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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. I.—No. 11.

TORONTO, JUNE 1ST, 1896.

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BREEZE, JAS.	Meaford	Grey	March, '93
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TORONTO, JUNE 1ST, 1896.

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

CANADIAN air is at present full of politics, and most of our boys will have caught the infection of the prevailing excitement and are Conservatives or Liberals or McCarthites or Patrons, as the case may be. Furthermore, not a few among our readers are voters and will be exercising the privilege of citizenship at the polls on the 23rd of June. We don't feel at liberty to surmise which way most of these votes will be cast. UPS AND DOWNS is not a political publication and we are no pronounced advocate of one party or the other, and we only advise our boys against being carried away by any cheap party clap-trap, and to try and think out for themselves the public questions that are dividing the present political parties and form their opinions intelligently and conscientiously.

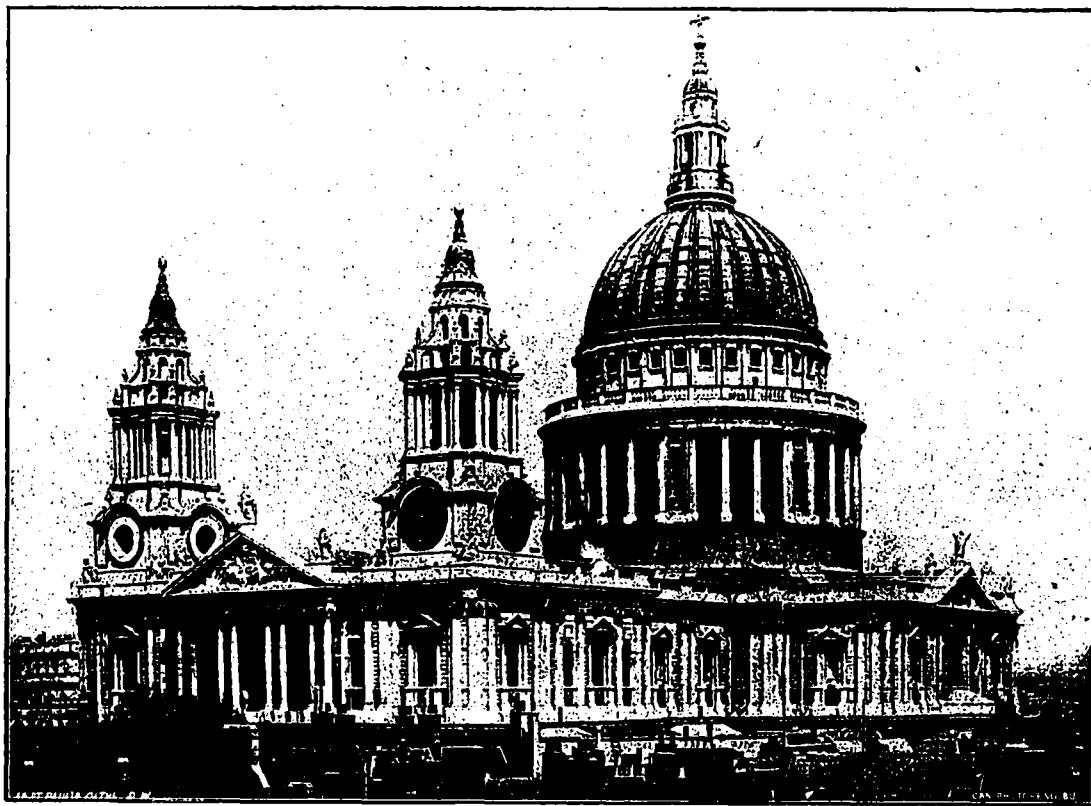
As far as concerns the relations of the two principal parties and their leaders to our work we may say, that one party we know, and the other we have yet to prove. The Conservative party has been in office since Dr. Barnardo first commenced his immigration work on its present lines, and our dealings with the Government, which are often of a very important character and materially affect our success, have all been with a Conservative Ministry. As the result of our fourteen years' experience we can do no other than bear testimony to the generous consideration and support that has been accorded to the work of Dr. Barnardo; and whatever may be the faults and shortcomings of the Conservative administration, they have deserved nothing but well of ourselves as a body. The support we have received and the friendly spirit that has been shown to our

work has not been from any self-interested motives. We have had no "wires to pull" or influence to bring to bear, but the Government has closely examined and supervised our methods and our results, and, having satisfied themselves that we are doing good work for the country, they have done all in their power to strengthen our hands and to facilitate our efforts.

Sir Charles Tupper, the present Premier, has shown himself a warm supporter of Dr. Bar-

kindred institutions are performing in this country, but also to say that after the most careful investigation into the progress and management of this great undertaking, the people of Canada have learned and come to the conclusion that the criticisms which have been unwisely and unnecessarily applied in certain quarters to this great and important work, have not had that foundation in fact that any such criticisms ought to have had. . . . I can conceive no effort more calculated to benefit England, no effort more calculated to benefit these great and important dependencies of the Crown across the ocean, than the God-like work in which Dr. Barnardo and his colleagues are engaged."

After such testimony and expressions of opinion as these, we have little fear of any Government of which Sir Charles Tupper is the head, or in which his influence predominates, taking up a hostile attitude to our work or lending themselves to any miserable prejudice or attack upon us. As a party, the Conservatives have shown that they recognize that Canada, with its vast areas and boundless undeveloped resources, is crying out for population to build up a great and prosperous country, and to enable her to take the position to which she is entitled among the nations of the world. They have made vigorous and successful efforts to encourage and attract immigration, and while there has been no lack of precautions against the influx of an undesirable population, there has been a ready and generous support extended to any movement that gave promise of bringing to the country people of the right sort, who are likely to assist in developing its wealth and resources. If Dr. Barnardo had been doing or attempting to do what our opponents charge us with—"dumping" upon the country people of vicious



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nardo and the Institution, and, during the term of his High Commissionership has, on numerous occasions, publicly identified himself with the work. The following were his words in the course of an eloquent and powerful speech delivered at the 27th annual meeting of the Institution, held in the Albert Hall in June, 1893:—"I have no hesitation in saying that I am proud as the representative of Canada to stand here to-night and not only to bear my testimony and that of the people of Canada to the great and good work which Dr. Barnardo's Home and

and depraved character, or unsound in mind or body—he would have had no countenance from the Conservative Government, but they have appreciated the fact that his work is of the highest importance and benefit to the Dominion, and their policy towards us has been at once generous and statesmanlike.

* *

How we should fare under a change of Government we have no means of knowing. We read the other day in a paper that professes to be an influential organ of the Liberal party,—and that at the same time never loses an opportunity of making an attack upon Dr. Barnardo and his boys—that “when the Liberals attain to power they will prohibit the traffic, root and branch.” By the “traffic” is meant the affording to our boys and girls a chance of starting themselves in life and earning a decent, honest, independent livelihood, in a country where there is ample room for them all, and where there is a large and growing demand for their labour. If the statement is true—which we utterly refuse to believe that it is—it means that in deference to the clamour of a small section of the community, composed chiefly of men who have comparatively little stake in the country and who regard public questions from the narrowest standard of partisanship, thousands of young people of deserving character and possessing all the qualifications for useful citizenship, shall be shut out from promising careers; and that, under the ban of pauperism, they shall be excluded from an opportunity of raising themselves in the world by their own honest efforts. We refuse to believe that any party commanding the confidence of the majority of the Canadian people would commit or even contemplate such a wrong, or would be guilty of the political folly of driving away from the Dominion a class of people whose records prove them to be such as the country most needs for its successful development.

* *

As regards the public questions of the day upon which the country will have to pronounce its verdict, they constitute a field of discussion which it is hardly prudent for us to enter. I hope, however, I may be pardoned for saying that personally, and looking at the political situation apart entirely from Dr. Barnardo's work and the interests of our boys, I cannot help feeling my sympathies drawn to the party which has controlled the destinies of Canada for the past eighteen years. I believe Sir Charles Tupper to be a loyal, able and sagacious statesman. He has an intimate knowledge and ripe experience of Canadian affairs, and is in closest touch with the many and diversified interests and aspirations of the various sections of the community. Furthermore, he is a man of undoubted loyalty to the Crown and to the British connection, and with Sir Charles Tupper directing the policy of the country there is not only little fear of any weakening of the ties that bind Canada to the Mother Country, but the fullest guarantee that Canada will look for and receive her share in the “heritage of empire.” He has in his Cabinet a number of gifted men of tried administrative ability, and at whose hands we may safely look for good government and public honesty. I confess I should be ready to leave the settlement of the vexed Manitoba School Question in the hands of Sir Charles Tupper and his colleagues, believing them to be more likely than any other party to find a means of reconciling the, at present, clashing claims of Federal and Provincial authorities and the deeper and more bitter antagonism of the Protestant and Roman Catholic interests. It seems clear that the rights of the minorities, whether those of the

Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba or of the Protestant minority in Quebec, which they have enjoyed since Federation, and which have been declared to be theirs by the decision of the highest legal tribunal in the Empire, must be secured to them at all costs. How to secure the minority in Manitoba in the enjoyment of these rights and avoid rousing, or rather how to allay, the storm of fanatical and sectarian strife, is a problem for Canadian statesmanship which the present Government is, in my opinion, more likely to solve successfully than any other. Where I find it more difficult to follow Sir Charles Tupper is in the protective policy with which his party is so closely identified. Free trade, the removal of all barriers and restrictions between either individuals or nations, leaving to every man the right to spend his money in the cheapest market or any market he likes, seems to me the soundest and only legitimate policy for any country. A high protective tariff undoubtedly fosters manufacturing interests, and will probably build up, as it has done in the United States, a few colossal fortunes; but it means wealth at the expense of the commonwealth; and free trade, the free trade of Cobden and John Bright, such as Great Britain has grown rich and prosperous under, seems to me to promise the greatest good to the greatest number. Canada at present does not seem to think so, and it is not likely that under either party will there be much more than a “tinkering” with the tariff, which only means worrying and disturbing existing industries; but I have faith enough in the great principle of free trade to believe that many of our boys will live to see it adopted as the policy of the Dominion and of the great Republic on her borders.

* *

From free trade to bicycles is rather a far cry, but we have heard so much of them during the past month that Echoes of the Month would be incomplete without some mention of “the wheel.” We are afraid to hazard a guess as to the number of letters we have received on the subject or how many hundreds of dollars have been paid away by our boys in the purchase of wheels during the past month, but we know they have made some tremendous inroads into bank accounts, and “still they come.” We suppose they afford an immense amount of enjoyment, and it would perhaps seem ill-natured to give our candid opinion on these purchases, but we do beg our boys who have got a little money saved up as the fruit of months or years of hard work, to think once and again before they spend a big pile of dollars in one of these machines. It is a case of “lightly go” in these transactions, but there has been no “lightly come” before it, and our advice to boys about to buy bicycles, if not the same as Punch's to those about to marry, is at any rate to ponder well whether seventy-five or a hundred dollars in the bank, gaining interest and accumulating for use in the future, is not better worth having than a “Comet” or a “Wanderer” or a “Columbia,” or any other popular brand.

* *

Will our friends bear in mind that we have still a few bright little lads in the Home between 11 and 13 years of age for whom we are anxious to secure good places, and further, that during the month of July we expect to receive another large detachment of boys from the English Homes, ranging in age from 10 to 17? We are open to receive applications, and shall be glad to have the help of our boys in making known to any farmers in their localities, who are likely to need boys, that this supply will be forthcoming.

Alfred B. Owen

Manitoba Farm Notes

The month of May has been a busy period on the farm, and the gangs of fresh young labourers under their different foremen, among whom we may mention the veterans, George Fisher, Henry Pettitt, John Brown, Walter Pearson, and Joseph Gartlan, have been experiencing a great diversity of employment from spreading fertilizers on the fields, cleaning up the winter collection of debris, to the more interesting work of ploughing, harrowing and putting in the grain with the press drills. A few of the Scotsman lads have taken to the ploughing very kindly, but naturally the greater part of this work has devolved upon a few old hands who have established a record for putting in an honest day's work and doing it well. Woodward, Ruddick, Mercer, and Howard are honoured by belonging to this class, and are setting an example to the new-comers which they will do well to follow.

* *

The well-known cream collecting wagon was started out on its round through the Minniska country on the 14th of the month, and by the first of June the creamery will be under full way. William Walton, the well-known clerk and storekeeper at the farm, who came to Canada from Newcastle in 1891, has charge of the important work of collecting cream, and is so far pleasing the patrons and the creamery superintendent as well.

The live stock department is flourishing; nearly 100 fine, strong, black-faced lambs are frisking about on the rich green sward behind their anxious mothers; a carload of excellent white pigs left the farm on the 18th by special stock train for the Winnipeg Packing House, and Gilbert Bishop may well be proud of the condition of his great herd of Shorthorn cows and the rollicking band of calves, all hand fed, leaving the sheds each morning for the great prairie pasture. While on the live stock question I wonder do all the “old timers,” those who came and lived in the country during the days of the buffalo, when looking over the fine herds of domestic cattle, so rapidly increasing in this part of the Dominion, contrast, like the writer, the systems in vogue in those days in handling the indigenous herds, with the practices of civilization now in force; and any person sceptical as to the future of the live stock interest in the great Canadian West, should either look back or read up the statistics as to the thousands upon thousands of those valuable animals which the grasses of the western plains sustained in the years gone by, in spite of the almost constant attacks made upon them by the Indians and wild beasts of the river valleys and hills. The buffalo or bison is supposed at one time to have had as a pasture lot the greater part of the United States and about one-quarter of what is now the Dominion of Canada; in the United States it is said not to have roamed the country east of the Hudson River, nor east of Lake Champlain; old explorers, however, report having seen herds as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.

As it is only of the old buffalo ranges of Canada that the writer has any personal knowledge, we will begin by stating on the authority of old hunters, that Great Slave Lake was about as far north as the buffalo ever roamed, while to the south, with an utter disregard for International boundaries or barriers of any kind which the few remaining animals of the species show to this day, great herds are said to have regularly and systematically changed their feeding-grounds from the Little Souris district down into the far south of what is now known

as the State of South Dakota. Old plain hunters tell us that they recognized in old days, two grand divisions of the buffalo, that of the "Red River and Grand Coteau de Missouri," whose feeding ground has been described, and that of the "Saskatchewan," which wintered between the two great rivers of that name and moved south in the spring, in June crossing the Qu'Appelle valley and proceeding still south, the eastern flank often coming near the western flank of the Red River herd, which at that season of the year would be coming north and returning to the western slopes of the Turtle Mountain, into the valley of the Yellowstone River in Montana, and thence along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains back to their Canadian wintering ground.

Our readers, being largely young farmers, will be quite aware of the fact that a change of pasture is most desirable in running either a large herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, and will not be surprised when they are told that these great herds of buffalo, having no scientific breeders to examine the grasses for them and direct as to a change of feed, appear to have been given a wonderful instinct which guided each division year after year, and with such regularity as to time that experienced hunters, except in years when prairie fires had destroyed the grasses, could tell with accuracy the district in which the herd would be found in any month of the year. For nearly a century buffalo hunting was one of the principal occupations of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts; indeed, it would have been very difficult for the great trading companies operating in the country to have kept up their large establishments had it not been for the buffalo which furnished their employees with a constant supply of either fresh meat, dried meat or pemican.

Great preparations were made each spring for the campaign of the year, which, being carried on largely in the territory of the hostile Sioux Indians, who resented, and we now think quite rightly, the wasteful invasions of the half-breed hunters and their many Indian allies, necessitated careful organization and strict discipline. A president was first elected by the hunters making up the party, and this executive officer appointed captains of the hunt, while under these captains were a body of police, about ten for each captain, whose duties were to see that the laws of the hunt were faithfully carried out.

The rules in the very early days were most rigorous; for instance, according to tradition, in 1849 if a man ran a buffalo for the purpose of killing it before orders were issued for the commencement of the hunt, as punishment for the first offence his saddle and bridle were cut to pieces, and for a second offence his clothing was cut off his back. In later days, fines were imposed upon the law-breakers. A very strict rule was in force regarding the firing of guns when the party were in the buffalo country, and no hunter dared discharge his piece until the order came from the captain. No hunter was allowed to leave the party without the permission of the president, and this rule was very necessary, for, through desertions on one foolish pretext or another, a hunting party might have been so reduced in numbers as to become an easy prey to the ever-watchful Sioux warriors, always on the lookout for scalps.

An exciting chase was the "buffalo run." The hunters were all drawn up in line, the officers of the hunt taking their places in front of the rank and file, all mounted on trained running horses and armed to the teeth; the approach was made cautiously, the officers using every effort to keep their excitable followers in check. "Not yet," is the word of the president, "not yet" in a subdued tone. "Not yet," till the point was reached which, in his mature judgment warrants an attack, when from his lips the word "Now!" resounds down the line of dark-faced hunters, and away they go, each man singling

out his beasts and firing with great rapidity and precision; the horses, trained for the work, gracefully swerve right and left as the hunted beasts make an effort to elude the now blood-thirsty pursuers, and so the hunt went on until the signal is given to cease killing for the day. The number of people engaged in these crusades was sometimes formidable, for in 1849 Mr. Flett made a census at Chief Mountain, Dakota, of the White Horse Plains District, and reported it to consist of 700 half-breeds, 200 Indians, with 600 horses and carts, 200 oxen,



WM. WALTON, STOREKEEPER AT INDUSTRIAL FARM.

200 dog and one cat, and Mr. Ross, in his history of the Red River Settlement, gives the number of carts assembled for the hunt in 1840 as 1,210.

It was this manner of slaughter which in such a short time annihilated the wild bison of the plains; a small number, to be sure, are protected by the United States Government in the famous Yellowstone Park, there is a small herd in Kansas, recruited from Manitoba a few years ago, and Sir Donald Smith has upon his Silver Heights farm, near Winnipeg, a small herd, among the numbers being a few the results of crossing with domestic stock, a system which is not at all satisfactory as the offspring can lay no claim to either usefulness or beauty. The days of the half-breed hunt belong now to the things of the past; in the footpaths cut years ago by the hordes of buffalo in the western plains, the sleek Shorthorn cattle come home at nightfall to the yards of the prosperous English and Scotch settlers, driven by brown-cheeked, blue-eyed lads mounted on bronchos, and only a few days ago word was received here at the farm that one of our own pupils who came out in 1888 had located a homestead right in the rich district usually selected by the Messrs. Bison & Co. for their wintering ground.

**

Thomas G. Murton, writing from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, says:

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter on the 28th and I was very pleased to hear from you. In answer to your letter I will explain all that I have got since I came to Prince Albert. In the first place I have an excellent homestead, and upon the land I have a good house, also a good horsestable and cowshed. I have 35 acres of land ready for crop this spring, and I intend breaking 15 acres more this summer if God spares me. I have one good team of horses, waggon, ploughs, harness, etc., and will be getting a mower very soon. I

expect in a year or two to have a great deal more about me, and will write and tell you of my advancement. Please send me one of the journals (UPS AND DOWNS); I will be very pleased to see one of them. With best wishes to all."

Thomas Murton is said by his neighbours to be in a fair way to make a successful farmer, and it is probably better that the buffalo *should* give way to him, letting him show what an Englishman can do if you give him but a fair field.

T. G. Murton

IN MEMORIAM.

A bright and promising career was cut short on the 19th of May, by the death at Belleville Hospital, of Frederick L. Brewer, who succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. The sad news was conveyed to the Home in a letter from Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Marchmount Home, Belleville, from whom we also learned that all arrangements for the funeral of our deceased friend had been taken in hand by the Sons of England, of which Society he was a highly esteemed member. Frederick came out to Canada in 1888 and at the time of his death was twenty-nine years of age. From the day of his arrival no word of complaint against him had ever reached the Home; on the contrary, from many sources during the last eight years has come testimony of his sterling worth and upright character, and he had received the bronze and silver good conduct medals. In Belleville and the neighborhood, where all his days in Canada had been spent, he enjoyed the respect of all, and the affectionate regard of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances with whom he was united in work of a Christian and benevolent character. He was an active member of the Y. P. S. C. E., that organization which since its inception about ten years ago has done so much to foster the desire of young Christians to engage in active service for the Master. Knowing his unostentatious piety and his earnest desire to live up and help others to live up to a high ideal of Christian life, well can we believe that Frederick Brewer is with those to whom it has been said "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to give expression to our appreciation of, and gratitude, for the kindness shown to our deceased friend by the Sons of England, of Belleville, and also by members of the I. O. O. F. and A. O. F. of that city. Frederick died far from his native land, but his remains were borne by brotherly hands to their last resting place, and around his grave there gathered those who were anxious to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to one to whom they had been united in the deep bonds of brotherhood. We append an account of the funeral as published in the Belleville *Daily Sun*, of May 20:—

The remains of the late Frederick L. Brewer were interred this afternoon in the cemetery. The funeral, which was headed by the I. O. O. F. band, proceeded from the A. O. F. Hall, Front street, to St. John's Church, where services were conducted by Rev. D. F. Bogart. The funeral service of the A. O. F. was conducted in the court room by Mr. C. Hampton, C.R., of Court Quinte, and the S. O. E. service was conducted at the grave by Mr. C. Herring, President of Lydford Lodge. Members of both Orders attended in a body. The bearers were: From the A. O. F., Messrs. J. Thompson, J. Luscombe, F. Harris; from the S. O. E., Messrs. J. Bell, G. Brown, W. J. Ridley. Among the floral offerings were: A wreath from the Daughters of England; an anchor from Court Quinte, A. O. F.; a cross from Lydford Lodge, S. O. E., and a pillow from deceased's late employer, Mr. S. J. Wedden.

Ups and Downs

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TORONTO, JUNE 1ST, 1896.



THE reproductions of photographs of various historic and well-known places in England, one or other of which has formed the centre piece of our first page for some months, come in for a generous share of the enthusiasm with which so many of our friends confess their appreciation of the different features of our journal. Our reproduction of last month, "The Home Band," was a change, and, without any disparagement of our boys' patriotic interest in the national landmarks of Old England, we must say that the change seems to have given intense satisfaction all round. Old boys who came out away back in the early eighties; young lads who were in England a year ago; and those who came out in the intervening period: representatives of parties of each year have expressed the delight they experienced upon beholding once again the old familiar group. Old memories were revived and old chums remembered.

Of course those forming the band, as seen in our reproduction, are not those played the '87 party out of Euston station; but it was the band, the well-known uniform with its attractive facings, the same or apparently the same instruments, and it was certainly the same Mr. Davis as of yore; and a wall of the same old Home formed the background. No wonder that our photograph, which Mr. Owen, with kindly forethought, brought purposely from England that it might be reproduced, struck a tender chord in the hearts of so many of our boys.

We do not expect the same degree of personal enthusiasm will be bestowed upon the illustration this month, but that it also will awaken personal recollections in the minds of not a few, and interest all, we have not any doubt.

There are many edifices, ecclesiastical and otherwise, in London and elsewhere in England that possess greater interest from a historic point of view than St. Paul's, which was commenced in 1674, the original cathedral of the same name and on the same site having been destroyed in the great fire of 1666. Yet St. Paul's is not without claims to consideration historically—in fact in America it would be regarded as quite an ancient relic—while in other respects it ranks as one of the foremost "sights" of old London. In the crypt lie the mortal remains of many who made their names immortal: notably those of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. Here also was recently buried Sir Frederick Leighton, late President of the Royal Academy. In death as in life England honours

the masters in the arts of peace as she does her warriors whose laurels were gained on the field or sea of battle.

Every Englishman whether he be still at home or in some far off portion of the world has a feeling of personal interest, of partial proprietorship, in these venerable piles of England as in England herself.

We are well acquainted with the warm feeling which our boys entertain for the old Motherland. The lot of some at one period, prior to their departure for Canada, was not perhaps of the brightest, or such as would be supposed to keep alive through years, more happily spent in another land, an unflagging interest in events transpiring in that country whose only offer to them for their advancement was—to leave it.

Yet such is the case. Love of the birthland dies hard. Particularly so is this, we believe, with Englishmen. Strangely enough, in the eyes of the other nations of Europe, Englishmen are regarded as being, first and last, hard-headed and practical, absolutely without sentiment. "A nation of shopkeepers" was the scornful reference of the great Napoleon to the people of "perfidious Albion."

But those who have been able to lay their hand upon the pulse of the English people know differently. The late Lord Beaconsfield, to whom the Queen owes her title "Empress of India," once declared in the House of Commons, when he was plain Mr. Disraeli, that, far from the generally accepted theory being correct, there were no more truly sentimental people on earth than the English. And who dare question this when we see one vast Empire stretching across oceans, comprising countries, one of which is in itself a continent, another half a continent, and a large number of which are several times larger than England; and the bond which welds these widely separated and diversified countries into one Imperial whole, indissolubly uniting them to the "little island off the north-west coast of France," is a bond of sentiment?

While such a bond might appear to be but of silken thread, and is but a silken thread so far as its restraint on the individual freedom of each section of the Empire is concerned, in its power of resistance to those who would sever it, it is as the finest tempered steel. How strong this bond really is, how easy it makes the subjugation of individual interests, England's open and covert enemies learned only a few months ago, to their intense surprise—and consternation.

Instead of the lapse of years and the passing away of generations alienating the sympathy of the new British nations with the parent land, the desire is steadily growing in favor of a still closer union. The feeling of "oneness," of unity of interests and aspirations, gains strength with every increased facility afforded by modern invention and discovery for the rapid transmission of news and exchange of ideas by the people of the various parts of the Empire, who are thus by the distance-decreasing tendency of the age being brought closer and closer every year.

The long and beneficent reign of that good and true woman, whose seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated throughout the world less than a week ago, has also been a powerful factor in solidifying the union of hearts between Her Majesty's widely-scattered subjects. She has been the only sovereign to whom three generations, at least, have rendered allegiance, and throughout the long years that have intervened since the girl-queen of 1837 became the widowed and bowed empress of to-day, her hold upon the affections of her people has been constant and firm, and becoming firmer, more deeply

rooted, with each succeeding trial and affliction that, to the sorrow of her subjects, the Queen has been called upon to suffer during the latter half of her illustrious reign; so that, to-day, while in other countries kings and emperors are ever seeking to safeguard their thrones, restricting in the course thereof the natural liberties of their peoples, in democratic England, where there is greater freedom for the individual citizen than in any republic the world ever saw, the monarchy stands safe and secure; far more so than if it were hedged round with all the ramifications of protection deemed necessary in Russia, for instance; for the throne of England rests upon the only foundation that can bring peace and a sense of security to the occupant—the love, good-will and sympathy of the people.

Verily, the man who would deny sentiment a place, and a foremost place, in the national character of the British people must be wilfully shutting his eyes to the evidence: that it has built up an empire and maintains a monarchy—two achievements which with other peoples require gigantic armies and the most complex and extensive system of espionage, and even then stability is not assured.



Apart from those who upon their arrival in Canada have proceeded to the Industrial Farm, Russell, three under the care of Mr. Struthers to be prepared and trained for a life agricultural, there is a large contingent of our lads in Manitoba and the N.W.T., who have migrated thither of their own desire after spending a few years in Ontario.

To no class does Horace Greeley's famous counsel "Go West" appeal with more force than to those youths and young men, full of mental and physical activity, who during their sojourn in the older Province have, by their pluck, perseverance and steadiness of purpose, proved themselves capable not only of appreciating the advantages offered by Canada's great North-West, with its almost limitless opportunities, but of grappling with and overcoming the difficulties more or less incidental to a sparsely populated and but comparatively recently opened district. We watch the careers of these western settlers of ours with considerable interest. They are in a sense the advance guard of a large army which will at no distant date sweep over the plains of these far-stretching prairies, capture the land, or a goodly portion thereof, dotting it all over with that most impregnable of fortresses, the cosy home of the contented, industrious farmer. If those who are in advance send back a tale of failure, of disappointment, the onward—westward—march of the main body will be retarded. On the other hand, the story of success, of hopes that have proved to have been well founded will not only hasten the pace of those ready to start but will bring in the wanderers. Our belief in the future of the North-West and the excellent opportunities it offers to the right kind of lad is well known to the majority of our friends. This belief gains strength with time, the reports which are constantly reaching us from those already there—our advance guard—being without exception of the most encouraging character. Of course

these reports are from or of boys who were almost bound to succeed if success were possible. They are boys of the right kind.

The shiftless, the lazy and the negligent would be a sorry failure in the North-West as they would elsewhere. The number of this class in our ranks is decidedly small, and of the few none has expressed any desire to proceed westward in search of greater opportunities, which also entail greater trials. Those of our lads now in the western Provinces are in every respect just what those countries require, and they constitute the nucleus of a community which will, as years roll on, play an important part in the development and advancement of the great Canada of the west.

**

Very cheerful accounts of their first experience have reached us from most of those who went up to Manitoba in the earlier part of the year. They all succeeded in getting work immediately on their arrival, and the general tone of their letters show that they are highly pleased with the country and appreciate its advantages. William A. Diaper and James Atack ask us to publish their new addresses for the benefit of any other lads who may be disposed to try their fortune in that part of the world, and to whom our friends extend a cordial welcome. They are both at Cartwright, Manitoba, Diaper with Mr. Wesley Howard and Atack with Mr. James Croskery. They are hired for eight months for \$140, and though there have been times in Manitoba when this would have been a ridiculously small wage, with wheat at its present figure our friends have nothing to complain of. Considerations of space prevent us from inserting all the letters we have received from our Northwest colonists, but they give good accounts of their first impressions and there is no suggestion of anything like disappointment or regret at the step they have taken in going up.

**

Thomas E. Trebeck is one of those whose departure to Manitoba is of recent date. He went west with an excellent reputation and a six year's record for industry and diligence. He now writes from Gladstone, Manitoba, giving us his first impressions, and also telling of the prospects immediately before him.

" . . . At the end of the week I asked him what he thought of me. He said he guessed I would suit and he offered me \$20 a month for summer and \$10 a month for winter. . . . After a little while we agreed. I hired for his offer of \$190 a year. We have got a boy from the Russell Farm and he does chores. I go out to the bush. It was pretty cold for a little while, but I do not mind it much, and am determined to save enough to go on a farm of my own next year like some of the boys are doing."

**

The following letter has reached us from Edwin Evans at Churchbridge, Assa., who came out with the Manitoba contingent in the spring of '92. After expressing his sincere regret that the expense following an accident, whereby he sustained serious injury, including a broken arm, has been a deavy drain on his resources and prevents him at present contributing as he would like towards the Home, Edwin says:

" But if the Lord spares me till January I will be able to give something towards the support of those poor little ones who are in need of help. I am sure I feel from the very bottom of my heart for them and that Dr. Barnardo deserves every appreciation for the good he has done for me and others. I am sure that if he had not taken me in I should have been one of those lost and bewildered ones wandering about in a dreary and desolate place. I can also give much thanks to Mr. Struthers for the kindness he has shown me. I am sure if it had not been for him I should not be what I am

now. I am assistant postmaster here. . . . I try to keep up to the mark as well as I can, but there is great temptation in this world for all of us. Let us only trust in the Almighty and He will guide us."

**

We have to record the departure of one of the "busy bees" from the Home during the past month. The bright face and active form of Albert Green have been a familiar sight for some time to all in the institution. Albert came to Canada in 1892, a little fellow of eleven, and after "boarding out" for over two years he was placed with a farmer in the Township of South Dumfries. Albert entered upon his duties full of courage and determination, but unfortunately while the spirit was eager and willing the flesh was not capable of meeting the demands made upon it by farm work, even under a kind and considerate master. This was a great disappointment to Albert and also to his employer, who spoke in the highest terms of our friend's willingness and desire to do well. While there was nothing seriously wrong, it was, under the circumstances, deemed advisable to keep Albert in the Home for a time, where freedom from physical exertion and the attention he would receive, would, in all probability, eradicate the temporary weakness. We are thankful to say that this hope has proven to be well founded. Albert is now a sturdy lad as capable physically as in other respects of filling the situation with a nursery gardener to which he went on the 18th ultimo. During his sojourn in the Home, Albert did not eat the bread of idleness however. As office boy and in other capacities he had many duties to perform, duties which, while they did not tax his strength, gave him plenty to do and required intelligence and diligence. Albert acquitted himself well and acquired a considerable amount of experience which will be useful to him in any walk of life. He enters upon his new duties with our hearty good wishes and a very firm belief that he will give an excellent account of himself.



**

We have no dearth of pleasant news this month in the letters that have reached us during the past few weeks from our boys in all parts of the country. "Seeding time" is generally a season of long hours and heavy work in the fields that leave very little leisure for letter-writing, but a goodly number have found time to write us of their well-doing, and although we can only give a few brief extracts from a small number of the great pile of letters before us, they will serve as "samples" of the goods we are "importing" and will give an idea what our boys have to say for themselves or what other people have to say about them.

**

Little Harry Boothroyd, who has lately been brought back from "boarding out" in Muskoka and placed in a situation, writes us:

"I like my place very well and it is very pretty round here. . . . The apple trees are in blossom

and the lilac trees are in blossom, too, and we have twelve head of cattle and two young calves and sheep."

**

Isaac Preston, who has been in Canada for the past six years and is now settled at Alexander, Manitoba, wishes to take charge of his younger brother, and we are hoping soon to arrange for sending little Charlie up to him. Isaac is hoping to bring out some of his other relatives from England and asks for our advice as how best to manage this.

**

Walter Denton we believe to be a good boy in a good place. He tells us that he has been going to school during the winter and "getting on fine," but is now ready to "pitch into" spring work. He says:—

"We have a hundred and fifty acres of land, and the bigger part of it to plough, besides quite a lot of cattle and horses to tend to"

Evidently no slack times for Walter for the next few months, but he is one of those who is not afraid of work and believes in the Scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

**

George Clipson, of one of last year's parties, who has recently had to change places, writes us from Ingersoll:

"I arrived at my new situation, and I am very much pleased with my new home."

**

Mrs. Draper, of Novar, who has two little boys under her care, Albert G. Bell and Thomas Kellick, writes us:

"My two little boys are doing splendidly. They are attending school and progressing nicely with their lessons. I have no fault to find with them in any way. They are smart boys"

**

We experienced the greatest possible amount of pleasure in presenting to our readers a full length—we had almost said, and not without reason, a life size—portrait of James Henry Barrett, whose place of residence is the Home, Toronto, where he renders invaluable assistance in the culinary department. That this post of Assistant Minister of the Interior is not by any means a sinecure will be readily conceded by those who have ever visited the Home and who know something of the internal requirements of the constituency for which Mrs. Cunerty and her assistant so ably cater. Vast responsibility and exacting duty, however, cannot disturb an equanimity so firmly established as that of our young friend. "Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," is his maxim and he lives up to it with commendable consistency. Yet we are not without hope that when the serious side of life confronts James he will rise to the occasion manfully, and, by honesty, energy and perseverance, become in time, if not "a ruler of the Queen's navee," like the other boy who "polished up the handle so carefullee," at least an honoured and respected subject of Her Gracious Majesty.



The following letter from Alfred Bristow can be read with profit by all, but particularly by those who are at times afflicted with what we might call the "unsettled fever." Alfred came to Canada in April, 1888, and is 21 years of age. His record is an excellent one, and he enjoys the confidence and esteem of a large circle of acquaintances in the district where he has for some years been living. He can, as his letter demonstrates, take "a thoroughly practical view of things" as they are:—

Campbell's Cross, Ontario.

I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to tell you and the boys of the Home, how I have spent the last four months. The first week in December, 1895, found me well on my way to the land of my birth, England, with a heart full of joyful anticipation of meeting with friends, and a pocket full of money.—a fair prospect of enjoying myself; and so I did enjoy myself—as long as my money lasted; when it was gone my pleasures departed, my friends became fewer, and a trip to England was not as pleasant as most boys might think it would be.

During my stay in London I met with scenes not at all pleasant. As I passed through the East End poverty and wretchedness stared me in the face on all sides, and I thought of the splendid homes in Canada the boys and girls thus afflicted might enjoy; but the question came to my mind, "How are we going to get them to Canada?" Surely Dr. Barnardo could take care of them. Yes, but he needs help. And after some reflection on the subject, I thought I might do more for the Home than I have done, and I will do so in the future.

After my return to Canada the first thing I looked for was UPS AND DOWNS, and I can truthfully say it has improved wonderfully during the last four months, and I feel it a great pleasure to hear of our little sisters and their doings; and with sorrow I notice that Death has laid its cold hands upon some of the family.

Also in the pages of UPS AND DOWNS we learn that one of the boys is stranded in one of the large cities of England. It is to be hoped that he will learn by experience that advice from Mr. Owen or any of the official staff of the Home is worth listening to and acting upon. I have learnt a lesson never to be forgotten, and would say to my brothers and sisters, "Stay where you are, or rather, keep away from England, because when you are there the ocean lies between you and Canada; you cannot walk back, and you stand a poor chance of making money enough to return. Even if you take a return ticket, it is a very unwise act to go to England. Remember, experience is a dear teacher.

Now for a suggestion for helping Dr. Barnardo in his great work of rescuing the helpless poor of London. I would say that at some set time in the fall every boy who has fulfilled his first engagement should give one dollar for every year he has been in Canada, towards the maintenance of the Home. I think if every boy agrees with me, we can raise the largest sum ever raised for that purpose.

No boy has done more to uphold the good name of Dr. Barnardo's Homes than Frank W. Stevens, who came to Canada in April, '91, when he at once entered the employ of Mr. Alex. A. Andrews, of Warwick West. From that day until this it has been a case of mutual satisfaction between Frank and his employer. The latter, applying for another Home boy in July, '93, asked that one be sent "as honest and with as good a character as Frank Stevens." It is not only by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew's family that Frank's sterling worth is recognized; the farmers of the surrounding country all speak of him as a lad whose exemplary life has had a beneficial influence on other boys in the neighborhood. Upon the completion of his engagement in 1895 Frank received the long service and good conduct silver medal of which he is justly proud, and he very shortly afterwards entered into partial partnership with his former employer, although only seventeen at the time. The partnership relates to the growing of fruit and other

garden produce, and as a market gardener Frank promises to be very successful. We append a letter in which he tells of his prospects for the coming season and so forth. From the first Frank has been extremely happy and contented in the good home which he entered upon arrival in Canada, but when he was joined by two sisters whom he had left in England his cup of happiness was full to the brim. He himself paid the travelling expenses of one of his sisters who is employed not very far away, while for the other sister a similar service was performed by Mr. Andrew, a member of whose household she has been ever since. Our friend has indeed great cause for thankfulness. We very earnestly wish for him a continuance of prosperity and happiness. We know full well that he will be ever mindful of the mercies that have



FRANK W. STEVENS.

been vouchsafed to him and that he will, no less in the future than in the past, strive to be "faithful in that which is least." Frank says in his letter:

"I suppose you would like to know how things are in my garden now; everything is looking nice. We are going to have a fine crop of strawberries and a nice lot of other small fruit. I have got some squash up now in the field which is about four inches high. I am trying to grow some for the show in the fall. We have got cabbages out, peas up and potatoes up, and I have put out two acres of strawberries, so you see I am not idle now. I have not got my UPS AND DOWNS this month yet; I get very lonesome for it as I like to read it. I like the paper very much, as I like to hear from the boys and girls."

A very cheery letter comes to hand from David Wells, one of the last contingent sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Phipps from the Farm Home at Buckenhill. He says:

"I am in very good health and weigh a hundred and five pounds. I am getting as fat as a pig and am growing fast. I have been going to school this winter and getting on well."

We have received a couple of very manly, sensible, well-written letters from Harry H. Swaine. Harry has a good round sum of money in the Savings Bank, and if he takes care of himself will make his way in the world. He tells us that he has been going to school during the winter and has been getting a little insight into the elements of physiology and the great laws of nature by which we are governed. He has lots of kind and flattering things to say of UPS AND DOWNS, and he goes on to speak of his indebtedness to Dr. Barnardo and the Home for his start in life and good prospects for the future. To show that Harry means what he says he asks us to take three dollars from his bank account as a donation to the Home and to help on Dr. Barnardo in his great work.

A good big budget of post cards is before us that have come in from boys of the last party

announcing their arrival. We select half a dozen for the benefit of our readers.

Francis Swan writes:

"I am glad to tell you I got here safe and I like my place. The farmer and the mistress are kind to me"

Henry Pitcher, who has gone with his brother to the neighbourhood of Angus, where they will be within a short distance of each other, tells us:

"We both arrived safely at our new homes and I think it is one of the best I have had."

This is saying a good deal, for Henry and his brother come to us from Dr. Barnardo's beautiful Jersey Home for little boys, and we expect before that, they had a good home when their father was alive and held his position as steward of the steamship *Lydia*, trading from Southampton.

Henry Windmill writes:

"I arrived at my destination safely; I think I shall get on all right. I thank you for my situation."

Henry was one of our sergeants on the voyage out, taking charge of a company, and if he is as faithful to his duties in his new place as he was on the ship we shall have no fear for his future.

Alfred Smith tells us of his drive of eight miles from the station in a "carriage and pair," which evidently impressed his imagination. He adds:

"I like the place very much as yet. I am living with the son-in-law of the man whom Thomas Cottrell is living with."

Alfred and Tom were boarded out together in England, but were separated last year when Tom came to Canada, and it is pleasant to think of the two little friends being once more together.

John Wilden writes:

"I arrived safely at my place and feel quite at home here and like it very much."

Wm. Strugnell tells us:

"I like it very much and my master likes me."

And George Edward Reed says:

"I arrived at Bradford safe and sound. The lady and gentleman are two very nice people, and it is a very nice place and I like it very much."

We heartily congratulate Willie Ellis, living with Mr. Charles Newstead, of Paris, on having put in his time and hired again for another year at very fair wages. Mr. Newstead writes of him:

"He has grown a good deal the past summer and he is now a big lad. He has been chiefly employed at choring and is a good boy at this work, but he will have a better chance this summer as he takes a team to work."

Willie's good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, of Toronto, with whom he lived for nearly three years, will share our pleasure at this good report of him. Willie will be glad to hear that his place in Toronto has been well supplied in the small person of Joseph Flory, who has been with the doctor for the past ten months. We use the word "small" in reference to Joe's perpendicular dimensions only, for in width and corporation he would do for an alderman cut short. Mrs. Riordan is a rare judge of boys and withal a staunch ally of our work, and we are sure would never consider her establishment complete without a Barnardo boy or two. She has doubtless had her trials in the shape of broken crockery, and fierce fires on hot days and no fires on cold days, and unaccountable disappearances of pies and preserves, but she

has had the satisfaction of training and turning out some good useful lads, and we hope it will be a long day before she ceases to be one of our constituents.

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Speaking of Mrs. Riordan and her boys, we must not forget to mention "Harry" (John Henry Harris) living with Dr. Thorburn, and quite an ideal little page boy. We have never heard anything but good of Harry, and we are proud and delighted at the admirable record he has maintained for the past three years.

**

Many of our boys will remember the little musical party who came from England in the autumn of '92 under the charge of Mr. Wookey, and travelled for several months in the States and Canada giving entertainments on behalf of the "Home." Their tour was brought to an abrupt and tragic close by the terrible accident on the Wabash Railway fifty miles east of Chicago, in which the train by which the party was travelling was wrecked, with the result that two boys were killed and several others more or less seriously injured. Little Willie Evans had both legs broken besides being fearfully scalded and bruised. His life was at first totally despaired of, but he wonderfully recovered and he and another member of the party, James Lane, found a charming Christian home with a family of good position in the town of Canton, Ohio. We have just received a short letter from Willie in which he says:

"I have left school and am now working in a first-class drug store. I expect to learn the druggist business and am getting along very nicely for a start. Mother and father send their kindest regards to you all."

**

Here is a "letter for publication" from James W. Thring:

"I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines in favor of Ups and Downs. I think it a lovely paper, the best I ever read of my own. I have been out here about six years now and I like it very well. There are two other boys from the Home here; one is Thomas Ganton and the other Richard Mountain. We are getting along all right and often meet one another on the road as we live close together. We hope to see this and all our photos next month."

**

Alfred F. Grundy only came out this year. Here is what he has to say after being two months in the country:

"I am pleased with the situation you have got for me, for I am sure you could not have suited me with a better place. I feel well in health and I am sure I like my master very much. I get plenty to eat and drink and have plenty of time of my own, so I cannot grumble at any thing. I feel very happy where I am."

Contentment is the best companion with which a lad can commence his career in Canada, or elsewhere, so Alfred, who lives at Parkhill, is in good company and will, we are sure, make a good reputation for himself and the Home he came from.

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"The little boy Tommie Law is doing remarkably well. He has been advanced three times at school since coming to us last fall."

This is the good news we hear of Charles Thomas Law, 8, who came to Canada last Sept., and has since been boarding out at Huntsville, and we are sure all our older friends will join us in saying "Well done, Tommie"

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We have not referred yet to the large number of boys who have completed their engagements within the past few weeks. We shall hope to make favorable mention of these next month in connection with the awarding of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals to those who have earned them by good conduct and faithful service.

Although the sad event happened on the 14th of February, the tidings have only lately reached us of the death of William D. Howe, aged 23, who was accidentally killed in the discharge of his duties as brakeman on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. William arrived from England in April, 1886, and worked for several years past in the neighbourhood of Pembroke. We had lost sight of him for two or three years, but we learn that during that time he had been working steadily and had been saving money with the object of going home to pay a visit to his mother in England. His letters home were always bright and cheerful, and it has evidently been a terrible blow to the poor woman to receive the news of his being thus suddenly called away. May God comfort her in her bereavement and give her a happy meeting with her boy in the land where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

A PLEA FOR INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

The letter from Alfred Bristow, on page six, should have a stimulating effect upon those who, from lapse of memory or other cause, have hitherto delayed sending their small contributions in support of the work, of the dire need of which Alfred found such irrefragable evidence during his recent visit to England.

We know how frequently a tendency exists, in young and old people, to withhold help from a good cause, not from any lack of generosity, but from a sense of inability to "do much." They imagine that the assistance they can render, be it financial or otherwise, is so slight that it is not worth proffering. They lose sight of the fact that only to the few is given the power to do much, individually and at once. To the many, to the all, is given the grand opportunity of doing each a little which, in the aggregate, shall greatly exceed the much of the few. If the tendency to so utterly disregard the value of individual effort were universal, the world would be at a standstill. We all have our duty to do, and however small and unimportant that duty may be, or appear to be, let us at least do it, resting assured that, as it was given us to do, it was essential to the completion of some wisely ordained plan.

The following instance affords a striking illustration of the potentiality of individual effort: Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of British soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, and that second a third, and so on. This the slave faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same thing there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number taught through this slave's instrumentality was no less than 600.

There is no call for any large measure of self-denial on the part of our friends who wish to help Dr. Barnardo in his work; and yet who can estimate the tremendous and far-reaching results which would follow the individual efforts of 5,000 young men, each contributing his little towards the work of helping those in distress, of rescuing those who are threatened with worse than poverty. Try to imagine the amount of immediate good so much individual effort would accomplish; how many lads and lassies it would be the means of helping upward and onward, so that they could reach the level at which you stand to-day.

Go further; and imagine those of whose uplifting you were the cause, in turn contributing

their mites for others still waiting for the helping-hand; and try to trace the course of your individual efforts through each succeeding party, thus, first of the helped and then of the helpers.

Trace it through each succeeding generation, and well may we ask: Where does it end? What is the final harvest of the tiny seed you have sown? At least we know that the harvest will be plentiful if the seed be only sown, and once our humble-minded friends realize this, we do not think they will withhold their help because "it is so small."

Since our last issue the following donations have been received:—Ashmore, Arthur, \$1; Boyd, William, \$5.69; Baalim, Art. G., \$1; Farr, Walter A., \$1; Jackson, Charles, \$1; Jehu, Edward C., \$2; Osborne, Lionel, \$5; Rolfe, Thomas, \$3; Truscott, Wm., 75cts; Thring, Jas. Wm., \$1; Taylor, Fred. F. \$1.

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OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

UNANIMITY is again the characteristic of the papers received this month. Spring, and Spring only, would appear to be the season the contemplation of which, whether from afar or from near at hand, can fill the hearts and minds of our friends with enthusiasm. And of enthusiasm there is no end in the papers we have received, and the same, it will be noticed, is the case in the contributions published in "Our Girls," in the "Ready-Writers' Ring."

One feature of Spring, of which more than one has spoken, is that the demands of daily duty, which increase very largely at this season of the year, will prevent so much time being given to reading, writing, and other pursuits to which many of our friends wisely devote a portion of their leisure. This may reduce the number of contributors to this work; we shall, of course, be sorry if it does, but the employer and the work you have engaged to do have the first call upon your time and energies, and we should feel that we had made a sad mistake if anything in UPS AND DOWNS tended to lessen a lad's interest in his immediate surroundings and made him less desirous of attaining the highest degree of proficiency in his vocation, be that what it may.

On the other hand, the "spare moments," even during Spring and Summer, aggregate many hours in a month, and as UPS AND DOWNS only appears once in that length of time, we think that those whose wish, can continue as active workers in our Mutual Improvement Society.

Last month we alluded to the Penny Volume Series of Poetry and Prose published in London, England, by Mr. W. T. Stead, and our desire to bring these excellent works within reach of those of our friends who would like to avail themselves of an opportunity of procuring a supply of good literature at a cost that is ridiculously out of proportion to the value received.

We are still unable to say exactly what the penny volumes would cost laid down here. Carriage and duty have to be reckoned with, but we believe we can promise that the cost shall not exceed 25c for six books. If we find, later on, that they do not cost so much we will, of course, give our friends the benefit of our over-estimate; in the meantime, we will undertake to purchase for our friends at this rate (25c per half-dozen) any of the works in the following list. We do not undertake to provide a single book at this rate, as the postage on one volume would be much more, proportionately, than on six, but for any number over six the same rate will prevail.

Those of our friends who wish to take advantage of this opportunity—and we very earnestly commend it to the consideration of all—

should send in their orders without any delay. If this is done, we expect we would be able to deliver the books they ask for some time in July.

In the following list is a sufficiently varied selection to suit all tastes except that of the trash lover:—

THE PENNY POETS.

- *Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."
- *Scott's "Marmion."
- Burns' Poems (selections).
- *Longfellow's "Evangeline," etc.
- *Milton's "Paradise Lost," Part I.
- " " " " Part II.
- Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
- Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
- *Pope's "Essay on Man."
- *Tom Hood's Poems. Grave and Gay.
- *Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
- *Some Ingoldsby Legends.
- Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
- *Poems of Wordsworth, Part I.
- " Cowper.
- " Dryden.
- " Wordsworth, Part II.
- * " Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook.
- " Gray and Goldsmith.
- " Longfellow, Part II.

PENNY POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

- "She," by Rider Haggard.
- * "Little Em'ly" (from "David Copperfield," by Chas. Dickens).
- "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace.
- "It Is Never Too Late To Mend," by Chas. Reade.
- "Mary Burton," by Mrs. Gaskell.
- * "The Tower of London," by Harrison Ainsworth.
- * "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton.
- "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
- * "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.
- * "Charles O'Malley," by Chas. Lever.
- "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
- * Lord Macaulay's History of England, from earliest times to 1660.

There will be many among our friends who would like to purchase all the foregoing books, but owing to financial considerations they may be compelled to restrain their enthusiasm; where all are excellent, it is hard to make a choice. With a view to helping our friends out of the difficulty, we have placed an asterisk (*) opposite the ten works in the poets, and the six works of fiction, from which, in our humble opinion, our friends would derive the greatest amount of interest, enjoyment, and profit.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR I LIKE BEST; AND WHY?

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 20 Party, April, '90.

My favourite season is Spring; beautiful Spring; it comes to us after the cold winter like the sight of land to the sailor after a long and stormy voyage.

And it is alike to the sailor and the farmer a season of activity; the sailor unloading his vessel of the goods he has brought, and reloading with goods to take back home with him, and the farmer preparing the land and sowing the seed from which he expects to reap his living. Spring is the season when all nature seems to be endowed with life, and at its prettiest, especially this beautiful month of May. Dull indeed must be the inner nature of the man who can look, unmoved, at the beautiful trees, flowers or fields.

How often we stand admiring a flower, or a tree in blossom, and forget the hand that created them.

These scenes bring to me the saying of Jesus: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

"And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

As we gaze at these beautiful scenes, should we not feel thankful when we think it was all created for our use.

After all, life is worth living this is a good world. Then let us be up and doing while it is Spring for the harvest will soon be upon us.

THE SEASON I LOVE AND WHY.

WILLIAM HOWARD, Age 19, Party, Aug., '89.

Of all the seasons of the year, I love Spring the best.

Everything is touched by the beauty, freshness, and eloquence of Spring; for Spring is an eloquent season. Do not the blossoms, with which the trees are gracefully arrayed, foretell the coming of delicious fruit? Does not the grain which is now making its appearance above the soil foretell the prospects of a bountiful harvest? Spring speaks and with eloquence, not the language of men, but the language of flowers; not that of sounds, but that of signs; and he who converses with nature gains more knowledge than he who converses with learned men.

Spring is a season of liberty. It detests slavery. Does it not loosen the bands with which Old Winter has enthralled the rivers and streams, and send them rushing and gushing down to the sea murmuring a song of freedom. Does it not set the birds that have been confined to southern latitudes free; and allow them to roam o'er these northern zones chirping and singing their songs of gladness.

Some love the Autumn when the leaves, touched by frost are being blown hither and thither, scattering themselves o'er the graves of the slumbering flowers. Others love the Winter when giant frost has cast its fetters round; and the ground is covered o'er with snow, cold, white, dazzling snow.

Let others love the seasons that they wish, I will always love the time when old earth has discarded her winter vestments and arrayed herself with nature's most gorgeous apparel; when the flowers bedecked with sparkling dewdrops, scatter their refreshing fragrance to gladden the heart of the melancholy; and the busy bee passes to gather the sweet nectarine to replenish its exhausted winter store.

Man's life,—as the year,—is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and most of writers agree that the Spring of life is the most pleasant and happiest period.

As men who wish to reap a good harvest do their sowing in the Spring, so must we who wish to derive benefits in the Fall of life improve our time in the Spring.

William Howard also sends us a couple of verses which he asks us to publish if we "detect any merit in them." We do detect some merit in William's verses, and we publish them with a considerable amount of pleasure. In their technical structure there are, doubtless, one or two points capable of improvement, but everything must have a beginning, and we consider William's first effort in this direction eminently creditable, while the sentiment which pervades every line is one with which we are in the fullest sympathy, and will, we are sure, touch a responsive chord in the heart of every "Barnardo Boy" in Canada.

BARNARDO BOYS.

Arise, ye boys, and let us sing,
And let the country sound
With echoes of this simple song!
Where'er we may be found;
What're we may be our lot in life,
What're we may be our joys,
We always will remember that,
We are Barnardo boys.

Though now in manhood's state,
We never will disdain
To stand up proudly and assert
Right honestly our name.
Though we may be in stations great
With many cares and joys,
We always will remember that
We are Barnardo boys.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.

SAMUEL M. LING, Age 18; Party, March, '93.

The season I like best is the Spring time, when the snow melts and the bright sun shines, "and all the trees upon a thousand hills open a thousand leaves." There is a general stir throughout the country, and everything puts on new life. The birds begin to sing, and the frogs croak, telling us as plainly as they

can that Spring is here. It makes one feel happy and ready for work. Then comes the seeding when the fields are dry enough. I love following the team across the fields, and to look over them after they are sown, they look so smooth and pretty. And next comes the barnyard work, to get the manure away to the field for the mangels, and potatoes, and corn. Some farmers manure their root ground in the Fall, and others in the Spring.

The next season is the Summer with the haying. I think it is lovely to coil the new mown hay and then to build it on the waggon. I like to see what a square load I can build, but I like to have it firm as well as square.

After the haying, the Fall wheat has to be cut, and sometimes before the haying is done. I like to shock grain; also to see it after it is shocked, if neatly done.

And while all this is going on the squirrels are gathering in the food as well and storing it away for winter use. I suppose the squirrel's motto is the same as mine, "Make hay while the sun shines." And I hope, to crown our labors, we will have a good supply of fruit.

The poetical and the practical strive hard for mastery in the sentiments with which Samuel Ling views the arrival of Spring, and its change to subsequent seasons, and that this is so is an indication that our friend is possessed of a desirable temperament. Roughly speaking human nature is divided into two parts, the practical and the sentimental. In an individual where either has unlimited sway, the result is anything but ennobling or pleasant to contemplate. The man who is entirely and altogether practical fast degenerates into a dehumanized being of flint, with a microscopical heart; his antithesis, the ultra-sentimentalist, also suffers internal organic reduction, the shrinkage in this case being in the brain. He wanders through life as best he can, a spineless, shadowy, useless creature, not the object of the same detestation with which his hardened brother is regarded, but accorded an abundance of that pity which is very closely allied to—contempt.

When, however, the practical and sentimental intermingle in just proportion, each exercising a leavening influence, we find the man in whose company it is good to be. We know then that head and heart are both properly adjusted, and that each is capable of doing its work without destroying the other.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.

ALFRED HY. YOUNG, Age 12, Party, April, '96.

As for the season of the year, my choice would be Spring; because, after the dull, cold winter, when everything has been wrapped in snow, it is pleasant to see the green grass and the flowers, and hear the little birds twittering and singing in the trees.

Then when the blossoms burst forth it brings to mind that there will be fruit by and by, which I know I shall enjoy. We did not have much fruit last Summer but there are prospects for this summer.

In Spring we begin to work on the land, and enjoy the pure air and when our work is done we can have a game in the yard, which is very pleasing to us boys, in fact everything seems to enjoy the Spring. The calves and the sheep all enjoy the warm Spring air as well as the birds and the boys.

TOPICS.

For July { "My favourite animal or animals."
Or,
"How I like to spend my leisure hours."

NOTE—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR JULY MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN JUNE 20TH.

For other instructions which must be adhered to, see copy of last or previous issues.



NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE beginning of May was marked by changes in our household at Hazel Brae. With the return of summer came thoughts of holidays, and this year Miss Code was one of the first to leave us for a while. She started from Peterborough on the morning of May 1st, and the same evening went on board the *Vancouver* en route for England. A few lines, written from Quebec, tell of a good start, pleasant companions, and a very enjoyable sail along the beautiful banks of the St. Lawrence. Later on, we notice from the newspapers the arrival of the steamer in Liverpool, so we know the voyage has been safely made and all landed without accident. "So He bringeth them to their desired haven."

Those of you who have more lately come to this country, will be interested to hear that Mrs. Brown, who took such good care of you on board, has also returned to England. Some of our girls, too, have made up their minds to pay a visit to the Old Country this year. One of them, Florence Meen, has already started. Florence has never taken very high wages, but by steady, plodding work, has saved enough to pay her way across the ocean to see an invalid mother. All this is very commendable, and we admire the perseverance and self-denial that a girl must practise to enable her to do this,—at the same time we cannot help feeling there may be disappointment in store for some of those who are looking forward so eagerly to a return. Our advice to you, who are doing well here, is, "Go for a visit, if you can afford it and are willing to spend your earnings in this way, but *take a return ticket*,"—you will be almost certain to want to come back.

Many of you know Miss Elvin. You will be glad, for her sake, to hear that she, too, is taking a little holiday and enjoying a well-earned rest for a while.

The lawns and meadow around Hazel Brae are just now looking their best, and our little ones here thoroughly enjoy their romp and swing after their lessons are over. On Saturday, May 16th, the Rev. J. Davidson kindly invited them to an entertainment in St. John's school room, given by the Junior Mission Band, which was much enjoyed.

We have also to record, with much thankfulness, continued good health and freedom from disease among our household. We have heard, during the month, of a few girls having slight ailments and needing a little rest; but with one or two exceptions, we know of none amongst our large community whose health causes any serious anxiety. Among these exceptions are the two patients in our little infirmary here—Bertha Pickering and Alice Rogers. Bertha has been seven years in Canada and came back to us last November with the hope that care and treatment in the Home through the winter would fit her for work again in the spring. But all that she can now do is just to *wait and bear* patiently whatever a loving Father shall send to her. Alice is only fifteen and has never been from the shelter of the Home. She came to

Canada last year, but failed in health soon after her arrival and has been most carefully nursed at Hazel Brae ever since.

We have neither marriages nor deaths to record for this month. No news of either has reached us during May.

Among the letters received, those of this month have been especially marked by expressions of delight at seeing Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey's photos, and reading Mr. Godfrey's letter. Several of them say, "It shows we are not forgotten at the Village." No, girls, certainly you are not. We who have lived there, know with what careful interest your career out here is followed, and what loving earnest prayers ascend daily to Our Father for you. Let this memory be to every one of you an incentive and encouragement to fight bravely the battle of life, and a warning and restraint when temptations meet you.

From one of the former village maidens comes the following request:

"Will you please put this picture of 'Pink Clover' cottage in *UPS AND DOWNS*? I thought you would like to see it; Miss Westgarth sent it to me."

now. I should like to know more about her and to see her picture in the paper."

And now, Bella, if I could whisper to you, I would say, "If you do as well in Canada as Emily has done, Dr. Barnardo and your Cottage Mother will both be proud of you, and you may some day hear the Master's 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

We had a very pleasant little visit the other day from two of our girls living just outside of Peterborough—Ada Bambridge and Annie Farrell. They brought with them a little companion, and the three spent a very happy afternoon at Hazel Brae. Those of you who remember Annie when she lay so ill with pneumonia last winter, would hardly recognize her now, she looks so bonny and healthy. Ada Bambridge gives great promise of growing up a thoroughly good, capable girl. She seems happy and interested in her home, and not a single complaint of any kind has reached us concerning her.

From England we hear of great preparations in all branches of the mission for the coming annual meeting, to be held in the Albert



The New Church; Girls' Village Home, Ilford, England.

"Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe."

We have much pleasure this month in presenting our readers with this picture of the Village Church. Some have never looked upon the original itself, having come out to Canada before it was built; for we remember the last time we were in the Old Country, in the year 1893, it was then a new thing. We almost think service had not then been held in it. We were fortunate enough in "happening" in Ilford on a day when the "Doctor" himself was there, and so had the pleasure of being shown the Church by himself.

How pretty it looks among the gabled houses! May it, indeed, be to many "none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

Well, Mary, perhaps in a few months we will, but you see we have just had "Oxford Cottage," and that and "Pink Clover" are very much alike. We must try and have a little variety, but your request shall not be forgotten.

Emily Manning answers Bella Thornton's inquiries as follows:

"Bella Thornton wishes to know if I remember her. Indeed I do; and I was very much pleased to know she had not forgotten her old friend. I would not have thought it possible that she would remember me, as she was little more than a baby when I left. I can well remember the time of her arrival in the Home. She was a great little singer. I suppose she is a big girl

Hall in June, which this year will be of more than ordinary interest. His Grace, the Duke of Sutherland, is to preside, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present. Nearly every boy and girl will have some part to take in this meeting, and can you not imagine how eagerly and perseveringly they are now going through their various rehearsals and practices in order to do their very, very best to be a credit to Dr. Barnardo, and as a return for the kindly help and interest shown them by all classes from Royalty downwards. How pleased and proud they will be to show to that splendid gathering what, through Dr. Barnar-

do's goodness to them, they have been taught to do at the various Homes. And does not this make *you* feel (for remember you are a part of the same plan) that *you* have the honour of a great name and a great cause to uphold, and that you would be ashamed to do or say anything that would bring it into discredit and dishonour. Let us who are in Canada take our full share in this great meeting—by our donations (many of you have already done this), by our prayers, and by our consistent lives—and thus show that we are "citizens of no mean city," but part and parcel of a great and glorious Institution.

We were a little amused lately on receiving a communication from a certain person, who shall be nameless, who requested us to send a little girl and he would pay her fare at the station on arrival. "Send her C.O.D." so ran the words. Sorry though we are to appear obliging we *have* to draw the line sometimes!

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"Lo, I am with you always."—Matt. xxviii, 20.

A mother had been watching by the side of her dying boy. When not far from death he went off into a sleep, and waking up and finding his mother still faithfully at her post, he looked at her with his dying eye and said: "Still there, mother!"

Still there! my gentle Mother,
Watching with tender care;
Not weary yet of waiting,
Still staying ever near.
And when my tired eyelids
Ope from their fevered sleep,
Your smile still waits to greet me,
And still your watch you keep.

And so, "still there" my Father!
My faithful God above,
The same Lord that has saved me
Watches with tender love
And though my slothful spirit
In slumber may have lain,
Yet when I wake and rouse me
Still doth Thy love remain.

In days of earth's dark fog-clouds,
Still somewhere shines the sun,
And in our deepest troubles
Still lives the Almighty One.
Yes, though, the clouds may gather,
They will not always last,
But God is there forever
When heaven and earth are past.

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

We are pleased to acknowledge many additional contributions to this fund, but we have not quite our \$150.00. We will try and come up to that next year, all being well. Many of these contributions are made doubly welcome by the kind and grateful messages sent with them. Annie Bolton says: "I want you to take three dollars for the three years I have been out, and please do not return any thanks for that; it is but a little for all that has been done for me."

The following have been received since last list was published: Annie Bolton, \$3; Amelia Pritchard, \$2; Mrs. Osler (Amelia's mistress), \$1; E. Baker, \$2; Nellie Smith, \$2; Lizzie Lewis, \$2; Mary Parker, \$2; Eliza Williams, 75 cents. The rest are all gifts of \$1.00: Sarah Jakins, Agnes Warwick, Hilda Taylor, Fanny Lock, Emily Norris, Lizzie Drury, Bessie Compton, Hetty Watts, Miriam Killick, Eliza Lancaster, Ada Thomas, Louisa Barnes, Bertha Jordan, Sarah Smith, Margaret Whinnell, Mary Ann Smith, A. B. Rose Hoy, Jessie Biddis, Edith Fiske, Gertrude Freeman, Elizabeth Adams, Matilda Paton, Cissy Wallace, Annie Freshwater, Caroline Hardy, Amy Windus, Mary Sewell, Florrie Wallis, Charlotte Wilden, Amy Jones, Alice Webb, Lydia King, Jessie Sayer, Agnes Cutler.

Frances Leach came out to Canada in '85, one of our earlier arrivals. For four years of that time she lived in one place, which she left on account of wishing for higher wages. She



FRANCES LEACH.

there commended herself by her goodness to an invalid child of the household. Let us all remember how much sunshine we may spread in life by these "little nameless acts of kindness and of love."

You will see from Bessie Compton's letter how much she enjoys the country and the beauties of the Sprung all around her. We agree with her; it is lovely to hear the birds sing and to get interested in all the young life about a farm home

"I just write a few lines hoping they will find you all quite well. I received the last copy of UPS AND DOWNS and was so pleased to see the village; it reminded me of when I was in it. I think the village is one of the grandest places I have seen, and now they have that new church in it, it must look beautiful. I was very pleased to read Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey's letter; it seemed such a kind and friendly letter and showed us that they never forget us though we are so far from them. I am glad to tell you that I am getting along nicely; I have got so used to the farm that I do not think I would care to leave it and go in the city. I have been with Mrs. Atkinson a year and seven months and I like the place very much. It is lovely to see the things grow up, and we are quite looking forward to a lot of chickens and quite a lot of things. It is very interesting; some people think that farm work is hard work, but it is lovely to hear the birds sing, it is more like nature. I take the pleasure of sending two dollars; I want you to take one for the Girl's Donation Fund and one for the bank account. I am so pleased to see so many girls sending money in. I should have sent mine before, but a little late is better than not at all. I think we all ought to try and do all we can for it, because it is going for such a good purpose; we all will, I am sure, be glad to do what we can for it. It is so nice to see so many good accounts of the girls and boys, it encourages one a great deal."

Lizzie Lewis, on the other hand, has always lived in a town since she came to Canada—nearly four years ago—but Picton is a very pretty place, and Lizzie evidently appreciates its beauties. Lizzie's record in Canada has been a very good one. She is so thoroughly honest and reliable that her mistress trusts her with important matters and business commissions, sure that in her hands all will be perfectly safe. Is not that a good testimony, girls?

I am so sorry not to have written before; I meant to write and tell you I would be so glad if you would take two dollars out of my bank account towards the Girls' Donation Fund. I think it is such a splendid way towards helping Dr. Barnardo when he has done so much

for us. I would have written before only I have been so busy Spring cleaning I have not had any time for anything. I look forward with great pleasure every month for the UPS AND DOWNS, and it is so nice to see and hear anything about the dear old village. Picton is looking very lovely just now. We will soon be having it quite gay as it is a very favourite place for excursionists, and I advise any of our girls, who have a day's holiday, to take in one of the excursions down to Picton. I should be so pleased to see any of them whether I know them or not. I do wish, Miss Code, you could get a picture of the village church. They were just in the middle of it when I left and it would be so nice to see it finished."



ELIZA EDWARDS.

Eliza Edwards came to Canada in October '92, and went the following month to her present place near Picton where she has been ever since. We are glad to notice in Miss Loveday's last report that she is spoken of as a steady girl and doing well.

The following letter is from Edith Vincent whose heart we can see beats with gratitude and who is enthusiastic in her sympathy with every feature of the work of her old friend and benefactor Dr. Barnardo:—

"I have received a sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS and I like it very much. I know Edith Bolton, whose photo was in January number, and also Gertie James, whose letter was published. I enclose my subscription for 1896. I am thinking Mr. Owen will find it very difficult to keep the girls confined to a corner. I think I could fill a corner myself! I came to Canada, September, 1886. I was only seven then. I lived in Myrtle Cottage in the Village Home, England. I am hoping to hear from some of my old acquaintances, and will they all sign the name and address? I do not think the paper could have had a more suitable name, and I have no doubt it will be highly appreciated by both boys and girls. May God's blessing rest upon 'Hazel Brae,' its inmates, and all connected with it, during 1896."

Flora Watson came to Canada in '86, and from May '88 till February of this year was in the same home. A change being then thought desirable she moved to her present place, where she is very happy, and where the lady she lives with gives her an excellent character. We are thankful for the following kind words from her



FLORA WATSON.

mistress: "I have been much interested in the Home paper UPS AND DOWNS. I think it will do a great deal of good to the boys and girls by stimulating their interest in the Home, and encouraging them to do their best."

MARCHING ORDERS.

"Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out! Tell it out!"

Many of our girls have made the acquaintance of Miss Quinn, who for more than four years has filled the position of Assistant Secretary at Hazel Brae. To many it may be a sur-



MISS QUINN.

prise to hear that she left Peterborough last month, having, she believed, received her orders from the Master, Who said to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; having also heard the cry of needy souls, saying, "Come over and help us."

Miss Quinn has entered on a term in a training Institute in New York, in order to be more fitted, if the way is opened, to go into the mission field.

Truly sorry as we are to lose her, she goes with our heartiest good wishes that she may be blessed and made a blessing

Lilly Andrews is one of our late arrivals, having been among our 1895 party, but so far she bids fair to be one of our best; we expect she has seen and learned a good many new things during her first Winter and Spring here.

"I am very pleased to be able to write to our paper, and I think it is very nice. My mistress says she would take it herself if I did not for she loves good girls and she thinks it is a great help to them. Now, dear girls, I know some of you, and I look for your names every month, and especially for my brother. You know, girls, how you like to hear from your brothers. I think this is a lovely country and the flowers are beautiful, the lilies especially. And I love my place and my mistress and she loves me. She says I will make quite a house-keeper when she can get about a little better. We have got a store and a large garden. My master has horses and machines and engines; some of you will know what they are like. My mistress says when grandpa thrashes I shall go to grandpa's and see them at work. Grandpa has got a big farm and a stone house. Now I must close and get tea."

We sometimes get quaint, interesting letters from our *little* girls. The following comes to us from Muskoka—we hope one day to show you all this photo of "Mary and Annie" in our magazine, but we have not it at present:

"I hope you are quite well as these lines leave me. I have got my photo taken and will send you one. And I have got a nice doll. Mother made it a pink dress, it has got brown eyes like me. I like going to school here; this is Easter so we have some holidays. I like my new home here splendid. I have a nice father and mother, they are good to me. They own a mill, and a farm, too, and they have got lots of things here. We have a nice little calf and cows, horses, sheep, chickens, geese and ducks. Mother has got two nice canary birds; they sing just lovely. It is coming Spring now and I am glad for I long to run over the fields. I had a nice sleigh-ride to Bracebridge when I got my photo taken. My home is beside Three Mile Lake. I go to church when it is nice weather. I hope my little brother is well. I have a great time hunting eggs. I think I will close now as I can't think of anything else to say. Mary and I got our photos taken together, the one standing up is me.

"ANNIE LILLYWHITE,
"Ufford, Muskoka."

Alice Long sends the following sweet little poem. If all our "little maidens" would try and live out these verses how good it would be! We are glad to know that many of them do try so to live, and we want to commend it to all "*maidens*," even though they are not "*little*."

"Little maidens must be holy,
Pure in every thought;
By the precious blood of Jesus,
Each one has been bought.

"Little maidens must be gentle,
Even in their play;
Modest in their works and ways,
Innocently gay.

"Little maidens must be honest,
True in deed and word,
Fearing naught but sin and evil,
Servants of the Lord.

"Little maidens must be helpful,
Fly at mother's call;
Swift and joyous as the sunbeam,
Shining bright on all.

"Little maidens must be thinking
Of their heavenly home,
Where, through Jesus Christ their Saviour,
They may hope to come.

"Where their Father waits to bless them,
In that happy land,
Where their loving Elder Brother
Dwells at His right hand."

FROM A WELL WISHER.

A very nice greeting for UP AND DOWNS has reached us from a friend whom we have never seen, who is not even "One of our boys" but whose approval we greatly appreciate, and we are glad to insert the following good wishes from Gertrude Freeman's brother. Is it not quite a pleasant variety to have a boy's name enter our columns? We are not going to say one name is better than another; we are not even going to say whether or not the words of the poet are true in speaking of nature "Her 'prentice hand she tried on man, and then she made the lasses, Oh!" but we *may* say without incurring the displeasure of either boys or girls, "*variety is charming*."

"I have had the pleasure of late to have a copy of the UPS AND DOWNS, and without any exception it is the best little paper I ever undertook to read.

I am glad to see that the boys and girls are doing so well and I hope they will return thanks for the kindness that has been shown to them by the Home and Dr. Barnardo himself.

"I do not belong to Dr. Barnardo's Home myself, but I write a few lines to thank the Home for the kindness that has been shown to my sister Gertrude Louisa Freeman, who went to the Home in 1887.

"In hope, if I am permitted, to write a little more to UPS AND DOWNS.

"Leaving you all the best wishes of the season, I am,
"Yours truly,
"THOMAS COWLEY FREEMAN."

TO HER OLD FRIENDS.

In our January number we published a notice of the marriage of Florence Atkins to Henry Day. You who read that will be interested in the following letter just received from Florence:

"DEAR GIRLS,—I think we all should think so much of the boys in our Home for giving us a part of their paper so that we can hear from each other. I have never seen a piece in it from a "Heartsease" girl until this last one, and I was glad to see it from Lizzie Wright. I wonder if Lizzie remembers Miss Campbell, our good, Scotch Cottage-mother? How many times have I thought of her since I have been out, of how she begged of us to be good girls and she never would forget to pray for us. I was so glad to see Dr. Barnardo's picture. My eyes filled with tears as I looked on his face, and I thought how I would like to see him as he was. And the Village Home, when I looked at it and saw the flowers, how I did think of my past days. In this world we should always think of the future, but there are times when we cannot help but think of the past. In the last paper, when I looked at the Home, I couldn't tell Miss Gibbs but I had to look at Miss Code. I think Miss Stent's picture should be put in, too. It is now going on seven years since I came out. I was for two years on the Farm and then I was moved to a place where I would have been five years this August, but I thought I would go to housekeeping myself. I had a nice wedding, and got a lot of nice presents. I used to feel happy enough, but I feel just as happy, if not happier in having a home and a husband. I advise all girls, if they are sure of a good home and a kind husband, to never refuse the offer. Would you write and tell me a little bit about Alice Stubbing since she is married? She was one of my old friends. I think I will now close, so good-bye, with love from your friend—Mrs. Henry Day."

MASTER FILO: THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL CROW.

"Miss Templeton-Armstrong, the lady who has kindly written some pieces for UPS AND DOWNS, has a very curious crow. His name is Filo. Filo was taken from a nest when he was quite a baby. He was first fed on bread and milk till he got a little bigger. When they began calling him his name, he used to listen and think it over till one day he could say it, and then they taught him some more words, and these are what he says: 'Bye-bye,' 'Filo,' 'Hello!' He also mews like a cat, barks like a dog, cries like a baby. Now do not think that is a curious bird, because I do. Now he is learning some more words. Filo has never been caged, but has always had his liberty. He goes away about eight o'clock in the morning and comes home at twelve o'clock to have his dinner, which is generally hard boiled eggs, or some meat and then he flies off again and comes home about 5 p.m. and he goes to a plum-tree where he has some perches placed for him, and has the same meal, and there he will stay till Miss Armstrong takes him to roost. And I have forgotten to mention that Filo always has a bath before he goes away on his journeys.

"Generally on Sundays he will sit in the plum tree and talk nearly all day long. That depends on what sort of day it is.

"Now, if any of you want a crow, take one from the nest when it is quite young, and try and do the same as has been done to Filo. GERTRUDE FREEMAN"

We are much obliged to Gertrude Freeman, who has sent us the above account of this wonderful crow and his doings. We cannot but notice Gertie's concluding remarks, that if anyone wants a crow to turn out in the same way as Filo, let them take it from the nest while it is young.

This is what other wise heads believe. This, in fact, is the principle that prompts and stimulates our friend Dr. Barnardo himself in his work amongst—not exactly young birds—but young boys and girls.

AN ENIGMA.

The following lines record a Bible Story. It will give some thought to our readers to find out what the story is. It will be found somewhere in the Book of Judges. The answer will be given next month, but meanwhile let any girl who likes send it in to us.

THE MYSTERIOUS ARMY.

1. We were but weak, our captain strong,
Our deeds were dark, our weapons bright,
With scattered ranks we swept the field
And won the victory by flight;
2. Though allies, joined by closest ties,
Our face was each from other hid;
And though our work was seen from far
We saw not what we did.
3. One common enterprise we shared
Hind'ring each other's course,
Fearful of those who feared us most
Helpless against their foes.
4. Pris'ners in bonds, we wandered wide
Foes to our land, yet free from blame,
Though wise and crafty, yet in this
The tools of others we became.
5. Countless the bearded heads that fell
Before our march that day;
Whilst vineyards, homesteads, oliveyards
In devastation lay.
6. We struggled hard, yet strange to say
No stranger felt a blow,
Our comrade—our antagonist,
Our chief—our chiefest foe.
7. Our banner bright, that oft has cheered,
Spread dire alarm, where 'ere we came,
Avenging one, we ruined more,
And added massacre to shame.

OUR READY-WRITERS' RING.

Our girls have not responded very numerously to the challenge of the "Ready Writers" We are pleased to insert two papers, and hope they will be an incentive to others to try. One or two girls write that they have not time just now, owing to Spring cleaning going on. We can quite understand that, but you can be *thinking* about the subject, and when the extra work is over, then try and put these thoughts into words and let us have a paper from you.

* *

THE SEASON IN THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.—SPRING.

ELLEN WRIGHT, Ingersoll.

I like the Spring best for a good many reasons:
I.—Because the birds come back in the Spring, and I think everybody is glad to see the birds and hear them sing. We have a nice lawn at the back of the house, and every morning I see the robins pulling the worms out of the lawn. Our cat tries to catch them, but they don't seem to mind her a bit. They let her get nearly up to them, then they hop a little further away, but they don't fly away. She has given up trying to catch them lately.

II.—Because the snow melts in the Spring and the sun feels so bright and warm after the long cold Winter.

III.—Because I like to watch the things begin to grow; you can almost see them grow, they come up so fast. The fruit trees smell so fragrant; we have quite a lot of them around here. They were so thick with blossoms this year you could hardly see the leaves. I hope it is a sign of lots of fruit; there has been no frost as yet. Last Monday we had a wind storm; it blew nearly all the blossoms off the trees. It was a pretty sight to watch them coming down; it looked as if it were snowing. The lawn was white with them afterwards.

IV.—Because the wild flowers are all out in the woods in the Spring. One afternoon I took Pinie and a little friend of hers to the woods to gather wild flowers. When it was time to come home they said they wished we had taken our tea so we could stay longer. Perhaps we may next time.

V.—I think everything looks so new and fresh in the Spring; even the houses are turned inside out and put on a summer air, and everything made clean and fresh and all the rubbish taken away.

VI.—The stores are always fixed up with nice new goods in the Spring, and look so pretty and tempting so as the people will buy them.

VII.—I like to watch the chickens and lambs and all the farm animals running around and looking so frisky. Everything seems so youthful and life-like, that is why I like the Spring best.

THE SEASON IN THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.—SPRING.

ADELAIDE HUTCHINGS, Newcastle.

I like Spring best because in that season everything outside seems so very fresh and pleasant. Even the birds I think seem more gay and sing more in the last part of May than in any other time in the year. Spring in Canada is very much like the climate in England. In Canada the weather rather goes to extremes, the Summer is so very warm, and the Winter so very cold. I was so glad to see Spring coming this year, and I dare say everybody was; it is always welcome after the long Winter, I think. It seems so nice to see green grass and flowers and birds all come back again. I went to the woods to see if there was any May-flowers the other day and I could only find two of them there, but I found a few white lilies and some cowslips. I am going sometime soon again and I think I shall find a lot of them then. I do so like picking wild flowers. I like May-flowers and violets better than some of the tame flowers, they smell so sweet and look so very pretty I think. Last 24th of May a little girl and I went to the woods and took our dinner with us; we had quite a nice picnic that day by ourselves. In the morning we went fishing and we both caught only two apiece. In the afternoon we went picking flowers and both of us got a big bunch of violets and another big bunch of all kinds of flowers.

EMILY MANNING writes:—

think true happiness lies in our doing what we can to make those around us happy, and to do this we must be filled with the love of Christ ourselves. The following may perhaps "be helpful to some one."—

HOW TO INSURE A HAPPY LIFE.

(with scripture reference)

Do all the good you can. Eccl. 9. 10
In every way you can. Matt. 5. 16
To all the people you can. Gal. 6. 10
At all the times you can. 1 Cor. 15. 5-8
In the quietest way you can. Matt. 6. 3-4
In every place you can. Acts. 10. 38
As long as ever you can. Rev. 2. 10

* *

TOPICS.

For July { "The best way to spend a holiday"
OR
"What influence has a girl in the world?"

* *

Please remember the following useful hints, borrowed with slight variations from a back number of the Boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS:

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks, do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at the rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. Write on the corner of the envelope, "Miss only," and address to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

Papers for insertion in next month's UPS AND DOWNS, must be posted not later than the 15th of the preceding month. A paper must not contain more than 500 words, and it need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

IN LEISURE HOURS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Ada Thomas and Laura Fitts send replies to "Buried Cities," they are "Brantford" and "Cardinal."

Laura also says: "I have tried hard to find the answer to the poem, but cannot; it is quite a hard one." Well, we must tell you—it is "Joy and Happiness."

* *

PUZZLE.

My first is in Philip but not in John
My second is in Edward but not in Tom.
My third is in William but not in Joe,
My fourth is in Hip but not in Toe.
My fifth is in Cat but not in Dog,
My sixth is in Toad but not in Frog,
My seventh is in Month but not in Week.
My whole is a Bird with a very long Beak.

This puzzle has been sent to us by Henrietta Webb.

* *

A FLOWER GAME.

A GOOD GAME FOR GIVING A GOOD LAUGH.

Perhaps our girls, or some of them, already are acquainted with the Flower game, but for the sake of any who are not we are now going to let them into a secret of it.

There may be a room full of people if you like, or only just a few. Each one is to have the name of a flower. One person goes round and whispers to the others the name of his or her flower, and then advances to the door and calls out for the name of the flower wished for, such as the rose or violet, or whatever the name is, and the one whose flower is called has to rise and go to the door in response to the call.

We shall never forget our feeling when we were introduced to this game, and upon the name of the flower wanted being announced there was a general rush and the whole company made for the doorway. We quite remember the impression made upon ourselves by the face of one gentleman; it seemed to denote such extreme indignation. *He* was called, why did all these other people go?

You see the secret. Each person has the name of the same flower whispered to them, and therein lies the fun of the whole game, because, of course, they each expect to have a different flower given to them.

Try it sometime or other when there are some people present who do not know the secret.

A LESSON FOR ALL OF US.

A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or an ornament."

* *

How great and far-reaching may be the ultimate results of the work of a single being is strikingly portrayed in the case of John Williams, the martyr missionary of Eromanga, who when he went to the South Sea Islands, took with him a single banana tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now, from that single banana tree, bananas are to be found throughout the whole group of islands.

"IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN."

When Margaret went up to bed, she stood for a moment self-absorbed in the middle of the room, then she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! I wish all the girls could have heard it." Then, as the suggestion flashed over her, she cried joyfully: "I know what I'll do? "I'll write it down just as they said it."

The next moment, with her pad in her lap, she was sitting under the gas and with her sharp pencil began to scribble:

"This afternoon the Sewing Circle met here, and when I came in after school, I peeped in the front parlor door, and the ladies were such a busy, pretty sight that I stood to look; and then one of them, a dear beautiful old lady, said something I liked, and I stopped to listen.

"She said, 'If I were a girl again I would be more thoughtful of my mother. For not until I had girls of my own to love and work for did I begin to realize what my mother had done for me.'

"Then another lady, middle-aged, with a sharp, worried face, spoke quickly: 'If I were a girl again, I would learn to do something to support myself. Here am, forty-two, as you all know, and I can't earn my breakfast unless I go out and do housework. Nobody cares for an unskilled workwoman—and that's what I am. It's a blessing to me that I don't have to earn my own breakfast.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' said a lady with a sweet voice, 'I would never leave Sunday school. You can't think how I envy the girls who have grown up in a Sunday school as if it were a home. And they are as much at home as I am among my children. I've been out of Sunday school thirty years, and it is a loss that never can be made up to me.'

"(I have been out of Sunday school a year. I left because I didn't like my teacher. I am going back next Sunday).

"'If I could be a girl again,' a placid-looking lady said, 'I would never give up studying; I would never allow myself to lose the habit of learning things. Why, it is even hard for me now to learn a long Bible verse; I must choose a short one, or humiliatingly write it on a slip of paper to look at at the last minute.'

"'And if I were a girl again,' spoke up a lady with a quick tongue, 'I would never let myself speak of anybody's faults—no, not anybody's. You can't think how you get to see faults if you let your mind run on them.'

"Then a lady in the corner spoke sadly: 'If I could be a girl again, I'd begin by not being ashamed to be a Christian. I would take a stand and stand. You who never failed cannot think how it helps to have people know what to expect of you. By shilly-shally work you don't know what to expect of yourself.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' came from somebody, 'I would make myself write letters. To-day when I write one of my awkward letters—and I never do write a letter if anyone else will do it for me—I regret that I hated to write letters, and would never learn to make it easy. I always feel that I have lost something when I hear of people who have letter friends. My sister writes the happiest letters to twenty invalids; she is doing a "cup-of-cold-water" work in a way I never can.'

"'And I,' said a little woman, 'I would learn to sew. I am as awkward with my needle as though it were a hoe. And my needle makes as good work as a hoe would.'

"Everybody laughed, and then such a pretty woman said: 'If I could be a girl again, I think I would rather be a homely girl. I was pretty, and people told me so, and I was spoiled. I loved admiration better than bread and butter, and twice I lost promotion in school for having beaux and going to parties. Not but that a pretty girl can have good sense.'

"'If I were a girl again,' said an intellectual-looking lady, 'I would not give up everything for study; I would be a womanly and house-wifely girl as well as a student. And if I had one taste which dominated all the others, I wouldn't let all the others run to waste. I was deep in mathematics when I couldn't spell my own language as correctly as a girl of twelve. And my penmanship was disgraceful.'

"(I have given up geometry because I hate it, but I will begin again).

"'And I would try to make friends,' remarked a silent-looking lady. 'I forgot when I was a girl that I would need friends when I was older, and when I see women with their school friendships keeping them young, it makes my lonely heart ache.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' said somebody whose face I couldn't see. 'I would read only the best books.'

"'I would study and read the Bible more,' somebody said in reply. 'I would take it as real and alive, and meant for me, and grow up on it.'

"(I wish I could, I will ask somebody how to do it.)

"'And then quite a young lady said the sweetest thing: 'If I could be a girl again, I wouldn't grow old so fast. I would stay as fresh and young as I could, not live ahead of my age, but just be a girl-flower, and bloom as God gave sunshine and rain.'—Forward.

GIRL'S NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

"A name! What's in a name?" And yet some way or other without intending, we seem to associate certain ideas with certain names. Margaret, I think of as sensible and dependable. Adelaide, as artificial and unreal. Alice, sweet and gentle. Mary, a good true home name. But then, these are only fancies, and some one else may associate quite different thoughts with the very same name.

We are now, however, giving the following names with their *real* significations:

- Ada, same as Edith, happiness.
- Adelaide, a princess.
- Agnes, chaste, pure.
- Alice, a princess.
- Amy, beloved.
- Ann, or Anne, grace.
- Barbara, foreign, strange.
- Beatrice, making happy.
- Bertha, bright, beautiful.
- Blanche, white.
- Bridget, strength.
- Caroline, noble-spirited.
- Catherine, or Katherine, pure.
- Charlotte, same as Caroline.
- Clara, bright, illustrious.
- Constance, firm, constant.
- Dora, or Dorothea, the gift of God.
- Elizabeth, worshipper of God.
- Emily, or Emma, energetic, industrious.
- Esther, a star, good fortune.
- Eva or Eve, life.
- Frances and Francis, free.
- Flora, flowers.
- Florence, blooming, flourishing.
- Grace, grace, favor.
- Hannah, grace.
- Helen, light.
- Isabella, worshipper of God.
- Jane, or Janet, the gift of God.
- aura, a laurel.
- Lilly, lily.
- Lucy, born at break of day.
- Martha, the ruler of the house.
- Mary, bitter.
- Matilda, or Maud, heroine.
- Nora, or Honora, honorable.
- Olive, or Olivia, an olive.
- Phoebe, pure, radiant.
- Rachel, a ewe.
- Rebecca, of enchanting beauty.
- Ruth, beauty.
- Sara, or Sarah, a princess.
- Susan, or Susanna, a lily.
- Winifred, a lover of peace.

STRAY BITS.

"Since I cannot govern my tongue, though within my teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others."—Franklin.

"Millions of slate pencils are used yearly in schools of all kinds, and if all the school slates were taken for roofing they would roof a large city."—Ex.

"The earth is thirty-two times larger than the moon. Nearly two-thirds of all the letters carried by the postal service of the world are written, sent to, and read by English-speaking people."

The report of the mission to lepers states that in India alone there are 100,000 lepers; in Japan, 200,000, and in China probably 300,000.

THE WISHING BRIDGE.

Among the legends sung or said
Along our rocky shore,
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran
The old-time story) all
Good wishes said above its span
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed
The prayers of man or maid
For him who on the deep sea sailed,
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from school,
And wished in childish glee;
And one would be a queen and rule,
And one the world would see.

Time passed; with change of hopes and ears
And in the self-same place,
Two women, grey with middle years,
Stood, wondering, face to face.

With wakened memories, as they met,
They queried what had been:
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet."
Said one, "I am a queen.

"My realm a little homestead is,
Where, lacking crown and throne,
I rule by loving services
And patient toil alone."

The other said: "The great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed.

"I see but common sights of home,
Its common sounds I hear;
My widowed mother's sick-bed room
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page
Of travel far and wide,
And in a dreamy pilgrimage
We wander side by side.

"And when, at last, she falls asleep,
My book becomes to me
A magic glass; my watch I keep,
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you fill,
While fancy's privilege
Is mine to walk the earth at will,
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."

"Nay, leave the legend for the truth."
The other cried, "and say
God gives the wishes of our youth,
But in His own best way."

—From Whittier's Poems.

GOSSIP.

"Though never so clear, a matter appear,
I'll never believe, unless I receive,
Full proof, full as clear, as matters appear."

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps the room as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and the action, fine."

—George Herbert.

Boys for Farm Help

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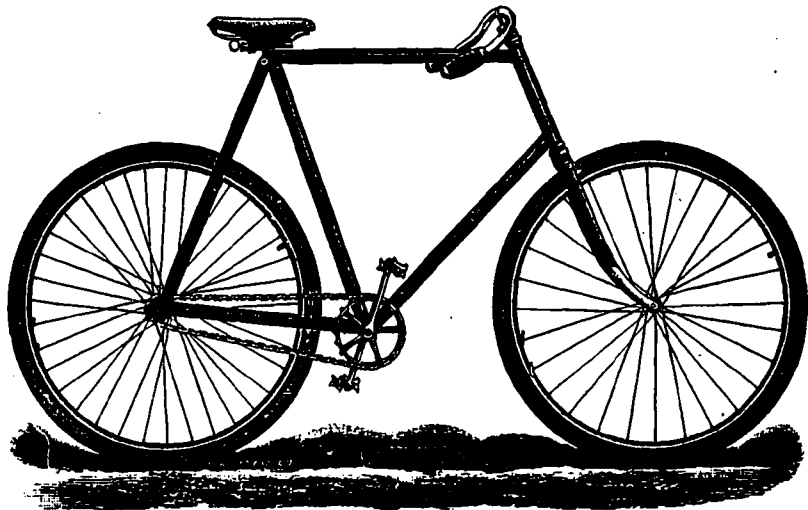
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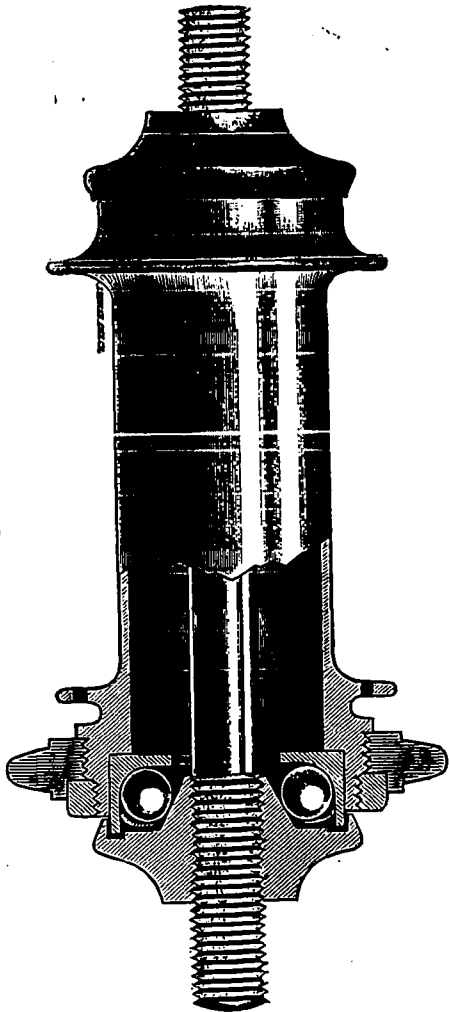
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