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Double

Number

# Cups and Downs



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES  
OF DR BARNARD'S HOMES

Published Monthly

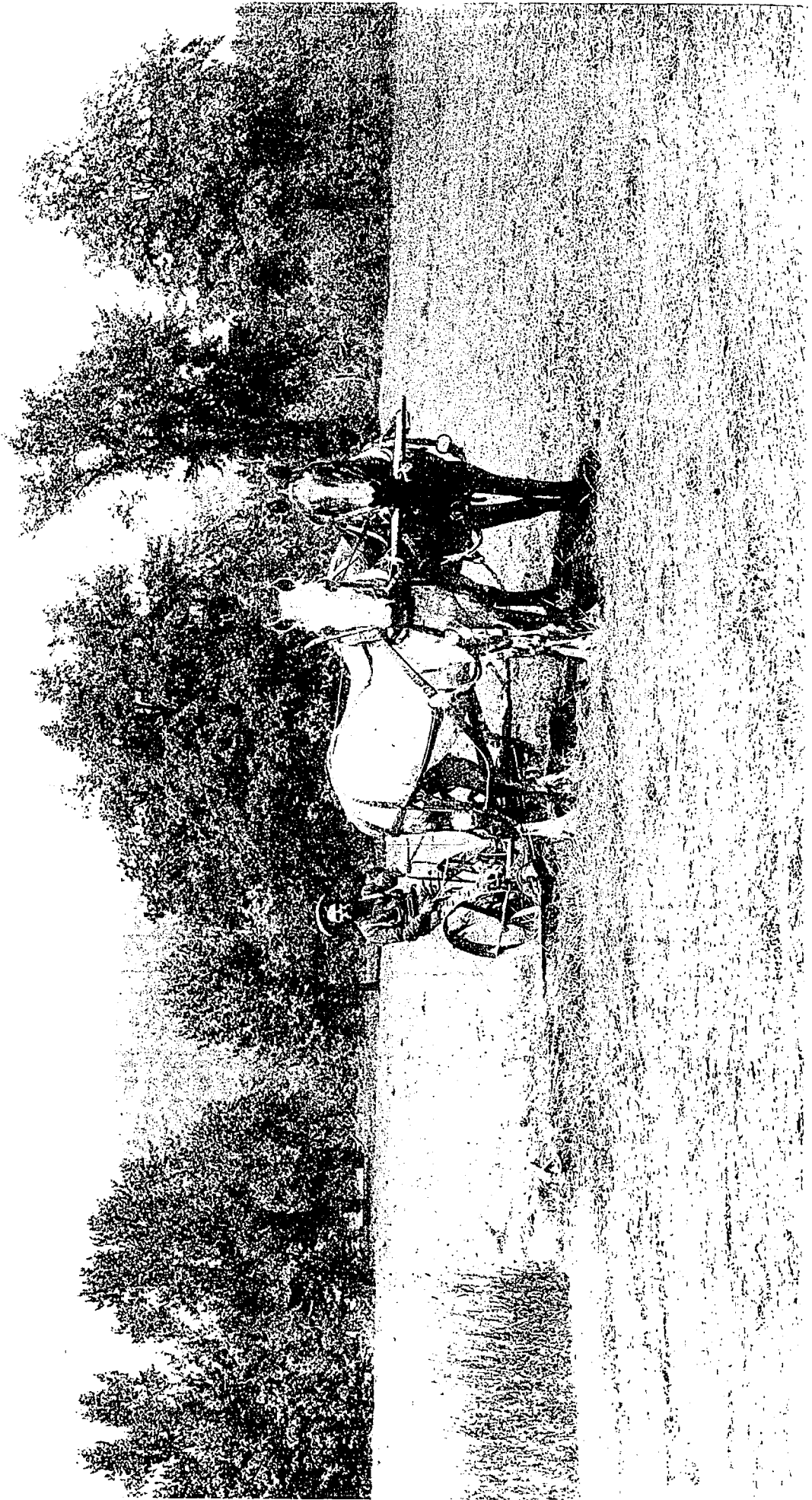
Office of Publication  
44 PARLEY AVE., TORONTO

1900

# OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

These are those of 100 boys who came from England with the first Emigration Party in 1869.

NAME OF FRIEND	FULL NAME	POSTAL ADDRESS
Adams, Walter Chas.	Mr. Thomas Scane	Ridgetown, Ont.
Atkinson, Thomas Ernest	Mr. John A. Mellow	Comber, Ont.
Anderson, Percy Guy	Mr. Crawford Reynolds	Oxford Mills, Ont.
Anderson, Frederick E.	Mr. Charles Peter Capes	Oxford Mills, Ont. (Toronto, Ont.)
Althorpe, George	Mrs. Rigg	Railway Y.M.C.A., Spadina Ave.
Beckett, Walter Thomas	Mr. Francis W. Wilson	Ruscombe Station, Ont.
Burge, William	Mr. George Hope	Box 39, Weston, Ont.
Bodger, William	Mr. John Gillis	Omeme, Ont.
Barr, John Middleton	Mr. Robert Noble	Meaford, Ont.
Bedwell, John	Mr. Robert Argue	Fallowfield, Ont.
Bridge, Thomas Henry	Mr. Frederick Bartlett	Box 5, Sprucedale, Ont.
Barratt, George William	Mr. John E. Snider	Virgil, Ont.
Baxter, George	Miss Birdie Adams	Lefroy, Ont.
Burchell, Peter John	Mrs. David Balfour	Omeme, Ont.
Barry, William Patrick	Mr. W. H. Davis	Norwich, Ont.
Bennetto, Claud Clorine	Mr. William A. Derbyshire	Norwich, Ont.
Bartram, Alfred James	Mr. Aug. Richard Switzer	Staffa, Ont.
Berry, William Robert	Mr. John Shute	Kirkton, Ont.
Baker, William Arthur	Mr. William Smyth	South Woodsee, Ont.
Beard, William	Mr. Frederick Chapman	Coboconk, Ont.
Cunningham, John James	Mr. Charles J. Banbury	Zenda, Ont.
Crofts, James	Mr. Charles Hall	Arkona, Ont.
Chiocchi, Percy Lewis	Mr. William D. Cochrane	Holly, Ont.
Costello, Henry	Mr. E. H. Bishop	Kinburn, Ont.
Clayton, Isaac	Mr. P. A. McArthur	Brussels, Ont.
Cordner, Robert	Mr. James Haggerty, Jr.	Tupperville, Ont.
Collins, Jessie	Mr. Walter A. Neilly	Deerhurst, Ont.
Care, Herbert	Mr. William A. McKay	Oakville, Ont.
Crandon, Gilbert	Mr. Colin D. Campbell	Crinan, Ont.
Childs, Henry James	Mr. Charles Josling	Londesboro, Ont.
Dunn, Henry	Mr. Christopher J. Howse	Holiday, Ont.
Ducklin, George Edward	Mr. Mark M. Clark	Russeldale, Ont.
Draper, William James	Mr. Robert Bowman	Humber, Ont.
Dalton, Stephen M.	Mr. John Samuel Lacon	Amaranth Station, Ont.
Edlin, Jason	Mr. Samuel N. Scratch	Kingsville, Ont.
Edward, Albert	Mr. Peter S. McPherson	Arner, Ont.
Evans, Robert	Mr. John Parker	Cargill, Ont.
Freeman, Alfred R.	Mr. John Lowe	Brussels, Ont.
Fisher, Walter	Mr. Charles W. Parkhurst	Boulter, Ont.
Fisher, John William	Mr. Harry Irwin	Lakehurst, Ont.
Garrett, George Victor	Mr. Walter Rawlings	Forest, Ont.
Greentree, Charles William P.	Mr. John Simpson	Sandwich, Ont.
Greentree, George Harry	Mr. Henry S. Maus	Box 85, Paris, Ont.
Gordon, John	Mr. William Pack	London East, Ont.
Greenhagh, Henry Stewart	Mr. William Little	Blyth, Ont.
Gates, Frederick	Mr. David James Ryers	Cannamore, Ont.
Hayes, Thomas	Mr. George Sparks	South March, Ont.
Hocking, George	Mr. Alexander Monteith	Kippen, Ont. (St., Toronto, Ont.)
Halt, Frederick George	Rev. D. B. Macdonald	St. Andrew's College, 1055 Yonge
Hopkins, John William	Mr. Ninian F. McCrae	Andrewsville, Ont.
Horstead, Reginald S. T.	Mr. William Reynolds	Port Rowan, Ont.
Hashagan, William	Mr. John Grant	Kinburn, Ont.
Hawkes, Frederick	Mr. Percy A. Dinning	Kerwood, Ont.
Hutton, Benjamin	Mr. Robert H. Biglow	Cavan, Ont.
Hickey, Henry	Mr. Albert E. Patterson	Camlachie, Ont.
Howells, Daniel	Mr. John S. Howe	Pakenham, Ont.
Harold, George	Mr. S. S. Ackley	Essex, Ont.
Howell, Julius A.	Mr. Robert Jackson	Keady, Ont.
Hutchinson, John Henry F.	Rev. D. B. Macdonald	St. Andrew's College, 1055 Yonge
Jerman, Walter Thomas	Mr. John A. McLean	Finch, Ont. (St., Toronto, Ont.)
Jarvis, Albert Edward	Mr. George A. Campbell	Smith's Falls, Ont.
Jenden, George Walter	Mr. William Thomas Smith	South Monaghan, Ont.
Jones, John	Mr. Guy Thurtell	Box 500, Guelph, Ont.
Johnson, Benjamin E.	Mr. Albert H. Huson	Paris, Ont.
Jones, George	Mr. Samuel W. Owens	Antrim, Ont.
Knight, George Herbert	Mr. Adna Hutchinson	Rowan's Mills, Ont.
Lyons, Ernest	Mr. Joseph A. Kirk	Kirkton, Ont.
Low, David	Mr. Christopher Wynn	Campbellford, Ont.
Lowe, Edward John	Mr. Robert Parker	Napperton, Ont.
Legge, Charles Stanley	Mr. John R. Philp	Yeovil, Ont.
Lee, Percy	Mr. John C. Cross	Bond Head, Ont.
Lang, Otto Frederick	Mr. Philip Parking	Oxford Centre, Ont.
McDougall, William	Mr. James E. Penney	Kilmaurs, Ont.
McAllister, Thomas James	Mr. Charles F. Yates	Hatchley, Ont.
McDonald, Herbert A.	Mr. Michael Stoskoff, Jr.	Carlingford, Ont.
Mackenzie, Roderick	Mrs. A. Merryweather	Bridgeburg, Ont.
Mallett, William	Mr. Ballantyne Ewing	Westport, Ont.
Martin, Frederick L.	Mr. John William Ackrow	Highfield, Ont.
Maples, Joseph Charles	Mr. James W. McMaster	Orangeville, Ont.
Maples, Reginald Frank	Mrs. Robert Cobean	Lucille, Ont.
Moore, James	Mr. William Evans	Lovett, Ont.
May, George	Mr. George L. Smith	Keyser, Ont.
Mitchell, Thomas	Mrs. Philip B. Tyler	Bowmanville, Ont.
Mead, John	Mr. Edgar Burleigh	Inkerman, Ont.
Murston, Victor William	Mr. Andrew Cornish	Nilestown, Ont.
Nightingale, Arthur E.	Mr. William R. Warren	Jamesbridge, Ont.
Osborne, Henry	Mr. Arthur Ross	Pannure, Ont.
Osborne, Walter	Mr. Thomas B. Halfpenny	Antrim, Ont.
Pauline, George Victor	Mr. George Henry Moore	Fitzroy Harbour, Ont.
Pottle, Stephen William	Mr. James Watson	Winfield, Ont.
Pottle, John Reginald	Mr. George Morris	Stony Point, Ont.
Pickett, Frederick	Mr. Richard B. Dat	Chatham, Ont.
Richards, Edgar Charles	Mr. Robert Lowrey	Cedarvale, Ont.
Rumsey, William	Mr. Asa P. Hansler	North Pelham, Ont.
Reed, James Sharp	Mr. Walter Sharpe	Isla, Ont.
Robinson, Arthur	Mr. William Green	Pannure, Ont.
Straw, Arthur	Mr. Thomas Guest	Haley's Station, Ont.
Sheridan, Lawrence	Mr. John A. Graham	Bell's Corners, Ont.
Sheridan, Thomas	Mr. Andrew Watt	South March, Ont.
Shurtcliffe, Joshua	Mr. Herbert B. Gihett	Croydon, Ont.



Midsummer in Ontario.



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

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## Editorial Notes

AGAIN we have to ask our readers to accept a double number covering two months' issues, the reason for this irregularity and for our non-appearance at the due and stated time being the absence of the Editor in bringing over the last immigration party and the heavy pressure of important work that he has found awaiting him on his return, and which has made impossible the preparation of "copy" for UPS AND DOWNS at any earlier date. We are not going to make any admissions upon the subject just at present, or concede to those kind friends that they were right who warned us, when we announced at the beginning of the year our intentions of publishing monthly, that we were biting off more than we should be able to chew; but we confess to having our own private misgivings in the matter, and begin to foresee the probability of our being forced to make an announcement later on that we flatter ourselves will be an unwelcome one to our readers, as it will certainly be a disappointment—not to say a mortification—to ourselves. Meanwhile, however, we can only assure our readers and subscribers that we have done, and shall continue to do our humble best for them in our editorial capacity, and that if we have to make a change in a number and change direction, it will only be because we are

compelled to it by sheer force of circumstances and the impossibility of the impossible.

X

JUSTICE from the number of enquiries that have come to us from near and far respecting the Doctor and his condition of health, we feel sure that some tidings on the subject will be among the first things our boys and girls will look for in our columns. We heartily wish we could issue a more hopeful bulletin, but the most cheerful news we can give them is that when we left London on the 17th of July it was generally supposed, and on all sides sincerely hoped, that at the end of the month the Doctor would see his way to give up work for a few weeks and leave London for Germany to resume the treatment that did so much for him before, and which the present alarming condition of his heart and throat is rendering so urgently necessary. Meanwhile, however, despite the warnings of his medical advisers and the revival of all the most serious symptoms, the Doctor has bravely gone on working, conducting an enormous correspondence, attending meetings, exercising himself upon every detail of every department, working far into the night, or, rather, morning, going himself to hospital, and making every effort to keep every

power and disregarding every precaution. We could not but recall the French officer's comment upon the charge of Balaclava, "It is magnificent but it is not war." The Doctor's extraordinary zeal, energy and devotion are truly magnificent, but it would seem as though it can tend to only one result, and one which we dread to contemplate. We can only ask for the prayers of all our readers on the Doctor's behalf that the Giver and Preserver of life and health may, in spite of all forebodings, spare for many years to come the life and powers that have been so mightily used and so unreservedly consecrated to the cause of humanity and the highest and most fruitful form of Christian activity.



We come

IT is once again in due order and season for us to extend an invitation to our lads in Ontario to visit the Home during the principal week of the Toronto Exhibition; but this year, inasmuch as our annual Reunion will partake of a rather different character to the gatherings of former years, our invitation is subject to certain important limitations. It will in this, and we anticipate in future years, be the grand rally of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society, when members, and those who desire to become members, will assemble for objects of business and pleasure. All arrangements for the reception and entertainment of our guests will be in the hands of the Executive of the Association, and the programme that has been adopted for the week will be organized and carried out under their responsibility. We feel safe in promising all members, or intendant members, a thoroughly enjoyable time during their stay, and on behalf of the Society we bid them one and all a most hearty and cordial welcome to its hospitality. The date for the gathering is from September 8th to 12th, both days inclusive, and we hope during these days to have the pleasure of welcoming several hundred of our old boys from far and near. As the question of the payment of expenses will arise in the

case of younger boys who are under agreements by which employers are responsible to us for the payment of the wages that become due, we wish it to be clearly understood that we authorize and approve the advance of whatever amount may be necessary to enable such boys to attend our gathering, this amount to be charged against the wages and deducted when the time comes for settlement.



Whom and  
When We  
Invite.

IT will be obvious from the fact that our meeting is thus exclusively the affair of the B.O.B.S. that we are not at liberty to make our invitation as general as in former years, although the result will, we are quite assured, be the same in the end. The badge of the Society will be the passport for admission to our festivities, and those of our guests who are not members will be invited to become so immediately on their arrival. If there should be an individual who would essay to join our gathering, but refuses to affiliate himself to the Society, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of intimating to that individual, as politely as may be, that his presence is unbidden and that he must find quarters for himself elsewhere; but we do not expect to find anyone who, if not already a member, is not ready and willing to join our brotherhood, and we are looking forward to this first general rally of the B.O.B.S. proving a great success as well as an important event in the history of the Society. We must not be thought churlish or grudging of our hospitality if we ask all our friends to note carefully the dates to which the invitation applies. It is *impossible* for us to receive guests during the first week of the Exhibition, and much as we shall regret to disappoint any who may be planning to visit us before Monday, September 8th, we must positively limit our hospitality to the second week, which is by far the most interesting in the Exhibition itself, and when the special cheap rates are available from all parts of the country. We have to add that elsewhere will be found an invitation to

our girls to visit us in Toronto at the same time, where special arrangements are being made for their entertainment.



**Work and Workers.** It gives us especial pleasure to invite our boys and girls to a little outing of this kind, inasmuch as we believe we may say of them with perfect truth and candour that there is no class of the community that better deserves a little occasional recreation, or who, when they are at work, work on the average harder or more energetically. We have no intention of depicting our boys and girls as farm or household drudges, or holding them up as objects of pity and condolence in being over-worked and hardly faring. On the contrary, we think that they have every reason to be regarded as subjects of congratulation on account of the health, the happiness, the independence that are the features of their lives and the bright prospects that are opening up before them. With all this, however, there remains the fact that the Canadian farmers among whom our young folks are growing up and whose habits and modes of life they are acquiring, are one of the hardest working communities in the world. They are very intelligent labourers, using their brains as well as their limbs, full of resource and contrivance, and availing themselves eagerly of every device for saving manual labour or increasing its efficiency; but though the development of machinery is everywhere relieving the burden and irksomeness of the farmer's toil, the round of work on a Canadian farm during the short season in which crops have to be sown, cultivated and garnered is severe, and carried on at a high rate of pressure that imposes no slight strain upon the workers. We can rarely see indeed that our lads suffer from this strain. Here and there we may come across a case in which we may have to remonstrate against what seems to us an attempt to exact too much, just as occasionally we have to deal with boys or girls who seem to have been born with a lazy streak in their composition, and have an antipathy to work between meals, but these drop in on

live in few and far between, and we think equally few are the cases in which boys or girls are suffering physically, mentally or constitutionally, or the brightness of their lives impaired by over-work or over-driving.



**Busy and Happy Lives.** WE are always proud and pleased to think of our boys and girls as workers and producers, in no sense cumberers of the ground, but marching in the great army of the world's toilers and giving to their daily duties, as we know most of them do, the best of their energies, intelligence and ability. For the system of restricting output, the "ca canny" principle, which we understand to mean, "go easy and leave plenty for the other fellow to do," we have no use or sympathy. Apart from the fact that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," an idle life, or an inactive or only partially active life, seems to us of all existencies the most wretched. Our boys and girls in Canada are healthy and happy because their lives are fully and usefully employed, and it is because there is so little idleness among them that there is so little crime, vice, drunkenness or other moral disorder. Their bodies and minds are occupied with the duties of their calling, and their lives are, in consequence, clean, pure and well regulated. On the farms, where nearly all are engaged, the pressure of work is bearable and enjoyable for the workers from its variety and constant interest, the splendidly healthy conditions under which it is carried on and the fact that the burden is shared alike by all, the master himself generally taking the heavy end and urging his helpers more by example than by word of mouth.



And, in the cities, where the boys, although they enjoy the Principle's "hour and half" days, are engaged in more or less of the same kind of work, the same conditions obtain, and the same results are obtained. The boys are not kept at their masters' feet, and the same kind of work was done, and they had to get through it while

the fine weather held up or before the next job came on, or while the machine was available or the roads were passable or prices good, and it was a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together. There is none of the sense of drudgery and half grudging, half sullen submission to the taskmaster that is the spirit so often met with in factories and wherever large bodies of workers are employed, the one party apparently devoting his energies to getting as much, the other to giving as little, as possible for his money. There is a very happy and a very kindly spirit of co-operation generally to be found amongst the Canadian farmers and their help, whether adult or juvenile, and with consideration and good feeling on both sides the work runs smoothly. Nevertheless, even under the most pleasant conditions, there has to be the physical exertion, and there will be very few of our lads or lasses who will foregather at Toronto in response to our invitation who will not have been working hard and long, late and early during the past few weeks, and whom we are not, therefore, specially pleased to welcome to a ten-day rest, enjoyment and change.



**South African Prospects** SOME of our more adventurous spirits have been writing us of late in regard to the prospects of South Africa, and our opinion has been sought in regard to the advisability of migrating to these new possessions of the British Empire. We have not been to the Cape and can speak from no personal experience, but we have conversed with a good many who know the country intimately, and we advise any of our lads who are thinking of starting out in that direction to go very slow in making a move. South Africa is just at present supposed to be booming; in other words, it is for the time being the *El Dorado* for every adventurer, wanderer, schemer and fortune hunter on the earth. Every father who has a nicker do well soon considers South Africa as just the place to give the interesting young prodigal another chance. Every member of the fraternity of our countrymen who

can't stand indoor work and have such a passion for an outdoor life, you know, who have also a passion for lying in bed till ten in the morning and whose principal waking occupation is to smoke cigarettes and talk slang, is convinced that he would make a fortune on the veldt, and his friends are quite ready to encourage the conviction and describe him as "just the man" for South Africa. People who have done no good, and can do no good for themselves or anyone else, are quite sure that "something would turn up" if they could once reach South Africa. Sentimental women who want husbands and can't get them are setting their caps toward South Africa, gushing girls who think "the life must be so delightful" fancy South Africa would be the gratification of every ideal. Of course, where the carcass is there the eagles will be gathered together, and where there are silly sheep and good fleeces, the shearers—gentlemen with long noses and otherwise—will soon get to work. Young Englishmen going out with plenty of money and no experience will readily find partners who have all the experience necessary, and more too, and in due course history will repeat itself—the partner will be off with the money, the Englishman left with the painful experience.



**Visions and Realities.** WHEN the existing restrictions are removed that at present debar all but people with money and definite means of livelihood from landing in Cape Colony, there will no doubt be an enormous rush of emigration. The air in England is full of emigration schemes. Everyone is convinced of the importance and desirability of getting people out to South Africa. What they are to do when they get there is a detail that seldom enters into consideration or disturbs anyone's calculations. There is a great extent of territory at present unpeopled, there are obvious advantages in converting the Dutch and foreign majority into a minority by an influx of British settlers, there are a lot of people in England whom we can very well do without, South Africa is



quite the rage and the case is complete for rushing out men, women and children, leaving the Government or the Good Providence that seems to save the British public out of the consequences of all its blunders to do the rest. On behalf of the emigrants themselves, however, Providence may not at once intervene, and we predict scarcity, suffering, disappointment and disaster for great numbers who will go out. From all we can learn, the land seems of very indifferent quality for agricultural purposes, and irrigation on a very costly and expensive scale will be necessary before there will be any security for crop-raising. We imagine it to be a good grazing country where water is obtainable, but grazing is an industry that employs very few hands and offers no occupation or means of livelihood for the thousands who will soon be trooping out to South Africa. The mining industry employs a limited amount of expert labour, and the demands of the mining camps will provide a limited opening in certain trades and manufactures. There will probably be a certain amount of railway building and an improving of the present miserably defective system; but we should greatly doubt the prospect of any considerable development in railway enterprise. Men who have to find capital for railway building like to see some prospect of traffic, and as regards the Government, we foresee a clamour for retrenchment and reduction of taxation that will debar or postpone any ambitious undertakings at the cost of the taxpayers, either those at home or in the Colony. The market for unskilled labour, farm hands and so forth is abundantly supplied by the blacks. There will be probably at first a boom followed by re action and

collapse, with scarcity of work, exorbitant prices for provisions and the necessaries of life, thousands without means of subsistence, and owing their own folly or that of others for bringing them to their fate.



Let Well Alone. WE cannot advise any of our lads in Canada to abandon their prospects here for anything

that offers for them in South Africa. In Canada we have millions of acres of land immediately available for settlement, well watered, of unsurpassed fertility, accessible to good markets and within convenient reach by our system of lake and railway transportation. We have no coloured population either to support in idleness as a burden upon the industry and development of the country or to glut the market for unskilled labour, we have mineral wealth equal to, if not surpassing, that of South Africa, and we have every reason to look forward to a steadily advancing growth of prosperity. We heartily wish well to our sister Colony, and desire for her a speedy recovery from the prolonged and severe trial that she has had to pass through; but it seems to us that at present the greatest danger she has to apprehend is an over-rush of population that the country has no means of supporting or absorbing and a boom, or period of unnatural inflation, to be followed by the inevitable and disastrous re-action. And we are satisfied that we are giving our lads in Canada sound advice in counselling them to remain where they are in preference to being attracted by any sensational reports of South African prospects.

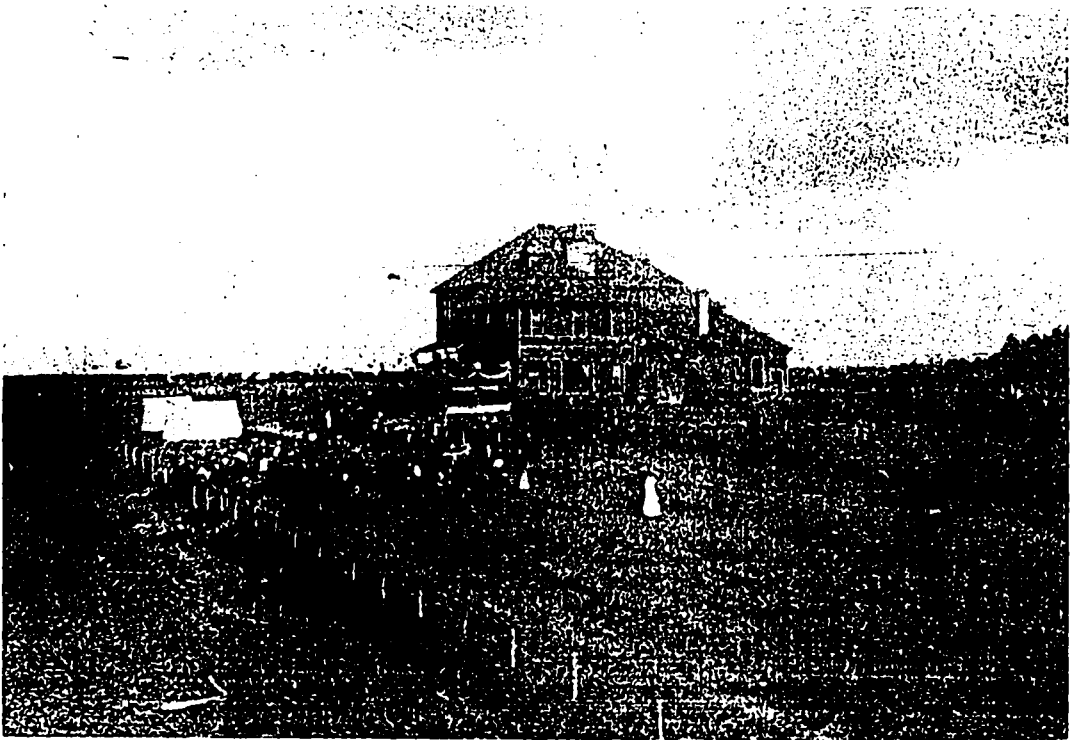




# NORTH WEST NOTES

ON the 22nd of May, 1867, thirty-five years ago, a royal proclamation was issued from Windsor Castle giving effect to the British North America Act and appointing July 1st of the same year as the date upon which it should come into force. In a few words, this Act provided that the Provinces of Canada, Upper and Lower, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should

be considered at that time as of very little value, but now covered with flourishing homesteads and thrifty agriculturists. In view of the fact that this Act of Confederation years ago passed through the experimental stage and is acknowledged to have been the means of presenting to the world a *new nation*, which will be known down the ages as the Dominion of Canada, the writer



Sports at the Farm Home.

be united into one Dominion, to be known as Canada, this Dominion to be divided into four Provinces, to be known as Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a confederation which has gone on expanding until it comprises to-day every foot of British territory in North America (excepting Newfoundland) and of its territory con-

tinuously agrees with the lately expressed views of an accomplished eastern journalist that the day of the birth of this great nation of ours should be celebrated in a more patriotic manner than is the custom generally throughout the Dominion, and for this reason July 1st has been selected for that purpose. As to the management of

Dr. Barnardo's Farm Home as the proper date for the chief summer holiday, to be celebrated in such a manner that the lads sent out from our English Institutions to the Farm Home for the purpose of adopting Canada as their country will be reminded from year to year that upon this day, away back in the preceding generation, was put in force a wise act of imperial legislation which means much to every resident of this portion of the continent.

July 1st, as it dawned in 1902, found no exception to the above programme at the Home. Flags were flying in all directions, bunting hung from all available points of vantage on the different structures, and it was quite evident to the early passer-by, from these indications, that the boys of Dr. Barnardo's Farm Home were in for a day of sport. Visitors came from far and near, many of whom were old boys accompanied by their better halves, and an enjoyable day's entertainment appears to have been experienced by all participants; so the writer, who will next fall back on the account given by the *Russell Banner*, can say that the only improvement he can suggest for future celebrations would be an address on the subject, "The Day we Honour," by some competent speaker. Are there not orators among our own clan who can qualify for the position of speaker of the day for 1903? If so, send in your applications early. The correspondent of the *Russell Banner* says:

Although the weather was so unpropitious during the afternoon, the Barnardo sports and picnic proved a great success and proved beyond doubt the Home grounds an ideal place to hold the fete. The convenience of having a good shelter was very much appreciated by all. The grounds were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. There were about 300 visitors present. The refreshment tent, carried on in the interests of the Band fund, did a good business. Great praise is due to Mrs. Jackson for the able manner in which she catered for the visitors, and to the members of the committee for the able manner in which they conducted the programme of sport. This has been by far the best picnic ever held by the Barnardo people. Following are the lists of events:

Long Jump—R. Hatherton, 1; F. Barnett, 2; Henry Franklin, 3.

Egg and Spoon Race—John Castle, 1; George Hayles, 2; Michael Smith, 3.

One Mile Race—John Castle, 1; F. Barnett, 2.

Obstacle Race—Peter Smith, 1; F. Barnett, 2.

One-Mile Walking Race—Arthur Gilchrist, 1; Bertram Toomer, 2; F. Barnett, 3.

Potato Gathering—R. Hatherton, 1; F. Scullion, 2; A. Redfern, 3.

Swimming Race—Bending, 1; Hilton, 2; Owens, 3.

Tub Race—Stakes divided between Collins, Scullion and Harrison.

High Jump—Michael Smith, 1; John Anderson, 2; F. Barnett, 3.

Three-Legged Race—Michael and Peter Smith, 1; Scullion and Castle, 2; Hurst and Owens, 3.

Throwing the Stone—F. Barnett, 1; R. Hatherton, 2; George Haylis, 3.

Hurdle Race—Michael Smith, 1; George Elwell, 2; F. Barnett, 3.

100 Yards Race—Peter Smith, 1; R. Hatherton, 2; George Elwell, 3.

Boat Race—Michael Smith, 1; F. Barnett, 2; George Elwell, 3.

Sack Race—Bertram Toomer, 1; George Haylis, 2; F. Scullion, 3.

Wheelbarrow Race—Toomer and Hatherton, 1; F. and M. Smith, 2; Scullion and Castle, 3.

Throwing the Hammer—R. Hatherton, 1; A. Redfern, 2; F. Barnett, 3.

Consolation Race—George Buchner, 1; Tom Lipping, 2; Charles Collier, 3.

### Left the Hive.

The partings have been few during the last six weeks, although the list of applications has been unusually full, James Shaw leading off the party of summer adventurers by going on June 3rd to a situation offered by Mr. W. B. Bridgeman, of Rapid City. On June 10th, James Swift, office boy and general messenger, left for the home of Mr. Walter M. Black, of Wolseley, and the management were forced to part with George W. Gomersall, dormitory orderly, scenic painter, etc., as the young man accepted on the same day that our friend Swift, but a flattering offer from the Koa berry Hotel at Elk horn. No partings were experienced from the late date mentioned till July 10th, when our old friend and diligent worker, Robert Hatherton, had to fill

High Jump—Michael Smith, 1; John Anderson, 2; F. Barnett, 3.

an excellent situation with A. J. Dippin of Minnedosa. The management has no fear as to the results of Robert's emigration, as he is full of what the lads tell us were at one time the requisites for a high place in the Labour House—“Go, Grit and Gumption.” On July 15th, Peter Smith carried in his omnibus to the railway station, and bound for situations, a most interesting quintette, headed by Michael Smith, whose portrait is shown below, on his way to join the Mounted Infantry at Fort Osborne; Bertram Toomer, who is taking a situation near Ogilvie Station on the Canadian Northern; Arthur Gilchrist, Thomas Hinton and Richard Devine, all bound for situations in the territory of the Manitoba and North-Western Branch. This last despatch of lads creates quite a painful gap in our ranks, which can only be filled from the party of lads the writer hopes to meet at Boston on July 24th, landing from the *New England* of the Dominion Line.



Michael Smith

**Barnardo's Brass Band**

The Band has just adopted their new uniforms and are in the barracks preparing at this time to receive the boys as they come in.

first time, and great credit reflects on our versatile Mr. Jackson for so correctly measuring his company, and upon Messrs. Emerson & Hague, of Winnipeg, for so neatly manufacturing and promptly delivering the suits. On June 26th, the Band, in order to return in a measure favours received from the Presbyterian Church of Russell by the Home in years past, turned out to furnish music for an at home given at the house of A. G. P. Smellie, Esq., upon the occasion of farewelling the Rev. Mr. McKay, who has laboured ably and faithfully in this field for so many years. That the efforts of our boys were appreciated will be seen from the following letter to the Manager of the Farm Home :

RUSSELL, June 27th, 1902.  
MANAGER DR. BARNARDO'S HOME,  
BARNARDO, MAN.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the managers of the Presbyterian Church I desire to convey their very hearty thanks and appreciation of your kindness in allowing your Band to assist us at our garden party last evening. Their proficiency was generally commented upon, and the selections they rendered were most thoroughly enjoyed. Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) A. G. P. SMELLIE, Secretary,  
Board of Managers Presbyterian Church

**Prize List.**

- June 8th Elwell, 1; Castle, 2; Collier, 3.
- June 15th Scullion, 1; Castle, 2; Elwell, 3.
- June 22nd Worgan, 1; Toomer, 2; Garton, 3.
- June 29th Elwell, 1; P. Smith, 2; Owens, 3.
- July 6th Castle, 1; Toomer, 2; Laing, 3.
- July 13 Laing, 1; Worgan, 2; Owens, 3.

**The Reservoir.**

Many old boys among our readers who have enjoyed swimming in the reservoir formed by the damming of a ravine on section 31 of the Farm will hear with interest that our fears, expressed in the June number, that, through the breaking of the dam in the heavy rains of June 1st, the reservoir for 1902 would be only a happy memory, have been cleared away through the efforts of the engineering firm of St. Lawrence, Pettitt, Clark & Co., who repaired the dam under great difficulties and have earned the thanks of the lads for casting an expense of water greater than we have ever been blessed with in past years at this season.

Visitors

Among important visits during the past month none has proved more interesting than that of Mr. C. E. Just, chief clerk of the High Commissioner's office, London, and aside from the pleasure we experienced at the Farm from the much too short visit of this gentleman, we can believe that great good will accrue to Canada from the tour of the North-West by so highly an efficient officer, who has had an experience in connection with Canadian affairs abroad not often afforded men attached to the Canadian Civil Service.

Winnipeg Branch.

That the affairs of the Winnipeg Branch Home have progressed in a satisfactory manner during the past spring season goes without question when we are so fortunate as to have in the immediate charge of the Institution

a gentleman, having the reputation of Mr. Malherbe, Winnipeg, who is ably seconded by a most efficient steward in Mr. F. M. Comber, whose military training and experience while holding a commission as Lieutenant in one of the African forces for many years previous to the late Boer war has apparently filled him with a most decided aversion to dirt in any form.

The boys' savings in the Bank of Commerce are growing apace, and while the drafts from depositors are steady and considerable in amount, a large number of the withdrawals are for some special and commendable purpose, oftentimes for the securing of homestead lands upon which to become established in the years to come.



Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys in the last issue, and include all contributions received up to August 15th.

Anderson, Arthur J.	\$5 00	Howe, George	2 00
Aplin, Arthur	2 00	Hammond, C. P.	2 00
Andrews, Percy	5 00	Hill, Bertram H. J.	1 50
Ahmid, Abdullah	2 00	Hyde, William	2 00
Bray, Joseph T.	25	Hughes, Richard	1 50
Broster, Walter	2 00	Killick, Francis T.	2 00
Birch, James	75	Luke, William Henry	2 00
Byles, James H. G.	80	Leach, Sidney C.	2 00
Blunt, Albert (1, 92)	0 78	Morris, George R.	5 00
Conway, John	5 00	Morgan, Walter Charles	5 00
Collacott, William George	2 00	New, Clarence N.	4 00
Collison, Henry	50	Parker, Fred.	50
East, Arthur F.	3 00	Powley, William J. C.	1 00
Francis, Henry	53	Pattison, Fred	5 00
Ford, George	5 00	Paybody, Percy	1 00
Farrant, George	1 00	Radclyffe, Francis	1 00
Grandison, William	2 00	Smith, A. G.	25
Gratwick, John T.	2 00	Sidy, Sanct	1 00
Gates, James E.	1 25	Stargatt, Samuel	2 00
Greenstreet, H. P.	3 00	Stuart, M. M. V.	5 00
Gage, William H.	5 00	Williamson, Frank	2 00
Howden, Philip	5 00	Walker, Ed. Isaac	5 00
Hotham, Thomas	5 00	Whitell, Thomas	1 25
Haines, Frederick	5 00	Williamson, Frank	1 00
Harwood, William	5 00	Waller, H. S.	5 00
Hutchings, H. E.	2 00		

## The Settler

HE strikes into the wilderness,  
Remote from man, alone with God.  
To hew or delve, and force success  
From forest glade or prairie sod.  
Alone he went and wrought, but see  
The hermit multiplied by three.

The thicket from his sturdy strokes  
Recedes or shrinks to slender clumps;  
The clearing where his hearth-fire smokes  
Is green with grain 'midst blackened stumps.  
Ere thrice the summer shall be gone,  
A hamlet round him will be drawn.

Or virgin plains, that ne'er before  
Were wrinkled by the plough share's trail  
Grow brown beyond his cabin door  
With furrows sown with wheat for sale.  
Alas! no buyer comes; but wait:  
The road of trade shall pass his gate!

By force centripetal, ere long,  
Now one, now many, seek his side;  
And Commerce brings unto the throng  
What was to him at first denied.  
Thus fast and faster hamlets grow,  
Then centrifugally o'erflow.

By such who wield the axe and spade,  
More than by rifle and the sword,  
Are Earth's most gainful conquests made,  
Are Nature's wealthy wilds explored,  
No write above his lowly grave:  
"Here lies the bravest of the brave!"

## Toronto: As it Was and Is

LET etymologists dispute as they may as to the true interpretation of the Indian appellation which the Hurons are said to have applied to a region forty miles north of Lake Ontario, and on the shores of what is now Lake Simcoe, before it was bestowed on the locality which to-day bears the name of Toronto, we who know little of the language of the aborigines can rest well content with the translation that appropriately ascribes to it the designation of a rendezvous—"a place of meeting." Geographically, the pale-face, at any rate, has found it a convenient place of resort; perhaps no city on this continent is more popular as a place for holding conventions, and so with the assurance of the person of one idea, the writer unhesitatingly pronounces in favour of this as the correct derivation. In the year 1793, or thereabout, the name of the site of Toronto was changed to York, in honour of the Duke of York, second son of George III.; but the name failed to stick permanently, and, happily, it fell into disuse and was supplanted by the more sonorous and original title which came from the graphic, musical native tongue.

Toronto is not devoid of history, in the sense of marked vicissitudes and stirring events. In 1749, it was a French trading-post, officially known as Fort Rouillé, the "fort" being no more formidable than a wooden store-house surrounded by a stockade for the purpose of defence. It was built to intercept the trade which was being attracted to the English post across the lake at what is now Oswego; but this does not seem to have been so successful as was anticipated, for the reason that the English dealt more fairly with the Indians and rendered better value for their peltry. In 1752, England and France being at war, the commander of Fort Rouille was apprehensive of the safety of his solitary post and meagre garrison of ten men. Finding himself surrounded by ninety Mississaugas, he

was persuaded the Indians had evil designs upon the fort, being moved thereto by the English in their jealousy of the rival post. The arrival of reinforcements dispersed the Indians and frustrated a plot they entertained, although French allies, of pillaging the post for the brandy it contained. In 1758, Fort Frontenac was captured by the British under Col. Bradstreet, and it is supposed that Fort Rouillé was abandoned and burned by the French, who retired in alarm, with their stores, to Fort Niagara, which, after a siege, was also surrendered to the British in the following year. A year later, the site of Fort Rouillé was visited by Major Rogers, who came from Montreal with 200 Rangers in fifteen whale-boats, and reported that the Indians testified their joy at the news of the British success against the French. On September 18th, 1759, Quebec capitulated, and in the same month in 1762 Montreal, where the power of the French was concentrated, surrendered to the English, and Canada, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the then unknown western wilds, passed into the Empire of Great Britain, the treaty of cession being formally signed February 10th, 1763.

With the conquest of Canada came the building up of Toronto, or York, as it was soon afterwards re-named. At first its growth was very slow, for we read that "at the close of the year 1803 the aggregate value of property in the town of York was £14,871, and the annual tax levied on the inhabitants by the magistrates of the County in quarter sessions was £62. The area enclosed by the town plot was 420 acres. The population consisted of 450 persons.

It may be now to some that slavery was a legalized institution in York until the year of grace 1848. Dr. Seabright quotes from the *U. C. C.* the following advertisement, which appeared in several successive numbers of that journal in 1856:

To be sold, a Black Woman, named Peggy, aged about forty, and a Black Boy, her son, named Jupiter, aged about fifteen years, both of them the property of the subscriber. The woman is a tolerable cook and washerwoman, and perfectly understands making soap and candles. The boy is tall and strong of his age, and has been employed in country business, but brought up principally as a house servant. They are each of them servants for life. The price for the woman is one hundred and fifty dollars; for the boy, two hundred dollars, payable in three years, with interest from the day of sale, and to be properly secured by bond, etc. But one-fourth less will be taken in ready money.  
York, Feb. 19th, 1806. PETER RUSSELL.

In 1812, war was declared between England and the United States, the latter, probably instigated by Napoleon, seeking a pretext for the conquest and possession of Canada. England had her hands full in Europe, and the regular forces in the colony amounted to only 4,500 men, of whom but 1,450 were available for the defence of the Upper Province. The project looked feasible enough; but with the crisis came the man in the person of General Brock, whose proclamations and admonitions to the citizens showed his mettle and the determination of England to hold, or to take if necessary, the colony in which the United Empire Loyalists had found a refuge, and which had begun to display the fruits of British characteristics.

The invaders, to the number of 2,500, under General Hull, crossed the river at Detroit and took possession of Sandwich, whence he issued a proclamation to the colonists, and then attacked Amherstburg; but before he could accomplish anything, General Brock prorogued the Parliament at York, and with 300 regulars, 600 Indians and 400 militia (of whom York furnished 100 volunteers) marched to meet the American army, which ingloriously retreated across the river to Detroit. This was forthwith invested by the Canadian troops, to whom General Hull and his entire army, after a short resistance, surrendered, and were despatched to Montreal as prisoners of war. Captain Roberts also contributed to the prestige of British arms by capturing Fort Mackinac on July 17th.

In September of the same year, the American force, now made up of

attempt upon the Canadian frontier, this time at Niagara, and we have all read of their defeat at Queenston Heights, with the loss of 400 killed and wounded, besides 900 prisoners, who surrendered at discretion. This victory cost us General Brock, who fell mortally wounded while cheering on his troops at a critical period of the battle, and seventy men, who by their valour and that of their comrades bequeathed to us the priceless heritage of British connection and British institutions.

But the end was not yet. Hostilities continued, with the balance of success always in favour of the British. General Smyth, in an effort to retrieve loss of American prestige in the former campaign, assembled, in November, 4,500 men near Black Rock, and crossed the river, but was repulsed; and, after further misadventures, abandoned the expedition.

Captain McDonnell scored a success for the British by crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice, attacking Ogdensburg, driving out the garrison and taking some cannon and a quantity of stores.

In January, 1813, the British, under Colonel Proctor, inflicted defeat upon the American forces near Detroit and captured their leader, General Wilkinson, with 500 men.

Meanwhile the enemy had been equipping a naval armament at Sackett's Harbour, for the purpose of controlling Lake Ontario. A large force was also assembled under General Dearborn, who sailed in this fleet to York, which was very insecurely fortified and held by General Sheaffe with 600 men. The enemy, more than 1,000 strong, landed a short distance east of the Humber, between eight and nine in the morning of April 27th, 1813, stoutly opposed by Major Givins with sixty Glengarry Fencibles and a small band of Indians, concealed in the woods near the shore. The number of this brave little force of Canadians being increased by reinforcements to about 550, they fought stubbornly as they were pressed eastward from post to post under a galling fire of grape shot from the fleet. When the invaders had approached within a hundred yards of the main battery the



magazine exploded, killing two of our men. This accident compelled General Sheaffe, who had been entrenched at this point, to retire to the Half Moon Battery, a little farther east. This in turn becoming untenable, his force was driven to the garrison, whence a hot fire was maintained upon the enemy. As the Americans came to a temporary halt two hundred yards west of the garrison, a second explosion shook the ground as by a violent earthquake. To prevent 500 barrels of gunpowder from falling into the hands of the enemy, the sergeant on duty at the magazine blew it up. The concussion was terrific, and when the smoke was dissipated, an awful scene of carnage was disclosed to the eye. Two hundred American soldiers lay strewn upon the plain, fifty killed outright and many writhing in mortal agony, among whom was Brigadier-General Pike, in command of the landing party. The British commander, taking advantage of the confusion consequent upon the explosion, beat a hasty retreat across the Don to Kingston, taking with him all the regulars he could get together. York being then practically defenceless, surrendered after hopeless resistance by 200 militiamen, and the town was plundered and partly burned by the enemy, who departed at the end of a four days' occupation, carrying off the artillery and naval stores.

Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, was next attacked by Dearborn and Chauncey; but, with a garrison of 1,000 regulars and 300 militia, was held until the fortifications were dismantled by the enemy's cannonade, when the British withdrew to Queenston. Whereupon Vincent decided to evacuate and destroy Chippewa and Fort Erie, and take up a position at Burlington Heights. The Niagara frontier was thus in the hands of the American troops, who for the first time had now effected a lodgment in Canada.

A British flotilla assembled at Kingston, and 1,500 men embarked to seize Sackett's Harbour, but the expedition proved abortive owing to mismanagement.

Colonel Proctor pursued Dearborn

being reinforced by General Harrison. Proctor went out against him, and finding him entrenched, failed to dislodge him; but successfully attacked a reinforcement of 1,200 Americans, and captured 500 prisoners, which relieved his post of immediate danger.

General Dearborn sent forward Generals Chandler and Winder to crush the British forces at Burlington Heights, but Colonel Harvey made a night attack on the enemy at Stony Creek and captured the two Generals and 116 men, and caused the others to retreat in disorder.

Then follow several more British successes, the principal being the surrender at Beaver Dam of the American Colonel Boerstler with 500 men. Two vessels of the enemy were captured on Lake Champlain and the magazines destroyed at Plattsburg and Swanton.

While this was happening, Commodore Chauncey was engaged on Lake Ontario in burning the barracks and stores at York, looting the warehouses and private dwellings, and making some of the merchants.

September 10th a squadron of ten sail, under Commodore Perry, attacked and captured the whole British fleet of six ships on Lake Erie.

In the same month, General Harrison, being reinforced, marched on Detroit in such force that General Proctor retreated across the Detroit River. Being pursued by 3,500 Americans, he, with 800 British and 500 Indians led by Tecumseh, made a stand at Moravian Town, and was defeated, retiring in confusion to Burlington Heights.

The enemy now turned his attention to Montreal, and two armies were put into the field, one of 7,000 men, commanded by General Hampton, marching from Lake Champlain; the other 8,000 strong, under Wilkinson, from Sackett's Harbour on Lake Ontario. They were to cooperate in this ambitious enterprise, but Hampton encountered a body of 550 French Canadian militia under La Potherie, and McDonnell, who were handled so adroitly an English regimentally back was attacked and decimated, and the detachment retreated to Fort Erie.

## The War of 1812

This engagement is famous as the battle of Chateaugay, in which the Americans outnumbered the Canadians ten to one in actual participants, and yet sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of 350 militiamen. It is perhaps the most brilliant exploit of which we can boast.

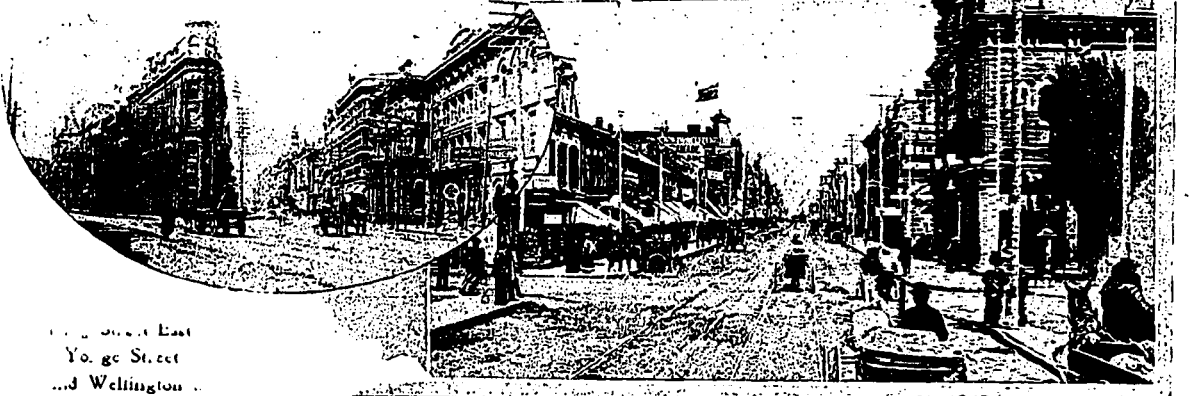
On November 3rd Wilkinson got started. Landing about 3,000 men on the Canadian shore when the batteries of Prescott were passed, this

detached force was persistently harassed by 800 skirmishers from Kingston, under Colonels Morrison and Harvey, who hung on its rear like terriers until the invaders were provoked to turn to "brush aside the annoyance." In the fields of "Chrysler's Farm," on the afternoon of November 12th, the Americans furiously confronted their tormentors, and thus began the battle known in history by the name of the



A FEW BUSINESS STREETS.

King Street East.  
Queen Street West.



King Street East  
York Street  
and Wellington

farm on which it was fought. The Americans, though having the advantage of three to one, were completely routed and driven to their boats with the loss of a general and over 200 men killed or wounded. At Régis Wilkinson heard of Hampton's defeat at Chateauguay, and he decided to relinquish the attack on Montreal and go into winter quarters at Plattsburg.

After abandoning Fort George and reducing Newark to ashes, McClure, the American general, crossed the river, and was gallantly followed by Colonel Murray, who surprised Fort Niagara and took 400 prisoners. The British, under Riall, subsequently surprised and burned the frontier towns of Lewiston, Black Rock, Buffalo and some others, by way of reprisal for the destruction of Newark, and so ended the campaign of 1813.

In the spring of 1814, hostilities were resumed. Colonel Williams, with 1,500 British, having taken up a position for the defence of Montreal, was attacked in March by General Wilkinson with 4,000 men, who, being repulsed, fell back upon Plattsburg.

In May, the British took Fort Oswego, and captured a large quantity of ammunition and stores; but this exploit was counterbalanced by the defeat at Sackett's Harbour which followed.

In July General Brown and a force of 5,000 crossed the river and took Fort Erie and its garrison of 170, and advancing, forced General Riall to retreat towards Burlington Heights. Brown then laid siege to Fort George, but, finding it stronger than he expected, retired to Chippewa.

General Riall thereupon advanced, and the two armies coming into contact, the battle of Lundy's Lane began. Fortune at first went against the British and General Riall was taken prisoner, but General Drummond arrived with 800 men from York at the critical moment, and the Americans, after a hard struggle of six hours, gave up the contest at midnight and retreated in confusion to Fort Erie. In this engagement, the Americans outnumbered the British by 2,000. Drummond followed up his success by attacking

Fort Erie, but was repulsed with severe loss.

After the abdication of Napoleon, England was able to turn more of her strength against the United States; but in an attempt to invade New York by way of Lake Champlain, Sir George Prevost, at the head of 11,000 veterans, was deterred from attacking Plattsburg by the destruction of the British flotilla, and in this humiliating manner terminated the most formidable expedition which had left the borders of Canada during the war. Prevost was slated for court-martial, but died before the charge could be prosecuted.

General Brown marched from Fort Erie with considerable loss to the British, and, being reinforced, compelled General Drummond to retire to Burlington Heights. The Americans gained further advantages on Lake Erie, but were driven back in an attempt to recover Fort Mackinac.

Drummond being strengthened by troops from Europe, advanced on Fort Erie, aided by a British squadron on Lake Ontario. Brown thereupon wisely evacuated the fort, after dismantling it, and retired across Niagara River, and this was the last scene in the drama of this war of thirty months, peace being restored December 24th, 1814, although the good news did not reach York until the following February.

It will thus be seen that York was continually excited or depressed over the fluctuating fortunes of Canadian arms, and having been twice sacked and partly burned, the inhabitants could only surmise, not without anxiety, what its destiny should be—whether as a loyal centre in Upper Canada of British rule, or part of a subjugated province wrested from an unwilling populace as the spoils of war. Being a frontier town, and its manhood participating in the struggle to hurl the alien beyond the border, affliction and bereavement cast a shadow over its households and made it acquainted with grief, as it did also with the fierce exultation of triumph. Moreover, it must have suffered in social life and commerce to an extent that does not appear in history.

In contrast with the exclamations of an admiring tourist, which we are wont

to be a truly fitted location, in 1823 York did not seem to have struck the traveller as a desirable place of residence. In the record of one he alludes to it in no complimentary terms, and says it was built on low, swampy land, not easily to be drained as it lay almost on a level with the lake. Little land was cleared in its vicinity, its trade was trifling, it was destitute of every natural advantage except that of a good harbour, and that it owed its population and magnitude entirely to its being the seat of government. Another affords us a pen picture of how it appeared to him in 1825 :

Though York is the capital of an extensive colony, it would in Europe be considered but a village. Its defenceless situation, which cannot be much improved, renders it of little importance in time of war. The garrison is about a mile west of the town, and consists of a barrack for the troops, a residence for the commanding officer, a battery and two block-houses which are intended for the protection of the harbour. In the year 1793 there was only one wigwam on the site of this town. It now contains 1,336 inhabitants and about 250 houses, many of which exhibit a very neat appearance. The public buildings are a Protestant Episcopal church, a Roman Catholic chapel, a Presbyterian and Methodist meeting house, the hospital, the Parliament house and the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor. The Episcopal church is a plain timber building of tolerable size, with a small steeple of the same material. The Roman Catholic chapel, which is not yet completed, is a brick edifice, and intended to be very magnificent. The Parliament house, erected in 1820 [it had been destroyed by fire on the Christmas Eve preceding the date of this writing, but this does not seem to have yet reached the writer's ears] is a large and convenient brick building, finished off in the plainest possible manner. The York hospital is the most extensive public building in the province, and its external appearance is very respectable. The house in which the Lieutenant-Governor resides is built of wood, and though by no means contemptible, is much inferior to some private houses in the town. Many of the law and government officers have very elegant seats in and about the town, and, with few exceptions, they are built of wood, and assume a most inviting aspect. The streets of York are regularly laid out, intersecting each other at right angles. Only one of them, however, is yet completely built, and in the wet weather the unfinished streets are, if possible, muddier and dirtier than those of Kingston. The situation of the town is very unhealthy, for it stands on a piece of low, marshy land which is better calculated for a fagg pond or beaver meadow than for the residence of human beings. The inhabitants are on this account much subject, particularly

in spring and autumn, to agues and intermittent fevers, and probably for six months of the year are afflicted with the bilious complaint.

In 1806 the harbour had but one opening to the lake, and this was in the western end, and what we are familiar with as Toronto Island was then the irregular extremity of a peninsula. East of the River Don were two buildings, one a block-house, and beyond this to Port Hope—then called Smith's Creek—the settlers' homesteads were probably not more than a dozen; to the north, no civilized person dwelt farther than about half a mile from the lake; while westward the town did not extend beyond Church Street. A mile of primeval forest intervened between the town and the garrison, which was situated near where the Old Fort now stands. It is related that the wife of one of the Queen's Rangers, returning from the town, was pursued by an enormous bear, which was shot by a soldier within two hundred yards of Garrison Creek. Captain Battersby, an English officer stationed at York, shot a fine buck on the site of St. Michael's Cathedral at a date much later than this. From any point in the town the sportsman was distant from the "howling wilderness" not more than a mile, with wolves, bears and other beasts of prey to try his mettle, and game in great variety and abundance to stock his larder, from deer that bounded from the bosky covert to duck in dense flocks, flying north to their summer breeding grounds.

The first regular mail to reach York from the Lower Province was on January 12th, 1808. Previous to this letters had to be entrusted to travellers or dispatched as opportunity might offer.

The City of Toronto was incorporated March 6th, 1834. At the first municipal council, William Lyon Mackenzie, who had been elected as an alderman for St. David's Ward, was chosen mayor. Mackenzie is a unique figure of the period. A self-educated Scot, who while derisively attacking existing abuses and official incompetency, was a radical of the most pronounced type, he may not aptly be said to have been a human volcano. In

constant eruption, emitting invective and hurling denunciation broadcast through the journal he owned and edited the *Colonial Advocate*, but which would not have been named amiss had it appeared as the *Colonial Crater*. His newspaper had been suppressed, his printing plant had been demolished by mob law, and he himself had been expelled several times from the Legislature to which he had been elected; but he was simply irrepressible, and, making capital of his alleged persecution, came to the front rank of popularity by sheer force of character. Lacking balance and deliberation, he was carried by impulse to extremes in speech and action, which made him many friends and more enemies, brought him frequently into difficulty, and eventually embittered his life, which ended in penury and comparative obscurity in 1861.

Toronto being wholly unimproved and a veritable mud hole in wet weather which earned for it the nickname of "Muddy York" one of the first acts of the new council was to provide for the laying of 2,618 rods of sidewalk, two feet wide, the planks laid longitudinally to save lumber. In order to meet the demands on the public purse for this and other expenditures, a rate of assessment of 3d. in the £. was determined upon, whereat a meeting was convened by the sheriff to meet in the market to protest against municipal extravagance. Above the butchers' stalls was a balcony for spectators, which was filled with citizens. "I care no more for Mr. Mackenzie," exclaimed the sheriff, who was speaking, "than that crow!" pointing to one flying overhead. This was taken as the signal for applause, and the stamping of the crowd in the balcony broke it down, with the disastrous result that some were impaled on the butchers' hooks, others had their limbs broken and many were otherwise injured. Seven or eight succumbed and several were crippled for life.

This catastrophe was followed by an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, introduced into Quebec by an emigrant vessel from Dublin, where it was first seen. Spreading rapidly westward, leaving death and dismay in its wake, it made havoc of

the population of Toronto, killing one in every twenty. During the panic, many victims were deserted by their friends and left to their fate without medical or other aid. A few devoted persons combined to render what assistance they could to the stricken households or the sufferers themselves. To the credit of the first mayor of Toronto be it recorded that he, among these heroic men and women, could frequently be seen placing the victims in the cholera carts and driving them to the hospital.

The public pillory and stocks, which had been in occasional use for flagrant cases, were abolished about this time.

The year 1837 brings us to an epoch interesting as a study in the political history of the period. William Lyon Mackenzie, the vociferous volcano, having recognized "the first low murmur of insurrection" in the end of a petition addressed to Sir Francis Bond Head, the Lieutenant Governor, did all he could to prove his prophecy by inciting the malcontent to rebellion.

It is the old story of English superciliousness in dealing with colonial affairs, and sending out Governors who were not sufficiently in touch with the people to be able to appreciate the weight of popular opinion and the importance of democratic measures. Bolstered up and cajoled by well-meaning but hide-bound ultra-toryists, they provoked opposition among thinking men and afforded a pretext for the flaunting of the red rag of anarchy.

Mackenzie was the mouthpiece of the radical section of the Reform party, and openly declared and agitated for rebellion and independence, publishing in his paper a "Declaration of Independence," at the same time joining hands with Papineau and secretly stirring up the French Canadians to revolt. We read that "vigilance committees were organized, arms and accoutrements were collected on a small scale at various points, secret drilling was practised at night, and various other preparations were made for a rising." Sir Francis Bond Head, who had lost his head in replying to a petition to the governor of undiplomatic and halfhearted conduct, came to the end of his tether and the city of

ance of the reports brought to him of these preparations, and allowed matters to take their course. The result was that, although the rebels failed in what they purposed doing, they might, with better discipline, a resolute leader and a bold dash, have seized the city and the Lieutenant-Governor, as they proposed, and wrought much more mischief and bloodshed before the arrival of troops from Kingston, Hamilton and elsewhere. Vacillation among the insurgents did more to save the city than anything Sir Francis accomplished.

It was planned that the insurgents should assemble 5,000 strong at Montgomery's tavern on Yonge Street, three miles north of the city, on the evening of December 7th, surprise the city and get possession of several thousand stand of arms, overpower the garrison, and hold the Lieutenant-Governor and his chief advisers until some satisfactory settlement should be effected. A provisional government was to be formed, with Dr. Rolph as administrator.

Their first mistake was in changing the date set for the attack to Monday the 4th. This upset all the arrangements. Then they could not agree upon a plan of action; some were for an immediate attack, others insisted on delay. It was finally decided that Mackenzie and three others should go to the city by night and secretly glean what information they could, and ascertain if it would be advisable to make the assault at once. They had not gone far before they met two men on horseback, one an alderman, who had come out to reconnoitre. These were given in custody of two of their number to be taken to the rebel camp. But before this was reached, the alderman drew a pistol, shot one of his captors and escaped back to the city, where he raised the alarm. Bells were rung, the news was spread through the city, and a number of volunteers were hastily armed.

Meanwhile Mackenzie, bearing a future name, the city, returned to his following, to learn that blood had been shed on both sides. Lieutenant Colonel Moodie, a retired Peninsular veteran, who lived several miles north of the city, had perceived the insurgents'

movements and resolved to ride to Toronto and acquaint the authorities. Being ordered to halt by a guard drawn across the road at Montgomery's tavern, his reply was a pistol shot at those who intercepted him. He himself was then fired upon and mortally wounded. The rebel who had been shot by Alderman Powell died where he fell.

Having recruited their ranks from the rural districts, the rebels found, on the following day, they could muster nearly 800 men, and that nothing was to be gained by further delay. As they advanced in force toward the city, they were fired upon by a dozen or more loyalists under Sheriff Jarvis, who had his men concealed behind a fence. Only half armed, without discipline, and feeling little confidence in their leaders, the insurgents broke and fled, and would not be rallied, many of them dispersing to their homes.

The arrival on Thursday of Colonel Van Egmond, one of Napoleon's officers, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, infused some heart into his dwindling force, who tried to save the situation by setting fire to the Don bridge and cutting off communication to the east.

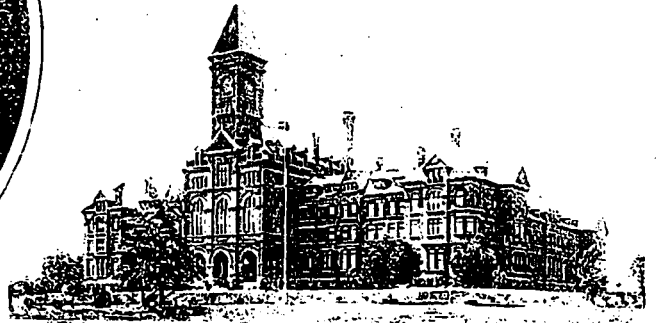
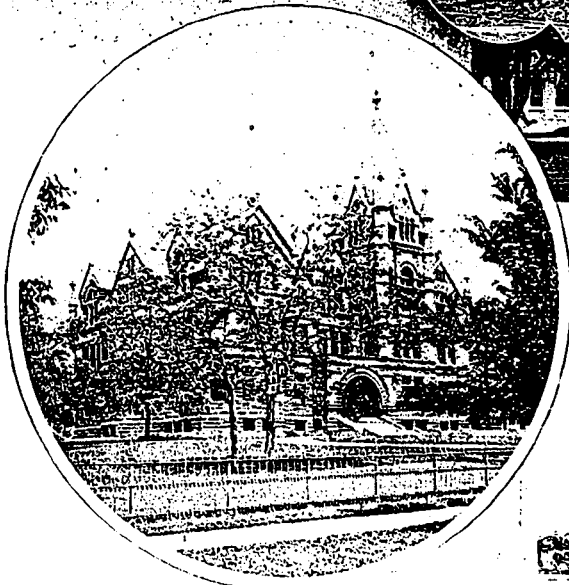
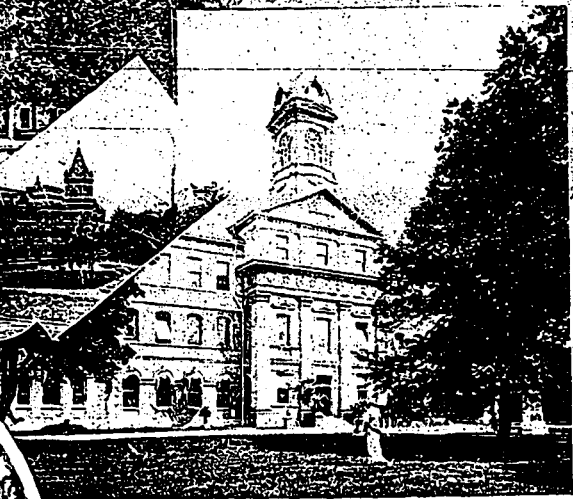
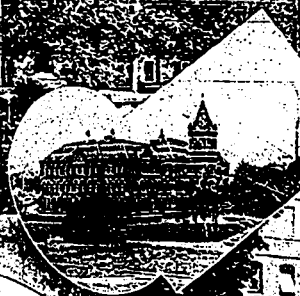
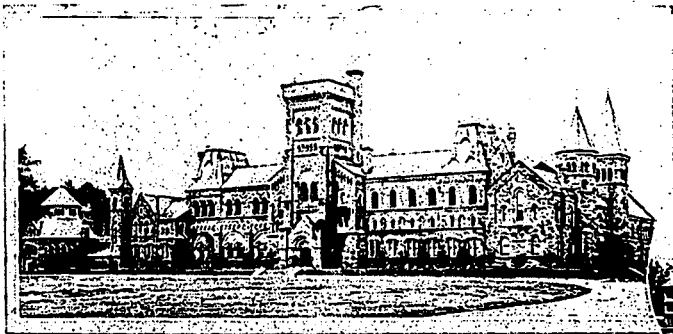
Meanwhile reinforcements for the city had arrived from Hamilton and elsewhere, and it was now impregnable to any force the rebels could bring against it. Nearly 1,000 volunteers were mustered under Colonel Fitz Gibbon, and the main body, with two guns, advanced to the attack, coming into touch with the insurgents about two p.m., whose number had shrunk to such an extent by desertion of the faint-hearted that they could offer no effective resistance, and so were easily put to flight with the loss of one killed, though two others subsequently died from wounds received in this encounter.

Mackenzie and Rolph escaped to the United States, but many prisoners were taken, some of whom were afterwards released without trial, while many were sentenced to punishment more or less severe. A few were condemned to death, but, with the exception of Teant and Matthews, who were executed, the sentences were commuted to imprisonment.

This fiasco, coupled with the fact of Toronto's indefensibility, furnished the pretext to Kingstonians for an agitation for the removal of the seat of government to their own city. Much was said and written pro and con, and discussion did not cease until this was accomplished when the two provinces were

amalgamated by the Act of Union proclaimed to take effect on the 1st of February, 1841. It was feared by some that the pre-eminence of Toronto had received a set back from which it would never recover, and owners of real estate loudly deplored an inevitable fall in the rents and land values, while not a few

Trinity College.  
Normal School.  
Upper Canada College.



University of Toronto  
McMaster University  
Victoria College

School of Practical Science

local merchants talked of turning up their heels to Kingston. All this display of pessimism, however, gave place to hopeful anticipation as it became evident that the future of Toronto as the commercial metropolis of Upper Canada was assured. In the year of its incorporation the population of the city had been rather under 9,000; in 1841 it had risen above 15,000. Its trade suffered no diminution, and the value of real estate continued to steadily increase.

In 1840 Toronto was first lighted by gas; eight years later consumers paid \$5 per thousand cubic feet. In 1844 the *Globe* newspaper was founded, and the city had outgrown much of its primitive aspect and had begun to take on the appearance of a thriving modern community, destined to substantial development. Sir Richard H. Bonycastle affords us a bird's eye view of it in 1845:

On steaming up the harbour, I was greatly surprised and very much pleased to see such an alteration as Toronto has undergone for the better since 1837. Then, although a flourishing village, he cited, to be sure, it was not one third of its present size. Now it is a city in earnest, with upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, gas lit, with good plank sidewalks and macadamized streets, with cast sewers and fine houses of brick or stone. The main street, King Street, is two miles and more in length, and would not do shame to any town, and has a much more English look than most Canadian places have.

A year later another writer has this to say of Toronto:

The improvements made in the City of Toronto within the last two years have been astonishing. Many new buildings (and those the handsomest in the city) have been erected, and the sidewalks, several of which were in a dilapidated state, and some almost impassable, have been re-laid and much improved. Toronto now contains ninety two streets. The extreme length of the city, from the Don to the western limits, is upwards of three miles. Property which was purchased a few years ago for a mere trifle has increased wonderfully in value, and many houses on King Street pay a ground rent of \$500. Rents are generally as high as in the best business situations in London, England, and some houses in good situations for business let at from \$1,000 to \$1,250 per annum. There are within the city twenty-one churches, and chapels, and ten newspapers, and three monthly periodicals. The city is lighted with gas, and there are now thirty different voyages of the sea from the city to the

different harbours; and there are also in the city regular stages for coaches and hack. Steam boats leave daily for Kingston, Hamilton, Niagara and Rochester, calling at Port Hope and Cobourg. Omnibuses have been established to run regularly to Richmond Hill, Thornhill, Cooksville and Streetsville, and every hour from the market to Yorkville. A horse ferry-boat plies during the day between the city and the opposite island; and there are fifteen common schools in operation.

In February and March of 1849 Toronto suffered much pecuniary loss by fire; but in the morning of April 7th began a disastrous conflagration in the outbuildings of a tavern, which involved a loss of more than half a million dollars and devastated a wide area of the business part of the city, destroying St. James' Cathedral and partially consuming the front of the City Hall. Mr. Richard Watson, Queen's printer, perished in the flames in a vain attempt to save his plant from destruction, and a number of serious casualties occurred.

Upon the heels of this calamity the opening of navigation brought a large influx of immigrants from Europe, and with them a visitation of a malignant form of ship fever, followed by cholera, from which, notwithstanding vigorous sanitary measures for the repression of the plague, 527 persons died in Toronto.

The Grand Trunk line of railway from Montreal to Toronto, which was opened for traffic October 27th, 1855, was the beginning of great prospects for the city. The population had by this time grown to 45,000, and we read of sanguine predictions for the future, based on the city's position and the rich agricultural territory to the north.

In the same year the Government offices were removed hither from Quebec, and Toronto became the capital of Canada; but four years later they were transferred back to Quebec, which enjoyed the celebrity of a capital until in 1865 Ottawa became the permanent seat of the Dominion Government.

The visit, in 1860, of the Prince of Wales, as on a similar occasion last year when the Heir Apparent was our distinguished guest, afforded an opportunity to the citizens of Toronto to testify to their loyalty to the British Crown, and worthily they celebrated the anniversary. The decorations



were superb and the demonstrations most effusive. The treason that here and there smouldered among political malcontents was effectually squelched, and nowhere, if the desire, was there any manifestation of disloyalty. Whatever we Canadians may say or do in vindication of our individual or factional opinions, with the advent of royalty or an effectual appeal to our sentiments, we sink all personal animus—all political strife in the one deep wellspring of our devotion to British connection and its associations. We cannot ignore the fact that we are British in blood and bone—ergo, when the lion's cub grows, no other beast or bird in the international Zoo need apply. The young lion is no cuckoo.

On the 1st of June, 1866, nine hundred Fenians, led by one Colonel O'Neil, in accordance with a pre-concerted plan for which they had been drilled, crossed the Niagara River from Buffalo to Fort Erie to destroy the Welland Canal and incidentally conquer Canada—a wild, fantastic project even for the wildest of Irishmen. They inaugurated their anticipated conquest by taking Canada piecemeal—a horse here, a pig there, and a rooster or his spouse wherever such might come within range of their ambitious appetite for chicken or Canada. They were chiefly Irish American fillibusters who had been disbanded at the close of the civil war, and all ardent haters of England. They had made up their minds that Ireland should be emancipated from the yoke of Britain, so, by way of getting their hands in, they thought they would begin by wresting from the "tyrant" what lay nearest to hand.

Regular troops were hurriedly dispatched from Toronto and Hamilton—the nearest Canadian cities—and the Queen's Rifles, of Toronto, and 13th Battalion, of Hamilton, were called out and also sent to the front. All the Canadian troops were to move in concert, but on the march the volunteers came unexpectedly into contact with the Fenians, and before the regulars came to their assistance the battle of Ridgeway had been fought and lost to our militia. Our troops had however driven the enemy back a mile when a

false alarm of a day or two had attempted to force a square through the volunteers into confusion, which culminated in a panic and a retreat. Our loss in killed and wounded was about forty, and that of the Fenians not less. The latter were unable to follow up their temporary advantage, and so retired to Fort Erie, which they evacuated the next morning and returned to the United States, glad to escape from our combined force by which they were being surrounded. Canada is still one of the red spots on the map—and, by the way, so is Ireland.

It was a sad day for Toronto when five of her brave sons, cold in death, together with her quota of wounded (two of whom subsequently succumbed), were brought to the city. The dead were accorded a public funeral, and the wounded were tenderly cared for. As on former and later occasions, Toronto had yielded her tribute of blood for the maintenance of the Empire, and though she mourned the bereavement which shrouded her homes with gloom, she bowed her head in resignation and murmured, We are Britons; it is well. On July 1st, 1870, a handsome monument was unveiled in Queen's Park to the memory of the fallen heroes of Ridgeway, and to day it still stands as a testimonial of the citizens to those who gave their lives for their country.

Confederation consummated on July 1st, 1867, Toronto became the capital of the Province of Ontario. The day was suitably honoured with demonstrations of joy, expressed in the usual manner with which such an important event in a nation's career is celebrated. The first session of the first Provincial Parliament of Ontario was opened in Toronto by Lieutenant Governor Stisted on the 27th of December of the same year.

The year 1867 is memorable for the visit to Toronto of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, who had been granted a temporary station in Canada. He was given a hearty reception and displayed a loyal and devoted interest in all the arduous and popular labours of the day, and his patriotic

In the census of 1871 the population of the city is set down at 56,002, being an increase of 11,271 during the preceding decade. In the three years following, 13,000 were added to its inhabitants, and the city with the province enjoyed an unprecedented era of prosperity, which, however, was succeeded by a depressive re-action.

We may now skip the intervening years and take a glimpse of Toronto as it is in 1902. The last Government census, taken in 1901, gives a total of 207,971, as against 181,220 for 1891; while a special census taken by the police shows a population of 221,583 in 1901. In 1896, the bank clearings were \$342,031,851, but in 1901 the amount was nearly double, viz., \$625,228,306. The amount of money deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank in Toronto for the year ending June 30th, 1901, was \$637,439. The number of vessels entering this port during the season of 1901 was 3,400, carrying a tonnage of 1,203,593.

The city limits enclose an area of about sixteen square miles, traversed by nearly 300 miles of well paved streets, connecting, with few exceptions, at right angles, a large proportion being asphalted or laid with vitrified brick. The streets are lighted by electricity or gas, and on one-third of their total mileage tracks are laid down for street cars. At night they are almost wholly free from footpads, ruffians and pick-pockets. Law and order are maintained by an adequate police force, whose physique is approached by that of no other police force on the continent. A numerous and efficient fire brigade, with a station in each district, all well equipped with up-to-date appliances, is generally able to keep a fire confined to a small area, and a system of fire alarm signal boxes all over the city ensure a local or general response in a minimum of time. Few places of business are without a telephone, and many residences are similarly equipped.

Situated on the 43rd parallel of latitude as are the south of France and Lughom in Italy, Toronto is blessed with a climate which is its chief salubrious and inviting feature. The rainfall in summer usually occurs in heavy but

brief thunder showers, and the umbrella is rarely needed, while the meteorological records show an average amount of sunshine that is exceeded in few places in the United States. Lake Ontario, long, broad, deep and cool, on whose northern shore the city is built, modifies the oppressive heat felt by cities lying to the south and by some places even to the north, and in winter the influence of Georgian Bay and Lakes Superior and Huron tempers the frigid blasts which drive the mercury so much lower in less favoured localities. In July the average daily maximum temperature does not reach 80° in the shade, and 90° is accounted very hot weather. In winter, zero weather is occasionally experienced, and once in a while the thermometer shows 20° below; but this is phenomenal, and anything below zero is considered just ground for complaint. For a few weeks in mid-winter the bay is frozen over, so that teams may cross in safety to the island, but the lake itself never freezes, though the ice hummocks along its margin, while picturesque, suggest a scene in the Arctic regions. Blizzards are, like angels' visits, few and far between—perhaps one per annum, on the average—and then never so violent or intense as those of the south west; while hurricanes and cyclones, when they do invade Ontario, invariably annoy Toronto in their ulterior effects, when they do not miss the city altogether. Toronto is evidently spared by the topography of the surrounding country from much disaster as the result of storms of all kinds, on which account we have good cause to thank Providence.

Toronto, among all the large cities on this continent, has been justly described as the "City of Homes." With all its progressiveness, the "flat" system of domiciles or apartment houses has only now made its appearance, and it is still a dubious experiment. The architectural features of the residential streets are striking for their artistic diversity of design, their suggestions of domestic comfort and convenience, and their substantial air of opulence. Shady boulevards, well kept lawns and shrubberies, and delightful patios add their charm to the prospect and

beautify the city; while in the suburbs the mansions of the wealthy in their spacious grounds speak well for the natural tastes of their occupants. The streets are kept scrupulously clean, and the popular appreciation of fresh air and out-door sports, together with first-class sanitary arrangements, a good sewage system (nearly 250 miles of sewers being laid) and an active health department, combine to make Toronto a healthy place of residence with a remarkably low death rate of less than twenty per thousand.

South of King Street are located the principal wholesale houses and many manufacturing concerns, while King, Yonge, Queen and College Streets and Spadina Avenue are where the bulk of the retail trade is done. Two large departmental stores, however, get the lion's share of the business, and in them one may buy anything from a pin to a pinafore or a bicycle to the entire furnishings of a modern home. Chief of its many factories is that of the Massey-Harris Co., the largest makers of agricultural implements in the world, whose works cover many acres and employ thousands of hands, and whose products are exported to almost every country on the surface of the globe. Several ship-building firms are located along the water front, in whose yards some of our largest wooden and iron passenger and freight steamers were built, some of which are employed in carrying grain on the great lakes and are larger than many ocean steamships.

Its transportation facilities are unexcelled. Electric cars furnish a frequent service on all the routes, and any point in the city may be reached for one fare by asking for a transfer from one line to another. At least 30,000 bicycles are in daily use, which, with the street cars, automobiles and a bewildering vehicular traffic, keep the wary pedestrian wide awake in crossing the busy thoroughfares. The Union Station is a very handsome and commodious structure, and presents all the stir and bustle of a metropolitan railway station as the many trains come and go with their crowds of passengers. A suburban electric car service brings the surrounding towns within easy access to the city

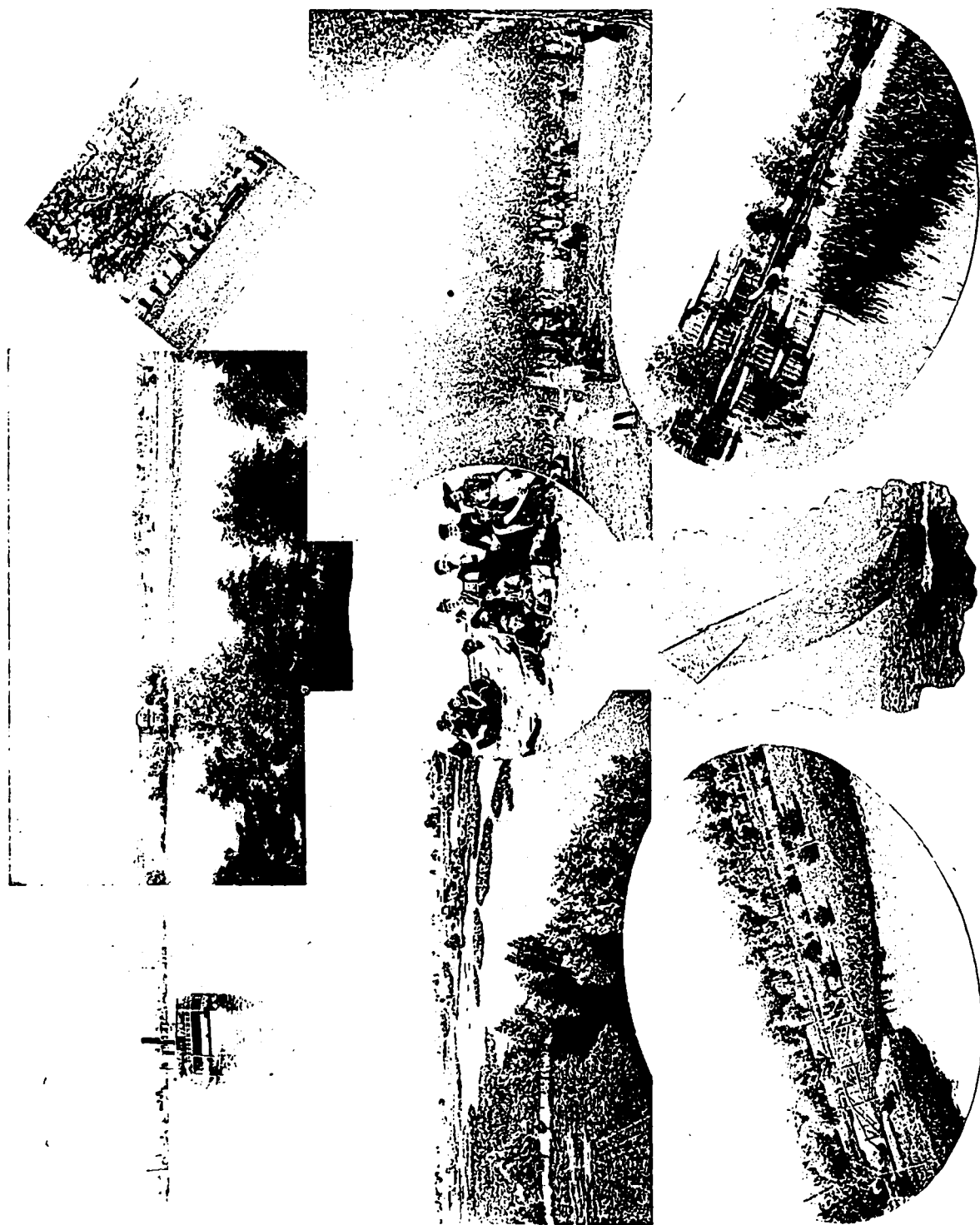
and a large fleet of steamboats make daily trips to Kingston, Montreal, Niagara, Hamilton, St. Catharines and other lake ports. Excursions during the summer are of frequent occurrence, and occasionally one may enjoy a trip to Niagara Falls and return for one dollar. The most popular place of resort is, however, Toronto Island, distant about two miles across the bay. In the centre is a large park, beautifully laid out, with a pavilion, band stand and lagoons for fishing, boating and bathing, and thither most of the picnickers repair. At Hanlan's Point, at the western end, are athletic grounds, promenades, a large hotel and various amusements. Music and a variety performance keep the ferry-boats plying to and fro, and afford an outing and out-door entertainment for the modest sum of ten cents per capita, the return fare. The Hospital for Sick Children has a large building here, facing the lake, to which, in the summer, the little convalescents are taken for fresh air and sunshine. A lighthouse, the fog horn building, a pumping station for the local water supply, an engine house for the generation of electric power and light, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and hundreds of summer cottages and camps are scattered here and there over its area, while a long breakwater, to ward off the effects of south easterly gales, affords a promenade where the bracing breezes of Lake Ontario may blow the cobwebs off one.

Diogenes with his lantern in search of an honest man may have been a task no more difficult than seeking a totally illiterate person in Toronto. A rudimentary education is within the reach of all, tuition, school books, pencils, pens, ink and paper being furnished free to scholars in each of the forty-eight public schools. The curriculum of the various grades is commendable, the methods of instruction as satisfactory as elsewhere, and the efficiency of the teaching staff of a high standard. The Roman Catholic Church is allowed by law to undertake the secular education of the children of its adherents, and in this respect, separate schools, a different method of instruction, and instruction in special subjects.

## High and Beyond

school provides training for teachers, from which they must hold certificates to be eligible for appointment to any post. A Model School, three Collegiate Institutes, and various other private scholastic establishments afford intermediate education, while Toronto University, Trinity College (Anglican), Wycliffe College (Anglican, Evangelical), Knox College (Presbyterian), Victoria College (Methodist), McMaster

University (Baptist), St. Michael's College (R. C.) confer degrees in the arts, medicine and theology. A Technical School has proved a valuable adjunct to the education of its pupils qualifying for industrial pursuits, and the School of Practical Science has been no less useful along scientific lines. A Law School, the Central Ontario School of Art, four musical academies, four business colleges, five ladies' schools, the



GLIMPSES OF TORONTO ISLAND.

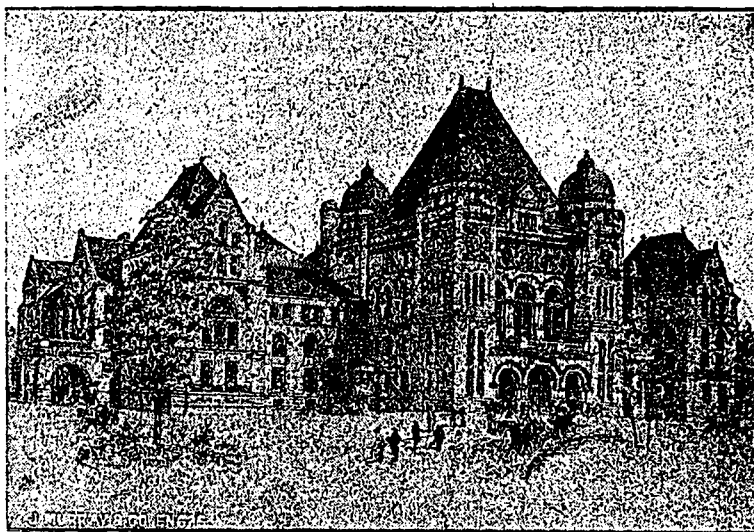


may undergo a course of training, and be turned out an efficient soldier, with a certificate to prove it.

As a literary and art centre this city is rapidly taking a pre eminent place in the Dominion, as it already has as a publishing centre. Here is the home of *The Canadian Magazine*, which is as representative of the Dominion as its name implies. Here too are published six daily newspapers and weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals in great number, devoted to literature, society, the arts, various branches of technical industry, trade, commerce, finance and what not. The literary market, as yet, suffers the cream to be skimmed off the work of our authors

innings and the *Canadian Circus* the pick of Canadian pictures.

For recreative purposes few other places in the world are so advantageously situated or so liberally endowed by nature and art with the means to this end. Riverdale Park, on the banks of the River Don, is both a pleasant and picturesque place of resort in the warm evenings of summer, rendered more attractive by a well-stocked zoological collection, free to the public, to which fresh additions are frequently being made. High Park, in the extreme west, large and charming in its rugged, wild grandeur, intersected by miles of hard gravel drives and provided with pavilions for shelter and picnic parties,



Provincial Parliament Buildings.

by American and English publications, for the lack of domestic encouragement; but the Canadian reader is discriminative and will continue to favour the cream, come whence it may, until the Canadian publisher awakes to the fact that to preserve his own field he must get first choice of available contributions. In art much promising and some exceptionally good work has been done; but in this as in literature the best has sought a remunerative market abroad, where it has not been sacrificed for bread and butter at home. Good things will yet come out of Nazareth, and when the growing wealth of the country has given rise to a larger leisure class the native artist will have his

draws on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays large crowds in quest of fresh air, greensward and the peaceful, fragrant woods; while to the far east Victoria Park offers similar benefits on a small scale; and adjoining this Munro Park, with its amusements and vaudeville performances, attracts nightly a tremendous concourse of sight-seers, and swells the receipts of the street railway company in whose interests it is conducted. Queen's Park and the Horticultural Gardens are both central, gay with flowers and very fair examples of landscape gardening. Reservoir and Bellwoods Parks, Exhibition Grounds, Clarence and Ketchum Parks are the lungs of their respective neighbour

hoods. In all the principal parks band concerts enliven the sultry evenings and the lives of the people. Baseball, lacrosse, cricket, golf, bowling, yachting, rowing, canoeing, swimming, driving, bicycle and horse racing, and other athletic sports, each afford pastime to its votaries, as do also skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, snowshoeing and tobogganing in the winter; while the rinks, theatres, concert and lecture halls do not lack patronage. The island and the lake—in crossing which land is lost sight of—make the wharves very busy places in the summer, and many and cheap are the trips which may be taken, whether to Loſne Park, Oakville or Hamilton to the west, Niagara, Port Dalhousie and elsewhere to the south, or Montreal, Kingston or the Thousand Islands to the east. But the one great event of the year is the Toronto Exposition, equalled by few and excelled by none but the great international expositions. Inaugurated in 1870, it has grown year by year into continental repute. Thither flock excursionists in hundreds of thousands from far away points in Ontario and the adjoining republic, and among them some hundreds of our boys and girls, for whose information and behoof this article has been written.

Every big city is a vortex into which much human driftwood is drawn, mayhap to be whirled and buffeted for a season and then cast high and dry upon the rocks of misfortune. Buoyed up by hope and great expectations, many a young fellow drifts gaily in from the farm, trusting to chance and more often meeting with mischance. But wits are

sometimes sharpened on the grindstone of adversity, and a few by patiently plodding along, with the motto of the City of Toronto, "Intelligence, Industry, Integrity," as their watchword, gradually rise to lucrative and responsible positions: They are the exceptions, however, and the large majority, blunt and dull, are no match for the keen, energetic citizen, who sets a pace which the country lad finds hard to follow, and so subsides into destitution or an obscure position whose remuneration is a pittance. On the other hand, a bright, promising youth, in emulating the bad example of young fellows in the city who spend their earnings in dress and amusements and depend upon their parents for maintenance, may make shipwreck of a life which in the country might have ended in honourable independence. Yes, the city presents many opportunities; but the race is to the swift and the strong, to the virtuous and the industrious, to the lad who can say "No" to temptation and "Yes" to the voice of conscience. Only such who are content to start low and climb upward, with a Christian character as a shield and God invoked as their daily Guide, should come to the city, which is already full of comparative failures and yet abounding with the possibilities of success. It is in the youth himself, and not so much in his sphere, that the elements of success or failure are to be found, and he who seeks a side entrance to fortune is sure to find only a by-path that leads farther and farther from the goal. There is only one road, and that is uphill all the way.

WILLIAM T. JAMES



## Barnardo Old Boys' Society

THE time is rapidly approaching when the first Annual Rally of our Society will take place. A large number of our members will doubtless be on hand to enjoy the good time and renew old friendships. Limited though the gathering will be to members and those who will then become members of B. O. B. S. for the first time, none of our old lads need feel that they are debarred from all the privileges of the Society. They have only to sign the application form printed at the bottom of our "ad," which appears on the inside back cover of this and every issue, and forward it to the Secretary-Treasurer at Farley Avenue with the necessary fee, and the badge and certificate will be forwarded as soon as possible. In the case of boys not earning wages or under apprenticeship, provision has been made whereby they may authorize Mr. Owen to pay their membership fees out of moneys which become due to them under the terms of their apprenticeship. Such, in signing the application form, will strike out the words "Enclosed find fee 50 cents."

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee, the various committees to take charge of and make a success of the annual gathering were appointed. Already Bro. Geo. Clark, the energetic convener of the entertainment committee, has started his "boys" and "girls" to work on choruses, rounds, quartettes, trios and solos, two practices having been held so far and good progress made. To the writer, who limps but lamely through old notation exercises, the way those choristers sang difficult selections written in tonic sol-fa was a revelation. We may have our limitations, but at singing at sight there are not many bodies that can beat or even equal our boys and girls. And the love of music and the ability to sing, or play, or both, which so very many of our lads and lasses possess, is by people generally considered to be one of the necessary features of a good education and as a mark of refinement. Taken in the latter connection there is hope for us yet. And it is really remarkable how many of our mounted fellows are, at least on those with whom

the writer is acquainted) own an instrument of some kind and play it. It may be a mandolin or a clarinet, organ or piano, or, as in one or two cases, a combination of several; but however large or small the instrument, it is a medium for the expression of one of the most divine instincts God has given man. It is with sadness, however, that we record the fact that some of our fellows play the accordion—and the German accordeon at that!

We expect the concert and other entertainments for which, this year, a hall has been engaged will be something for our members to remember. We shall depend to some extent upon our visiting brethren taking part, and take this opportunity of asking those "with voices" to put in a little practice and come prepared. Positively no one will be allowed to sing "Dolly Gray."

From the Reception Committee come whispers of "prominent men, public speakers," etc., from which we infer that we shall feel honoured when we see upon the platform some one or two who loom large in the public eye.

Our friend, Mr. Frank Vipond, will be with us. We shall welcome the sight of his genial face, we shall enjoy the aroma of his small, strong pipe, which is always being lighted and always going out, and we feel sure that what success our gathering may have will be due in a measure to the presence of our esteemed honorary member.

Our annual gathering, while an important event in our lives, is not the chief object of our Society. We wish to impress repeatedly and persistently upon our members that we all are members of a Society founded not so much for what we individually can get out of it, but for what we can do to assist and encourage each other, and to conserve the interests of Dr. Barnardo's work. We recognize that our annual gathering will do a great deal to promote these objects, and, for that reason, regret that so many of our members will be unable to attend. If we come together with this in mind, our rally will be a success. It how ever we come merely for the good



time we expect to have—and we shall have a good time, doubtless—we shall have met only for a selfish object, and to that extent our rally will be a failure.

It would greatly facilitate the Secretary's work if our members would

kindly remit their renewal fees before the first week in September. A number have already done this, and it would save a great deal of time and work during Exhibition week if all our members would do so.

A. G. SMITH, Sec. Treas.

## The Queen's Tea at Barkingside

THE Queen's Tea at the Girls' Village Home on the 28th of July, will live in the memory of the eighty girls present as a time long to be remembered. It came to its perfection through various difficulties and dangers, but it was most emphatically a case of success crowning endeavour.

Only one girl was absent (the real number therefore being seventy-nine); but as she was kept away by the sudden malignant illness of her master, making isolation of the household needful, her gifts were reserved for her and she was reckoned as a guest.

The wisdom of deciding to hold the gathering under cover was justified by the rushing storms of the previous day or two, making an out door tea unsafe, to say the least.

The two large rooms for tea and entertainment were both prettily and loyally decorated; the tables and the platform were alike pictures; while the bank of singing school children at the back of the concert room, who were only too quiet, greatly helped the spectacle.

Dr. Barnardo was at his best, a very *father*, as he moved in and out among the girls with smiling words for all, and personal reminders for one and another; and afterwards an ideal chairman, making everything go cheerily and well.

The messages to and from the Queen were accomplished with acclamation while the tea was yet going on, and following on this the brooches and chocolate were given to each girl personally, as they came up rank after rank, the brooches by our old friend, Mrs. Ingleby, and the boxes of sweets by Dr. Barnardo himself.

This done, the gathering adjourned below, and a delightful meeting party talk but mostly music, began. The Bishop of Barking gave a pleasant

skilful address, probably used with success for more than one Queen's Tea. He described Queen Alexandra personally, and appealed to the girls' own experience as to her inability to be in two places at one time, and therefore to be at her tea in every place. He referred in a full and very reverent manner to our dear Queen Victoria, whose ways she has so well learned; and in closing he left every guest in good temper, and ready for more.

Then followed music and singing. Mrs. Gadsdon led the girls captive by her arch and perfectly innocent love ditties; and the Misses Ponder entranced us all by the most exquisite violin and piano discourse; while one or two other numbers, including a sweet song from Miss Sibyl Godfrey, gave much pleasure. Then came a concluding happy word from Dr. Barnardo, and the function closed a little before eight, giving ample time for the long walk to the station to catch the appointed train.

The eighty girls represented the Village Home, the Beehive at Mare Street, and the Young Servants' Registry at 212 Burdett Road. The guests were almost exclusively "maids of all work," under twenty-three, and all of the "general" type. All wore cap and apron, and the bright smiles and intelligent, happy faces, and the gusto with which everything was received and enjoyed, made them a model company to entertain.

The entertainment too made a not inconsiderable bank, and if Queen Alexandra could have been present she would assuredly have recognized this as a *very ideal* of what she intended when she sent forth the timely invitation to her own special Coronation Fete. M. F. STREET

## Our Midsummer Contingent

WE have once again beaten a record in the annals of emigration work when with our last party Dr. Barnardo sent out the largest contingent of juvenile colonists that has ever been despatched in a body from the shores of the Old Country. Our total was 397, 279 males and 118 females. We confess to being somewhat disappointed at getting so near without quite reaching the 400 total, but with 397 boys and girls on hand we had very little time to lament over the three that were not. The question of transport seemed at first likely to be one of no little perplexity. We were booked for the *Dominion* to sail from Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal on the 17th of July, and the Editor, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, left Montreal on the 20th June in the same steamer with full expectations of returning by her with the party. Man proposes, etc., and on the eastward voyage we improved the occasion to discuss and mentally arrange the space we were to occupy, the location of gangways, partitions, washing accommodation, sanitary appliances, and so forth, and had every thing beautifully cut and dried by the time of our arrival in Liverpool. The first news that reached us when the gangway was run out at the landing stage in Liverpool was the startling intelligence that the *Dominion* had been chartered by the Imperial Government for the conveyance of troops from South Africa, and that all our plans and arrangements had been knocked on the head. The Editor turned from his informant to Mrs. Davis with the remark, "Here's a nice business, Mrs. Davis; the ship's chartered for South Africa." Mrs. Davis attached a rather different significance to the observation, and exclaiming "surely they'll let us get off first," made a rush for the gangway. We hastened to assure Mrs. Davis that there was no fear of her being carried away bodily to Cape Town, and that the difficulty was not one of getting

off but of getting on again. We knew there was the alternative of the Boston service of the Dominion Line, but there were difficulties in regard to space, questions of rates to be adjusted, regulations of the Steamship Conference to be overcome, possible obstacles in the way of landing at a United States port on account of the restrictive American immigration laws, and many other considerations that were involved in so novel a departure. We urged the Dominion Line managers to fit up specially one of their large cargo steamers and send us to Quebec, but this involved such heavy expenditure to the Company in piercing side lights, flooring decks, lighting and heating, providing new sanitary appliances, boats, fire-extinguishing appliances, cooking apparatus, etc., in addition to the ordinary fittings, that it was dismissed as impracticable, and ultimately we were instructed by Dr. Barnardo to book the party by the 11,000 ton twin-screw steamer *New England*, leaving Liverpool for Boston on Thursday, July 17th. In the interval, the process of recruiting and selection of the party, the weeding out of doubtful or unsuitable candidates, the various inspections for various purposes, the outfitting and photographing went on as usual, clashing rather awkwardly, we fear, for those responsible with the preparations for Founder's Fete on the 12th July, on which occasion the entire party paraded with great effect before the large audience that included H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenburg, Lord Brassey, the President of the Institution, and many other distinguished personages. Relatives of various sorts and conditions were much in evidence during the days preceding our departure, many of them decent folk, glad and grateful to know that their boy was to have a good chance in life in the new country, others in aggressive mood, raising objections, generally foolish and groundless, to the emigration of their young kinsmen. The number of children struck off the

list on account of relative objections is always a bitterness of soul to us. We must, of course, recognize and admit the humanity and justice of respecting in such a matter the wish of a boy's next of kin, but at the same time when we recall how much brighter the prospects are in Canada than in England, and realize how the objection of some woman who probably imagines that Canada is peopled by cannibals who are likely to have a hot roast off her darling for dinner and finish him up cold for supper, or is under the impression that people who attempt to cross the Atlantic are generally drowned, or that the natives of Canada carry tomahawks as part of their every-day equipment and have a fashion of taking the scalps of newcomers, is effectual to close the door in a boy's face to a career of prosperity and independence, the frequency of such objections is aggravating, not to say exasperating. We don't know how Miss Code got on at Ilford, but at Stepney when we saw an original list of 360 dwindle to considerably under 300, and at last to 279, and most of the rejected boys otherwise eligible and of good promise, we could have said for them, "Save me from my friends!"

The farewell service took place in the chapel at the Boys' Home on the evening of Tuesday the 15th, when Dr. Barnardo himself spoke long and earnestly to the lads, reminding them of the relationship in which he stood to them as taking the place of earthly father and mother, of the hopes and expectations with which he was sending them out to the new country, of what their conduct must be if they were to succeed, of the special temptations against which they must guard and the Saviour in Whom he would have them trust. The service was most impressive, and, we doubt not, will retain a lasting hold in the minds and hearts of many of the little company who were present and heard from the Doctor what, for most of them, were the last words he would ever address to them. Nothing out of the common routine marked our departure on the morning of July 17th. We

have become familiar with the excellent arrangements in every detail of the Great Western Railway, organized by our good friend, Mr. Nicholl, of the General Superintendent's Department. Familiarity in this case, however, by no means breeds contempt, but only increases our appreciation for the punctuality, the forethought, the care, the completeness of all these arrangements. The omnibuses and other conveyances were on hand in good time and in ample numbers to convey the whole party comfortably to Paddington Station, and on the long corridor train there was good accommodation for everybody. The entraining of the party was accomplished without hitch or trouble, and when all had taken their places, Dr. Barnardo arrived to take final leave of the party that he was unable to accompany, as we had hoped, as far as Liverpool. An exciting, not to say thrilling, incident occurred as we were leaving Paddington Station. Mr. Gelling had been deputed to station himself at the signal box at the extreme end of the platform for the purpose of taking a snapshot of the train as it passed round the curve leaving the terminus, and the engine driver was instructed to stop for a minute to pick him up. The driver misunderstood the order, and we were suddenly conscious of the apparition of Mr. Gelling, flanked by the ampler proportions of Mr. Nicholl, in hot pursuit of the train. All efforts to call the driver's attention proved ineffectual, and speed was gradually increasing. The pace became severe, but Mr. Gelling was making the running, and, minus his hat but valiantly clutching his camera, was soon panting by the footboard. Ultimately we hauled him aboard, we almost forget whether by the hair of his head, the heels of his boots, the seat of his unmentionables, or all three, but next time he means to try some other point of vantage from which to exercise his art. We were favoured in the weather, a day of bright sunshine giving cheerfulness to our departure, and the band and the able leadership of Mr. Davis, enhanced the proceeding. Leaving London at ten sharp, we travelled at 242 miles an hour

Fiddington to Birkenhead in a trifle under five hours, passing on the way some of the loveliest and most picturesque of English and Welsh scenery. On arriving at Birkenhead the tender was in readiness to take us across the Mersey, and we were soon alongside the *New England*, looking very imposing and immense as she towered above us in her moorings at the Prince's Landing Stage. The Board of Trade medical examination took place as we passed on board, and in view of our being destined for an American port, everyone was subjected to a more than usually close and careful scrutiny at the hands of Dr. Hill. The United States immigration authorities have just now got trichoma on the brain, and while thousands of indigent and uncleanly Jewish and Polish refugees and other undesirables may land with impunity and pour themselves by thousands into the lowest quarters of the large American cities, the landing of a mild case of this not very formidable scalp affection is apparently considered disastrous to the welfare and valetude of the Republic. Our boys and girls, happily, exhibited no case of trichoma or anything worse on their persons than five hours' accumulation of dust and dirt, which they have an annoying fashion of rubbing into their eyes, and other receptacles, so as to make the most of every black particle, and we passed with credit and were allowed to take possession of our quarters forthwith. The girls and Mrs. Davis were very comfortably berthed at the after end, with plenty of seating space, good sleeping rooms, excellent sanitary appliances, and well shut off by themselves from all other passengers or crew. The boys at the forward were scarcely so well off and were decidedly crowded. We had to do a good deal of "doubling up" in the berths, and with insufficient table space we had the tiresome experience of double sittings. The Labour House lads, twenty three in number, had a compartment entirely to themselves, an arrangement that for obvious reasons we find desirable and always insist upon. Here we may say of these

Labour House lads that we have never brought over a contingent from that Institution that has given us less trouble or amongst whom the general conduct and behaviour on board have been more thoroughly and uniformly satisfactory. We generally look for a little difficulty in this quarter, but on the present occasion we had never the smallest reason to complain, and we must be permitted to offer Mr. Davidson, the present Superintendent of the Labour House, our very hearty congratulations upon the results of his training as we were able to judge from the contingent on the *New England*. The ship left the landing stage for sea at 4.30 p.m., after embarking a large number of saloon passengers, almost all Americans and chiefly from Boston and the New England States. The large party of young emigrants on board was naturally the subject of much interest to the other passengers. Reticence in seeking information is not a characteristic of our American cousins, and morning, noon and night during the voyage we were answering the same series of questions: "What are these children?" "Where do they come from?" "Where are they going to?" "Who pays for this business?" "Why doesn't the Government support these charities?" and so on and so on. We heard of our being on one occasion the object of a long and fierce smoking-room debate, a violently anti-English Irish-American instancing the party as a proof of the general corruption and wickedness of all things English, when four hundred friendless children were being sent out to be supported by America; the other side contending that the party of healthy, bright, well-trained boys and girls was the highest possible testimony to the greatness of England, when an Institution supported entirely by private benevolence could train, equip, and send out such a party to supply her colonies with the best possible material for their development. We don't suppose the Irishman was convinced or silenced; it's not in the nature of the breed; but his ridiculous assertions were doubtless effectually disposed of.

At Queenstown on the Friday

morning, a further contingent of passengers was picked up, and we left for Boston a very full ship. The days that followed passed quickly, and were very full and very anxious days for those responsible for the party. To gain some knowledge of three hundred boys in the space of six days, and commit to paper some little description of each one with notes of his parentage, birth-place, educational progress, wishes in regard to his future career, etc., is no light task; and when there is added to this the necessity for keeping constant supervision over such a multitude of restless young mortals, with endless facilities for mischief around them, and opportunities for getting into danger, the duty of presiding at a succession of meals (we pronounced a blessing on food twelve different times a day and conducted four services), watching over the sick, treating a host of minor ailments, conducting parades and inspections, superintending washing, and maintaining general order and discipline, it may be imagined that we felt our hands at times more than full. The writer flatters himself, however, that he knows his work fairly well by this time or if he doesn't he ought to and the routine of one voyage is pretty much like another. With our young travellers early to bed and early to rise is the rule and practice at sea, although with their elders the amount of clerical work we have to get through during the voyage makes the latter part of the maxim the only one practicable. When the seasickness is over, that for the first day or two almost exclusively employs the time, thoughts, and expectorative energies of the party, the time passes very pleasantly for the boys and girls. The greater part of each day is spent on deck in play of various kinds, and if they are not mentally and morally, like the busy bee, improving each shining hour, they are, at any rate, laying in stores of health and vigour that must serve them in good stead in the future.

It would be impossible to speak too highly of the kindness, courtesy and attention shown us on the *New England*. Captain James is a model shipmaster, of a big, Atlantic type, a

strict disciplinarian, active and energetic in looking after the welfare of his ship and her passengers, always at his post, genial in his manner, deservedly popular among the travelling public, and every inch of him a British sailor. In the Chief Officer, Mr. Owen, we had a kind and ready friend, always willing to plan or carry out any little arrangement that would facilitate our comfort or convenience; and with the other officers nothing that we had occasion to ask for was ever a trouble. We could not attempt to do justice to the numberless little kindnesses and forethought for our comfort of Mr. Bragg, the Chief Steward, who is emphatically the right man in the right place, while, last but not least, we were most fortunate in having once again the services of our faithful ally and henchman, Thomas Nuttall, who in the capacity of extra Second Steward was specially detailed to look after the party. What we should have done without Tom on this last voyage is more than we care to contemplate or surmise, and our present exercise of mind is to devise some arrangement whereby, without hindering our valued friend's advancement in the service for which he is so well qualified and standing in the way of his well earned promotion, we can yet retain his services with our parties and still have him as our right hand man, which he has been on so many and various occasions.

As a rule, we have very little serious illness among our young voyagers, and up to the last voyage there had been but one fatality in the twenty years of Dr. Barnardo's Emigration Work and among the thousands whom he has sent across. The *New England's* journey, however, proved a melancholy exception to our general good fortune. On the second day out from Liverpool we discovered to our horror and dismay a case of diphtheria among the younger boys, the victim of the disease being William H. Hartley, aged ten. The patient was immediately removed to the ship's hospital and placed under the care of the doctor who had first to test his most arduous and unflinching in his attendance

From day to day the little sufferer was watched and cared for with every possible attention, and at one time there seemed a decided improvement in the throat and a rally of general strength. Unfortunately, however, this improvement was not maintained, and at 2.05 a.m. on Wednesday little Willie breathed his last and the voyage of life was over for him and ended, as we fully believe, on the shores of that land where they hunger no more neither thirst any more, where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. It was necessary that the burial should take place almost immediately, and it was decided, after discussion with Captain James, that the service should be held at daybreak. The unusually early summons from their berths caused no little surprise among the boys; but soon all were seated in their places, when, amidst a profound silence, we conveyed to them the sad intelligence of what had taken place and the purpose for which they were assembled at that hour. We then proceeded to conduct the grand old Church of England burial service, that seemed never more appropriate in its note of triumphant assurance of life beyond the grave, and of glorious and certain hope of the resurrection to immortality through Him Whose power has burst the gates of death. At the conclusion of the earlier part of the service we gathered with a few of the bigger boys at the ship's side, where we were joined by Captain James, several of the officers, and a considerable number of the crew, and with the usual commendatory prayers, the remains, that had been prepared in the usual way and wrapped in the Union Jack, were laid to rest in their grave of waters until the day when the sea shall give up its dead. The engines were stopped as we committed to the deep all that was mortal of our little friend, and the service was concluded just as the first rays of the morning sun shone above the expanse of waters. The two days that remained of the voyage were a most anxious time for us. On the morning of the funeral of little Willie we had several other suspicious cases, and we hardly conceived

it possible that there would be no spread of the disease among so large a number and crowded into so small a space. Nevertheless, in spite of all our forebodings, there was no second case of diphtheria. The cases in which there were slight feverish symptoms or relaxation of the throat entirely recovered, and when we anchored at the quarantine station in Boston harbour, on the morning of Friday, July 25th, we were able to show a clean bill of health and everyone in condition to pass the doctor. As far as the girls were concerned, we much doubt if the same doctor in all his extended experience ever passed a more healthy, sturdy, bonny looking lot of children. There had scarcely been a drooping one amongst them since the second day of the voyage, and, thanks to Mrs. Davis' watchful care and unflinching vigilance and the good food and fine air of the sea, the girl section of our party was in the very pink of condition. The voyage had not done so much for the boys, but they looked well on the whole and were arrayed for landing in their best clothes. The function of changing had been performed in the small hours, and was a big job that we rather dreaded beginning and were thankful to be over with. To pass up nearly 300 trunks from the hold, to get them arranged about the deck and uncorded, to attach each box to its rightful owner, to drive into each small brain exactly what was to be done so that clean under-clothing and new suits may be put on and the garments that are disrobed packed into the box they belong to and not into someone else's or left on the deck, is a formidable undertaking and one involving huge exercise of lung power. We record with thanksgiving that the material and construction of the boxes stood the test of moving, opening and shutting with much more satisfactory results than on previous occasions, and we should imagine that quite two out of five came through the ordeal without the locks breaking, hinges collapsing or the lids hopelessly parting company with the boxes. Often, however, when worried, hunked and driven, we have heard all round and about the familiar chorus.

"this lock's broke, "this lid's come off," "these hinges is bust," we have wished no good to the person or persons who can manufacture and expose for sale articles of such quality—we are careful not to add buy, our high esteem and affection for the purchaser bidding us refrain from comments upon that side of the transaction. However, the cords are sound and strong (a very cheap line of rope is one of the tribulations still in reserve for us), and there were plenty of willing hands to help in the task of lashing up, so that everyone's goods and chattels were kept together. The smart and tidy appearance of the boys fully repaid us for our labour, and we were by no means ashamed of the party as we approached Boston, where we knew we should be the centre of a good deal of interest and attention.

Our arrival day was a very eventful one, and its one sad incident will always remain impressed in our memory. We had been up all night, and at both ends of the ship everything was in readiness bright and early for the debarkation of the party. Provisions for the railway journey and stores that had been in use during the voyage were packed up, lists of destinations made out for the railroad officials so that they might begin at once the business of making out tickets, the small contingent for the Winnipeg Home selected as well as the little boys for boarding out and those to be placed in situations. There were a few to be dropped off east of Toronto, but the bulk of the party would proceed in the first place to the Toronto Home. We realized that minutes would be precious when we once reached the wharf, and all our arrangements were made as far as possible so that no time might be lost in getting away. About eight o'clock the ship reached the wharf, Captain James navigating her beautifully into her berth so that she would scarcely have smashed an egg against the pier. The gangways were quickly run out, and we were soon introduced to the United States Superintendent of Immigration, Colonel Billings, and to various members of his staff, the representatives of the Boston & Maine Railway and others. The genial presence of Mr. Struthers was

one of the first that we recognized on the wharf, and very delighted we were to see him and to have good news of all at home and of the progress of events generally in our Canadian world. It was decided that the boys and girls should remain on board for a time until the bulk of the passengers had landed and cleared off, so that they might not be in everybody's way in the buildings while the other people were getting their luggage examined and passing the usual inspections. This arrangement commended itself to us at the time, but while saving us the risk of boys getting into mischief on shore, it left them exposed to the danger of the open hatches on board by which the baggage was being rapidly hauled up and discharged. These hatches were protected as far as possible, but not sufficiently to prevent a terrible disaster. A hatch had been partly opened, although several of the boards had been left down for the sake of preventing danger to the boys who were clustered round on the deck. A sling of baggage coming up at a high speed swerved from the perpendicular and catching the beam upon which these boards rested, lifted beam and boards from their position and tumbled them into the hold, taking with them the little lad, Edward George Adderley, who had been kneeling on one of the planks apparently in no danger whatever. We ourselves were attending Colonel Billings at the time in his inspection of the girls, when we were summoned by the ghastly tidings of a boy having fallen down the hold. It took us but a few moments to reach his side at the bottom of the ship and to see at once that the injuries were fatal although life was not extinct. The city ambulance, summoned by telephone, was on hand in an incredibly short time, and the injured boy having been drawn up carefully on a stretcher, was taken off to the Relief Station of the City Hospital near at hand. A little later on we called to see and take leave of him when he was just alive, but death momentarily overtook the base of the skull being fractured besides other injuries. We cannot attempt to describe the grief and consternation that the

catastrophe caused amongst us, following as it did the previous death. It comes to us even yet more like a nightmare than an actual event in our experience. A considerable sensation was naturally created among the large number of people who were assembled on the wharf, and half a dozen newspaper reporters were soon taking down all we could tell them of the circumstances. The greatest kindness and sympathy were everywhere expressed, and the representatives of the Dominion Line, especially the Passenger Manager, Mr. Farley, were ready and willing to do anything and everything for us. Little Edward succumbed, as was expected, within a few hours. The funeral took place on the Sunday from the Sailors' Home, and was attended by above 200 men of the ship's company of the *New England*. In America, common-sense and public opinion, without the aid of any Burial Reform Association, have, happily, transformed the ghastly hideousness of the trappings of woe that revolt taste and decency at an English interment. It is not thought a necessary mark of respect to the departed to hire an array, large or small according to the means and desire for ostentation of the survivors, of bottle nosed stablemen to stand or stagger about in greasy chimney pot hats with huge bands of crape in the character of "mutes," and plumes and palls are no longer considered appropriate symbols of bereavement. The body of little Edward Adderley was lain to its rest in a simple oak coffin, drawn to the cemetery in a white hearse and carried to the grave by the four quartermasters of the *New England*. The Flower Mission of Boston contributed a beautiful wreath, and the coffin was tastily covered with flowers symbolical of the sweetness and fragrance of the life to which the grave is but the portal.

To resume our narrative of the journey with the party: Our young colonists took leave of the *New England* and set foot for the first time on American soil at about 2.30 in the afternoon. We were bustled for some time after to the checking of the baggage—a long, tedious process that has its advantages over the simple "label

ling" of the English railway system, but has also its drawbacks, as one realizes when nearly four hundred pieces of baggage have to be checked to different points and by many different routes. For nearly three hours we were shouting and booking down names of boys and girls, stations, routes and check numbers, and long before we had finished the Boston & Maine baggagemen were, it might be uncharitable to say, cursing our arrival but, we doubt not, thanking Providence that the advent of such a party is not a daily incident of the port. At last it was over, baggage all loaded in the baggage car, provisions stowed in the cars, the last stray pieces hunted up and checked, a big wallet of tickets handed over to us and receipted for, the last of the newspaper reporters supplied with information, telegrams sent off to various people and places announcing our arrival, and we were ready to fall in for the train. Officials of various sorts and degrees had gathered from all quarters to render us assistance, in evident expectation that the entraining of the party would be like the impennung of a troop of young colts, and were visibly astonished when at the words of command the girls first, and following them the boys in order of size, marched in column to the platform and, forming in single file, took their places from one end to the other of the long train without the slightest degree of confusion or disturbance. The party filled nine of the large Boston & Maine cars and made up a "very pretty train." Leaving Boston at six in the evening, a meal was the first item on the programme. For the sight of a man who knows his work and goes at it with heart, soul and strength commend us to the spectacle of our friend, Tom, serving out the wherewithal to satisfy the appetites of a train-load of hungry youngsters. One barrel after another disgorges its contents, and the empties are thrown out into the ditch, tins of corned meat are opened in the very twinkling of an eye, a cutting board is improvised, one boy is cutting open the "cobs," another putting them in a sheet preliminary to carrying them round, a third filling a box with the



slices of meat, a fourth opening a fresh barrel of bread, the whole process goes on with incredible despatch, and at the end, when everybody is served and satisfied, we treat ourselves to a quiet and very welcome cup of tea with the water that our spirit lamp, after many alarms and hair-breadth escapes, owing to the jolting and oscillation of the train, has contrived at last to bring to the boil. Before night came on and the children curled up to sleep, we collected into the two rear cars the boys for the North-West who would separate from us in Montreal early in the morning, and very soon after the young people settled down to their slumbers tired out with the excitement of the day, and the writer and Mr. Struthers had time for a quiet yarn and—we may as well confess it; we all have our failings and weaknesses—a smoke. Five o'clock in the morning found us in Montreal, when we took leave of Mr. Struthers with the twenty-three big lads for the Farm Home and the forty for the Winnipeg Branch, and were met by our good friend, Mr. Griffith, who had come to assist us in the distribution of the party east of Toronto. Mr. Miller, the Stationmaster of the Windsor Street terminus, was on hand to receive us, as we doubt not he would be on hand to receive the Archangel, Gabriel, if the seraph were to descend from heaven upon Windsor Street with or without shout and blast of trumpet, and would only be exercised as to whether the angelic visitor should be sent out "special" or could be attached to the first "regular." We are very conscious in our secret souls that Mr. Miller regards us as growlers and grumblers of the worst kind, and we are aware that we have oftentimes made his life a burden by our kicking against his holding us for a regular train when we considered we should have been forwarded as a special, or demanding to be put on an express when the exigencies of traffic would have made it preferable to send us crawling up the road in the rear of a freight, or by clamouring for more water in the cars or for extra space on a train that he considered already heavily weighted, but, none the less we hold Mr. Miller in the very

highest esteem, and regard him as one of those hard working, conscientious, absolutely reliable men who are the mainstay and going power of all great enterprises in the railway world and every other sphere of human activity, and who meet difficulties and accomplish results for which others often get the credit. We are always glad to see Mr. Miller, and hope we always shall see him as long as it is our fate or fortune to escort parties over the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the last occasion, doubtless to Mr. Miller's relief and satisfaction, we had no cause for complaint or protest, and we left Montreal and entered upon the last stage of our journey in good humour and at peace with all men. By arrangement made beforehand, we dropped about a score of boys at way stations or junction points on the way up to Toronto, Mr. Griffith leaving us at Smith's Falls with a party of ten for the Brockville Branch. Peterborough was reached at four in the afternoon, where we delivered over the 111 girls safe and sound to the care and custody of the ladies from "Hazel Brae," who were waiting to receive them. We are afraid no one bethought themselves at the time to congratulate Mrs. Davis (we must admit that we ourselves, instead of offering any such civilities, invited her to employ herself during the rest of the journey in wiping the faces of small boys with a wet towel so that they might pass through the streets of Toronto somewhat less begrimed with smoke and coal dust and showing less visibly the effect of their twenty-four hours' abstinence from soap and water), but we are pleased to express—and we are sure we may speak in the matter for Dr. Barnardo himself—our very high and cordial appreciation of Mrs. Davis' indefatigable and devoted services. No one could work more faithfully or untiringly, and if there are many who could "show off" better and put a good deal more gloss and polish on their activities, there is no one who could watch over a number of girls during a long journey by sea and land more zealously, more efficiently or more conscientiously than Mrs. Davis. We reached Toronto at 6.30 p.m., and added by a terrific train

der steam. The wagons and omnibuses of the Canadian Transfer Company were on hand to convey the party to the Home, and half an hour later the journey was over. We could have wished that our premises on Farley Avenue could have been stretched for the occasion to three or four times their cubic measurement, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that it was "only for one day," and there was good standing room for everybody and a shake-down, of a sort, for the night. The boys could, at any rate, enjoy a good wash, after which we were not long in stowing them away into their rather close sleeping quarters and leaving ourselves free for the work preliminary to the distribution. The next day, Sunday, was not exactly a day of rest, but we had service in the yard at 10.30, when Mrs. Owen gave the address and in the evening we had our usual little farewell talk with those whom we were to take leave of in the morning. We gave them as a parting word the grand message that came of old to inspire a great heart on the threshold of a mighty and arduous enterprise, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," and we believe that the knowledge and assurance of God's presence as their strength and support and ever present help in every time of need and temptation will have given fresh hope and confidence and resolution to many of those who listened so attentively to us. From the service in the dining hall the word was immediately "Fall in for bed," and as soon as all were settled in, we were off to the station to check baggage and get the tickets for the morning. Mr. Davis was busy till the sun was well nigh up in making out and sorting cards of direction, and everything was ready by the time for the departure in the morning of the first contingent. We left the Home in three divisions for the different trains, the first at 6.15, the second at 7.25, the third at 8. It was

nip and tuck to get all off in good time, and a Monday morning in July is a busy season at the Union Station: but no one was left behind or got astray, and early in the afternoon when the 1.45 train had taken off the last of the little boarders, we were conscious of a sense of our task being over and began to welcome the thoughts of a little sleep that we had been able to indulge in only in the most meagre and fragmentary fashion during the five previous days and nights. We are thankful to record further that everyone reached his destination safely, and no harm or mishap befell any of our young travellers after their leaving us. Employers and foster-parents have generally expressed their satisfaction and pleasure with the boys selected for them, and the lads of our last party—and, as far as we know, the girls also—have entered upon life in Canada under happy and favourable auspices. It remains only for us to bear our grateful testimony to the really excellent conduct and behaviour that prevailed amongst both boys and girls, young and old, during the time that the party was under our charge, from the time of their leaving London till we said good bye to them on their leaving for their destinations. There was plenty of fun, plenty of noise, plenty of good spirits, but order and quiet at the proper times. We found always strict obedience, cleanliness, readiness and willingness among the older boys to help whenever required. We had no case of insubordination, we not once heard a bad word or indecent expression during the whole of the trip, not a single complaint was made to us either on board ship or elsewhere, and our boys and girls from first to last conducted and behaved themselves in a manner that was in the highest degree creditable to the training they have received and to those under whose influence they have been living. May God bless each and all of them in the new land, and make them a blessing in the homes to which they have gone and amongst those with whom they have to do!

ALFRED B. OWEN.

## Home Chat

**J**ULY and August are not letter writing months, and the past few weeks have been the slack season in our correspondence. Farmers and boys are too busy in the fields all day and too tired when their day's work is over for quill-driving. A steady demand keeps up for boys of almost all ages, but the rush of applications is over, and accordingly our tale of letters received, that at other times of the year exceed a hundred at a single delivery, now drop sometimes to a modest score. Our files are not, therefore, as heavy as usual, but we have selected a few letters that we are sure will be of interest to our readers and well worthy their perusal.

Master John Edward Milton, a small boy who has just completed his first year in Canada, has sent us the following little account of his present surroundings:

I am writing to you to let you know that I am well, hoping this letter will find you the same. I still like my place and people; they are very kind to me. I get lots to eat and drink. I am waiting for UPS AND DOWNS. I have not seen my name in the UPS AND DOWNS only once, so I thought I would write a letter if it was put in UPS AND DOWNS or not. I have not got much to do, as there is only seventy-five acres of land. We have ten head of cattle and four head of horses and six pigs, sixty-five fowls, two dogs, eight sheep. I can harrow, I can roll and cultivate, and I can plough with the gang-plough, and I am learning to plough with the big plough. I can milk cows too. My master says he is very sorry there was no one at home when Mr. Davis came to see me. We are having an awful wet summer here, and the rain is putting the farmers backward. We have got in our hay and are going to begin to cut our rye. The crops are pretty good this year here, if we ever get them in. I guess this is all this time, so good-bye, from yours truly,

JOHN MILTON.

On the occasion of Mr. Davis's visit that John refers to his employer, Mr. McKenzie was unfortunately away, but Mr. Davis met Mr. McKenzie's neighbour, and this gentleman described John as a very nice lad, industrious, obedient and mannerly, so much so that he requested Mr. Davis to take

an application from himself in the hope that he would get as good a boy. Johnnie was boarded out at Southborough in Kent up to the time of his leaving England, and we are sure his foster-parents and other Southborough friends will be pleased to hear of his doing well.

John Wilson, of the April, 1896, party, and now nineteen years of age and an old-timer in the country, is the subject of the following report contained in a letter from the wife of his employer:

We like John Wilson very much. He is a good boy, and we get along just fine; in fact, Mr. Doan said he would not want a better man at anything on the farm. He is steady, goes to Sunday school regular. I think he is a good boy.

Mrs. Penson, of Port Carling, reports as follows of the two little boys under her charge, Harry Robinson and Albert Harrison:

I am glad to tell you they are both well and making good progress in every way, and two happier, sturdier boys it would be hard to find. I don't think there is one person in Port Carling that does not like them, and that is in itself a good record for two little friendless boys to make anywhere. They are willing, kind and polite, and will, I think, grow up good men. I am glad to be able to say they have very few faults and will soon be able to get their own living, Albert more especially.

Another little Harrison, Richard, is thus spoken of by his employer, Mr. Davidson, in a letter received on the 22nd of July:

I am glad to be able to say I have found Richard to be a truthful boy, as I have never known him to tell an untruth yet. My wish is that he may ever remain so.

Dick hails from Belfast and is not the only staunch young Irishman that we have heard good things of within the last few weeks. The three brothers, Pite, are from the same favoured seat of industry and Orangeism and are abundantly sustaining the reputation of their birth place.

Mr. Robert Keenan has written of the two younger Pites, Fred and Valia.

I may let you know the little boys are well, and they are going to start school on Monday next. I may tell you all the tourists that are in here this summer think a great deal of my little boys. They see them at church every Sunday. The Sunday school had a picnic, and they enjoyed themselves very much, and they both got a prize for running. They get very nice cards in Sunday school every Sunday.

The eldest, Charles, is in a situation, his employer being Mr. Garner Stanley, of Kinlough. Mr. Griffith visited Charlie on the 7th of August, and describes him as a stout, healthy, growing boy, very good and well-behaved, biddable and willing, taking an interest

Thomas Ridgeley recently sent us a photograph of himself that we are glad to reproduce. Mr. Davis, who was lately in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, Ontario, met Tom's employer, and tells us that he received a "very encouraging report," our friend being described as a "real good, steady young fellow," having no bad habits and a faithful worker.

Our South African heroes are beginning to find their way back again, and we are hearing accounts of their experience verbally and by letter. Harry



Alfred Johns and Family.

in his work and always obliging round the house.

We are very pleased to be able to present our readers with a portrait of our esteemed friend, Mr. Alfred Johns, with his wife and olive branches. Alf is living in Lindsay, where he has steady employment and a very comfortable little home. Mr. Reazin lately called upon him, and writing us shortly after, describes our friend as a good workman and a good citizen in opinion that we are prepared to endorse to the fullest extent

Crane, at present quartered at Halifax, writes us as follows from the Wellington barracks there :

WELLINGTON BARRACKS, N.S.,  
Aug. 9th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, I received your letter on the 5th, and I was very happy to receive it. Now I am going to tell you all about the fight in South Africa. Just before the fight, we were three days without water, and the way we got into the scrap we were tracking for water, and just as we came to Hart's River we had no idea of looking for Boers, and we got orders to unsaddle, and some of us got unsaddled and some were not, and all at once a fifteen pounder opened fire on us; but did not explode, and we did not know where it came

front; and all at once the Boers surrounded us like sheep, and our rear guard did not get in, and the rearguard were all killed except four men, that held fifty Boers back, and two of them were killed and two of them and the officer were captured, and all that day we were in trenches in rain up to our knees without a bite to eat. We lost about fifteen men killed and forty wounded, and it was a fright to see the dead bodies lying in the mud and rain. I tell you that is no country for a white man. It's all right to fight, but when it comes down to grub, you have got none, and we were living on hardtack. I guess you know what that is. We saw no bread all the time we were out there, and we did without bread till we got on the boat to come home, and we were fed like pigs, not like soldiers. We won a good name for the country, and we hope Canada will uphold it forever. I am coming down to Toronto in a short time and hope to see you. Write and let me know if you get this letter.

BUGLER H. CRANE.

We need hardly say that we shall be delighted to extend the right hand of welcome to Harry when he turns up in Toronto.

Another of our very faithful correspondents, Walter B. Moulder, is still at the front; but is looking forward to his speedy return. He sums up his impression of the South African colonies in almost the same terms as Harry—that it is a good country for fighting, but there is nothing to be got to eat, an opinion that, we fear, a good many will have occasion to endorse in the near future.

We recently had occasion to recall the little boy, John D. Jones, of the April party, from the home in which he had been staying, and in returning him Mr. Garda Elson, of Byron, writes:

I must say, Sir, that I am indeed sorry that you have sent for John Jones. He has certainly endeared himself in the hearts of both Mrs. Elson and myself. He has proven to be a perfect gentleman. I cannot find words to express our appreciation for the little boy's good conduct, and I hope, Mr. Owen, that for his behaviour at our home that extra trouble will be taken to find him a permanent place worthy of his natural amiable disposition. We both hope that his future will be one of pleasantness. Now, Mr. Owen, kindly give this little boy especial attention; he is indeed worthy of it.

Of the three lads other than the already mentioned, whose portraits appear in the present number, we are glad to be able to speak very favourably. George Alfred Matchless is a

thoroughly well behaved, trusty, honest lad. We have always regarded George as one of the type usually described as "old fashioned," and we should fancy he takes life seriously and has rather an old head on his young shoulders. Nevertheless George is all right and will make his way in the country as he grows up.

Robert R. Pottage was referred to in the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, and we will only say that we have had no reason to modify the good opinion of him that we have gained from Mr. Reazin, in whose last report Robbie's conduct and behaviour is spoken of as "excellent."

Mr. Gaunt, who lately visited Wilfred O. White, describes him as a smart, intelligent, manly lad, "who will do well wherever he goes." Wilfred seems very happy in his home, where he is living on a fine farm in a splendid district of the country. His employer is Mr. Austin A. Buck, of Omagh, in the County of Halton.

Thomas Polfe is likewise doing well and making a good name for himself. We hear of his being attentive to his business, very useful in general work about the farm, regular at Sunday school and a credit in every way to Dr. Barnardo and the Homes.

Charlie Murdoch, a small boy who has lately completed his first year of life in the Dominion, has compiled, evidently with a considerable amount of effort, a little account of himself that we are very pleased to pass on to our readers, together with the brief note that his employer, Mr. Weeks, has kindly added:

CALDWELL, July 20th, 1902

DEAR SIR, — I now write a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along. I like working on a farm very well. I came here on the 1st of April, 1901, and I like my place splendid. I like my master and mistress well, and I have a good time here. I went to school three months last winter, and I passed into the Third Book, and I can drive horses now, and I harrowed some this spring. I go to church and Sunday school. The wheat is ripe now, but we are having a bit of rain this summer. This country is far different from the Old Country. I got my photograph taken, if you want one for a picture for UPS AND DOWNS, I will send you one, but I have not



George Alfred March.

got them yet. I can milk a cow now. I caught about forty rats in a trap, and I have four kittens. I think we are going to get a lot of berries this year, and we are going to have a lot of apples this year. Write soon. Yours truly,  
 CHARLES MURDOCH.

CALDWELL, July 20th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, - As Charlie is writing you a few lines, I will send you a few lines also. I like Charlie very well. He is not a very strong boy, but he is gaining very nicely. He is very smart and very truthful also and smart to learn to do anything, and hope he will continue to do well. I remain, yours,  
 JOHN WEEKS.

We also publish a somewhat similar communication from Willie Kent, written at the end of an experience of two years of Canadian life:

CALEDON, June 22nd, 1902.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, I write these lines to you, hoping to find you quite well. I have been out in Canada for two years in July. I like Canada very much, and I would not like to go back to England again. We have eight head of cattle, six little pigs, one hog and two sows and three horses and two colts and three calves. We have good crops of hay, and good wheat this year. We have good crops all over the farm. I milk a cow and feed the pigs and I clean out the horses' stable. I can plough some, I can harrow and now I can take straw. We are busy hoeing mangel and turnips and potatoe. I like my master and mistress. They are very kind to me; they treat me like their own child. I have all what I want, I go to school, I go to Sunday school. While my

master was sick in bed last winter I done all the chores and gathered the eggs. I split the wood all last winter and piled it. I am hoeing budocks in our orchard; I have been herding cattle on the road. The people think I am a very nice boy. We have a nice lot of quiet sheep, we have six good lambs. I had a nice Christmas tree at our church. I like to read the UPS AND DOWNS very much; I have a lot of time to read them after I get my work done at night. Please, Mr. Owen, if this is a good letter, would you put it in the UPS AND DOWNS? Now I must close my letter, saying good-bye to all. Yours truly,

WILLIAM KENT.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, - I thought as Willie was writing to you, I would drop a line. He is doing very well. I think if he takes care of himself he will be a very good man. He is very hard to learn, but he is a good, honest boy. Write to him soon, as he likes to get letters, but he does not like to write them.

On looking back to our notes taken on board ship, we see Willie described as a "regular little East-ender." Never mind, Willie, the East End of London, with all its faults and unloveliness, has produced some grand characters, and the struggle for life in those "mean streets" has been the training school that has fitted and equipped men and women for noble service in the world. Diamonds have been found in dust heaps before to-day, and regions that seem like big human rubbish heaps have produced gems of priceless value on earth and that will be jewels in the Master's crown up yonder.



Wilfred O. White.



Thomas S. Ridgely.

The following letter has reached us from Robert Mills, to whom we lately had the gratification of awarding Dr. Barnardo's medal for good conduct and length of service:

SINGAPORE, June 30th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, — I received the medal you sent me and was very proud of it. I thank Dr. Barnardo for awarding me such an honourable gift: I think it a grand thing to own a medal like that. Dear Sir, I am glad to tell you I am still getting along good out here. I am not working for Mr. Bishop this summer; I am working for a son in law of his. I received a bank book with \$100 in it to my credit, and my intentions are to keep adding to that till I have a considerable amount saved up, so I'll have lots to start up in life with. I have just been thinking lately what would I be doing if I hadn't been put in Dr. Barnardo's hands. I wouldn't have been half the young man I am now if I had been walking round the streets of Liverpool yet. It seems great the children Dr. Barnardo has brought up and educated. I will never forget Dr. Barnardo and the Homes and what they have done for me. Well, good-bye for this time, and may God protect and keep Dr. Barnardo that he may fulfil his place for years to come. Your sincere friend, ROBERT MILLS.

Our readers will observe that Robert has lately "been thinking," and his reflections upon the past have led to the same result as in the case of many another boy under the same circumstances—that is, his awakened feeling

of gratitude and appreciation for the benefits he has received. The medal we would point to Robert and to a great many more is, that there are thousands of lads still "walking around the streets of Liverpool" and a score of other places and needing a helping hand as much as ever Robert did. He is now in a position to offer them through Dr. Barnardo his help in giving them a start in life. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Sidney Hawes, another boy who recently received a medal, has sent us a long and interesting letter in acknowledgment and thanks, to which his employer, Mr. John Brown, of Headingly, Man., has attached the following footnote:

SIR,—I beg to inform you that Sidney is just all right. A good, fine, steady-going man, faithful and willing to do anything that is asked of him, and is well deserving the prize you are sending him. I remain, yours truly,  
JOHN BROWN.

Our young friend, George Golder, writes us that both he and his brother, Willie, are doing well and are very happy in their places. They are quite near each other, George being with Mr. Leonard Burnett, of the township of Reach, and Willie with Mr. W. H. Leach, of the same township.

Reginald Harris, whose name will be a familiar one to all Leopold Home boys, writes us that he is back again on the farm. He says:

I am glad to be able to tell you I am doing splendidly. I feel twice as good as when I was working in the drug store. I am getting



Thomas Rolfe

\$15 a month; that's not so bad. I never seemed to get on well when I was working on the farm before, but now everything seems to come to me the right way. We have just got our harvest in to-night at last, I am glad to say. We have had quite a lot of rain just lately, and now it looks as if we are going to have a little dry weather. I think this is all the news that I can render you. Fred Morant is doing well and wishes me to remember him to you. So good-bye and good-night. To-morrow's the day of rest.

Reginald asks in a postscript to his letter about Claude C. Bennetto, whom he describes as a "small, red-headed boy." He is uncertain whether he came to Canada or not. We are pleased to inform Reginald and the other numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Bennetto that that young gentleman's auburn or golden locks—we should never have thought of styling them "red"—are a feature of the landscape in the neighbourhood of Norwich, Ont., where our friend is settled with Mr. W. Derbyshire, a prosperous farmer of that locality. It took Mr. Derbyshire some little time to make up his mind to sign the agreement for Claude. He thought he was "very small," etc.; but we knew that he was just the sort of small boy that hundreds of farmers would be thankful to get, and thankful to keep, and we wrote Mr. Derbyshire that we must have the agreement or the boy and it wasn't the boy that came back.

Speaking of "small, red-headed" boys, it will be an item of interest to many friends at Stepney and elsewhere to hear that Sidney H. Couchman has found a place that seems to suit him very well, with our old clients, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, of Toronto, and if he minds his p's and q's, we can foresee a very bright and prosperous career ahead of Master Sidney, of which his present position is the threshold. He is doing exceedingly well up to the present, and Mrs. Riordan has highly commended us for selecting and bringing this special and particular boy for her benefit and comfort. We have, of course, assured Mrs. Riordan that we lay awake nights in our anxiety to supply her needs, and that Couchman is the ideal boy that we have been so long striving and seeking to get for her.

She may not believe quite all we tell her, but at any rate all parties to the arrangement are satisfied, whereof we rejoice.

Another well-satisfied employer is Mr. Fry, of Forfar, who, in a letter signed "William Fry and wife," speaks thus of little Thomas Miller of the last emigration party:

We are very thankful to you for sending us such a nice little boy. We like him well. He is doing very nicely so far. We could not have made a better choice had we been there ourselves. He seems to like his place well and is got so he can milk one cow, and Thomas is proud of it. My prayer is that we may be able to instruct the boy all right and do right by him. I hope he will prove to be what we think he will—that is, a good boy. We will do our best to guide him aright.

In visiting boys the other day in the neighbourhood of Elizabethville, Mr. Davis gathered tidings of our old friend, Alexander P. Hilton, an ex-Labour House lad of the summer party of 1894. The following is Mr. Davis' report:

Mr. Aaron Trew informed me that Hilton, who is a fine, big young man, enlisted in "A" Battery, R.C.A., at Kingston, some four years since, and went with the battery to South Africa. Is back again in Kingston, having risen to the rank of Paymaster Sergeant. Has been married some time. Mr. Trew, who is an old man of eighty-six, says that during the three and a half years Hilton was with him he never had occasion to find fault with him in any way. He was a very quiet, nice fellow. Still corresponds with Miss Trew.

We have also heard lately of Sidney Ponting, who writes from Sault Ste. Marie to his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Poss, of Tuscarora. Sidney is doing splendidly well according to the account he gives of himself, and in his own words "making money like dirt." We only hope he isn't spending it in like manner. We do not fancy he is, as although the ability to save money is the one thing lacking to so many of our boys' success and advancement, we are inclined to think Sidney has got a vein of good sound sense in his make up that will keep him from extravagance and spendthrift habits.

We flatter ourselves that our boys are not generally very slow in picking up their work on the farm, but the following contents of a post card, that



has reached us from Sidney Atram, a small Shepherd House boy of the last party, we think "takes the cake":

DEAR SIR,—I arrived safely to the farm yesterday, and I like the place. I can feed the pigs and horses. I can toss the hay with a fork and rake. I can wash the clothes with a machine. There are two babies. We have three horses. I can milk the cows on the farm. I drive horses and sheep.



Robert R. Pottage.

We rather fear that Master Sidney has been what people who like long words would style "indulging in rhetorical exaggeration," and others would call "stretching it a bit." We can quite imagine that he has driven the sheep—that is to say, the sheep will have run before him, especially if, as most likely was the case, the farm collie dog joined in the pursuit; but we should have been sorry to have to wait breakfast till Sidney had "milked the cows on the farm," and we scarcely suppose that Sidney's mistress was altogether relieved of her labours on washing day by his proficiency with the washing machine. None the less we believe Sidney to be a smart little lad, who will make himself useful as he grows up and become, in time, a good Canadian farmer.

Mr. A. E. Weller, of Duncan, to whom we recently placed Sidney G. Smith, writes of him:

Sidney is doing fine. He has his little faults, but who has not? We all think a good deal of him. He saves me many a step and seems to take quite an interest in everything about the place. There is room in Canada for all the boys like Sidney G. Smith that England has to spare.

A very cheery letter from Charles R. Hammond came to hand by a recent mail. After informing us that he is in the best of health and remarking upon weather conditions in the neighbourhood of Lindsay, Charlie writes:

We are going to have good crops this year and we are going to have our Sunday school picnic, which is to be at Beaverton, and we expect to have a good time. You will hardly know me when you see my photo. I am growing quite a lot. I am going to send you my photo and two dollars as a donation to the Home, as I think it will be quite a help to the Home, as there are lots of boys and girls in England who will like to come to Canada. I am going up to the Home next fall if nothing happens; but we will have a lot of ploughing to do this fall. We have two farms to work on, but I am getting the sum of \$100 for this year; so this is all I have to say this time, so good bye. I remain, yours truly,

CHARLIE



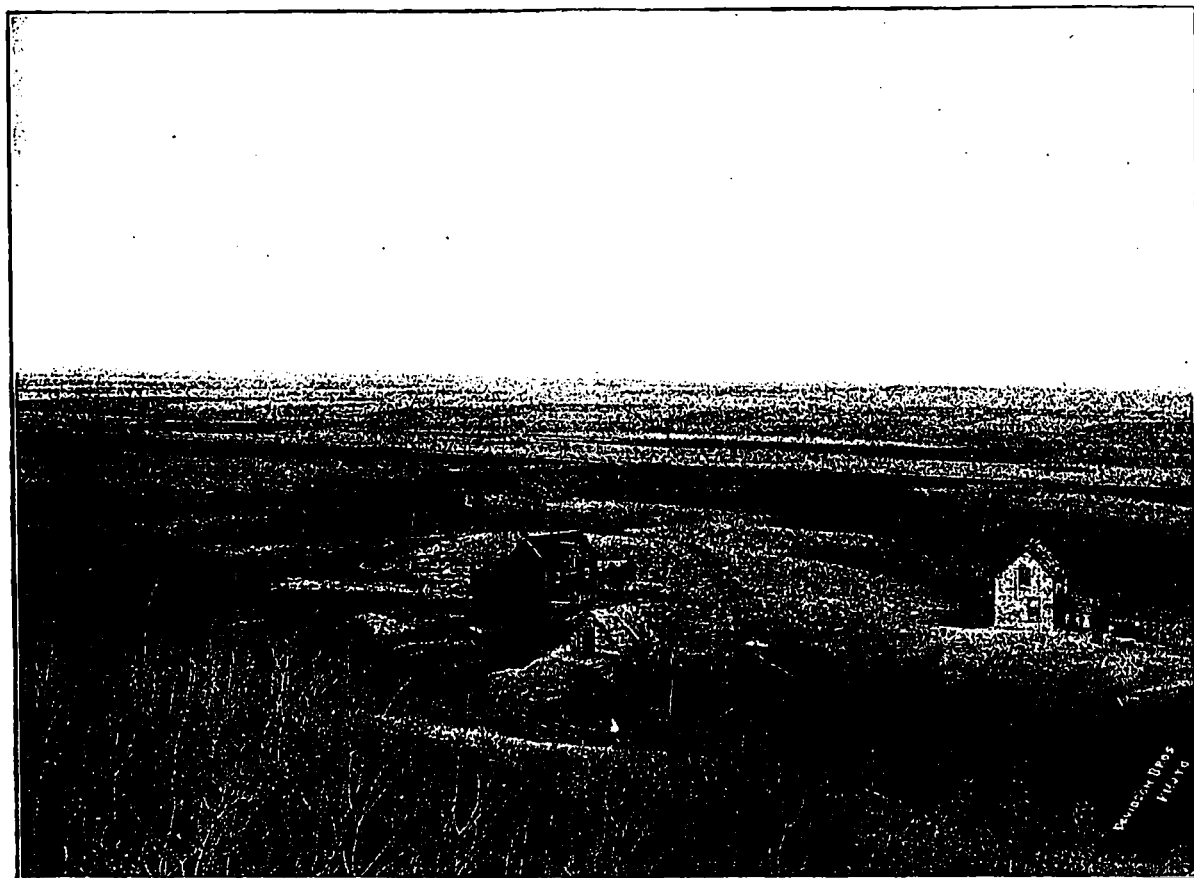
George Farrant.

If any of our readers who are acquainted with the species are curious to know what a real live Orangutan looks like in the regalia of the order let them behold the form and features

## Ups and Downs

of our young friend, George Laurent, as they are revealed to our gaze in the portrait that we are privileged to publish on the adjoining page. We are sure the spectacle is one calculated to wither the soul of Romanism and inspire the martial zeal and ardour of every follower and adherent of King William, of pious and immortal memory, and we can now realize how Orangemen look as they "walk," stagger or lie in the gutter on the glorious 12th, while the band plays "Boyne Water." We speak on the subject with bated breath, recalling the storm of indignation that we once before brought upon our devoted head by some mild remarks upon the order that appeared in the columns of UPS AND DOWNS, and by which we laid ourselves under its ban; but whatever we may think and abstain from expressing of the fraternity, we can say of our friend, George, that we are sure he is an honourable and worthy member of it, and will never bring any discredit to the uniform he wears.

The number of our older boys who are finding their way just now to the North-West with the harvest labourers' excursion will give special interest to the little view we reproduce of a Manitoba farm. The Canadian North-West is a country of the richest promise, and we both heartily congratulate those of our lads who are going up at the present time and hope their example will be followed by many others in the near future. We do not exactly style ourselves colonization agents, our concern being for the colonists rather than the colony, but we never hesitate to advocate, in season and out of season, the attractions of the North-West as a rich field for the enterprise and industry of our boys, while nothing gives us greater pleasure than to contemplate the large and yearly increasing number of those who have taken up land and are settling on homesteads of their own on the magnificent virgin land of those vast western prairies, and helping in the development of what is justly described as the world's granary.



A Western Homestead.

# OUR GIRLS

## Notes and Comments

Miss Gibbs.

IN presenting our readers with the accompanying well-known face, we feel few words are needed. To all it is familiar and beloved, and to very many the link between the Home and themselves. The eleven years of self-devotion and self-forgetting love that have been so cheerfully given to the work of visiting girls and inspecting homes have won their own reward, and to the girls in Eastern Ontario the name of Miss Gibbs is a household word. Some of the older Western girls who still remember her well often wish to see her face again, and will doubtless be pleased with this opportunity of renewing their memories of past happy relations. We are sure our dear friend fully appreciates all the affection she has won, and is very thankful she has had so many opportunities of lessening human sorrow by increasing earthly joys and pointing to heavenly hopes. We would strongly commend her to the grateful love of her dear girls, and beg them to one and all be ready with a warm greeting to attend for the weary journey through summer heat and winter snow. The greeting makes a great difference to the Visitor's

impression, both of the home and the girl, so, as first impressions are usually the most permanent, we would advise all of our girls to be ready to bid their Visitor a kindly welcome.



Promptitude

ONE of the great secrets of human success is promptitude. We have to hardly open the door of a house before we know if the daily duties inside are promptly performed. The girls who come out to Canada usually desire a successful career. Let them take this secret to heart and make up their minds they will be prompt, and we think they will attain their desire. Promptness begins with the early morning. The girl who turns over for another stretch after she is called has lost her first chance of being prompt that day; if, on the other hand, she has instantly sprung out of bed the most disagreeable day of the day is over, and there is plenty of time for the rest. Prompt attention to all duties of the household, to the stove and chair, and things its own part of leisure and rest. The dishes done promptly, washed neatly, the room overhauled and tidied, and the



Miss Gibbs

would if left to get dry and sticky. Then, too, the temptation being removed, the flies will not take so much time to drive out. Prompt obedience has saved many a life, where want of that same obedience has resulted in loss, misery and death. Many a girl has no time to mend her clothes simply because she dawdles all day. She dawdled about getting up in the morning, and so had not time to make herself neat; dawdled about getting the breakfast, so that the table was all messy and untidy; dawdled about every duty till night found her still dawdling, half washed, uncombed and uncomfortable, lying down to sleep on a half-made bed. How great a contrast the prompt girl would present, with her work all done early in the afternoon and herself made neat, clean and tidy, repairing her clothing, making new, or enjoying a visit with a friend. Ten to one the prompt girl has accomplished about three times the work of the dawdler, and is now able to enjoy the rest so deserved.



THE members of the Hazel Brae household proved themselves loyal subjects of King Edward VII. on Saturday, August 9th, and kept Coronation Day as best they could. The children attended a special service at St. John's Church in the morning, and later on had tea on the lawn, which was a pretty sight, with flowers, fruit, cake, candies, etc., and some of them were vain enough of it to think that the King himself would like to have seen them. The evening passed splendidly with games, races, etc. Of course the flag was flying to keep company with many others in the town. Each child wore a bunch of red, white and blue ribbon, and each member of the staff was presented with a pretty Coronation pin. We hope all these little ones will grow up good Canadian citizens and loyal British subjects, and that they will long keep a happy memory of the King's Coronation and of the happy afternoon spent under the trees and on the pretty lawn around Hazel Brae.

MRS. REAZIN, of Linden Valley, gave a lawn party on May 31st for the Home girls of that vicinity. Perhaps some of our readers would like to know the names of the girls who were there, so I shall give them: Alice Thompson, Lily Meddings, Daisy Sillitoe, Beatrice Long, Elsie Bance, Minnie Ham, Fanny and Lizzie Meacher, Daisy Pope, Louisa and Rose Levitt, Clara Bales, Tilly Clark, Mary Kerr, Ada and Kate Jarmyn, Emily and Flora Srawley, Alice and Eunice Russon, Beatrice Oakes, Beatrice Thomas, Maud Paine, Annie and Ida Grieves and May Ferris. Several ladies came to see them, and all said they had not seen a finer lot of girls. They spent the afternoon playing games, talking, laughing and having a pleasant time generally. After lunch at six, they had some music and singing, and after thanking their hostess for a very pleasant afternoon, they all went home feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

G. Owen

### Chit-Chat.

We have quite a goodly supply of pictures this month, and pictures of good girls too, who deserve a place in our gallery.

Emily Coates, who came out in Sept., 1895, has not moved about much, most of her time being spent in one home, where she is well and happy and learning to be a useful woman.

Ada and Daisy Beresford are fortunate in being placed near each other, and as they are good girls, and so not liable to change, we hope they will enjoy this comfort for many days.

Louisa Burge, a 1899 girl, has sent us her likeness with that of the household pet of the happy home where Louisa is highly prized.

Minnie and Nellie Nevill did not come out together, but have for the last two years been near neighbours, and are now enjoying sisterly converse and we hope much for Nellie, from her old sister's counsel and example.



LIZZIE OLIVER



ADA & DAISY BERESFORD



DAISY DREWITT



MARY O'LEARY



MR & MRS JAMES BROOKER



CAROLINE MARTIN



MARIA URQUHART



MINNIE & NELLIE NEVILLE



EMILY COATES

Alice Clark (1891) is much beloved in the family where she has lived since the Spring of 1899, so that she has become quite at home there and is sharing the interests and joys of family life.

Daisy Drewitt (Sept., 1895) is highly esteemed by the large family of which she forms a part, and is herself well content to be counted as one of the children.

Maria Urquhart is a bright, skilful, womanly girl, who has had good training in neatness and all domestic arts, and promises to be quite one of our best girls.

Mary Ann Hughes has grown quite womanly, and when last visited was enjoying the privileges of a Christian home, which she seemed to appreciate most highly.

The bride and bridegroom are Mr. and Mrs. James Brooker. Mrs. Brooker as Sarah Harrison has won a good record for herself. Mr. Brooker is brother to Mr. Chas. Brooker who married our little Milly Bishop two years ago. We heartily congratulate them on their marriage, and hope a life of usefulness and joy will be their future lot.

Mabel M. Bastable, who with her sister Grace came to Canada in Sept., 1899, has for the last few months been on a farm in the neighbourhood of Bewdley, where she has a good home and shares many privileges with the family.

Caroline Martin, of Oct., 1897, party, has a good home near Port Hope. Some of her friends, we think, will be glad to see her picture.

Sarah Woolley, one of the July, 1899, party, has been placed in Lindsay for nearly two years. She is growing a big, stout girl and learning in many ways to be quite useful.

Mary O'Leary came to Canada in Oct., 1896, and has earned a good honest character in the home she has had near Almont. She is now contemplating a trip home to England, but will probably be glad to come back again to Canada when she has had the satisfaction of seeing her mother.

Lizzie Oliver has had just two years' experience in Canada in a farm home near Hastings, and with patience and perseverance we hope she will overcome some of the difficulties and learn to be a good trustworthy servant.

It is always a pleasure to hear about our old girls doing well, and just as we go to press the former mistress of one, writing for another girl, tells us that Florence Atkins, an old Heartsease girl who came to Canada in 1889 and, after living in one family for six years, married in December, 1895, a young man named Day, who is a devoted and affectionate husband and a good Christian man. Mr. and Mrs. Day are now living in Michigan, where he is holding a good position in the car shops worth \$15 a week. Mrs. Day is delighted with the country, and keeps writing to her husband's father and mother to come and make their home with them.

Of another her late mistress writes :

Daisy was really splendid with the children and a very willing worker. She got married from my house on the 6th of May. Her young man called for her in a cab, and they certainly looked very nice. She had a splendid outfit for a girl in her position, and has now a very comfortable home, I believe, though I have not been to see her yet. She has been in to see me and the children a number of times, and seems quite happy. She has a good husband. The one and only thing I regret about her marriage is that she was so young.

An old friend, writing for a neighbour says :

If you could send them one as nice as you sent us I am sure they would appreciate her well, for I assure you we appreciate ours very much. We like her and think of her as our own. She is just as much of a comfort to us as ever and, in fact, more, and also her little brother. He is quite a nice little lad. They both go to Sunday school and church nearly every Sunday.

Among the beautiful lakes and wild country of Muskoka we have a few little girls boarded out; but more especially we must mention some of the elder ones who went there as little children and are now growing up into young womanhood. Mary Smith, Annie Poyner, Kate Trow, Edith Holms (of 1894 party) and Janet Marshall, Eliza Steptenson, Selina

Harris (of Sept., 1897, party) have all remained in the district since they were boarded out, and Miss Gibbs, who has visited them this summer, reports well of each one; and others of more recent date we hope to mention another time with the same satisfaction.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I was at St. John's Church yesterday and saw three of our girls in one seat. They looked well and conducted themselves nicely in church during the service. Mrs. S —, who has applied for a girl, told me that she has several children in the class she teaches in the Sunday school who are from the Home, and she speaks highly of their conduct in school and their attention to their lessons. Faithfully yours, J. McLEAN.

The little girls referred to in this letter are all boarded-out. Another child has gone to that neighbourhood, and says: "I like my new home, and I had a tea party the first day I got here.

Mr. E. O. White, who has been doing some special work in Hasting County, writes of others:

I am glad to tell you that I have nothing but pleasing intelligence of the little girls placed in this neighbourhood last summer. The Presbyterian minister here, and also the Baptist, both tell me they often see the children, and they have every reason to believe they are happy and well cared for by their foster-parents. The little girl who returned to you for treatment is a great favourite. The gentleman told me himself on Saturday he felt quite lonely without her and hoped she would soon be returning. He has bought her an organ to play, and I am told she is displaying quite a taste for music.

Sarah Waters (Oct., 1900), age ten and a half, is a sweet, happy child, cared for by a Christian lady of means as tenderly as if her own child. Beautiful home; Christian family.

A goodly number of correspondents have contributed to our pages this issue. Some of the letters we can give in full; from others we must content ourselves with extracts.

Mary Ellen Rowe tells us she is getting on well in her second place.

My mistress treats me just as if I were one of the family, and she is teaching me to do housework. I go to church and Sunday school every week when it is fine. I have a new Sunday school teacher, and like her very much.

Jessie Johnson tells us that she is making in the county and that the rabbits has picking berries, hunting eggs, and

caring for the poultry, which seems to suffer from the inroad of those very disagreeable country visitors, the skunks. Jessica was always plump, and as she tells us she weighed eighty-eight pounds when she first went to her place and now weighs one hundred and nineteen pounds, we are beginning to feel alarmed about her dimensions.

Katherine Whelan writes from her new home in Sault Ste. Marie and tells us how well she is getting on. She is getting good wages and wisely putting a good deal of her money in the bank. She says, "I have made up my mind to save for a time"—a very wise resolution, which we would recommend to other girls as an example.

Louisa Lewis has had a pleasant visit with her former employer at Hillier, and seems to have returned to her duties strengthened and refreshed, for she says, "I am getting along with the work nicely; it was hard at first but I soon got used to it."

Rosina Dix is very pleased with her home, and specially so with a dear wee baby girl whom she says is "awfully good." She also enjoys the Church services, of which she says, "I like it very much; it makes me think of the old times in England." We hope Rosina will love the service for its own sake and find a real joy in it.

Ada Goddard says:

I feel I should write a few lines to URS AND DOWNS. I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here, as I think Canada is such a glorious place to live in. I am as happy as a bird. I do enjoy the letters from the boys and girls in URS AND DOWNS. I am glad that I am never ashamed to tell anyone that I am a Home girl. I have a friend who is from the same Home as myself. We both go to the Baptist church and Sunday school. We are going away this summer to Stoney Lake, so this is to be a busy month getting ready. I have been with Mrs. Smith nearly two and a half years, and I hope to stay as long as I can and win a good name. I think there are some girls who will remember me when they see my name at the end of this letter. With love to all my girl friends, ADA GODDARD.

Charlie Butch, one of our old girls, has written lately. After some messages from her mother she says:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am pleased to hear that you are all well. I am writing you

MARY A. HUGHES



LOUISA BURGE  
AND  
MRS. LUARD'S LITTLE GIRL



ALICE CLARK



MABEL M.  
BASTABLE



SARAH WOOLLEY



Old Country. I came across the ocean thirteen years ago now in August, and came to Mrs. Parry in September, and have been here ever since. They have a dear little boy three years old, and the sweetest baby girl ten months old. They seem very near to me, and I love them dearly. My brother, George, lived her with me nine years; but he has been in Manitoba three years farming for himself, and I am lonely without him. I was greatly grieved and disappointed when the young man I was about to marry in a few months was called home to Heaven, for I am sure he is there. He was a good Christian boy, and was prepared to go. The Lord knows what is best for us. That is nearly two years ago now, and my brother is all I have left to cling to now. I can hardly bear the thought of him so far away, but he wanted to go and thought he could do better there than here. I hope some day we shall all meet where partings are no more. I read a letter from Mr. Godfrey in the December number of UPS AND DOWNS. It pleased me very much to read it and see the picture of him. I should very much have liked to see him when he was in Canada. Goodbye, from one of your girls,

CAROLINE BURCH.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I now write to thank you for sending me the UPS AND DOWNS and to tell you how I am getting on. I had a very happy birthday. I will tell you how many presents I had given to me. My mistress gave me a splendid apron, Miss Dorothy, the youngest daughter, gave me a pretty pin and a nice thick book and a lovely plant in full bloom. Miss Vulliamy gave me a lovely English dictionary and reckoner, and Mrs. Marshall gave me a nice book called "John Halifax" and wished me to go and work for her when she is old and to spend my holidays with her. I have the kindest and best of mistresses. Just think, I have not been scolded *once* in all the six months I have been here. I have one fault, that is my memory; but I am beating it slowly but surely. I please her in every way, especially in the cooking. I am very fond of *that*, and also of flowers, of which there are plenty. I do wish you could see me now. My dear mistress leaves me and trusts me. If ever there is a happy feeling it is to feel you are trusted. My mistress will also have a good report to give when some one comes to visit me. I am quite a different girl. Her daughters are all so kind to me. Is it not lovely to have peace after so much war, and that the King is getting better. We should be in a sad fix if we lost him. With the exception of a few warm days June here was so cold and terribly wet; July is enough to roast a person. I am as happy as I can be. I just love being in Canada; it is a first rate country. I do not want to go back to England; it would seem so dull after this freedom. I hope you are all in good health at Hazel Brae. I remain, yours respectfully,

LIZZIE COLE.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I have not seen you and did not answer your letter before. I do thank you for giving me such a lovely picture.

There are no men here. There is just Grandpa, Mother, Della and myself, so I have quite a nice time of it. I call Mrs. S. my mother, as she is so good to me, and just like a mother, and I have not one myself. Dear Miss Loveday, Mother told me to tell you that I am improving, but sometimes I make mistakes; but then I try and do better afterwards. I am learning to do a lot of housework. Mother said I can bake lovely cakes. I made one on Saturday. I made a radish bed in the spring and looked after it all myself, and now we are using them, and Mother says they are the loveliest radishes she ever did see; some of them are as big as crab-apples. I help to do quite a lot in the garden, such as picking potato bugs and picking fruit. I was picking gooseberries to-day, and I have them pretty nearly all picked. Dear Miss Loveday, I am going to Toronto in August on a little visit, which I will enjoy. I have been here ever since I came to Canada, and that is two years. I came out in June, 1900. I take the UPS AND DOWNS. I like them very much. Will you please tell me when my subscription runs out, so that I can subscribe for it again? I am going berry-picking this summer. Would it be too much trouble for you to send me these two girls' addresses, as they were my chums and I would like to write to them? Their names are Daisy Kibble and Annie Finerman. If not, will you send them to me, and if it is, do not bother. I would very much like to have them. I have a brother out here with me. He is at Marathon P.O. I am going to do up the fruit this year. I see Beatrice Woodford and Lizzie Wetherley nearly every day. Everybody says I am growing tall. I hope Dr. Barnardo is in good health. I got the picture book which was sent to me for Christmas. It was called *Bubbles*. I liked it very much. I made a wrapper all myself this spring and knit enough lace for a whole suit of underwear. I am yours truly,

ANN DAVIS.

Florence Sanson writes very tenderly about the death of a dear little girl in her employer's family whom she evidently loved most dearly:

I will now write a few lines on a different subject. I hope I am not taking up too much time, but I thought I would say a few words about myself. I came out to Canada in the year 1895, and this is my first place. I have been here six years this August, and I think I have done well. I am going to try and stay as long as I can, if all things go well. I am sorry I am not taking UPS AND DOWNS this year. I feel so lonely without it. I do not forget the dear Home and I hope our dear Doctor is quite well at present, as I have not heard much about him. I was very sorry I did not get down to meet the girls in Toronto and enjoy Mrs. Owen's Espachy, but I was down with Mr. Thompson, so I could not. I shut Ellen, and this year I am going to try and stop, but if it if I can get someone to take me there I can see a visit. I'll very soon be back about our noble King, as I know all my world.

rejoicing that he has passed through such a severe illness so quickly and is astonishing everyone by his wonderful recovery. I must now close my letter to a close. From your loving friend,  
FLORENCE ATKINSON.

Alice Weeks, who seemed to be threatened with deafness, writes very cheerfully:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—This is the first time I have written to you, so I will tell you all I can. I am very happy here, and have a very good mistress. I am pleased to be able to tell you that my hearing is better, although not quite restored. I saw a paragraph in UPS AND DOWNS about Maud Adams, and was pleased to see how well she is getting on. She used to be in my cottage. I received the Motto and Scripture Union Card, and was very pleased with them. I go to the Methodist church when I can hear well enough, and other times my mistress and I read our Bibles at home. I wonder if there are any Clement girls left now. Little Florrie Vallins was the only one when I left. If she is still there, please give her my love. I like living on a farm very much; after living in the city all my life things here seem very strange. When I first saw little chicks I nearly went crazy over them, and I always used to be peeping at them and calling them "such dear little things." I have a little pet lamb too, which I feed with milk every day. He lives out in a field with three calves, and when he sees me coming he runs as fast as he can, and that is fast. Sometimes he gives me a good butt; still I do not mind this. Please give my love to the ladies. I do not think I have any more to tell this time. I remain, yours truly,  
ALICE WEEKS.

Jane Boulwood tells us of her happy life and pleasant home. She seems quite pleased with Canada, and says:

I thank Dr. Barnardo for taking me into his home. I cannot thank him enough for it. We are building a barn and have lots of men here, so my mistress and I are very busy. Your friend,  
JANE BOULTWOOD.

Florence Atkinson has sent us her photograph with the following letter. Her picture is a pleasant one, but it would not make a good copy, so we

shall not be able to give our readers the benefit of it, which we regret very much, for Florence is a good girl and likely to be a credit to us.

DEAR MADAM, I am just writing a few lines to you, as I thought you would be expecting a letter from me. I received UPS AND DOWNS. I always have to skip over the principal parts and look at the letters directly it comes. I saw a letter from Dorothy Altria and Maria Urquhart. Dorothy mentioned everyone's name that was living in our boarding-out place except mine. I also saw Mary Hutchinson's picture. She came to Canada at the same time that I did. I will tell you that I have in my garden a whole lot of sunflowers, so many I hardly know what to do with them, and some sweetwilliams and several other things. I had also a little chicken, and my master named it the dancing master because it always used to dance before it would eat; but something happened to it. The cat and dog are always running after me, so they call them mine. I have a white lawn dress trimmed with embroidery. My mistress made it for me and tucked it and made it very nice, and my hat is trimmed with white chiffon and flowers. I hope it will be fine so that I may wear it. I must close now with love. One of your many girls, F. MARY ATKINSON.

Emily Crouch writes about her summer joys, which we hope will interest her many friends.

MY DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I have been losing my teeth this spring, which shows I am getting quite an old woman. I have had a good time this summer. We had a strawberry festival at Mrs. Dawson's. It was very nice. Lots of people came. We all had our tea first, then we had singing and some ladies spoke nice pieces. There were some lovely vases of flowers on the tables, four big ones for eating off and others to cut the cake and hold the baskets. I had my picture taken up at the school. My mistress and Mrs. B— took it. All the children were taken. We have had some fearful storms here. There have been lots of trees rooted up and barns blown off the stone-work. We got off pretty safely; only a little water in our cellar. We have lots of poultry and a dear wee colt and a cat and kitten. I go to church and Sunday school and get a paper every Sunday and a library book. Your loving,  
EMILY CROUCH.

## Toronto Topics

THE more "Toronto Topics" will be rather short and unsatisfactory. When folks will go holiday making they cannot attend to their business properly, though, as usual, our kind friend, Miss Kennedy, has stepped into the breach and acted a mother's part to my girls. But the writer is not the only person out on holiday; several of our city girls are away also, some in Muskoka, others at the Island, while

mer resort near Fort Carling, perched upon a high cliff among the trees, overlooking the lake on two sides, so that they can see all the steamboats and small craft passing by. We hear that they are having a very lively time and enjoying themselves thoroughly, besides giving satisfaction in their work. Of Alice Parsons, at Milford Bay, we have also heard good accounts, and Alice is spending a very pleasant



Mabel Williamson.

Roach's Point, Jackson's Point and Balmy Beach also claim their share. Some have even gone farther afield and crossed the ocean. Of these Louisa Mackey has been away for two months, Bessie Kitton is about leaving and we do not yet know whether she will come back to us or not. Beatrice Picknell was hoping to go, but has deferred her visit until next year. Of those in Muskoka, Rose Gyde and Elmer Hall are together at Fenelon, a large sum-

mer and has been very happy with with Mrs Orson. Ada Newlands, at Dudley, is in no danger of being made a dull boy like Jack, for she gets more play than work. But so long as it does not spoil her for later on the score of health that she will lay up will be of benefit to her in the future. Helen Mitchell and Frawce Williams are also up north. The latter, who has only once before been rather unwell, at her recent experience of going

a nice rest and change, that is already bringing back the roses to her cheeks. Catherine Noble, Florence Black, Agnes Cutler, Bessie Brand and several others are also in Muskoka on long visits, while Mary Peterson and Mabel Williamson have both made short stays up here. Alice Kelly also had her first holiday after six years' hard work, and went home looking altogether a different person.

Among those who have changed in the city we find the names of Maud Hobson, Lydia Grimwood, Violet Smith, Mary Bailey and Fanny Donnelly. Evelyn Smith has returned to the city, and, we hear, is looking much better and stronger for her stay at Oakville. Alice Cornish has returned to the country, and Georgina Grimes has also moved. Mabel Green has gone to live with her brother at Collingwood.

There seems to be quite a rage for trying "factory work" once more; but, as before, the girls continue to find that it does not answer. One of our girls, whom we will call by the much used name of Maria, left her place as soon as the writer was out of the city to go to "factory work." She found that, as in most other factories, she had to work two weeks before receiving any money. As long as her wages lasted it was all right, but when the work of the factory became distasteful to her and the money got used up, and she found that the rule of the boarding house was "pay before you sleep," she was very glad to accept the offer of a kind woman to stay with her and help her with her house-work, which was the most sensible thing she could do; and we hope that she has had a lesson which will have the effect of settling her down to house-work, which, after all, is the best and safest position for a young girl who has no parents living in the city. If only our girls would believe it, domestic service is the very best calling that they can follow for a thoroughly good servant is of more value in a house, and adds more to the comfort of it, than anything else, and it is no disgrace, but a high honour, to spend one's life in helping to make other people comfortable, and you would be astonished to find how much

is said in the Bible about it, if you would only take the trouble some day to look it up. It would be a very interesting and profitable study.

The great event of the summer is always the picnic, which we held on Wednesday, June 18th. After much searching about for a better spot, we came to the conclusion that we could not improve on Lambton Park; but were again met by another difficulty in the shape of a street car strike. The Editor, however, was equal to the occasion, as to all others, with the result that we all went out on a special train from the Union Station. There were about ninety-five present, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the usual accompaniments of games and tea. The refreshments were, as usual, brought out by Mr. Jordan, and were done full justice to, after which the guests were requested to group themselves about the table, and a large photograph was taken by Mr. Rosevear, which has proved to be a most successful picture. On reaching the Union Station, we were met by two large brakes, which conveyed the girls to their various destinations.

Talking of picnics, perhaps the girls would like to hear of one that was given to the little Home boys who are living around Bala. They arrived about two o'clock, dressed in their Sunday best and boots, and after some games on the beach and in the bushes and a swim in the lake, they all came up to the house and tea was served on the verandah. Then there were races and tag and romping about until good night time came, when each little chap had a bag of candies and a five-cent piece. One little fellow said he had not been out to tea for a whole year, and seemed immensely happy, notwithstanding the fact that his boots occasionally ran away with him and were at all times rather hard to control.

EMILIE G. OWEN.

THE CHILD, whose portrait adorns the adjoining page, is, we think our readers will agree, not a bad specimen of our Toronto family. Ethel complains that her photograph makes her look "so old," but at fourteen this is



Ethel Humble.

hardly as serious a grievance as it might be later. We are sufficiently in Ethel's confidence to have ascertained that her present modest ambition is to be a hospital nurse and marry a doctor, the latter interesting consummation to be attained when she is twenty-two. We hope it will all come to pass, and that they will be happy ever after, but meanwhile we think we may assure Ethel that she is a good, useful, noble, maid and very comfortable and con-

tented in her present home. Mr. Owen might have given further particulars of Ethel's position and prospects, but being absent in Muskoka, where she is entertaining a houseful of young people, including a succession of her Toronto girls, the Editor has had to depend upon his more limited source of information, and if he has made any mistake in minor details, Ethel can put him right before the next number.

## Our Sunday Hour

It is wise will render these things

"Brethren, you may depend upon it that you cannot be Christians by mere tradition or mere respectability. You will have to choose to be Christians. Let the figure of Christ, our Master, personal and living as of old, be before your eyes. He lays upon you a claim of service: varying as His vocations are various, as your faculties are various; but upon all of you He lays the same claim of service, of purity, of sacrifice, of brotherhood. He will make His yoke easy and His burden light, in manifold ways, as His consolations are manifold, but in proportion as you take His yoke and accept His burden with thorough loyalty. If you will to be His disciple, He will enrich your life, He will purge it of its pollution, He will conquer your lusts, He will enlighten your mind, He will deepen in you all that is generous and rich and brotherly and true and just. He will make your life worth having, yea, increasingly worth having, as you gain in experience of His power and His love, even to the end. He will touch your sufferings and your labours with the glory of His sympathy; He will deepen your hopes for yourselves and others with the security of an eternal prospect. At the last He will purify and perfect and welcome you. Only do not make the fatal mistake of imagining that your life is Christian anyhow, or that it can be Christian by any other process than by your deliberate and courageous acceptance of the law of Christ, because you desire to be His disciple." *Bishop Gore, "Bampton Lectures," 1891.*

"Faith in God in the modern world depends on believing in Christ. 'He that hath the Son hath the Life; he that hath not the Son hath not the Life.' In ancient times, narrow local conceptions of Deity rendered it comparatively easy for the pious warriors of Palestine to trust in the Lord. They were troubled with few habits because they had but

little knowledge. But now the veil has been lifted up. Man knows the whole world, and his views are extended into the infinity around him. The idea of God has been growing from age to age, until now it is so great that man's heart is losing its hold on the Divine personality and providence. The uniformity of the laws of force has weakened the belief in a Living God working in the creation, and the disorder of events in the moral system has completed the scepticism which physical science had begun. Between the order of nature and the disorder of the human world men are bewildered, and find God to be a shadow that escapes them in the all-surrounding darkness. It is for these last days that Heaven has reserved the Incarnation of the Word. In Jesus Christ we 'see the Father' once more. We regain our hold on that Power which wields the energies of creation, and 'manages our mean affairs.' Full of grace and truth, He reveals God as a Person, as a present Providence, as a redeeming Mercy, as the Most Righteous Judge Eternal; and we return to sit at His feet, after all our hard lessons in science and history, crying out as we look up into His God-lit countenance, 'LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO? THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE.'"  
*Edward White, "Life in Christ."*

"The real point which concerns us all, is not whether our sin be of one kind or of another, more or less venial, or more or less mischievous in man's judgment, and to our worldly interests; but whether we struggle against all sin because it is sin; whether we have or have not placed ourselves consciously under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in Him, cleaving to Him, feeding on Him by faith daily, and so resolved, and continually renewing our resolution, to be His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end."  
*Extract from last sermon preached by Dr. Arnold at Kuzby*

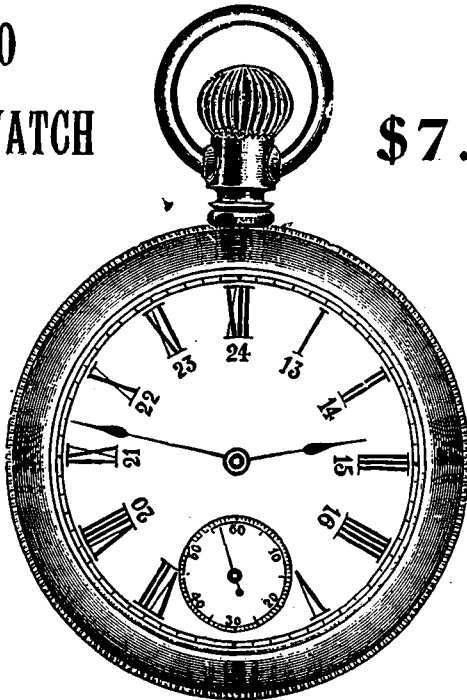


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