact, are two bright, promising little lads and are making excellent progress under the kindly training of their foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chalmers, of Parkersville. We wish we could also reproduce the specimen of George's penmanship that was exhibited for competition at the Bracebridge Fair and which is a most creditable and really well-executed piece of work.

George Carris, one of our boys, in writing us a few days ago in reference to his business affairs, makes some observations on the subject of the outlay of his money that so thoroughly commend themselves to us that we are reproducing them for the benefit of our readers:

I have made up my mind to let my bicycle go if it has to. When I look back upon the past and see the nice little amount of money I had on the start and now look on the small mite I have left, I almost wish bad luck to the man that makes them. I am going to make a fresh start and, God helping me, in a few years I will surprise you. I have been reading quite a bit lately in the UPS AND DOWNS and see the fine start some of my comrades have made, and I have made up my mind to start too.

In addition to these excellent resolutions for the future, George's letter contains a few items of intelligence about himself, among them that he took part in a ploughing match, where he carried off three prizes.

We recall that the first year of our club, 1871, J. F. Carris was a member as well as the junior of our first party in 1872, and we are glad to hear that he is now a member

of the club. He is now in the pine forests of British Columbia, and, we are told, is "making a pile of money." Previous to his leaving Ontario he had made a reputation for himself in the lumber woods as being one of the smartest river drivers in the Province.

Mr. Griffith has lately handed in a report of William Thomas Woolford, from which we learn that Will is now working a 100-acre farm near Chatham in partnership with his cousin, and making a good success of the undertaking.

We have to acknowledge with grateful thanks a donation of \$25.00



George and Francis Lightwood.

from Bertie F. Calise in aid of the Homes. There are many others who could afford a similar contribution quite as well, and some a great deal better than Bertie, and we wish we could make his example a means of appealing to them this Christmas season when the needs of the work at home are so manifold and so pressing.

George Carris, the first of our club to try living on his own, has just left and will be in a new city and his whereabouts at the moment has not



mother's "stead" and saving, in proof of which he reminds us that he kept his first situation seven months and his second seven years. He makes the very sensible observation that his future "isn't made up yet." Well, in one way it is, John, inasmuch as the future of us all is known to the wisdom and providence of our Father, who has promised to make all things work together for good to them who love Him, and we can rest content by committing our way unto Him and trusting to Him to bring to pass that which is for our present and eternal good.

George Springford, writing from Kerwood, Ontario; sends us an interesting account of himself and his doings, from which it is evident that he is "keeping his end up" in spite of one or two rather serious strokes of ill luck. The worst of these was not his running away from his employer, but his employer running away from him, leaving the greater part of a summer's wages owing. This was a bad "set back" for George, but he is pulling up leeway, and his letter encloses twenty five dollars for deposit to his credit in the savings bank.

George King, having taken his pen in hand to give us "some idea of what I have been doing and what I am going to do," recalls the time that he spent in his foster home in Muskoka, where he would appear to have thoroughly enjoyed himself. He has now been a self-supporting citizen for a good many years and is at present earning eleven dollars a month and his board. He sums up his experiences as follows: "I have always had good health and I never wanted a day's work. This is a good country for a poor boy who wants to better his condition and is willing to work for it."

James Henry Ireland, who is remembered by the boys who came out in 1862, sends several "clay" written letters about himself and his affairs, and it is likely that he could do for a fair size of application to Ontario boys. James has written a letter to the boys, and it is possible that

again. We have always considered ourselves fairly well acquainted with James, but we are flattered to know that he "looks to us as his father" to tell him "what is best." James evidently has a restless fit on, and informs us that he means to "pull up stakes"; but evidently has a very vague idea where he is going to plant them again. He thinks of coming to Toronto, and he thinks of going back to his former employer, and he would like to know the rates of passage to England, and his mother's letters are making him homesick, etc., etc. James, my son, a word in your ear: Have you ever heard that sage old proverb "a rolling stone gathers no moss?" It is a very true one, and, more than that, we find in our experience that when stones begin to roll, they roll down hill so much faster than they roll up. Restless ideas beget unsteady habits, and unsteady habits lead to vagrancy, and vagrancy too often drifts into crime. Take our advice, James, and stay right where you are. There are plenty of good farmers in the township of Peel who will be ready and willing enough to hire a good man for the year, and pay him every cent that he is worth, and at the end of the year there will be a nice little roll of dollars to go to the bank, and a record of twelve months' useful, steady, honest work instead of a record of wasted time, wasted money and wasted opportunities. Be wise, James, and be warned in time before you run your head against any stone walls. We know what is ahead of you if you are not careful, and ahead of many another boy who has reached the same restless stage, and we want to see you avoiding the dangers in the path.

The following letter may not possess any very conspicuous literary merit, but we are pleased to publish it as giving a sensible and thoroughly honest little statement of the writer's experiences and an expression of his sentiment. We sincerely hope the invitation in the last sentence will meet with a very favorable

and any Manchester boy who communicates with William will be renewing an acquaintance with a young man of good character and sterling worth.

DETROIT, MICH., November 10th, 1890

MY DEAR READERS,—Having been asked by my good friend, Mr. Owen, to write a few lines on the ups and downs of my life since I left the Home, well, to tell it all would require a great deal of time and would fill a nice little book. I came over to Canada in the fall of 1884, and was only eight years old. I stayed at the first place

all, and shine with you, but put your trust in the Lord, and he will help in your little ups and downs through life. If the so few lines reach anybody that came from Mr. Shaw's Home when I did, drop me a line. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

W. WRIGHT

100 Monroe Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The illustration that appears below is a reproduction of a photograph, and represents a prosperous young farmer of Western Ontario with the young lady who had just linked her



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Snow,  
St. Pauls, Ontario.

that was got me till I was seventeen years old, and I received a medal for good conduct and length of service, and then I started out for myself. I did not like farming. My aim in life was to be a blacksmith, so I served four years' apprenticeship, and still follow it for a living where I am working now. I have been there two years and I draw neat class wages. Two years ago I got married, and we live happy together, for I can tell you, dear readers, one aim in life, we all find our best, is when we go on up to us men by a better and stave to get a home of our own. I think that is one of God's blessings, but perhaps I am reading it may not be

fortunate with his in the bonds of matrimony when the photograph was taken. The happy swain is our old friend, Samuel Snow, who not so many years ago was a youngster under our charge and supervision, but with whom you now have business relations as the employer of one of the boys I lately carried from England. Mr. Wright has recently visited our man, and I am glad to hear that he is well. I will be glad to see

ceedingly comfortable home, his employer being in good circumstances, and a young man of kindly disposition and sterling Christian character. His farm is as good a little property as there is in Western Ontario, consisting of fifty acres of rich land within six miles of the thriving market towns of St. Mary's and Stratford and provided with up-to-date improvements, including a snug little frame house and a barn 64x40 feet with stone stables underneath, while the live stock on the place includes a good team of horses, twelve head of cattle, hogs and poultry, and, last but not least, a fine bonny little baby girl. Our friend Snow's success is due to his own persevering industry and attention to business, and with all our hearts we wish him God speed and trust that many happy and prosperous years are in store for himself and his family.

The July party of the past season included a number of lads from the Chase Farm Schools near London, who were placed under our charge by an arrangement between Dr. Barnardo and the managers of the schools. They were a very fine little contingent, and, up to the present time, we have received excellent reports of almost every one of them. We suppose there is a black sheep in the Chase Farm flock as there is in everyone else's, but his blackness has yet to develop itself, and, so far, we can only regard one, or possibly two, as being even a little dingy in colour—something that isn't exactly white, but certainly could not be called black. They have nearly all been visited, and, as a rule, have been found as happily settled as possible in their new homes.

The brothers, James and Andrew Walker, are with two members of the same family, and have both got first class places. James, with Mr. Thomas H. Mann, of Danetief, is said to have grown three inches since he landed in Canada. His employer is very well pleased with him and thinks he will make a good

farmer. Andrew, with Mr. William E. Martin, is very comfortable in his home, and his master gives a thoroughly satisfactory report of his conduct and behaviour. Both lads are engaged until April 1st, 1902, and by that time will have thoroughly learned their business and be able to paddle their own canoe, while, if they have been at all careful and saving, they should be worth a nice little sum of money to serve as a nest egg for future savings.

In the same locality, Alexander, the eldest of the Henderson brothers, is settled with a well-to-do young farmer and his wife, who treat him as though he were one of the family. Aleck is rather one of the slow-going sort, but we daresay he will find out before long that in Canada he will have to be smart in his movements if he intends, as we feel sure he does, to make a success of himself. The younger brother, Horace, is boarded out in a farm household in the northern part of the Province and, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, has as happy and comfortable a foster home as we could wish for any of our boys.

William Jackson has been placed with an old client of the Homes, Mr. George Acres, of Vernon, and is proving himself, so far, a bright, useful little lad. "We all like him" was the remark of Mr. Acres in a letter received a few days ago.

Our young friend, Samuel Ham, was visited by Mr. Griffith within the last month, and we are told that Sam is proving himself a good, faithful worker and has taken to farming like a duck to the water. "Has never missed a meal since he came out, and is evidently in the best of health." The first item of information we can fully credit and, from what we observed of his capabilities as a trencherman during the voyage from England, we imagine it would be a very serious crisis in Samuel's life if either breakfast, dinner or supper were to pass by without his doing full justice to the fare.

Little Frank E. Bennett is thriving and well, and Mr. Griffith tells us he was "all smiles" when he called to see him. Mr. George Haley, with whom he is living, is a well-to-do farmer and lives in good, comfortable, substantial style. Frank has a nice little bedroom to himself in the farm house and takes his place for meals at the family table. At present he is attending school, but he tells us that he is beginning to make himself useful about the place and feeds the pigs and poultry. His elder brother, Percy, is with another Mr. Haley, living on the adjoining farm. Percy is said to be a "good, truthful boy" and is very happy in his home. They have been talking about their sisters, Rose and Ethel, whom they left behind in the Chase Farm Schools; and if Rose could be sent out, Mr. George Haley would take her at once, and Ethel a little later on.

The two elder Chadwicks, James and Frederick, are settled with farmers in the township of Huntley within a short distance of each other, and were both doing well when visited in October. Little Robert is boarded out with an elderly widow lady at Raymond, who seems already to have become much attached to her little charge, and, we feel satisfied, will treat him with every possible kindness and train him carefully and well. We hear from Mr. Gaunt, who visited Robbie a few days ago, that he is a "general favourite" both at school and at home, and altogether our little friend's lines have fallen in remarkably pleasant places.

We might say the same of Richard New, whose foster parents are highly respectable people, living in the outskirts of the country town of Huntsville. Richard is quite one of the family and we have heard, so far, excellent accounts of his conduct, and also of his progress at school. Philip does not seem to be quite as strong as his brother and has developed a tendency to a species of hysterical attacks that has caused a great deal of anxiety to the kindly

people he is living with. They have no wish to part with him, however, and, in fact, are hoping that his sister, Kate, may be placed with another member of their family in the same neighbourhood. Philip seems to enjoy his life on the farm and has learned to milk and to drive a pair of old horses. He was very proud of having done some harrowing with these horses and, as the old team would know what to do if their driver didn't, it is a very good means of his learning the art of handling horses that forms the principal part of a farmer's work in Canada.

Master John Greenaway was very nearly being sent back to us in consequence of his master finding him in the act of amusing himself by making a small fire of sticks in the immediate neighbourhood of the buildings. However, we induced Mr. Kells to withdraw the notice for the present occasion, and John has been saved what would have been a very unpleasant experience for him. It was only an act of thoughtlessness, but a small boy, a box of matches, a large straw stack and a number of farm buildings are a very bad combination, and we were not surprised at his master's desire to break it up as quickly as possible.

One boy, whose name we won't mention, was sent back to us and did not at all appreciate our hospitality. We think, however, that he did appreciate the fact that the way of transgressors is hard, and he has gone to a fresh place a sadder and, we hope, a wiser boy. Not that he had done anything very terrible, but there were incidents connected with a pipe and some tobacco that did not at all commend themselves to our approval, and we considered that the case required a little treatment of the sort that Solomon advises, and we acted accordingly.

Willie Clements seems to be a good boy in a good place. We have heard from him twice and he tells us that his master and mistress are kind and good to him. On the other hand, we must hold the charge a

well behaved boy and doing his best in every way.

Willie Baker is another little lad who has made a good start in the country. We often hear of him, and, so far, every entry under his name in our registers has been highly satisfactory.

George Bovington is very happy in his country home and taking a great interest in farming, so much so that he is very unwilling to attend school, and has, in fact, "struck" against being sent. We lately received the following letter from him:

DORNOCH, December 3rd, 1899.

I am asking leave to know if I may leave school. My master and mistress wish me to go to school, but I refuse. I think I would like to learn more about farming, and I want to stay at home, so please let me. They will let me stay if you are willing. They are both good to me and get me lots of good clothes and plenty to eat and drink and not much hard work, so I want to stay at home and learn how to fix cattle and do work around the farm.

We have written George that we are not "willing" at all, and that he must make up his mind to attend school and let us hear no more about "refusals." We hope our letter will have the desired effect and that George will not bring himself into any conflict with us. He will be ready to drop the contest before we shall, and he won't find it the least bit pleasant, besides which it will end in his going to school after all.

William W. Phillips has grown and "filled out" amazingly since he arrived in Canada and is a contented, cheerful, sturdy looking boy. He has a good Christian home, and gives every promise of doing well.

Both the little Smiths, George, Edward and Herbert, are well provided for. George's employer is a county magistrate and, as we have proved in our previous dealings with him, a very kind and considerate master and a good friend to his boys. George was at first very timid about the chores and cattle and seemed to regard milking cows and the cart horse as a fearful

wild beast who were liable to make a meal of him at any time they might feel inclined for a change of diet. He will probably get over this in time, and meanwhile we are glad to know that he has nothing more formidable to be afraid of in his present quarters than the domestic animals. His little brother, Herbert, is boarded out with an English couple, and his foster-mother is a thoroughly kind, motherly person who will take the best of care of Herbert. She and her husband are pious, God-fearing people, and Herbert will be taught the habit of daily prayers and to read and study God's Word. May he learn to prize his Bible as the friend and counsellor of his life, and may its teachings become the lamp to his feet and the light to his path.

The employer of Thomas Ferris writes of him as follows:

I am very well satisfied with the boy. In fact, I do not think I could have suited myself as well had I the privilege of choosing one for myself. He is obedient and willing to learn. As he is small and unable to do anything except light chores, I am sending him to school, and intend to do so for a couple of years, as I want him to get all the education he can. He is well satisfied with his new home and has no desire to go back, and I will do the best I can by him.

Thomas Daniels sends us a chatty little account of himself and his surroundings. According to what he tells us, everybody is kind and good to him, including the youngsters at the school that he is attending. He has a good deal to say about the pigs and cows and fowls, and the little girl and boy who are his new playmates, and altogether everything seems very bright and jolly with him. Mr. Griffith visited Tommy on October 6th, and brought us an excellent report of his general behaviour. He is evidently in good hands with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, of Bearbrook, and we shall be very greatly surprised and disappointed if he fails to do well and to grow up to be a credit to himself and his friends.

There are several other children in the neighbourhood who have been

glad to have referred to, and about whom we could find many pleasant things to say, but we must postpone them for another number, and in the meanwhile they will have time to write us a little account of their experiences that we can publish as a means of showing their friends that they are thriving in Canada and making good use of their opportunities.

Our old and tried friend, Alfred Jolley, of Literary Department fame, has written a letter that we make no apology for publishing in full:

GUELPH, December 13th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Once again we are at Christmas, that wonderful time, of all the year the merriest. It is with thankfulness I tell you that this year has been about my most prosperous year in Canada. It has brought me the best of health and plenty of work. I might tell you I have only lost three hours since the last week in March, outside of holidays, and expect to have work till inside February if not till spring. My brother, Fred, is in Rochester, N. Y., working in a furniture factory and doing fairly well. It looks as though we will not have to use the wheels on Xmas, as it is snowing to-night. Hope it will be good sleighing.

Enclosed you will find two dollars as my mite towards the Home. I was thinking about the Homes in England if this war hurt them. I believe it will, but hope I am not correct. If so, please tell us in our paper. I am willing to help as best as I can, and if necessary. I think there are enough boys in Canada to raise a large amount of money, and in that way be helping our country. We cannot all go to the war, but we can do like David's men, and stay by those who are at home. I hope you will let us know if the funds run short, so that we may do what we can.

I must now close with wishing you and all connected with the Home a Happy New Year, and may the God of the fatherless and the widow still be our God.

ALFRED JOLLEY.

We greatly fear that Alfred's surmise will prove only too correct and that the appeals being put forth on behalf of the sufferers from the war, and which are meeting with such a noble response all over England, will divert a considerable sum of money that would otherwise have been contributed to the Homes. There may be a season of heavy trial and anxiety in store for the Doctor, and greatly would I had and

cheer him if a generous response were forthcoming to the timely and most kind suggestion that has come from our friend, Jolley, and for which we thank him with all our heart.

Frank Pearce, of the April, 1894, party, writes us from Sutton West, asking for information and advice in regard to bringing some of his relations out from England. He has been saving up money with this object for some time past, and is looking forward to making a home for his mother, and for one or two other members of his family. Needless to say Frank has our very cordial sympathy in the efforts he is making on behalf of those who are near and dear to him.

We frequently regret that those of our friends who are moved by the very natural desire to see once again the mother, sister or brother that they left behind them in England, do not follow Frank's example instead of spending a large sum from their earnings, besides unsettling themselves and losing a great deal of valuable time, by taking a trip to England themselves. How much better would it have been, for example, if each of the eight boys who formed the group that we publish on the next page, and which is reproduced from a photograph taken in Toronto on the day before their departure, had spent the money that their trip to England will cost them in bringing out to Canada some of their kith and kin, and giving them a start in this country. Such a result would have been the best possible fruit of their industry, and instead of their having to feel in the future that they spent a very large sum upon a purely selfish purpose that in the end will yield exceedingly little gratification, they would have had the immense satisfaction of knowing that they had relieved the burdens and opened up a brighter and happier prospect in life for those who have a claim to share in their own prosperity. To say more on this subject, however, will be laying ourselves open to the charge



MOORE & ALEXANDER

**En Route to England.**  
A Few Members of our Christmas Excursion Party.

of crying over spilt milk, inasmuch as the lads have started and have arrived safely, and especially, as in every case, we did our best to advise them against what we considered a foolish and undesirable expedition. Our only consolation is that we can regard every member of the group as a good representative of the results of our work in Canada, and no better answer could be given to those who are dubious as to the advantages of emigration than the appearance and the present circumstances of each member of our excursion party. The contrast between their present position and what their position would have been had they remained in England will, we doubt not, present itself forcibly to each one of them before they have been long in England, and, we anticipate, will have the effect of making them anxious to return as quickly as possible. The photograph does not include by any means all of those who formed the party, although we record with satisfaction that the excursion was not a very large affair. The lads sailed by the steamship *Dominion*, leaving Montreal on the 20th of November. We saw them safely on board and in possession of the very comfortable quarters that had been reserved for them by special arrangement with the steamship company. We have no doubt they will have had a good time in going over, but it will give us much greater pleasure to welcome them back again, and we expect the lads themselves will be most thankful to find themselves again on Canadian shores. Of those who formed the little group, each one has been in Canada for several years past. Walter Dickason, the smallest in stature, is the pioneer of the party, having completed his tenth year as a citizen of the Dominion. Walter is a lad of whom we can say that he has never caused us a moment's anxiety, and his record, from first to last, has been one that we can regard with the greatest satisfaction and thankfulness. He has been

under a good practical employer and has made the best use of his opportunities: saving his money year by year, and working zealously and faithfully. Walter is of a particularly lively, stirring disposition, and we doubt not will do his best to keep the party in good spirits and will make himself a popular character on board.

John Mills, the moustached gentleman in the centre of the group, has a record of eight years in Canada, and during that time has proved himself a good citizen, and, more than that, a staunch supporter and regular contributor to the Homes.

Frederick Marriner came out in the same year as John, but with a later detachment. Fred's record has been A1, both as a good faithful servant to his employer and as a church member and temperance worker. He goes to visit his former foster-mother in Bedfordshire, and we are sure it will be a source of much gratification to the good lady to witness the result of her training, and also to see how the little boarder that she parted with eight years ago still cherishes his affection for her, so much so that he is taking a journey of 6,000 miles chiefly for the sake of spending another Christmas with her.

Joseph Munson and Henry Ward came out together in 1893, both having previously been inmates of Leopold House. Joseph has lived in the neighbourhood of Essex since he was first placed out, and we have never heard anything but what is good of him during that time, in token of which he takes with him one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals, awarded to him a couple of years ago for good conduct and length of service. Joe is "well fixed" financially, and, besides his substantial account in the Bank, he has left some notes in our hands for collection that will considerably increase this balance. Henry leads a silver medalist and, with a good heart and high principle that we are sure will make friends wherever he goes. We have been in the country

draft of a valedictory address presented to Henry on the eve of his departure by a number of the young people connected with the church of which he has been a member, and while our space will not permit of our reproducing the document in full, we may say that its terms are highly flattering to our friend, Henry, and show that he has won the cordial esteem and good wishes of those in whose midst he has been living.

Sidney A. Batterbee, who faced the camera from the upper left hand corner of the group, is a sturdy, able-bodied youth, who has done plenty of hard work since his arrival in Canada seven years ago. He has borne the character of being a faithful, honest, saving young fellow, and when he returns to Canada in the spring we shall expect to see him settle down to business in earnest, and that before many years are over he will have a farm to call his own.

William C. Tippet has a year less of Canadian experience behind him than the last three, but has made good use of his time. Of all the party we think he is probably making the greatest mistake in taking the present trip, and he is the one we should have been most pleased to leave behind, but he is one of that sort of individuals who generally manage, somehow or other, to fall on their feet, and we daresay William will come out all right in the end, although if he does get himself stranded we shall have the melancholy satisfaction of being able to say, "I told you so."

Our highly esteemed friend, "Alf." Peters, is the last in order of seniority in length of residence in Canada, although in years the eldest of the group. He will be revisiting very familiar quarters when he calls at the Stepney Home, and no doubt many there will remember him among the staff and the older boys in the shops. Our friend has a good account to give of his own experiences in Canada, and he should be able to do some useful missionary

work among the boys at present in the Home in persuading them to leave the "flesh pots" of Stepney or Leopold House for the land of promise across the Atlantic.

One of our little lads, whose name will be familiar to many, has started forth on that long voyage from which no traveller e'er returns, and that, for him, has ended in the haven of happiness and rest and peace, where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Little George Jennings was taken down on November 24th with an attack that proved to be that form of brain disorder known as cerebral meningitis and which ended fatally early in the morning of the 27th. During his brief illness he suffered but little, and up to the time of his being taken ill he appeared to be as hearty, vigorous and robust a little lad as we could wish to see. For some time he was boarded out with Mr. and Mrs. David Compton, of Aspdin, where he had a happy Christian foster home and was brought up under the best of influences. From there he was transferred in February last to Mr. George Baggs, of Thistle town, at whose house he died, and by whom, as well as by all the members of the family and household, the little sufferer was nursed and tended with every possible kindness and watchful care. Little George had a happy home in Canada, and was as free from faults and as bright and promising a lad as there was in the country, when the sudden and mysterious call came to him. He has been laid in the churchyard at Sharon, the boys of his Sunday school class acting as the pall-bearers and a large assembly of friends and neighbours attending the service. We fear the news will have come as a terrible grief and shock to the poor mother, far away in England, and we are sure that all our readers will join with us in sympathy for her in her affliction and bereavement.

An excellent report has reached us of Alfred F. Mitchell, living with Mr. Thomas H. Coatsworth, of Blenheim. We hear that he is a

"great worker," truthful, trusty and always well behaved. Alfred's brother, Charles William, living near St. Catharines, is likewise doing well and is highly spoken of by his employer.

Benjamin Piercy, who was seen by Mr. Griffith a short time ago, has developed into a remarkably fine, strapping young fellow. He has been working on a large farm near Lake Erie, south of Chatham, and earning \$16 a month and board during the past season. His brother, whose emigration expenses he paid, is working in the same locality and seems comfortably settled.

We lately received a call from Norman Humphries, an old "Stepney boy" of the March, 1889, party. Norman is now second engineer on a large lake steamer, and has been drawing \$2.80 a day during the past season. He looks like a man who has had a good deal to go through, and we can quite believe that the life of an engineer on the lakes is not all fun and that a great deal of very responsible and anxious work is often required. Our friend is now looking forward to a few weeks' rest, and is beginning his holiday with a visit to his old acquaintances in Clarksburg.

Mr. Griffith lately came across a happy combination of our boys on the farm of Mrs. Bonis, near St. Mary's, where Ralph Clifford is managing man in charge and little George C. Humphreys chore boy, when not attending school. Ralph has been for the past eight years with Mrs. Bonis, and bears the character of an honest, faithful, hard-working man. George is a bright, promising little chap and is happy and thriving in his home. They are both a credit to the Home.

Mr. Reazin, in a letter that we lately received from him, writes: "Thomas Whatnell and Richard Heddon called for a few minutes last Sunday, two able, as one looking and well dressed lads as you could meet."

Our premium on the 15th of

just been undergoing the process of redecorating and painting. The contractor for the job, which has been very satisfactorily completed, was our old friend, Walter Knowlton, described in his business cards as "painter, glazier and paper hanger," and a flourishing business man and property holder of Toronto. We will not hazard a guess as to what Walter is worth in real and personal property lest we should put the income tax commissioners on his track, and we are not sufficiently informed on the subject to state exactly how soon he expects to be a candidate for the mayoralty of Toronto, but if anyone in Toronto, or the vicinity, has a job of painting and decorating that they wish to have done in first-class style and at reasonable prices, we recommend them highly to place their orders with Mr. Walter Knowlton, 21 Garnet Avenue.

Mr. Griffith tells us that he recently had a pleasant chat with Douglas W. Ellis who is now serving his seventh year with Mr. James Stephens, of Ballymote. Douglas has some idea of making a move in the spring, and if he does so, Mr. Stephens only hopes he may get another as good.

Robert W. Pope, who came out last March, after being five years in the Home at Stepney, is settled with another Mr. Stephens, and has made an excellent start in the country. He has already learned to plough, and seems likely to develop into a first-class farm hand, and to prove himself in every way a credit to the Homes.

On November 15th, we watched the retreating form of George Hearn as he left the Home for the cattle market in Toronto, where he was to join the gang that was going over to England in charge of a consignment of cattle and sheep. We warned friend George, very early and emphatically of what lay before him but he thought he would try his luck and it mightn't be as bad as we thought. There are others who are plucking the cat's paw.

tion and for their counsel and warning we give them the benefit of George's experiences as narrated in a letter just received from him :

3 Park Villas, Howard's Lane, Putney,  
London, England.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines to you, hoping this will find you in the best of health. We have landed safely with our stock, and had a pretty nice passage across the Atlantic with the exception of two days. We only lost seven head of sheep from Canada to Birkenhead, so that was not so bad. There was about twelve men for the cattle, and it was just as you said, dirty and rough hard work. The place where we had to eat our meals was not fit for a pig to go into; it was dirty and the smell of oil and grease, and I would not take the trip for \$25 again. I was sorry before I landed that I did not pay my way. It saved me money all right, but it did not save me any from any rough and dirty work, and from a rotten, dirty, filthy accommodation. I will never make a trip of the kind any more. I was glad when I got to Liverpool to the Homes to get cleaned. Mr. and Mrs. Cole was very kind to me the more I stayed with them in Liverpool. There was quite a change in London since I left the place, and a lot of strange faces to me, and I also found it very damp and foggy, different to the Canadian weather, and everything seemed strange to me.

Be it said for George that he is not the sort to make much of trifles, and when he says he had a rough time we doubt not that it was very rough indeed.

James R. Dyer writes us from his place at Mansewood that he is putting in a busy winter drawing logs and stones for new buildings that his master is putting up next year. He tells us that he "can plough and do anything," and has had "a very good time" since he left England seven years ago.

Our valued friend, Frank Stevens, at present located near Forest, has contributed an account of his Canadian experiences that is full of interest. After referring to his first situation where he remained for four years, and where the people were "very good" to him, he proceeds to recount his rather unfortunate experience in a partnership that he was persuaded to enter into, not without warning, for a Frank admitted that Mr. Gwyn gave him a

about it, and I did not listen to him; but I often thought about his letter, and I found it was true." Frank burnt his fingers rather badly in this partnership transaction; but while his partner was getting hold of his money, Frank himself was getting some useful experience that, we have no doubt, will stand him in good stead in the future. His present ambition is to save up a little money to start for himself in the North-West, and we expect to see him succeed in doing it. Frank adds: "I have made many friends since I came to Canada. I belong to the Methodist Church, and I am going to take the topic in the Christian Endeavour next Wednesday."

Reuben H. Rowland writes us that the past year has "not been the best" for farmers, or their men, in the county in which he is living, but adds "We must be very thankful for what we have got." Reuben, at any rate, has uncommonly little to grumble at, with good health, a good place, a good bank account, and, we are glad to add, a good character. He refers to Mr. Griffith's annual visits, and thinks Mr. Griffith is "the finest man the Home ever sent out to visit the boys." Mr. Griffith thinks Reuben is one of the finest lads the Home ever sent out, so that the admiration is mutual, and Mr. Griffith and Reuben will meet on very agreeable terms when the time comes for another visit.

Alfred Vincent has sent us a very well-written and intelligently expressed letter for publication. Alfred's account of himself is very satisfactory, and equally so are the reports of him that have reached us from others. Several farmers from the Township of Albion, who have called to apply for boys, have mentioned Alfred as being one of the right sort. He will have completed his apprenticeship next April.

Percy Ashby is living near London, his employer being a successful poultry fancier. Percy is a great authority on the rearing and feeding of chickens, and a very valuable help to his master, Mr. Hugh Wyatt

He is highly spoken of generally, and Mr. Griffith's recent report is a most encouraging and pleasant one.

Richard Reynolds has found his way to a good situation in London, Ontario, where he is now employed in one of the leading groceries in the city. Mr. Griffith was introduced by Richard to his master with the observation that he is proud of being a Barnardo boy. We have certainly every reason to feel proud of Richard, who is proving himself a thoroughly respectable, trustworthy young fellow, and we have no doubt, will make his way. His brother Philip, who is a youth of fine physique and a first-class farm hand, spent the summer in Manitoba, where he worked for a farmer near High Bluff, but, having returned to Ontario for the winter, is engaged until the spring in his old quarters in Warwick Township.

Our school attendance cards have been coming in briskly during the past few days, showing the school record of our little boarders for the previous three months. We notice with pleasure that in many cases there has not been a single absence, and the conduct and behaviour is generally entered as "good" or "very good." Here and there we come across a "fair" or "passable," while, on the other hand, little Stephen Bowden, boarding with Mr. George H. Stanbrook, of Muskoka, is pronounced by his teacher, Miss Coburn, to be "excellent," but the general average is most satisfactory and shows that our little lads, are like the bees, improving each shining hour.

Mrs. John Hall, of Ufford, writes of her little boarder, Arthur H. Kirby: "I like my boy splendidly. He is a good boy, and is getting on well at school, which he is very fond of attending."

Alfred P. E. writes, in a touching, until last October, with Mrs. Hugh Patterson, of Utterson, who wrote us on his leaving that it nearly broke her heart to part with him. The kind lady will be glad to hear

that Alfred is now settled in a most comfortable farm home with Mr. Robert Radcliffe, of Prospect Hill, near St. Mary's, where he has lately been visited by Mr. Griffith. Alfred is attending school during the present winter, but will be able to make himself useful on the farm another season. We hear that Alfred is taking a very keen and lively interest in the progress of events in South Africa, and somewhat astonished his employer by standing on his head and shouting when a report arrived—afterwards unhappily contradicted—that Ladysmith had been relieved, while when the disaster at Bells Spruit was announced, poor Alfred is said to have cried all night. There is evidently no want of patriotism about our little friend, and we hope he may live to be an ornament to his Motherland and the land of his adoption.

The two little brothers, Ernest and Sidney Morgan, send fifteen cents each as a Christmas contribution to the Home, and which is the result of the sale of some potatoes they grew in a little garden patch of their own. We warmly and gratefully acknowledge this generous and thoughtful little effort on behalf of those in need and suffering. Similar little gifts have been received from others of our small boys boarded out in the North, and we take this opportunity of offering them on Dr. Barnardo's behalf our best and heartiest thanks.

Mr. Henry Wheatley, of Port Sidney, writes of the three little lads under his care, Arthur Briese, Thomas Hampson and Charles Millward: "The boys are well and are going to school regularly. They are good boys to go to school and attend to their lessons. We have no trouble with them at all. They are all willing to do anything they are told, and they never use any bad language. I would not wish for better boys, and I think they will give a good account of themselves when they are grown up."

# The Absent-minded Beggar

Part of Piffle's contribution in Verse to the Fund for Families and Dependents of  
Soldiers on Service

When you've shouted Rule Britannia! when you've sung God Save the  
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth, [Queen,  
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine,  
For a gentleman in khaki ordered south?  
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great,  
But we and Paul must take him as we find him.  
He is out on active service wiping something off a slate,  
And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—  
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay;  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,  
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.  
There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the house rent falling due,  
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.  
There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now he's gone,  
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;  
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on—  
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

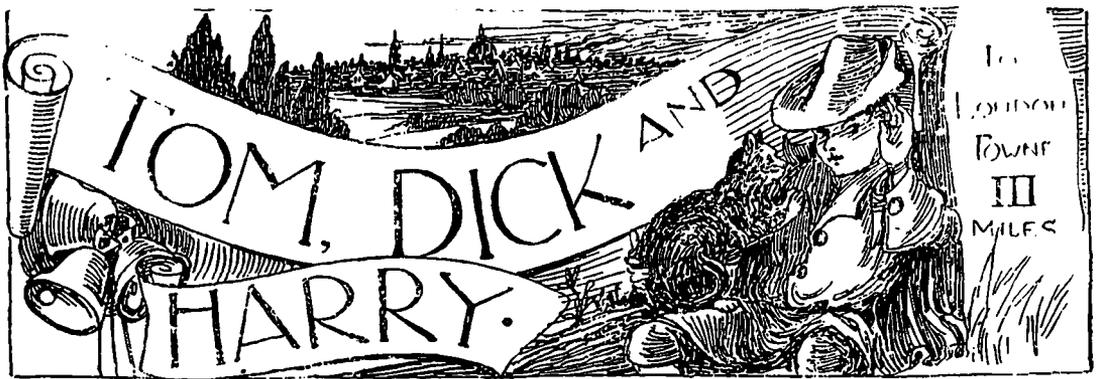
Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted earl  
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day;  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or speak,  
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout;  
And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em punctual once a week,  
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.  
He's an absent minded beggar, but he heard his country's call,  
And his regiment didn't need to send to find him;  
He chucked his job and joined it! So the job before us all  
Is to help the home that Tommy left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener—baronet—groom—  
Mews or palace or paper shop—there's someone gone away!  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,  
And tell him what he'd very much prefer  
That while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place  
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her  
He's an absent minded beggar, and he may forget it all,  
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him  
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy fought the war—  
So we'll help the home's out Tommy's left behind him!

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a millionaire  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay)  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!



**P**ATRIOTISM!—a much-abused term indeed, and one that in these days of cynicism does not pass current at its face value until mere words become deeds. We have heard the “slick” sayings of the oily orator, who tickles our susceptibilities only to capture our votes; and as we have beheld him frothing at the mouth in a frenzy of assumed loyalty, we have echoed Johnson’s words: “Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.” Yet, much as we are disgusted with the “patriot” with an axe to grind, we are revolted by that caricature of a man who discards and disclaims the last vestige of attachment to the country that gave him birth, and that would pour out its life’s blood and treasure in his defence, were his life or liberty threatened. For such a person we have only scorn. He is one who would live to himself and for himself alone, deriving all the benefits society can confer, yet ignoring the duties which he owes to the society of which he is a unit. He is a parasite—a loathsome, creeping thing upon the body politic; his attachment is that of the vampire; he adheres to either persons or principles only for the purpose of sucking blood. He may call himself an Anarchist or a Socialist—it matters not what his pretensions may be, if he cannot appreciate the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. He is an incubus and a pest to the community that tolerates his presence in its midst.

“Patriotism,” says George William Curtis, “is the vital condition of national permanence.” It is that principle of coherence which binds the parts to the whole; without it society were an unorganized mass, torn with internal dissension, and having no rallying power to resist an attack from without. No community could hold together for a generation deprived of the solidarity which this unifying influence ensures. Patriotism is the recognition of mutual interests, and the necessity of co-operation for their maintenance. He who is not a patriot shirks his responsibility, and him we call a traitor; for he who is not for us is against us. Patriotism is, therefore, the fundamental virtue of civilized life and the first essential of citizenship.

III

We hear a great deal about Socialism these days; of the unequal distribution of wealth; of the tyranny of capital; of the enforced serfdom of the producer to the non-producer; of poverty and distress in the lower walks of life; of the struggle for existence. Of radical methods of reform, too, we hear many and various. Denunciation and vituperative abuse of the existing order of things are more general than the depth of thought of which this muttering is held to be capable. And because some of the charges against society are indisputably true in a forgetting that they themselves are a part of the society which its condemnation condemns to

cent and railing against it while they wait for society to accommodate itself to their views. Usually the most ignorant, self-assertive and selfish men are the most violent in their antagonism. Such are the Anarchists, who seek to subvert what law and order we now have to replace it with something akin to the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution. They may not intend to bring about so diabolical a state of affairs; neither did the Communists of Paris; but with the removal of restraint, the wild-beast selfishness turned first upon their victims and afterwards upon themselves, until, in a very panic of fear and distrust, every man was willing to sacrifice his neighbour to save himself. And the lesson which this should teach is this: That the characteristics of society as a whole are the expression of the characteristics of its units. If it is unjust and oppressive to the weak and unfortunate, it is because society is not yet ready to live according to the Golden Rule; and while the motive for social reform is personal selfishness—that is, the dispossession of another to possess oneself—it means nothing more nor less than depriving one class of the power to exercise tyranny in order that the power may pass unto those who will use it with less discretion and in an aggravated form. Clearly, then, reform should begin with the individual, and from self-constituted centres permeate the whole. This is undoubtedly how Christ proposed to solve the social problem. “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,” says the Good Book. There is no law to compel one to be selfish; but there is a law, higher than that of man, which demands that he shall live up to the highest ideal that is within him. It may mean a sacrifice of personal interests to do so; but in any case the remedy is by sacrifice. Why not, then, begin with himself as the nearest and first difficulty to be overcome? I have defined—and I think rightly—patriotism as the recognition of mutual interests and

the necessity of co-operation for their maintenance. This implies that the true patriot should subordinate his own interests to those of the commonwealth. In other words, his first duty is to become an ideal citizen himself, and thus by precept and example seek to raise the standard of citizenship. He is identified with a certain community of interests; to that community he is responsible for the due fulfilment of duties involving allegiance, protection, morality and all the functions of good citizenship. If he sees aught reprehensible in that community, he ought to avoid contributing to that defect. If he disowns society, he cannot find elsewhere a perfect community free from faults, neither can he exist in comfort apart from his fellows. He should, therefore, be loyal to the community in which Providence has placed him, and, while assisting in its preservation, do all he can to improve it, never forgetting to begin with himself as the most available field for work. Our first duties are always those which are nearest to hand. “Charity begins at home; and if charity, reformation also.”

### III

As citizens by adoption of this vast Dominion of Canada, we are connected by interest and affection to a virile and growing community of boundless possibilities; and as devoted subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, we belong to an Empire at once the greatest and most glorious, the most progressive and advanced in civilization known to history. Here in Canada, under British law and protection, governed by the purest and most humane, the greatest and in every respect the best monarch that ever graced a throne, dignified a nation or honoured a people, we are surrounded with the comforts of life, we have liberty and freedom of speech, democratic government, not to mention all the numerous privileges which are the heritage of the Briton. We are free to worship

God after our own manner and to live as we choose, subject only to beneficent laws enacted for the welfare of society. These are some of the advantages of Canadian citizenship. As we cannot get something for nothing in this world, the conferring of benefits presupposes obligations. Thus it is that the privileges derived from association may be ensured only by co-operation for the support and maintenance of the community through association with which these privileges are enjoyed. Having done all we can to promote the internal interests of the community, we must be ready, should our country be menaced by an outside foe, to take up arms in its defence, as we should also be ready to help suppress lawlessness or rebellion.

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In like manner, Canada, being a part of the British Empire, participating in the advantages that accrue to the colonies from the protection afforded by the fleet, the army, and the prowess and the prestige of Great Britain, should be ready and willing to assist our Queen and the Home Government in the preservation of the integrity of the Empire, through association with which our safety as a people is guaranteed. Not that I would overlook or discount with utilitarian reasons the magnanimous sentiment which, more than any other consideration, prompted the generous and filial act of duty in coming unasked to the assistance of the Motherland when Canada put her contingent of one thousand men into the field, to uphold the might of England and upset the iniquitous rule of the grasping Boer in South Africa. No, that is something to be appreciated with satisfaction by every son and every grandson of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; yes, and every son of Canada of whatever descent. It was the spontaneous expression of

loyalty which Finland more than any other nation extant has the right to expect from her subjects, for the beneficence of her rule and the disinterested policies which have developed and improved every dependency over which she has assumed control. She may seek fresh avenues of trade and investment, but this desire is only subsidiary to the prime motive of fulfilling the mission of civilization and progress with which, as the dominant power in the world, Providence has entrusted her.

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And the brave fellows who went forth from their native or adopted land, risking life and limb; and they who also came forward as volunteers, being none the less brave because they were refused; they who were the means by which Canada was enabled to emulate the example of Australia and New Zealand, and stand shoulder to shoulder with England on the battle-field, these exemplify patriotism and loyalty, whereby one is willing, if need be, to die in defence of the community to which he owes his origin. May they acquit themselves honourably, and may their fate be such that no tears but those of joy shall mingle with our rejoicing on their return. Living or dying, they will have done their duty and shed an everlasting lustre on Canadian history, proving to a hostile world that the British Empire is an organized entity, suffering and rejoicing in all its members, and that "the injury of one is the concern of all."

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Said the eloquent Roman orator, Cicero: "Dear are our parents, dear our children, our relatives and our associates; but all our affections for all these are embraced in our affection for our native land."

W. J. ...



WHILE the crop reports of our essayists indicate a generous harvest, with but few crops below the average, the essays have been more select than numerous. They are unanimous in asserting an improvement in the position and prospects of the farmer in contrast with that of a year ago, as they are also all cheerful and optimistic in tone. We have not received a communication on this topic that we should not like to print had we the space, and it is with reluctance that we publish only that of the winner, Arthur Ransom, who is but eighteen years old.

As the subject for the next literary competition, we propose to invite replies to a letter that has been received from a boy now an inmate of the Stepney Causeway Home, and employed in one of the shops. He wants advice that will help him to make up his mind whether to volunteer for Canada or to remain where he is, and he would like to get some idea as to the sort of experience he will meet with if he comes and what will be the prospects before him. He has heard of some of his former mates doing well in different parts of Canada, and would very much like to have some suggestions from them. For the best reply to this letter we offer a handsomely bound volume containing photographic views of Canadian scenery. As the object is of personal and practical interest we intend to print every reply if be helpful and, and trust to be rewarded with many letters from your parts. We will draw light on the subject of the subject.

The following is the prize essay:

BRAMPTON, ONT., Dec. 4th, 1899.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have tried my hand to write from my head an essay. Chingua-cousy, as I know it, is one of the best farming districts in the county of Peel, as it goes by the name of the Garden of Eden. Its land is a nice black loam, very suitable for farming, and the farmers of this vicinity are now reaping the rewards of their former brothers. Spring crops were very good, and the prices well on the average of former years. Spring wheat was an excellent crop and averaged twenty bushels to the acre, and is selling at seventy cents per bushel at present. Barley was a good crop, better than former years; its average yield is twenty-five bushels to the acre, and is selling at forty cents per bushel at present. Oats were a favourable crop, better than last year; its average yield is forty bushels to the acre, and is selling at twenty-eight cents per bushel. Peas were a very unfavourable crop, on account of such a dry summer, and the pea bug did considerable damage; its average yield is ten bushels per acre, and is selling at sixty cents per bushel at present. Rye was a very unfavourable crop, on account of a very severe winter and hard spring; its average yield is fifteen bushels per acre, and is selling at fifty cents per bushel at present. Buckwheat is very little grown, and I am unable to give its output. Fall wheat is almost a failure, on account of a very severe winter and hard spring. Field after field was torn up and sowed with spring crops. Its average yield in some parts was ten bushels per acre, and is selling at sixty five cents per bushel at present. However, on the average of the crops, the farmers of to day are much better, and the prospect much brighter, than that of a year ago. The weather has been very mild and the farmers are well done with their ploughing. A large quantity of fall wheat has been a win in this part and looks very good. Hoping Mr. Editor you will forgive all mistakes as it is the first essay I ever wrote I am in Yours truly,



# OUR GIRLS

Motto for 1900.

“Seek ye first the kingdom  
of God and His right-  
eousness.”

HAZEL BRAE, CHRISTMAS, 1899.

DEAR GIRLS, Christmas is once again drawing nigh, and marks the flight of another year with its varying changes. Hazel Brae, like other homes, has not escaped these changes. Miss Code, so long and favourably known to you all, is no longer with us, and her post is now occupied by Miss Loveday, who is as well known to you. I am sure you will wish her, as we do, all success and happiness in her new and responsible position. Mrs. Charles Owen and Miss Gibbs (whom you know well) are the visiting ladies, and no doubt you will give each a hearty welcome when she comes to see you.

We cannot, as we should like, grasp your hand and give you all in person our sincere wishes for a bright and joyous Christmas, but we are sending you a message from our King, with a few words of counsel and comfort. Our motto for 1900 reminds us of what should be the

very first care and concern of each one of us. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” It is the marching order of every true soldier of Christ, the central pivot around which all our hopes and aspirations should revolve. In this work a day world of ours we are so prone to seek first of all those things which make for our comfort and pleasure, so apt to lay up for ourselves treasures here below without regard to those infinitely more important matters which concern our immortal souls. Well did our Blessed Lord know the power of the world, with its cares and its pleasures, to wean us from Himself, and so He has left us this message of love and warning, to which we shall do well to take heed and to which if by God’s grace we do take heed, will obtain for us not only “all these things” these temporal needs of ours—but, best of all, eternal life.

Our wish for you, dear girls, is that the coming year may be indeed a happy one. Take heed to your Master and King, and ever be

ashamed to own Him. He is in our hearts the Word of God. Ever be looking to Jesus for the spirit of grace, for He delights to send the Comforter to strengthen those who wait upon Him; and be ever looking forward to the coming of the King, for great will be the reward of those who have faithfully served Him.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength,  
In Him thou shalt be strong;  
His weakest ones may learn at length  
A daily triumph song.  
Distrust thyself, but trust alone  
In Him for all—forever,  
And joyously thy heart shall own  
That Jesus faileth never.

Your sincere friends,  
W. AND J. METCALFE.

### Hazel Brae Notes.

I do not know that we can improve on the old phrase for our greeting to you at this season. We wish you one and all "A pleasant Christmas and a Happy New Year." We suppose and hope that many of you are looking out into the New Year with expectations and wonder as to what it will bring you. Well, if you are putting God *first*, according to our motto, you may trust and not be afraid.

Then let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may;  
It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through,  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His children too.

During the past year there have been a few changes at Hazel Brae. Miss Code has returned to England, and Miss Loveday will no longer be calling upon you as a visitor, but in her stead you will probably see Mrs. Charles Owen; a lady whom many of you know already, and for whom we bespeak a very hearty welcome.

The second part of the girls who came in September, had to cross the ocean without the help and care of our friend, Mrs. Brown. We regret that she has been quite laid aside and unable to resume her duties. The last report from England of

her was that she is recovering, but still very weak. We are sure all who know her, and especially those who have received her kind attention on board, will unite in wishing her renewed strength and restored health in the New Year.

Some of you will perhaps have read in the July number of UPS AND DOWNS of Maggie Brooke's illness and that it had been decided for her to have the benefit of a sea voyage. This was carried out, and she left Hazel Brae on the 16th of June, accompanied by Mrs. Brown. The voyage was well managed, and soon after her arrival in England she went to stay with her former boarding-out mother, Mrs. Dorling, of Wickham Skeith, who was much attached to her. Here, under Mrs. Dorling's kind care, the dear girl seemed to gain strength for a few weeks; but the improvement did not last long, and she gradually grew weaker till the 11th of August, when she peacefully passed away. We can confidently say "it is well" with dear Maggie, for she was trusting her Saviour with a child-like, simple faith. Mrs. Metcalfe (who happened to be staying at Felixstowe at the time) went over to Wickham Skeith to be present at her funeral. After the beautiful and solemn burial service, during which her favourite hymn was sung, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," her body was laid to rest in the quiet little churchyard in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

News has also reached us of the death of Mrs. Church, of Jarvis, formerly Ellen Nash. She had been married some years, but left no children.

Many of the girls will, no doubt, remember Lizzie Lepine, who came out to Canada in September, 1898, and they will be sorry to hear that she has recently met with a serious accident, but we are thankful to be able to say that she is now out of danger and progressing towards recovery. It appears that whilst Lizzie was discussing her mistress' little boy—a dear little fellow of two

years old she was accidentally shot in the thigh by a boy in the same employ. The most distressing part of the affair, however, was that the same shot was the means of causing the death of Lizzie's little charge. We are sure all will feel most sincerely for the poor mother in her sad bereavement. Lizzie's friends will be very glad to hear that she is valued much by her master and mistress, and we hope that she may long continue to be a help and a comfort to them.

Lizzie Hatcher, who has been for six years in one home near Bowmanville, is at present a patient in the Nicholls Hospital. Until lately she has had very good health, but quinsy, followed by cold, weakened her considerably. For some weeks she was carefully and lovingly nursed in the family of her employer; but not recovering, as was hoped, she was removed to the hospital. She has been a conscientious servant, and is held in high esteem by all who know her. We trust that the skill and care of hospital nursing will soon bring her back to health again.

We had an interesting visit in November from a bride and bridegroom, the former known to us for years as Olive Adams. Olive came to Canada in 1889 as a little girl about eleven years of age. For several years she lived in an out-of-the-way place near Apsley. She has a splendid record, both for work and character, and we were pleased to congratulate her and her husband. The latter is a young farmer, the owner of a house, some land, horse and buggy and three or four cows. We predict for the young couple a happy, prosperous future. Those who are hoping to follow Olive's example may be interested to know that she wore a navy blue dress with white satin, blue hat also trimmed with white, and a fawn jacket, with little et cetera, decidedly bride-like, the whole making a very pretty and suitable costume.

We have before us a photograph of a little girl, young, who is the only

striking out across the prairie, but unless under very exceptional circumstances we do not often find our little girls out in the North West. But a lady from Toronto, whom we know very well, has for some months been travelling along the Canadian Pacific Line, and now has with her little Dorothy Millsom as a help and companion to her own little ones. Dorothy evidently enjoyed her long, long railway journey and the novelty of her surroundings. She writes from Moose Jaw, where she is expecting to stay for the winter:

I arrived safely in Toronto, then Mr. Owen put me on the train to North Bay, and then we went on to Winnipeg. On the way we saw hardly anything except rocks and hills. We stayed in Winnipeg for two weeks, and then Mr. O— came and took me to Moose Jaw. We had a basket of food on the train, and Mr. O— took me into the dining-car, and I reached Moose Jaw on Friday morning. Mrs. O— gives me ten cents every week if I am a good girl. Me and Mrs. O's little boy and girl watch the trains, and we play at trains, and we have blocks to play with and a hat for top. I will tell you more later.

### Girls' Donation Fund.

Agnes Ryons, \$1.00; Edith Herring, \$1.00; Annie Curtis, 75¢; Daisy Thorne, 50¢; Miriam Killeck, \$1.00; Isabella Lee, \$1.00; Lily Walker, 25¢; Florence Porter, \$2.00; Alice Parsons, 75¢; Charlotte Ewing, 75¢; Margaret A. Richardson, \$1.00; Annie Lake, 50¢; Annie Verby, 75¢.

### Notices to be Remembered.

All girls who have deposited money in the bank at Peterborough will have received this year a new bank book. For the benefit of the younger ones who may not quite understand it, we will explain that the *last figures* in the *right hand column* always show the balance to their credit. We specially call attention to the fact that these books must always be sent to the Home whenever money is deposited or withdrawn. They will fit into an ordinary sheet envelope and will require a two-cent stamp.

The price of Our Own Bank Book is one cent, five cents per year, and it



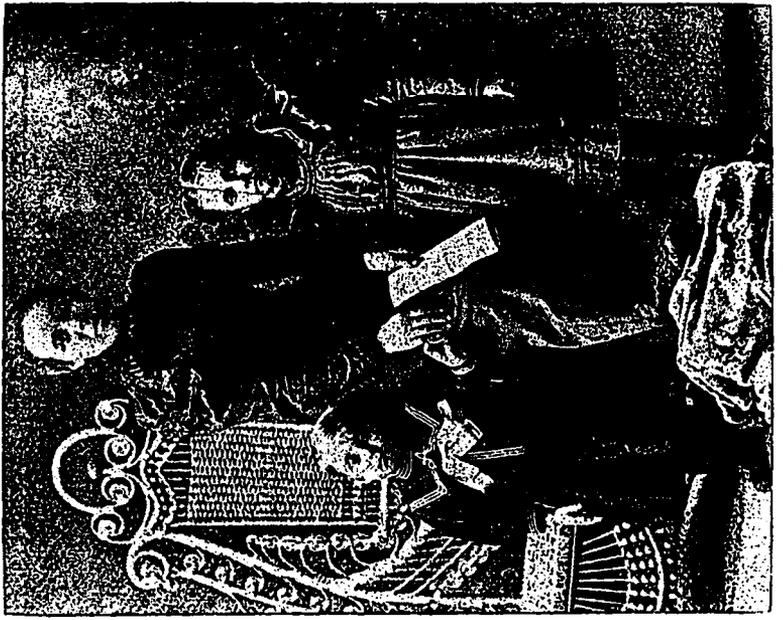
Ruth and Mary Hannah Smith.



Maud Har and Florence L. Hughes.



Eliza and Annie Cogley.



Mary Simpson and Mrs. Robinson's Children.



Bessie Sanfall and Elizabeth Ferris.



Rosina, Sarah and John Wagner.

subscribers wishing to continue taking the magazine must renew their subscription yearly. The time when this is due is shown by the date on the right hand corner of the address on the outside wrapper.

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

We would also remind our readers of the necessity of signing their names to all letters. It is better, too, to give the post-office and full address. Sometimes we have to spend a long time finding out who "Annie" or "Mary" is. Photos, too, are difficult to identify unless some name is written on the back. The little girl who leaves the Home for the first time is so very different from the young lady of a few years later, who has her picture taken in her new summer attire, that we may be pardoned if we sometimes fail to recognize her.

### Our Picture Gallery.

Our readers will notice that we are this month giving photos of sisters or friends taken together. Of every one of these *something good* can be said and, with one exception, no complaint worth mentioning has ever been made against any of them since they have been in the country. All are now doing well.

The group of the three little Wagners a great many of you will think very interesting. They came to Canada in 1897. Rosina, the eldest, had for nearly two years a happy home near Lindsay. In the spring of this year, on arriving at the dignity of being fourteen and able to earn wages, a situation was found for her near London, and later on, to her great delight her brother, Johnnie (twelve) was employed by the same people. Our visitor's report says: "Rosina is quite happy and well liked, is in a good home, with very kind people. Her little brother has come to live with her. He is a nice little fellow, and his people are pleased with him all o'

Sarah, the youngest, is one of several little ones who are under the charge of our kind friend Mrs. Strachan. She and little Ada Merri-day live with Mrs. Strachan, and the same visitor says: "They are both well and doing well; Sarah especially makes good progress at school and is a general favourite. Both are well liked by other children of the village."

On the same page are two 1892 girls, sisters, Ruth and Mary Hannah Smith. Ruth was placed with Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth, on October, 1892, where she remained until December, 1897. Since then she has changed several times on account of failing health, and we regret that she is at present laid aside from the same cause.

Her sister, Mary Hannah, is strong and well. In March 1894, she went to Mrs. Scott, senior, and has remained in the same family ever since, and is now with a married daughter. They are both well conducted, conscientious young women, and a credit to our community.

The sisters, Eliza and Annie Cogley, who came out in September, 1895, will be readily distinguished. Eliza was for a year and a half in a clergyman's family, and went to her present place in May, 1897. Annie was, on her arrival, sent up to Muskoka with other little ones for a time. Since May, 1897, she has had a good home with a lady who has grown much attached to her. To the grief of both, Annie has just left to take a situation where she could earn higher wages, but she is still to consider her former place as "home." Both have a good record and, we hope, a very happy future before them.

Also on this page are photos of two friends from our Barret group of girls, to whom adulation has before been made. Several of these are now scattered, but the above still remain and are good friends. The taller one, Maude Hart, is a neat, respectable girl (18,0) still in

begun well—is fortunate in having a good home and kind mistress and, we trust, will not be “hindered” in her promising career. The other, Florence Hughes, is an 1896 girl. She was removed by the Home from her first place, and since March, 1897, has been in her present situation, where we hope she will remain a long time yet. This, we believe, is also the wish of her mistress, so we need add nothing as to Florence’s conduct and character.

The right-hand figure of the remaining group is Lizzie Perry, also an 1896 girl. Lizzie has been for more than two years in her present place. The following was written by her mistress a few months back: “Lizzie has been with us for two years. We have always found her trustworthy, truthful and obedient, and very kind to our little boys. We all think a great deal of her and would be very sorry to have her leave, for she is nearly one of our own family.” Last July her friend, Bessie Sanders, paid her a visit, coming from Smith’s Falls (where she had lived for two years in one place) to Peterborough for this purpose, returning again to the same neighbourhood. Those of us who remember plump little Bessie of the Village Home only a few short years back, would scarcely recognize her in the tall, bonnie, healthy young woman who appeared at Hazel Brae last summer. Bessie seems to have done well in Canada in more senses than one.

The lower figure is Mary Simpson, who came to Canada October, 1892, and has been in her present place with Mrs. David Robinson, near Ingersoll, since July, 1893. She has with her her mistress’ two little children, who are much attached to Mary. That she has earned a good name is certain from the fact that a lady in the same neighbourhood, applied to us the other day for just such a girl, saying: “I hear she is a treasure.” Mary has been a good, plodding, faithful girl and has her reward for her conduct. The highest au-

thority, is deemed to be more than great riches.

Many other photos we have that we know our readers would be glad to see, and they have been sent for insertion, but space, means and the decision of the editor forbid us to send more this month. Others we hope will follow in due season.

### Correspondence.

A good many of our letters lately have been from our new arrivals of this year, giving their first impressions and experiences in the country. Those on farms are usually struck by the number of animals around, and tell with wonder of so many horses, cows, dogs, fowl, etc.; those in the cities find their chief wonder in the electric cars, trains crossing the streets, etc. We were amused by an elder sister, just gone to Toronto, cautioning her younger one to be most careful how she crossed the streets if she ever came to the city. Still we like to see elder sisters assuming some care and responsibility over their younger sisters. We have lately had two pleasing instances of this, even though in both cases they have been a little mistaken. In one case, two elder sisters are away in the States, and from a letter received from their younger sister they feared she was not altogether amidst good surroundings, so wrote anxiously to us at Hazel Brae making a generous offer of support for their sister, if she could be removed. In the other case, an elder sister was concerned because the younger changed her places often. She also made an unselfish proposition with regard to her, in which she was generously helped by her mistress. It was not thought wise to carry out this proposition, but it reflected credit on the sister and showed that she recognized the claims of relationship. We think of one or two other sets of sisters who seldom write to each other or appear to take much interest in each other’s welfare. Wake up to your duties and your privileges,

elder sisters; your own good example will be a great influence for good on the little ones. Let them be proud of you and look up to you for advice and help.

From our numerous correspondence we select a few letters that may be of interest.

Clara Donnelly, who came out in 1897 and has been for more than two years in her present place, writes the following interesting account of a Thanksgiving meeting:

We have been trying (the members of the Band) our best for the last three weeks to get up a nice programme for our Thanksgiving service, which came off this afternoon. It was to have been held last Saturday, but, being such a wet day, it was postponed till to-day. I thought, too, this morning it was going to be a failure, as it was raining when I got up; but, to the joy of us all, it all cleared away and turned out a lovely afternoon. It was held at the house of Miss E. Hood at two o'clock. There were thirty-one present, as the ladies and all the boys and girls of St. John's were invited. We opened the meeting by singing a hymn. Then Miss Cherry, organist, read a paper, explaining the doings of the afternoon service of the W.F.M.S., which was held at East Toronto in October. Then there was a recitation by B. Duncan, treasurer, a solo was then sung by L. Pettefer, then a recitation by little Clark Young, which was very nice for a little boy. Then there were speeches given by Mrs. Duncan. Her subject was on the text from Matt. xiv. 27, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." It was very nice and something I don't think I shall forget for a long while to come. Then there was a paper read by Mrs. French. It was on the evening programme of the W. F. M. S., held, as I said before, at East Toronto. Then there was another recitation by Johnnie Donaldson, our little boy, "Loving and Giving," which was also very good. I then read a paper on "Indian Children: the Way the Girls are Treated." Then Mrs. Brown gave us a few words on a verse or two in the twelfth chapter of St. John's Gospel, telling us that an act of kindness is a great thing in the sight of God. She explained this to us by saying that once a policeman, while on duty, saw a woman stoop and pick up something and wrap it in her apron. He watched her for quite a while, then he thought she was taking something she couldn't have, so he followed her and ordered her to open her apron, but so determined was the woman that she would not at first. This roused the policeman, and he made her show him, but to his great surprise she had only just a few pieces of glass. She then said that there

were so many children running barefoot, she did not want the boys to get the glass in their feet. Even this little act of kindness is great, she said, in the sight of God. Quite a few more instances she told us I thought were very interesting and useful. Miss E. Hood, superintendent, then gave a few words of thanks to all for helping to get up the programme. We then sang the Doxology. Then the Rev. Mrs. Duncan closed the meeting. There was a freewill offering taken up before the meeting was closed. Tea was then served, and we returned home after a very enjoyable afternoon.

Rose Chenu, October, 1896, kept her first place two years and then left to get higher wages. From her letters she seems to like this place almost as well as her first one, as she writes:

I have been very backward in writing you a letter, but I must send you a line now to let you know where I am and how I am, and that I am alive yet, so you must not forget to come and see me. I am living on top of the hill past the Methodist Church not far from Agnes Atwood. It is a farm. We have five horses, seven or eight calves, milk four cows at present, nineteen or twenty pigs, two sheep, one dog, two cats, and one little kitten. Mistress and master are very kind to me. There are only four of them in family in the winter and five in spring and summer. They are German people. The lady is quite of an age, but she helps with the work around until it is done just as if she was a young girl like me. I go home quite often to see Ma and Pa and the baby [this refers to her former employer]. For the past two weeks we have been very busy with the potatoes. We have about six hundred bushels. We have ten barrels of apples and a wagonful of rough ones made into cider. I have been here nearly a year and like it first-rate.

We have a very nice long front lawn, and so we had a honey social on it once last summer, and we had a recitation party, and I recited the piece out of the UPS AND DOWNS called "The Envious Errand of Master Merrivain." I guess maybe you know what kind of a piece that is. It is a comical piece, anyway. I suppose you will soon be preparing for Christmas. We should try and think what a mighty work was wrought on that day. *Jesus Born!* Think what He has done, and what He is doing, and what He is going to do. Let us girls try this coming year to think "What would Jesus do?" I will try to be one to seek to do my best, not forgetting my Heavenly Father.

Catherine Abraham is in her first place, 1895 and has been for nearly two years in the present place. Her letter to you has a very interesting

something of the war spirit which is abroad now, for the writers:

I was very glad to hear from you. I am keeping very well, and hope everybody at the Home are doing the same. We are having a lively time so far as piano practising is concerned. It is real nice. We have three people in the house that can play, and I am dearly fond of music and singing. We have a favourite piece here just now, and it is called "The Soldiers of the Queen," which just suits our times, and I have nearly picked up the tune now from hearing it played and sung. It is very pretty when played properly, and it was very interesting here on Thanksgiving Day when our young soldiers of the Queen departed. There were many wet eyes in the millions [?] that thronged King and Yonge Streets, and you should have heard the hurrahs and shouts as the boys and Lieut.-Col. Otter departed on their way to South Africa. My Sabbath school teacher is president of the Toronto Red Cross Society, who are providing for our boys in South Africa and also it was very interesting to know that they would go on the *Sardinian*, as she is the boat I came over in and the other girls of 1895.

Alice Clarke is still a little girl, although she has been in Canada over five years. We notice she claims relationship with the family, from which we infer she is kindly dealt with and feels at home:

DEAR MISS GIBBS, I now take the opportunity of writing you these few lines to let you know I am quite well and happy, hoping to find you the same. I hope you got home safely from your journey. Ma is quite a bit better than she was when you were up here. I will be thirteen years old to-morrow, and we are going to have company, and Ma has made a cake for me. Wilhelmine and I were over to a neighbour's visiting, and we had a good time. We went out and gathered beechnuts nearly all afternoon.

I am going to send twenty-five cents for the UPS AND DOWNS, as we would all like to read Miss Code's letter. Uncle Robert is coming up to visit us. He is a Methodist preacher. He is Pa's brother. We are going to have Revival Meetings in our Church. I now think I will close my letter, as this is all I can say, so good bye, from your affectionate friend,

ALICE CLARKE.

#### I. Memoriam

Your Magazine is a very interesting and valuable record of our history and events.

In the year 1895, the first issue of the *Canadian Magazine* was published in Canada, the first issue being the one containing the

other nine years old. Alice was at once sent to Mrs. Harrison, of Ottawa, whom she served faithfully and well for two years. A few months back, her health failed, and our readers will remember that in the October issue she is mentioned as being in the hospital. It was at first hoped that she would recover and be able to return to her former mistress; but she gradually grew weaker, and we began to feel anxious. In October, Miss Gibbs visited Alice and found her very ill, and much altered from the bright and healthy-looking girl she had seen on her last visit to Ottawa. On Monday morning, December 11th, the sad news reached us that Alice had passed quietly away the evening before. And yet, ought we to call it *sad* news? For she had passed from earth to heaven; she was one of Christ's own little ones, and is now, we believe, safe in His loving arms.

While in the hospital, her mistress was most kind and attentive, going very often to see her and taking her many little delicacies. She was also visited by her pastor, Dr. Rose, her Sabbath school teacher, and some of our girls living in the city. A few days before her death, when asked by a lady what message should be sent to her friends at the Home, she replied: "Give them my love, and tell them I am trusting in Jesus."

On hearing of her death, Miss Gibbs left at once for Ottawa, and was present at the simple but solemn funeral service, conducted by Dr. Rose, which was also attended by her mistress and four of our girls, Amelia Brian, her great friend, Alice Knowles, Bessie Buckland and Alice Long.

Unfortunately, the little sister, Emily, was too far away to get to the funeral; but in her sorrow for her sister, she can be comforted by knowing that Alice has left behind her that most precious possession "a good name," and she can look forward to a happy reunion in the Father's home above.

## In Leisure Hour.

We are glad to receive this essay, and should now like some other girls to give us their ideas upon the various seasons, their preferences and reasons for them, and so on. These will doubtless differ from Blanche's, and it will be interesting to compare notes.

### An Essay on the Four Seasons of the Year.

#### SPRING.

Spring is a dreary time of the year. It commences about March 20th and ends in June. The snow melts and the roads become muddy. The weather is mild, and the air is heavy and unhealthy. It is a busy time with the farmers. They plough and sow in Spring ready for the harvest, which comes in Summer. Primrose Day comes in Spring, then the Conservatives in England wear primroses in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, who was a great lover of them. His grave is always decorated with them. People generally move in Spring. Elections are in full swing. Primroses, violets and daffodils are the most popular flowers in Spring. These are used to decorate the churches at Easter, when they can be had without a lot of expense.

#### SUMMER.

It is the hottest part of the year. It commences in June and ends in September. The people spend their holidays at seaside and Summer resorts. Everything is in its beauty, the lawns are a mass of beautiful green grass, the gardens are full of delicious flowers, the air is fragrant and healthy. The heat is intense, and then the beautiful, shady maple trees, for which Canada is noted, are sought by wise people who want to get the coolest place possible. Garden and euchre parties are very fashionable. Most of the fruit is gathered, preserved and put by for the winter; it is very plentiful and cheap. Tennis is a favourite Summer amusement. The cows go to pasture, and give sweet, refreshing milk. The harvest is a very busy time with all hands on the farm. The markets and gardens are full of fruit and vegetables. Summer is a most enjoyable time of the year.

#### AUTUMN.

Autumn commences in the month of September and ends in December. The holiday makers come home rested and ready to go to work. It is a pleasant time, but quite a change from the very hot days. People prepare for the Winter comforts. The leaves of the trees turn a pretty red and then fall. There are

cold winds, that make it cold enough to light the furnace. Rain is plentiful. Football is the boys' and men's amusement in fall. The people generally do a little house cleaning. The stores are rather busy supplying the people with heavy clothing. There is a lot of foggy weather in England about this time. Autumn is quite a nice time of the year.

#### WINTER.

Winter comes in with frost and snow. It commences in December and ends in March. It is very often colder than people care for. They supply themselves with plenty of warm clothing and fuel. The rivers, ponds and rinks are frozen. Skating rinks are opened. It is a healthy and pleasant amusement with both male and female. Hockey is especially pleasant for the boys, and the matches are rather exciting. This is the farmer's holiday season. People don't do any unnecessary outside work. Many indoor amusements are given. Opera houses, music halls and theatres are well occupied. When the snow melts in England, the grass is as green as ever; but in Canada it dies through the extreme cold. The poultry markets are full. In winter comes the joyous feast of Christmas, when many families and old friends re-unite to spend it together. Delicate people, who can't afford to go to warm places for the Winter, take a little hot bath after all.

#### BLANCHE TELLS,

And says you must be good.

### To the Other Girls.

I'm up in the morning at six, you know,  
For our work begins with the sun,  
And never a moment for rest or play  
Till the morning's work is all done.

'Tis milking and scrubbing and cleaning  
pans  
(I just wish you could see them shine),  
And 'tis Bessie here, and Bessie go there,  
Never thinking of rain or fine.

But, never mind, I am happy, you know,  
Because work never dulls the mind.  
Will you write and say how it is with you?  
Whoever this letter may find.

Our lady was here, and her loving care  
Has cheered me for many a day,  
For 'tis just as she said, when I was  
done,  
I enjoy either rest or play.

Whoever the day may be glad to see,  
It will brighten as work goes,  
I remember the sun will shine again,  
When the rain is over and gone.

The winter at this time has  
settled at last, and it is a

contributed to our magazine. We feel a little sorry that she requests us not to give her name, but she adds: "I am rather in hopes these verses may lead one or two to write a response and then I also would write again and keep up the interest."

We hope a good number will send us some comment upon them.



Edith Hallendale sends the following:

My first is in great, but not in small ;  
 My second is in cricket, but not in ball ;  
 My third is in mother, but not in son ;  
 My fourth is in merry, but not in fun ;  
 My fifth is in taught, but not in learn ;  
 My sixth is in lily, but not in fern ;  
 My seventh is in song, but not in speech ;  
 My eighth is in gnat, but not in leech ;  
 My last is in short, but not in tall ;  
 My whole is in what I send you all (especially at Christmas).

**Puzzles.**

1. Place a saint before an intoxicating drink and make a word meaning old.
2. Place a saint before skill and make a word meaning the beginning.
3. Place a saint before atmosphere and make a means of gaining a higher elevation.
1. What squirrels love and live in the Little Women?
2. Miss Muffet's terror.
3. A country in Europe.
4. Elevated domestic animal.
5. One of a baseball team.

(The answers are things found in the pantry).

1. What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?
2. Which is the oldest tree in England?
3. What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day?
4. Why is O the noisest of the vowels?

**Something for Sunday.**

Find the following texts, write down where found and in what connection:

1. The people feared and hid from the king.
2. Every one with a sword on his side ought in the work and with the other hand held he weep on.
3. "Carry me out of this land, for I am polluted."
4. With a strong faith he stood up and said to the king, "I will not fight."
5. "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Light the candle of knowledge.

**Needlework Competition.**

We have been very pleased with the response to the needlework competition, especially in regard to Class 1, for those over fourteen. We have quite a goodly number of very clean, dainty, little squares worked round in various colours and devices, and some really beautiful buttonholes. Whatever girls can do with broom and duster, some of them are very clever with the needle also. It has been a great interest to receive these, and each, as it arrived alone, seemed nice enough to win a prize; but when all were laid out together, then came the difficulty of selecting and deciding upon *the best*. While all were *good*, several are *very good*, a few are *better* still, and finally one has been selected as *the best*. The girl whose clever fingers did this fine, even featherstitch and made these neat buttonholes ought never to have a rent in her dress unattended, nor a button off, nor anything out of repair. We wonder if this is so?

The prize of a silver thimble is awarded to Constance Dunford, and we hope she will use it long and often in making, mending and adorning her own clothing.

Then come three others, all so very nicely worked that, after most careful examination, it is difficult to say which one is better than the others, so we class together as second: Maria Careis, Edith Hallendale and Minnie Neville. Several others deserve honourable mention. Maud Hart has lovely buttonholes, but has put "herringbone" instead of featherstitch. This is a mistake made by two or three others as well. Josephine Appleby has good featherstitch, but in the wrong place; Florence Porter and Agnes Little also send very creditable work. Florence Curtis makes sweet little buttonholes, and Amy Reynolds a very pretty featherstitch. Winifred Hyde, Phoebe Edwards and Minnie Bourne also deserve mention.

And now for the younger ones. Not many under fourteen have attempted the bag, but those sent are very nicely and neatly made—such tiny stitches and such level, even hems! They show, children, that you have been careful; persevering and industrious. In order to judge the work and find out the failings, we first of all turn each bag inside out, then we are soon able to select two as decidedly better than the others. But then which is the better of these two? Well, after prying into the corners, pulling at the fastening, noticing the joining of the tape, etc., etc., we finally give the first prize to Florence Pask, and the second to Daisy Drewett. Emma King puts in the draw thread the best of them all. Bertha Glegg and Alice Clark's bags are very good, but they have forgotten to leave the seam open on one side. Emily Hughes and Nellie Anderson also do very good sewing. We compliment Alice Clark on her way of getting over difficulties. Though she could not get to the store to buy tape, she did not give up, but found something that would do. If she carries this same principle into every-day life, there is not much doubt of her success.

If the girls like this kind of competition and *something to do*, we invite suggestions from themselves as to *what* they prefer: Questions needing answers—subjects to write upon—something to make—something to find out—or what—which shall it be next time? But they must send in the answers. We hear of several girls who find out these various things, but do not send the results to us, and then we think they are not interested in them. We want them to feel that it is their magazine, and we should like them to help to make it interesting to others.

The awards are as follows:

Class I—Buckingham and red—winner, Estelle C. Dandy, runner-up, Maria Curtis, Mimi Freville, Edith Hallendale. Class II—Mauve, a

bag—winner, Daisy Drewett.

The prizes will be given at the next meeting.

### On the Care of Lamps.

One new experience to our late arrivals in Canada will probably be "cleaning the lamps," so that perhaps the following hints may be of use in helping you to keep them in good order. But if any of these directions are contrary to your mistress' ways and wishes about them, by all means follow her instructions and not these.

Winter, with its long evenings, is now close upon us, so I think a short chat on the subject of lamps may, even in these days of gas and electric light, be not unprofitable, as every winter brings its train of accidents arising from the careless use of oil lamps. When first lighted, the lamp should be allowed to burn low for a few minutes, and turned up gradually, lest the chimney should crack. In damp or frosty weather, lamp chimneys should be warmed before placing them on the lamp. It is, however, a great mistake to have lamps turned low down, under the impression that by so doing less oil will be burnt. Precisely the same amount will be consumed, and a most unpleasant smell will alone reward you. To light a lamp, use a match or taper. Paper is dangerous, as it is apt to fall on the wick. Lamps with glass or china reservoirs are apt to explode when set in a draught and when the pernicious custom of blowing the flame out is indulged in. The result of this dangerous practice is to force the flame downwards, when, if it reach the oil, an explosion will certainly follow. The only safe way to extinguish a lamp which has no proper apparatus provided for the purpose is to turn down the wick or wicks till the flame is nearly out, and then give one sharp puff *across*, not *down*, the top of the chimney.

To trim the wicks, turn them up so that the burnt part is just above the burner and remove it with the scissors or a piece of paper, following the shape of the burner and taking care that no jagged edges or sharp corners are left. New wicks should be held to the candle for a minute to burn the top, otherwise it is impossible to get them perfectly level. Do not leave wicks turned up, or the oil will ooze from them and run over the top of the reservoir. Never *blow* the flame out with oil, but leave half an inch or so for air to circulate. Expands when warm and is liable to crack. But it is not advisable either to burn a half-burned lamp or to let it burn long

much better than any other part of the house.

To clean the lamp chimney, remove all black or soot with some soft paper and polish with a soft cloth. When very much marked or discoloured, they may easily be rendered perfectly bright if held over steam and then polished with some powdered whitening. A large apron and a pair of old gloves will effectually protect you, and when once the lamps are thoroughly clean and in working order, very little time is required to keep them so. All you need is a pair of lamp scissors, two or three old dusters and a wash leather-covered stick for the chimneys. Remember that to ensure a brilliant light and no smell, perfect cleanliness is necessary.

A lamp will always burn best when the oil in it is moderately warm, and in winter it should be kept at a temperature of 60°, especially if the oil has been stored in an out-house. Remember, in conclusion, that when a lamp or a stove *does* burn badly or smell, it is a sure sign that it needs a thorough cleaning; for if you are burning good oil, it is of necessity either the wicks, the reservoir or the mode of trimming

U. S. G. B. Co. *The Family Friend*

### A Fairy Story

Far away in the depth of a dark forest there was once a small hut, in which a poor widow with her little son, Will, lived. In the summer time it was quite a pretty place. The birds sang gaily in the tall trees; a little brook gurgled softly as it hurried past one side of the hut. Beautiful vines almost covered the rough logs of which the humble cottage was built and made it more beautiful than a stately palace. All was different in the winter. The winds whistled noisily through the tree-tops and seemed to be telling wild tales of the mischief they had wrought in different places, for the pine trees shook their heads continually and appeared to moan sadly over what they could not help. All day long inside the hut the widow sat by the fire and knitted long, soft, fine stockings, which she used to take to a town several miles away and offer for sale. Sometimes the weather was so bad that she could not venture out for months. Then Will and she had a very little to eat, and if it had not been for the goat which gave them milk, they might

have starved. Will had a great many things to take up his time. He did all the little housework, even sometimes making the bread, so that his mother might have more time to knit. He took care of the goat and gave her every day some of the hay he had made for her in the summer. Then he had a store of nuts that he had gathered in the autumn. He used to look these over, crack some kinds and roast or boil the chest-nuts. He was a very little fellow, only ten years old, to have so much work to do; but he was a very happy little fellow, too. In the forest where he lived there were a great many fairies. They liked the little boy, and often helped him with his work, although he did not know it, and sometimes wondered why he got through so soon. When Will had finished his tasks, his greatest joy was to take a little stool, sit down beside his mother and listen to the stories she would tell him about herself when she was a little girl, especially about the presents Santa Claus used to bring her at Christmas. Santa Claus had never brought Will any presents, and Will thought that he could not know that a little boy lived in that great, lonely forest. He was sure that if the kind Santa Claus did know about him, he would bring him some little gift on Christmas Eve. His mother one day told him that perhaps if he were a very good boy, some time when she went to town she might manage to send word to Santa Claus about him. After this promise Will tried with all his might to please his mother. And so one bright day in the early part of the winter, when his mother started off for town with a large bundle of stockings in a basket which she hoped to bring back full of meal, she said she must try to send word to Santa Claus about her good boy, Will, and how much he wished for a Christmas gift. Will had laid out on the table for his dinner all there was left in the house, but his mother had told him he must not take it till the clock struck twelve, and he meant to obey

her. Will thought it a very nice dinner, but it was only a mug of milk, some boiled chestnuts, and a large slice of brown bread. Whenever Will looked at his dinner he felt very hungry, and after he had seen to the goat he had nothing to do but wait till twelve o'clock. The first time the clock struck after his mother left Will eagerly counted the strokes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Then they stopped and Will knew it would be four hours before twelve, and it seemed a very long time to wait. Will went to the little window to look at the tracks of his mother's feet down the long white path that led out of the forest to the town where she had gone. To his great surprise he saw a little girl walking so lightly along the path towards the house that she left no foot-prints in the snow at all. He had never seen a little girl in the forest before; only men and big boys came there. When Will had gone to town with his mother he had often seen little girls walking in the streets, but he had never spoken to one. This child, however, walked right up to the window, nodded in a friendly manner, and said:

"May I come in? I'm cold."

Will ran to the door and opened it. The little girl wore a red cloak, with a hood of the same colour tied over her long, golden curls. Her blue eyes sparkled merrily. A great number of birds were hovering around her; some were even clinging to her long curls or nestling close to her rosy cheeks. She did not look a bit cold, but in her arms she carried a squirrel and a rabbit, both apparently half frozen. The little maiden walked into the room and sat down on Will's little stool before the fire.

"Ah!" she said, "that's comfortable. Now Bunnie and little Nut Cracker will get their food."

She untied her hood and bread. They dropped on the floor, and immediately a host of little birds settled on them. A number of birds perched on the ragged shelf over the

fire place, and the rest still nestled on the little maiden's shoulders or clung to her hair. Will thought it all very pretty and wonderful. He scarcely noticed the clock striking nine.

For some time the little girl was busy rubbing her furry pets. When they had revived she turned to Will and said:

"Little boy, Bunnie and Nut Cracker are hungry. They would like part of that large slice of bread, and the little birds would be glad of some, too. As for me, I am only thirsty, and would like a drink of milk."

Will answered: "I cannot give you what you ask just now, for my mother told me not to touch anything until twelve. If you will wait until the clock strikes twelve, then I will share my dinner with you."

"All right," answered the little maiden; "we will wait, and while we are waiting my birdies will sing for you."

The birds all began to sing together, but the little girl stamped her foot and told them to stop, for she only wished one to sing at a time. She held out her little hand and the birds in turn perched on it, and each sang a song. The wonderful thing about their songs was that Will suddenly understood the bird language and found himself listening to beautiful stories. One little red-breast sang about the Babes in the Wood; another told about Red Riding Hood, and so on. Each sang a little story for Will. The boy was so interested that when the clock struck ten he did not take time to count the strokes, and when it struck eleven he did not even hear it, for just then he was crying over the story of the Ugly Duckling. How delighted he was when the little ugly duckling at last found out that he was a beautiful white swan! He could almost see him gliding happily down the river in the still summer moonlight.

The last time the clock struck was a week ago, and the last beautiful thing I did see that day was the

one cheek. But the little girl no sooner held out her finger to him, saying, "Now, little Brownie," than he hopped on it and began to sing so sweetly that Will afterwards told his mother that he thought the angels must have taught him. He sang a beautiful story, too, all about the secrets of the forest, what made the flowers so sweet, the water so clear and the moss so soft and green. Then he sang that the snow was a warm, soft blanket tucked over the little flowers in the winter to keep them from the cold, cruel winds. Just as he got so far in his story, the clock began to strike, and he stopped. Will heard it this time and counted aloud—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve."

The little maiden jumped up and ran to the table crying, "Now we can have something to eat and drink."

Will gave part of his bread to the rabbit and squirrel, then crumbled the rest up for the birds. He handed his mug to the little maiden, who pressed it to her rosy lips and drank the milk to the last drop.

She gave back the mug to Will, laughing merrily and saying: "Your visitors have had enough, but there is nothing for you, little boy."

"O yes, there is," answered Will; "I have my chestnuts." And immediately began to eat them. How good they did taste! Will wished he had ten times as many. He was not sorry, however, that he had given away the rest of his dinner.

The little maiden was sitting again on the stool, but the squirrel and rabbit were playing quietly about the room. The birds were still busy over their crumbs. When Will had eaten his last chestnut, his golden haired guest called out to him.

"I had to go, you see, sleep, but you needn't lay out. I will bring you to sleep."

Will did as he was bid, and when he began to sing that same soft and low lullaby, Will only dreamed that a child was singing.

Just as the sun was dropping behind the tall pine trees, Will's mother came home with a heavy basket on her arm. When she entered the hut, she found a bright fire burning, but Will with his head on his stool fast asleep. His mother bent down and kissed him. The little boy put his arms around her neck and cried, "Sing some more." Then he sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked around the room. "They are all gone, mother," he said, "the pretty little girl, the birds, the squirrel and rabbit."

"You have been dreaming, my little man," said his mother. "Come, help me put the tea, sugar and meal away. Then I shall bake you a little cake for your supper."

Will did as his mother bade him, and afterwards, while she was mixing and baking his cake, he told her of his wonderful morning. She smiled and said he must have dreamt it all, but Will shook his curly head, declaring he knew it was true that he had given away his bread and milk because he was so hungry.

His mother laughed aloud then, and said, "It is nothing unusual for you to be hungry, Will; but be patient now, dear, and you will soon have a nice little cake to eat besides a large bowl full of porridge and milk."

Will was sorry that his mother thought he had only dreamt the wonderful things he told her, for he felt sure that it had all really happened, and for many days kept telling her the stories the birds sang.

At last it was Christmas Eve. Will thought he would try Santa Claus again, so he hung up a stocking by the fire-place for the old fellow to fill. The next morning Will wakened his mother very early crying out:

"O mother, mother, hear the little birds singing 'Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!'"

"Why, yes," answered the widow sitting up in bed, "I certainly do hear singing."

Will and his mother hurried out of bed and into the room of the hut from which the singing had appeared to come. But they found no birds there, nor was there a golden haired little girl with a squirrel and rabbit in her arms. However, they found surprises enough, for although Will's stocking was hanging limp and unfilled on the chair where he had pinned it, a glorious fire was roaring up the chimney, the little table was laid with a breakfast good enough for a king, and—wonder of wonders!—in a corner of the room stood a Christmas tree laden with beautiful and useful presents.

"Mother, mother," cried Will, dancing around the room, "you do know now that I didn't dream the little girl, the birds, the squirrel and rabbit. They did truly come to see me, and they've been here again."

"Someone very good and kind has been here," said the widow, looking up from a purse full of money, with her own name written on it, that she had just taken from the tree.

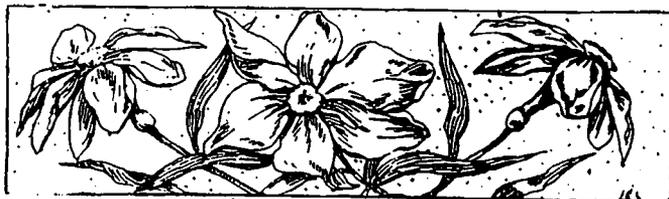
"Oh, mother, mother,"

cried the happy little boy, "I know you will buy me a new shawl."

"Yes," she said, "and send my little boy to school, where he may learn to be wise as well as good. See, there are new clothes for you on the tree and school books, also toys and candy."

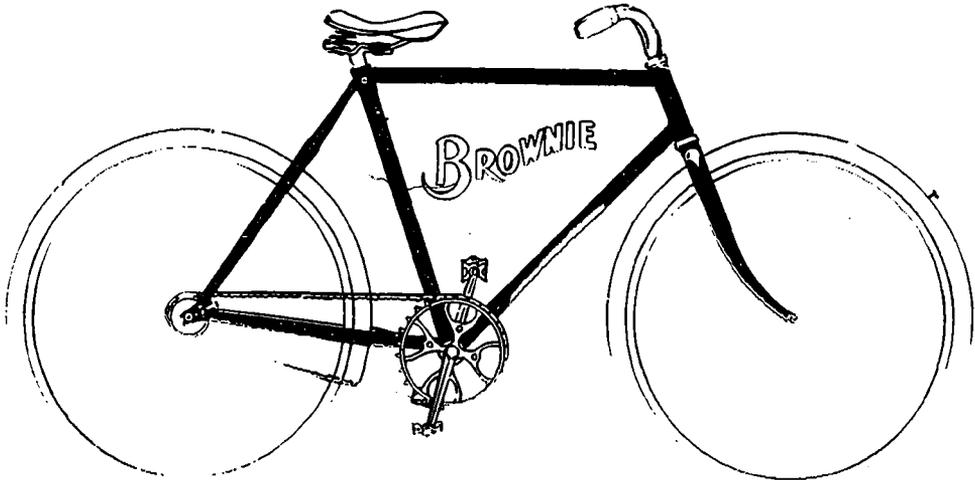
It would take too long to tell of the happy Christmas Will and his mother spent in the little hut far away in the forest or of the bright days that followed, in which Will and his mother used their gifts and planned what they would do when the snow melted away.

When the spring did come, Will and his mother moved into the nearest town. Will went to school and, after a great many years of patient study, became a famous man. But, with all his cleverness, he never found out where the little golden-haired girl, with her furry pets, lived, and when he walked in the forest and heard the little birds sing, he could not understand the exact meaning of their telling of his story.



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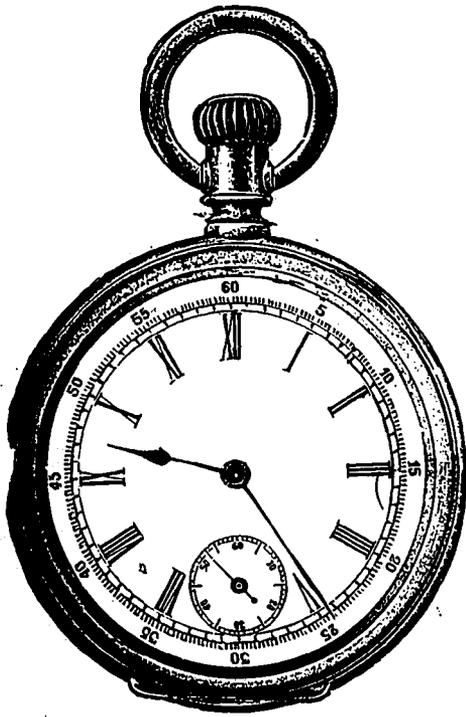
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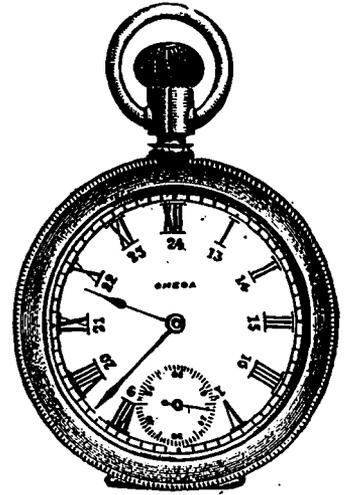
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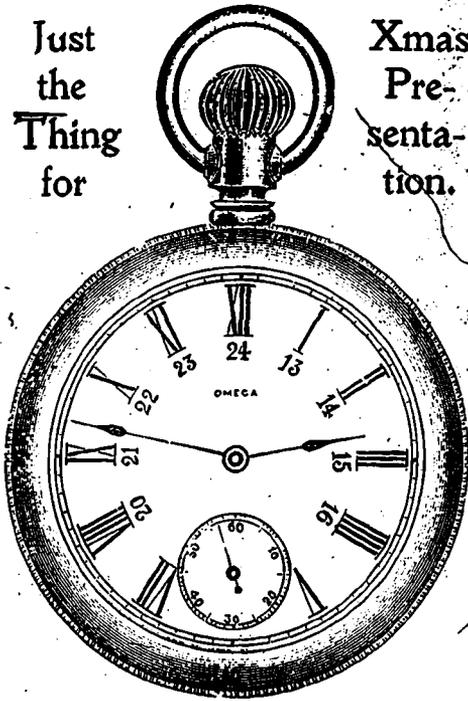
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