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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. I.—No. 3. TORONTO, OCTOBER 1ST, 1895. PRICE, PER YEAR, 25 Cents SINGLE COPIES 3 Cents.

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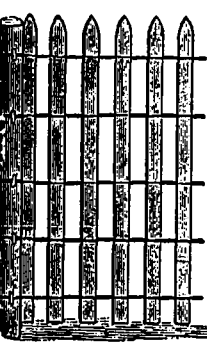
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In this column we publish each month the names and addresses of one hundred subscribers, together with the dates of their arrival in Canada. Unless otherwise stated the post offices are situated in the Province of Ontario.

NAME.	POST OFFICE.	COUNTY.	DATE OF ARRIVAL IN CANADA.
ANDERSON, WALTER R.	Thorndbury	Grey	April, '91
ATKINS, ALFRED	Iona	Elgin	Aug., '91
ADAMS, JAMES	Cayuga	Haldimand	June, '91
AVERY, BERTIE	Box 110 Guelph	Wellington	Nov., '91
ASHBY, CHARLES	Box 334 Ingersoll	Oxford	July, '92
ASHBY, JNO.	St. John's, West	Welland	April, '84
ARNOLD, ANTOINE	Fox Point	Muskoka	Aug., '84
BAKER, THOS.	Leaskdale	Ontario	June, '93
BEASLEY, WILLIAM E.	Allanburgh	Welland	April, '91
BARNES, ALFRED	Oriel	Oxford	April, '85
BIRCH, GEORGE E.	Bosworth	Wellington	April, '90
BOYD, WILLIAM	Iona	Elgin	April, '91
BRICE, FRED. ROBERT	Box 22 Stayner	Simcoe	July, '88
BENNETT, FREDERICK	Cobourg	Northumberland	March, '87
CUTTRESS, CHARLES	Greenside	Grey	March, '92
COUCH, CHAS. E.	Drumquin	Halton	June, '93
COLES, CHARLES	Copetown	Wentworth	June, '89
COLLINS, JAMES	Harold	Hastings	April, '88
CLIVE, GEORGE	Chatham	Kent	June, '91
DOLLING, ALBERT	Tecumseh	Essex	April, '91
DANIELS, GEORGE HY.	Fraserville	Northumberland	June, '91
DAVIS, JAS. E.	Nassagaweya	Halton	June, '93
DUNFORD, ALBERT H.	Lowville	Halton	July, '92
DENNIS, GEORGE	Burnaby	Welland	March, '93
ELINES, HENRY	Beeton	Simcoe	July, '94
EDMONDS, ARTHUR E.	Mount Elgin	Norfolk	July, '94
ELLIS, DOUGLAS W.	Ballymote	Middlesex	June, '93
FORD, ALEXANDER	Rocklyn	Grey	July, '92
FULLER, CHAS.	Ballymote	Middlesex	July, '92
FLINT, THOS. G.	Wallacetown	Elgin	June, '93
FARROW, HENRY	Stayner	Simcoe	April, '89
FOREST, ALBERT E. H.	Copetown	Wentworth	Nov., '91
FLEETWOOD, F. A.	Verschoyle	Oxford	April, '91
GOODEN, GEORGE	Lindsay	Victoria	March, '87
GRANVILLE HY. JOS.	Pickering	Ontario	March, '93
GURRELL, WILLIAM	Box 206 Orillia	Simcoe	April, '91
HOOF, JAS. JNO.	Coboconk	Victoria	Sep., '92
HURRELL, WM. H.	Bolton	Peel	March, '92
HANCOCK, JESSE	Leaskdale	Ontario	June, '91
HOWARD, ALBERT	Bonnechere	Renfrew	June, '91
HINDS, ALFRED	Innisville	Lanark	March, '92
HURLEY, ALFRED	Adelaide	Middlesex	April, '90
IBBETSON, JAMES	Schomberg	York	Aug., '91
JONES, ENOCH	Edmonton	Peel	April, '91
JONES, HENRY J.	Palgrave	Peel	March, '92

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KNIGHT, WM	Palgrave	Peel	April, '94
KNOWLES, EDGAR J.	Staffa	Perth	Aug., '93
KEEPER, CHARLES W.	Dutton	Elgin	Aug., '93
KENDRICK, JOS	Jordan	Lincoln	July, '94
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LONG, BERTRAM W.	Box 90 Newcastle	Durham	April, '90
LEONARD, HY. GEO.	Cairngorm	Middlesex	March, '93
LENSON, HERBERT S.	Black Creek	Welland	July, '92
LEWIS, ALFRED	West Meath	Renfrew	June, '93
LAWRENCE, EDWARD	Colinville	Lambton	March, '93
LUCAS, THOS.	Orchard	Grey	June, '91
LE GRAND, GEORGE	Cheltenham	Peel	April, '91
LANGAN, JNO.	Leaskdale	Ontario	April, '94
MOUNTAIN, CHAS.	Hagersville	Haldimand	June, '91
MILES, HENRY	Plainville	Northumberland	Sep., '92
MACKEY, JOHN	Ida	Durham	June, '93
MCARRAGHER, FRANK	Verschoyle	Oxford	March, '93
MIDLANE, ERNEST	Dromore	Grey	Nov., '91
MARTIN, JOS.	Brampton	Peel	March, '93
NOWLEN, FRED'K. GEO.	Clearville	Kent	Aug., '91
NASH, FRED'K. HY.	Cheltenham	Peel	April, '94
NOAKES, JNO. W.	Kinlough	Bruce	July, '92
NEWELL, ALFRED	Bolton	Peel	March, '93
OAKLEY, CHAS.	Paris	Brant	April, '90
OWLETT, WM.	Bethesda	York	July, '94
OATES, GEORGE E.	Glen Cross	Dufferin	June, '93
OATES, HERBERT	Orangeville	Dufferin	June, '93
PEARCE, ERNEST	Haysville	Waterloo	April, '89
PARKER, FREDERICK	Durham	Grey	Aug., '91
PAGE, GEO. W.	Box 585 Brantford	Brant	June, '93
PICKERING, W.	Smithdale	Simcoe	Aug., '91
POOLEY, CHARLES	Cherry Grove	Middlesex	April, '90
ROBINSON, MARTIN H.	Mt. Wolfe	Peel	March, '93
ROTHSCHILD, JOSEPH	Effingham	Welland	March, '92
RIST, RICHARD E.	Blackheath	Wentworth	June, '90
RUSS, JAMES R.	Macville	Peel	Sep., '92
RELF, SAMUEL	New Lowell	Simcoe	July, '94
REEVES, JAS. F.	Craigvale	Simcoe	March, '92
ROBERTS, MORRIS	Summerville	Peel	June, '93
STEVENS, FRANK W.	Watford	Lambton	April, '91
SMITH, JNO. A.	Winthrop	Huron	April, '91
SWAIN, THOS.	Adelaide	Middlesex	March, '93
STAPLES, JAS R.	Botany	Grey	Sep., '92
SHARP, HORACE G.	Yeovil	Grey	March, '93
STABLES, WILLIAM	Castlederg	Peel	April, '91
TOVEY, ALBERT A.	Egbert	Simcoe	March, '92
TASKER, WM. R.	Bolton	Peel	Aug., '93
TAYLOR GEO. A.	Allandale	Simcoe	Aug., '91
TAGGART, ALFRED	Pelham Union	Welland	Aug., '91
WOOD, ARTHUR W.	Owen Sound	Grey	Aug., '89
WILLIAMS, ERNEST	Birr	Middlesex	March, '93
WHITE, WILLIAM H.	Goodwood	Ontario	July, '92

A bulletin just issued by the French Minister of Agriculture contains a full account of the second series of experiments in the fattening of cattle and sheep, mainly upon potatoes, carried out by M. Aimé Girard last winter.

* * *

The cattle selected for the trial were nine in number, three each of the Charolais, Durham-Manceau, and Limousin breeds. That the beasts were nearly fat when the trial commenced may be seen from their live weights, which ranged from 1,760 lb. to 2,255 lb. M. Girard intimates that their approximate ripeness rendered the trial all the more severe; but from some points of view this is questionable, and, at all events, it would have been much more satisfactory to choose lean bullocks, and to fatten them entirely upon the diet which he proposed to test. How they had been fed before they came into his hands M. Girard does not state. He feared that, as they were so nearly fat, it would be difficult to show any great daily increase in their weight; but in this, as will be seen, he was agreeably disappointed. Three of the nine beasts, he considers, were fed under disadvantageous circumstances, one, for example, because it was quite fat, and another because it was so fatigued when it arrived at the place of trial that it refused food almost entirely for ten days, thus shortening the time of its trial. But as he says that, after the trial once began, no beast failed to eat its allowance of potatoes on a single day, the test appears to have been quite as advantageous as any trial of the kind usually is.

The ration per beast was uniform throughout the trial, consisting of 55 lb. of potatoes, steamed, 1 ounce of salt, 6½ lb. of chaffed hay, and a fraction over 13 lb. of loose hay. It may be stated that the superiority of cooked to raw potatoes was so completely demonstrated in the trials of the preceding winter that there was no occasion to try them again with the bullocks. The potatoes, thoroughly cooked so that they fell to pieces when taken out of the steamer, were placed in alternate layers with the hay chaff in a tub, the mixture being well stirred, and left for twenty-four hours to ferment slightly. It was given to the beasts in three meals per day. This was the exclusive ration, and upon it the bullocks were finished off. It is remarkable that no bullock showed an average daily gain in live weight of less than 2.2 lb., while the other extreme was a small fraction over 4½ lb. (4.57 lb.), as may be seen from the following table:—

[NOTE.—1 kilo equals 2.20473 lb., or a very small fraction over 2 1-5 lb.]

Breeds.	Time of Trial. Days.	Gain in live weight. Kilos.	Gain per day. Kilos.
Charolais.			
No. 1	63	131	2.079
" 2	71	105	1.464
" 3	85	86	1.010
Durham-Manceau.			
No. 4	71	75	1.056
" 5	71	96	1.352
" 6	71	87	1.225
Limousin.			
No. 7	71	132	1.858
" 8	50	88	1.760
" 9	71	77	1.084
Totals and average per day	624	877	1.405

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UPS AND DOWNS

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

VOL. I.—No. 3.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1ST, 1895.

PRICE PER YEAR, 25 Cents.
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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

Since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS our third party for the present season, and the 46th immigration party sent out by Dr. Barnardo, accomplished its journey safely. We left London on the morning of the 5th of September, our contingent consisting of 156 girls and 144 boys. They were a very fine body of children, and we flatter ourselves we made quite a picturesque appearance, the girls with their red hoods and the boys with their cosy woollen tam'o'shanter, ready for anything in the shape of weather that lay before us.

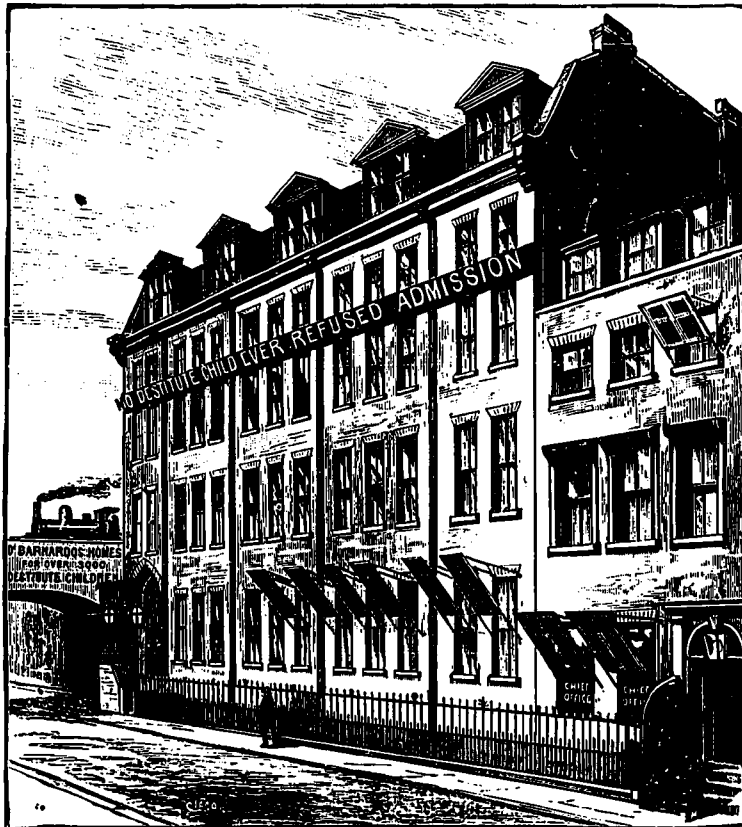
The London and North Western Railway took charge of us at Euston Station, and gave us a fine run by special train to the Alexandria Dock Station at Liverpool. The distance, 211 miles, was covered in four hours and fifty minutes, including a ten minutes stoppage at Northampton to give us time to distribute the substantial sandwiches that had been provided as luncheon for the party, and to which, it is needless to say, ample justice was done.

On arriving at Liverpool we were not long in getting stowed away in our excellent quarters on board the *Sardinian*, where everything was in readiness for us, and where we received a hearty welcome from many old friends. The weather was lovely for a start and everyone was congratulating us on the prospects of a fine passage.

Alas! these pleasant anticipations were doomed to sad disappointment. From the Irish Coast to the Straits of Belle Isle, a distance of 1,700 miles, we encountered heavy gales and high seas, and seldom have we experienced a more thoroughly "dirty" Atlantic passage. The ship was full of passengers, 804 all told, and nearly empty of cargo, and fearful was the rolling and pitching, and knocking about. She appeared at times to be trying to do what sailors call "standing on her head," and we sometimes half wondered whether she was going to "turn turtle," in which case we should not have been here to tell the tale. Happily she failed in the performance of either of these gymnastic feats, and nothing more untoward happened than one day a general clearing of

the galley stoves in an extra heavy roll, shooting the preparations for dinner into the water ways. How we managed to serve meals to our young charges we can hardly now tell. Fortunately under the circumstances most of them had internal sensations that made a little go a long way—in more senses than one. It was a trying time for us all, and anyone who undertakes to pilot a party of 300 children across the Atlantic in dirty weather has our profoundest sympathy. It was marvellous and providential that no one was hurt, but, thank God, we

party, we reached Quebec at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, September 15th, just ten days from London. Our debarkation satisfactorily accomplished, baggage landed, checked, etc., we left Quebec by the Grand Trunk Railway at 3.40 p.m. We don't make London and North Western time over the Grand Trunk, but our special train of seven cars kept moving, and just at the stroke of noon on Monday we found ourselves pulling into the Union Station at Toronto. The three cars containing the girls' party had been cut off at Belleville four hours before to take the branch line to Peterboro', where "Hazel Brae," the girl's home, is situated, and our fellow travellers, as we learned afterwards, were at their journey's end and enjoying themselves in the beautiful "Hazel Brae" grounds before we had reached Toronto.



FRONT VIEW OF CENTRAL OFFICE AND BOYS' HOME IN STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

escaped any injury or accident, and with the exception of sea sickness we preserved a clean bill of health throughout the entire journey.

We steamed the last 750 miles of our voyage up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence in smooth water, and having passed a rigid inspection from the quarantine officials between Rimouski and Grosse Isle, and been highly complimented by the Medical Superintendent on the excellent health and appearance of the

The boys in our party were chiefly little chaps under twelve years of age, not intended at present to be placed in situations, but to be provided for, for some time to come, in farm homes, where their maintenance will be paid for by the Institution. We have now several hundreds "boarded out" in this way, and so successful is the movement proving, that it seems as if instead of keeping boys in the London Homes until they are old enough to be employed in situations that they will be sent out to begin life in Canada as early as possible, to grow up from the first in Canadian homes, and receive their education in Canadian country schools. We have abundance of homes open for the little lads, and as I write, a week after our arrival, over 80 have gone to be "boarded out," besides 20 who have been placed in situations, so that the bulk of our party is already settled.

I learn with great satisfaction that the gathering of our old friends at the Home during the Exhibition week, which it was such a regret to me to miss, passed off most successfully and that our visitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves. All arrangements appear to have been admirably carried out under Mr. Davis' able and efficient direction, and both our guests and ourselves owe him a debt of gratitude for his indefatigable exertions. The account of the gathering that appears elsewhere in our columns will, we are sure, be interesting both to those

who were here and to those who were not able to accept our invitation, but who, we hope, will be with us on the same occasion in future years.

I rejoice to be able to report a very great improvement in the health of our beloved friend and chief, Dr. Barnardo. After a period of entire rest and cessation from work he has been able to return once more to his post, and to take the active direction of the affairs of the Institutions. I convey this news to our readers with the deepest thankfulness and satisfaction, but I wish we could convey at the same time to Dr. Barnardo himself a word of entreaty not to disregard the admonitions of his friends and medical advisors, by again overtaxing his newly restored strength. The amount of work Dr. Barnardo has accomplished of late years in the shape of correspondence and public meetings, besides the immediate direction of affairs, big and little, in connection with his gigantic and widespread philanthropic enterprises is appalling to contemplate, and the mental strain involved such as no brain or body could long endure. There seems a risk of his forgetting the warning he has received in his late very severe illness, and I fear he altogether underrates the necessity of sparing himself and avoiding over exertion and mental excitement. Unfortunately, those who know him best, know best how difficult it is for him to be content to rest on his oars even for a brief season, but there are few lives that the world could less afford to lose at the present time, and in the name of his boys in Canada, on whose behalf I write, we would urge him to greater care and precaution.

Times in England, I am glad to say, seem to be gradually but steadily improving. We hear of many lines of business in which there is renewed activity and there is undoubtedly a great deal more employment for working people than there was a year ago. At the same time, the struggle for existence among the poorer classes in London, Liverpool, and other great cities and towns, is and always will be cruel and heart-rending. I often think that our boys do not half appreciate the advantages of their position in Canada. It is true their lot is not one of ease or luxury. They are not permitted to eat the bread of idleness, and work, and hard work, is the order of their lives, but they experience nothing of the want, wretchedness and destitution that the poor in England are so often and so constantly face to face with, and the dark shadow of pauperism and the workhouse does not overhang their lives. Within the past two or three years times have been hard for Canadian farmers, but where is the lad working on a Canadian farm who has gone without a meal or shelter for the night? Wages have in many localities been reduced, and there has not been the constant and ready demand for men and boys that we have known in past years, but where is there one of our boys who has been willing to work that has had to seek in vain for employment whereby he could decently maintain himself?

I believe the day is happily still far distant when in the country districts of Canada the supply of labour will be appreciably in excess of the demand. There will always be the lazy and shiftless, the men who are always "looking for work," and whose horror it is to find it, and unhappily the problem of dealing with the tramp, the vagrant, and the loafer is not as well understood in America as in England. In England we believe we have in our system of poor relief, and in the provisions of our Poor Law, arrived at something like a successful solution of the problem how to relieve genuine want and distress, and at the same time repres-

begging and vagrancy and to guard against imposture. The tramp nuisance may yet become so intolerable in Canada that vigorous measures on the lines of English experience may have to be adopted for its repression, but apart from the professional loafers and vagrants, none are living lives of enforced idleness, and our boys may congratulate themselves that their lot has been cast where they can count with certainty that while health and strength are given them, they will find a demand for their labour at a fair price, and a prospect of making for themselves a respectable position in the future.

It is our knowledge of the advantages of their present position, and of the contrast between the conditions here and in England, that leads us so systematically to discourage the idea that some few boys have of returning to England. This idea is begotten in some of them simply by a restless desire for change, in others by the very natural wish to be within reach of relatives and friends, but with scarcely an exception I believe that a return to England would be a disastrous step to almost any one of those who have written or spoken to us on the subject. A visit to friends may be all right, but our urgent and emphatic advice to all who may be contemplating anything of the kind is to think a great many times before they put the ocean between themselves and the advantages they now enjoy, and if they cannot be happy without taking a trip to the land of their birth to let nothing induce them to start without a return ticket in their pockets.

We are expecting to have another party before long, and the 24th of October is the date fixed for our sailing from Liverpool. We shall be glad to receive applications for boys from this October party, and also for the few bright, sturdy, little chaps, of twelve and thirteen years of age, who are left unplaced from our last party. The latter have almost all come from country homes in England, and are as fine a lot of boys as we have ever had, so that we can recommend them with the fullest confidence to people wishing to take boys of this age. It is sometimes suggested that the fall of the year is hardly a desirable season in which to place boys, but our experience teaches us otherwise. A farmer who takes a boy at the end of March or beginning of April, or later on in hay time or harvest, has often to sacrifice valuable time in teaching the new comer the first rudiments of his work. During the winter months, on the contrary, there is plenty of time for a boy to become accustomed to the routine of the place, to learn to handle horses, and to help with the stock, so that when the spring work comes on he is capable of making himself of useful service. We are, therefore, disposed to advocate farmers taking our boys in the fall, and if any share our views, and would like us to place boys with them, we shall be glad to receive their applications.

Alfred B. Owen.

The ladies in charge of our Girls' Home at Peterboro' will be glad to receive applications for some of the bright, bonnie, little lassies who are still unplaced from the last party. There are a number there, between ten and fourteen years of age, and any farmer's wife disposed to offer a good home to a little girl of this age, will do well to place herself as soon as possible in communication with Miss Code, the Secretary of the Home in Peterboro'.

SOME OF THE MEN OF THE WORLD.

In spite of all that has been done within the last quarter of a century to advance the physical and intellectual welfare of the "young man," appearances would indicate that the day of handing over the direction of the world's affairs to him is far distant. Look around upon the venerable figures of those who are filling foremost places in the various countries of the world, and whose whole lives have been devoted to unceasing activity and the strain incidental to public life.

The Queen, who still takes an active part in the trying functions which are required of England's sovereign, has reached her seventy-seventh year.

The present Pope is over eighty years of age, and exercises with wonderful skill the influence with which he is endowed as supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church. Bismarck, until less than three years ago the director of the German Empire he created, is almost of the same age. So is Mr Gladstone, who, although he has now retired from active political life, devotes his days to study with the ardour of a young collegian preparing for his exams.

The late Sir John A. Macdonald, for many years premier of Canada, was 76 when he died, and only a few months before his death he



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, Premier of Canada.

led his party through the turmoil of the most vigorously fought campaign Canada had ever seen. His immediate successor, Sir John Abbott, was over 70, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell was 72 years old when he undertook the arduous duties of premiership; this notwithstanding,

he recently made an extensive tour into the distant Provinces of the North-West and British Columbia, travelling a distance of over 3000 miles, 600 of which were traversed by the aid of horses and waggons.

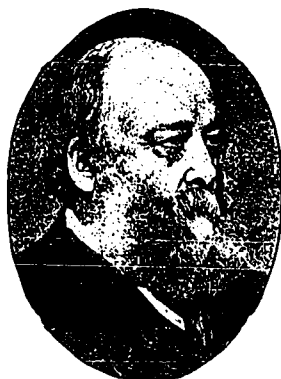
Sir Mackenzie was not born to a heritage of family riches, his parents being in humble circumstances when they left England for Canada at the time Canada's present premier was nine years old. He soon commenced to contribute to the family purse, starting life, while still a young boy, as a "printer's devil." In due course he became an expert compositor, but left this department of newspaper making to enter the ranks of journalism. From journalism to politics the way is very easy, and into politics Mackenzie Bowell drifted, with the result that today, after serving his country faithfully and well in many capacities, he holds the highest position it is in the power of the people of Canada to bestow upon one of their fellow-citizens, and his devotion to his country and the Empire has been further recognized by the Sovereign, who bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood.

In connection with the premiership of Sir Mackenzie Bowell should be remembered the remarkable fact that he is the fourth who has held that exalted position during the existence of the present Parliament. Sir John Macdonald and Sir John Abbott we have already alluded to. The latter's immediate successor was Sir John Thompson, whose sudden death at Wind-

sor Castle last year will be fresh in the minds of our readers.

An instance of three premiers dying and a fourth being called to office during one Parliament is otherwise unknown in the history of representative government.

As our readers are, of course, aware, the last elections in England resulted in a House of Commons, a majority of whose members are Conservatives or Unionists, and the present Government is consequently a Conservative or Unionist Government, at the head of which is the Marquis of Salisbury. It is a



MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,
Premier of England

curious and interesting feature of English politics that during the past fifty years no two successive parliamentary elections have resulted in the return of the same party to power. The Liberals and Conservatives have been compelled to take turn about with a remarkable regularity. At the last elections it was the Conservatives'

"turn," and they "went in" with a big majority.

Lord Salisbury is now Premier of England for the third time. In addition to being Premier, he fills the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a position which entails a vast responsibility. On the Secretary for Foreign Affairs depends, in a large measure, England's relations with other countries, and in some cases the straining or rupture of those relations would inevitably be followed by war, in which every country in Europe would be vitally interested, and in which most of them would have to take an active part. It is evident, then, that England's Foreign Secretary should be a man possessed of the highest qualities of statesmanship. Such a man is Lord Salisbury, who is now in his sixty-fifth year. It is thirty years since he first became a Cabinet Minister, and during that period he has rendered great service to the Empire. When a young man, Lord Salisbury spent some time in the gold diggings of Australia, where he "roughed it" in a manner that would surprise many of our friends who think they have "roughed it" in Canada.

England's Premier, however, is not only a statesman; when not engaged in active service for his party and his country, he spends most of his time at his historic home at Hatfield, where his ancestor entertained Queen Elizabeth, in scientific research and in seeking to solve many of the social questions of the day. This is the life he loves best, but at the call of duty he leaves his favourite pursuits with the readiness of the true patriot and uses his remarkable abilities in doing what he deems best to guard and enhance the welfare of his country.

Commander-in-Chief of the British Army! Surely the aspirations of the most ambitious of generals of ancient or modern times could not attain to greater height than this: the command of the military forces of an Empire which territorially covers one-fifth of the known world, and whose people constitute one-fifth of the world's population.

Doubtless many a young officer in the early days of his military life looks upon the position as one which he is destined to occupy in years to come, although in many quarters has grown up a belief of late years that the Commander-in-Chief would always be a member of the

Royal Family, not necessarily on account of his claims to generalship, but by virtue of the accident of birth, thus shutting out others whose claims might be of the highest order.

This belief was largely due to the great number of years that the Duke of Cambridge had been Commander-in-Chief, most people overlooking the fact that the "Duke," as he is at all times affectionately spoken of by Tommy Atkins, was, royal birth apart, pre-eminently fitted for the position; and that, as a matter of fact, not one of his more immediate predecessors could boast of Royal blood. The appointment of Lord Wolseley upon the retirement of the "Duke," a few months ago, demonstrates very forcibly that to the "soldier," not to the "prince," does England look for a commander of her army. Had this not been so, the appointment would undoubtedly have been given to the Duke of Connaught, a son of the Queen, who is but little less distinguished for his military skill and knowledge than is Lord Wolseley. Although the latter was appointed some time ago, he only enters upon the duties of his position this month.

That the prestige of the British army will be maintained under Lord Wolseley's directorship is well assured. He is above all things, as the Commander of the British army should be, a soldier and a general. Born in 1833, at seventeen years of age he entered the army as an ensign, shortly after taking part in the campaign in Burmah, where he performed deeds of heroism which gained him promotion. Soon after came the Indian Mutiny, when young Wolseley again distinguished himself, and led the storming party which eventually relieved Lucknow, the thrilling story of which is told in prose or verse in the reading books of almost every school in the British Empire.

In the Crimea and China the future Commander-in-Chief gained fresh laurels, and in 1870 he came from China to Canada, where he had charge of the Red River expedition sent to quell the rebellion in the North-west. Later he conducted a brief but successful campaign in Ashantee, and received from his country a grant of £25,000, and was made a K.C.B.



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY,
Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The Zulu war and, shortly afterwards, the Egyptian campaign finally established Gen'l Wolseley's claim as England's foremost general. On his return from Egypt he was elevated to the rank of viscount, and the people of the various cities and towns of England vied with each other in doing him honour.

It is said that every boy in Germany knows something of music, and it can truly be said that every boy and man, and many girls and women, in England know something of cricket. We venture to believe that there is not one among our many friends who in the old days in England did not participate in a game of cricket of some description, even if the "ground" were only a back street, the wicket a lamp-post, the bat a barrel stave and the ball a

bundle of knotted rags. Even those who indulged in England's national game under such difficult conditions had heard of Dr. W. G. Grace, the champion cricketer of England and of the world, whose portrait we here reproduce. For years Dr. Grace has been the central figure of the cricket-loving world—and it is a large one. His name is familiar in every part of the British Empire. During the season just ended Dr. Grace, despite his 47 years, eclipsed all previous efforts, scoring 1,000 runs during the first month of the season. A prominent man once said that England won her wars not on the actual battlefields, but on her cricket and football grounds at home. This was the



DR. W. G. GRACE,
The Champion Cricketer of the World.

speaker's way of testifying how much the Englishman's sturdiness of character was due to the great national game. This being so, it follows as a matter of course that the present generation of Englishmen owe a big debt to the man who, for over a quarter of a century, has devoted his time to the advancement of the great character-forming game. The

people of England realize this, and from Royalty downwards are at the present time showing their appreciation in very tangible manner. It was decided some time ago to present Dr. Grace with a national testimonial, in recognition of his services to the nation in the cricket field, where good service can be rendered as well as in the halls of legislature or other spheres to which capable men direct their energies. Pluck, aptitude, perseverance, patience and self control—these qualities are essential to success in any sphere. Dr. Grace possesses them; hence his phenomenal success in that sphere with which his name will henceforth, as for years past, be inseparably associated. The indications are that the subscriptions to the testimonial, which are being sent in from all parts of the globe, will total not less than \$100,000.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT HARVEST.

The *Agricultural Gazette* (England) of recent date contains the following interesting remarks upon the world's wheat harvest:

The estimate of the wheat crops of the world for the year 1895 has just been issued, and the figures, showing the surplus for exportation from eight of the chief exporting countries of the world, and the requirements of some chief importing countries, are both interesting and instructive to every living person, and especially so to the farming profession.

Some of the points brought out are very striking indeed. For instance, it is found that Great Britain to supply her population with breadstuffs requires to import the enormous quantity of 170,220,000 bushels of wheat or its equivalent, while all the other chief importing countries put together—including France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Spain and Austria—require a total of 152,347,000 bushels only, thus showing how dependent we are upon foreign countries for our daily bread.

The total quantity of surplus wheat from all exporting countries is this year estimated at 326,965,000 bushels, while the seven chief importing countries for their annual consumption require 422,855,000 bushels; thus showing a deficiency of supply on the year's crop of 95,890,000 bushels.

The Southern Pacific Company, U.S.A., is equipping a number of suburban engines with oil-burning apparatus.

Throughout the world it is computed there are over 2,000,000 Protestant Sunday school teachers and over 20,000,000 scholars.

Ups and Downs

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

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18-26 Stepney Causeway, Lon., Eng., Founder and Director.
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OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 214 FARLEY AVE.,
TEL. 5097. TORONTO, ONT.

UPS AND DOWNS circulates mainly among the many thousand young people who have been placed out from Dr. Barnardo's Homes with farmers and others, and will be found a desirable advertising medium by those who wish to reach the farmer and every member of his household.

Advertising Rates will be supplied upon application at the office of publication.

The Annual Subscription is 25c., which may be remitted in stamps or cash.

All Correspondence should be addressed, Editor "UPS AND DOWNS," 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto; and letters intended for publication should reach the office not later than the 20th inst. of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1ST, 1895.



"OUR Friends With Us," instead of "With Our Friends," would perhaps be more suitable for a heading this month. Since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS we have experienced the pleasure of meeting a very large number of "Our boys."

Our "boys" it will always be; but when we remember the physical proportions of some of those who helped to make the Home a scene of jollity and merriment during the last week of Toronto's Industrial Fair, and when we call to memory more than one luxuriant moustache which created no small amount of envy among those less generously endowed, we almost hesitate to write "boys." Truly, the word covers a multitude of ages. But boys they were, every one of them, in their light heartedness and abandonment to the pleasures of the hour, and we were glad to see it. May the time be far distant when the heart of any one of them shall cease to glow with boyish gladness at a meeting with old friends; when there shall cease to be a boyish eagerness to recall old associations, compare progress and make plans for keeping in touch one with another. This boyishness, this freedom from artificial restraints in the flow of natural enthusiasm, is the very salt of life. Retained, it gives to the life even of the aged a zest which naught else can supply. Lost, and life becomes more or less insipid or bitter. Having seen the generous supply our friends possess, we have no fear that they will grow old before their time, or that they will ever find a place in the ranks of the "chronic grumblers." Of course among our seven thousand boys there will be some exceptions to this, but at least the "growler" did not turn up at the Home during the Fair. And that is something to be thankful for, for his as well as for our sake. He would have felt terribly lonely amidst so much spontaneous gaiety.

The absence of Mr. Owen was a source of regret to the boys as well as to all at the Home, but "what can't be cured must be endured," was the spirit in which the boys accepted the inevitable, and they consoled themselves with giving three rousing cheers for Mr. Owen before they separated on the Thursday night. The knowledge that their friend was at that time crossing the Atlantic, with a party of boys for Canada, created a strong desire on the part of all to sing "For those in peril on the sea."

There was something touching in the hearty, fervent way in which the grand old hymn was sung by the boys and friends gathered together in the dining room, itself bearing a strong resemblance to the mess room aboard ship. Every one had in days gone by been "in peril on the sea," had heard the sublime verses sung, and had sung them, amidst all those perils, which at the moment of our gathering together surrounded Mr. Owen and his young charges; and this being so, what wonder that one and all sent up their prayer in song full of intense earnestness?

Although it was not intended to "open the doors" until Monday, half a dozen friends turned up on Saturday night and, needless to say, they were not refused admittance, but were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Early on Monday morning came fresh arrivals in ones and twos, and a steady stream of visitors poured in throughout that and the following days. The majority of those who arrived prior to Tuesday evening, postponed their visit to the Exhibition until Wednesday, for, altho' the Fair is supposed to be the centre of attraction to visitors to Toronto during Exhibition week, among our visitors at least were a desire and a determination not to expend all their energies at the Fair grounds.

Many apparently found no small pleasure in simply waiting around the Home, in the hope of meeting some old chum, or helping to welcome new arrivals, varying this with an occasional solo on the cornet, mouth organ, or other instrument which happened to be available, and at the sound of the dinner or supper bell all fell to with an alacrity that betokened not only their nationality, but their appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Davis at catering for their wants internal.

Before breakfast on Monday morning a gentleman paid a visit to the dining room, and, as his eye fell upon the side-board covered with joints of roast, and rounds of spiced beef, with boiled hams in profusion near by, and, turning from these, gazed upon shelf after shelf laden with fresh pies, bag upon bag of cakes, and barrels of apples, he asked Mr. Davis with some concern if all these supplies would keep fresh until the end of the week.

The only reply Mr. Davis vouchsafed was a smile, full of meaning if only that meaning could be ascertained. When, after supper, that friend again paid a visit to the dining room, and where there had been such an abundance in the morning saw now—practically nothing, he realized what that smile signified, and he left with a high opinion of the general health and digestive powers of a Barnardo boy.

As master of the ceremonies in the dining room Mr. Griffith was kept busy, but in the spare moments when the carving knife was not demolishing a good-looking joint, he found time to answer innumerable questions regarding distances, routes, and the whereabouts of old companions, and to give a kindly word of counsel when needed.



JOHN ASHBY.

A question often asked; in fact it constituted the first enquiry of nearly all our friends, was, "Is the Doctor any better?" Through UPS AND DOWNS they had heard from Mr. Owen of the Founder and Director's serious illness and subsequent partial recovery, and all seemed anxious to hear still better news. Unfortunately the latest accounts received were these which appeared in the last issue of our journal, so that we could only hope for the best. Many pleasing and touching little reminiscences of Dr. Barnardo did we hear recalled, telling of some act of personal kindness, some encouraging word of which the speakers had been the recipients and the memory of which they evidently cherished, and to tell of which was a source of pleasure in these after years when their friend and counsellor was forced by illness to leave for a time the work he so dearly loved.

A Committee was formed among the visiting boys to draft a letter to Dr. Barnardo, in which expression was given to the sorrow occasioned by the announcement of his illness, and to the fervent hope that he would soon be restored to perfect health. The letter also contained allusion to the earnest desire of all to strive to turn to the best advantage the assistance they had received from Dr. Barnardo, and requested his acceptance of a little present, in the shape of a handsome china fruit basket, as a slight token of the affectionate regard in which he was held by all his boys in Canada.

We venture the opinion that amidst the innumerable messages of condolence and sympathy which Dr. Barnardo has received from all quarters during his illness, that from his old boys who visited the Toronto Home last month will not be the least welcome.

It need hardly be said that singing and other musical efforts were an unfailing source of entertainment. Early arrivals from the Exhibition, and those who preferred to remain at home to seeking attractions elsewhere, gathered in the dining room shortly after dark, and with voice, feet, mouth organ, and cornet, kept the ball merrily rolling until—well—until they were tired.

Perhaps the harmony was not always up to concert standard, or time and tune exactly what a professor of music would insist upon, but occasional little defects of that description counted for nothing; they added variety to the entertainment; and good humor and a determination to please and be pleased were rampant.

Thursday evening was characterized by a greater gathering together of forces in an effort, a successful one, to make this, practically the last, night eclipse all others. In addition to the incidents we have already alluded to as occurring on that evening, there was presented quite a long and well rendered programme of songs, recitations and instrumental selections. A most pleasing feature of the evening's enjoyment was the presentation by Chas. Wells, on behalf of the boys, of a silver butter dish to Mr. Davis, together with a brief address, in which Mr. Davis' unfailing kindness to and consideration for the boys were feelingly alluded to. The presentation was accompanied by very hearty demonstrations of esteem.

In thanking the boys Mr. Davis gave a few words of sound practical advice, which we know did not fall on barren soil. Particularly did he plead with those present for a brotherly watchfulness over those younger boys who might be stationed in the districts where his hearers were living. These younger boys, fresh from the old land with all the strangeness of their new associations oppressing them, and with that feeling of home sickness upon them which all had at one time known, often



ANTOINE ARNOLD.

needed only a kind word—a greeting from some one who they could feel was connected with them, to transform that feeling of loneliness and wretchedness into one of happiness and contentment. By doing this the older boys would greatly help the work in which they were all interested.



EDWIN BAYLIS

In conclusion, Mr. Davis called for three hearty cheers for Dr. Barnardo, which were given, with a "tiger," in a manner that told of lungs of wonderful power of expansion.

Before the gathering broke up, the Chairman, John Haynes, very appropriately called upon those present to join in singing "God be with you till we meet again." After this, was sung a verse of "God save the Queen," followed by cheers for Her Majesty, for the Old Country and for the Homes and all connected with them. Then bunks were sought. After breakfast in the morning there was a constant stream of departures until in a few hours the stillness and quietness which prevailed around the Home told that the holiday was over and that the last of our friends had gone back to regular duties, we sincerely hope with none but the pleasantest recollections of their visit to the Home.

We do not intend to publish a list of all those who visited the Home, although of course such record was kept and many particulars of the year's efforts, immediate prospects and future plans were obtained. We cannot close our account of "visiting week at the Home," however, without a word about one or two old friends.

John Ashby is one of those "boys" who make us feel somewhat old. His appearance is that of a comfortably situated husbandman, not far from his thirtieth year.

In spite of the eleven years that have elapsed since John left England, he is still associated with the same farmer to whom he was sent on arrival here. This is a record that it will be hard to beat. It is one of steadiness of purpose, deservedly crowned with no small measure of success, and we have the greatest amount of satisfaction in publishing John Ashby's portrait. It is the portrait of one whose example it would pay all our friends to follow.

During the past summer John sent over to England for his sister who is now living near him, and we are sure this reunion will prove a source of happiness to both.

We were glad to again meet Charles Wells, an old Stepney boy who came out in '85. Charles' record since his arrival has been a consistently good one, and we know that his many friends at Milbrook have the highest opinion of his integrity and ability. The position which our old friend now holds, and has held for some years, is one of considerable responsibility, and we are pleased, but not surprised, to learn that Charles discharges his trust in a highly satisfactory manner.

Wm. Best, who came to Canada in April, '90, is making a good reputation for himself at Tyrconnell. William, who is only nineteen years of age, possesses



JOSEPH R. EAVES

individuality, and has pronounced opinions upon many subjects, including the folly of boys indulging in tobacco, liquor, and other useless and pernicious habits. To these and other well grounded principles, is undoubtedly due much of William's success. In the five years he has been in Canada he has managed to put by nearly \$270.00.

Had it not been for unfavorable climatic conditions, and other circumstances equally beyond control, we should have been in possession of a photograph of one of the houses of which William Smith, an old Stepney boy, who came out in '86, has made himself the owner, and the photograph, together with one of William, would have appeared in this issue.

The photo not having materialized however, we must tell the story of William's splendid success without the aid of pictorial illustration. Nine years ago William entered the employ of Mr. Perry, of Bracondale. To-day William still lives with Mr. Perry's family, but no longer as an employee. He is their highly esteemed friend, and owner of the adjoining property. There is an abundance of what the Americans call "grit" in William Smith, and by sheer dint of perseverance and steady attention to duty, he has placed himself in a highly creditable position, being the owner of two acres of first class land, which, in conjunction with another acre, which he rents, our friend works as a market gardener, having a good connection for the disposal of his produce in the adjoining City of Toronto, where, as well as in Bracondale, he is highly esteemed, on account of the honesty and truthfulness which characterize all his dealings. A couple of greenhouses, of a combined length of over 100 feet, constitute a source of considerable profit, for William, while avoiding that ruinous encumbrance, the mortgage, keeps thoroughly up with the times, and has his greenhouses, as well as other departments of his establishment, equipped in a manner that ensures the best results.

In addition William receives the rents from a couple of houses. That he has done well, extremely well, is evidenced by the facts we have given above. We experience the keenest satisfaction in thus placing on record his well merited success.

Robert Woodward has spent twelve years in Canada to his decided advantage. At the present time he holds the responsible position of station agent on one of the most important lines running through Ontario.

Among our earliest visitors were Jno. Sargent, Wm. Tasker and Harry Belchamber, who are fellow-workers in the employ of Mr. Walshaw, of Bolton, by whom they are highly spoken of. They are making steady progress.

It was the misfortune of Fred Smith to commence his journey from Bowmanville on the steamer *Tymon*, which came to grief on the rocks, necessitating the passengers completing the trip to Toronto by train. This mishap shortened Fred's stay with us, but we think he managed to enjoy himself while he was here.

Edwin Baylis is another whom we call "boy" for old association's sake. As a matter of fact, Edwin is a strong, well built young man, whose eleven years on a farm in Canada are doubtless largely responsible for a vigorous frame, capable of undertaking considerable hard work and not feeling much the worse for it. The last nine years Edwin has been in the employ of Mr. J. Ferguson, of Peterboro', except a few weeks spent in a visit to the Old Land. Edwin is one of the steady,

plodding kind who enjoy life all the better for the fact that they do not allow the little troubles, which at times visit all of us, to bother them too much.

Wm. Wheeler and Jno. Hislop, who came out in 1890, are still chums, and both are doing well at Warkworth. They visited the Home together of course.

The Home has no more regular annual visitor than Wm. Scully, who left England in 1888. William is now at Springville where he is making good headway.

The substantial balance lying to his credit in the bank testifies that Joe Brett has made good use of his 6 years in Canada. Joe is at Tintern where his good qualities of heart and head have made him hosts of friends.

Alfred Hollyfield proved to be a very willing as well as a very capable performer on the cornet, and his assistance as accompanist was in great request during his visit. From the Home Alfred went to Dromore having completed his engagement with his previous employer.

Harry Pepper gave up farming two years ago and apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. Harry informed us he did not regret the step as he likes his new work very much and is considered to be a fairly expert blacksmith. Changes of occupation are not always beneficial but, in the case of Harry, who came here in 1886, the change from the plough to the anvil seems to have been an easy one, and we wish him every success in his chosen sphere of labour.

Another instance of long service is that of Albert Victor Bowen, who for the last ten years has been in the employ of Mr. Cruickshank, of Cruickshank. During his visit Albert spoke cheerfully of his prospects and surroundings.

John Collins came in from Hillsdale where he is still making good progress, as is evidenced by the big balance lying in the bank. John has been seven years in Canada and has used his time wisely and well.

One of the happiest of our visitors was Antoine Arnold, who regards his visit to the Home as one of the most enjoyable events of the year. Antoine, who has been in Canada eleven years, is rather small in stature, but this is more than compensated for, not only by great physical strength, but an abundance of pluck and determination. He has in his time received the long service medal and watch, both of which he values very highly. Nine years were spent by Antoine in the bush in Muskoka; a year was passed in the neighborhood of Paris; and then our friend returned to Muskoka, where he has recently bought and paid for 200 acres of land, on which he has erected a house and barn. Throughout the section of the country where he lives Antoine is spoken of in the highest terms of praise. There is about him an air of earnestness and sincerity, and at the same time so much unflinching good humor, that he is bound to make many friends wherever he may go. Sincerely do we trust that the plans he has laid out for the future may be successfully carried out, and that he may be long spared to enjoy the fruits of his many years of steady industry. Antoine deserves to be happy and we believe he will be.



ARTHUR BUCKLEY.



RICHARD PETLEY.

Richard Petley may well be considered settled in life. He came to Canada in 1886, and from the first showed a determination to do his duty faithfully and well. At the present time he is intrusted with the management of one of three farms owned by Mr. Low, of Solina, a trust he shares with the wife he recently made mistress of his home. These are not only tokens of the success of Richard's past efforts, but augur well for future happiness and prosperity for which he has our heartiest wishes.

James Tiney is another "old boy" who did not forget to look up his friends at the Home. James has been in Canada thirteen years, and "does not regret the day he came,"—and no wonder, for James is as healthy and comfortable looking as a man need wish to be. He is steady and industrious, and thought well of by his employer and friends. He recently made a trip to England, and while there saw Dr. Barnardo, an event which occasioned James a great deal of pleasure.

As usual, we have a large number of letters from our friends, and the majority of them are from those who had not previously written to the Home since the publication of our first number, consequently we have received many expressions of opinions on UPS AND DOWNS. Like those received earlier, these expressions of opinion are really expressions of kindly feeling and promises of support.

Writing from Port Albert, Harry Lednor says:—

"I am glad you have started a paper . . . and will gladly become a subscriber . . . I came to Canada in April, 1889, and am still working in the same place I like the country very well and have had splendid health ever since I came out. I received my medal about two years ago and feel very proud of it. I am grateful to Dr. Barnardo for giving me a start in the world and hope to hear of his recovery soon."

There is the right ring about Harry's letter. A proper appreciation of opportunities offered is one of the first essentials to success, and we are sanguine of Harry's attaining a good position in life. He has done well so far, and will, we are sure, continue in the same direction.

How many bushels of wheat and other grain; how many tons of hay, adding each year to the wealth of Canada, which are produced by the efforts and labour of Barnardo boys, and which, but for them, would *not* be produced, is an arithmetical problem to which we intend giving some attention very soon, and we will publish the result of our investigation not only for the benefit of our friends, but for the edification of those whom we can hardly claim as such, but whose hostility may be less vigorous when they are confronted with plain, undeniable figures which tell, in dollars, "what Barnardo boys do for the country."

Every month sees an increasing number of our friends launching forth on their own account, their capital being their earnings, and their experience during the years they have worked out. It will be for the next generation, perhaps, to estimate to what extent "Barnardo boys helped to create for Canada that class of farmers which we can surely liken to what the poet Goldsmith described as

"A bold peasantry, the country's pride."

In the meantime we of to-day can see the good work going on steadily, and not so very slowly; and in spite of the vituperation which is often their portion, we know that their numbers, and the honourable positions their industry will have secured them, will give our friends in time an influence which will make itself felt throughout the land in whose advancement they are giving material assistance.

Henry de Silvia is one of those who are faithfully doing their share in this direction. In a recent letter he says:—

" . . . I have been getting along pretty well since I came here. I have got a nice little farm right on the bank of Rainy River. My two lots contain 213 acres of lightly timbered land and I expect to have quite a large clearance in two or three years. The place is beautiful and I dare say you have read of the gold discoveries in the vicinity of Rainy Lake."

Heartily do we wish Henry the success to which his eight years of hard work and perseverance entitle him.

Benjamin Biddis is another who has changed from employee to employer. Benjamin has taken a farm near Woodstock, and writes, asking:—

" . . . if you have a boy that would be useful on a farm? I will use the boy well. I would not care to have one that would need to go to school in the winter as I have a lot of light work to do."

There is a vast amount of satisfaction in seeing those who, a few years ago, were placed out from the Home now established on farms of their own, and now, in their turn, able to offer good homes and employment to some of those who have more recently come to Canada. We are sure that the boy who enters the employ of Benj. Biddis will have a good home and a kind master.

After saying many kind things about our journal Geo. Williamson, who came to Canada in 1893, and is now at Powel's Corners, proceeds:—

"This is my second year with my employer and I intend to stay another year with him, and longer if he chooses. Wages are less in this neighbourhood, still I think I am getting as much as any lad in the place."

George is wise in his determination to stay as long as he can with a good master, and being a steady, industrious boy, we do not doubt that his master will be glad to retain him as long as he wants to stay.

We publish in full a letter which requires little comment. It is in itself, with its brevity and absolute freedom from anything approaching a desire for individual recognition, a glowing tribute to the innate nobility of those who signed it.

To Alfred B. Owen, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned lads from the Home, hearing that Dr. Barnardo was sick and in bad need of funds, made up this little sum (\$14.00.) amongst us to send to you to help to carry on the work of the Homes.

We have the honor to be, yours respectfully,
ARTHUR E. ACLAND.
ALFRED S. SHAW.
WILLIAM HODGE.
Y.M.C.A., Peterboro', Aug. 26th, 1895.

Another instance of the gratitude with which our boys remember their old friend and benefactor is furnished in a letter from Alfred Bush, who, writing from Wardsville, says:

" . . . I got my life insured for \$1,000. I hope you approve of it. I want to will my insurance money to the Home, provided I die without wife or children. I think Barnardo's Homes deserve it, if any one does."

And these boys, along with hundreds of others, as earnestly striving to lead unselfish, useful lives, are, in Christian Canada to-day, subjected to incessant abuse from those who claim, rightly or wrongly, to represent numerous sections of the community!

In giving to the gratitude and generosity of our friends a publicity which they could not have contemplated, we feel that we may do something towards creating a truer conception of

the material of which our boys are made, in the minds of those whose ideas of a Barnardo boy have been built upon the hearsay evidence of some self-interested individual, or journal, to whom the truth is as nothing compared with the necessity of "downing the Home boys." We cannot adopt the belief that the majority of the people of Canada will justify the persecution of young men of the calibre of those whose letters we publish, because they once knew the sting of poverty or were saved from it. On the contrary, we believe our fellow-citizens, once they know the truth of the matter, will say: "This is the kind of young men we want; let us have more of them."

As we watch the careers of many of our young friends, we are constantly reminded of Tennyson's lines:—

"How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than noble blood."

John Griffith, writing from London, Ont., tells us that he is highly delighted with UPS AND DOWNS. He thinks it is an excellent method of keeping all the boys in touch with each other. John predicts for us a measure of success which it would be very gratifying to attain. We will try hard to realize his hopes, and thank him for his good wishes. Heartily do we commend his determination—

" . . . to try and keep up the reputation of the Home with my good character. I will not be ashamed to own up that I am a Barnardo boy. I attend church and Sunday school."

We know that John is striving to lead an honourable Christian life, and we trust and believe he will faithfully adhere to his good resolution, providing he does not rely too much on his own strength, but seeks help from the one unailing Source.

Nine years in Canada have failed to quench in the slightest degree Fred Chapman's interest in the Home and his old friends. He expresses himself as greatly pleased with the reports from the boys which are published in UPS AND DOWNS. Since he came to Canada Fred has worked hard, and has recently obtained a double reward, as will be seen from his letter:

"I am going to change my place of residence to the township of Somerville. I have bought a farm there, and put up a nice frame house on it, and by next spring I shall be in shape for farming. I was married last Wednesday to Margaret Wilson, a farmer's daughter of Somerville."

We are heartily glad to hear of Fred's happiness and prosperity, and we trust that God will grant to him and his wife, in their recently acquired home, a continuance of His blessing for long years to come.

We have received a particularly interesting letter from our old friend, Harry Cooper, which we are holding over until next month as we wish to publish it in full, and this, owing to lack space, we cannot do in this issue.

Among the boys who came out in 1886 was Joseph Eaves who is now at Harriston, where he is doing well and is highly thought of by his employer and family. This, however, is not unusual with our friend. His previous employer, with whom he remained over three years, so thoroughly appreciated his sterling worth that he wishes him to return, but Joseph intends remaining as long in his present place as he was in his last. We are satisfied that in his decision Joseph is acting in accordance with the dictates of common sense, of which he possesses a large share.

Wm. H. Gurrell (March, 1891), now in his fifth year with Mr. — Harvie, of Orillia, writes us in praise of UPS AND DOWNS. He observes that it is "lovely to have news of the Home and Dr. Barnardo." William wants to treat himself to a watch for fear he should some day miss the time for his dinner. We don't want William to waste his money, but we appreciate the convenience of having something more than internal sensations to tell us that it is dinner time, and we are advising William where we think he had better make the proposed purchase.

**

Thomas Rolfe, care of Geo. Turner, New-tonville, sends us a very interesting and well-written letter about himself and his concerns. Thomas wants to pay a visit to his friends in England. He will have plenty of money to pay his fare over and back when he draws his wages this fall; but nevertheless we advise Thomas to go slow, and, before he makes up his mind, to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what we have said elsewhere on the subject of trips to England.

**

Walter Matthews (June, 1892) writes congratulating us in kindly and flattering terms upon our paper. He asks us for our advice as to Toronto business colleges with a view to taking a six months' course during the coming winter.

**

Walter R. Anderson, living with George Cook, Thornbury, writes us a cheery "newsy" letter about himself, from which we gather that he is sticking to business and doing well for himself.

**

Sidney Parting (March, 1891), who has lately been transferred, writes us that he is very happily settled with Mr. George A. Fitch, of Drumbo.

**

Walter A. Farr writes that, after his two years of farming in Canada, he is doing well at Hartford; likes his master and his master likes him. UPS AND DOWNS comes in for some very complimentary remarks from Walter.

**

As Emelli Collard could not get away during the Fair he promises us a visit in the winter. Emelli sticks steadily to his work at Columbus and his five years in Canada have been profitably spent.

**

Frederick Giles writes from Oxmead telling us how he enjoyed himself during his visit to the Fair. Frederick grows enthusiastic over UPS AND DOWNS and thinks "Our Old Friends' Directory" a splendid idea, having by its help located two or three old chums.

**

Fred C. White expresses his regret at being unable to visit us this year, but duty required Fred's presence on the farm where he has been employed for ten years, and Fred is not the boy to shirk his duty.

**

Arthur Buckley, despite his five years' residence in Waterloo Co., in a settlement where German is the language of daily life, still maintains all the characteristics of the Englishman, sturdy in character and physique. Arthur came out in 1888, and has made progress from the first. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy his visit to the Home.

**

Charles Warren sends us more news of his prospects in Manitoba. He has bought a place and made what seems a very satisfactory

arrangement as to terms of payment. He will be taking up his quarters on his place very shortly, and is looking forward to "keeping back" at the start. "Keeping back" is one of the ills of life for which there is a remedy, and we expect to hear before long that Charles is joining the ranks of the Benedicts.

From the Employers' Standpoint.

Mr. John Purvis, of Puce, in sending us a year's subscription for Geo. Wright, who is in his employ, writes:—

"... It (UPS AND DOWNS) will also give them an idea of their growing strength and importance, and, I hope, help to form manly and energetic characters. . . . We have now had George about nine months and are very well satisfied with him. I find him a very good little fellow, with kind disposition and a desire to please. He has attended school most of the time and is at present doing so. We have grown very fond of him, and he seems to like his place well and is interested in all things around him. . . . With great regret I read of Dr. Barnardo's illness, but hope he will soon be well again and able to resume his work."

Mr. Purvis's letter is but a specimen of many that we receive from employers of our boys. The *theory* of demagogues and certain "Organization politicians" is that the Home boys must *ipso facto* be bad, and, to use their favoured expression, "a curse to the country." The *experience* of those who have had our boys for years in their homes is—the very reverse. Hitherto, the theorists have had it very much their own way in reaching the ears of the public owing to the supineness and partiality of a large section of the press. If that section of the press which claims to be impartial will now only give to our corroborated statements the publicity that has been given to the bare assertions of our prejudiced opponents, the power of the theorists to wound a large body of well-conducted young citizens will be reduced to a very low ebb. And we do not think this is asking too much of a press which poses as the possessor of an usually large share of that spirit of toleration, that breadth of view, which is supposed to be characteristic of the Fourth Estate at the end of the nineteenth century.

IN GOOD HANDS.

We have much pleasure in publishing a letter which Mr. Owen has received from Mr. A. S. Tallman, of Smithville. Mr. Tallman has recently received one of our boys into his employ, and this letter gives some idea of the warm, kindly feeling entertained towards our young friends by the majority of those into whose hands they are entrusted when they first start out to fight the battle of life in Canada. To the existence of this sympathetic interest on the part of the employer is largely due the remarkably large number of instances of boys remaining five, seven and ten, and even a greater number of years in one situation. These long-service records would be well nigh impossible, no matter how persevering a boy might be were he not made to feel that those around him were in sympathy with his aspirations and desirous of helping him to do what is right and best for himself at all times. Mr. Tallman's letter is as follows:—

"Yours to hand, with agreements enclosed, some time ago, and in reply, would say that I could not ask for anything fairer, and I intended signing and returning it long ere this, but my work was such that it was impossible for me to do so. You will find enclosed the agreement signed as required, and I will do my utmost to bring the boy up in the way that he should go, and make a home for him that will be pleasant for him, so that he will have no reason or even a desire to leave. I hope and trust that he will prove useful to me, as well as to himself, by improving his every opportunity."

IN 1814: A CANADIAN REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR UPS AND DOWNS BY FAITH FENTON.

The old man sat upon the "stoop," in his favorite position, with knees crossed, one foot swinging and one knotted, brown hand grasping his rush-bottomed chair. The other hand held his clay pipe, the forefinger being kept free to press at intervals its smoky contents further into the bowl. His suit of faded blue jeans, checkered with patches of a deeper shade, bore evidence of his recent visit to the barn, in the bits of straw that clung to seam and buttonhole; while the wrinkled, loam-covered top boots testified quite as strongly to a tramp through fresh ploughed fields.

A shock of long grey hair, wiry and shaggy, fell over the face, furrowed deeply as the fields that stretched before our vision; and the shoulders, weighted with years, bowed themselves earthward. But keen, blue eyes looked out from beneath grizzled brows, and a quiet smile played about the thin, humorous lips.

The soft sounds of evening farm life came up to greet us; the chirrup of a few belated pigeons, an occasional grunt from the pens down the lane, the stepping of restless horses in the barn, the shrill frog chorus from the low pasture land; and permeating all these, the thousand sleepy sounds of bees and insects and wavy grass that go to make the music of a country summer night.

"No," said the old man, slowly drawing a long whiff from his pipe, and watching it curl up into the darkness. "No, I ain't good for much now, save to potter 'round. The boys, they manage the farm, and the girls, they do the chores, so me and mother just visit 'round a little and take a rest. It's over sixty year since we came up here to make our home, and purty tough work we found it. But we weathered through until our children growed; and now—why now *their* children's agrowin' up, and beginnin' to put on company manners.

"Sixty years! It's 'most a lifetime. I don't know as I'd like to live through it agen; but we'll be kind of sorry to leave the old place, mother and me, when our time comes.

"When a man has to make a home for himself, it comes to mean more to him than any ready boughten place. I cleared every bit of the land about here; I built our little log-house; Mary and me used to fill up the chinks evenin's when the farm work was done. Her and me planted all them trees—they're the oldest about these parts. You've been drivin' about quite a bit since you come here, and seen for yourself the orchards and fields and good roads. Most folks say that 'round about Niagara is the fruitfulest part of Canada. Not bein' a traveller, I can't say; but fifty year ago, wolves howled round here closer than was healthy; and we shot more grizzlies than we cared about.

"Remember the rebellion of 37? Bless your heart, I remember darker days than them, for I can call to mind the war of 1812. I was only a shaver, 'bout nine year old, I reckon, but them troubled times is clearer in my mind than the quieter years that's come between. Men lived in earnest in them days, and women and children shared the hardships.

"We lived down near Fort Erie then, across from Buffalo. Grandfather came up from Pennsylvania with some others, when the Yankees got their independence. I've heard him tell many a time of the long journey up with slow-moving ox teams. They crossed over just where Buffalo is; there wasn't any big city there then, only farm land, most of it uncleared; and grandmother bein' right tired, father pitched near Fort Erie. He was on English soil again, he said, and that was all he wanted.

"Well, as I started to tell you, I remember

the 1812 war well enough; not all through it, of course, but bits of it, here and there. Fort Erie was in the hottest part of the fight, and I saw enough of killin' to last me for all time.

"Father was hired to carry the wounded from Fort Erie to a little settlement—I forget its name now, but anyway 'twas a fourteen mile journey over rough roads; and he always took it at night. Bein' his eldest boy, and needin' my help, he generally took me with him. 'Twas strange sort of work for a child, and it ain't much wonder I remem'er it so well. I've seen them stars up there shinin' through many a long year since; but I never look up at 'em without thinkin' of them nights, when they shined down just as bright through the trees, while our oxen picked their way over rough paths, carrying their awful load of wounded, moanin' soldiers; and I trudged beside father, or got a lift on the back of one of the oxen.

"One day—I think it was in August, 1814—there'd been a big tussle at Fort Erie between our men and the Yankees, and a heavy losin' of life on both sides. Anyway, for several nights after our ox team was kept busy, and father seemed very quiet and pale-like.

"One night, we were ploddin' along as usual. The day had been very warm, and the heat seemed to keep shut up in the thick bush around us. The oxen pulled in a half-hearted sort of way, and father was walkin' along with his head on his chest, sighin' sometimes, but never sayin' nothin', except to stop the oxen whenever one of the soldiers asked for a drink; we always carried a keg of water with us in one corner of the cart.

"It was gettin' early daylight, and we was going across a clearing, when right in our path, at the foot of a tree, we saw a little fellow lying sound asleep.

"He couldn't have been a day over five years old, and he looked a real handsome chap, with thick curls and long eyelashes. His clothes was torn, but they was a better kind than was generally seen 'round our parts.

"Father slapped the oxen and lifted him up.

"'I want my faver,' says he, sleepily, openin' big dark eyes, and lookin' straight at us.

"'Where is your father?' we asked him.

"'He's a sojer,' he answered right off 'and he's gone away right down there,' pointing through the trees, 'and I've come to find him.'

"'Now I'd like to know where he belongs,' said father. 'There ain't any house about here that I know of save Stebbins's, and that's five miles through the woods 'Tain't likely he's come from there; but anyway we haven't time to turn off to find out. Put your arm about him, Jack, and we'll take him along.'

"He placed the youngster in front of me, on the ox's back, and started the team again.

"The little fellow was wide awake, and began to chatter in a chirpy sort of way, like a young bird. I tried to find out who he was and where he lived.

"His name was 'Laurence' he said, and he lived 'away over there.' His father was a 'sojer' and wore a sword, and he had come with 'mover' to find him. That was the most he could tell us.

"By-and-by as the light grew clearer, he caught sight of the red coats in the waggon.

"'Sogers?' he asked. I nodded.

"'Asleep' he asked again, and again I signed 'Yes.'

"I tried to hold him, but he wriggled behind me, crept across the broad ox back and peered into the waggon with its burden of pale faces.

"One man lay a little apart from the others, without coat or vest, a bundle of straw beneath his head. He had been kind of restless through the night, asking several times for a drink, but now it was cooler and he lay dozing with his eyes shut.

"'Faver,' cried the little chap after a long look; 'Faver!'

"And first thing we knowed, he was into the waggon and down among the straw, with two fat arms pressed tight 'round the sick man's neck.

"I was going to lift him out, thinking he'd made a mistake. But father said 'Don't touch him, Jack,' in a shaky kind of voice, and then I saw that the sick man's eyes were opened, and that he was holding the youngster as tight as a bandaged arm would let him.

"He never said a word, just kissed him, then closed his eyes again. But neither of 'em let go their grip of each other, and soon the boy fell asleep, and so they lay until we got to the hospital.

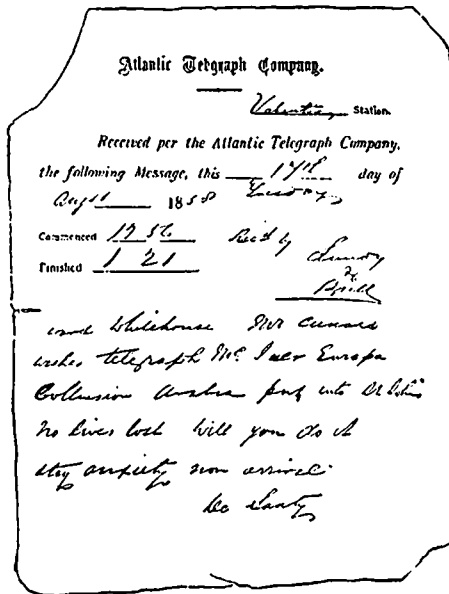
"Oh, yes; we found out about them after a bit. The father was an officer in one of our own volunteer regiments. They belonged somewhere back of York county. The mother half crazed over the report of her husband's death had ridden 'round the lake with her boy—a pretty tough ride it must have been—in the hope of finding it wasn't true. She was stopping at Stebbins's farm, and that little brick of a baby had slipped away the afternoon before we found him, and tramped them five miles through the woods to find his father. He must have been sleeping at the foot of that tree nearly all night.

"His father got 'round all right enough, but he couldn't do any more fighting, but anyway the war came to an end about six months after.

"I never saw the little shaver after he grew up, but I heard tell that he made a brave soldier and a good man. He's dead long since, and I'm left, though I was four years older. It was seventy-five years ago; but when I think about it, it seems like yesterday."

The old man's pipe had grown cold, the frog chorus sounded shriller, a cricket chirruped through the darkness, and a cool night wind swept up the lawn.

Below we give a reproduction of the first message sent over the first Atlantic cable the day after the cable was laid, Aug. 17, 1858. The message is from the Cunard agent to the head office of that Company in England, announcing that the mail steamers Europa and Arabia had been in collision, but that both ships and passengers were safe.



Besides her plague of rabbits, Australia is now threatened with a plague of foxes. These animals, imported for the sport of fox-hunting, have increased so rapidly that a reward is now offered for their capture.

DEATH'S CALL.

With our numbers aggregating nearly 7,000, we must be prepared to see some vacant places in our ranks at the end of every year, and we owe, and give, heartfelt thanks to God that the number of those who have been taken from us by death is small. Compared with any other body of people in the country, we feel we have been signally blessed in the smallness of our death-rate. It is, nevertheless, a very painful thought that so far in each issue of our journal we have had to chronicle the sudden termination of a career, cut short, not by sickness, but in the midst of bright promise, of health and strength. Again does the sorrowful duty devolve upon us. Charles Hope, who came out to Canada in 1892, and had for some time been working steadily at Dorking, left that place about the middle of August for Manitoba, with a view to profiting by the large wages paid during the harvest season. He left his friends in excellent spirits and spoke hopefully of seeing them again shortly. Within two weeks Mr. Terry, of Dorking, received a telegram telling him that Charles had fallen off a load of hay, breaking his neck. Death was instantaneous, and our friend was buried in Manitoba. The sad news was at once conveyed to the Home by Mr. Terry, with a request that it be broken to the mother of poor Charles in England. Thus in three months have three of our boys—Charles Hope, James Eddington, and Wm. Ashworth—been called away without a moment's warning. How forcibly this places before us the uncertainty of life, and how strongly should it appeal to every one of us to be ready at all times to answer the call of the Master who "works in a mysterious way," but in whose hands "all things work together for good."

Sad news has also reached us of William J. Woods, who is living at Bloomingdale. William has been in Canada ten years, and has succeeded so well that a little over a year ago he was able to marry, and looked forward to many years of happy companionship with the wife he had chosen for his helpmeet. His hopes, however, were doomed to bitter disappointment. In giving birth to twins, Mrs. Woods lost her own life, and our poor friend was left with two little babies. Since then we have received word that William has suffered further affliction by the death of one of his babes.

We tender our most heartfelt sympathy to our friend in his double bereavement, and trust that under God's mercy the little one left to him may grow up to be a comfort to him in years to come.

Chas. Henry Phillips, now of Norwood, where he has spent nearly three years since he came out in '88, says: "I have taken other papers but none I think as much of as UPS AND DOWNS." Charles' letter is full of cheerfulness and among other interesting news he tells us he is "between \$275 and \$300 to the good." Charles by the-by is not 19 years old and we are proud of his success.

In 1652, during the early colonial times of America, musket balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were a legal tender for sums under a shilling.

Herr Schubler finds that of a thousand species of flowers 284 are white, 226 yellow, 220 red, 141 blue, 75 violet, 36 green, 12 orange, four brown, and two black.

SURGERY ON THE FARM AND IN THE HOME.

By C. A. HODGETTS, M.D.

"OUR BOYS" FIRST AID TO THE INJURED ASSOCIATION.

PART II.

THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

The word muscle is generally understood to mean flesh. With this the bones are clothed, thus giving shape to the limbs. The muscles are arranged in masses of flesh which have attachment to different bones. Each muscle has its own work to perform, and, by contraction, the bone, to which a given muscle is attached, is moved, the movable bone being drawn towards the fixed one. Thus, in walking, running, or carrying a weight, several of these muscles, or masses of flesh, are contracted and the desired movement obtained. The muscle or muscles which move a part are not always placed close to it. As, for instance, the movement of the fingers is obtained from muscle to be found attached to the bones of the forearm. In a case like this the flesh terminates in a long fibrous cord or sinew, called tendon, which is attached to the bone and so the necessary movement is obtained. In some parts of the body the muscles are attached to the skin and also to one another as in the face, giving it different expressions. The muscles of which we have been thus far speaking of are under the control of the will, and are known as "voluntary muscles," but there is a second class, very important, too, which act independently of our will—the "involuntary"—they are not attached to the bones, but are connected with internal organs, which, if they were under the control of our wills the result would be dangerous, if not fatal. The heart, for example, contracts and expands day after day, and year after year, without any effort on the part of the mind; when you are asleep it works on the same as when you are awake, if it did not where would you be after to-night's sleep? That poor stomach, too, into which you cast all sorts of things! It is possessed of involuntary muscles and does its work without an effort on the part of your will, though, alas! too often not without an effort on its part.

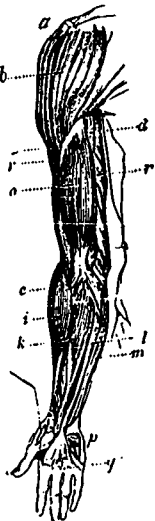


Fig. 1.—MUSCLES OF THE ARM.

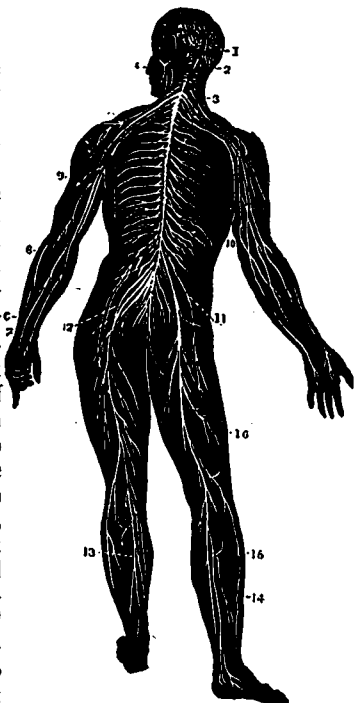


Fig. 2.—THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This figure shows the general arrangement of the nervous system—the brain proper or large brain, 1, and the small brain, 2, in the head; the spinal cord or spinal marrow—a continuation of the brain—along the back; and the nerves, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc., coursing from either brain or spinal cord to all parts of the body.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The brain, spinal cord or marrow, and nerves constitute this system, together with what is known as the sympathetic nervous system. The

brain, as you will remember we explained in last paper as being enclosed and protected by the bones of the skull, consists of two parts, the larger part, the brain proper, and the little brain situated in the lower and back part of the skull. The "large brain" is the seat of intelligence and the will; the "little brain" regulates the movements of the body, maintaining the balance or equilibrium during different actions.

The brain and its continuation, the spinal cord, form the central portion of the nervous system. From them branch off the nerves, nine pairs from the brain and thirty-two from the spinal cord. These cords divide and subdivide and finally end in the voluntary muscles and the organs of sense—eye, ear, nose, tongue. The nerves serve very much the same purpose as the telegraph wires, orders being flashed along on them to the voluntary muscles and as a result the part to which the message has been sent is put in motion. This class are "nerves of motion" or motor nerves, while those which convey the sense of pain, as in the case of a burned hand or foot or impression of objects, as sight, are called "nerves of sensation," or sensory nerves. The reader has doubtless seen those cases where, as the result of a severe injury to the spine, the patient loses the use of lower limbs, and at the same time all sense of feeling. The telegraphic communication has been broken by the injury to the spinal cord. Remember when a motor nerve is cut by an accident there is loss of power in the muscles where it terminates. In the case of a sensory nerve there is loss of sensation in the part where it ends. We would briefly say that the involuntary muscles are kept under control by the sympathetic system referred to above.

ORGANS OF CIRCULATION AND BLOOD.

We have briefly considered the telegraph system; now we will look at what is, perhaps, to most people, one of the most interesting features in the human system, the heart, with its never ceasing pump, keeping up a constant circulation of 12 or 15 lbs. of blood through miles of pipes, and what is more wonderful still—two kinds of blood which never mix. The circulation of the blood was discovered by an Englishman, John Henry, 1620. Close your hand, reader, and you will have an idea of the size of your heart, which is a strong, muscular body situated in the chest cavity between the lungs. It is somewhat conical in shape, divided into two parts, right and left side; it dilates and contracts with great regularity about 70-75 times a minute. The left side contains bright scarlet blood, loaded with nutriment derived from the food and oxygen from the air we breathe, and the right side of the heart purple blood charged with carbonic acid gas and products of the

wear and tear of the body. This blood is pumped to the lungs to be purified, while that of the left side is pumped into the tubes called arteries and distributed by them to the most distant parts of the body. The arteries are strong and elastic, and are generally well protected by the muscles and bones. Some are near the surface and the blood can be felt pulsating through them, the successive waves being due to the pump-like action of the heart. I shall not burden you with the names of these arteries, but refer you to the figure, and from it to your own body, for the location of most of the larger vessels. The arteries divide and divide again until at last they terminate in very fine tubes, capillaries. It is whilst passing through these capillaries that the arterial blood gives up its oxygen and nutriment and takes up the results of decay and wear and tear. From the capillaries it flows into the veins, and, in a continuous, sluggish stream, continues in them to the right side of the heart, which pumps it to the lungs where it again enters a network of capillaries and becomes acted upon by the air we breathe, the oxygen of the air being given to the blood in exchange for the carbonic acid gas of the blood. From the capillaries of the lungs it again enters veins and is poured by them into the left side of the heart to be distributed to the body as before.

RESPIRATION OR BREATHING.

As just stated the blood is purified in the lungs; they are the organs of breathing—the right and left—lodged in the chest cavity. *Inspiration*: The air rushes through the nose—*Note*, the nose—down a tube, the wind pipe, the upper end of which contains the organs of the voice; the lower end divides into two branches, then into many and minute ones which end in little pouches or sacs—*air cells*. It is around these sacs that the capillaries lie containing the impure blood. The air we breathe in rushes down into these cells; and it is here the change of oxygen takes place from the carbonic acid gas, therefore you will see that the expired air is impure; hence how important, young reader, that the *inspired* air should be of the purest. But you ask me what causes the air to enter and leave the lungs? Well, turn back and look at the skeleton. You will see the ribs form the wall of the chest, and again, read its boundary. During *inspiration* the forepart of the ribs are raised and the midriff or diaphragm descends thus enlarging the cavity, and the air rushes into the elastic cells; while during *expiration* the midriff ascends and the ribs are depressed and the air is driven forcibly out. This action goes on in health about 15 to 18 times a minute.

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The *Poultry Keeper*, a leading American poultry journal and acknowledged authority on matters pertaining to this department of the farm, says: The supposition that limed eggs keep down prices is incorrect. They do not in any manner compete with what are termed "strictly fresh eggs," but are used for other purposes, such as in photography, in bakeries and for coloring in certain purposes. The prices for fresh eggs have been high enough in the winter to suit all who keep poultry, and thousands of tons of limed eggs have no more effect on the price of choice eggs than would so many small stones.

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[EX. AND M.—B. 6.]

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WANTED about half a dozen pure bred hens and rooster. Leghorns, Wyandottes or Plymouth Rocks. State price to F. R. Ward, Bracondale, Ont.

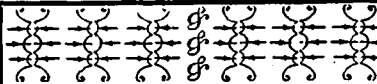
LARGE, SQUARE PIANO. Ebony Case. Will exchange for small upright. As have not room for the square. Answers, B. 14, Ex. & M., UPS AND DOWNS.

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