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WITH A CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

VOL. IV.

JANUARY 1st 1899.

No. 2

# TIPS <sup>KEEP</sup> and Downs

## TIPS & DOWNS.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES  
OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Published Quarterly. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
214 FARLEY AVE., TORONTO

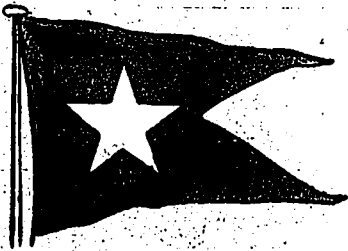
# OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

Those of a hundred homes that came from England in the  
first party of 1881

Arnold, William Charles  
Atkins, Alfred  
Austin, Alfred James  
Ash, Christopher  
Ash, Charles J.  
Arthur, Frank  
Barker, William Daniel  
Bothwell, John  
Buckham, John  
Blandford, Frederick James  
Batten, Albert Edward G.  
Bell, William John  
Bateman, Harry  
Bridgeman, William  
Bailey, Arthur  
Bailey, Arthur  
Bailey, John  
Bray, Arthur  
Bray, Walter  
Ball, Charles Fred.  
Ball, Albert  
Capeling, Edward  
Edwards, James  
Edwards, William Grosvenor  
Everitt, Harry Albert  
Endicott, Arthur M.  
Flower, George Frederick  
Fisher, William C.  
Flook, Joseph  
Green, William  
Glide, Frederick  
Gambrial, Edgar J. S.  
Gilks, Walter Seaton  
Gold, Charles  
Granger, James  
Humphries, Thomas  
Hickey, William  
Hardy, James Henry  
Hawker, William Rees  
Hoskins, Frederick John  
Hearn, George  
Hughes, George  
Hanks, Frederick Albert  
Hopkins, Frederick Joseph  
Hope, Basil Harvey  
Hartfield, Alma Huggott  
Haughton, William  
Hall, John Robert  
Hales, Frederick  
Johnson, George Henry  
Kness, Theodore  
Kelly, Richard  
Lane, John  
Langan, John  
Lee, Henry  
Leach, Sidney Clayton  
Lucas, William  
Miller, George  
Margereson, Robert  
Matthews, John  
McArthur, Alexander  
Mills, Robert James  
Marshman, Frederick Hy  
Manning, Herbert Albert  
Moon, Reginald  
Mayes, Arthur  
Mayes, Alfred  
Murphy, Arthur  
Neil, Alexander  
Prior, Charles Albert  
Pocock, John  
Pollard, Ralph  
Pearce, Francis August  
Pearce, George Frederick  
Parrott, Robert  
Parrott, Oliver  
Pope, Charles  
Radcliffe, Francis Daley  
Roffey, Harry Say  
Rose, Christopher  
Stewart, Charles  
Sones, Robert  
Smith, Edgar Brautman  
Seanes, Thomas  
Sarson, Arthur  
Seaforth, Frederick  
Seager, William  
Slade, Alfred Edward J. C.  
Sygrave, Edward  
Sabaline, Frank  
Sedgwick, Herbert  
Theibot, Peter Lou  
Tippet, William Charles  
Tozer, William George  
Tatton, James  
Taylor, Robert  
Tarrent, Henry  
Vincent, Henry  
Wood, William Edward  
Woodstock, Win.

Mr. R. J. Leggett  
Mr. Timothy Burwell  
Mr. Nelson Proctor  
Mr. Jacob J. Upper  
Mr. Nelson Robins  
Mr. James Edmonds  
Mr. George Cammidge  
Mr. W. Clark  
Mr. H. W. Derby  
Mr. John Johnston  
Mr. Edwin W. Lambkin  
Mr. D. C. Cunningham  
Mr. Andrew Robinson  
Mr. Richard Stanley  
Mr. Francis Collinson  
Mr. Samuel Ed. Osborne  
Mr. James Maize  
Mr. John Tay  
Mr. Alexander Ferguson  
Mr. Francis L. Doupe  
Mr. David Armour  
Mr. James Stevens  
Mr. William Casey  
Mr. John B. Wilson  
Mr. John F. Broadbent  
Mr. David C. Wilson  
Mr. Rice  
Mr. William Birchall  
Mr. Frederick Gabler  
Mr. R. G. Byers  
Mr. Robert L. Polk  
Mr. J. T. Prior  
Mr. Abram B. Stickler  
Mr. Edward Smith  
Mr. Thomas Watt  
Mr. H. T. Boldt  
Mr. Charles Rapley  
Mr. Albert Moore  
Mr. Thomas Hawkins  
Mr. C. B. Reece  
Mr. James Armstrong  
Mr. Donald McIntosh  
Mr. Martin J. Gardhouse  
Mr. Wesley Henderson  
Mr. John J. Newson  
Mr. George McManus  
Mr. Thomas Campbell  
Mr. William Barron  
Mr. John A. Wiggins  
Mr. Christopher Topper  
Mr. R. G. Stinson  
Mr. Henry N. Cosby  
Mr. A. T. McKellar  
Mr. James Shier, Jr.  
Mr. Aldon Trull  
Mr. William Edgar  
Mr. Thomas Robinson  
Mr. Isaac Scott, Maple Valley  
Mr. Bernard Brown  
Mr. Hugh Trew  
Mr. Edgar Metler  
Mr. Richard Small, Alliston  
Mr. James W. Slack  
Mr. Samuel Arnold  
Mr. John Stewart  
Mr. Duncan McMaster  
Mr. James Thornton  
Mr. James Watson  
Mr. William Holmes  
Mr. William Knapp  
Mr. Angus McSween  
Mr. J. A. Embury  
Mr. Simpson Horner  
Mr. William Stonehouse  
Mr. John McVey  
Mr. Francis J. Scott  
Mr. Elijah Stevens, baker  
Mr. John Cook  
Mr. Wilson  
Mr. Arthur McQuillan  
Mr. Joseph Zeiller  
Mr. William Chambers  
Mr. Edward Dennis  
Mr. John A. Gourlay  
Mr. George Walker  
Mr. Henry Lambier  
Mr. George Shearing  
Mr. Kay McKay  
Mr. Hiram E. Milson  
Mr. William Britton  
Mr. Alonzo Macaulay  
Mr. Edward Johnston  
Mr. J. B. Moore  
Mr. Dugald Campbell  
Rev. W. Hartley  
Mr. J. Sanderoock  
Mr. J. G. Ptolemy  
Mr. William H. Martin  
Mr. Robert Clarke  
Mr. John Sellars

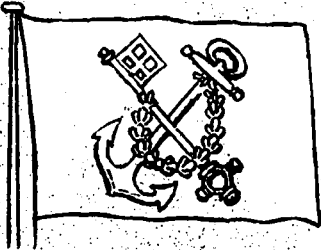
Connor,  
Wabash.  
Pottageville  
Thorold.  
Port Robinson  
Marshville  
Monck.  
Cambray.  
Grenfell, Assa.  
Kemble.  
Fordwich.  
Barrie.  
Arthur.  
Purple Grove.  
Scotia.  
Royal Oak.  
Dungannon.  
Kintore.  
Kincardine.  
Mount Forest  
Badjeros.  
Turnerville.  
Valentia.  
Manotick.  
Seely.  
Wabash.  
Mount Forest,  
Ruscomb Station  
Pembroke.  
New Park.  
Portland.  
Walter's Falls.  
Bethesda.  
Allanburgh.  
South March.  
Kinmount.  
Napperton.  
Ross Mount.  
Canton.  
Jordan.  
Stratford.  
Lawrence Station  
Highfield.  
Little Britain  
Beatrice.  
Mono Mills.  
Perrytown.  
Bracebridge.  
Egbert.  
Newtonbrook.  
Clarksburg.  
Pelham Union.  
Chatham.  
Leakdale.  
Hampton.  
Fordwich.  
Norwood.  
Reddickville P.O  
Crediton.  
Elizabethville.  
North Pelham.  
Arlington P.O.  
Claremont.  
Becher.  
Welbeck.  
Redwing.  
Janetville.  
Nile.  
Tupperville.  
Enfield.  
Eskdale.  
Jerseyville.  
Sutton West  
Sutton West.  
Devizes.  
Maplegrove.  
Wallaceburg  
Elsinore.  
Arkona.  
Inwood.  
Walkertown.  
Mount Elgin.  
Copetown.  
Beachburg  
Camlachie.  
Gypsum Mills.  
Wallacetown.  
Kintore.  
Clarke.  
Brantford  
Vine.  
Odessa  
St. Ives  
Lake Dr.  
Nipissing  
Orona.  
Woodburn.  
Vine.  
Kemble  
Dutton.



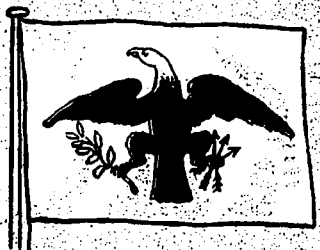
White Star Line



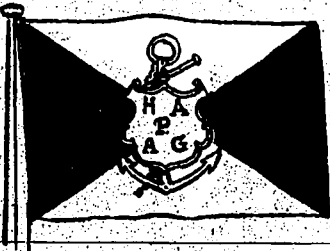
Cunard Line



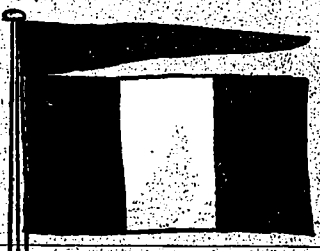
North German Lloyd



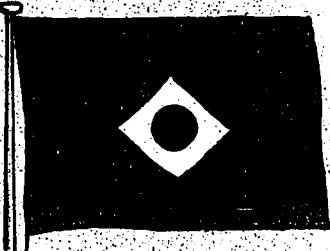
American Line



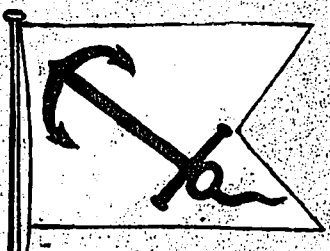
Hamburg-American Line



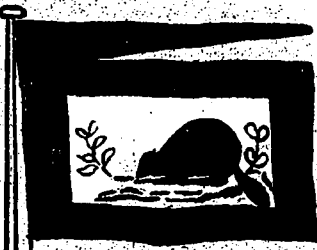
Allan Line



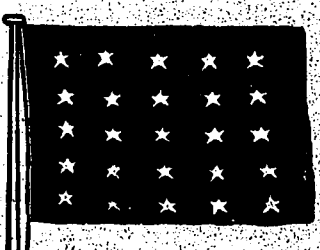
Dominion Line



Anchor Line



Beaver Line



Atlantic Transport



Wilson & Furness Leyland



Compagnie Generale Transatlantique

House Flags and Funnels of Principal Trans-Atlantic Lines.





PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. IV.]

JANUARY 1ST, 1899.

[No. 2.

## Personal Notes

THE present number of UPS AND DOWNS will be sent to all our boys, subscribers as well as non-subscribers, as we wish to make it the means of conveying to each one our greetings and good wishes for the Christmas season. We can add but little to what has been said on Dr. Barnardo's behalf on the same occasion in former years, but we are sure every member of his great family will know that he wishes them God speed at the opening of another year, and that his hope and prayer for them is that the Lord may be their Keeper and Guide, that they may be led in the paths of righteousness, and that the year we are entering upon may be one of honour and prosperity in their lives. We hope each one of our old friends will accept this as a personal message to himself, from the young men to whom the Homes and the old associations are becoming every year a more and more dim memory, who are settled in life and have fresh interests and cares and prospects for the future occupying their thoughts and attention, down to the little chaps who are spending their first Christmas in Canada and have not yet altogether overcome the sense of being strangers in a strange land. To all our older lads—those who are approaching or have passed the verge of manhood—we desire

to be very cordially remembered this Christmas, and we wish for them a useful, prosperous and successful year. They may not require either our help or counsel, but if they should be in a position to need a friend, let them be assured that they can count upon us for anything that may lay within our power that will serve their interests and contribute to their advancement in life. As the years pass by, the numbers increase of those who are in every sense independent of us, whom we like to meet as old friends and to talk with over old times, but who have long since taken the reins into their own hands in all that concerns their personal affairs, and to whom we are no longer called to play mentor. We have indeed many intimate and valued friends among those whom we planted out in the world in years gone by, including some who, as boys, were a thorn in the flesh to us and to whose future we looked forward with anything but cheerful expectations, but who have turned out men of sterling worth, and, in all sorts of callings, trades, eye, and professions, are doing honour and credit to themselves and their friends. May God abundantly bless and prosper them during the coming year, and crown with success their efforts towards improving and raising their position in life. And

to our younger charges we wish a very merry Christmas in their new homes, whether in Ontario or in the great, rich West, and throughout the New Year we hope we may hear of them that they are well, happy and good. We know they all have their faults and their trials, and the New Year has its ups and downs in store for them. They are called to face the stern realities of life at a rather tender age, and the people they are with are not always considerate, and sometimes forget that old heads cannot be found on young shoulders. There are harsh, exacting masters and nagging, scolding mistresses, just as there are careless, lazy, unfaithful boys; but we hope throughout the year our little lads will do their duty loyally, and if any one feels himself unjustly treated or is dissatisfied or unhappy, let him confide his troubles to us, and so far as in us lies we will stand by and befriend him. And we would have our little lads ever to remember that they have a Friend, the best of all friends, always near; that His arm is around them; that His loving protection and all-wise providence is over them and ordering their concerns, and that His promise is to them, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye."

We cannot forecast what the new year may have in store for our work in Canada, but we seem to be sailing through very calm water from the old year to the new. We have scarcely a name on the sick list, the Homes in Toronto and Winnipeg are almost untenanted, our older boys are well employed, and we seem to be sharing to the full in the general return of prosperity that the country is enjoying. In our great family, that now equals in number the population of a Canadian city, we are almost entirely free from sickness, crime, intemperance, pauperism or vagrancy. It may not always be so. We claim for our boys no exemption from the sins and failures and misfortunes common to all who are

born in the same position and live under the same social conditions, but we simply state the fact as it at present exists, and we do so with deep thankfulness of heart. Gratifying as it is to us to have such a record to show as a proof of the success of the work, we do not think it at all difficult to account for. Idleness and want of occupation are the parent of half the vices and irregularities in the careers of men and boys, and from these our boys are spared, from the circumstances of their lives. They are not at present likely to fall a prey to any of the evils that arise from indolence and too much leisure, and whatever else may be said against them, it can never be laid to their charge that they eat the bread of idleness. We are not infrequently exercised lest boys, especially those who are not very robust in health, should, at certain busy seasons of the year, be overworked and their strength overtaxed; but it would be a very rare and remarkable case in which a boy drifted into bad habits from want of occupation to keep him from them. An idle man is said to be "the devil's play-fellow," but if so, the enemy of mankind has happily very few playmates among the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and hence it is that in reviewing our year's work we can congratulate ourselves upon the phenomenally small number of "sick, lame, or lazy" among our ranks.

We have indeed had a remarkably successful and satisfactory season's work, and we can look back upon the year that is closing with a sense that "goodness and mercy have followed us." Certainly we have had difficulties to contend with of a very serious character, and discouragements and causes for anxiety; but they have been immeasurably outnumbered and compensated for by the increasingly manifest tokens of the value of the work and its permanent and far-reaching results. We should indeed be strangely apathetic and wanting in faith, hope and charity if we could watch these results without having our hearts

stirred with enthusiasm for the cause in which we are labouring. We believe that we are engaged in a great and glorious enterprise, and we look forward to the new year with the desire that we may be permitted to devote ourselves still more energetically and unreservedly to the work and to the welfare of those of whose interests we have charge.

The last number of *Night and Day*, that has lately come to hand, tells a rather sad story of the painful struggle that the doctor is having to raise the needful funds for carrying on the work. Despite all his efforts, the income for the present year shows a very serious falling off from that of the year previous, the deficit amounting to over \$25,000. It seems strange and hard that in England, with all its gigantic wealth, where colossal fortunes are being amassed from day to day; where sums of money that would meet the needs of Dr. Barnardo's work a thousand times over are squandered every year in senseless frivolities and the indulgence of whims and fancies, that a noble enterprise should be continually hampered and crippled for lack of funds; that such wearisome importunity should be required to induce people to give; that the resources of ingenuity should be so continually strained to present in sufficiently striking forms the claims of the work to make them appeal to the imagination of the benevolent and to cause them to open their ears to the bitter cry of those in want. But, forsooth, we might be bidden to look nearer home to realize what indifference can be displayed to the claims of the needy, and to find how slow and unwilling is the response to the command to be "ready to give and glad to distribute." Who, it may well be asked, should be more prompt to stretch forth the hand of assistance to their fellows than those who have themselves come forth from like conditions? Who should more readily man the lifeboat than those who have themselves been snatched from a watery grave? Alas when

we look over the figures of our Royal Donation Fund we could almost say in despair, Who are so difficult to arouse and where do our appeals fall on such deaf ears? We have so often and so constantly sought to impress upon our boys their duty in this respect, and have so signally failed in our efforts that it seems almost futile to recur to the subject; but we would once again urgently and forcibly appeal to each and all of our readers to open their hearts this Christmas season to the call of this highest duty, and when they know how pressing is the necessity, to exercise a little self-denial for the sake of others and contribute something, however small, to aid the cause that should be very near their hearts. Nearly every boy made a promise to Dr. Barnardo when he left England that he would contribute a dollar a year towards the support of the Homes. There are boys to whose credit he is recorded that that promise has been scrupulously and faithfully fulfilled; there are others—and, alas, how many!—by whom it has been forgotten and unheeded. We once again remind them of their pledge, and we can only hope that we shall not have spoken in vain.

We have noticed, with much satisfaction, in the letters lately received from our old boys, how many are joining various benefit and benevolent societies, such as the Order of Foresters, the Oddfellows and the Sons of England, to say nothing of that remarkable institution the Orange Order. In regard to the latter we must candidly confess ourselves unable to understand or sympathize with its objects. King William and King James have been long enough in their graves to let their differences rest. We enjoy the fullest possible liberty of conscience and worship, and have no more reason to dread the interference of the Bishop of Rome with our personal liberties than that of the Khan of Tartary. It seems to us a deplorable and un-Christian to repudiate old animosities and to fan the flames of bigotry.

and intolerance, which, in this age of enlightenment and progress, might surely be allowed to subside. The spectacle of Irishmen, arrayed in strange and fantastic costumes, battering each other with black thorn sticks on the 12th of July to the tune of "Boyne Water," is no doubt a very satisfactory one for the rest of the world to contemplate, as thereby they are finding an outlet for the mischievous energy that would otherwise be employed in stirring up disturbance and disaffection among people who wish to mind their own affairs in peace and quietness; but it passes our comprehension why sensible, law-abiding Englishmen should wish to identify themselves with these national eccentricities. The other societies referred to seem to us, however, to be in the highest degree worthy in their aims and most useful to such of our boys as are admitted to membership. We are always liable to sickness and accident, and it is a very comforting thought for a lad or young man, who has no relatives in the country to come to his assistance, to know that he has made provision for anything that may befall him, and will not have to depend upon charity if he should be temporarily laid aside. It gives encouragement to habits of thrift, and promotes self-respect and respect and consideration for others. We are all to a certain extent "our brother's keeper," and the leading benevolent societies are fulfilling the ideal of the brotherhood of man, teaching men to concern themselves with the wants and difficulties of others, and enabling them to provide by mutual co-operation for the mischances of life to which all alike are subject. We have sometimes had an idea that we might start a Mutual Benefit and Insurance Society amongst ourselves, and we believe that we might make it a success; but it would be a formidable undertaking, and perhaps we have sufficient iron in the fire for the present. If any of our readers, however, have anything to suggest in this connection, we

shall be very pleased indeed to hear from them on the subject, and possibly some day we may be able to devise a practicable scheme that will carry out the idea.

While on the subject of insurance, we invite our readers' attention to the advertisement of our former colleague, Mr. Frank Vipond, who is now acting as agent for one or two of the leading insurance companies. If any of our friends, or their acquaintances are thinking of taking out a policy, we should advise them to communicate with Mr. Vipond and find out what he has to offer them before making any definite arrangements elsewhere.

The personnel of the principal members of the staff at the Toronto and Winnipeg Homes remains unchanged. We are none of us growing younger, but we trust we are not getting fossilized, and we have no ambition or expectation at present of taking life easy. Mr. Davis is growing gray in the service, but has the details of the work as thoroughly as ever at his fingers' ends. Mr. Griffith has lost none of his energy and zeal. He has covered many thousands of miles during the year, paid many hundreds of visits to boys, and faced every species of inclemency of weather and discomfort of travelling. What we value in Mr. Griffith, even more than his energy, is the soundness of his judgment and the shrewd commonsense that he brings to bear upon the many troublesome and difficult points that arise in the course of his work. When we look upon a case, as we so often have to, through Mr. Griffith's eyes, we can almost always depend upon getting a clear, correct, sensible view, and the course he advises is generally the right and wise one. Mr. Gaunt has maintained the direction during the past year of the Boarding Out Department, besides taking a considerable share in the general visiting. He has in many respects a trying and difficult post, and he has shown himself devoted to the interests of the work, and under all circumstances discreet,

painstaking and unerring of himself and his services. Mr. Blasdale has toiled through long hours and days at the great registers that contain practically the life history of each one of our boys from the time of his arrival in Canada. We doubt if there is such a set of books in the world, and the accuracy, completeness and arrangement of their contents is largely due to the industry and efficiency that Mr. Blasdale has brought to the task. Mrs. Cunerty has been at her post late and early, always the same bright, cheerful, willing and unselfish person that we have known her for so many years past. In the Misses Kennedy we flatter ourselves that we have two of the most efficient stenographers in Toronto. With our large and

varied correspondence their services are invaluable, and it would be a grave calamity to us if either of them were induced to change their condition. In charge of the Home in Winnipeg we have in Mr. White a most conscientious, faithful and energetic officer. His hands have been very full during the past year, and he has got through a heavy season's work in a manner that reflects the highest credit upon his ability and devotion to duty. We think we may say, indeed, for every one who is associated with this branch of Dr. Barnardo's work that they have their hearts in the welfare of the Institutions, and are loyally devoting their powers to the work with the desire to maintain its efficiency and to extend its influence.

## Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue :

Ashmore, Arthur, 75c. ; Cox, Henry T. J., 50c. ; Cochrane, F. B., \$2 ; Coles, Charles, \$1 ; Cameron, Herbert, \$5 ; Dainton, Alfred, \$2 ; Eppy, Peter, \$1 ; Ferris, Archibald, \$1 ; Hancock, John, \$1 ; Jones, Enoch, \$1 ; Knowles, Edgar G., \$1 ; Ling, Samuel M., 46c. ; Leach,

Charles W., \$1 ; Maker, Albert F., \$3 ; Maslin, James, \$1 ; Martin, Charles, \$1 ; Morrell, Charles, \$2.55 ; Peters, J. R., \$1.52 ; Parkinson, James, \$2 ; Roberts, Thomas W., \$10 ; Stubbs, John T., \$4.50 ; Sarson, Arthur W., \$2 ; Snow, Samuel, \$2 ; Swain, Edward, \$1 ; Self, Walter B., \$1 ; Wright, Richard, \$1.75 ; Wiffin, Frederick, \$1 ; Carss, Robert, \$1 ; Leonard, Hy. G., \$5 ; Smith, James, \$9.90 ; Tucker, Thos., \$6.



But halt, my lads, and ponder. "Let us reason together." Rural England, in bright summer weather, is beautiful beyond description, but can we select our particular spot under one of those grand old oaks or elms? Must we not, by force of circumstances, get shelter where our friends are waiting for us in the hot and dusty city, where the fight for bread is bitter and incessant, where employment—difficult at all times to obtain—even when once secured, gives barely sufficient to pay the rental for the little box called by compliment a room, and to purchase the food from day to day necessary to keep soul and body together? The difficulty appears to be that numbers of our lads, who either return to their old haunts or remain constantly in a state of discontent while in Manitoba, do not take into their calculations, when comparing the wages the *fortunate* obtain in the old country with the remuneration offered in Canada, the three good, substantial daily meals, the housing and bed, which go as a matter of course with the monthly wages paid to the satisfactory farm-hand employed on this side of the water. However, "*Experientia docet sapientiam*"; and from the letters we have read which have been forwarded by nearly every one of our "return lads," it is quite evident, as a body, they heartily wish themselves back in the land of plenty, where no adult person in good health need want for the necessaries of life, if willing to make a reasonable honest effort. There would be very little difficulty in securing from our records here in the office the names and addresses of numbers of our youths who have made a success of themselves in the Canadian North-West, and done great credit to Dr. Barnardo and his supporters. However, as the space allotted the Manitoba Farm will only permit of the publication of a small number of testimonies from our young colonists, I am selecting letters at random, and will ask the editor to embody first in my

notes a very hopeful letter from Joseph Harwood, who, by the way, first set foot on Canadian soil at the City of Quebec, in the month of July, 1889, coming over from the mother-land on the Dominion liner *Vancouver*. Harwood, without doubt, has had his ups and downs, not only in the Home, but after going out to a situation, and I can believe he many a time was tempted to look back in the furrow. His motto, however, he appears to have closely followed, and with what results our readers can judge after a perusal of his communication :

VERNON, B.C., CANADA,

June 20, 1898.

E. A. STRUTHERS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your kind and welcome letter, I was very glad to receive it. It made me feel very thankful that the Doctor and his helpers had so much interest in me. Although so many years have passed, I have not forgotten, and cannot forget, those who had my interests to their heart. It often comes before me as a picture just as real as if it was only yesterday. It does not seem long since I first saw you at Quebec. I shall never forget the way in which you cherished us all. I long to see the Home and your face again, so that I can show you that I do appreciate everything that has been done for me. I often feel that in the Home was the making of me morally and spiritually. I often pray that God may bless the Institution, and I hope some day to show my gratitude by helping the cause along. You understand that I have bought out an express business, and it has taken out all the cash I had, and I have had lots of other expense to get things in shape. My outfit consists of one heavy express rig made to carry about 2,500 lbs. I have one team of blacks and one light grey; the grey matches either one of the blacks when I change. I have got opposition on the road, but with the old motto that we had in the Home, "Grit, Go and Gumption," and doing to all men as they should do to me, I feel that a share of the trade is mine. I hope to work up a business that will surprise myself. I am under no obligations to anyone, only to God, who has spared me and helps me by His Grace to do that which is right. I have a large lot, a frame house 20 feet square, a nice garden, a stable (the main part being 12 x 20; a shed running 24 feet long; running side of it the main building, having a good lot to it. So you see by having no rent to pay I have no one that can come and tell me to get out. What I have got I have had to work hard for; but I thank God for my health and strength, and those who peep in the right channel for a good honest living.

May God bless you all. I have no objection whatever of having it mentioned in UPS AND DOWNS, especially if it will accomplish any good. That little magazine does me good every time I see it, and my wife thinks that it is the best paper that comes into the house. I think this is all I have to say this time. If at any time I can do anything for the Home, I will be glad to serve. I remain,

Your obedient servant,  
 JOSEPH HARWOOD.

Vernon, British Columbia, is a rising town in an excellent district, situated not a great distance from the fine estate of Lord Aberdeen, and that our old friend, Joseph Harwood, is rising with the town is quite apparent. Another youth who has benefitted wonderfully by coming to Canada is William Arthur Saxton,



William A. Saxton.

of the Scotsman party, April, 1896. Saxton's portrait is given, and we will quote from his letters. On August 27th, Saxton writes: "Oh yes, I am getting on very well. I am the owner of a watch, bicycle, three good suits of clothes, besides quantities of underclothing, etc. \* \* It is pretty near two years now since I started for Mr. Cleverly, in Moosomin, and I am more than pleased with your ability and judgment in getting in the place in which you

can take everlasting thanks." Again on September 3rd, Saxton says in relation to photographs sent the Home: "Certainly you can reproduce them, as no doubt it would have a tendency to encourage some of the other boys, for they would then see for themselves that it pays to stay with one place, and not go working out for twenty dollars per month in the summer, and probably get no work in the winter; or perhaps work for board or little better. Then where do the big wages come in? Yes, I know which side my bread is buttered on, Mr. Struthers." There is no question in relation to this young man having kept himself square between the handles of his plough, and from what the writer can learn, he is cutting straight, clean furrows.

While on the subject of successful colonists, the writer cannot pass over a call he had a few days ago from our old friend, Joseph Gartlan. Now, my lads, there is a young man Dr. Barnardo may well be proud of. Coming to Canada in April, 1894, this Cheshire lad has been under the eye of the Home officials for more than four years, a portion of which time Gartlan was a foreman at the Farm Home; and during the whole period, the writer is of opinion that no misdemeanour can be found chargeable to this manly young fellow. But your correspondent is forgetting to mention the nature of the call referred to. Gartlan dropped into the office from his situation West of Russell, to make a most substantial addition to his already respectable bank account. No foolish purchases for this man; he may have a watch, but I feel assured he hasn't yet indulged in the luxury of a bicycle! Oh, well, my lads, fortunately for the complexion of society, we are not constituted like one another, and a bicycle is a useful machine for four or five months in Manitoba; but, believe the writer, a rainy day, without savings for the same, is an unpleasant period to go through.

"Old timers" will no doubt remember "Sergeant" Robert Bird of



the *Mongolian* party, July, 1897; but would hardly recognize him in a photograph received at the office of the Home, in which he appears in all the pomp and glory of a United

States volunteer, having joined Co. "A," 15th Regiment, during the summer, with expectations of service in the Philippine Islands, that archipelago which may yet prove a most voracious white elephant to the great republic. The news of Bird's venture was somewhat surprising, but only goes to show the great scope of Dr. Barnardo's work; and we are continually having brought before our eyes the wonderful breadth of our Director's efforts on behalf of the weak and needy. Truly, the arms of the Homes are far-reaching, and families in almost every part of the world have had cause, in the last fifteen years, to be filled with gratitude toward the Institutions for timely aid and assistance afforded wandering and unfortunate members, and to thank God for lifting up such a servant as Dr. Barnardo, whose mind is not hemmed in by lines of color, nationality or creed. This fact was deeply and indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer when he found in the July contingent for the Farm Home at Barnardo the young Armenian, Mihran Kiefsizian, whose portait, with that of his young brother Loghtet, appears in this

probably very like that of thousands of his young compatriots in that most unfortunate portion of Turkey. However, an account, as given to the writer by the unfortunate young man, of the manner of his escape from the tyranny of his native land, his determined resolve to migrate to a land where virtue, justice and mercy are approved of, if not always practised, proved most interesting. Mihran Kiefsizian was born December 17, 1875, his father being a small grain buyer in a town called Yozgat, in Armenia. At the age of seventeen Mihran was sent to the Baptist Mission School of Marsonan, remaining at the school two years. Owing to their making use of this Christian mission in the educating of their son, Kiefsizian's family were marked out by the fanatical local authorities for persecution. On the boy's return home, the Turkish atrocities, which can be called nothing other than a disgrace to the nations of Europe, were opening up afresh, and the poor, unfortunate family were soon bereft of the husband and father, who was killed before their



Sergt. Robt. Bird and Companions-in-Arms.

States volunteer, having joined Co. "A," 15th Regiment, during the summer, with expectations of service in the Philippine Islands, that archipelago which may yet prove a most voracious white elephant to the great republic. The news of Bird's venture was somewhat surprising, but only goes to show the great scope of Dr. Barnardo's work; and we are continually having brought before our eyes the wonderful breadth of our Director's efforts on behalf of the weak and needy. Truly, the arms of the Homes are far-reaching, and families in almost every part of the world have had cause, in the last fifteen years, to be filled with gratitude toward the Institutions for timely aid and assistance afforded wandering and unfortunate members, and to thank God for lifting up such a servant as Dr. Barnardo, whose mind is not hemmed in by lines of color, nationality or creed. This fact was deeply and indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer when he found in the July contingent for the Farm Home at Barnardo the young Armenian, Mihran Kiefsizian, whose portait, with that of his young brother Loghtet, appears in this page. Kiefsizian's history is pro-



Mihran Kiefsizian and Brother.

very eyes, along with a number of more distant male relatives, by a band of fanatical Turkish troops.

The family now broken up, each member struck out to earn his or her own living, Mihran finding employment with an uncle for a time, ultimately setting up a small vendor's shop, with the profits of which he was able to support his mother and the little helpless children of his family. Just as our young merchant was getting on his feet financially, another reign of terror set in, and on a certain fateful afternoon, while the Armenian Christian people were in their place of worship, their church was surrounded and fired into by a Turkish mob, many losing their lives when attempting to escape.

Our young friend managed to get clear of the unprovoked assault, and hurried to his place of business, only to find it, with some thirty other Armenian shops, big and little, a smouldering bed of ashes.

The poor fellow, driven almost to despair, fled to Constantinople, where he secured employment in the Koom Kapon restaurant, feeling in this place comparatively secure under the protection of the Sultan's more humane and responsible officers. After working along in peace and quietness for some time, the seizure of the Turkish bank by a body of indiscreet, if well-intentioned, Armenians, took place, the action arousing such a wave of excitement among the young Turks that a strong mob seized dozens of innocent men of Kiefsizian's particular sect, placing them under arrest upon trumped-up charges and bringing them before the Turkish Judiciary, among others our unfortunate friend. Kiefsizian proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was perfectly innocent, was released temporarily and allowed to go back to his employment in the restaurant. Finding, however, that the continuous threats of the Turks about him made life miserable and really unsafe, the young man appealed to the British consul for protection, asking

to be sent to England. The consul, although not able to accede to his wishes in this respect, sent Mihran to the care of a Christian mission in Egypt, where he obtained employment as a cook, receiving in payment for his services a small wage and the maintenance of his young brother, Loghfet, at the mission school. Learning of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London, one branch of which would undertake to find employment for, and emigrate to more happy lands, destitute youths and young men, the young Armenian resolved to make his way to England with Loghfet, then a boy of twelve years.

Kiefsizian, through the influence of the superintendent of the mission, obtained employment on a Russian ship whose owners at times made up cargoes for London. The two boys sailed to a Russian port, on the promise that of a certainty the next cargo would be for England; but, to their great disappointment, the port of Marsailles, France, was made the destination instead of London or Liverpool. However, here they were again informed that once the cargo was discharged, the ship would load for Bristol, and from that British port they could easily reach what had become in the mind's eye of the unfortunates their Mecca, Dr. Barnardo's Ever-Open Door. Working diligently in the hope of this much-desired route being taken, what was poor Kiefsizian's disgust on seeing, when the ship was well cleared of her inward cargo, goods coming on board labelled for points in Turkey. After a consultation with the captain, he was paid off, went ashore with his little brother and laid his case before the British consul of the port in which his ship was loading. This kind official seemed so impressed with our young friend's determination to reach Dr. Barnardo and, at least, place his little brother in his care, that he assisted him to reach London *via* Paris. Arrived in London, Dr. Barnardo's doors were found standing wide open for these two

poor, persecuted Christian lads, and while little Loghfet was taken directly into the Stepney Training School, there to be taught English and a useful trade, the subject of this paper was admitted to the Youth's Labour House, his character investigated and the young man ultimately despatched in July to Canada with a large party of lads for the Manitoba farm. Kiefszian made himself most useful to the writer in the capacity of steward and cook on the long tedious trip from Quebec to Russell, and was installed at the Farm Home on arrival in similar work, giving at all times the best of satisfaction, he being found honest, faithful and industrious.

Just as these notes are being prepared, the young Armenian is being sent into one of the mining districts of Ontario West, to fill a situation in a private hospital, where he will receive fair remuneration for his services and, we trust, kind treatment, after all the vicissitudes to which he has been subjected during these five eventful years of his unhappy life.

### Left the Hive.

It cannot be said that a large number of youths have been sent out to situations since the date of the last notes from the Farm. However, I expect that what we are short in numbers is made up in quality, and will mention as one of the first grade

Joseph Woodward, *Sardinian*, July, 1895, party, who left us on July 11th for New York City, to enter the employ of a retired gentleman near the city. A little later we have Joseph Stacey, all fitted up with the usual kit and bound for a situation in the town of Neepawa. John James Stevens, *Labrador*, April, 1898, was sent on July 16th. to the employ of Mr. William Motz, near Russell, and was giving good satisfaction on date of last report from his employer. On August 7th Edward Jones was taken away

almost by force, we may say, by our old friend, Mr. George Finch, of Rossburn. I am sure Jones' friends of the *Labrador* contingent, April, 1898, will join in wishing him every success in Canada.

The people at the Farm were filled with regret on being forced to bid good-bye on August 12th, when the old "stand-by," George Vickers, was despatched to a situation with Mr. G. Snell, of Arden; but they could not have been filled with sorrow to the same extent that the writer was when he received a letter from Mr. Cole, of the Ever-Open Door, Liverpool, stating that Vickers had returned to England shortly after. It is to be hoped the young man will find employment in that crowded-up old country; but we all feel here that Manitoba is a good place to stay in, when you have been lucky enough to find friends in England willing to advance the necessary £10 to pay your passage out and find you employment on arrival. Among the most promising of the youths sent out during this quarter, mention should be made of Henry Knaggs and Frank S. Ince. Knaggs, a most respectable, well-behaved youth while in the Home, became a reliable and useful servant on the farm; consequently it is no surprise to learn from his present employer, Mr. John Clarke, of Baldur, to whom Knaggs was despatched on September 2nd, that the young man is giving satisfaction with his work.

Frank S. Ince, a bright-faced lad, who brought to Canada a most satisfactory character from one of Her Majesty's training ships, was found on September 14th an excellent situation in the house of His Honour, Mr. Justice Scott, of Calgary, and as Mr. Bl[ ] had taken special personal pains to train the lad for that position, it is his duties in his new employment relating to the estate, we expect to get continuing good reports regarding the services rendered by our lucky friend.

### Prize Winners.

The writer is pleased to be able to say that the conduct of the lads in general, during the last three months, has been excellent, and that they are proud of this fact is plainly evinced in their bright, happy faces. As nearly all have done well, it would perhaps prove invidious to mention in a special manner any individuals; however, no harm can be done in mentioning the names of those lads who have secured first prize for cleanliness in the church parades:

- July 3—Thyers
- “ 10—Charles Whall
- “ 17—Daniel Fletcher
- “ 24—John Thyers
- “ 31—John Thyers
- Aug. 7—Frank Ince
- “ 13—Robert Mace
- “ 21—John Passman
- “ 28—George Platt
- Sept. 4—William Wright
- “ 11—William Lacey
- “ 18—H. Thyers
- “ 25—Geo. Sabell
- Oct. 2—Geo. Sabell
- “ 9—George Platt
- “ 16—Norman Hepton
- “ 23—William Gibbons
- “ 30—Chas. Whall
- Nov. 6—George Stansfield
- “ 13—Joseph Connor
- “ 19—Samuel Oborn
- “ 27—Ernest H. Leach

### Visitors.

Among the names of prominent visitors can be mentioned His Honour Judge Cumberland, who had a look over the Institution on September 29th. Earlier in the season we were pleased to welcome to Barnardo and to be able to entertain for the night our old friend and well-wisher, W. Redford Mulock, Q.C., solicitor for the Homes. As several years have passed since Mr. Mulock favoured us with a visit, he, of course, was enabled to note great changes in the Farm, and, after a rapid inspection, he expressed great pleasure with what he saw. On October 8th, our much respected Chaplain arranged for a very impressive Thanksgiving service in our little chapel, which, by the way,

was most tastefully decorated by that skilled artist, Mr. Wm. St. Lawrence. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. F. R. Hole, B.A., of Minnedosa and Winnipeg, and the musical part of the service taken in hand by Mr. Gilbert Cope, of Russell, whose manipulation of the organ is that of a professional.

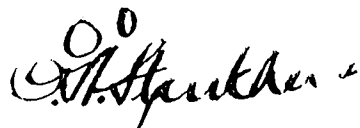
### Obituary.

The one sad event of the quarter was the death of George Allen Williams, *Parisian*, April, 1895, which took place on August 16th. Williams was sent back to the Home in the spring of 1897 from his situation at Birtle, and at once took to his bed with an affection of the lungs, never being in condition again, during the long fourteen months, to walk or move about. Poor fellow, death must have been of a surety a happy release when it came quietly stealing upon him. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. and Mrs. Gray for their self-denying attention in this case, for although the medical officer gave us no hope of a possible recovery, these kind-hearted people attended Williams as though he had been their own son, and no doubt made the poor fellow's last moments easier than they would have been without such care.

Well, my dear lads and lassies, readers of UPS AND DOWNS, there is an old saying that “Brevity is the soul of wit,” and I really think that if it is my wish to set up any claim for such a commodity, I must bring this paper to a close. So with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

I beg to remain,

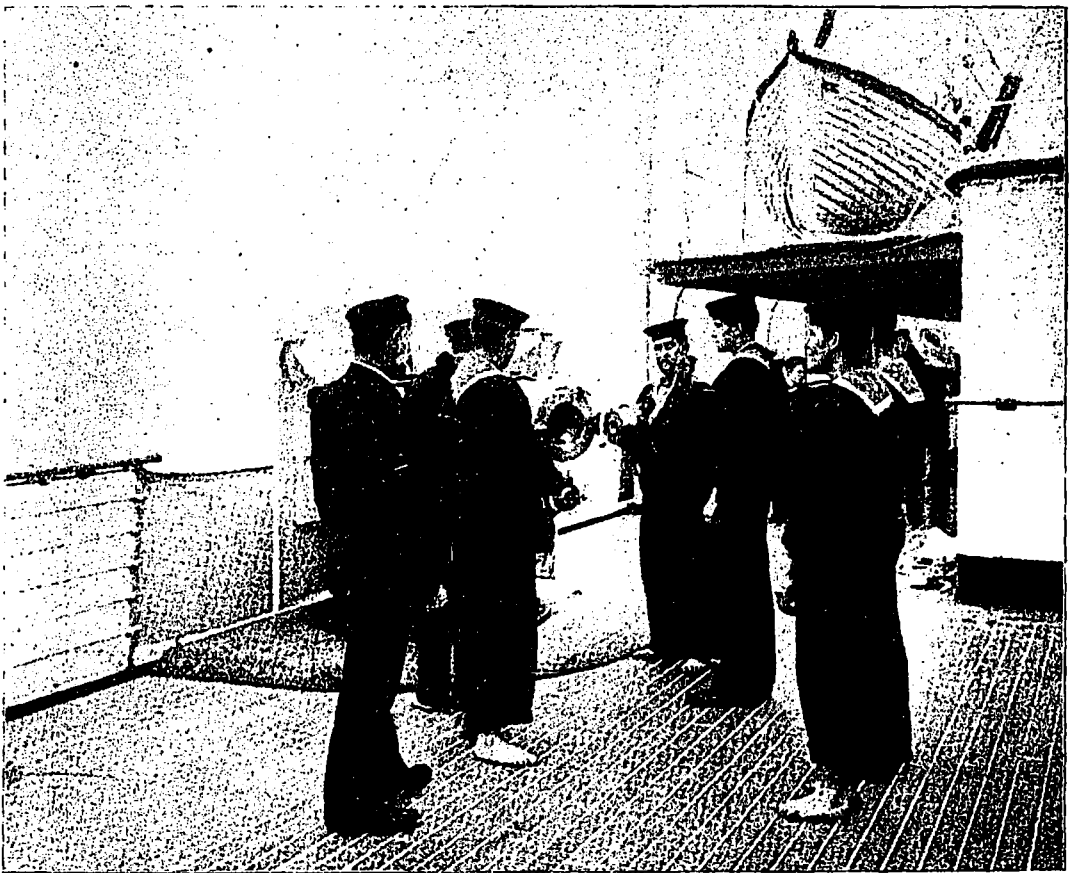
Yours sincerely,



## The Ocean Ferry

THE voyage across the North Atlantic has been an experience in the lives of almost every one of the readers of UPS AND DOWNS that we fancy very few will have forgotten, and that with many will have left a strong impression in their minds; and we are sure it will be of interest to some, at least, of our readers to learn something of

cargo, and 500,000 head of live stock are landed from trans-Atlantic vessels, the bulk of the two latter representing what it requires to feed John Bull in his island home over and above what he grows himself for his own consumption. For this mighty volume of trade there has existed for many years past a competition among the great carry-



Our Naval Reserve—Gun Practice S.S. "Teutonic."

the mighty vessels that are bridging the old world and the new, and with almost the regularity and speed of railway trains are carrying across every week multitudes of travellers and vast cargoes of goods. The average number of passengers transported across the Atlantic in the course of twelve months is not less than half a million, and during the same time some 20,000,000 tons of

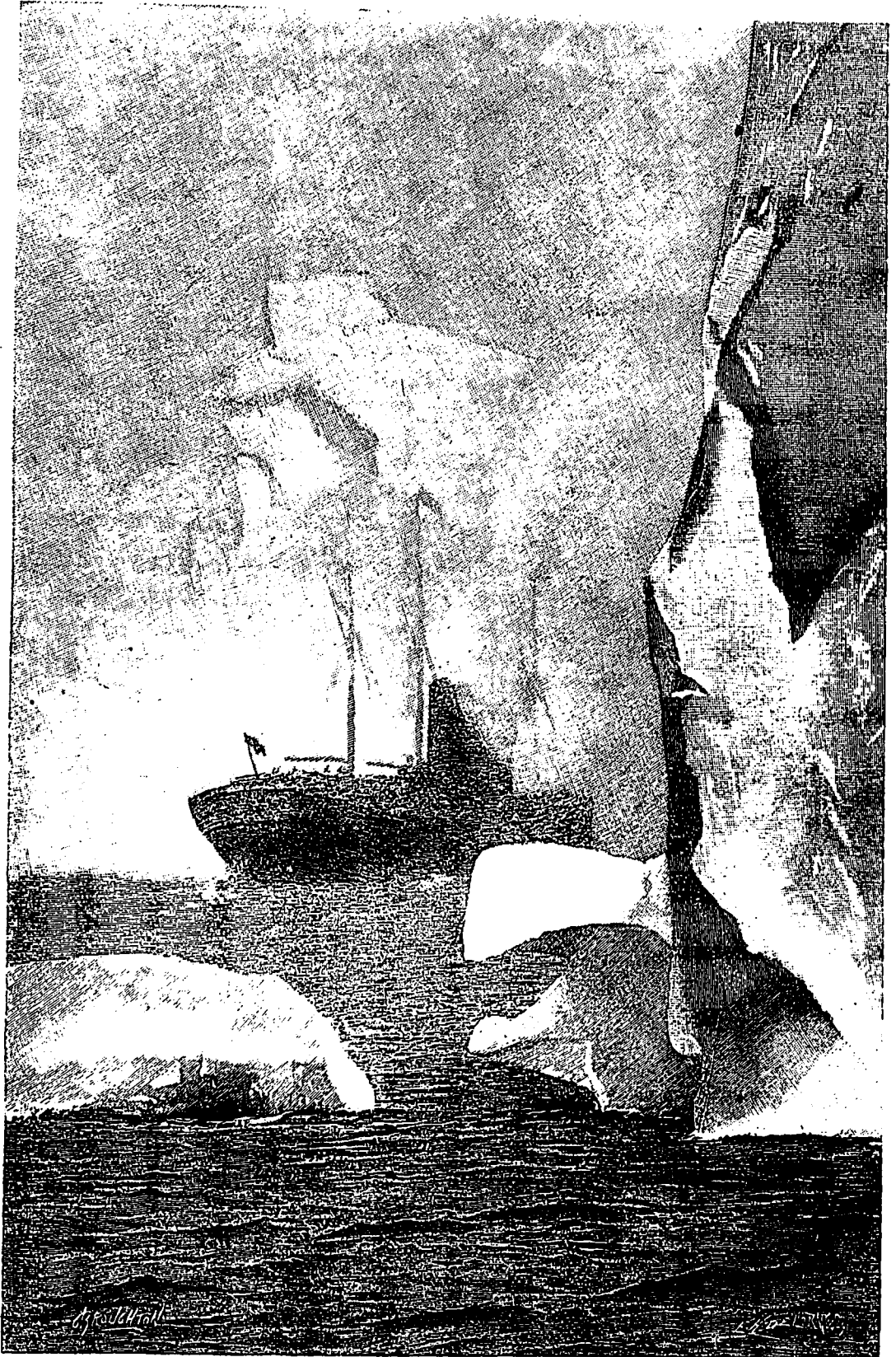
ing lines that has every year tended to become increasingly severe. It has been, and is, a battle of giants, and the Atlantic liner of to-day is a monument to the skill, genius, enterprise and business capacity of some of the ablest men, not only in Great Britain, but in Germany, France, and the United States. The development of speed, carrying capacity, in economy of fuel con-

sumption, in the accommodation provided for passengers of all classes, has been nothing short of marvellous; and when one realizes that little more than half a century has passed since the establishment of the first steamship line from England to America, we may well regard the history of ocean travel as that of one of the achievements of the race.

Prior to 1838 sails were the only source of motive power known to Atlantic navigators, and many famous and magnificent clipper ships (largely built and owned in the United States) were engaged in the trade. The passage from New York to Liverpool has been made under sail in a period of less than ten days; but, on the other hand, the westward passage frequently occupied as many weeks, to the discomfort and suffering of the closely-packed human freight. To Canadian enterprise and energy must be yielded the honour of constructing and equipping the first vessel to cross the Atlantic propelled wholly by steam. This was the *Royal William*, built at Quebec, and launched in May, 1831. For the first two years of her life she was engaged in the trade between Quebec and Halifax; but on August 4, 1833, under command of Captain John McDougall, she left Quebec, under steam, for London, via Pictou, Nova Scotia. She steamed the whole way across, the voyage occupying twenty-five days. Her supply of coal was 330 tons, the amount consumed in one day by any one of the present "greyhounds." She was afterwards sold to the Spanish Government. It was not till four years later that the first steam vessel, expressly built for the Atlantic trade to cross without re-coaling, left the port of Bristol for her maiden voyage to New York. This was the *Great Western*, designed and built by William Patterson, of Bristol. She was constructed of wood, and her dimensions were 212 feet in length, 35 feet 4 inches in width, and 23 feet 2 inches in depth. Her engines were 440 horse power nominal, and

she was driven by paddle wheels. She sailed from Bristol on April 8, 1838, arriving at New York on the 23rd, the passage thus occupying fifteen days. Her best day's run was 243 knots, and her average 208, equal to 8.02 knots per hour, and her coal consumption on the voyage 655 tons. In contrast with these figures, the giant Cunarder, the *Lucania*, on one of her recent voyages, made the passage in five days, eight hours and thirty-eight minutes, her average speed being 22.01 knots an hour, and the run on one day reaching the marvellous distance of 560 miles. The *Great Western* was followed by the *Great Britain*, the pioneer of iron-built ships, and the first large vessel in which the screw was substituted for the paddle. As a steamship the *Great Britain* was a perfect success, but she met with misfortune, and after a few trips to New York, ran ashore on the west coast of Ireland, and was afterwards refitted and transferred to the Australian trade. The first of the modern steamship lines to come into existence, and the line that will be generally acknowledged to have maintained its supremacy over all its numerous competitors, is the Cunard Steamship Company, named after the eminent Canadian, Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, N.S., to whose courage, enterprise and genius it owed its origin and unparalleled success. Associated with Mr. Cunard in the formation of the company were two other remarkable men, George Burns, of Glasgow, and David MacIver, of Liverpool. It proved a very happy combination, and it was not long before the partners secured a contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails between Great Britain and America in the steam vessels they were to construct for that purpose. This contract called for a fortnightly service from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston, and the annual subsidy paid to the Company for this service was fixed at \$400,000. Four ships were constructed on the Clyde, the *Acadia*, *Britannia*, *Caledonia* and

*Columbia*, 207 feet long, 34 feet beam, 24 feet deep, with engines over eight knots an hour. On July



At Close Quarters Among the Icebergs

of 425 horse power nominal capacity, the *Columbia* was built at  
suming thirty-eight tons of coal a day, the service from Liverpool and was

fourteen days eight hours in making the voyage to Boston, or, excluding twelve hours at Halifax, thirteen days, twenty hours. Mr. Cunard went out in her, and during his stay in Boston is said to have received no less than 1,873 invitations to dinner. The history of the Cunard Company from that time to the present has been one of steady growth and development, but upon conservative lines. They have never been the forerunners of improvement, either in the type or construction of their vessels, or in the style of fittings and accommodation,



The Twin Screws of an Atlantic Liner.

but their policy has been to let others experimentalize, and when success has been demonstrated, to adopt the fruit of their labours. Acting on this policy, they adhered in their vessels to the paddle-wheel long after others had adopted the screw, and the compound engine, and subsequently the triple expansion, and, as a final improvement, the twin screw, were all in use by other companies before the Cunard's could be induced to adopt them. "Behind the times" has been a charge very often laid at the door of the com-

pany; but, if at certain periods of its history it has not been undeserved, its managers have atoned for over-conservatism in management by the fact that they have never lost a passenger at sea. Every Cunard ship, from the *Britannia* of 1840 to the *Lucania*, the latest addition to their noble fleet, and justly acknowledged the "Mistress of the Seas," has been staunchly built, well manned and well found. Passengers may have had to complain of "stiffness" on the part of officials, and business has perhaps been lost by refusals to make trifling concessions, and arbitrary and unnecessary strictness in enforcing antiquated regulations, but the safety of the lives entrusted to their care has at all times been the first and chief consideration of the owners, managers and officers of the Company, and its record is a noble page in the history of British shipping. Among the best-known ships that have sailed under the Cunard flag are the *Cambria*, built in 1845, known as the "Flying Cambria," on the strength of her record of nine knots an hour; the *Persia*, the first iron ship built by the Company, and launched in 1855; and the *Scotia*, launched in 1862, that reduced the time from New York to Liverpool to eight days and twenty-two hours, and was the last of the old paddle-wheelers. None of these are in commission at the present time, but the *Bothnia* and *Scythia*, built in 1874, are still employed in the Company's Mediterranean service. They were considered at the time very fine and large boats, being calculated to carry 3,000 tons of cargo, 340 saloon passengers and about 1,000 steerage. They were 420 feet long by 42 feet beam, with compound cylinders, and burned sixty-three tons of coal a day. In 1879 the *Gallia* followed, regarded then as a magnificent ship, and very popular, but now an "old trap" and sold a short time ago for a mere nothing to the Beaver Line for their Canadian trade. The *Servia* and *Ivania* were much faster than the *Gallia*, and the former made the

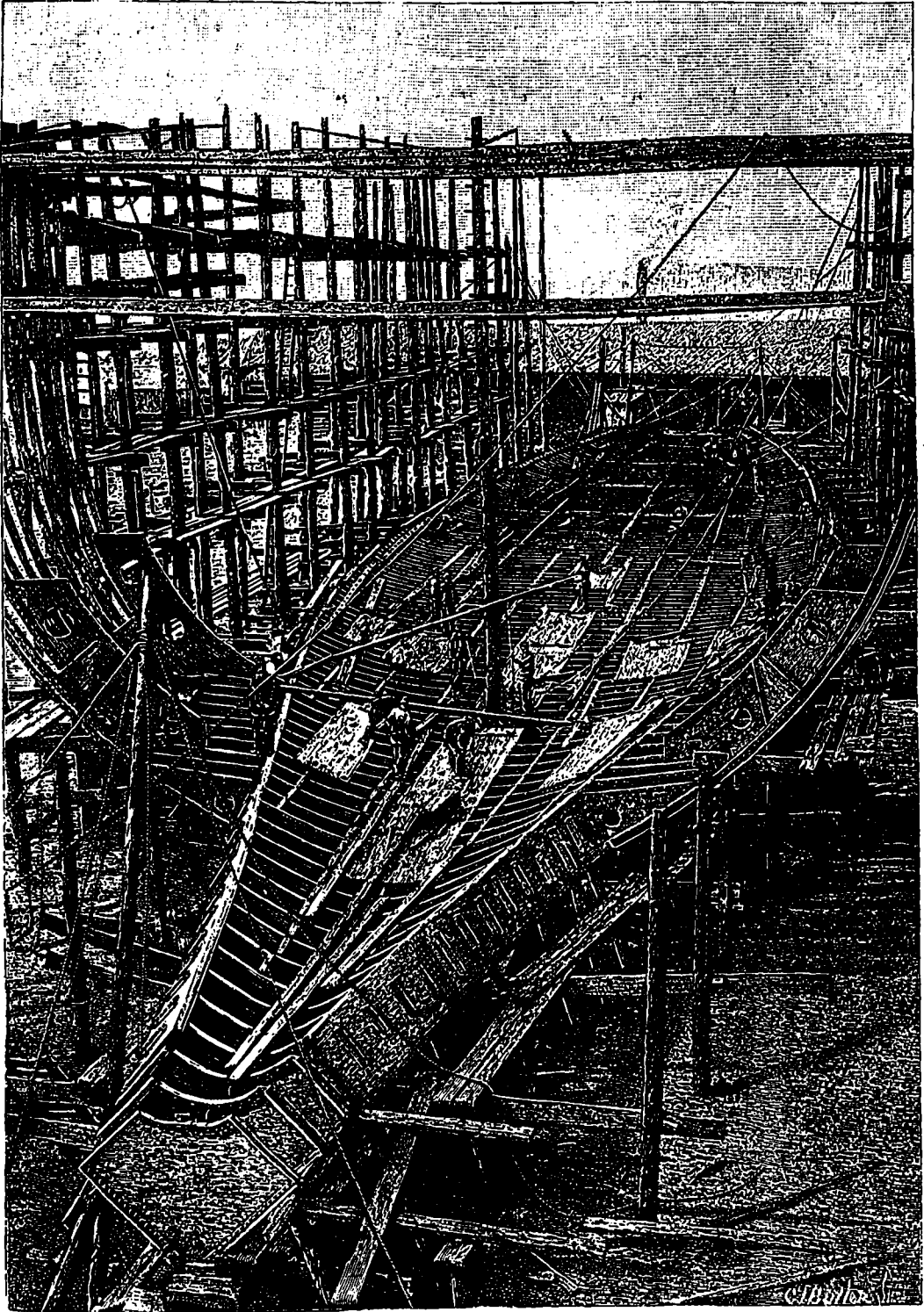


passage from Queenstown to New York in six days twenty-three hours and fifty minutes. After an interval of a couple of years, the Cunard's, under stress of severe competition, turned to the famous naval architect and builder, Sir William Pearce, and there were laid down to their order the celebrated twin ships, the *Etruria* and *Umbria*. The dimensions of the two are exactly alike, 500 feet in length, 57.3 beam and 39 feet in depth; engines 14,500 indicated horse power, with three cylinders with six-foot stroke and working with 110 pounds steam. They have accommodation for 650 saloon passengers, 160 second cabin, and over 1,000 steerage. For a considerable time the *Etruria* and *Umbria* held the record, the *Etruria* for the western, and the *Umbria* for the eastern passage, and it is worthy of note that the *Etruria* surpassed all her previous records in July last, after fourteen years' hard service, by a passage from Daunt's Rock Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship of five days twenty hours and fifty-five minutes, maintaining an average speed of 19.74 knots an hour. But the performances of the *Etruria* and *Umbria* have been thrown into the shade and the ships themselves relegated to the second place by the floating palaces, the *Campania* and *Lucania*, named after two great provinces of ancient Italy. The first of these was launched in September, 1892, and made her trial trip in April, 1893. The *Lucania* was launched in the Clyde on February 2, 1893, but did not make her trial trip till August. They are built of Siemens-Martin steel, and are divided into eighteen water-tight compartments, so that in case any two of these compartments, or even three, were flooded with water, the ship would still be perfectly safe. They are 620 feet long, 65.3 in width, and 43 feet deep, and some idea may be given of their immense length when it is mentioned that a mile walk may be taken by a circuit four times of the promenade deck

There are double sets of engines that indicate together 30,000 horse power. The twin screws are three-bladed, each blade, which is made of phosphor bronze, weighing eight tons. Steam is supplied to the engines by twelve cylindrical boilers, with four furnaces at each end, made to sustain a pressure of 165 pounds to the square inch, tested to double that pressure. The two funnels are each nineteen feet in diameter, the tops reaching to a height of 130 feet above the floor of the ship. The crew numbers about 430 persons, of whom fifty-four belong to the navigating department; 190 manipulate the engines and boilers, and 180 are in the steward's department. The whole ship is lighted by 1,300 ten-candle power incandescent electric lights, generated by four dynamos, coupled to an engine running at the rate of 280 revolutions a minute. The accommodation for passengers of all classes is sumptuous. The principal dining saloon is a magnificent apartment, 100 feet long, and capable of seating 450 people. The drawing rooms, library, smoking rooms and staterooms are all on a similar scale of magnificence, and prices for saloon passages range from \$100 to \$750. We do not suppose many of the readers of *URS AND DOWNS* are likely just at present to pay the latter figure for a passage across the Atlantic, but wealthy Americans like to be charged big figures, and the suites of rooms that let at these "fancy" prices are seldom unoccupied. The performances of the two great ships have fully equalled the expectations of their owners. The *Lucania's* record for the westward passage is five days seven hours and twenty-three minutes, and for the eastward five days eight hours and thirty-eight minutes; and the *Campania's* five days nine hours and six minutes, and five days nine hours and eighteen minutes respectively. The average speed for the passage on the "record" eastward trip of the *Lucania* was twenty-two knots an hour. The knot is 6,000 feet, so that to say

two knots are equal to 25 1/2 miles, a marvellous rate per hour for a journey of 3,000 miles. The average speed of the trans-continental ex-

the ocean is now traversed at a rate more rapid than the Continent. The *Lucania* and *Campania* are in every sense magnificent, even to being



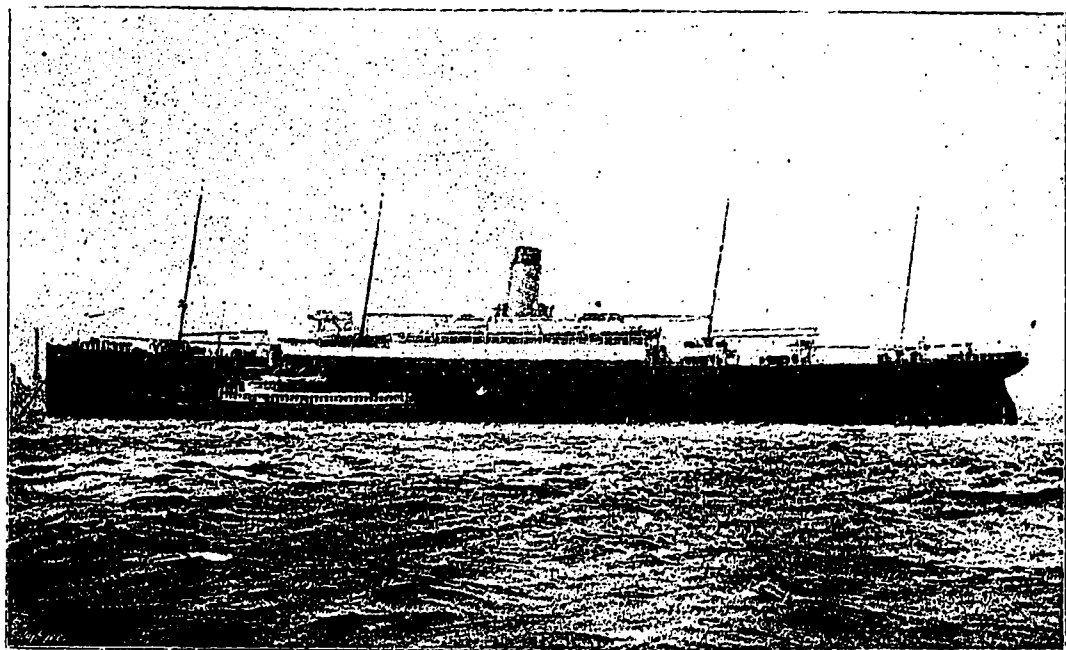
General View of the Frame of the S.S. "New York."

press of the Great Pacific Rail- way, which will afford us from Mon- treal to Vancouver, in less than two and a half months, a line, as that

magnificent "pickpocket" for the unfortunate shareholders of the Company. It takes no less a sum than \$85,000,000 to "disburse" each

ship for every round trip between Liverpool and New York, that is to say, that amount is paid out in wages, fuel, repairs, pilotage, dock and harbour dues, and in a thousand other expenses, before there is any margin for the owners; and considering how few voyages in the year does the ship earn this amount, one can understand how it is that dividends are a thing of the past to the shareholders. None the less they hold their own, and at the end of the sixth decade of its existence the Cunard Company remains as a monument to the spirit that has built up the marine supremacy of

twenty round voyages a year, at a subsidy of \$33,000 a voyage. They were named the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Atlantic* and *Pacific*, and it was predicted by the Americans that they would "run the Cunarders off the Atlantic" and "sweep the seas in war." The fate of these ships was tragic, and for many years gave a quietus to any serious competition from the American side. On September 27, 1854, when sixty miles south-east of Cape Race, the *Arctic*, bound to New York with 233 passengers and a crew of 135, came into collision with a small French steamer and sank four hours later, only fourteen



White Star S.S. "Cymric."

England, and by which "Britannia rules the waves."

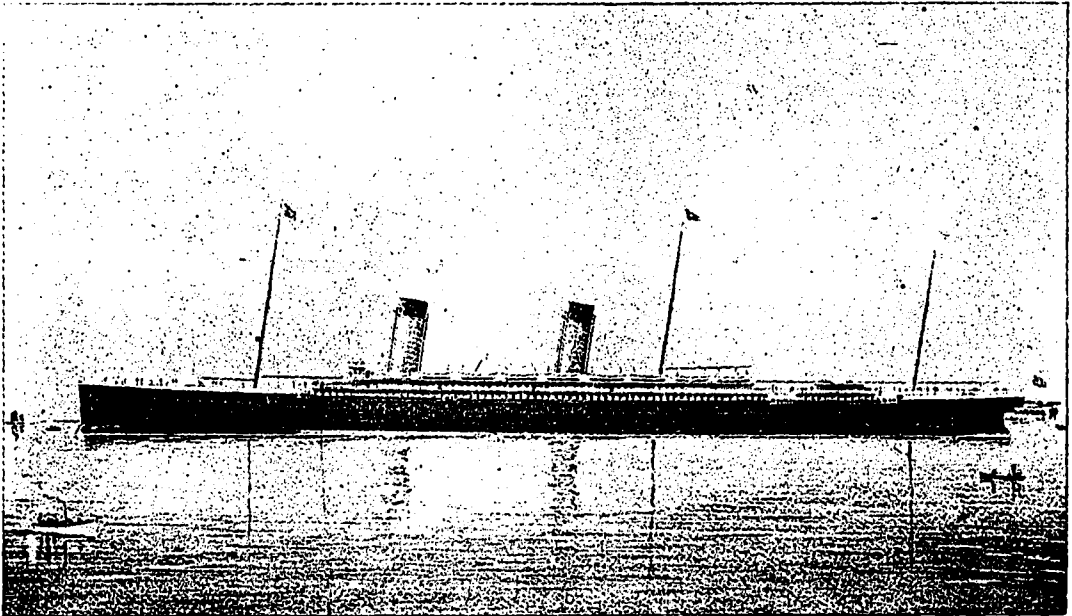
The early history of the Cunard Company would be incomplete without reference to the first serious competition to which it was subjected. In 1849 the United States Government, that had developed an intense jealousy of the success of the great British company, decided to subsidize an opposition line of steamships, to be constructed in the United States, and to sail under the flag of the "stars and stripes." They accordingly entered into a contract with a Mr. Collins to build four first class steamers, to perform

passengers and thirty-one of the crew escaping a watery grave. On January 23, 1856, the *Pacific*, with forty-five passengers and a crew of 141, left Liverpool for New York, and was never again heard of. It was supposed she struck an iceberg and went to the bottom. These disasters led to the hopeless bankruptcy of the company, and the remaining vessels were sold at a ruinous sacrifice.

Second only to the Cunard in importance, but second to none in the reputation it has made for itself by the quality of its ships and the service it has maintained on the

North Atlantic for upwards of thirty years past, comes the White Star Line, founded by the world famous firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co. The White Star Atlantic fleet includes the celebrated greyhounds the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, the popular "old-timers" the *Germanic* and *Britannic*, and several vessels of immense carrying capacity for freight and live stock, such as the *Bovic*, *Cufic*, *Cevic* and the magnificent *Cymric*, at present the largest cargo steamer in the world. All the Company's steamers have been built in Belfast by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, and in design, material, arrangement and construction everything has

Numberless improvements in fittings and arrangements were first known to the travelling public through the White Star steamers, among which it is only necessary to mention mid-ship saloons, electric lighting and the conversion of the second class from an "improved steerage" to a "second cabin," provided with music room, ladies' room, baths, etc. The White Star passenger steamers leave from both Liverpool and New York on Wednesdays at a regular stated hour, and arrive almost to the hour. The *Teutonic* and *Majestic* hold records of five days sixteen hours and thirty-one minutes, and five days twenty-one hours



White Star S.S. "Oceanic."

been the best, and the best only. The same rule has applied to the service on board and the personnel of the officers and crew. Passengers by the White Star steamers have always been able to depend upon finding courtesy, comfort and convenience. There has been no stint, no over-crowding, no extravagant promises on the part of ticket agents on shore to lure the uninitiated passenger to disappointment on board. The management of the Company has always been generous to its patrons, and has aimed at giving travellers of each class the maximum of accommodation and comfort

and twenty minutes respectively, but even more remarkable than these feats of speed is the record of the *Germanic* and *Britannic*, covering twenty-five years, during which they have made over 400 voyages with only one serious mishap, and with the engines and boilers working as well as the day they were fitted. The *Cymric* has been referred to as the largest carrying steamer in the world. She has a length over all of 600 feet, a breadth of 64 feet and a depth of 42 feet, and is capable of carrying over 10,000 tons of cargo and 1,500 head of cattle. Illustrations

five of the capacity of these great cargo carriers we quote the following figures from a recent manifest of the *Cevic*: 140,000 bushels of grain, 9,000 bales of cotton, 3,500 sacks of flour, 400 tons of copper and lead, 300 tons of fresh meat, 8,400 packages of cheese, oils, hides, beef, wax and hay and 896 head of live cattle. The Company has now under construction a passenger ship, the *Oceanic*, that it is expected will be launched next year, and will be the largest, handsomest and one of the fastest vessels afloat. She will be 704 feet long, exceeding the length of the famous *Great Eastern* by thirteen feet, and her gross measurement will be 17,000 tons. It will convey a better idea of the length of this marine monster when we realize that, if stood on its end, the height would equal the combined height of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Clock Tower of the House of Parliament.

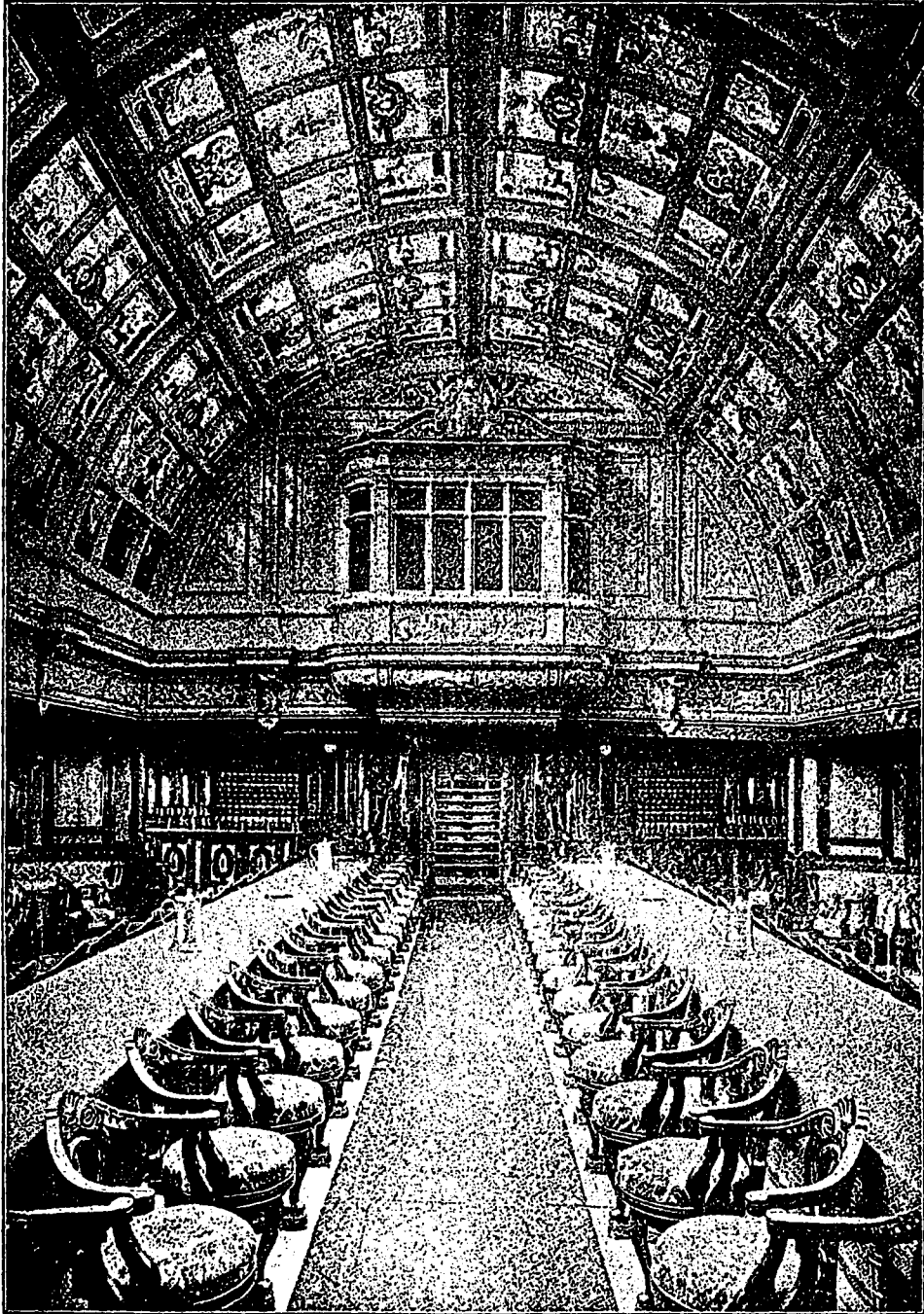
Two great disasters have saddened the history of the White Star Company. In March, 1873, owing to heavy westerly gales, Captain Williams of the *Atlantic*, fearing to run short of coal, bore up for Halifax, and, either through rashness or carelessness, in running for Sambro Light in thick weather, ran her ashore on Maris Rock, Prospect Beach, near Sambro Island, where she became a total wreck. She had about 1,000 souls on board; 442 were saved, but about 560 perished, chiefly steerage passengers, many dying in the rigging through cold and want. The captain, who was among the survivors, was severely censured, his certificate being suspended for two years. The *Naronic*, one of the great cargo ships, when hardly a year afloat, left Liverpool for New York on February 11, 1893, and was never seen again; but three weeks later one of her boats, floating bottom upwards, was passed in mid-Atlantic. How the steamer met her fate will probably only be known in the day when "the sea shall give up its dead."

The third of the great trading companies trading between New York

and British ports is the International Navigation Company, better known as the American Line. This company, owned and controlled by American capitalists, has absorbed the old Inman Line, the earlier American Line running from Philadelphia, and the Red Star Line trading between Antwerp and New York. The principal ships of the Company's fleet are the *Paris*, *New York*, *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, the two former built on the Clyde and the latter at Messrs. Cramps' ship-building yard in Philadelphia. The *Paris* and *New York* were originally sailed under the British flag, but in 1892, to gratify the sentiment of the American promoters and patrons of the Company, a special Act was obtained from Congress, repealing, in favor of the two ships, the stringent navigation laws of the United States, and admitting them to United States registry. This was granted on condition that the Company should build an equal amount of tonnage in United States yards of the highest type, at a cost of about four million dollars. This pledge was fulfilled in the construction of the magnificent ships the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*. It would be impossible to bestow higher praise on these vessels than to describe them as worthy competitors of their British rivals. Much "spread-eagleism" has been indulged in among the American papers upon this later attempt to contest with Great Britain the supremacy of the Atlantic trade, and, as is usual in such cases, a good many foolish things have been said and written; but suffice it to say that although the American Company, by its enterprise and activity, is attracting a fair share of trans-Atlantic business, and the performances of their ships have been such as they may be justly proud of, there is no immediate fear of their wresting the palm for speed from either the British or the German companies, while in economy of management it is to be feared they fall lamentably behind. The American ships run to Southampton instead of Liverpool where they have

the benefit of a journey to London of seventy-nine miles as against 201 from Liverpool, and the trains of the London and South-Western Railway run alongside the ships, thus landing passengers and baggage at the London terminus within

use as armed cruisers during the progress of the war with Spain ; but the ships are now again in their regular service, and we have little doubt that their owners have been amply compensated for the loss of traffic, and will have been allowed



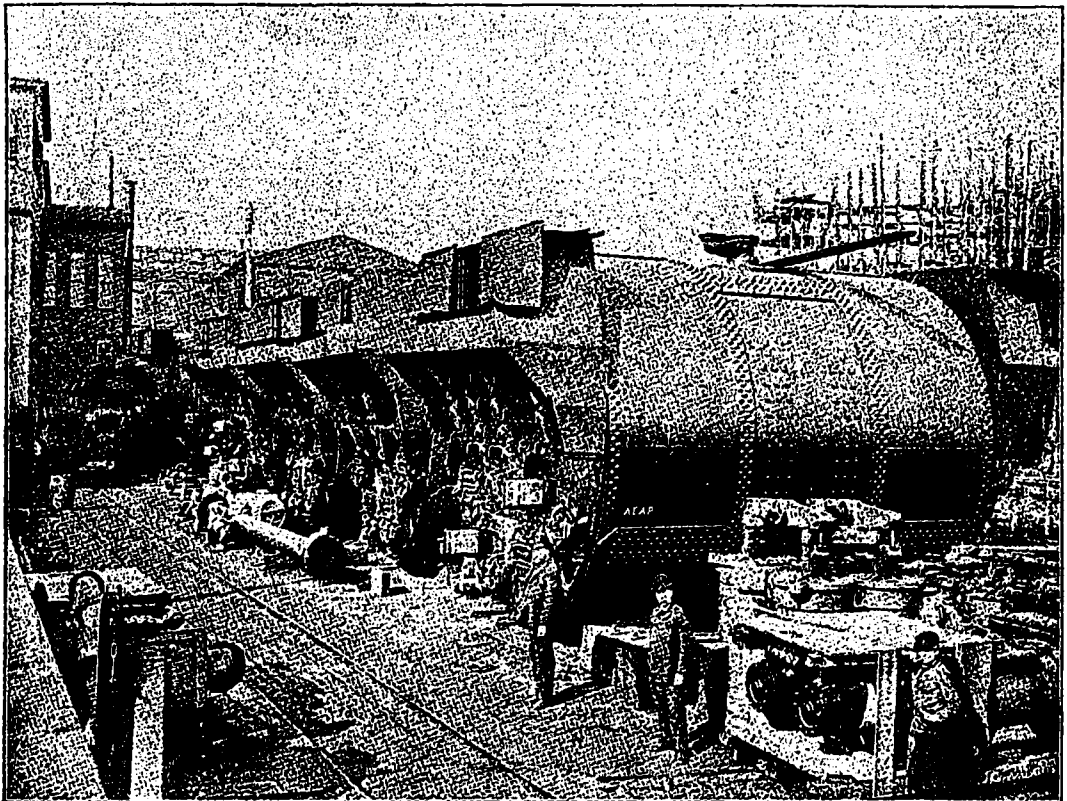
First Class Dining Saloon, S.S. "New York."

the benefit of the ship's arrival. During the past season the service of the American Line has been largely demoralized by their four express steamers being chartered by the United States Government for

to make a pretty large dip into Uncle Sam's war chest. The history of the old Inman Company of Liverpool, prior to the disposal of their interests to the Americans, is an interesting story of the struggle o

men of tireless energy, courage and resource to make headway against almost unparalleled difficulties and discouragements. William Inman, the founder of the Line, was a self-made man, a native of Leicester. When little more than a lad he became manager, and afterwards partner, in a leading shipping house in Liverpool, and, as the result of the experience he had gained, resolved to attempt the transport of steerage passengers in steamships that hitherto, in the hands of the Cunard's, had carried none but saloon passengers.

competition of more recently established companies, both British and German, and though the Inman's would have held their own upon equal terms, they were crippled by a series of disasters that cost them several of their finest ships. The *City of Glasgow* left Liverpool on March 1, 1854, with 480 persons on board, never to be again heard of, and a similar fate befell the *City of Boston* on her journey home from Halifax with many prominent Nova Scotians on board. The *City of Philadelphia* was wrecked near



Boilers of the American Line S.S. "St. Louis."

The experiment began in the year 1850, and led to the most satisfactory results. Mr. Inman devoted his attention to steerage business, and he and Mrs. Inman made a constant personal study of the requirements of this class of travel, and the best means of meeting them, and themselves frequently crossed in their ships, so as to be familiar with the conditions on board. At first the Line was exceedingly popular and the ships did an immense business, but latterly they began to feel the

Cape Race, and the first *City of New York* near Queenstown. The *City of Brussels* broke her shaft in mid-ocean and drifted for many weeks in a helpless condition, and afterwards sank off Liverpool sands after collision with another ship. Finally the *City of Rome*, considered at the time a monster ship and intended to eclipse all competition in speed, failed for want of boiler power to develop the guaranteed speed, and had to be thrown back upon the builder's hands. Mr.



Inman died shortly after the building of the *City of Rome*, and a controlling interest in his Company, which financially was in a very tottering condition, was secured by the present American owners, who have since run the ships with the aid of the enormous subsidies received from the United States Government.

The pressure of over-competition has proved too much for two other companies, at one time not less famous in the annals of the Ocean Ferry, namely, the Guion and the National. The former in the persons of Messrs. Williams & Guion, of New York, at one time owned and managed the Blackball Line of sailing packet ships, engaged in the conveyance of emigrants from Liverpool to New York. Driven from the field by the Inman steamships, they decided to establish a fleet of steamers of their own, and between 1866 and 1881 they built several very fine vessels, including, among others, the *Idaho*, *Nevada*, *Wisconsin*, *Wyoming*, *Arizona* and *Alaska*. In the halcyon days of steamship business the Guion's were exceedingly successful, and in 1870 their ships landed in New York no fewer than 27,054 steerage passengers, besides a goodly number of saloon. The *Alaska* was the first ship to bring the time from New York to Queenstown under seven days, and for a time held the record. But the Guion's had a full share of mishaps and disasters. One of their ships was wrecked on Daunt's Rock in January, 1868, another was sunk by collision in the Mersey in December, 1873, a third was wrecked on the Welsh coast in May, 1877, and a fourth met the same fate in March, 1880. The *Arizona*, running full speed in a dense fog on the Banks of Newfoundland in November, 1879, crashed into an iceberg, stoving in her bows, and with difficulty reached St. John's, Newfoundland. These disasters, and the effect of the depression in steamship business consequent upon the reduction of freight rates and the falling off

in emigration, led to the winding up of the Company, and the ships were brought to the hammer. One of them, the *Nevada*, that probably cost £200,000, was bought for the ridiculously low sum of £4,500, and, re-christened the *Hamilton*, was for some time employed in the cattle trade between Montreal and Bristol.

The history of the National Line is somewhat similar as regards the passenger business; but the Company remains in existence and maintains a weekly service between London and New York with cargo and live stock. They have at different times run some very fine ships, notably the *England*, the *Egypt*, the *Spain* and the *America*. The *Egypt*, on one of her voyages in 1873, landed in New York the immense number of 1,767 steerage passengers; but this splendid vessel was afterwards burnt at sea by a fire that had broken out in the cotton that formed part of her cargo. In one year the National Line ships carried over to New York 33,494 steerage passengers, and besides the reputation made by the Company in the conveyance of emigrants, it has the honour of being the pioneers of the live cattle trade that has since assumed such formidable proportions and carried despair to so many British farmers and graziers. But the glory of the National Line departed with the curtailment of the emigrant traffic, and in the struggle for existence among the great companies they were forced to succumb.

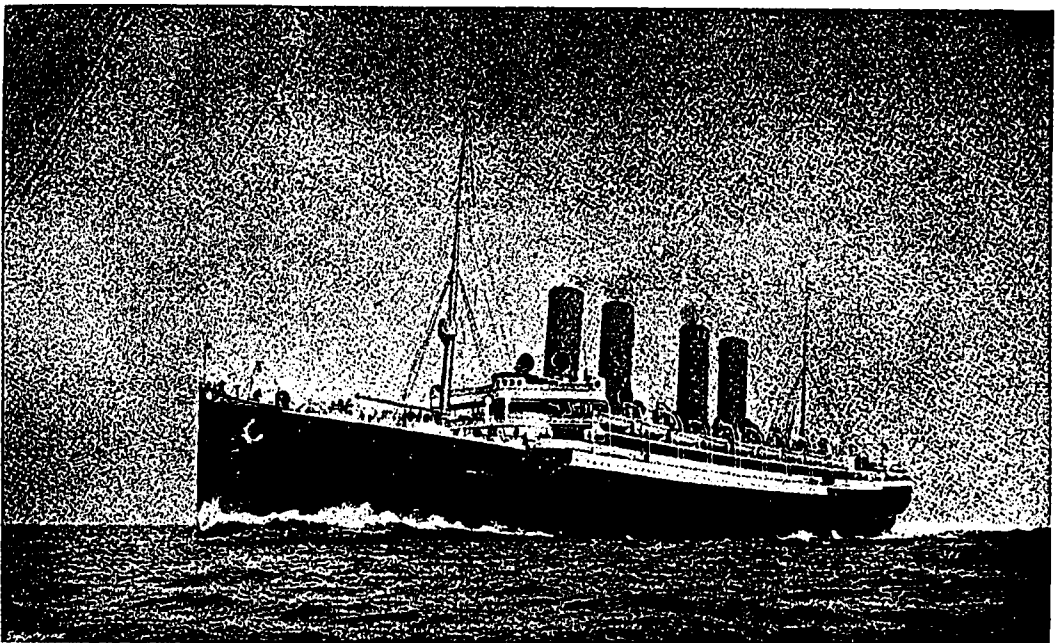
Before dealing with the steamship lines engaged specially in the Canadian trade, mention must be made of the "French" Line and the two mighty German companies whose achievements are the source of many heart-burnings to those who have fondly imagined that Great Britain holds a practical monopoly of the carrying trade of the world. Unquestionably she holds, and will hold for many a day to come, the bulk of the trade; but she has formidable and very aggressive competitors, and to enable her to hold her own, taxes all the powers of the



men who are at the head of her shipping interests. The French Line is not at present in a happy position. The loss of the *Burgogne* by collision with the barque *Cromartyshire*, and the hideous and horrible occurrences following the disaster, when members of the crew, in a panic for their own safety, drove women and children into the water and dashed out the brains of passengers to prevent their saving themselves, have aroused a degree of indignation and disgust that will affect the popularity and prestige of the Line for many years to come. Otherwise, the ships that maintain

lantic navigation, whose danger in some form or other is never so distant

The North German Lloyd is a great enterprise, and has been from the first under very able management. Consisting in 1857 of three small steamers plying between Bremen and England, the Company's fleet now comprises eighty-five vessels, maintaining regular services between Bremen and New York, Baltimore, Brazil, the River Plate, India, China, Japan and Australia, and between New York and Mediterranean points. During the earlier years of the Company, their



North German Lloyd "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."

the Company's weekly service between Havre and New York are among the finest on the Atlantic, and *La Tourraine*, the commodore ship of the fleet, has made the passage in six days seventeen hours and fifty-one minutes, steaming at an average speed of very nearly twenty knots an hour. The fittings and appointments are very luxurious, and the ships have been very popular among continental passengers and Americans bound for the Mecca of the pleasure-loving world—Paris. But the French are not a nation of sailors, and are too prone to hysterics for the stern business of North At-

ships were built for them by various firms of Scottish shipbuilders, but their later ships have been built in the famous German yard at Stettin, and some grand vessels have been turned out. The latest of the Company's achievements is the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of 14,350 tons measurement and twenty-two knots speed. This splendid ship has already beaten all records between New York and Southampton. On one of her recent trips her runs from noon to noon on the successive days of the voyage were as follows: 531, 495, 512, 551 and 564 miles, and there is little doubt that she is

capable of surpassing these figures under favourable circumstances of wind and weather. She is constructed to carry 400 first saloon passengers, 350 second, and could probably accommodate 1,000 steerage. The rates on these vessels are very high, the second cabin rates ranging in the summer season from seventy dollars upwards, and the first cabin from a hundred upwards. The ships in the express service call at Plymouth and Southampton on the voyages to and from Bremen, and receive a fair share of English patronage.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company, the second great German rival of the British companies, claims to have the largest fleet in the world, which it is their boast to have built up without having received a cent of subsidy from any state or government, and to maintain simply by their own success in meeting the demands of trade and traffic. The Company made its first beginning in 1847 with three small sailing ships, of which the first to cross the Atlantic was a square-rigged "three-master" of about 717 tons, with accommodation for about 200 passengers. In 1872, when the Company celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, its fleet had grown to twenty-five steamships, and a regular weekly service was being maintained between Hamburg and New York. At the present time the Company owns a fleet of sixty-nine ocean steamers and fifty-one river steamers, representing a total tonnage of 304,005 tons, and the number of men in the service of the Company exceeds 6,000. The principal vessels in the Hamburg-American fleet are the express steamers *Augusta Victoria* and *Fuerst Bismarck* and the great carrier the *Pennsylvania*, 585 feet long and of 13,500 tons register. The Company has not escaped disasters involving loss of ships and lives but they have carried across considerably over two millions of passengers, and for the past fourteen years have been free from any seri-

ous mishap, so that they have had, on the whole, reason to consider themselves fortunate.

The Canadian passenger trade is divided between the three well-known lines, the Allan, the Dominion and the Beaver, although the cargo and cattle trade of the St. Lawrence is attracting to Montreal, besides a host of "tramp" steamers, some of the largest steamers of the great fleet of Elder, Dempster & Co., and those of several smaller companies such as the Johnson, Donaldson and "Head" Lines. The past, present and future of the Allan Company is generally regarded as an important factor in the commercial outlook of the Dominion, and indeed we there have been at times persons connected with the Company who imagined that the fortunes of Canada were almost inseparably bound up with those of the famous corporation. It must be admitted that the country, and particularly the Port of Montreal, owes much of its progress and development to the energy, courage and ability of the founders of the Line, and especially Sir Hugh Allan. There is something heroic in the way in which, with true Scottish pluck and tenacity of purpose, he overcame gigantic difficulties, developed his enterprises and achieved success in the face of the most formidable obstacles. Saltcoats, on the west coast of Scotland, is the home of the Allan family, and thence to Montreal there traded in the year 1825 a small brig, commanded by one Captain Alexander Allan, the father of five sons, James, Hugh, Bryce, Alexander and Andrew. Captain Allan was a successful and enterprising man of business, and after a time was able to leave the sea and settle on shore in Glasgow, where he built and equipped a number of smart little vessels for the Montreal trade. His ships made money fast, and his sons were soon successfully established in business. James and Alexander settled in Glasgow as the firm of J. and A. Allan. Bryce Allan acted as the representative of the firm in Liver-

pool, while Hugh and Andrew became the H. and A. Allan, of Montreal. Hugh Allan was a man of great force of character and rare executive ability, and it was largely owing to the vigour of his management that the Company gained its prominent position. After several years of successful business with their sailing ships, the Allans resolved on the attempt to put steamships in the Montreal trade, and in 1852 the *Indian* and the *Canadian*, the pioneers of the Allan fleet of steamships, were constructed for them by William Denny, of Dunbarton. The Crimean War, during which these ships were chartered by the Government for the transport of troops and horses, proved a fortunate event for the Allan's, and they were soon in a position to add two more steamers to their fleet, the *North American* and the *Anglo-Saxon*. These ships were very fast as compared with those in existence at that time, and carried large cargoes, as well as providing excellent accommodation for both saloon and steerage passengers. Rates for cargo were vastly different in those days to the rates prevailing at present. Grain that is now frequently carried for two cents, and even for one cent a bushel, was then charged from twenty to thirty cents. Fine goods now carried from England at 12s. 6d. a ton, then brought as high as 50s., and other charges were in proportion. A contract at first for a fortnightly, but soon afterwards for a weekly, mail service was entered into by the Allan's with the Canadian Government, and a subsidy promised of \$208,000 a year. To carry out this service several new ships were ordered from Mr. Denny that in their day were very crack boats, but have long since furnished material for the scrap iron market. An era of bad times in the years 1857-58 pressed severely on the Allan's, who were working on small capital, but the Government came to their assistance, and the mail subsidy was doubled, making it \$416,000 a year, although this in-

crease was accompanied by very stringent conditions as to speed, and heavy penalties were imposed for delays. Better times soon succeeded to the era of temporary depression, and throughout the "sixties" and "seventies" the Allan's were making constant additions to their fleet and enlarging and improving their service. The ships built were of the most modern type and second to nothing then afloat, and while Hugh Allan, who received the honour of knighthood in 1870, lived and remained at the head of affairs, the Allan Line was fully abreast of the times, and in the Canadian trade far outdistanced any and all competitors. This position was not attained without very serious and, indeed, terrible reverses of fortune, and in fact for several years a series of disasters fell upon the Allan's that would have completely daunted any but men of iron courage and tenacity of purpose. In eight years eight fine ships were totally lost, besides many minor accidents. The first *Canadian* was wrecked on the night of June 1, 1857, on a rock fifty miles below Quebec through the carelessness of an incompetent pilot. On September 21, 1859, the *Indian* was wrecked near Halifax in thick weather. On February 20, 1860, the *Hungarian*, during a heavy gale, mistook a light near Barrington, Nova Scotia, for Cape Sable, and ran ashore, and every soul on board perished. On June 4, 1861, a second *Canadian* was crushed by field-ice at the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle and sank, and on November 5th the *North Briton* was wrecked in a snowstorm on the Mingan Isles, north of Anticosti. On April 27, 1863, the *Anglo-Saxon* ran ashore in a fog near Cape Race and went to pieces. In the same year the first *Norwegian* ran on St. Paul's Island in a dense fog, and finally on February 22, 1864 the *Bohemian* struck on the Alden Rock at the entrance to the harbour of Portland. This succession of disasters was, no doubt, to a large extent attributable to the immense difficul-

ties of navigation through the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Matters have greatly improved since the years that proved so fatal to the Allan ships. The ignorant and incompetent French pilots have been superseded by men better trained and subject to a strict examination as to their qualifications, so that a Quebec or Montreal pilot requires now something more to enable him to obtain his certificate than a little political influence. The Government have lighted up the River and Gulf, an efficient telegraph service supplies daily reports that serve to warn navigators of the presence of ice and fog, and lastly, the experience, dearly bought at first, has trained a set of men in the present captains of the Allan ships who, besides understanding thoroughly the intricacies of the St. Lawrence navigation, are equal in vigilance, cool judgment and attention to duty to any commanders in the world. The navigation of the St. Lawrence does indeed demand all these qualities. No trade in the world is more arduous, from the constant prevalence of fog and the presence of field-ice and bergs. The Straits of Belle Isle must be a hideous nightmare to many a shipmaster - that narrow passage between two bleak and inhospitable shores, barred by the rocky island of Belle Isle, constantly enveloped by fog, and for many months of the year blocked with ice. A mysterious current, that changes with the winds, adds to the perplexities of the navigation and has carried many a good ship to its doom. Three hundred miles up the Gulf from Belle Isle is the barren, dreary island of Anticosti, the shores of which are strewn with wrecks, while, after entering the river, the navigator has to avoid a series of sunken reefs, shoals and flats, through which the channel is in many places extremely narrow. In fact, when the difficulties and dangers of the route are realized, one marvels not at the amount of shipping that has been lost, but that such an amount of shipping should

every year pass safely in and out of the ports of Quebec and Montreal. For the last five-and-twenty years the Allan's have been singularly fortunate in keeping their ships out of trouble, and some of their boats have now been over thirty years afloat without having met with mishap. While maintaining, however, a remarkable record for safety, they have, since the death of Sir Hugh, abandoned any attempt to keep up with the times either in the size or speed of their vessels, and, pending a settlement of the fast mail contract that the Canadian Government have now dangled before the eyes of the public for the past twelve years, and which seems as far as ever from any practical accomplishment, the Allan's have adopted a policy of masterly inactivity, waiting for the time, that they seem to regard as inevitable, when the Government shall come to their terms. It would certainly seem as if this waiting policy, if not a very enterprising one, has been justified by the result. In 1887 the Canadian Government first advertised for tenders for a fast mail service, insisting upon an average speed of twenty knots, and attaching the impracticable and absurd stipulation that the ships should call at a French port. This was, of course, a political "sop" to the French interests in Lower Canada, but was at once recognized as out of the question. The Allan's also objected to the stipulated speed on the ground that it would be dangerous in the presence of fog and ice; but they offered the Government to furnish a weekly mail service for ten years at a guaranteed average speed of seventeen knots for a subsidy of \$500,000 a year. A speed of seventeen knots from Liverpool to Quebec would, it was estimated, have landed the Canadian mails in about the same time as the mails sent to Canadian points via New York, owing to the saving of distance, amounting to 400 miles, as between Quebec and New York. At the same time as the Allan's submitted this tender, a firm of London

shipowners, Messrs Anderson & Anderson, submitted a tender offering to run ships capable of steaming twenty knots for the same subsidy. The Government accepted the Anderson's tender; but the firm failed to secure the necessary financial backing, and, after a period of negotiation, their tender was withdrawn. In 1889 the Government opened negotiations with Mr. Bryce Douglas, representing the famous firm of Barrow ship-builders, for a twenty-knot service, increasing their offer of a subsidy of \$500,000 a year for ten years to one of \$750,000 a year for the first five years, and \$550,000 for the second five. This was declined, but ultimately the Government came to terms with Bryce Douglas, undertaking to make the subsidy \$750,000 a year for ten years. The sudden death of Mr. Bryce Douglas in 1891 made it, however, impossible for his Company to undertake the fulfilment of their contract, and once again the negotiations ended without result. The Allan's then came forward with an offer to give a twenty-knot service for \$1,300,000 a year, but this was declined by the Government, as was also an offer by Sir Christopher Furniss, of West Hartlepool, to give a similar service for \$1,000,000, with a guarantee of four per cent. upon an estimated capital of \$5,000,000. For two years following the matter remained in abeyance, when, after some abortive negotiations with a Mr. James Bruce, Mr. James Huddart, of Sidney, N.S.W., the managing director of the Vancouver-Australian Line, appeared on the scene with an offer to give a twenty-knot service for \$750,000 a year. At first everything promised favourably for the project, but eventually Mr. Huddart found it impossible to raise the necessary capital, and his tender shared the fate of those that had preceded it. The present Canadian Government, after their accession to power in 1897, proclaimed their intention of taking up the question of the fast mail service which, in spite of failures of their predecessors,

they expected to carry to a speedy and successful issue. It was announced in the Canadian House of Commons in May, 1897, that the Government had entered into a contract with Messrs. Peterson, Tate & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a twenty-knot service. There were those "in the know" who shrugged their shoulders at the announcement, and probably very few were surprised at the rumours that soon became current of a hitch in the arrangements, that were by no means dispelled by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "confident expectations" of the success of his Government in their negotiations. The truth, however, was speedily forced upon the country that Peterson & Tate had hopelessly failed to enlist sufficient support for their undertaking, and after one or two extensions of time had been granted them within which to begin operations, they were compelled to abandon the attempt; and after twelve years' agitation of the subject, the country finds itself as far off as ever from its fast service. Meanwhile, the mail service, after being performed under provisional arrangements by a joint service of the Allan and Dominion Line, was last winter turned over to the Beaver Line, one or two of whose ships would probably not average more than ten or eleven knots in speed. This remarkable arrangement was caused by the Government "breaking out in a fresh place" and refusing to entrust the mails to any company calling at a United States port. Both the Allan and Dominion Lines, having to depend for their winter cargoes upon Portland, could not afford to leave Portland for the sake of the mails, and the Government was forced to fall back upon the Beaver Line, which most people imagined was on its last legs, but was apparently re-animated by becoming the Royal Mail Line of Canada, and at any rate raised the wherewithal to acquire the old Commodore, the *Gallia*, thus enabling them to give a weekly service from St. John, N.B. It is hard to see

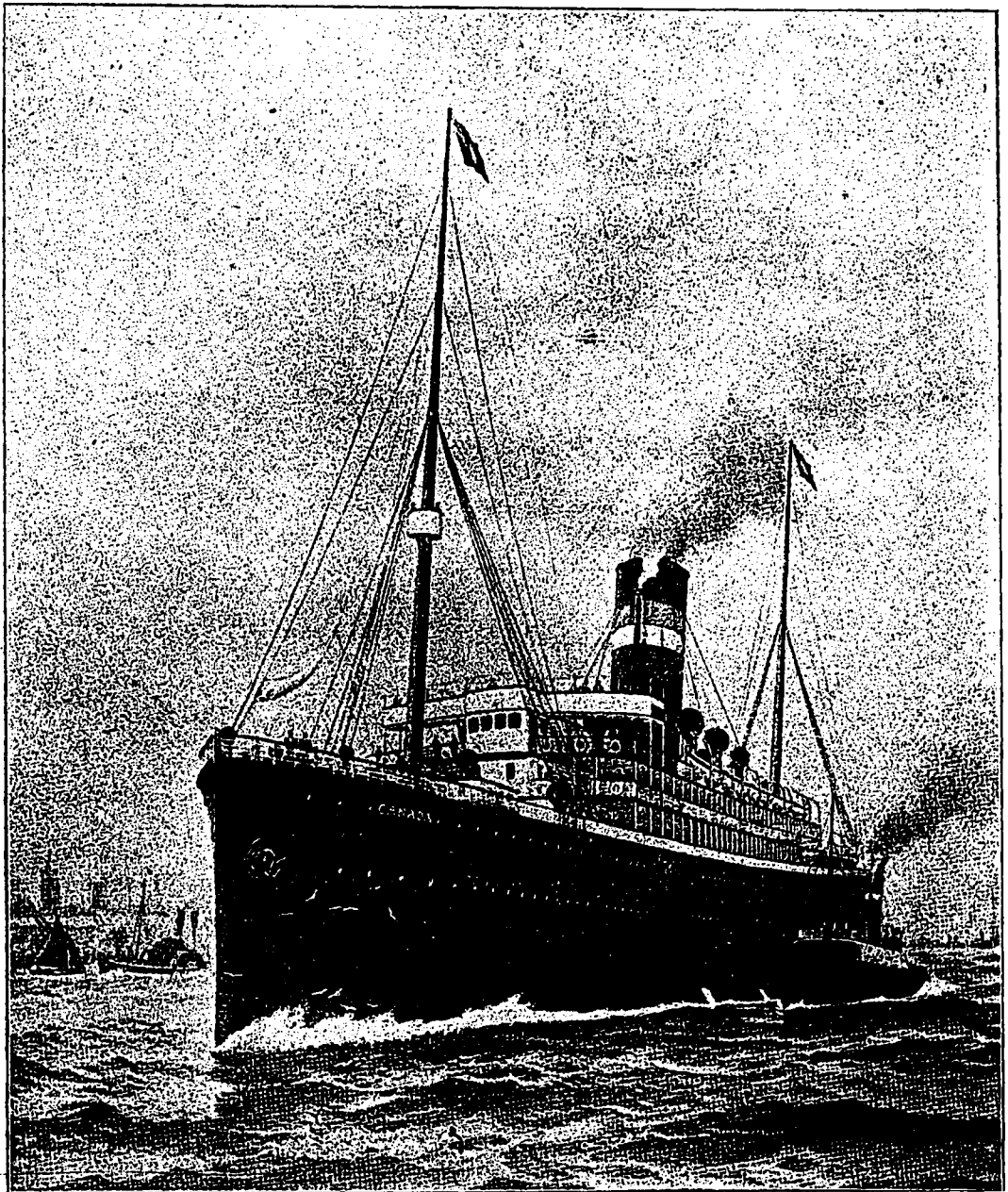
however, what the country gained by such a service, as no business men, however patriotic, would entrust their correspondence to a ship that might be thirteen or fourteen days crossing, when following her from New York would be one that would cover the distance in between five and six. The Government have now shelved the Beaver Line, and for the present winter have come to an understanding with the Allan's and the Dominion Line to run a sufficient number of ships to Halifax and St. John to give a weekly service, and to maintain the old-fashioned summer service to the St. Lawrence. The fast mail service seems in the meantime to be at a discount; but there is no doubt it will ultimately be realized, as, besides the fact that it is generally demanded by the country, especially the business community, it is at present the missing link in the great Imperial highway connecting Great Britain with her Eastern possessions through her North-American Colonies, via the Atlantic, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Pacific Steamship services from Vancouver to Hong Kong, Shanghai and Australian ports. The writer believes that the Government will, after all, come to terms with the Allan's, and that before many years are over a mail service of seventeen or eighteen knots, maintained by ships with good cargo capacity as well as up-to-date passenger accommodation, will be running under the Allan flag, but that its success will involve a considerable "shaking up of dry bones" and the introduction of new blood into the concern. The Allan's have hitherto been successful in discouraging competitors and driving them from the field, and they have been assisted in doing so by the persistence of the Government in demanding more than they can get or that the country can afford to pay for; but if the Government offers reasonable terms and the Allan's resume their old position as the Canadian Mail Line, it is to be hoped they will rise to the occa-

sion and that their patrons and the travelling public will not have cause to complain of the Company adopting a niggardly and parsimonious policy. Competition is intensely keen for business of all kinds, and the Allan's will be well advised to meet it, not by cutting down the salaries of their servants, stinting the supplies of their ships and making cheese-paring economies, but by making a reputation for themselves by courteous, fair and liberal treatment of their patrons.

We pass on to very familiar ground when we refer to the Dominion Line, by whose ships our parties have crossed during the past three years. The present Dominion Line is a new concern under an old name. The original Dominion Line, officially known as the Mississippi and Dominion Steamship Company, was founded in 1870 by some Liverpool merchants under the management of Messrs. Flinn, Main & Montgomery, to run to New Orleans for cotton in the winter and to Montreal for grain in the summer. Several small steamers were built by the Company, the earliest being the *St. Louis*, the *Vicksburg* and the *Memphis*, that were afterwards substituted for larger boats, with accommodation for passengers. After a time, the directors abandoned the New Orleans trade and confined themselves to the Canadian, where they became troublesome competitors to the Allan's. During the seventies they built, or acquired, the *Dominion*, the *Ontario*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Toronto*, the *Ottawa*, the *Montreal*, and the *Quebec*, and in 1882 they built the *Sarnia*, and in 1883 the *Oregon*. A party of 300 boys sent out by Dr. Barnardo in 1894, crossed in the *Sarnia* in the month of March. The ship on that occasion rolled like a barrel, and we had a feeling of pity for the Neapolitans when we heard not long ago that the ship had been disposed of to a company trading to and from Naples with fruit. Several of the older ships of the Company came to grief, including the *Vicksburg* in May,

1875, from striking field-ice, and the *Ottawa* from taking ground in the St. Lawrence. The *Brooklyn* and the *Idaho* (the latter a chartered ship) became total wrecks on the fatal shores of Anticosti, and the *Montreal* met her fate on the island of Belle Isle, where she ran ashore

and was wrecked. She was equipped with two thousand horsepower engines of 1,000 h. p. nominal. She failed, however, to develop the speed proportionate to her power, and in 1893 was furnished with new engines and boilers of the latest type by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, and with the triple cylinders she has steamed as well as



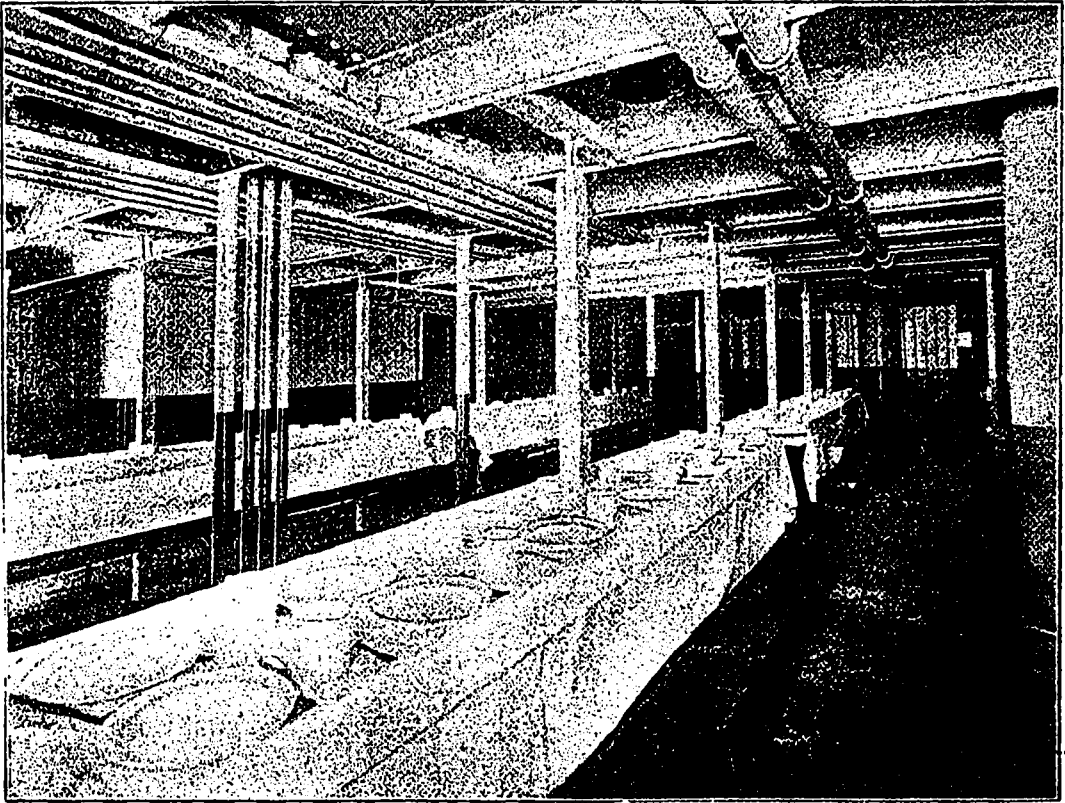
Dominion Line S.S. "Canada."

in August, 1889. In 1884 the Company placed in commission the *Vancouver*, built for them by Messrs. Connal & Co., of Glasgow. She was considered a very fine ship, her dimensions being 430 x 45 x 33, and was fitted with powerful com-

before on a greatly reduced coal consumption. The *Labrador* was launched from the yard of Messrs. Harland & Wolff in 1891. Her gross tonnage is 4,737 tons, dimensions 401 feet in length, 47 in width and 28 in depth. Although of less

power than the *Vancover*, she excels her in speed, and carries a cargo of 5,700 tons. The *Labrador* has made some remarkably good passages, having on one occasion run from Moville, in the north of Ireland, to Rimouski in six days and eight hours, and on another passage averaged 365 in her daily runs. This must be considered excellent work for a boat of such small power, and we should fancy the *Labrador* has proved from first to last a very satisfactory venture for her owners. On the whole,

disposed of at a ruinous sacrifice to the Liverpool firm of Richards, Mills & Co. This transaction yielded to the original shareholders of the Company the pitiable sum of £1 16s. 6d. per £20 share, representing a lamentable loss of capital and a painful illustration of the disastrous effects of over-competition and defective management. Under Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co., the Company has entered upon a new and, it is hoped, a prosperous and successful career. The firm had for several years previous, in conjunction



Steerage Dining-Room of the Dominion Line S.S. "New England."

however, the management of the Dominion Line was not successful, and although it was rumoured that a good many people were enriched by the Company's operations, the money failed to find its way to the pockets of the shareholders. The inevitable crash came at last, and in the autumn of 1894 it became known that Messrs. Flinn, Main & Montgomery had resigned, this information being followed by the announcement that the ships and property of the Company had been

with Messrs. Warrens, of Boston, operated a line of steamers between Liverpool and Boston, including some very fine cargo steamers, such as the *Scotsman*, *Ottoman*, *Angloman*, etc. The combined fleets enabled Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. to offer an excellent weekly service to Canadian ports, which no pains have been spared to popularize with the travelling public. The older Dominion boats were disposed of, and it was announced that their places would be taken by steamers



of larger size and greater speed than had been previously employed in the Canadian trade. A great deal of interest was aroused, and when the *Canada* made her appearance in Montreal, after beating by many hours the record between Liverpool and the St. Lawrence, she was greeted with quite an ovation, and it was felt in shipping circles that at length the Dominion was in a position to compete fairly for steamship business with United States ports. It was announced that the *Canada* would be followed by other ships of a similar type, and Montreal people congratulated themselves that it would no longer be necessary to go to New York to obtain luxurious accommodation or to cross the ocean within the week. Unfortunately these agreeable anticipations were doomed to disappointment. The Government, in the first place, refused to pay a higher rate for transportation of the mails by the *Canada*, steaming sixteen and a half knots an hour, than by one of the older Allan ships that would average not more than twelve under the most favourable circumstances. The Liverpool managers seem to have felt misgivings as to the prospects of obtaining cargo for such large vessels in Canadian ports or being able to secure a remunerative amount of passenger business, and the agents in Montreal failed to re-assure them or to establish their confidence in the possibilities of the Canadian trade. At length it was announced that the *Canada* would be removed from the St. Lawrence, and would inaugurate a fast service between Boston and Liverpool, and for the past two seasons she has been making monthly sailings to and from Boston. The *New England*, another magnificent ship similar to the *Canada*, but rather larger in size, has been launched within the past year from Messrs. Harland & Wolff's yard, and now maintains, with the *Canada*, a fortnightly service. It is understood that two other ships will soon take their places in the same service, so as to

make the sailings weekly. The Boston people have been greatly pleased at having so fine a service at their own doors instead of having to go to New York to take steamers, and it seems as if there is now no prospect of these ships ever returning to Montreal. This is the more to be regretted as the ships seemed of exactly the right type for the Canadian trade, combining the happy medium of large cargo capacity with accommodation for 200 or more saloon passengers, a larger number of second cabin, and immense steerages. They are not "ribbons" like the greyhounds from New York, able to carry nothing but their own vast machinery and coal, but ships that can earn a good revenue from cargo while steaming fast enough for ordinary passenger requirements. The accommodation for passengers of all classes is unsurpassed. In the steerage especially, with the white-covered, neatly-laid tables, upholstered seats, piano, smoke room and cosy little cabins, one realizes the advances that have been made in the past twenty years in the comforts of life at sea, and no Company is more generous than the Dominion in its provision for the welfare of this class of passengers. To keep up the Montreal service, Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. have lately placed the *Dominion* on the route, and, as we proved with our last party, she is second to nothing that we have ever travelled on in her spacious accommodation and good sea-going qualities. We hope not, although we fear, that the Dominion Line is destined to play second fiddle in the Montreal trade. It need not have been, and in our humble opinion both the Government and the managers of the Company made a mistake and allowed a fine opportunity to slip that, if made the most of, would have resulted in realizing the Government's aim of securing a fast service, and in time would have yielded satisfactory results for the Company; but both Mr. Richards and Mr. Mills are gentlemen who know their business.

and may perhaps be better able to manage it than others would for them.

The latest development in the history of trans-Atlantic steamship navigation has been the establishment of a line of steamers to run from Milford Haven, the extreme south-westerly point of England, to Pasquebiac, an ice-free port at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Pasquebiac is the terminus of the Atlantic and Lake Superior Railroad, connecting at Metapedia with the Intercolonial Railway system, and distant from Montreal 550 miles. It is estimated that a saving of at least 150 miles in distance will be accomplished by the new route over the present shortest route between England and Canada. The line has been formed by the Canadian promoters of the Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway, and is entitled the Canadian Steamship Company. The Great Western Railway, of England, is co-operating with the new enterprise by issuing through rates for cargo to and from London and points on their system, and the citizens of Milford Haven can be relied upon to give generous facilities to the trade of their port. They have the advantage of a magnificent harbour, and one easy of access, and which can be reached without having to encounter the dangers and obstructions of the Channel. The vessels, which are intended for passengers as well as freight, will maintain a fortnightly service, and the first sailing was the *Gaspesia*, leaving Milford Haven on the 7th of December. She will be followed by the *Pasquebiac* on the 21st. These vessels have a speed of thirteen or fourteen knots, but it is announced that in the spring very much faster boats will be placed on the route and a weekly service will be established. Indeed, there is a rumour current that two of the larger vessels of the North Ger-

man Lloyd Company have been secured by the new concern.

Another scheme that may in time affect very materially the existing conditions of transportation, is the establishment of a fast service between some port on the west coast of Ireland and St. John's, Newfoundland. There are many who expect to see a submarine tunnel connecting the island of Great Britain with Ireland, and a railway passing through the tunnel that would make it possible to travel by train from London to Ga'way in nine hours. A twenty-three-knot steamer would cover the distance between the Irish coast and Newfoundland in about seventy-two hours. The island could be crossed with the assistance of the new line of railway in less than twelve hours, and Port Aux Basque, its western terminus, is within fifty miles of Cape Breton, at the terminal point of the Intercolonial system, and distant from Montreal 900 miles. Allowing three hours for the crossing of the Gulf and twenty-four for the railway journey from Cape Breton, the journey from London to Montreal would be accomplished in 120 hours - exactly five days. This may seem a very "wild-cat" scheme, but certainly not more impracticable or hopeless of accomplishment than must have seemed half a century ago the idea of crossing the Atlantic at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

We are far from having exhausted the subject of the Ocean Ferry in the hasty sketch we have attempted to give of some of the leading Atlantic companies, but we trust we may have served to interest our readers in these great enterprises that are among the most noteworthy in the annals of commerce, and have done so much to knit together the two great continents and the Eastern and Western branches of the English-speaking race.

## Home Chat

THERE are now a considerable number among our boys in Canada who made their first acquaintance with the Homes through the "Ever-Open Door" in Plymouth, and who will read with interest and pleasure the following letter from the Superintendent, Mr. Stephenson, that he has very kindly sent us for publication :

TO THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS :

DEAR SIR,—Your publication is greatly appreciated here, I can assure you. Its columns are eagerly scanned. First for news of Devonians and Cornubians, *alias* "Debbunsheer Dumplins and Cousin Jackies." I have found three in this issue, F. C. Fishley, to whose mother I lately carried a message from him ; Robert Taylor from Truro, Cornwall, who was here in 1893, and Elizabeth C. Pearce, from Exeter. In a recent issue I saw the name of Daniel Barlow, an old friend from Plymouth. There are many others for whom I look, knowing that they went to Canada and feeling confident that they are doing well. I shall be glad if some or all of my old friends will report themselves to you. Let me assure them that they are not forgotten. We speak of —, who was such a glutton for work ; of —, who always kept himself so neat ; of —, who always kept the rooms so orderly, and of Mary and Jane and Sarah, who were so well behaved and sweet tempered. I have no doubt that all connected with our Homes and "Ever-Open Doors" feel the same interest. Like Mr. Downs, of Newcastle, I admire the manly character of your paper, with its helping words, straight talks and breezy sarcasms. "Straight up and down" it is in spirit and in aim. May it have abundant "ups" and may all its "downs" be as profitable as the Surrey Downs, Roxborough Downs, or the black-faced South Downs. If the boys and girls who have been helped, plank down their subscriptions and donations to help others in the old land, their "downs" will help others "up."

Yesterday I received a donation of £5 from the officers and men of H.M.S. *Renown*, part proceeds of recent entertainments at Montreal. In itself that is a testimony as to the esteem in which the work of the "Ever-Open Doors" is held both by east and west Britons.

With hearty greetings, I am, dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
J. H. STEPHENSON.

We observe from the last Annual

Report of the Homes that during the year 1897, 804 applications for admission were received and dealt with at the Plymouth Home, and that the number permanently admitted was larger than in any previous year, so that evidently Mr. Stephenson has had his hands full and has been doing yeoman service in the cause of the children in the west of England.

Mr. Stephenson mentions in his letter the name of Daniel Barlow. We daresay he will be interested in hearing what was our last news of Dan. We quote Mr. Griffith's words from the report of his visit : "A first-class worker. A well-grown, strong, healthy young man. Is in the choir at the Presbyterian Church at Glammis. Would very much like to bring out his sister from England, and would be willing to pay the cost of her passage if he knew she would be allowed to come."

While on the subject of "Barlow's," we are glad to mention two others of the name, the brothers Alfred and Samuel. Both lads have made a good name for themselves since they came to Canada, Alfred in the summer of 1894 and Samuel a year later. The former is living with Mr. James Brechin, of Moonstone, in the County of Simcoe, while Samuel is to remain permanently under the care of the excellent people with whom he was boarded out on his first arrival, Mrs. Davidson and her son of Brackenrig. Alfred wrote us a very grateful and nicely expressed letter a short time ago, suggesting that he might help in finding us places for some other boys in his neighbourhood, and also in reference to his plans for visiting Sam during the hunting season, so as to combine a little sport with the pleasure of seeing his brother, and perhaps bring down a deer with him. Sam has just been away by Mr. Grant, and the report describes

him as a bright, promising boy, clear-skinned, strong built and in splendid health and giving general satisfaction.

A short time ago we had occasion to move little Ernest Sammon from the farmer with whom we had placed him. The circumstances that made this necessary were pretty well known among the neighbouring farmers, and within a week we had no less than eight applications for Ernest. One lady wrote of him as "the dearest little fellow she ever saw," and added that she could bestow the same mother's love upon him as upon her own child. We let Ernest select which of the eight places he would prefer to take, and we believe he is now in thoroughly good hands and that he is one of those who will grow up to be in every way a credit to us.

A boy named Joseph Conneally was a member of the last party, his older brother, James William, having preceded him four years ago and been placed by Mr. Struthers in a situation in the North-West. James secured a place for Joseph in the same neighbourhood as himself, and in writing to us in regard to the arrangements for his going there, enclosed thirty dollars towards the expenses of his brother's emigration. There is some sterling worth in a lad's character who would voluntarily devote so generous an amount to help a younger member of his family, and by this means repay the assistance he has himself received.

Mr. Griffith has brought us news of a good many of the old boys in the neighbourhood of Mount Forest. Among others we hear of George Mason, who has blossomed out into quite an effective stump orator, and, we understand, is a leading light among the Patrons of Industry. We candidly confess that we have never succeeded in understanding the political creed or aspirations of the Patrons of Industry, or their counterpart, the "Popocrats" in the United States; but we imagine them to be men with a grievance

and impressed with the idea that they are entitled to a larger share of this world's goods than has fallen to their lot, and as such are a troublesome and disquieting element in politics on both sides of the line. If we cannot, however, profess much sympathy with the political party of which George is the champion, we are none the less pleased to hear that he is coming to the front, and hope we shall live to see him an ornament to the Legislature. In the meantime, we learn that he is looking after a small farm near the village of Farewell, and is a faithful, honest worker—a great deal more than can be said of a good many politicians and political talkers.

Robert Starling, who formerly lived near Mount Forest, is now at Ingersoll, earning \$1.35 a day in a large furniture factory there. We are told that he is a church member, doing well, saving money and popular and respected among his fellow workmen and those who know him.

We hear good reports of Herbert J. Gill, who is now living near Palmerston, but often visits his old employer, Mr. Officer, of Conn. It was Herbert who, when he had completed his first engagement and received his \$100, sent off \$75 of it as a gift to his old foster-mother in England whom he had heard was ill and in necessitous circumstances. One can fancy the happiness and comfort the money must have brought to the poor old soul in her sickness and poverty, and we must always say of Herbert, God bless him for his noble act of affection and generosity.

Edward Burnett is described to us as a big, strong young man, in the best of health, and a first-class farm hand. He is a member of the church and a steady, well-conducted young fellow. We remember some very funny passages in Edward's history, when he took to his heels to escape Mr. Griffith, under the impression, apparently, that he would be bound hand and foot and carried back to Toronto. These little incidents are now long past, and we

doubt not that Edward has since realized that we have no designs upon his personal liberty, and have only sought to advance his interests and help him on in life. We may say that Edward's is not an isolated case of such mistakes. It not infrequently happens that an employer refuses to sign the agreement or to send a boy to school, or to pay him reasonable wages, and when we announce our intention of removing him, the boy's mind is filled with all sorts of nonsense as to nameless terrors that await him if he is brought back to the Home, and we have to choose between leaving the boy to be taken advantage of or taking some strong measures to assert our authority. We generally feel it our duty to adopt the latter course, and we have gone through some curious experiences in getting boys away against their will and the efforts of the employer, perhaps backed by stalwart sons and scolding women. Of course, it's all right afterwards, and the boy is generally very thankful to us for what we did; but at the time these "forcible abductions" are not among the pleasant incidents of the day's work.

Mr. Murdoch, J.P., who for several years employed Octavius Aljovin, told Mr. Griffith he had lately heard from our friend in Manitoba, and that he likes the country, is in the best of health and doing well.

John Farmer was reported among his friends near Farewell to have been killed in the woods, but, greatly to their astonishment, he made his appearance in their midst a few weeks ago very much alive. He is described as a big, powerfully built young fellow, and, we hear, is keeping himself steadily employed in the neighbourhood of Wiarton, and seems to be getting on satisfactorily.

Our young graduate at the Agricultural College at Guelph, Samuel Ling, has delivered himself of some excellent sentiments in the following contribution, which he styles "A Letter for All." Sam has proved himself to be a sensible, genuine, honest fellow, and we believe he is

writing what he believes and practices, and not merely "canting." Of all vices that defile human nature and degrade human character, cant and hypocrisy are the worst; but we suspect Sam of saying nothing but what is the genuine expression of his heart, and when he says that his Bible is his best friend, we believe that he has proved in reality that the Word of God is the richest treasure man can possess, and that its teachings have become an influence and a power in his life, and we echo his advice to all our friends, not to forget their Bibles, but to let the light of God's revealed truth shine on the pathway of their daily lives.

DEAR FELLOWS,—I suppose there are very few of you who subscribe for UPS AND DOWNS who know me, but that does not matter. There are some whom I used to know, but the opportunity of writing to all individually is not at my disposal, yet I would like to hear from any of you who care to write to me. I am one of Mr. Phipps' boys, have been in Canada five and a-half years, and have just started to take a course at the Agricultural College, Guelph. I see such splendid accounts of some of you in UPS AND DOWNS, and it pleases me very much to think that though we are, most of us, orphans, yet we are making a mark in this Canada of ours. I do not hesitate for a moment in saying that we shall make a deeper and wider mark yet. So keep up the record, boys, and in spite of all damages break the record of last year, if you can, and every year likewise.

Now, boys, one word of advice to those who will take it:

(1) Always do your best; no matter what you are doing, do it with all your might. Don't let people think that you are no good, but show them that you are.

(2) Stick to your principles, always stand firmly by the truth and you shall prosper by it.

(3) Respect yourselves, and others will respect you.

(4) Don't forget what you learned in bygone days. You might not think much of studying arithmetic, or spelling, or writing, but if you take my advice and study at all spare moments (if you get any), you will reap the benefit of it in after years when you get farther out into the world.

And lastly, but not least, don't forget your Bible, boys, take it out as often as you can and study it much. My Bible is my best friend of the book type.

I extend to all my heartiest wishes a bright and happy New Year.

I am, yours truly,

SAMUEL LING

A very nice little letter has come to us for publication from Willie Jacques, a nine-year-old of the first party of the present year. Willie is a bright, promising little chap, and if he has a garden of his own now, as he tells us in his letter, we expect to see him have a good farm of his own some fine day.

LAKE SHORE, EAGLE, ONT.,

NOV. 19, 1898.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have a good home at Murray's. I am going to learn to plough and disk. I am going to stay here all the time. I go to school every day but rainy days. We had two teachers, but I did not like the first teacher, but I like the second teacher better than the other. I help the folks all I can, and they are well pleased with my work. We live by the lake shore, and we see the steamers go by. It is pleasant in the summer time. I am going to have a garden of my own next year, and I will take good care of it, for I like to work on a farm. We have four calves, one named "Daisy" and a colt named "Cuba," and I am learning to milk. We have six cows and they are very quiet. We are working on 120 acres, and I am going to help Archie all I can. I help Mrs. Murray all I can, and I call her "Mamma," and she likes me. I had pears and apples and other fruit, too. I am in the Second Reader. I go to church with them. I am going to have my photos taken, and I will send you one of them, and I will send you twenty-five cents to pay for my UPS AND DOWNS for next year. I will close, wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your friend and well-wisher.

WM. H. JACQUES.

P.S.—I would like to have a letter from you. I like to read the letters in the UPS AND DOWNS, and I am going to be a good boy and learn at school.

Little Albert G. Smith sends us the following pleasant little account of his experiences at the end of his first eighteen months in the North-West. His master's farm is in the Qu'Appelle district, one of the finest sections of the North-West :

EDGELEY P.O., ASSA., N.W.T., CANADA.

DEAR SIR, I am getting along nicely, and I am doing well with my employer. I like the country first-rate. I felt a bit lonely out here first, but I now like the country much better. Mr. Kent has threshed all his wheat and he has got over 900 bushels of wheat and oats. I like UPS AND DOWNS. It is a very good paper. We have had some cold weather, but it is warmer now. The flies bit me a good bit when I first came, but they are all gone now. I don't get a chance to go to school

in winter, because it is too cold. I am thirteen, and four foot five inches. I have grown four inches since I first came here. We get lots of wild fruit here in summer. It is very hot in summer, too. I go bathing a lot of the time. There are not many other boys here, and they all go to school in summer. Mr. Kent has got a very fine place. He has got 160 acres. I have had Mr. Griffith to see me. I go to the picnics. Mr. Kent is very kind to me. We have eleven horses and lots of poultry. I get letters from England. I like to sit and write. We have fifteen miles to go to town. I will send one dollar for the Home next time and for the paper, and I wish it would come oftener. I am very well here and I am comfortable. I do some of the chores and I will be strong enough for farm work soon. I have been here a year and a-half. We have eleven head of cattle. I went to church a little in summer. We have got a new church now and it is an English Church. We will be soon getting winter. I think this will be all to say this time.

Yours sincerely,

ALBERT G. SMITH.

P.S.—Do not publish if it is not good enough.

We received a call a few days ago from a stalwart young farmer in the person of Edward Sparrow, his errand to Toronto being to rig himself out with clothing for the winter and to enjoy a day or two's well-earned holiday at the end of the season's work. Edward has kept the same situation for the past six years, in token of which he has \$100 in the bank and his past summer's wages to boot, not a bad showing for a lad of eighteen! Edward brought us a good deal of interesting news of his brother, Walter, who is now twenty-three years of age, and of whom we had not heard for some time past. It has been time well spent, however, and Walter is now established on a little property of his own, consisting of a good-sized house and twelve acres of land situated about seven miles from the town of Orangeville. His mother, with the younger members of the family, has joined him from England, and he has made a comfortable home for her, where he supports her partly by the produce of his little property and partly by working out among the neighbouring farmers. We hear that he has

had a good crop this season, and will be in a position to meet punctually the next payment that will fall due upon his place, for which he is paying by instalments. Walter's record has been A1 since he came to Canada nearly thirteen years ago, and we cordially congratulate him on his success, especially as one of its first fruits has been to provide for his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters.

Another recent visitor was Alfred Barnes, who dropped in on his way to Montreal, where he was to take the steamer for England, with the intention of spending a couple of months with his relatives in London. His relatives will have the pleasure of greeting as fine looking, intelligent, manly a young fellow as one would meet in a day's march, and one whose character and reputation are equal to his physique. He had taken a second cabin berth by one of the Dominion Line steamers, and we hope has had a pleasant journey, and that we shall see him safely back early in the spring. His situation near Woodstock, where last year he was hired for \$160 with board and lodging, will be open for him on his return.

The first impressions of our newcomers are always interesting, and we are sure our readers will be pleased to read what Albert Verrall has to say for himself at the end of his first season on a farm in western Ontario :

DEAR MR OWEN,—I am glad to write you a little account of what I think of this country. I thought I would wait until the summer was over and tell you what I have done. I like my place very much, and I think you have sent me to a pretty part of the country. I very soon got used to the country, and I like it better than in the Homes in England. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me over here. I can do nearly everything on the farm now. I can pitch hay, wheat, beans or anything now. I have driven horses and have mowed fifteen acres of clover seed, and drawn in nearly a thousand bushels of corn in a wagon-box and shovelled it into the crib myself. I drew in four loads a day. We have thirteen head of cattle and about thirty hogs and forty sheep, and seven horses, but we had one die this summer and I had the job of buying it, and it was hard

work digging the hole. I have been to several barn-raising, and we are going to raise one of our own in the spring. I go to socials and fairs. We have a nice farm and it goes right down to the banks of Lake Erie and along the banks a long way. We have 180 acres of land. I think I have said all this time, but I will write to you again in a short time.

I remain yours truly,  
ALBERT VERRALL.

Little Frederick Brumwell, aged thirteen, began life in Canada last July, and we lately received the following cheerful little letter from him :

DEAR SIR,—I write you these few lines hoping to find you well as it leaves me at present. I like my situation very well. I can plough and harrow and roll. When I arrived at my situation, we were starting to draw in oats and wheat and barley, and I helped to build the stack. I like farming very well. We have a binder, a windmill that grinds barley and pumps all the water, and a mower, a horse rake, two ploughs and one set of harrows, a wagon, a buggy, a cutter, one set of sleighs, a jumper, six horses, five cows, twelve steer, eleven sheep, eleven pigs, and one sow. I attend Sunday School regularly and church. I have grown a lot since I came out here. I think this is a fine country here. I helped to pull in mangels yesterday and pit them. My master and myself husked 150 bushels of corn.

I must close my letter by sending twenty five cents for UPS AND DOWNS.

Yours truly,  
F. BRUMWELL.

The handsome group on another page represents five of our English excursion party, who left us this very acceptable souvenir of their visit to the Home, *en route* to Montreal. We are glad to say that every one of the five takes back with him to England an excellent character, and a record of useful, faithful service. Enoch Jones has lived since April, 1891, with Mr. William Drinkwater, of the Township of Chinguacousy, and has acquitted himself worthily and well during the long term. The years have passed without our having to record a solitary complaint against Enoch, and he has grown up to be a good, solid, sensible young man. Thomas Hazell is a lad who, we feel sure, will make his way in the world. He is one of Mr. Phipps' proteges, and we hope will manage to pay his respects to his friend and

benefactor before his return to Canada in the spring. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps will, we know, be pleased to see the progress he has made during the seven years that have passed since he left their care. He has worked faithfully and well during the time, keeping his first situation for five years and working last summer with the same farmer. We understand Tom's savings run well into the hundreds, and though his present trip will knock a hole in them, we hope he will have a very jolly time and come back to Canada in the spring with his mind made up to settle down for good. Sidney Ponting and Fred Bowers are two friends who have pretty well shared each other's fortunes since they came out from England as small boys nearly eight years ago. We could say a great deal in praise of them both had we the space to do so, but we think we will let their minister speak for them in the letter of commendation that each of the boys received from him on their departure, and which they showed us with other certificates of character.

ONONDAGA, ONTARIO,  
CANADA, NOV. 14, 1898.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that I am personally acquainted with the bearer, Mr. Fred. Bowers, and am pleased to be able to say that he has made a name for himself that any young man might well feel proud of: a name for integrity and uprightness of character among his employers, and a name for true loyalty to Christ and the Methodist Church, of which he is a member.

G. FRANCIS MORRIS,  
Pastor of the Methodist Church.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that I am personally acquainted with the bearer, Mr. Sydney Ponting, and I take much pleasure in testifying to the fact that all who know him speak well of him. Faithful to his employers and faithful to his duties as a Christian and a member of the Methodist Church, he has won the respect and good wishes of all.

G. FRANCIS MORRIS,  
Pastor of the Methodist Church.

That G. Townson is, we understand, known to his friends as the "Mayor" of Middleport, and we are sure that Middleport has reason to be proud of the distinction. We learn that Fred is a shining light in

the village literary society, has carried off the honours in debate among the local rhetoricians, and is generally recognized as a celebrity among his companions. When we say that Fred. has added to these distinctions a name for industry, honesty and faithfulness, we think we have justified our opinion of him as a lad whom we are proud to own as a member of Dr. Barnardo's big family.

A short time ago we wrote to several of our old boys who came to Canada in 1888, inviting them to send us a little account of their experiences during the ten years that have passed, having it in our mind to devote a special article in UPS AND DOWNS to the arrivals during that particular year. A number of most interesting letters were received in reply, and we could fill a good many pages of UPS AND DOWNS with the narratives of our boys' lives if we had the space to spare. As it is, we can only select a few that can be taken as specimens of the rest, and we reproduce them exactly as they stand, letting the writers speak for themselves in their own language. We must even dispense with anything in the shape of introduction to the letters, although the writers are most of them lads whose records are deserving of praise and who have a high place in our esteem, and we give them in the order in which they come before us, without any special attempt at arrangement.

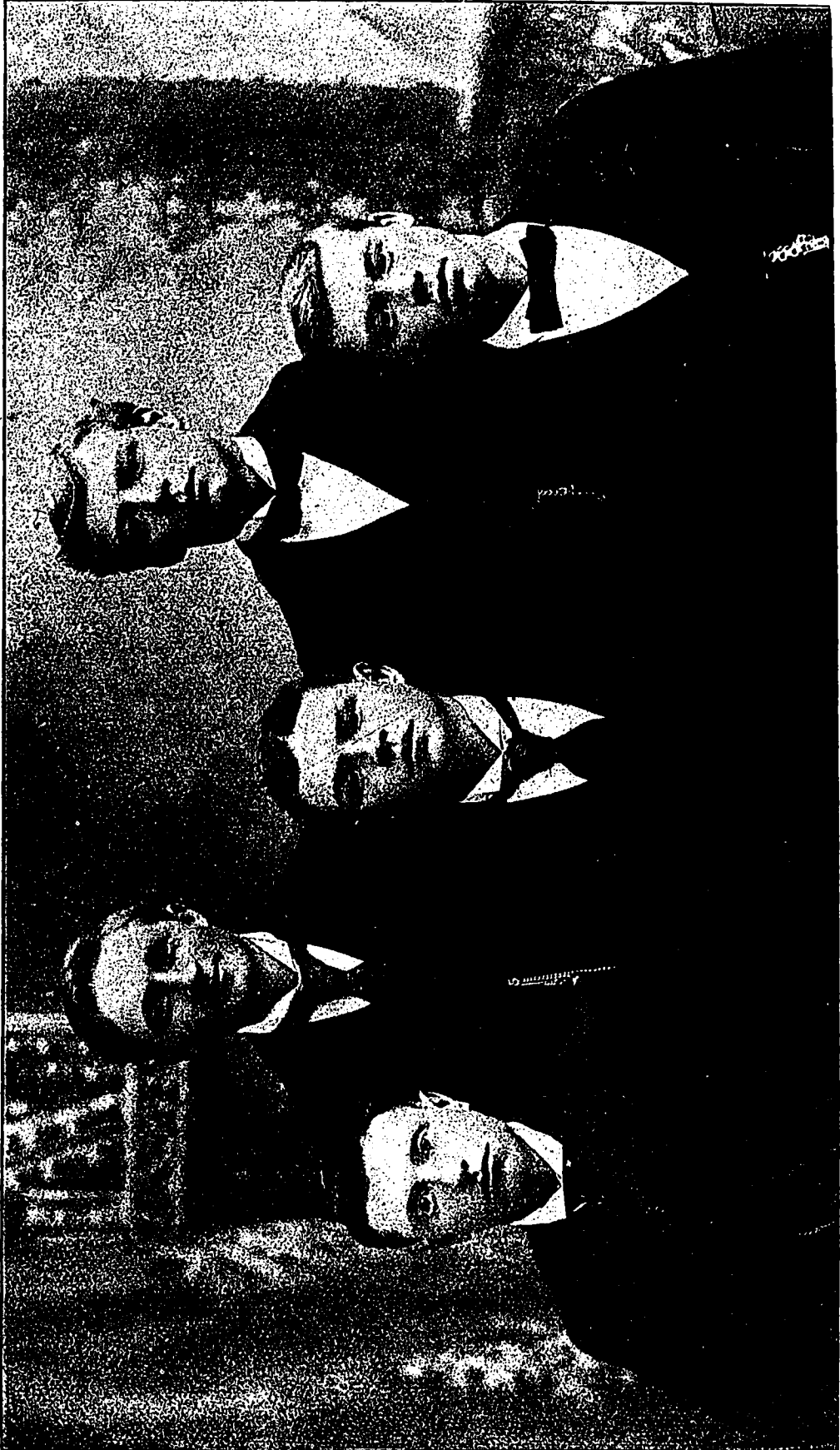
HASTINGS HOUSE, PARKHILL,  
Nov. 21, 1898.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 17th to hand and contents noted. I think it a very good move for each boy to tell of his whereabouts in the last ten years, also his ups and downs.

One evening in the winter of '87, I was standing outside King's Cross Station, when a gentleman came up to me and asked me if I would like to go to a supper, so I said "Yes, Sir," and I thanked him. Upon reading the card he gave me, it was for a Waifs' and Strays' Supper to be held in Edinburgh Castle, and after supper each boy or girl would be presented with a new sixpence. So on that day I went myself and another mate, and after having a good supper and before the sixpences were given out the Doctor asked any boy





Enoch Jones.

Thomas A. Hazell.

Francis G. Townson.

Sidney Ponting.

Frederick J. Bowers.

that wanted to go into the Home to stand up, so I stood up and I went into Number 10, and next day we were taken into the big house at Stepney, and after having a good bath and our hair cut and clean clothes, we went to bed. After being at Stepney about two months, we were asked to stand up any boys that wished to go to Canada, so I was one of them. After all the preparations for the journey was over, such as fitting on suits and boots and packing our trunks, we were ready to leave, finishing up with a farewell dinner at the Castle. We left Euston Station, Mr. Owen in charge, the 29th of March, '88, sailing from Liverpool on the S.S. *Polynesian* to Halifax. From there we went by train to Toronto, arriving there late at night. Next morning we were sent off to our situations. I was sent to the Hastings House, Parkhill, arriving there April 10, '88. I came here to clean boots and do chores around the house. Through length of service and attention to business I have risen to clerk in the house. I would be pleased to see any of our boys register here at any time. In 1893 I sent home for one of my sisters to come out. Since coming out she has married and doing well. Being in my one situation ten years, I thought I would take a trip home to see my mother, who is still living. So calling on Mr. Owen and buying a return ticket, I left Toronto for Portland, leaving there on the 16th of April on the S.S. *Labrador*. I arrived home safe and found my mother well and pleased to see me. After spending six weeks in and around London, not forgetting to call at Stepney, I bid everybody good-bye and started once more for Canada, leaving Liverpool on the same steamer back. After having a very good passage, I arrived at Quebec and took the C.P.R. to Toronto. I stayed over for half a day at the Home to see Mr. Owen and the rest of the people there, Mr. Griffith being in the North-West at the time. I arrived home at Parkhill June 20th, to my old place, where I am still working, liked by everyone and getting along nicely. I am a member of the Church of England here, which I attend regularly, also a member in good standing of Ivy Lodge, No. 90, I.O.O.F. Since being here I have gone several times to the annual gatherings at Toronto Fair time, always having a good time.

Well, I think I will close for the present to leave space for others.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I remain, respectfully yours,

RICHARD N. WRIGHT

TO MR. G. TUCKER, MASSIE

To all young friends connected with the Barnardo's Home, Toronto :

Ten years ago on April the 10th I first reached Canada at the age of sixteen. The country was like a secret to me,

nothing to be seen but deep snow, and a very stormy day it was to me. On reaching Chatsworth, I thought that I would have a team waiting my arrival, but such was not the case. Massie being my Post Office, that being seven miles from Chatsworth, and having nothing to take me there, a perfect stranger in a strange country, I set out on my journey on foot, reaching my destination in the afternoon, tired and fatigued with plunging through the deep snow; but being a good traveller I reached my destination at Mr. Allen McLean's, which has been my home ever since, and always will be. I was hired at Mr. McLean's for one year, everything being strange to me, never having seen a farm in my life before; but I soon got used to everything. I found the people very nice and kind to me, and I made up my mind to do my best for them. My year being up and my employer, being satisfied with me, hired me for another year. At this time one of the agents of the Home visited me and enquired into my character, and finding everything satisfactory, left me, well pleased to find that everything was satisfactory. A short time after I received a bronze medal for good conduct and length of service, which I was well pleased with and thought a lot of. My second year being a little livelier after getting well acquainted with all the folks around us, the work went easier. The second year being up and satisfaction being given, I was hired for the third year. By the end of that time I was able to do almost anything that was to be done about a farm. After my three years' time had expired, I was presented with a silver medal for good conduct and length of service, which also made me feel bigger than ever. By this time Mr. McLean asked me if I would hire longer or would I like to try a new place. I accepted the latter and was hired at Mr. Alex. McNab's for ten months, from thence to Mr. Duncan Carmichael's for eight months, thence to Mr. George Murray's for twelve months, from thence to Mr. John Price for seven months, and thence to Mr. Donald Morrison for seven months, and thence to Mr. John Price again for nine months, thence to Mr. James Yates for six months and to Mr. William McNab's for six months, being at Mr. Allen McLean's every winter. I am quite capable of managing a farm completely now, and I hope that every boy that came out with me can do the same. I prefer living in Canada any time to England. Canada, though there is lots of hard work, is healthy, therefore I advise all young lads just out from the Old Land to do all they can, do it willingly, obey all commands, be truthful and obedient, be kind to one another and cheerful to all around you.

Wishing you one and all a happy Christmas and a happy New Year. Good-bye.

P.S. Anything you see missing in this

letter. Will you please place it in the proper place?

HAMILTON, ONT.,

November 26th.

DEAR SIR,—I got your letter safely, and was glad to hear from you. I should have written you before, but I was too busy this summer. I was working on a farm and my wife was living in town, and I only came home once a week, and that was only Sundays.

I can say that I have been in Canada this last ten years, and I thank Dr. Barnardo many a time for what he has done for me in sending me to Canada. I am sure that he could not have done anything better for me. I can say that I have a home of my own, and my wife and I live happy together and my son. I have a chance to rent a farm or to work in the tannery, and I am not sure what I am going to do now. My time is up at Christmas on the farm, but the people are all pleased with me, and I am glad to hear it myself that Mr. Gies was very sorry to see me leave him. I thought it would be good for me to have a change after working six years for him. He had said that I was one of the best workmen he had. I was very glad to hear that I could keep up my character. I am not afraid to work for any man. I always did my duty wherever I went.

I now close my letter with a dollar, and I send my wife and son's pictures. I hope you will get it safely. I hope you will answer soon if you get the things all right.

Excuse bad writing. It goes hard for me to write English, as I am German.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR BUCKLEY

BOX 33, DRYDEN.

November 21, 1898.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of November 17th I received to-day, and can only say you have asked a very poor writer to give an account of himself. It is the last thing I would think of, but I will do the best I can.

As you well know, it was on the 11th of June, '88, that I started in my first place with the Robinson family, and I was with them for seven years. My record there is well known to you, so I will not tell it. I was one year with George Elliott, of Campbellford, when I set my mind on the West. It is going on two years since I came out to this part of the country. I like it fine. I have had lots of ups and downs in the ten years I have been out, but I have to-day 160 acres of land within three miles of Dryden on the banks of the Wabigoon Lake, which is the making of a good home, so I think it a fine thing for a young man to go West out of Eastern Ontario. About this part of the country I have told you before. The crops this year were fine, and we had out

and wheat here that it will be the first on the move to beat.

Well, Sir, there is one thing I would like to talk about. That is, why can't we have UPS AND DOWNS for a monthly paper again? You know that I have always been for it, and now a word to the boys and the girls, too, for we are all the same. I would say for Mr. Owen to make out what it would cost for to publish UPS AND DOWNS for a year monthly, and give us old boys a chance, and I think we can have a monthly. Why can we not? I put this as I think of it, and would like to hear what the rest of the boys and girls have to say, and Mr. Owen might tell us what he has to think of it, and we will have to let the girls have their say; so come, boys and girls, let us hear from you and get a monthly UPS AND DOWNS. It is too long for to wait quarterly.

Well, I will have to close for this time, but I will come again if you will allow me to; but mind I am after the boys and girls for a monthly, so good bye for this time.

From yours truly,

C. H. PHILLIPS.

Nov. 26, 1898.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, asking me to give you some idea of what I have been doing since I came out to Canada, and how I have been getting on with those under whose care I have been placed to gain an honest livelihood. I was placed under Dr. Barnardo's care by my father's wishes, and I spent three happy months in the Boys' Home at Stepney Causeway among the strange sights of the City of London, which I had often heard tell of, but had not seen till I was placed under the good old Doctor's care. After I had been in the Homes three months and had made up my mind to be an emigrant bound for Canada, we embarked in the good old ship the *Polynesian*, of the Allan Line of steamers. After a pleasant voyage of nine days on the Atlantic, we landed in Halifax on April the 7, 1888. We then took the train for Toronto, and after staying a short time in the Homes of Toronto, Mr. Owen placed me under the care of Mr. F. D. Quance, of Painswick, Ont. During my five years of steady employment with Mr. Quance, I received from Mr. Owen two medals, awarded by Dr. Barnardo to the boys of the Home for good conduct. I feel proud of them and value them more than all the money in Canada. When I left my old employer, I went to Manitoba and worked on the Farm Home of Dr. Barnardo for eight months, and I came back to my old friend Mr. Quance, and worked for him during the winter, and in the spring I worked for Mr. G. Quantz, a cousin of my former employer. I lived with him for a year, and at the end of the first he employed me again the second year and also the third year. When I left Mr. Quantz, I worked for Mr. John Coul-

ter, of Painswick, and this summer I am working for Mr. Ahyott Wolman, of Vine. I am now going to start a little home for myself this winter.

Dear Sir, I think this is all I have to say this time about myself. I am enjoying pretty good health, and can eat a good meal three times a day.

From your sincere friend,

Allandale, P.O., Ont. HERBERT WARD.

#### TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF CHARLES OLIVER MARTIN.

I was born in London, England, 1874. In the year 1888 I started for Canada to seek my fortune, a lad of high spirits, thinking of nothing but pleasure. I came on a ship with a party of boys of Dr. Barnardo's Home numbering 205 boys. We sailed on the 29th of March on the *Polynesian*, a very fine vessel. We arrived at Halifax ten days later, and took the train for Toronto, and some of the boys went to Manitoba to work on Dr. Barnardo's Farm. Well, I stayed three weeks at the Home in Toronto, when all the rest but one or two had left, not knowing when I was going to a place, and all my playmates gone. It was one day I was playing when I was called to the office and told to get ready, for I was going on the train. I was overjoyed to go where I knew I could work and earn some money. Being a little fellow for my age, I knew I could not earn much, and having a brother out in Canada who was four years older than me, I thought I would like to see him, but I gave up ever seeing him when I was going on the train. When I got to the station, I heard Mr. Owen ask for a ticket for Lynden, and I knew that was the place where my brother was, and there I was going. When I got on the train I was put in charge of the conductor, who was to tell me when I arrived at Lynden, but when I got to Hamilton I was sitting in the car waiting for the train to start. After waiting a little while, and when all the rest of the people got off (who I thought were not going as far as I was), I went out to see what was going on, and I asked a conductor when the train started. He said, "Where are you going?" I said, "To Lynden." He said, "Jump on that train," pointing to a train on the other track. He said this train didn't go any further. I did not know where the conductor was, but the train was on the move, and he came up just when I was getting on, and said, "That is right; I forgot all about you, my boy," and told another conductor to look after me, and see that I got off at Lynden. When I got a little way on the road, I kept asking people, "Is this Lynden? Is this Lynden?" every station, and the conductor forgot me again, and I went out when we got to a station and asked, and they said yes, and I jumped off and saw a man and a big dog. I think I was told when I started that when I got to Lynden my brother would be waiting at the station

What a meeting, not having seen him for seven years! I thought it was him, and ran up to him and said, "Oh, Johnnie!" I was pleased; he looked a big brother to me, and his voice was different, and I only knew him by a scar on his chin. We walked back to his master's farm, telling me how it was I came to Lynden. He had heard from a sister in England that I was coming out, and to see that I went where he was, so he wrote a letter to Toronto Home and told them about me, and I was sent as soon as he found a place for me. I stayed just long enough to have something to eat there, and my brother cleaned himself up, and we started for my future home, he telling me it was a nice place. Well, we rode about three miles, and went on foot the rest of the way. We stopped at a little frame house, and not knowing who we were going to see, my brother and I went in, and he said to them, "I have my brother with me," calling them by name, and they were great friends of my brother. Conn, was their name, and they were English people, nice folks, four in the family—father, mother, daughter, and a brother of Mrs. Conn's, whose name was Millington. They received me like a relative, and said how nice it was to have a brother so near to talk to, and we stayed till seven at night. We had tea, and then went to a church half a mile distant, and while there the minister came and shook hands with me and my brother. A young woman was there belonging to the place I was going to, and she took me home with her, and I bid my brother good-bye. He told me he would come and see me, and I was to go and see him. So I started on my first year in Canada in the County of Brant, being seven miles from the City of Brantford. The man I went to work for was a farmer—a practical one. He did his work well. I was shown a room, for it was bedtime, and went to sleep very tired after the excitement of the day. In the morning I was awakened by someone calling me by "little boy," not knowing my name just then. I cried out, "Yes," and they said breakfast was ready. I hastily dressed and went down to breakfast. They were all seated round the table, and all eyes on me when I went in the room. "Why, you are a little fellow!" was the first thing they said. "We thought you were bigger, but you will do, I guess," and I sat down to breakfast, and did justice to a good many things on the table. I was asked all kinds of questions, and I answered some well. I started doing light chores, as I could not do heavy work. They treated me like one of their own. There were seven in the family, and I made eight. Mr. and Mrs. Ramey, two old maids, one grandfather and the baby, two hired men and myself. I used to help the old gentleman in tinkering around. I went to the cow stable to see them milk the cows, and I was anxious to learn, so they said I would get enough to do before I got

through, and they let me try, to see how I would do. I being what they called a "greenhorn," they set me to milk one of the steers. Coming from London and not knowing, when I sat down, to my surprise I received a kick, and they laughed at me, and I would not go near any more. However, I did not get hurt, and it was a long time before I tried again to milk. Well, it was May 2nd when I went there, and I hoed corn and all kinds of vegetables. I helped in most all the branches of the work, there being close on to two hundred acres. I worked hard that summer, but, however, I lived through it, or I would not have written this. The folks used me well, and the old gentleman and I got on good terms, till one day the hired man said to me, when the old gent wanted me to work to "tell him to do it himself," or "do his own work," and he got me in his black books, and not able to do anything right. After that he did not like me, because I got saucy, and said I should not stay, so I did not care for the old fellow, but my master liked me, and his wife. I was there a little while when my brother came on horseback, and told me the news of the death of one of my sisters in England. Things went on for a year till Mr. Ramey was trimming hedge fences and I was helping him, and he said, "How would you like to live with the English people that you saw when you first came?" I said, "Well, I would go if they wanted me, for I thought them nice people." "Well," he said, "it's one year since you came here, and father won't have you, so I am going to the mill, and we can go this afternoon" (this being in the morning), so I got my trunk packed and went. He said, "I will give you something next time I see you around," but I never got anything, so one year went by with a bit of experience.

I had a good place now. I minded cows on the highway, and had nothing to bother me. I read books, and occupied my time with a little knowledge. I have started at the foot of the ladder, and gradually climbing up, sometimes to fall two or three rungs, but hoping to get up fairly well, nothing happening me. I don't chew nor smoke, or use profane language. I have a good character, and if God helps me, can proceed and mean to improve. I stayed two years at my place, being liked by them all; but not getting any wages for three years, it was time; my brother thought, I was, as he was my guardian, and looked after my interests. They did not want me to leave, but I had to have wages. They offered thirty dollars and another farmer offered fifty, so I left them with a sad heart and accepted the fifty, and I earned it and no mistake. He was a man who wanted man's work and boy's pay. I worked real hard, up at five in the morning and all day in the hot sun every day for one year. Just the same in the winter, on bitter cold days out in it draw

ing logs and stones. He wanted me another winter, but could not afford the wages I wanted, so I had to leave there. They would liked to have had me stop, but I wanted ninety dollars for nine months, and their farm being small they could not afford it, so a gentleman my brother spoke to said he would give me nine dollars a month if I suited and was honest, so I went and worked nine months. He wanted me longer, but I wanted a change. I did put in three months longer, which made a year, and they did not like me to leave, but I was headstrong, and jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. I went to cutting cordwood with my brother, and not being heavy it took the strength out of me, and I did not earn my salt, so I gave that up and went to work for a man named Lorenz Stewart, a good, young man, single, and he liked me. I stayed one year with him at twelve dollars a month for seven months, and stayed the winter, and got tired and left him and went to learn the mason trade. I carried brick and mortar for eight months up a ladder, and it was hard work, but I stuck to it till I got through that season and left that. I got twelve dollars a month while learning. I was too short to go clean through, and wanted more muscle, so I went to farming again after spending my money on a bicycle, for which I gave eighty dollars of my hard-earned money. I saw how foolish it was after I had it awhile. Well, I went to a man named Chalcroft and worked one year, and lived with my brother off and on for eight months. I got some money while there. I became of age, and received nearly six hundred dollars from an aunt who died in England and left five of us, my brother getting what I did and sister, and an aunt and her son half of it. I thought I would try the city, so I went to Brantford, and there I made a mistake. I spent seventy-two dollars in five months, and not working half the time, and getting out of pocket and got in bad company; but I did not buy tobacco or whiskey, but musical instruments. I bought an organ, a musical box, guitar, violin, accordion, dulcimer, and so on. I spent my money foolishly, and see it all now. I was losing instead of gaining in the city. I got my life insured for \$1,000, paid it up and left the city to farm again, and have done better ever since. I went back to the man I worked two years for before, and spent another year on the farm. I thought I would try the States, and am doing well out here. It will soon be a year since I came.

Taking all the places I have been to in ten years, I could give a bigger detail of my experiences, but I take too long to tell everything, so give room for some of the rest. I send you the writing to pick out the most suitable for publishing, that is, that which has the most sense to it. I have tried and tried to word it better, but made it worse every time, so I give up with this last attempt.

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DEAR SIR, HAMILTON, ONT.  
Nov. 20, 1898

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, - AS you are about taking up a portion of the UPS AND DOWNS with details of the party who came out in 1888, I thought perhaps it would not be justice not to answer your request. I can say I have seen a great many changes in the ten years I have been in Canada. When I first came here I went up to Grey county, but the country seemed to me as if it would never make a real good farming country, and I was not satisfied with the wages, and the man did not seem in very good circumstances, although not a bad fellow at all. I stayed there about nine or ten months, and then I went down to Markham township, which I found to be a first-class country and people equally as good. I worked there on a farm in the summer time, and in the woods in the winter. It was not long until I received as much wages as any Canadian. I always tried to learn fast and do things quickly, which I very soon accomplished. I stayed in Markham and thereabouts five or six years, and then I got married, and shortly afterward I saw a better chance where we now live. I worked out on a farm for two years or so, and then I leased a hundred acres of land, mostly all cleared, for which we pay \$250 a year and about \$30 taxes. I have had a hard road to make, all through, as I did not know a living soul when I came here, and I have had no support from anybody, but there is one thing I have had good health, which means a great deal. Now we are getting nicely settled at our new undertaking—farming for ourselves—although we are not quite out of debt yet. We have at present four horses, nine head of cattle with calves, and a quantity of pigs, besides our farming implements and machinery. I would like to say, if there is any person who has not been out here long, and feels discontented, stick it out and work might and main for a while, and you will soon overcome all that. I was the very same way. I was so discouraged at first I thought about walking to the Coast and working my way back again. I was so green and thought everybody was making fun of me, but that all passed away, and then the more I got acquainted the more I felt at home, and everything went all right. Then after I got married why I tried to get along and save all I could. We both pull together and am glad to say we are getting along fairly well.

I remain, yours truly,

CHAS. COVERT.

DE CATHARINES, ONT.

NOV. 20, 1898

to hand, and I must  
but what to say I don't know. In  
my experience during  
my ten years' sojourn in Canada, it hits me  
hard. I can tell it by word of mouth, but  
I am a poor composer, and the worst of all

is I am a poor writer, as you can see by this letter. But I will give you a brief sketch of my career, which, as you know, might have been better; but I am getting over that and hope to do better in the future, as I have a good job, earning a dollar a day and the prospect of more pretty soon. I sailed on the Allan liner *Sarmatian* on June 1, 1888, and enjoyed the voyage very much all but a few days of seasickness, which is not very comforting. After three days' stay in Toronto, a place was found for me on a farm owned by P. A. Gregory, where I learned the mysteries of farming. I got along pretty well with him and stayed my full time, and would have been better off if I had not left him. An uncle of mine having found me out, persuaded me (it did not take much coaxing) to come to Hamilton where he lived, and when my time was out I went up to Hamilton, and I have always regretted it. The first season I was there I hired with Mr. A. Taylor, a market gardener, and we got along all right, except the hired girl and I. I won't tell her name, but she was English and a little headstrong like myself, but we were all right. When fall came and I was through at Taylor's, I moved to the city and took my abode with my loving uncle and aunt, to say nothing of eight cousins, but which were little better than tormentors to me. I secured employment in W. J. Copp's stove foundry where I stayed till the spring, when Mr. C. N. Burton, a market gardener who lived across from Taylor's, came to me and wanted to hire me. I struck a bargain and hired to him. He proved to be the best man I had worked for, and we got along all right, except on one occasion when I was to blame. In the fall I came back to Gregory's, where I stayed all winter and summer, and the middle of last February I got a job in the Welland Vale Bicycle shops, working in the nickel room, but afterwards got in the buffing room, where I still work, and also have a bed and room down at the works, being one of the firemen kept by the firm, and get along all right. Being of a musical turn of mind, I bought a violin and took lessons, with the result that I read music all right. I am a very good player; play for an audience once in a while, which is no dream, I can tell you that.

I think I have no more to say at present. I don't suppose you can make much out of what I have written, but I shall look for it in UPS AND DOWNS.

Yours truly,

W. H. BRAY

CANADIAN, NOV. 20, 1898

TORONTO

DEAR SIR, Your letter to hand has  
Friday. In answer to your letter, I must  
say I like this country very well. I came  
to Canada in 1888, and have lived with dif-  
ferent farmers in this neighborhood until  
this summer. I have been working with a

brickmaker. I am a member of two societies, viz., Sons of England and Independent Order of Foresters. In the latter I have my life insured for a thousand dollars. I am thinking of going to Manitoba with the idea of making a home for myself. Enclosed you will find twenty-five cents in stamps for Xmas number of UPS AND DOWNS.

Hoping this is satisfactory, I am,

Yours truly,  
GEORGE ROUSE.

SINTALUTA, Nov. 28, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS.—Mr. Owen asked me to give an account of myself for the past ten years. I thought that was pretty hard to do at first. I mind the morning when I put my foot on Canadian soil. We all went to Toronto, and Mr. Owen gave me a card and sent me to Collingwood. I got there all right. I went to Mr. Kechby's and stayed there for a week, and then I went out to my situation. I stopped there for a while, and then I went back to Toronto, stopped there for a while, and then I went to Barrie. I got there safely, and went to Mr. Black's and had my dinner, and went out on the stage to Dalston, and then I got on another stage and went to Mr. Thompson's, where I put in my five-year term and won the silver medal. I stopped around Dalston till last spring, when I packed up my belongings and came up west, and I tell you, boys, you that intend to go farming, I advise you all to come west. Any boys that want to come west I advise you all to come to the N.W.T. I have got a farm of my own. I am homesteading 160 acres in the Weyburn district. I cannot faithfully say that I was a good boy when I was putting in my term. The day I left Mr. Thompson's my temper was up, and Mrs. Thompson begged and begged me to stop, but I went out in the world just like a lost sheep, but I bitterly cry over it. Now I am out here, and I am going to stay. True is the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." I have been here eight months, and make more than I would make in Ontario in sixteen months.

I think this is all I can say about my ten years in Canada. I will write a little piece of poetry.

THE BOYS WE NEED

Here's to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to face  
All lions in his way;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right to do,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will go to find  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future land, and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who  
A man of heart I say;  
Whose legend on his shield is  
Fought always with the day.

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for Donation Fund

Yours truly,  
PETER EPPY.

I came to this country in June in the year 1888, under the care of Dr. Barnardo, a name which I greatly honour. I was then fourteen years of age, which is quite young for a fellow to start out in life, yet I did not mind it. The longer I remain here the better I like it. I was placed in a position, or situation, with a farmer, Mr. Jos. Cox, of Huntley, Ont., where I remained for five years and a-half. I had a good home, a good master and I liked my place well. But at the end of that time I thought I would like to try something else, so I engaged with a general merchant to work at his store in a neighbouring village, where I remained one year and six months. Then I decided to take a trip home to England to see my friends. After spending three months in England I returned to this country, and secured a situation as waiter in the Bodega Hotel. After working there for nine months my master died and the house broke up, so I had to leave, but I was not long finding another place. I went from the Bodega to the Russell Hotel, where I have been for the last two years doing well, and I thank Dr. Barnardo and his helpers for it all. I have never been without a dollar in my pocket since I came to this country. This is a fine country to get along in. I would not go back to England to live now for anything. I prefer Canada.

I hope these few words will find all my comrades well, also the friends of Dr. Barnardo's Home.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN KENT,  
The Russell, Ottawa, Ont.

Among the letters received from old '88 boys that it has been impossible to publish in full, was a very interesting communication from Arthur Ashmore. Arthur has lived for the past nine years with Mr. Archibald Campbell, of Duart. He hired with Mr. Campbell originally, for eight dollars a month for eight months with board, etc., and for the following four years was re-engaged each year with a rise of wages of two dollars a month. Since the last of the four years Arthur's wages have been the same for each year—sixteen dollars a month for the eight summer months and six dollars a month for the other four.

Bertie Greens sends to the new

from his home near Folding in the Parry Sound District, that he was married on the 5th of October last and is "settled down at last." His letter is full of grateful expressions of his thankfulness to Dr. Barnardo for having given him a start in the world, and he tells us he has had a "very happy life" since he came to Canada ten years ago.

Among the little party who gathered under the roof-tree at Farley Avenue on the Thanksgiving Day holiday, were the brothers Alfred and Charles William Dainton, both very fine lads and evidently doing admirably well. They had arranged to take a three days' holiday and left us to visit their brother, George Thomas, living near Welland, and whom we have every reason to believe they will have found well and making good progress.

Arthur Jackson, an old '88 lad, but now a married man and a householder, also shared our hospitality for the night and would have stayed longer but that he was evidently anxious about his stock and uneasy lest things should go wrong in his absence. The special object of his visit was to see his sister who is in service in Toronto, and whom we hope may soon be able to join him. He tells us that he is living on a farm near Brussels which he works in shares, but that he has bought a piece of land in the Algoma District and is looking forward to taking possession of this property before very long and making a home for himself on his own land. Arthur has evidently worked hard and stuck well to business, and he impressed us as a sensible, level-headed young fellow, who will make his way in the world and probably become a rich farmer.

Arthur's brother, William, is orderly to the Officers' Mess at the Kingston Military School, and seems to give general satisfaction in that capacity. He is proposing to bring out their mother in the spring, and to give her a home with him at Kingston, and if the good lady comes out he will find that she has

two sons in Canada of which any mother may well be proud.

We have much pleasure in giving our readers the benefit of the following cheerful little letters that have just reached us from John A. Woolley and Albert Shepherd, who are at present boarded out with Mrs. William Draper of Novar.

NOVAR, P.O., Dec. 5, 1898.

DEAR EDITOR,—I will write a few lines for the UPS AND DOWNS, as I am one of Dr. Barnardo's boys. I arrived at Mrs. William Draper's two years last October. I am ten years old the 8th of October. Ma made me a birthday party. We had a splendid time. It was a few days before Harry Jones went away from Mr. Bates'. He was one of the Home boys. I am going to school; and I am getting along fine for an Englishman and I think so, too. I expect old Santa Claus before long, as Ma thinks I am a very good boy. We got a card from Tommy Kellick, and I tell you we were glad to hear from him. I will be glad when the next UPS AND DOWNS comes. It is like one of the family. I must bring my letter to a close, wishing you and Dr. Barnardo a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours truly,

JOHN A. WOOLLEY.

NOVAR, Dec. 5, 1898.

DEAR EDITOR,—As I am one of Dr. Barnardo's boys, I will write a few lines for the UPS AND DOWNS. I have been in Canada four months and over. I arrived at Mrs. Draper's the twenty-sixth of July. I am ten years old and very small. I weigh fifty-five pounds and I gained five pounds in four months. I grew two inches in that time. I have two miles and a-half to go to school. I think the exercise is doing me good. It gives me a splendid appetite. I am looking for old Santa Claus before long. I expect something good, for Ma says I am a very good boy. I think I will bring my letter to a close by wishing you and Dr. Barnardo a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I remain, yours truly,

ALBERT SHEPHERD.

We had news the other day of one of our legion of "John Smiths," this particular J. S. being the third of the name to figure in our books. Strange to say, he is in the employ of a namesake, one John Smith, of Navan. John Smith—our John—is a fine young fellow and doing well. We understand he occupies a high rank in the Orange Order, rejoicing in the title of "Royal Scarlet," and seems to bear a good name and to be esteemed and liked in the neighbourhood.



We had an early visitor a few mornings since in the person of Benjamin Press, who called to take leave of us before starting for Halifax to take the steamer *Vancouver*. Ben is proposing to spend the winter in England, and on his return in the spring thinks of trying his luck in Manitoba. Needless to say we gave him the fullest encouragement to carry out the latter part of his programme. He has always borne the best of character, and we believe him to be a bright, wide-awake, go-ahead young fellow, who will get on and push his way in the world. Ben's brother, Isaac, is living with Sheriff Bettes, of Bracebridge. Mr. Gaunt lately interviewed the sheriff in Bracebridge and received an excellent report of Isaac, who is proving himself a thoroughly good boy and giving every satisfaction.

We have had some very satisfactory cases of adoption in the course of the history of our Canadian work, where young children have been taken by people to be treated in every sense as their own. In this way little George Edward Birch and his sister, Carrie, found loving friends and a happy Christian home with Mr. and Mrs. James P. Perry, in the County of Northumberland. George was a little urchin of nine when he left us for his foster home, but he is now a fine young lad of eighteen. We have lately received a letter from Mr. Perry, from which the following extracts will show how the children have rewarded the care and kindness they have received:

CASTLETON, Dec. 5, 1898.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—As George is writing I will just write a few lines for the children's welfare. They are both home, well and happy. We look to them now largely for our prosperity. I let George go this fall for eight weeks with a friend of mine to work at the fruit business. He has just been home one week. He will be going back first February in the fruit house. He is smart and takes well. He makes five dollars per week clear. He has what he makes to himself. He has four sheep out to double that I gave him one year ago. I think he will make a good man. He has

been very obedient; to this day he never thinks of giving me any back talk. He can let his money here at seven per cent. in good hands, but he thinks some of investing in stock. Yours truly,

JAS. P. PERRY.

Willie Bates, of the August, 1896, party was returned to us on the 10th of November from Bracebridge, where he has been boarded out since his arrival in Canada with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of the Township of Macaulay. Two days afterwards we placed him with Mr. S. G. Hallowell, of Starkville, and have just received a letter from Mr. Hallowell, in which he says, "The little boy you sent me is very satisfactory to me, and is likely to grow up to be a very useful help. I will be pleased to engage him for a term of years. He is going to school now and enjoys going, and I will send him constantly this winter." Willie himself writes, "I am getting along well. I am on a lovely place. I think a lot of my master and my mistress. It is a nice part of the country out here. I often get a letter from the ones I came from."

The visiting of the boys in the Counties of Halton, Peel and York has this year been undertaken by Mrs. Charles Owen, an invasion of another sphere of labour hitherto monopolized by the sterner sex, that has so far yielded highly satisfactory results. Mrs. Owen has visited 148 boys within the past two months, and tells us that she has yet to find a bad one. Her reports, one after another, almost without exception, tell of boys doing well and happily settled in their homes. It would be most interesting to follow Mrs. Owen in her travels, but we must content ourselves with a few very brief extracts from some of her earlier reports.

Ernest Jones, with Mr. Peter Hartley, is "evidently well fixed in the best of health, happy and comfortable in his home. His master's house is a very pretty frame building up the mountain from the town of Milton."

Albert Henry Dunford is described as a "handsome young man with a healthy, bright face," and in reference to his character we quote from the report: "I heard nothing but good of Albert. A very pleasant, home-like place in good repair and general order, substantial barns and lots of stock and horses."

Thomas Mitchell is said to be in "a good, safe home where he is treated as one of the family. A happy, good lad, looking healthy and hearty."

Edward Faint, with Hiram Tuck, of Trafalgar, is said to be "healthy, bright, happy and contented, well spoken of, generally trustworthy, a good worker on the farm and helpful in the house."

Charles T. Wickens. His employer and Mrs. Featherston have "nothing but good to say of him

. . . . A quiet, self-respecting, honourable young man . . . . His having invested in a wheel is the only trace of weakness in his record during the six and a-half years he has lived with the Featherston's."

William Heard. "A delicate-looking boy, but evidently stronger than he looks, and said to be free from ailment. Well reported of in his conduct. Attends church and Sabbath School regularly."

Henry Francis. "Well spoken of by his employer both for work and family life. The baby is always safe and happy with him."

James Cairns. Progress, conduct and behaviour "just perfect, ploughs well, lovely with the children, a great favourite with them and their grandmother, as well as his employers. The Featherston's think 'Our Jim' is the best fellow ever sent out to Canada."

Arthur White. "A quiet, steady, obliging lad. Seems to like his home, but is thinking of going to Bowmanville to be near his sister."

Alfred Mattin. "A manly, bright young fellow, in good health. Truthful, honest and a good workman. Has been so long with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Hall that he quite takes the place of a brother

A consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, where the young pastor takes an especial interest in improving and looking after the spiritual and mutual welfare of his young men." We may add that the pastor of the church of which Alfred and several of our other lads are members is Rev. S. O. Nixon, who, before his ordination, was for a considerable time employed on the staff of the Home, and was a most successful and popular visitor to the boys in their homes.

Fred. H. Nash is living with one of the leading merchants of Cheltenham. We are told that Fred. is "doing well and a favourite with his mistress." She is determined that he shall have a good education, and he is going to school again this winter.

Francis Prangley, with Mr. Wilson W. Wilkinson, of Cheltenham, is described as "a short, rosy-cheeked lad, evidently in best of health." His behaviour and conduct are said to be "all that could be desired." "Mr. Wilkinson thinks he is the best boy he has had. Frank is the companion and friend of the children, assists his mistress and is a favourite with all. Has become a member of the Presbyterian Church, and the evidences he gives of conversion are real and lasting. As I stayed all night here, I saw the home life of the boy, and came to the conclusion that good places make good boys. Frank gets nothing but kind words and consideration. He is encouraged to read and talk about what he reads. Henty's books are fetched from the library for him and are his great favourites."

Albert Edward Relf is likewise a member of the Presbyterian Church, and we are told "gives evidence of being a real Christian. Nothing but good is reported of Albert. He is treated as one of the family and is thoroughly happy and at home. Is a clever young workman; his ploughing very good and his work always the best."

Little Willie Fuller, one of the latest arrivals from England, is said

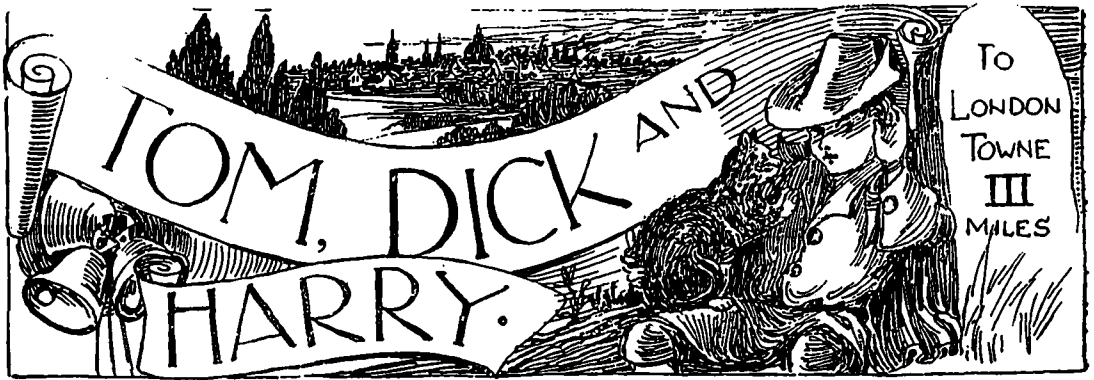
to be "a real good, truthful, obliging little boy. . . . I was much pleased with the happy, contented look on this little fellow's face."

Just as we go to press we have received a letter from our valued and always kind friend at Rutherford, Mr. William Jordan. After giving us full particulars of a couple of cases in which he has been taking a considerable amount of trouble on our behalf, he tells us that all the boys in his neighbourhood are well and doing well. We have a large constituency in the township of Dawn, where Mr. Jordan has for so long looked after our interests, and we are greatly pleased to hear that our family are acquitting themselves creditably in that quarter. We cordially wish Mr. Jordan a very happy Christmas, and we welcome this opportunity of thanking him for all his efforts on behalf of our boys.

John C. Brinsmead writes us: "I have health and strength and a good start in life. I was like a good many others at first: I climbed the hill in the summer and slid down in the winter, but I am now worth \$600, and I might have been worth more if I had minded 'Number 1' in time. I shall never forget Dr. Barnardo, and I wish him a long life."

"In the midst of life we are in death." On the evening of the 12th of November, Benjamin Butterworth, who came from England with our March, 1893, party and who for the previous eighteen months had been in the employ of Mr. Richard H. Wiggins, milk dealer, of Fulton Avenue, East Toronto, left his employer's house to walk into the city to purchase a pair of boots for himself. He had to cross on his way the double track of the Grand Trunk Railway at the Pape Avenue crossing. A long freight train, east-bound, was pas-

sing over the crossing as Ben approached. He waited till it passed, and proceeded forward immediately behind the tail end of the train, watching its red lamps and without noticing the approach of a yard engine coming up in the opposite direction. The engine struck him a fearful blow, wounding his head, and causing a fracture of the left thigh. A policeman, who was on duty in the vicinity, at once summoned the ambulance, and the lad was taken to the General Hospital. Dr. Riordan, the Grand Trunk surgeon, was in attendance shortly after, and, with the assistance of the medical staff of the hospital, did everything in their power for the sufferer; but their efforts were unavailing, and at 3.50 on Sunday morning poor Ben had breathed his last. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of accidental death, the railway company having taken all requisite precautions for the protection of the crossing. The funeral took place from the Home on the 16th, the service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Heathcote of St. Clement's Church, where Ben had been a regular attendant. Mrs. Wiggins and a number of other friends and neighbours were present and followed the remains to their last resting place in the Humbervale Cemetery. Several beautiful wreaths of flowers were laid upon the coffin by different friends, and a great deal of kindly sympathy shown and expressed. Mr. Wiggins spoke of Ben as "as good a lad as ever broke bread," and it is evident that he had made himself a general favourite among those who knew him. The melancholy occurrence has cut off from earth a young life of bright promise, but only, we trust, to be renewed in the Paradise of God, in the likeness of His resurrection.



THE proverbial saying, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," is never more true than when applied to the city from the standpoint of one who lives in the country. The glamour of city life, with its luxuries, amusements and advantages, is only too often a spell cast over the mind by an imagination which has given reason the slip to indulge in a day-dream. If we ignore one of two pictures, the other must necessarily be to us the more beautiful, because we refuse to see the beauties of the first.

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I propose to discuss as my subject for this number, *City versus Country Life*, for the benefit and consolation of those restive spirits, who, at this season of the year, write to enquire what the prospects are of their getting a job in the city during the winter months.

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First, let me sketch the daily life of the city mechanic, with its lights and shadows, and then we will compare it with life on the farm, and see which is the better and more natural of the two occupations and surroundings.

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The mechanic begins his life of labour sometimes as an errand boy, sometimes as an apprentice to a tradesman, but generally as one set to work at some particular process of a trade for which he shows the most aptitude—some simple, monotonous task requiring little skill but constant attention, such as feeding a machine with an appetite for

fingers which get into the wrong place, or stay in the right place a second too long. His wages are low, the hours long and the work tedious and uninteresting; so much so, that in many cases he becomes, as it were, a part of the machine which he operates—a mere drudge, who can be readily replaced, and whose pay is kept low by the fact that the supply of that kind of labour is always in excess of the demand. Fresh air, sunshine and green fields are luxuries to him, and a change means only too often a long period of unemployment, followed by the acceptance of the first job that offers. He cannot choose congenial pursuits, because that would mean a fresh start from the bottom—a sacrifice he is rarely disposed, or can afford, to make.

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If he is clever, useful and quick to learn (for his education as a mechanic is largely the result of his own enterprise and adaptability), he may be promoted, and thus gradually rise to the position of a skilled artisan. But even this does not ensure independence. So many others are waiting to step into his shoes, that he must ever be attentive to business—ever be industrious and trustworthy, and intelligently use his brains at every job it is given him to do, or he may spoil the material, or fail to do a certain amount of work in a given time, in which case his employer would not make any profit on his work, and so would fill his place with another more competent or industrious workman.

Suppose he is able to command steady employment, his wages is seldom more than enough to provide for the wants of a family, and rarely adequate to provide for sickness or the many exigencies which in a household crop up from time to time. If he is married and has a family, rent, car fare, food and clothing for himself, his wife and children, leave little for the many minor expenses which cannot be here enumerated. He has no garden—and no time to cultivate it if he had one—from which to get his own vegetables; he must pay out ready money for all he needs. His life is a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door; life is everywhere a struggle. And it is well that it is so, for it is by trials, troubles and difficulties that the best which is in us is brought out. It is by using our muscles that we become strong, and it is by using the mind to overcome obstacles that fortitude and strength of character are developed. In the whirl and intense competition of city life, one must have his wits about him to maintain a footing, and not be swept aside by the current of circumstance which runs so swiftly in the city and so smoothly in the rural districts.

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But few indeed are the mechanics — and particularly those of the working class who have not a trade or the ability to make their services more valuable than those of the average labouring man—who are not discharged or “laid off” in slack times. In the building trades, especially, where there is little to do in the winter, the loss of time is a constant menace to the comfort and livelihood of the mechanic and labourer. The annual problem, how to get through the winter, and the spring and summer anxiety to pay the debts incurred during that period, are matters of anxious concern to the debtors and their creditors. Nor are those who are employed indoors—in factories and workshops—exempt from the fear of “hard times.” Overproduction and the fluctuation

of the market, competition and low prices, and the change in the methods of manufacture and in the production of goods to command a ready sale as old lines go out of demand, all affect a man's chances of steady employment, and render him liable to be affected by the results of one or other of the difficulties which beset the mercantile world.

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To spend an occasional holiday in the city is not to explore the labyrinths of city life. It has been truly said, “One half the world does not know how the other half lives.” Even city people, engrossed in their own affairs, know little of the necessities and sufferings of their neighbours. How, then, should a stranger learn, except by bitter experience, of the dark undercurrent of city life which sweeps so many unfortunates into poverty and destitution? “I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed,” is the unuttered thought of many a man who, though willing to earn his bread, has nothing to do. Tom, were you ever “hard up” and out of work? Do you know what it means to tramp the streets day by day looking for a job, until you get so listless, apathetic, and “down in the mouth” that when you do strike something which may or may not be somewhat more than a brief respite from hunger, you are afraid to tackle it? If you wish to have such an experience, there is ample opportunity to get it in Toronto.

+ + +

True, this is the dark side of the picture, where the shadows are the deepest; but it is the side which you, Tom, would be most likely to see, should you come to look for work for the winter in Toronto. With the suspension of outdoor work, a vast amount of labour is thrown on the market, and many a decent, respectable man may be seen on the streets shovelling snow for the corporation for a mere pittance, barely enough to keep body and soul together for the time being, without

providing for the future or redeeming the past. And many more may be recognized by the anxious, furtive glance of their eyes, who are, like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up," with no expectations of employment—nothing but a blank, stolid attitude of waiting. Show me a sight more depressing than this, and I will show you the funeral of a man who died in despair. This is giving me the "blues." Let us turn to the country—to "fresh fields and pastures new."

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It's all very well for me to talk like a big uncle, but how would I like to be a hired man on a farm, and turn out at daybreak to plough a ten-acre field on a raw November day—how would *I* like to take a dose of my own physic? Now you think you have me cornered, don't you, Tom, old boy? You needn't snicker, because I am going to confess that I like the country better than you think you would like the city. I would live in the country if I could; but as I cannot, I live nearly as far out as the cars will take me. I rented a house with a good-sized wilderness around it, worked like Sam Hill for several years, grading, cultivating, sodding and planting, and now my friends come to see my garden and take home a nosegay. It takes a great deal of my leisure time now, and considerable "elbow-grease," to keep it up to the mark, so I've had a taste of hard work. Moreover, I once had an experience in hay-making—only once, Tom, because, you know, I can't afford to slough my skin, like the serpent, every year. I was spending my holidays on a farm, and on a broiling-hot day (I believe you might have fried beef-steaks in the sun that day, more or less), in a moment of mental aberration bordering on insanity, I offered to help the farmer get his hay in, to avoid a terrific thunderstorm which he predicted, and which didn't come to pass (I can't forgive him for that!) He said the easiest job was on top of the load—pitchforking it into

place. I say it wasn't—not with the mercury bubbling over the hundred mark. Of course, I stripped, and of course Old Sol went for me and peeled all the skin off my neck and arms; but I stood it out all day long and tossed the last forkful into the hay-mow. He said I was a brick, whereas I was really a martyr. I didn't tell him what I thought he was. I dared not bend my back for a week after, lest I should break into two pieces; and you could almost hear my joints creak, like a rusty hinge, when I tried to walk. I once tried my hand at ploughing for a day—likewise only once—on some good stumpy ground, full of snags. You know what that is like; so do my ribs. The villain thought it was a good joke; it wasn't! His name was Hedges. Whenever you meet a farmer named Hedges, present my compliments, and say that I have a grudge against the whole family of Hedges, and that in future I would rather associate with a snake fence, or anything else that doesn't profess to see a joke on a most solemn occasion.

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There's no doubt about it, Tom, farming *is* hard work; but then, you see, I wasn't used to it. I don't know what to say about that hired man proposition of yours. I think, though, that I would choose to be a hired man on a farm to leading the life of the average mechanic. The farmer has fresh air, sunshine, and the wholesome smell of Mother Earth in his nostrils the day long; and if it rains or snows, is cold or hot, and if the work is sometimes very laborious, these are the difficulties that accompany the choice—and every choice carries with it certain conditions which are part of the bargain. The mechanic and the city man have their troubles, more wearying and worrying than, if not so fatiguing as, those of the farmer. And of the two I think I would turn to the most natural of all occupations, farming.

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But then, if I were a hired man,

I should look forward to becoming a farmer some day, with a farm of my own, as I would, if I were a mechanic, expect some day to be my own master. This is no more than some of our boys have done already, good luck to them! There is no excuse for a farmhouse being uncomfortable. The same amount of intelligence required in mechanical and business pursuits, applied to farming, would make it less laborious than it is, and certainly more profitable. The application of science to farming (and a knowledge of this may be gained by studious reading in winter evenings), the adoption of labour-saving machinery and a judicious arrangement for the best rotation of crops, would make farming more worth the while to engage in. There are, too, so many side-lines which, with very little outlay, may be made to contribute to a farmer's income. Fruits and garden stuff; poultry and eggs, dairy produce and bee-keeping are profitable sources of revenue, when brains are exercised, as the city man must exercise his to keep in the procession. A small farm, under intensive cultivation, has unlimited possibilities. Be a farmer, Tom, and show your sense; but be a thorough, practical, energetic, enterprising farmer, if you wish to succeed and enjoy the comforts of life. Mark my words, there is more, as a rule, to be got out of the land with equal effort than out of business, in this competitive age of mercantile enterprise. And as for your coming to the city for the winter, or for good for the matter of that, I say, Don't be a fool! That's plain English without any frills.

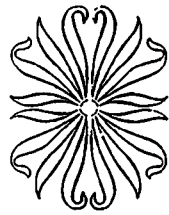
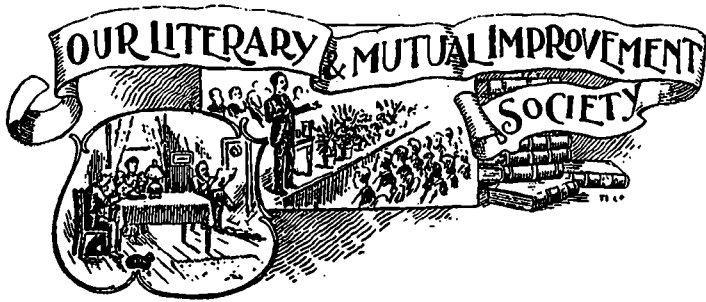
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"Bluebell Blossom" wishes to learn the trick of verse making, and will I please give her a recipe for the same—a most remarkable request. Now, if she were already subject to these literary spasms, and seeking a remedy, one would not feel surprised; but to ask for something to

bring them on—My dear girl, you know not what you ask! Do you suppose, my bonny Bluebell Blossom, that I am going to teach you how to unload all your sad sighs and woe-begone soliloquies on our readers, who never in their lives did you an injury? Do you suppose that the editor would ever suffer UPS AND DOWNS to become a funereal urn—a repository of the dry, dead dust of a departed hope or a moribund affection? Did you ever have 'em—these poetical spasms?—ever have anything like 'em? If you have, I'm sorry for you, for your case is hopeless. If you haven't, don't take other people's physic; it might make you sick. Here's a simple little thing which I dashed off on the spur of the moment. You will see that it is made entirely of unadulterated emotion:

Ah me! Oh my! Alas!  
 Alas! Ah me! Oh my!  
 Oh my! Ah me! Ah me! Oh me!  
 Ah me! but let it pass

Now, this doesn't say much, but it is intended to mean an awful lot. I don't mind telling you how "poetry" of this sort is done, because it is as harmless as a bottle of "pop" that has ceased to fizz. This is the recipe: To one blighted bosom add the discarded fragments of a broken heart, one heaping teaspoonful of the quintessence of sadness, one handful of the rhetoric of tender accents (sweet and low), a quantity of the triple extract of one yearning soul, one and one-half good-sized sobs, three capital O's per line, as many ah's as the metre will carry without getting club-footed, and as much as will stand on a sixpence of dolorous diction. Sprinkle with the sentiment of compound bathos, mix thoroughly and set aside to ferment. On the first indication of effervescence, label it "Inspiration" and send it to UPS AND DOWNS. If somebody isn't taken suddenly ill, it won't be your fault. Next!



WHETHER it was the silver watch dangled before our readers in the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, as a prize for the best essay on "Why I like to live in Canada," or whether our boys are so very much in love with the land of their adoption that the subject of itself was both a stimulus and an inspiration to literary effort, unprecedented for quantity and quality, we do not feel called upon to decide. We know that most of them have a soft spot in their hearts for the country that has opened its hospitable arms to receive them, and offered to them an equal chance with its native sons to participate in its peculiar advantages; but the extent to which their ambition aspires to carry about in their pockets the time of day is an unknown quantity to us. We suspect, though, that every competitor had one eye on Canada and the other on the watch, and that ever since he mailed his essay, Canada has assumed the similitude of an immense silver watch, with the fingers pointing to one o'clock, which, being in Roman numerals, of course is I, and the I indicated cannot possibly be other than himself. But what if, after all, he should be two o'clock, or three, six or even twelve o'clock? The prospect of such a catastrophe is too awful to contemplate!

But, alas! there is but one watch as a prize, and there are no less than forty-five essays, each representing an eager hand held out to claim it. Who will get it—there's the rub? The suspense—the cruel uncertainty of it! And such talent, too! so much and such a variety of it! We

could scarcely believe our boys were so clever. And, what is worse, the agony—for seven at least—must be prolonged until January 15th, for after picking out very, very carefully the seven best, we were unable to decide which of them should be awarded the prize, for the reason that they were all so good, and possessed each its peculiar points of merit, that, in sheer perplexity, we at last decided to publish the seven best essays in full, as possible prize-winners, and allow our readers to decide by a post card vote which shall be the lucky one.

And to compensate the winner for the wear and tear on his nervous system, consequent upon the mental strain he will undoubtedly undergo, and to make the contest still more interesting, we have decided to add to the watch a serviceable chain. Think of that, O ye seven wistful, eager, trembling mortals!

Any boy committing suicide in despair, will be debarred from all future competitions; but every fellow who takes his failure with resignation, like a little man, will be free to try again as often as he likes.

Among the whole forty-five there are only two whose essays are not commendable for literary merit; and doubtless these did their best, and are to be commended for having done the best they could. Not all have the "gift of the gab;" take even these two in the line of their special abilities, and they might be hard to beat. Perhaps they will make successful farmers or skilful mechanics, and so earn plenty of money to buy their own watches. It is very evident that our boys



“have their heads screwed on the right way;” that they are close observers and able to form a sound judgment of what they see. Many a High School examination essay falls short of the merit shown in some of these now before us, to the writers of every one of which we would, if we were rich enough, present a watch as a token of our appreciation. Boys, we are proud of you; you are a credit to Dr. Barnardo, and on his behalf we proffer the meed of praise due to your remarkably clever efforts.

Every one of our readers is invited to vote for which he thinks is the best essay of the seven immediately following this paragraph, written and signed by Alfred Jolley, Alfred Sidney Shaw, Edgar George Knowles, Geo. W. Smith, Geo. Bowsher, Herbert H. Grant and John W. Noakes respectively, and numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

### No. 1.

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

There are a great many reasons why it is desirable to live in Canada, but I shall attempt to give only a few.

**FIRST.**—It is a free country—a country where people of all nations, religions and colour are tolerated. Wherever the Union Jack flutters, it means freedom. Our cousins across the border may boast of their freedom, or France of its liberty, but give me British liberty.

**SECOND.**—It is an industrial country. Canadians are workers; almost all persons, from the newsboy on the street up to the statesman, are workers. Some of our best and greatest men have been engaged in hard toil, such as farming.

**THIRD.**—It is a moral and religious country. Where can be found a more sober and law-abiding people? Here temperance has made great strides, as shown by the recent plebiscite. Its cities and towns are studded with places of worship. Canadians are a God-fearing people. There are also some of the finest hospitals and charitable institutions to be found here.

**FOURTH.**—It has great resources. Its mines produce almost all kinds of mineral. Its forests are a wonder. The soil is rich and the great tracts of land of the West are almost exhaustless, making it a very suitable place for the farmer.

**FIFTH.**—It is a healthful country, the sharp, frosty winters clearing the air of all impurities. The summers are warm, but only occasionally very warm. Taking all

things into consideration, it is a fine healthy climate.

**SIXTH.**—It is a country of advancement. “Excelsior!” is the watchword. Produce the best, and the best to the top. This is the rule, and all are striving for the top round of the ladder.

**SEVENTH.**—It is a loyal country. The Motherland has a warm place in the heart of every true son of Canada. The blood of that noble people, the United Empire Loyalists, is still coursing through the veins of Canadians. And whenever the opportunity comes to demonstrate it, I feel confident that Canada will ever remain true to the land of the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock.

“The land of the Maple is the land for me,  
The home of the loyal, of the brave and the free,  
For the sons of the Thistle, the Shamrock and the  
Rose,

All dwell in the land where the maple tree grows.”  
Guelph, Ontario. ALFRED JOLLEY.

### No. 2.

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

I have lived in Canada for thirteen years, and I have found it to be a fertile, healthy country, having an industrious, prosperous people.

I have always had good health and have never wanted for a day's work. In fact, in Canada none but the lazy need tramp about looking for work.

I like to live in Canada because it is a land of peace and liberty, as well as a part of the British Empire.

Again, I like Canada for her green summers and her golden harvests, her bright, bracing winters and her sunny spring.

In Canada we always have plenty and usually some to spare.

What country can excel Canada for magnificent crops. It is one of the great wheat countries of the world; but, unlike Russia or India, which are also great wheat producers, she is never afflicted with famine. Neither do we suffer from plagues or earthquakes.

Lastly, I like Canada because the people have been very kind to me, treating me as an equal in the societies to which I belong, and in the places where I have worked. Here we have freedom of worship and an open Bible, and what greater privileges and blessing could I wish to enjoy? ALFRED SIDNEY SHAW.

Fowler's Corners, Ont.

### No. 3

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

**FIRST.**—Because we have a good government and protection of our property in the old land.

**SECOND.**—Because we enjoy the same religious privileges and opportunities in England and because the Government



climate is warmer in some parts than in others, and in winter it is colder in some parts than in others. So we have the climate about to suit ourselves. If it is too hot for us, we can go north where it is somewhat cooler. If too cold, we can go south, where it is somewhat warmer.

Then educational matters are well attended to in Canada. Although we have not yet acquired a perfect system, yet our educational system is very much in advance of those of surrounding countries.

There is no reason now why any poor person may not receive a fair common school education, if he choose.

Education has done, and is doing, a great deal towards civilizing and developing Canada.

Nowhere in this country do we hear of such deeds of barbarity as are heard of in other countries, such as the Armenian atrocities and those in Spain, of which we have read so much lately. On the contrary, Canada is a refined country, of which no man need be ashamed.

Perhaps the principal reason why I like to live in Canada is because I have lived here long enough to feel that Canada is my home, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for guiding me here, where I have been placed among kind friends. Were it not for his kindness, I and many another boy might have been far worse off to-day.

Ridgetown, Ont. GEO. BOWSER

### No. 6.

#### WHY I LIKE THIS COUNTRY.

This is a good country for a poor boy who wants to better his condition, and is willing to work for it. Let him go to any part of the country, and there is always plenty of work. You are sure of three meals a day and a bed. If you are sick, there are hospitals to go to, where you are well cared for.

By saving your wages you can buy a home for yourself. No land is entailed, and all can be bought if you pay price enough for it. There are small farms and unimproved land that are within the reach of any wage-earner. These furnish a beginning, and more acres can be added, if desired, later on.

You are not required to be bowing and scraping all the time. All are equals in this country; "Jack is as good as his master" if he behaves himself as well. Merit makes worth, and not birth. As soon as we wear out our first *blue suit* and are twenty-one years of age, we are entitled to all the privileges of farmers' sons. This year I had the pleasure of casting my vote with the great British Canadian majority for Prohibition. News papers are cheap, and all can be well informed of what is going on in the world.

We are welcomed at Church and Sunday School, and are free to use any pew. We do not need to sit near the door because we are poor.

In Canada we have the finest educational system in the world. The poorest in the land can educate themselves for teachers, all schooling being free. These are then able to pay their way to colleges and become professors if they choose.

No famine has ever yet visited this country. Our Government has never been called upon to furnish relief works, and aid has never been asked to feed the people of Canada. True, there are very poor people here, but the cause lies at their own door. If they would throw away their pipes, break their whisky bottles, and lead an honest, industrious life, there would be no poverty.

In conclusion, let me say we have all these advantages without sacrificing our birthright—that of being British subjects. We are still under British law and British protection. While I still cherish a warm spot in my heart for Old England, yet for a chance to earn a home give me that garden of Canada, Western Ontario.

Campbellton. HERBERT H. GRANT.

### No. 7.

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA

One reason why I like to live in Canada is because it is a free country, and there are lots of room for a boy to find work, if he is willing to work, and get a good start in life, especially in agriculture. I find that it presents fewer temptations than any other class of work, and Jack is as good as his master, as the saying is, if he only behaves himself and keeps out of bad company.

Canada has schools in every town and village, and seminaries of learning of a very high character, and where the branches of a useful and literary education are taught at an expense so moderate that it is placed within the reach of persons even of the most humble means. It has everywhere places of religious worship of such a variety that every man may follow the dictates of his own conscience. Its chief laws are similar to that of Great Britain and most of the people understand their rights and their duties. In no other country is public order maintained, or public peace better preserved, than in Canada. Their houses abound in all the substantial comforts of life, and they are well known for their hospitality.

It has in its cities some magnificent buildings, such as the Parliament Buildings of Toronto and Ottawa, the new Court House of Toronto, the University of Toronto, and several others, too numerous to mention. Its railways are considered nicer than any other country's on account of its palace dining cars and its sleeping cars, that are necessary for long journeys. It has numerous lakes and rivers, which abound with fish of all kinds, such as trout, salmon and many other kinds, that afford

work to a large number of people. Almost any kind of grain will grow in Ontario, such as wheat, oats, pease, buckwheat, rye, etc. Large orchards may be seen all over the country. The woods give employment to a large number of men in the winter, and then there are the lovely sleigh rides on winter evenings, with the merry jingling of the bells and the laughter of the young people, as they meet together to pass the long winter nights with enjoyment and fun. But although I like to live in Canada, I have a little love left for the Mother Country where I was born, as will be seen by the following verse in conclusion :

"The free, fair homes of England!  
Long, long in hut and hall  
May sons of valour there be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God."

JOHN W. NOAKES.

Bervie P.O., Bruce County.

In voting, write on the back of a post card :

I VOTE FOR NO.-----

stating the number of the essay you think is the best. Sign it with your own name, and address it to

THE EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS,  
211 FARLEY AVENUE,  
TORONTO, ONT.,

and mail it in time to reach this office not later than January 14th. Now, boys, here is a chance to exercise your judgment. The writer of the essay receiving the largest number of votes will be awarded the prize on January 15th. The watch and chain will be mailed to him on that date, and his name will be announced in the next number of UPS AND DOWNS. Remember, you are asked to vote only for one of the above seven; votes sent in for any others will not be considered. We want a large vote to be cast—one that will well represent the opinion of all our readers. As every citizen should exercise his franchise intelligently for the benefit of all concerned, so each one of our boys should not fail to express his opinion, after a careful reading, of the essay which he deems the most entitled to the prize. Let us hear from you, boys, it will only cost you a cent.

In many of the essays stress is

laid upon the democratic nature of social life in Canada. "Jack is as good as his master" is as oft-repeated as it is sententious, and the "free country" phrase has managed to find a place in nearly all, proving how quick our boys are to get "naturalized" and to assimilate the characteristics of Canadians. No poaching here, because there are no preserves to speak of, if we overlook those of the cupboard, which the Canadian youth is prone to raid in the dark of the moon; and, as our ultra-radical, Herbert Grant, expresses it, "you are not required to be bowing and scraping all the time," nor yet to sit near the door in church because one is poor. Whatever else he may lack, Herbert has an individuality of his own, as a certain farmer is prepared to testify on oath; for he will not soon forget how, on one occasion, Herbert asserted his rights with the aid of a stick of cordwood, and perhaps thereafter felt in the spot where he is wont to keep his egotism that he was indeed as good as his master, and in some respects better—physical strength, for instance.

Among many other reasons enumerated by F. E. Price, he speaks enthusiastically of the means of sport and recreation to be enjoyed in this country. We cannot say that we participate in his blood-thirsty rapture at the thought of being able to "go back to the bush and shoot a peasant (!) or a rabbit, bring it home and get it stewed for dinner," nor can we, even as Canadians, rejoice at such a state of affairs which demands no discrimination between an inoffensive son of the soil and a bird, when it is desirable that a biped, whether fustianed or feathered, be secured for the family pot. When it comes to dining on the bone and sinew of one's own country, excuse us, if you please. Pheasants are good enough for us—when we can get them.

George A. Gilderson, our literary genius, who writes from Michigan a very flowery effusion to tell us why he likes to live in Canada, has, not-

withstanding this excusable (taking into account the silver watch) bit of inconsistency, produced a most elegant composition, which, while possessing, perhaps, the best diction and arrangement, is somewhat deficient in points, as compared with others. We suspect he consulted his imagination rather than his experience; and it was experience that the competition was designed to elicit.

Our old friend, Levi Bone, bobs up serenely to dazzle our eyes with a five-page composition in a sanguinary colour of ink, which we prefer not to accept as an intimation of what will be our fate if that silver watch does not find its way into Levi's pocket. If a Yankee were to read it, he might be inclined to say, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Canuck;" and should he be induced to read Levi's autobiography, which is ingeniously dovetailed into the essay, he must be a sceptic indeed not to see at a glance that Canada is the place to get along in. When we have time, we may wrestle with the problem, How it is that, being a Canadian, we do not roll in riches.

Arthur Bond likes Canada because work is plentiful, wages good, and the facilities of engaging in business or acquiring a farm are so much better than in England. Moreover, if you should own property, you would not in Canada be taxed to death. [Not quite; for, you know, it is bad policy on the part of any municipality to kill a taxpayer.] He tells us that Canada has a fine, healthy climate, while the thermometer finds it at present so depressing that we must look below the zero mark to see the mercury. Perhaps he and every one of the other essayists (for they all make the same declaration) means that it is a fine, healthy climate for polar bears. If so, we will allow it to pass without further remark; otherwise the statement had better be put on ice until the summer, when perhaps we might swallow it.

Fred. J. Townson enjoys better

health here than in England, and is "now growing stout and strong," and this seems the principal reason if we except the appreciation he has for the opportunities the country affords to those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by coming here--why he prefers the Dominion to any other place this side of Paradise.

Thomas Fragle has, for a twelve-year-old, written such a creditable essay and shown so much good sense in his remarks, that, in justice to his commendable effort, we print it hereunder:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

Before I left England I was under the impression I was coming to a wild, desolate country, inhabited by a few white people and Indians. Upon my arrival at Quebec these thoughts left me, as I found a bracing climate and beautiful scenery, but, more than all, a nice, sociable people. I came to Toronto from Liverpool, and from Toronto to Manitoba, and I will say I like Manitoba the best, as a farmer in Manitoba can in ten years be well-to-do, even if he has not a penny when he first came here. In this country, for my part, a good farm is better than a trade (although it is all right to learn a trade), for there is a strike sometimes. In Canada a man can get 160 acres for ten dollars, only having to live on it six months out of each year for three years. In the interval a man can earn enough money by working out to enable him to pay for all the needed implements to start with. Another good feature in Canada is prohibition, as the temperance people are striving to put the sale of intoxicating liquors down, which will be a great blessing to the country if the prohibitionists win the cause. All the provinces except Quebec went for prohibition, but it is not settled yet, as so many homes have been ruined by drink. Manitoba is a healthy country, having a steady climate, and it is the best place for all Christian young men, as we can expect good treatment. I am glad I ever came to Canada, which is my adopted country, and now I have a good prospect of becoming a useful and industrious man, and I stand a good chance of doing well. THOMAS FRAGLE

Neepawa, Man

Albert E. Budd is in love with the land of the maple for the reason that "we have lots of elbow room, and are not overcrowded like the old country," that "the Canadian people, generally speaking, are a free, intelligent and a loyal people, true to the British Empire;" and

that "take us all round, we are a Christian people." "Where," he asks, "will you find a more Christian-like city than Toronto? It is supposed to be by some the most religious city on the earth. Pestilence and famine have never been recorded in the history of Canada, while poverty is little known. With these and other reasons, Canada has the promise to become a mighty nation."

Samuel M. Ling, now taking a course in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, has sent in an admirable composition which put him well up toward the elect, and which shall be allowed to speak for itself:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

I have many reasons for the above, three of which are very important:

(1) Because there is a much better chance for a young man to make a living for himself.

There is more room, more liberty and more equality among the people of Canada, as far as I know and have seen.

England is too thickly populated, and has more competition than has Canada, which is but a growing country, and therefore there is not so much competition, yet it is growing very rapidly.

(2) Because the climate is of a dry, pure and health-giving nature. Although it is damp and a little close sometimes, it is beautiful compared to that of England.

I think, and know for a fact, that I have had better health since I came to this wonderful country.

I must confess that I did not fall in love with the country at first sight, nor yet within a month after; but now I would not leave Canada for any purpose whatever, unless it was for my benefit.

It was not till I experienced my first winter here that I decided which was the country. My hands used to be covered with chilblains from the beginning to the end of winter, and my health in general was poor. Now I don't know what it is to have chilblains, or anything else to speak of, though I have a cold occasionally, which is nothing compared with the many blessings which surround me daily.

(3) Because I have been placed out here by a gentleman who knows where a young fellow ought to prosper, if he will *only try*.

It has certainly put me beyond the reach of my many friends in England, yet I can correspond with them. It is said that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and in being placed out here I have many close friends, some of whom I knew in England. So now that I have friends on both sides of the ocean, I may have my choice of

country, therefore I give Canada the preference.

I am now at the Agricultural College of Ontario at Guelph, and from what I have seen and heard of the great scholars that have turned out from Canada's public schools, colleges and universities, I think that this fair country has the best system of teaching.

I shall ever bless Dr. Barnardo, who was the first to take care of me after my mother's death, and Mr. Phipps, who took such an interest in me as to keep me for five years, and teach me to play the violin and fife, and also trained me to be economical and thrifty. These things have been, and are still, beneficial to me in Canada.

I have room and opportunity to exercise and develop my talents, which will be the means of my success, and that is why I like to live in Canada.

SAMUEL M. LING.

Fred. Watkinson, in a few terse paragraphs tells us that "of all the colonies possessed by Great Britain, none are so valuable as Canada. It has an area of 1,770 square miles." This makes it somewhat smaller than when we went to school; the earth must be shrinking at a most alarming rate! Perhaps we had better not quote any more, or the first thing we know we shall be into the sea.

Henry Joseph Page has done nothing to feel ashamed of in contesting for the prize with such an admirable essay as the following:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

(1) Because the people are more sociable than the people are in England.

(2) Because I have more freedom in Canada than I had in the old country.

(3) Because I like to work in the fields, for it is much more pleasanter than it is working in the dull city of London.

(4) Because in the spring of the year it is pleasant to take the teams into the fields to plough and sow the crops, and watch them grow little by little until they are ripe and ready for harvesting.

(5) And then when the harvest is ready, it is more pleasant to see the rich fields of grain all over the country than it is to see the busy street and the crowds of working men rushing to their work.

(6) Because I can earn more money in Canada than I could in the old country.

(7) Because I like to work in the harvest fields, and to hear the sweet songs of the birds as they fly to and fro, and to listen to the hum of the binder as it is cutting down the grain and making it into sheaves.

(8) Because in the fall of the year it is

nice to hear the hum of the threshing machine, and when the grain is threshed to see how much a man is paid for his work through the summer.

(9) Because when winter sets in it is pleasant to go sleigh-riding on the hills, and to take a ride in the sleigh to the town or village. It is far better than the mud roads like they have in the old country.

(10) Why I like to live in Canada is because the climate is better than it is in England, and it agrees with me better than it did in England. Canada's climate is fresh and clear; England's climate is too smoky and damp.

(11) Because Canada is the country of my choice. I think it is as fine a place as any in the world for a boy to be brought up in, and I believe it is the making of me by bringing me to Canada, for I am pushing on towards a home for myself.

(12) Why I like to live in Canada is because Canada is at the head of all other countries! She gets the most value for her produce in the English markets. She can beat all other countries for fruit, and butter, and pork, and all her best horses are sent to the old country, and that shows what a good, fine country Canada is. So good-bye.

HENRY J. PAGE.

James Albert Carpenter merits a place among the quotations, for the excellence of his essay. As he says he did not expect the reward, he will be gratified to see the fruit of his pen in print, and may further console himself with our assurance that the following observations will furnish interesting reading:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

I like to live in Canada because it is part of that great Empire over which our Gracious Lady Queen Victoria rules. It is a country similar to that of England in its laws, religious rights and liberties. I like to live in Canada because there are various kinds of employment, such as are found in the field, forest and mine. The fields of Canada yield the choicest of grain, vegetables and fruit. Her forests, such as are in Muskoka, are alive with game and deer, and thus afford much pleasure to sportsmen in hunting seasons. In Muskoka the backwoods are valuable for their timber, such as pine, hemlock and cedar. Her mines, though but little explored, are of a good quality, such as gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, tin and coal. Thus those who have a good will, and strength, and energy to undergo these different kinds of work, may, with good luck and fair wages, gain a nice little livelihood for themselves. The climate of this fair Canada is beautiful in summer, with bright sunshine and warm, refreshing rains. The winter in Canada, though

cold and crisp, is just fine for skating, especially on the ice of those beautiful small lakes of Muskoka. The hills of Muskoka are nice for sleigh-riding in the winter season. The advantages of Canada are very prosperous, as far as work in her forests, fields and mines are concerned. Canada is a country of which every Barnardo boy should be very grateful to Dr. Barnardo for bringing them out. In Muskoka the lakes and rivers are numerous and excellent for fishing, and very good qualities are to be found, such as ling, and speckled trout.

JAMES ALBERT CARPENTER.

Baysville, Ont.

P.S.—This is writ with my own hand and composed with my own mind.

Albert Conway believes that there is every chance for a boy to succeed in Canada, if he will only do what is right and persevere. While he says he "would not give all of England for our Province of Ontario," the context shows that he meant the reverse. He thinks "it must be a part of the Promised Land, for you may travel where you may, if you ever lived here, you would soon find yourself back again," whereupon he drops into a poetical description of the landscape under the varying conditions of the seasons, which he says are "regular, not like England, wet, drizzling, fog, but a clear, healthy atmosphere."

William Henry Willmetts also sees the poetical side of nature, and waxes eloquent on the beauties upon which this particular land is supposed to hold the patent rights. We will now turn on the tap and let him gush:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

I like to live in Canada because it is a country worth living in, where one can enjoy the pleasures of life—where the beautiful flowers of summer glow in the fragrance of their beauty. I like to work out in the beautiful fields of new-mown hay, or work away in some beautiful field of ripening wheat when it is waving backwards and forwards with the motion of some gentle breeze. Ask me why I like to live in Canada? Look at its beautiful winter scenery, with its trees of snowy whiteness, with its frozen rivers and lakes, and then the fine winter sports we have in Canada, riding over the slippery snow in a bob-sleigh, or skating over wane-icy rivers, or gliding over some steep bank in a toboggan.

I like to live in Canada because it is a healthy country—a country where a boy

gets the benefit of a blazing hot sun in summer, or the benefit of some Arctic ice berg in winter; but what does one care, when he gets lots of good, substantial food and some good warm clothes, how hard it freezes? I think that Canada is just all right.

"A noble heritage is thine,  
So grand and fair and free;  
A fertile land, where, he who toils  
Shall well rewarded be;  
And he who joys in nature's charms,  
Exulting, here may roam  
Mid scenes of grandeur, which adorn  
My own Canadian home."

WILLIAM H. WILLMETT.

Walkerville, Ont.

F. H. Beazley writes a good, sensible letter on the subject, well worth repeating:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

Well, to start with, the first meal I had out in Canada, I thought that I was a gentleman compared to what I was in England. I think the way of living is better than in England. The people are very hospitable here. I think the laws are better, too, and we enjoy more privileges here. We enjoy finer weather here than in England; it is not the kind of weather that makes people consumptive like it does in smoky, foggy London, or the lowlands of Scotland. It is fine, healthy weather.

Next, there are lots of work out here for the right kind of people. I have not been out of work a day since I have been in Canada. Wages are good, and by perseverance one can rise to good positions or become land owners.

I have made lots of good friends here, and find that there are lots that are willing to help those that are willing to do what is right and try to get along. We enjoy Christian privileges here, which is a grand thing. We are not crushed down and trampled on like the Cubans were under Spanish rule. We are in a free country. There are parts that are wild looking, but there is a charm about it that one can enjoy. There is some pretty scenery in Britain, but I think that there is some finer scenery here. I did not like it when I first came to Canada, but I have been out here eight years now, and I think if I went to England I would not like it at home. There are some young fellows who have come to Canada and have gone back home again that wish they were here again.

Walsingham Centre. F. H. BEAZLEY.

George Henry Austin succinctly states the reasons for his love of Canada as follows:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

FIRST.—Because of the country.  
SECOND.—Because of the Christian privi-  
leges held out to all respectable young

men, namely, by Christian Churches, colleges and Y. M. C. A. Associations, and so forth.

THIRD.—Because it is under British rule and protection.

FOURTH.—Because of the healthiness.

FIFTH.—Because of chances held out to all who are honest and willing to work, both for themselves and their master.

SIXTH.—Because, if a young man is honest and upright, whether poor or rich, he can make his way in the world and prepare himself for the riches and blessing in the world to come.

SEVENTH.—Because this country has not near the temptations to drink that some have.

EIGHTH.—Because the laws of Canada, though strict, are simple, and can be understood by the young as well as the old, and if studied and lived up to, will surely tend to brighten and improve one's intellect.

GEORGE HENRY AUSTIN.

Here is one from the pen of Herbert Lenson that has the true ring in it:

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

There are many reasons why I like to live in Canada. One reason is because a poor man can come to a home of his own if he tries, while in the old country a man has to be a servant all his life, unless he happens to have rich relatives. There are men who live around here who had hardly anything to their name when they came to Canada, and now own large farms and money besides. Another reason is because I can do some good in Canada, if I try, while in England I would just be in the way. In Canada a boy can have more fun, because we have more snow than they do in England, and that leads to many a long sleigh-ride. And when you go out hunting, you have more chance of getting something. Another reason is because fruit grows more abundantly in Canada than in England, especially around here, and I always manage to do it justice as its turn comes around. Canada is the country for me. It is a free, healthy country, under the old flag and Queen, and yet has new rules and laws that are as good for the poor as for the rich, and I thank Dr. Barnardo very much for sending me to Canada.

HERBERT LENSON.

Black Creek, Ont.

Alfred Johns, H. F. Greenstreet, Walter B. Moulder, James Doherty, and William Savery have each sent what may be classed as commendable compositions, and A. W. Budd is the author of an excellent essay, which space will not admit of our printing entire.

To conclude, we reproduce a short essay by John Conway, and we



would also like to be able to reproduce it in facsimile, for it is one of the most peculiar, yet characteristic, handwriting we have seen. It seems drawn rather than written, and is a most extraordinary feat of penmanship.

#### WHY I LIKE TO LIVE IN CANADA.

This is a question which must have an individual answer. Perhaps the reasons which would suit some boys would not agree with others. Some boys may like to live in Canada because they can get lots of fruit, etc. Others, again, may like to live here because it is a fine, healthy country. The reason I like to live in Canada combines both these, especially (I am afraid) the first one. Briefly, the reasons I like to live in Canada are these: (1) Because it has a fine, healthy, invigorating, bracing climate; (2) because there is an abundance of fruit, vegetables, etc. (not to say there is not the same in England); and (3) because it is a country where anybody with sufficient gumption about them can make a success of their business, farming or otherwise. I also like to live in Canada because there is less (to my knowledge) of that Demon Drink, that curse which has ruined thousands of homes, and brought thousands of men to drunkards' graves. The people of Canada seem more fond of tobacco than of beer. Anybody who wishes to rise in the world should abstain from either of these indulgencies, which are both injurious to the system. I think that the most advantageous position for a young man or boy is on the farm. There he is less liable to be led into temptation than in the cities. There is no end of places where a young man may hire out to at reasonable wages. He can have plenty of exercise and work in the fresh air (a little too fresh, perhaps, in the winter). Also he can study (if necessary) arithmetic, grammar, etc., in the long winter evenings. The farm is the best place for a boy to work, because learning to be a farmer is

learning one of the most independent professions in the country. The farmer is the most independent and yet dependent man of all men. He can prosecute his calling without very much help from any other profession, while he is mostly dependent (or should be) on God for his living. Other men may fail in business and lose their earthly all, but the farmer, by careful management, can make a good living, and lay by a store for a rainy day besides. Business men may talk as they please, but

"This or that, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all."

JOHN A. CONWAY.

For our next number, which will be published on April 1st, the subject of the competition will be

#### WHICH POLITICAL PARTY DO YOU SYMPATHIZE WITH, AND ON WHAT GROUNDS?

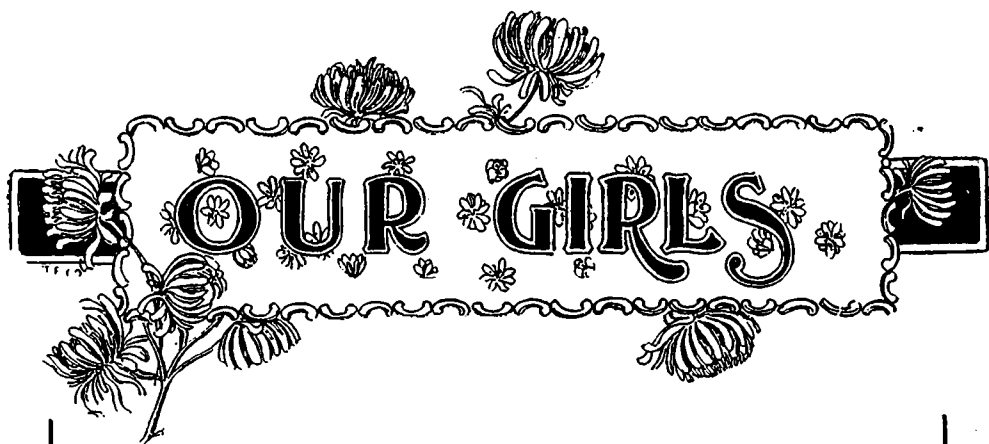
Essays not to exceed 500 words, setting forth their writers' political opinions, and their reasons for holding them, should be mailed in time to reach this office on or before March 15th. Any received later than this date will be debarr'd from entry. Address all essays to the

EDITOR OF UPS AND DOWNS,  
211 FABLEY AVENUE,  
TORONTO, ONT.

If the successful essay is written by a Conservative, the prize will be a handsome framed portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, freight paid; and if by a Liberal, then the prize will be a framed portrait, equally handsome, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, also delivered free of all charge to the winner.

Show your colours, and why you wear them!





# OUR GIRLS

## Motto for 1899.

“Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.”—PROV. iv., 26.

“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”—PROV. iii., 6.

### A New Year's Greeting.

HOW the years roll by! how one by one these seasons that are past and gone are put away among the things that are left behind! Indeed, hardly have we risen to greet the incoming New Year, before we have to wave our final adieu to it as to an old, departing friend. At least, so it seems to us who are farther on in life, but to the young, perhaps the flight of time does not appear to be quite so swift. But still, how true in any case are the words:

“Turning, turning,  
Turning are the wheels of time.”

And so the wheel has turned once more, so just now as we are stepping into the highway of another year spread out before us, we want to extend to our girls the season's greetings, and wish them all “A Happy New Year.” We should like to place Dr. Barnardo's name at the very head of the list in sending out these good wishes to his girls, for though the ocean rolls between we are quite sure that in spirit he would do it, so we will take it for granted

To some of the girls this will be their first New Year in this new country, and doubtless the mind will be travelling back to some of the old scenes and old times in the Motherland, and very likely it will wander back to the village Home at Ilford. It is nice to have pleasant, happy remembrances, but, after all, it is the present, and the future yet before us, which have to do with our practical lives; and you know, girls, I think there is something refreshing and invigorating to young life to come out and form part of this young country, with all the possibilities that are before you. May you make worthy citizens of it, that so in the land of your adoption you may do credit to the land of your birth.

And now for a little talk on the words of our motto for the year, “Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

We may compare the course of our lives while passing through the world to footsteps along a pathway, and each day and hour we are stepping along this path. Oh, may

each one who reads these lines ponder-- think over--the path of her feet.} Is it not just for the want of quiet, serious thought that so many lives are failures? Stop and think, think well the way you are going. You have to do this in walking along the streets and roads; if you walk blindly on *anyhow*, without looking where you are going, you might *do* a great deal of harm and you might *get* a great deal of harm. For instance, you might knock up against your neighbours, and annoy them, and make them very cross and angry with you and perhaps injure them, or you might knock up

ing or unwilling, knocking up against them, as it were, or saying unkind things to or of them, which make them very unhappy. Then again we may take a false step if we do not ponder the path of our feet, and be destroyed in one of these pitfalls of which the world is full for the unwary, or, tempted by sweet voice or honeyed word, be lured aside from the right path and find out, too late, that it ends in destruction. Then comes the injunction, "Let all thy ways be established."

There is something very strong and good in these words: Be strong,



A Canadian Farm Home.

against a wall or passing vehicle and hurt yourself very much, or you might fall into an open pit and get lost; or, like the old German legend of the boatman, who, lured by the sweet singing and beauty of the Rhine maiden, forgot where his skiff was going and found himself plunged in the cold waters of the river.

Do you see, girls, what I mean? We have first of all to ponder the path of our feet--to be careful what we do and say in our daily lives--or we may make those we live with, or come in contact with, very unhappy by being cross and disoblig-

ing. Then comes the sweet and beautiful promise: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Ah! after all, this is the secret of a straight and happy walk through life--a life without that polar star of guidance is but a poor, storm-tossed bark on the ocean, but let Christ be your Master, your Guide, your Sa-

tor, and you will be wise, depend on yourself and your own efforts, be dependable, not uncertain or wavering so that no one knows what to expect of you, but let your character be trusty and reliable.

your Friend, acknowledge Him in your daily life, and He will lead you in straight paths. Do you make a point of asking God to guide you in the seemingly small things of life? If you feel as if you wanted to change your place, do you first ask God to direct you? It is so safe, so wise, so good to do this, because we are foolish and like little children that do not know the best way to go.

Then, also, in daily *conduct*, let us learn to acknowledge Him—to say to ourselves, “What would Jesus do?” and surely He will be pleased, and others, and we ourselves will be all the happier. Oh! may none be found treading in forbidden paths, or forgetting the God who bought them, but may many of our girls this year keep walking “in the middle of the King’s highway!”

*B. Code.*

**Girls’ Donation Fund.**

For the benefit of the new-comers specially, we would again explain the Girls’ Donation Fund. This is a fund made up annually amongst our girls in Canada to help on Dr. Barnardo’s work in England. All the contributions should be sent in by May 1st of next year to Miss Code, who will have pleasure in forwarding the same to Dr. Barnardo. She has *not* always felt proud of the *amount*, but *hopes* it will be much larger in the coming year. It ought to be, as so many more girls have come out, and we surely should look for every girl who is earning wages to contribute in some measure to help on the work of their friend and benefactor in the old land. One dollar a year, at anyrate, we think most girls could spare—but some, we think might manage more from two up to five, but if there are any *little* girls who would like to help, but cannot afford much, why just send in your little mite, too.

DONATIONS RECEIVED.

Mary Crisp, 63c.; B. Pilkington, \$1.00; Minnie Hull, \$1.00; Mrs. Bush (*nee* J. Jeffrey), 90c.; Alice Parsons ('97), 20c.; Mary Heslop, 50c.; Maude Hume, 25c.; Charlotte Ewing, 75c.; K. E. Wright, 75c.; Harriet Martin, \$1.00; Alice Wheeler, 75c.; Sarah Speller, \$1.25; Christina Walters, 50c.; Maria Rumney, \$1.00; Elizabeth Hayter, \$1.00.

**Notices Worth Remembering.**

A number of girls who have been still receiving UPS AND DOWNS since their subscription expired will find their names are now off the list, and the paper will cease to come unless the subscriptions are paid, which, we hope, will be the case. Send in 25 cents as soon as possible, and the paper will be sent for another year. It is true we are sending out some Christmas numbers which have not been paid for, but this is because we are not issuing a Xmas card separately this year. We thought a little change would be nice for a variety, and hope the girls will think the UPS AND DOWNS artist has provided them something nice.

Unsigned letters are rather a puzzle. Puzzles, riddles, enigmas, etc., are capital *in their right place*; but we again would plead very earnestly with every girl, when writing to the Home, to sign *her name* to the letter.

There are still some photos of Hazel Brae to be had, ten cents each. Send the money on, and the picture will be sent. These photos were taken by our kind and constant friend, Mrs. Haultain, the proceeds to go in with the Girls’ Donation Fund.

**Our Picture Gallery**

We do not know that we have anything very special to say about our photos this month, except that they are all girls who came out in the year 1897, and are in the places to which they went then. It is



Mrs. Brown and Jessie McMillan.

wonderful what a difference a year or so sometimes makes in the appearance. Maud Gregory is taken with her mistress' little boy, and Rachael Moore also with the children where she is living. Her mistress says that she can do almost everything; also "she takes an interest in the work, and I can always depend on what she says. I can recommend her to be honest in not taking a thing that does not belong to her."

In saying all the girls came out in 1897, we must except our youngest little "tiny," Jessie McMillan, who is taken with her "mother" as she calls her, Mrs. Brown. We are sure many of the girls will be pleased to see their friend who took care of them in crossing the ocean. Little Jessie is waiting here for a time, but we have a kind lady friend, who is seeing about a home for her. Mrs. Brown sends New Year greetings to all her parties of girls from 1894 to 1898, wherever they may be, and trusts God's

blessing may attend them, whether in sunshine or shade.

The "Canadian Farm Home" is the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. John Faris, with whom Vickie Herrine lived for five years.

### Marriages.

Hymen has been rather busy lately.

*Ellen Weller* was married at Welcome on November 11th, to Frank Parsons, one of "our boys." We took some interest in this matter in its earlier stages, and now that it has reached its consummation, we tender our best wishes to the couple.

We would extend the same good wishes to *Jessie Ryons*, who was married in the month of October to William Bullman.

Also to *Lizzie Walder*, who has joined the ranks of young matrons.

Also *Beatrice Wilcox*. We here copy the newspaper notice of the event:

George H. Richardson, of North Fredericksburg, was married at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, to Miss Beatrice Wilcox, on Monday evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Jarvis, M.A., in the presence of a large number of the friends of the contracting parties. We extend congratulations.

Then *Kate Rowland* was married at the house of a former mistress to Mr. Wareham. We had the pleasure of a visit from her and her future





Jane Gregory.

husband shortly before the event, and from what we saw of him, think Kate has good reason to be congratulated. He is the right sort, too. He came over from Algoma and took his bride back with him to his farm of 150 or 160 acres.

### Correspondence.

#### An Open Letter to Dick Whittington.

MY DEAR DICK,—In the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, page 39, you seem to be laying a terrible plot to get Miss C— entangled in the meshes of match-making. As I happen to be on pretty intimate terms with that lady—in fact, quite in her confidence—I thought your challenge should not go altogether unmet.

Ah! Dick, although I have a profound admiration for your writings, and acknowledge you made some excellent remarks in that same paper of yours, I think you are a little bit like the rest of the “men folk,” and fancy the girls are all “after the boys.” Wait till I tell you a little story that I had direct from Miss C—: “There is a very nice Barnardo girl whose picture appeared not very long ago in UPS AND DOWNS, and it seems it awoke the flame of love in the aspiring heart of a poor lonely young bachelor in Manitoba. And what do you think this same girl said when she was told about it? I believe she said that she was better as she was! Believe me, Dick, our girls have some stuff in them and are not all like the over-ripe

fruit, ready to come off at a touch. All the same, I hope somebody or other will coax her one of these days, for she would make a right good little wife. The Manitoba bachelor had some discernment after all!

At the same time, Miss C— has confided to me that it has been a pet idea of hers for some time, that there would be splendid openings in the far North-West for good, sensible working girls, able to take care of themselves (joking apart and marriage apart); and—well, if anything did come of it, it really might be better to bloom as a “prairie flower” rather than be a flower that is “born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

From U No Hoo.

The following are written by two little boarders living in the same house, near Huntsville. Maria Abram says:

I take a lot of interest in UPS AND DOWNS and read all the letters, and I think I see a few girls' letters in that came out in 1895 with me. We have a very big farm, and we picked a lot of berries this summer. I enjoy Christmas in Canada, and I should like very much to see one in the Home. Lizzie and Martha and I all have a funny thing to tell you. I hope mine will be suitable enough for you. I am in the third book, and I am getting along as well as I can.

Her companion, Martha Harwood, writes:

I like to read UPS AND DOWNS and see the pictures. The lake will soon be frozen now, and then we can slide, and the trees look very pretty. I am writing this at



Alice Willmet.

school. There are eight girls and eleven boys here to-day. I am in the second class. I hope I will pass next time; I will try to. I have a nice time at Christmas. There are three houses by ours, and we go to play with the girls.

*Alice Parsons* (1897), living in Lindsay, paid us a little visit at Hazel Brae a short time ago. She is getting on well in Canada, and writes as under:

I have been in my first place fourteen months, and am here yet. I live with kind, Christian people and go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. I am fifteen years old, and I mind two of the sweetest little babies you ever saw. I hope every girl will get as good a place as me. I think Canada is a very nice country to get rich in, if you want to. This is the second Christmas I have spent in this country. I have grown quite a lot since I came to Canada.

A minister, writing of one of the little girls, aged seven, says: "I am just home from a Junior Epworth League service, at which the little girl was present, and it was astonishing the knowledge of the scriptures which she displayed."

A station agent writes: "There are several girls from Peterborough Home in this neighbourhood, and we hear good accounts of them all."

### Extracts from Visitors' Diary.

In this issue we will confine our extracts to recent arrivals—girls who have made their first start in this country during the present year. Most of them have made a good beginning, and seem to promise well for the future. We trust they will not "grow weary in well doing."

#### MILLBROOK.

**MARIE BAKER.** Mrs. V. is very pleased with Marie so far. A pleasant, willing little girl, and with nice, gentle manners.

#### NORWOOD.

**ELLEN SIMMONS.** Mrs. S. thinks Nellie will make a good girl in time. She was feeling lonesome; otherwise she seemed happy and to have no complaints.

#### COLBORNE.

**EDITH BARRIDGE.** Edith is



Lily Sage.

finds Edith promising for a stranger, and hopes she will be able to train her to be a good servant. All was very new and full of interest to the girl. This is a comfortable home and the girl will get good training.

#### GRAFTON.

**ROSE AND NELLIE WAY.** These little girls are fortunate enough to be placed in the same house. Mrs. Rob says she prefers having the two, and they are very happy together. The children will probably have a good home and careful, thorough training. Very nice, good little girls, and both are favourites with the old people.

**Laurie Harris.** This little girl's mistress was away, but I learned that she liked Laurie and thought her a nice, useful little girl.

#### COBOURG.

**MARIE BAY.** A comfortable home, and the girl has a good bed room. So far she likes her home very much, and her mistress is pleased with her.

**SARAH HARRIS.** Mrs. W. had no complaints at all of Sarah. Thinks she will make a good use of girl.



Daisy Compton.

**VIOLET OTTAWAY.** A very good farmhouse, and the mistress spoke well of Violet, and says the children take to her well. Feeling lonely, otherwise happy.

**HARWOOD.**

**JANE CLAYTON.** Mrs. C— speaks nicely of Janie—says she is a good, useful girl. Janie seems to like it very well, is fond of the children, and says she is not lonely.

**PORT HOPE.**

**ELIZABETH A. COOPER.** Mrs. W. thinks Bessie the best Home girl she has had. Though not brilliant, is quiet, willing and good.

**LIZZIE GREEN.** Mrs. C— says Lizzie is doing much better than at first, and there were no serious complaints. Has a good home, is growing more contented, and says she likes it very much.

**SMYTH'S FALLS.**

**ROSE KENNEDY.** The mill girl has a very nice home—but the house is large and there are six children, and more efficient help is needed. But Mrs. K— thinks "Ruby" a very good, well behaved child, and does not mean to part with her.

**SMITH'S FALLS.**

**FLOR. A. WOODLANDS.** In a comfortable home, and Mrs. H. speaks very kindly of her; but needs a girl more competent to take charge of the children. A relative, however, is quite willing to take her, as she seems a nice, willing girl.

**BRAMPTON.**

**ELIZABETH WETHERLEY.** So far doing very well. Comfortable home, no children, and work not hard.

**BEATRICE ROSSER.** Mrs. McC— seems very well satisfied with her, and the child says she is happy and not overworked. Her chief duty is to care for the baby.

**RIPLEY.**

**LILY AIRY.** Lily seems to like it very well now that she has got over the first loneliness. A few slight complaints; but Mrs. S. thinks her improving and in many ways a good little girl.

**ALLENFORD.**

**SARAH LACCOHEE.** Good little girl, rather lonesome and homesick, and has no companions, and plenty of work.



Agnes Ryans.





Beatrice Goodall.

## WIARTON.

**EMILY COATES.** Emily appears to have a nice home ; looked bright and tidy ; gives promise of making a good servant.

**ELLEN ALVER.** Mrs. C--- is well pleased with Nellie. Thinks her a quiet, intelligent child. Has a nice home and comfortable bedroom.

## MARKDALE.

**JANIE DAVENPORT.** Was pleased to find her in a good home and looking bright and happy and well cared for. She was at school on my arrival. They like Janie very much. She is smart, willing and quick to learn.

## SCHOMBERG.

**ELIZABETH HEDGES.** Quite happy, and people well pleased with her.

## LEFROY.

**FLORENCE HALL.** So far seems to be getting on nicely. Is happy and well liked. Is to go to school through the winter.

## BEETON.

**ANNIE KURCHMAN.** Seems to be settling down happily, and to be getting on nicely.

## STAYNER.

**LIZZIE SMITH.** Seems to be

getting on nicely in a nice home, with kind, good people. Mr. and Mrs. P. are much interested in Lizzie and promise to do the best they can for her.

## AVENING.

**ANNIE KIMBER.** Getting on nicely and is well liked. Said to be pleasant and good tempered, and agrees very nicely with the children. Has a good, comfortable home.

## BEETON.

**MARY SEELEY.** Mrs. W--- spoke very highly of Mary. Seems to think her a thoroughly good girl. Mary is very fond of the little children, and hoped now not to feel so lonely.

## PENETANG.

**MAY MUGGLEWORTH.** Was looking bright and happy, and seemed quite contented with her new surroundings, which we hope will be her home for many years. A good little girl, and the family all seem fond of her.

## TORONTO.

**ELLEN HUMPHREYS.** Has a good, Christian home ; is quite happy and well liked. Is a good girl, learns quickly and is becoming quite useful.

**BESSIE ROGERS.** Mrs. V--- is well pleased with Bessie, and all seems to be going on satisfactorily.

**ELIZABETH PEARSE.** Mrs. S--- is well pleased with Lizzie, and finds her an improvement on her last maid. Quite happy and doing nicely.

**SELINA SMITH.** Mrs. A--- spoke highly of Selina. Said she was clean, tidy and very good to the children. This is a good home, where a girl is surrounded by good influences. Selina is happy and contented.

**ELLEN WITCHCOCK.** Good report as to character and disposition. Thought to be rather small for the requirements ; but as Miss D--- likes her and the girl seems happy, she will probably remain, and, we hope, give good satisfaction.

**ROSE SHARPLEY.** Seems to be settling down very well. Said to be a

little slow, but, on the whole, doing well.

ELLEN UNDERWOOD. Mrs. J.— is satisfied with Ellen and thinks she has been well trained. Seems to be a good home and kind pleasant mistress.

BEATRICE PICKNELL. Met this little girl out with the baby, this being Beatrice's chief work. Mrs. M— expressed great satisfaction with Beatrice, and hopes she will be able to train her to be a useful little maid.



Amy Shaw.

MARTHA ATHOLE. Is giving every satisfaction. Is very happy and gets on well with the children. Is as happy as possible, and useful in many little ways.

#### PORT CREDIT.

ETHEL STEVENS. Has good, comfortable home and kind mistress. Is doing well, on the whole, as a little nursemaid.

#### THE FAVORITE HOME.

It has been much to be regretted that owing to the replies to the competition given in the October number, and have had some little difficulty in

deciding which answers were really *the best* amongst many which were *very good*.

The following is the result arrived at :

No. 1.—Clever or amusing story—I. Daisy Compton ; II. Louisa Foster.

No. 2.—Word-making—I. Daisy Just ; II. Amy Reynolds.

No. 3.—Favourite Bible Story—I. Flor. J. Hughes ; II. Daisy Just.

We have pleasure, therefore, in awarding to Daisy Just the prize of a Christmas story-book, which she may hope to receive on or about New Year's Day. To the other four we shall hope to send some little reward in the shape of a special Christmas card or calendar for the year.

With regard to the word-making from the letters of the word *Combination*, we must compliment our young people on their success in this. Out of twenty attempts, Daisy Just heads the list with seventy-five correct words, and is closely followed by Amy Reynolds, with seventy-one, and eight others have found over fifty each. All names of persons and places were ruled out, and a good many used more vowels than are really there. We were glad to receive answers from two boys, who sent very creditable lists.

Then as to the funny stories about animals or birds, some of them are *very funny*. We hope all have remembered that these things must have been really *seen* or *known* by the writer—not something that has been *read* or *heard* of simply. We give the first place here to Edith Compton's account of a goldfinch, which we reproduce for your amusement :

I am going to tell you a story about a goldfinch. It happened when I was in the village at Ilford. The mother of the cottage had a goldfinch sent to her ; it was the dearest little bird I had ever seen. Well, one day there was a looking-glass put on the top of its cage ; one of the girls had put it there just to see what it would do. It flew up to where the looking-glass was and began doing funny tricks. One of the funniest was that it would twist about and straighten out its feathers and look in the glass to see if they were all right. If there was even one feather sticking up, it would put it straight. The

mother of the cottage told us that before she had it, it used to open the door of its cage and fly to a looking-glass and stay there for hours, chirping as if it was talking to another bird, and would go into its cage again when it wanted something to eat and to sleep.

Louisa Foster also tells a funny story of an intelligent cat, which we think deserves to come second, and Alice Webb relates the antics and sagacious doings of several dogs. As might be expected, dogs carry off the palm for doing clever things; but we hear of wonderful cows, colts, rabbits, etc., and even the pig and the gander seem able to show great intelligence sometimes.

The merits of the various Bible stories were perhaps the most difficult to decide upon; but, bearing in mind the directions given about the telling of the story, we think Flor. Hughes comes nearest to the standard with her account of Daniel and the lions. Next to that is Daisy Just's interesting and realistic description of the finding of the lost sheep. There is a good variety of favourite stories. After that of Daniel comes Balaam and the ass. Others write of Jonah, Noah and the dove, and Christ's entry into Jerusalem, while several take different aspects of the Shepherd and the sheep.

We must not omit to give "honourable mention" to three little girls from Muskoka, who have sent replies: M. Abram, M. Harwood and I. Southwold. They may apply to themselves a quotation at the close of another reply sent: "I've done my best; a giant can do no more."

And to one and all we say, Try again; go on and improve.

Daisy Just sends the following riddle:

The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the beginning of every end, and the end of every place.

Alice Parsons asks: Where was Humboldt going when he was eighteen years old?

In reply as to what girls had the most interest in the magazine, one correspondent asks for "lots of girls's

letters and lots about the Home in England." Well, the latter we may be able to supply in part, but the former must depend upon the girls themselves. If they will write us some really good, interesting letters, we will gladly publish them.

#### Puzzles.

(1)

A word there is of plural number,  
A foe to rest and peaceful slumber.  
Add to it the letter S,  
How great the metamorphosis!  
What plural was, is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before!

(2)

I went into the wood and got it,  
And when I got it I looked for it,  
And the more I looked for it the less  
I would find it,  
I went home with it in my hand,  
Because I could not find it

(3)

What ring is it that is not round?

#### Buried Trees.

- (1) The pin entered into the wood
- (2) Laurence darted a quick look
- (3) The helmet was in use.
- (4) Will owlets eat mice? *The Woman at Home.*

The two first puzzles are, we believe, not by any means *new*, but none the less interesting, we hope. We cannot vouch for the words being quite as in the original, but the general sense is unimpaired.

#### Kitty Knew About Sheep.

Seven sheep were standing  
By the pasture wall.  
"Tell me," said the teacher  
To her scholars small,  
"One poor sheep was frightened  
Jumped and ran away;  
One from seven—how many  
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers  
(A farmer's daughter,  
Not so bright at figures  
As she ought to be);  
"Please Ma'am!" "Well,  
"Tell us, if you know,  
Please, if one jumped away  
All the rest would go!"

*The Little Book of...*

A Sunday Evening Story

There was in heaven a little angel. And one evening he said to the mother angel who always watched over him, "I want to go down to the earth country to see what the poor children there was doing, and to try and help some of them."

The mother angel said to him, "Our Father likes us to go there, if we can help the poor earth children in their troubles and sorrows; but he does not like us to stay there too long, because you know this is our own home. So go, dear child, but come back again soon."

So the little angel shook his bright wings, and flew swiftly along the streets of the heavenly city, saying a glad good-bye to the guards in their golden armour, who watch the gates. And the trumpeters of the guard blew their silver trumpets, and the harpers of the guard struck their golden harps as he flashed past them, for they knew that he was bound on an errand of love and mercy.

His wings scarcely seemed to flutter in the still air, as he shot downwards, like an arrow, towards the dark round mass that lay far beneath; and as he flew he left behind him a stream of coloured light, like the hues of a rainbow.

As he neared the earth, the dim, dark colour resolved itself into patches of bright sea, and tracts of green fields and wooded slopes, with here and there the cloud of smoke that hid a great town.

The child angel said to himself, "I must go where the poor earth children are gathered together most thickly, for there I shall find those who want help most;" and he steered his course for one of the grim, smoky areas covered with houses.

The sun had set, and it was dark, and yet not dark. Presently he alighted in a narrow, muddy street, with small dirty houses on each side.

Now, although the child angel could see just as well as the earth people

in the light, none of the earth people could see him. As he moved quite noiselessly along the street, feeling very sorry for the poor people who had to live in such a wretched place, he saw two little children, a boy and a girl, sitting on a doorstep. The little boy who was about four years old, was crying bitterly, and the girl, who was perhaps two years older, was trying to comfort him.

"We haven't got any pennies to take home to-night, Jessie," sobbed the poor little fellow, "and father'll beat us. I know he will."

"Never mind, Tom," said the little girl, bravely, "perhaps it won't hurt *very* much."

The child angel felt very sorry for them, and as he poised himself just above them to listen to what they said, his quick eye, which could pierce through the mud in the street, saw the glitter of a silver coin. With a sweep of his wing he brushed away the mud from the coin, which lay just underneath a gas lamp. The little girl saw the bright piece of metal, and with a cry of delight she ran and picked it up; and then, drying Tom's tears with the corner of her scanty shawl, she led him joyfully homewards.

The child angel's heart grew lighter as he saw them go away, and he sang a hymn of praise so sweetly that his Father in heaven bent His ear to listen, though none of the earth people could hear the melodious sounds.

Flying round a corner, the child angel came into another dirty street, where a ragged urchin was leaning against a wall with his knuckles to his eyes. Just then a policeman passed along, and said to the boy, not at all unkindly, "Now, my lad, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm so hungry," cried the little fellow, "an' I hain't 'ad nothing to eat since this mornin'."

"Well," said the policeman, "you'd better run home as quick as you can; it's no good standing there and crying."

The lad moved on a few steps till he came to a baker's shop. In the

window there were fat loaves of bread and white scones, and buns with currants in them; and there he stood with his puggy little nose, and grimy, tear-stained cheek pressed against the window-pane, looking longingly at the good things within.

Behind the counter stood the baker's wife, a rosy-cheeked, good-natured-looking woman. The child angel flew into the shop, and although the baker's wife could not see him, she felt a breath of sweet, soft air, which somehow reminded her of her home, far away in the country, when she was a girl.

"Dear me," said she, "what a lovely air there is to-night. The wind must be blowing right in from the fields and commons," and she looked towards the window, and saw there the little, sad, grimy face, peering in at the loaves and cakes.

Taking two nice currant buns from the counter, she went to the door and said to the lad, "Here, my boy, you look hungry; could you eat these?"

The youngster, more used to hard words and harder blows than to kindness, at first looked at her half suspiciously, and then with shyly muttered thanks, took the buns from her hand, and trotted away down the street, eagerly munching his unexpected meal. Once more the child angel's hymn of praise rose heavenward, and on he flew.

Not far away he saw a small girl with big, round eyes and a very frightened face, holding up a muddy hand, as if she were not quite sure whether it belonged to her or not. She had fallen down and cut her hand badly with a sharp stone, and the angel saw that the blood was dripping from it.

Just then a busy looking man hurried past, and the child angel's wing brushed against his face.

"Bother the flies!" said the busy man, who was a doctor; "and yet there can't be any flies about at this time of year."

Looking down he saw the little girl, still holding up her muddy,

bleeding hand, too frightened to cry.

"Why, my little maid," said he, "what have you been doing with that hand of yours? Let me look at it. Hum! a nasty cut! Come with me."

Taking her into the chemist's shop at the corner, with the lovely red and green bottles in the window, he asked for some warm water, bathed and cleansed the poor hand so tenderly and skilfully that he did not hurt her at all, and then strapped it up with some sticking plaster, and made a little sling for it with his own pocket handkerchief.

"How does it feel now?" he asked in a cheery voice.

The little girl was too bewildered to thank him, but she looked up in his face and smiled; and holding tight in her other hand the penny that the kind doctor put into it, she ran homewards.

At that moment the big church clock struck seven, and the child angel said to himself, "I must go home again now; but I am very glad I came to help these poor little earth children."

Upwards he shot again, as swiftly as he had descended; and once more the stream of coloured light marked his path.

As he neared the gates of heaven, he saw the mother angel, with a bright smile on her face, looking out for him, and she took him in her arms and kissed him.

When he told her what he had been doing, she said, "This will make our Father glad. Come and tell Him. Our Elder Brother did things like these a long while ago, when He lived among the earth folk."

Just then the gates closed, and I could not see any more; but I heard a sound of beautiful music and singing. *Wee Willie Winkie*

The little girl, who had been so frightened, now sang something when her pain had prompted us to say, it is the conquest of a vision, a great thought over first dunes.

**Christmas and Christmas Customs.****Christmas and New Year in Shetland.**

I am going to try and tell you how Christmas and New Year's Day are held in Lerwick, so far north. I have no doubt that it was, and still is, a little different from what it is in England and Scotland. Up till very lately, Christmas Day was held on January 5th, and New Year's Day on January 12th, and in many places throughout Shetland it is still held then. We had the curious custom of men and boys going out "guising" on Christmas and New Year's Eves. They dress up in character, such as clowns, kings, etc. They go out four or six together, and each party takes its own fiddler. Some of their friends keep their houses open, and they go in and have dancing, and people try to guess who they are without them lifting their masks. Very long ago, for twenty-four days they used to do no work, such as spinning and knitting, etc., except sewing and the necessary work of feeding cattle and cooking. It was also a custom in Shetland for everybody, even the lairds, to get up on Christmas morning before daybreak and have breakfast by candlelight, as, of course, there was no gas and no lamps. People made their own candles, and for Christmas Day they made a seven-branched candle. I have heard that it was a custom in the crofters' houses, where the fires were in the middle of the floor, to light a big fire on Christmas morning, and then, after breakfast, the whole family danced round it before separating for the day's occupations. In the country districts the day was, and still continues to be, devoted to the game of football by the men and boys. Here we have scarcely any Christmas trees, as they have in Germany and other places. In Germany almost every household has a Christmas tree, whether poor or rich, and Christmas is not thought anything without a tree. They have three days' celebration of Christmas in Germany,

which I think must be very nice. Christmas is held in Shetland now very much the same as in England and Scotland, with the exception of the "guisers."—**BESSIE LEISK.**

**Scotch New Year Customs.**

I am going to tell you about some Scotch New Year customs, which were about forty years since, but most of them have died out now. In Fife all the children went to all the different houses and stood at the door and said :

"Ma feet's cauld,  
Ma skin's thin,  
Gie me ma cakes,  
An' let me rin"—

and they got a three-cornered cake just like a biscuit, which was made for the purpose. There the New Year was held about the thirteenth of January, and was called Hansel Monday, or Cake Day. In towns the men used to stand at the town hall, and, when the clock struck twelve, a great hurrah went up, and they threw bottles into the air, and then they went to their neighbours to "first-foot," and the people thought it was unlucky if a man or a boy did not come first. In some parts of the Highlands the people go to each other's houses with their bottles of spirits and bread and cheese, and their greeting was, "A guid New Year to you, an' may nae war be amang us," for they were always fighting with each other.—**NELLIE J. OSWALD.**

**Some Gruesome Customs.**

I am going to tell you a few Christmas customs of our own, and our friends. A custom of eating a lighted candle.—We children do not know what it is made of. It is not the ordinary kind, nor of sugar, but it is one made for the purpose. Father makes a face, and has to eat some fruit after it. He eats it at dessert on Christmas night. A custom with one of our friends on Christmas night is to burn a great Yule log; it is lighted by the youngest of the family with a small brand, left from last year's log. And at

lunch on Christmas Day the custom of passing round a great silver tankard with two large handles, full of hot spiced ale and toast, for all to drink, is called the wassail. At another house they have on Christmas Day at dinner a large dish with a boar's head, all decorated with truffles. I heard the other day of a custom practised in the wilds of South America. It is to have a long-necked cock (a native of that country) buried in the dry sand, all but its head and neck. Then a lot of men (on horseback) stand away from it, and they gallop past it, and try, while passing it, still keeping their seats, to catch its neck; if the first does not succeed, the next tries, and so on. The one who pulls the cock up wins. An old English custom that I heard mentioned in Addison's *Spectator*, practised on the twelfth night, was, "yawning for a Cheshire cheese." They begin about midnight, when the company is supposed to be getting drowsy. The one that yawns widest and most naturally, to make others yawn, wins the cheese.—HELEN I. MACKEAN.

#### Kindly Customs.

Here are some Christmas and New Year customs. A well-known custom is hanging up stockings, waiting for Santa Claus to fill them full of nice things. In Lapland on Christmas Eve, the Laplander takes eight reindeer, and harnesses them to his sledge, and goes on his visits singing, and addressing his deer thus: "Now 'Dancer'! Now 'Dasher'! Now 'Prancer'! and 'Vixen'! On 'Comet'! On 'Cupid'! On 'Donder'! On 'Blitzen'!" throwing out crumbs for the birds, and in a certain country the inhabitants put up a sheaf of corn for the birds. In another country they hang up bones, also for the birds. Then the Christmas tree always comes at Christmas time. Nearly all the shops and public buildings are decorated with evergreens. An old Christmas custom is bringing, in

the Yule log. In England every church is thrown open, and decorated on Christmas Day. A New Year custom is waiting up to welcome the New Year, and usually, on the last evening in the year, the bells from the different steeples ring out merry chimes. A custom is held in Scotland called "first fittin'," in trying to be the first comer of the year in your friends' homes. Another custom is for people to come round on the last night of the year asking for "Hogmanay." Bringing in the boar's head with minstrelsy was the chief custom long ago.—ALFRED G. MACLEOD.

#### Burning the "Clavie" on the U.P.

##### Manse Dyke.

In Germany everyone has a Christmas tree. Even the poorest person has one, although he may have nothing to hang on it. In Norway every Christmas Eve the people used to put out an enormous cake and a pot of ale for their god, Nipen. The cake is very rich. It is supposed by the Christians that some animal comes and takes the cake away, but as it is considered unlucky to look out to see Nipen, no one sees who gets it. An old custom is the Yule log. A huge log was cut in the forest, and then dragged home to be burned with great rejoicing. Then there are the more modern customs of decorating houses and churches with holly and evergreens, and then there is kissing under the mistletoe. Then we have the Christmas dinner of turkey and plum-pudding and mince pies. People always send each other Christmas cards; but I think this custom is dying out. They also send presents to each other. Very often on Christmas Eve some little children go about singing carols. At Bughhead, on old Hogmanay the "clavie" is burned. The "clavie" is composed of an Archangel tar barrel divided half across, with a keg of tar in the bottom. It is filled on a pot by a nail man, for the occasion, and





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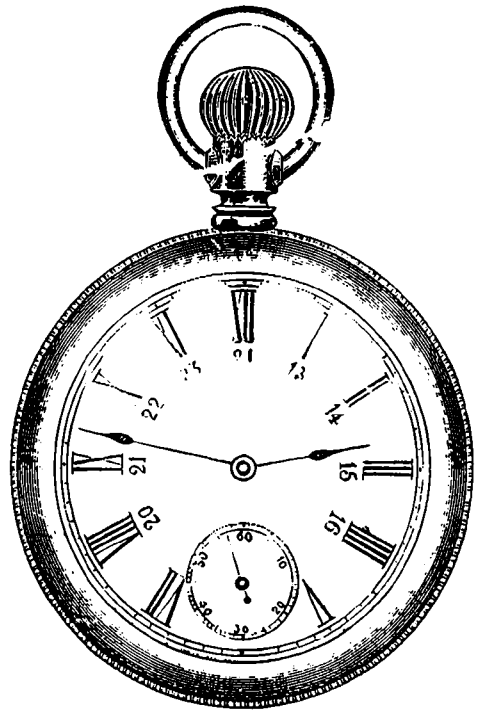
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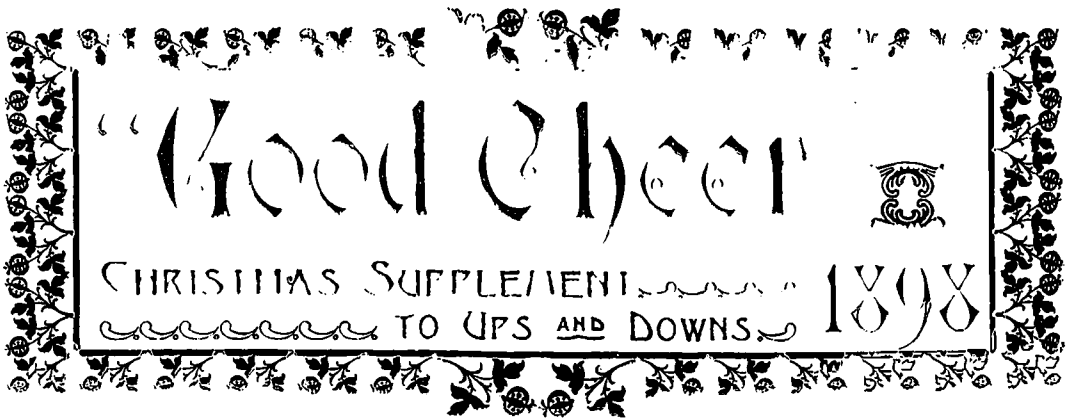
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## Barnardo Boys

A Song to be Sung at our Annual Reunion

Lyrics—The Girl I Left Behind Me



Bring me from England's sea-girt isle

Five thousand heavy loads of

Love, the spirit of the folk

That dwell in our dear island

And that in every year have

Ploughed the furrow of the

field, and sown the seed of

truth and justice in the

little world we live in

For as the ploughshare

And when the ploughshare's in the plain,

We'll keep it straight and steady.

And should the clatter call afield

To reap the furrow with the

one of us, we shall yield

Nothing to the clatter's

And should the clatter call afield

To reap the furrow with the

one of us, we shall yield

Nothing to the clatter's

# Beauty or Duty?

A Little Love Story



OM RODEN thought Claribel was the belle of a bevy of girls from among whom he was most likely to choose his future wife. She was a decided blonde, with a winning face and captivating manners. He had known her from childhood, and had, therefore, ample time to note her many graces of heart and mind. Totally ignoring her faults but those of extravagance in dress and a lack of prudence—not uncommon in one of her age—he had made a mental memoranda of her compensating virtues far more voluminous than here set down. Tom was in love; in fact, he was thinking of matrimony; and if appearances were not misleading, notwithstanding a score of rivals, he had only to make up his mind and declare himself to be accepted.

But——. But there was a “but” in the case.

Tom Roden was the youngest of three boys, in whom was concentrated a threefold share of the kindness inherited from his mother. His two brothers were not so unselfish as he. Resembling their father in this respect, they showed in early life a desire to travel and see the world, and at different ages they left home for different points out West. After a desultory correspondence, they drifted elsewhere and, neglecting to write home, were lost to the family.

When his father died, leaving little more behind him in the way of an “estate” than the household effects, the maintenance of the home devolved entirely upon Tom, who, like his father, was a mechanic, with this distinction he was a good one, and therefore had steady employment.

Besides providing for the household expenses, he had by economy managed to save enough money to furnish a little home for the Mr. and Mrs. Roden—to be. This little home had for some years been the objective point of his ambition; so now, having five hundred dollars to his credit in the savings bank, he was deep in the problem “To be, or not to be?”

Several times he decided in the affirmative; but as often, upon re-consideration, he changed his mind.

If Claribel wasn't so high spirited, and if people didn't talk so much of mothers-in-law as intruders and nuisances, it might—it could be, if Claribel would contrive to keep within bounds in the matter of dress.

The “but” and the “if” were the lions in his path, and they looked too formidable to tackle “yet awhile.”

But would she wait until his prospects improved? He did not think so. Beyond mute appeals to her affection, he had never divulged his love; he had even held himself aloof, much against his own inclinations, lest he might compromise his duty by going too far to recede with honour.

Sometimes he had misgivings as to his chances, were he free to act as his heart dictated. True, she had always shown a preference for his society; but when it came to choosing a partner for life—a husband, to whom she could look for the things dear to feminine fancies—ah! there was the point. Might she not listen to the wooing of Fred Somers, who was soon to be made a partner in his father's business, and who was constant in his (at present despised) attentions to her?

Indeed she might—then, by not submit to what seemed the inevitable, do what he believed to be right—such to Mother like a brick—and resign Claribel (Oh! Claribel, if she only knew how hard it was!) to Fred, and wish them joy?

This he finally made up his mind to do—“for sure this time!”

Twenty to-day! The only daughter and the pet of the family, Claribel's parents had willingly consented to her giving a birthday party. Tom was invited, of course; but thought he had better not go. All the other fellows would be wearing boots with pointed toes, and—well, he'd "just as soon not go anyhow."

"Go, my lad; go, by all means," said his mother. "You don't have much pleasure; a little recreation will do you good. You've been mopish of late, just for the want of a bit of fun, I'll warrant me."

"But my boots, Mother. Most all the fellows that'll be there is doods."

"Poof! yer boots, indeed! They're neat and made of the best of leather, and not a crack in 'em. Yer boots!—three-dollar boots at that! Why, when was you, Tom Roden, ever so squeamish about yer boots or anything else, so's you was dressed decent? And doods? Fiddlesticks! What d'you care for doods? Don't let *them* keep you away."

"That's all right. But there'll be Fred. Somers, with his diamond ring; and George Fletcher, he's just got a new suit o' clothes which he paid twenty dollars for—cutaway coat, long tail, latest style. I'm not shabby myself, and I aint ashamed of my clothes; but—I don't care to go, that's all."

"But you're a young man now, you know, and maybe you'll meet some nice girl there and fall in love with her. Who knows? That'll brighten you up so you won't know yourself. And do you know," she added in a confidential tone, "I've been thinkin' this long while back that I ought to tell you, Tom, my boy, that as soon as you feel like gettin' married, I can shift for myself. I'm not sixty yet, bless you; and I'm mighty smart with the needle—you know that. So you don't go away, like Jim and Harry, where I can't see you often, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I shall indeed, Tom. 'Tisn't right that I should stand in yer way. Wives don't like their husbands' mothers to be around the house. It's only natural. Now, go you to the party, Tom; and if so be you come back and say to me, says you, 'Mother, I've asked Claribel Seaton to marry me, and she says yes,' why I shall be delighted; because I want to see you settled down happy and comfortable before anything happens me."

"Claribel!" he could only gasp. "What put Claribel into your head, Mother?"

"Nothin'—nothin'; only I'd sooner it be her than anybody else I know, that's all. But please yourself, lad, please yourself; youth an' spirit don't like bein' dictated to in these matters. Jest a little bit flighty an' dressy, but a good girl—a good girl; one of the right sort. But suit yourself, Tom, and you'll suit me. But, bless me! she's young yet, and will get more staid as she grows older, and—Why, Tom!—Tom! Well, I declare if he isn't as red as a beet! If I didn't akinda suspicion you—the way you spoke not a minute ago!"

But Tom volunteered no explanation.

"Tom!—Tommy! Surely you aint got no secrets from yer poor old mother? Now, come right up to me and look me in the eye, and say is it Claribel Seaton. Now!—now! Is it or isn't it Claribel? It *is*. You don't need to say a word; I can read it on your face."

"Very well, then there is no need for confession. But see here, Mother, Claribel's a fine girl, and I don't say that I wouldn't like to marry her if I was thinking about that kind o' thing; still" (putting his arm around her neck) "a man that would neglect his mother, even for a wife, aint doing his dooty by the best friend he has in the world. Don't you worry about me; I'm all right as I am. I've been thinking all of this over to myself, and I'm not going to make no bargain that puts you out in the cold. So I don't think I'll go to the party to-night."

"And why not, my son? You needn't be thinking of going at all. Your mother had cause to thank God for, and appreciate, your not leaving her in a lurch. It does you credit, Tom. But take care to let me hear from you."



"While she stood on one side of the gate and he on the other."

good nature. No, Tom, if it's Claribel you love, follow your own heart; it's a good one, and won't lead you astray, lad. Go to the party; go, and don't think twice about it. I'll wait up till you come back, and if so be you've got something to tell me, it'll be good news; and if I cry, it will be with tears of joy, because I know she'll make a good and true wife."

"Well, Mother, I'll go to the party, then, since you wish me to; but it won't be to woo a wife, though. If a man's resolution can't stand a test, he hasn't got much of a will."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Tom arrived at Claribel's house, he was surprised that, although he came late, there were no other guests present. Claribel herself professed astonishment. Tom she had verbally invited, and in addition she had sent eighteen-written invitations to as many acquaintances. When the clock struck nine, and still no other arrivals, he began to feel embarrassed and Claribel very much mortified. And, what was also mystifying, even her young brother kept aloof from the festal room, and could not be induced to participate in "the party," notwithstanding his previous enthusiasm.

It was all woefully unaccountable and tantalizing to the last degree. Unable longer to bear the tedious suspense, Claribel excused herself and left the room, returning shortly afterwards in great excitement.

"What d'ye think, Tom?" she exclaimed. "I gave Will---the little wretch!---the invitations to deliver, so that they would surely be received in time. He has just confessed to Father that on the way he met that little imp, Dickie Patterson, who persuaded him that it would be a fine joke on me to destroy them; so they made a bonfire of the lot--*a bonfire!* and never said a word about it until now. The little wretches! oh! the spiteful little imp! He shan't have a bit of cake; there now! No, indeed; not for that. Oh! isn't it disappointing?--isn't it mortifying?--Doesn't he deserve a good sound thrashing? So cruelly unkind!"

And she began to cry in a most pathetic manner.

Tom was heartily in sympathy with her and eager to impart comfort, if he only knew how; but he did not know how to begin. After an awkward silence a happy thought struck him:

"When you come to think of it, it *is* a joke, isn't it? I can mind the time when I might have done it myself, and been tickled to death at the very thought of it. Will didn't mean to hurt your feelings; boys don't think of the consequences. I'll tell you what: Suppose you postpone the party until to-morrow night, and send out the invitations again in the morning by Will? He'll be too scared to do it again after your father has talked to him. Then you can tell it as a joke to your friends. And won't they laugh!"

With a rueful shake of the head at the proposition to regard the youthful folly of her brother as a practical joke, she composed herself for deliberation, and, coming quickly to a decision, said:

"Yes, I will postpone it till to-morrow night. How thoughtful you are to suggest it. Do you mind coming with me to get some envelopes, so that I may write the invitations to-night?"

Of course he would go, and of course the store was closed. They had not thought of that. As "the longest way round is the shortest way home," they, of course, did not return the way they came.

At half-past ten that night, while she stood on one side of the gate and he on the other, and the round, jocund face of the fat man smiled blandly upon them, she was saying:

"You know, Tom dear, I don't quite like you, and I don't like you to be together. You know, too, you've all but ruined my party, and I love you, and I'm not a bit ashamed to say that a woman would give you a good thrashing."

## Good News

on me, because it's only like saying how much better friends we really are than we dared acknowledge before. I did not expect you to to say anything for a long time to come; for I saw, Tom, you recognized that your first duty was to your mother, and I liked you a thousand times better for it. A good son makes a kind husband. You have been a dutiful, noble son, and not even when we are married would I wish to come between you and her. She will not be the less your mother then. And as for all the talk about and caricaturing of the mothers of men, whom a mere ceremony is supposed to transform into odious busybodies, I believe it is largely what the books call 'a figment of the author's imagination.' For several years yet, I shall be still young and inexperienced, so, as your dear mother is such a good, economical housewife, I insist, as the only condition to our marriage, that she shall live with us during her lifetime. One of my reasons for this is that Father and Mother have been too liberal with me, and I am getting to realize that I am rather extravagant, and so I wish to be taught economy. Your mother and I are better acquainted than you think, and I am sure we shall get along well together."

Then he said something rather incoherently, to which she replied in a tone inaudible but to the ear for which it was meant. And then, after further conversation, which the reader is left to imagine, she said:

"Well, then, a year from to-day."

When Tom got home, he found his mother asleep in her chair. So he hastily scribbled something on a piece of paper, put it where she would see it on awaking, and stole like a guilty felon to bed.

And this is what he wrote:

DEAR MOTHER,

Will you as a special favour let me get my own breakfast in the morning? You will find me sitting up a late hour. I will be over to see you to-morrow. I am, my dear mother, your affectionate son,  
TOM

WILLIAM L. JAMES







# THE SEA SERPENT

BY WILLIAM T. JAMES

'T WAS summer off the Fishing  
Banks,  
And daybreak by the clocks;  
But never a gleam of rising sun  
Illumed Newfoundland's rocks.

A morning mist hung o'er the sea,  
And through the drifting fog  
The *Bonnie Dundee* sailed warily  
As Angus heaved the log.

Now why should Angus drop the line,  
What blanched his florid cheek?  
"Did ever a body hear a cry  
More like a madman's shriek?"

"God's name! What might that be!"  
he gasped,  
"What hell hound hath been slipped?"  
As into the mist he peered awhile  
The sweat of terror dripped.

Aghast he stood with palsied limbs,  
'Twas not the ensign's flap,  
Nor creak of the cordage, fast belayed.  
Was it a wrecker's trap?

Up from the cabin came the mate,  
A question in his eye;  
The seaman essayed to tell his tale,  
And swooned as he did try.

(Good Beer)

But while the clustering crew discussed  
In whispers what they'd heard,  
A loud swelled with a weird emphasis  
Another, and a third!

"Now, scuttle me!" the skipper quoth;  
"I'll know whence came that sound.  
Jock, down with the helm and bring her to:  
We'll see what can be found."

While yet he spake, with creeping flesh,  
They heard a gruesome yell;  
And over the bow they saw what seemed  
A very fiend from hell.

A fishing dory, waterlogged,  
They dimly could descry,  
And manned by a figure bolt erect,  
With frenzy in his eye.

He waved his arms, he cursed and prayed;  
He gnashed his glittering teeth;  
Nor ghastlier face of a strangled corpse  
Was seen on a gibbet heath.

He gazed and pointed out to sea,  
Then, shuddering, shrieked with fear,  
And gibbered, and grinned, and groaned, and moaned,  
But shed no soothing tear.

Yet what he saw was hid to them  
In such uncertain light;  
But, goblin or ghost, or monster grim,  
He'd gone stark mad with fright.

"A rope—heave him a rope, my lads!"  
It fell within his reach.  
He climbed like a cat the vessel's side,  
And whooped an owlish screech.

Nor voice nor hand could stay his flight:  
When once he'd gained the shrouds,  
He scurried aloft till hid from view  
Among the misty clouds.

And there he perched like a wild baboon,  
And there they heard him groan.  
Now, surely the man's possessed, my lads,  
The devil hath seized his own!"

Not a startled seaman dared reply  
Her mute spectator stirred,  
For deep in the fog to seaward lay  
An awful sound was heard

BOON (1860)

First like an eerie whispering  
Upon the forest breeze;  
And then like a mighty hurricane  
That snaps the stoutest trees.

It rose and fell, 'midst furious snorts  
And thundrous, plunging boom:  
A sibilant shriek, like Satan's fiends  
Let loose at the Day of Doom.

"Thank God! the sun is up, my lads,"  
Came from the captain's lips;  
And every man braced himself to meet  
The dread apocalypse.

All in a trice a monster rose  
A cable's length away;  
It hissed as it spouted a copious stream  
That drenched them all with spray

A billow carried away the jibs.  
Oh! how the ship did quake;  
For never before, on sea or land,  
Was seen so huge a snake

What kraken from the nether deep  
Or dragon from its den,  
Was ever so hideous as the sight  
That sore appalled them then?

Full twenty feet its viperous head  
And neck of scaly mail  
Protruded above a trunk which had  
A barbed ten fathom tail.

Its gleaming, phosphorescent eyes;  
Its black, ferocious maw;  
Its horrid appearance, monstrous size,  
Smote one and all with awe.

Ridged was its back of mottled brown,  
Sleek saffron underneath;  
And it writhed through the water to the ship,  
Showing its saw-like teeth.

On on it came! A crested wave  
Rose high before its breast;  
Its wake with a viscid slime was  
And spread due East and West

While every eye in the alarm  
Was fixed upon the scene,  
A terrible cry caused each to  
The man of frenzied mien

## Boob (The)

High on the main top still he stood  
All trembling like to fall;  
His gaze on the reptile's jaws was set  
His will in the serpent's thrall.

Nor had they time to turn their eyes  
Upon the coming foe,  
Ere he in a mortal fright had dropped  
Stone dead on the deck below.

On came the monster—on—and on;  
The ship heaved fore and aft.  
Transfixed by the sight, the spellbound mate  
For stress of fear went daft.

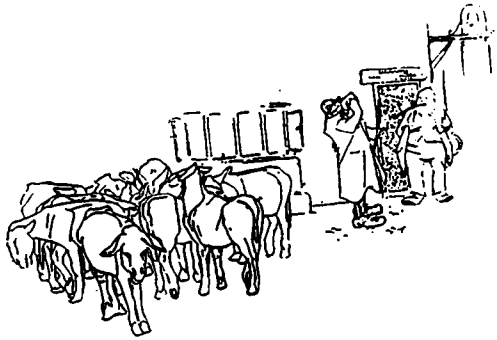
And snatching up the madman's corse,  
He cast it in the sea;  
When quick as a flash the reptile's maw  
Had gulped the mystery.

Down plunged the serpent with its prey,  
With tail erectly raised,  
While each of the crew and captain stood  
Both horror struck and dazed.

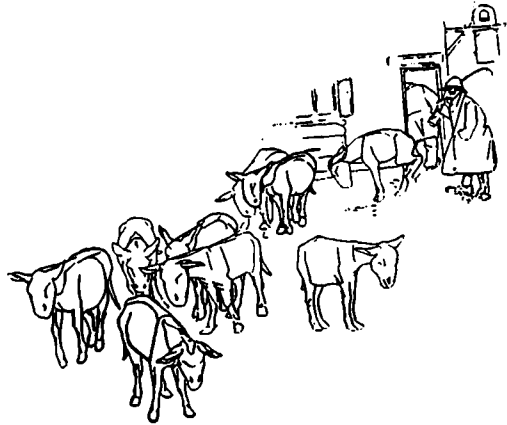
Fathom by fathom down it went  
Until a vortex swirled,  
And rasping against the vessel's hull  
It sank to the wether-wood.



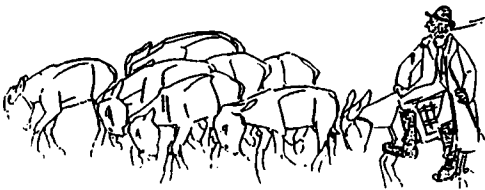
# The Countryman and His Asses



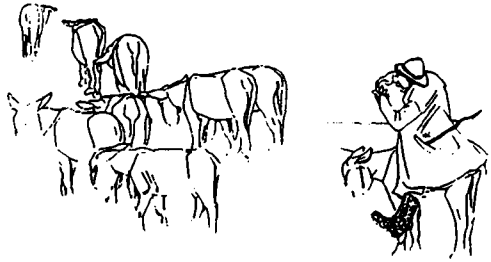
1.—A countryman had been to market with his corn—



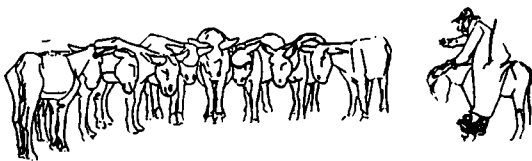
2.—And, driving his asses home again—



3.—Mounted one of them to rest himself



4.—When he saw they had begun counting them



5.—And so kept telling them over and over again



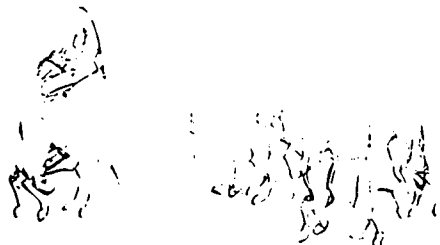
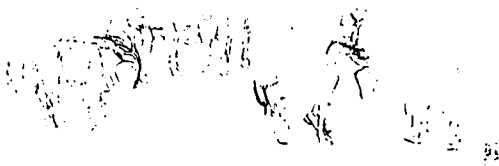
6.—Fore and aft, left and right



7.—But still wanted one of his number

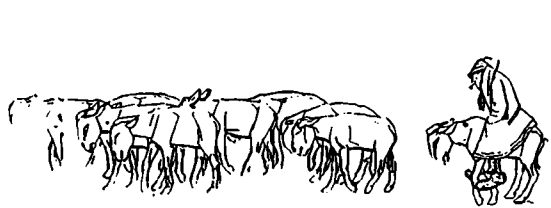


8.—Upon their back he goes





11. But he could learn no tidings of him



12. And so home he went, late at night, weary and worn, as big a fool as he set out.



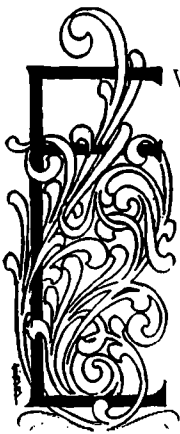
13. The loss went to the heart of him;



14.—But his wife, giving him the hint, he found his beast again, and that the ass he rode upon was forgot in the reckoning.

*J. A. Shepherd, in The Strand.*

## Names to Conjure With



WHEN the City Directory has its humour, and as the cold flint may be made to emit a spark, so from such a source may be conjured facetious pleasantry. Among the five thousand names of boys on our books one would expect to find some very odd specimens of cognomens, susceptible of combinations most comical and amusing; but when we have opened our Noah's ark and paraded its occupants and denizens before the reader, he may haply feel surprised to see the number of curiosities it contained.

As all the names begin with a capital letter, the discerning reader will have no difficulty in picking them out. The first letter of a paragraph or of a new sentence necessarily begins with a capital, whether the first word be that of a proper name or otherwise.

First let us have an exhibition of natural history. Our collection contains, among the feathered tribe: A Bird with two Beaks near a Bush; a Polley Parrott; a Pigeon, to Pout and Preen; a Wren, Finch, two Robins, a Sparrow, Starling, Titmuss and a Rainbird; a Swift and a Martin; a Rooke and a Raven; a Woodcock, Brace of Partridge and a Warren; a Crane and other Waders; a Downy Chick with a Hatcher; a Duck, a Drake and a Duckett; a Gander and a Swan. And to prey on these we have an Owlett, a Hawke, a Condor and a Spread Eagle, Eagling.

Passing on to the next caravan, we behold first a Denman and Broom to keep it clean; a Bull, a Bullock, a Duncalf and Veales, and several Steers, on the Hoof, that can Low; a Palfrey and Foale that can Trott; a Beagle, Panting Colley and several other Barkers; a Kidd and a Lamb; a Buck, Hart and Hind; and, reposing in peace together, a curious mixture of Mole, Squirrel, Fox, Turtle, Howling Leopard and Griffin.

We have also a well stocked aquarium, in which, of course, there are real fish, with Finn and Gill, including Chub, Roach, Mullett, Pike, Gudgeon, Salmon, Sturgeon, Lung, a Codling, and a live Whale that doesn't rise to spout oftener than once a month. To represent the amphibia, we are obliged to nominate our Froggett. The Cocker, as everybody knows, belongs to the

mollusca class of the animal kingdom. We have one of the snails, and are now looking round for a periwinkle to keep him company. If Fosse and Winkless would only come together and agree to drop the final 'g', we should then have several.

We have a Honeybourne, Honeybell and a Honeychurch, with about one hundred pounds of Honey, all for the delectation of one solitary Hornett.

In the botanical line, we could provide the reader with a Rose in Budd, Briars with a Thorn, Hawthorn Hedges with May in Flower; and, being the season of Yule, we have access to a whole Hollyfield, with which to decorate the Homes. You cannot begin to appreciate our resources. We can disport ourselves Ahmid Hazell Groves, or wander down Greenstreet into the Greenwood, there to gather the Woodnutt, or recline in the Underwood of the Forrest until the Dew falls on the Wold. Follow us Down into the Dell and through the Marsh, where the Reed, Rush and Moss grow; then over Mucklestones to the Hill, and up the Mountain, whereon the Rowan casts its shade; returning through the Gorse on the Heath, where we shall Pickup the aromatic Fennell and perhaps Platt a Garland, if we do not also find a Black Berry on the Bush. Arriving home, we will pass through the Applegate (so called because there was once found an Appleby it) and visit the Crabtree, there to feel in our inmost Soule, as we cast aside the last Core, that we are in for the colic. Here is the Murphy and Bean patch, and there the Sage. (No Pinchin the Musk, now!) Perhaps if we shake the Cherry and Date trees, they will bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Now, with the exception of some Pollard Oakes and a Birch, you have seen all that is to be seen hereabouts. Look out! Here comes a Wynd that Withers all. Let us go hence to the Farm.

Here is a Field of Oates in prime condition; yonder is the Barnhouse and Haye(s) Loft; that is the Garner, with Allcorn in it; and the Goodman you see talking to the Granger smoking a Cobb, is the Farmer, and the Fairchild is the Yeomanson. This Windmill supplies the Stock from the Wells; and here come Turnbull the Stockman, and Hodge the Shepherd, with his Crook. We shall see Gutteridge the Hedger presently, as he Delves for Digweed with a Mattock. Come now this Way over the Stiles, leap the Last Hurdle, and we are at the Poole, where the Millwater rises, flowing thence beneath the Bridge and through the Vale toward the Mills, which it has been known to Flood as well as the Fenn and part of the Moore. Chugg the Ploughman will be Goodenough to show us the way to the Thorpe, where we will Gotobed.

While we are neither builders nor architects, we could provide a Hutt or a Hall, with the necessary Chambers, Kitchen, Garrett, Gable and Eaves; and should you have Heard of any company about to build Carr Stables that are Carless, please refer them to us.

We are well up in geography, as the following (by no means all) will show. England, Ireland, Wales (and another that is Welsh), Paddington, London, Kent, Oxford, Cambridge, Wiltshire, Nottingham, Tunbridge, Southgate, Ascot, Bath, Winchester, Essex, Warrington, Lancaster, York, Bray, Limerick, Friscoe, Holland, and Dutch Mann.

Ought we not to be proud of our Nice, Sweet, Goodchild and Toys (also a Bogie for when he is bad), especially when we are also blest with a Fairchild and Muckle Moore Little Childs in Swaddling Rayment, awaiting a Pickup by a Clasper—not a Mann Crumpler of their Summer Garbe?

Besides these our large family comprises boys who are Blunt and sharp: Finny, Short and Shorter, Long, Broad or Round, an Odd fellow, one who is Humble, and one who thinks much of Self. Boys who Revell in a Rackett or Start a Shine, or who Glide into Amess with Strange Folley, and other Gay Young Sparks who Grieve or Rouse Masters to a Fury, thereby Paley, getog Downward till Dunsday, when their names will be Dennis. There is a Duff and a Duffy, but never a duffer among; them. Nevertheless, if the truth must

be told, there is a Mooney, Looney Booby—a perfect Guy—whom we would fain drown. To compensate for this misfortune, we are to be congratulated on having a Rising Senior, who with his Dexter Hand Cutforth a niche in Easey Street, which he will henceforth (a)Down, should he not make a Flock. True, there is also a couple who are prone to a Wink or a Knapp at any hour of the Day or Knight, Winter and Summer; but if they don't wake up and become Winkless, they may be escorted to rest by John Gotobed, accompanied by a Couch and Cushion, and kept under Locke and Key. We have no objection to a legitimate liking for pork; but when you have boys who are known to Grabham and Hook Bacon, what are you going to do about it? They must be taken Down a Pegg. "No Cross, no Crown" sounds somewhat amiss in our ears; we have both. We rejoice in the acquaintance of a Batchelor and a Dadd; and, paradoxical though it may be, a Tidy Wragg is not with us an impossibility. A Jehu and a Hack are a good combination; but, alas! we lack a Fare to keep them employed. Among our bric-a-brac we find an Odd Head, Hand, Foot and a Legg. As these are of little use without the other parts, contributions of anatomy will be thankfully received. If you don't believe it, we have Fax to prove it; and "Fax are stubborn things." Eureka! Here are a Brain and a Bone, so that the remains are not Allbone. Our Riches consist of a Rothschild, a Farthing, a Diamond, a Precious Stone of Jasper, a Jewell, an Aggett and a Flint (which at present we find hard to negotiate), with Banks in which to deposit our "Brass," which Boon is not likely to stay there long enough to Rust or lure those who Steele. We also own an interest in the Last Chance Mines of Rhodes' at the Rand, and can supply a Derrick to Lift out the Gold. Formerly Andrew Drew Drewitt up by Hand Power. It is hardly worth mentioning, but our assets include a pecuniary interest in sundry unremunerative Stocks and Bonds. We can boast of a Wise Sage; a Cousin, Croney and Friend; a Weekly and Yearly New Moon; a March and a May; the four points of the compass, North, South, East and West, as well as the Southern Cross; a Tower and a Bell to Ring; a Cotter and a Cotman; a Freeman, a Freeborough and other Burrows; a Beach, Burn, Brook and a Fulbrook; and an Inch, Foot and Miles. Don't tell anybody, but we keep a Taphouse, with Groggins the Brewer, Jolley Boniface Groggan, and Jiggers the Corker, in attendance; Whincup (pronounce winecup) and Lees; and one who will Philpott or Cann with Beers, Porter, Ginn, Sherry or Allport, although we recommend the reader to Drinkwater. Lumbermen may be surprised to hear of the extent of our timber berths, viz.: Northwood, Eastwood, Southwood and Westwood, in addition to a Littlewood, a Lightwood, an Underwood, a Hogwood and other Wood. And in affairs of the heart, if you would enlist the favour of Venuss for any Spooner who longs for a Kiss, or would charm with a Valentine the Wiles of his Lovelady, consult us. Our stock is replete with a Swaine that does not Simper, a Lovelock, Lovejoy, Loveland, Lverage and one Freeloze, who, we trust, is not so indiscriminate in his affections as his name implies.

As regards matters musical, when you are about to prepare for a concert, run your eye over our talent and get our terms. Our artists include a Fidler (Vidler if preferred), Harper, Hornblower, Carroll Singer, and Mr. Jiggins, who can Dance, Clapp and Ring Ding the Bell. (See press notices).

How is this for a list of tradesmen? Baker and Peel; Butcher and Cleaver; Chinn Chinner the Barber, with a Wooley Whitehead, Curl, Beard and Towell; Cook and Kitchen, with Legg of Mutton and Savory Jellie; Coster and Barrow, Chapman, Hawker and Huxter; Cable Messenger and Porter; Brewer, Cooper, Hooper and Butt, Chandler, Boiling, Coleman and Cole; Cheeseman and Press, Carter and Cartwright, Carpenter, with Gouge, Chalk, Knott of Wood and a Keen Toul to Hewitt; Daubney the Painter and Glazier, with Muller; Dazley, Sheen Gilmansteeve the Goldsmith, and 117 other Smiths; Dyer and the following colours—Auburn, Bright Brown, Black, Dark Dunn, Gray, Green and



White; Fuller and Foreman; Farmer and Farm; Fletcher, Forrester, Woodman and Maule; Gardener, Budd and Flower; Groom and Grainger; Keeper and Gunn; Leach and Heal; Mason, Paviour, Slater and Tyler; Miller and Mills; Mercer and Draper, with Tucker and Tippet; Moulder and Maker of Scates; Plummer; Potter and Potts; Penman, with Inkpen and Penfield; Steward, Plowman, Stockman, Shepherd and Crook; Webber the Spinner, with Card and Pulley; Sadler, with Crupper, Collar and Buckle; Taylor, with Coates, Patching and Trimmings; Tanner, Skinner and Hides; Turner, and a Corner to turn; Weaver and Bobbins.

While we are "at sea" in conjuring this Mosaic nomenclature into shape, perhaps we had better turn to nautical subjects, and see what we can do towards fitting out a fleet. First, then, we have Wessels (as our Sam Weller would say) and their Tackling; Briggs, Hulls, Hulks, a Barge, Stone Hooker, Hoy and a Ferry Boat, manned by an entire Crewe, Mates and a Skipper, an experienced Marriner. With him sails no less distinguished sailors than Nelson, Howe and Howard, the heroes of the Flood. They go down to the Key, Baile out the Boat, haul in the Slack and Rowe from the Shore Seaforth. They Hale the Cliff from the Hoy with a Last good-bye. They encounter a Head Wynd, which increases to a Stiff Breese, and soon to a Gale. The Harbour is on the Lee, so they Luff. The Water(s) Foames; Hoar Frost is followed by Snow, and this by a big Hailstone, which sends them to Davey Jones' Locker, where their bodies are found by Divers in a Corral Seagrott. Very sad, isn't it?

Now for a battle. The Camp is Rouse(d) by a Call to Hands (we are out of Arms just now). Headed by the Smart Piper, the Sergeant and Tommy Atkins March to the Attack, under Lord Clive, their Commander. "Let 'er go, Gallagher!" says the Field Marshall. The Cannon Bangs, and a Craven Gunner, Faint with Fears, is Shott. "Golightly Holt! Brake ranks and Pepper 'em," says the Major. Mulvaney, a Doughty Champion, though no Bragger, would Dare anything. He is seen to Gard and Pany the Steel of a Savage Spearman, and Pierce him; and when Shotten through the Foot at the Ford, tries to Pickup his Gunn and Capps to avenge Gordon. He Coward he, Cares Graves, Cairns, and Trimmings *en suite*.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is Why we are thus prepared for recreative sports with: Fielder and Pitchers, Fox Chase, Curling, Hunter and Horn, Field and Hunt, Fisher and Fowler, Bowles and Bowling, Ball and Bailes, and a Gamble without a bet. Marion the Archer says a Bowman, Bending his bow, Ames at the Butts and hits Fletcher the Arrowsmith.

The following celebrities may be found among our boys: Milton, Browning, Byron, Cowper, Cowley, Parnell and Dibden, the poets; the Duke of Buckingham, Chamberlain, Lansdowne and Washington (with his Little Hatchett), the statesmen; Emerson and Bacon, the philosophers; Lubbock the scientist, Wellington the warrior, and Booth and Irving the actors; Sayers and Corbett, the pugilists; Rothschild and his Riches, and Messrs. Weller, Hubbard and Grundy, too familiar for comment.

Among our nobility there is a King, Rex, Duke, Lord, Laird and Noble; and in the lists of chivalry, a Knight, a Squire, a Page and a Palmer, equipped with Garters, Shields, a Banner and a Gage, with a Castle to storm; eke a Roadknight, Rider and Spearman.

We ought to be prepared for litigation at any moment, for we retain in our interests: A'Court, Sessions, Masters of the Kolls, a Just Judge, Reeve, Crink, Constable, Bedle, Surety, a Grant, Wills, a shoke Suite, and when necessary Lynch Law.

In the Biblical and ecclesiastical departments we have the patriarchs, and Elders with two Adams and Eves, a Cain and an Abel, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Abigail and Lott; and, further on, Baalam, plus a Boy miming an ass, one who dares to be a Dantel and stand alone, David and Dauiden, be it so.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; Thomas and James, and Peter and Paul. Ridley and Latimer, and another Martyr, lie buried in our tomes. Jordan runs through one of our books, together with the Kingdom of the Heavens and the Hope to get there. We are not without a Kirk, Church, Font and Churchyard, with a Parish on a Churchill. These, of course, presuppose a Bishop, Dean and Parsons, one who is almost a Devine, a Sexton and Proctor; a Chapel and a Chaplin; a Moody and a Holdforth. And, to show that we are without prejudice, we entertain the Pope himself, an Abbott, a Prior, a Priest, a Bald Monk and a Fryer, with (Saints) Patrick and Dominick in person.

And among curious names which tax our memory and orthography, we might cite a few, such as: Fragle and Fann, Antwistle and Atherton, Cripps and Cuttress, Dagg and Jiggers, Foster and Fuggles, Grinway and Gambrial, Allum and Ariss, Willings and Weatherhead, Munday and Weeks, Wash and Why, Double and Askew, Farrow and Barrow, Gogus and Robus, Strugnell and Snusher, Golightly and Gotobed, Hanks and Bancks. The last-named boy goes Samuel Percy Stanley Sykes one better, for he has a name which has overflowed its Bancks, our books and this article, and formed a cascade which runs to this effect:

ARTHUR RUNDLE BILLINGS BLUNDELL BANCKS.

Though Barnum boasted on his flaring bill  
Colossal freaks, his circus tent to fill,  
Ne'er had he such, that now adorns our ranks,  
As Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks!

Nay, deem it not a fiction; of a truth,  
Baptized as such (and still alive!), this youth  
Narrates his name as one who tells a tale,  
And (pass the salt!) pays double for his mail

Say, Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks,  
What moved thy sire to such poetic pranks?  
Why thus distinguish by so long a name  
Thine infant self? Ah, yes to bring thee fame!

And fame thou hast; for who like thee can boast  
The sounding nomenclature of a host?  
Utilitarian, what might be made  
With A. R. B. B. B. in Barnum's trade!

"Walk up, good people! Do not miss the show!  
Great A. R. B. B. B. from Mexico,  
The only living being on the earth  
Named with a pocket lexicon at birth!

"Walk up, I say! Hi! hi there! Be in time!  
A human verse in metre minus rhyme!  
Recites his name from mem'ry! Hustle in,  
And hear the wordy wonder now begin!"

The paltry Jones title Brown or myrrad Smith,  
But one commensurate of his lath,  
He stands unique, conspicuous on our books,  
That he who runs may read with sundry looks,  
And, chuckling, ask (he also slaps our flanks!):  
*Who's Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks?*