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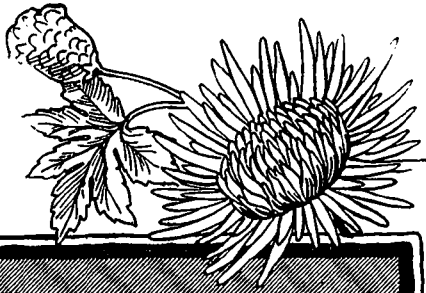
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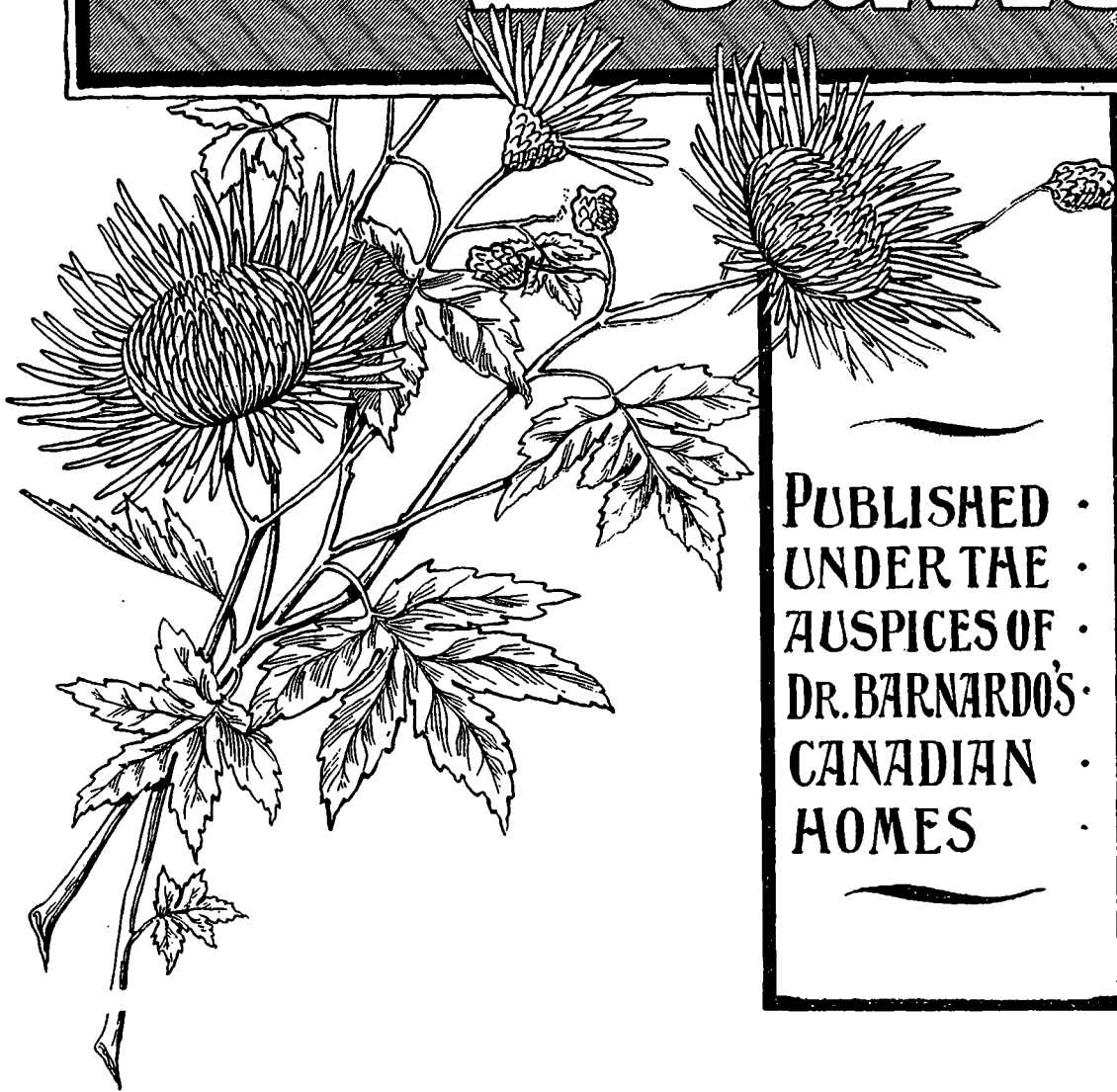
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Tips and Downs



PUBLISHED ·
UNDER THE ·
AUSPICES OF ·
DR. BARNARD'S ·
CANADIAN ·
HOMES ·

PUBLISHED
QUARTERLY ~

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The Executive Officers of the Barnardo Girls' League.



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Editorial Notes

13,500. ANOTHER large addition to Dr. Barnardo's family in Canada has taken place since our last issue. The party of 316 that sailed from Liverpool on March 19th, and landed in Halifax on the 28th, brings the number of our young colonists to the respectable total of 13,500. A great host, this; and who can estimate the amount of good accomplished that these figures represent, of individual lives uplifted and the way opened for them to honest independence, of the relief to the conditions of suffering and overcrowding and struggle for existence in the Old Land, the benefit to Canada of such an addition to her population of healthy, industrious colonists, the grand achievement in the path of social reform, the advancement of the work of Christ on earth in changing for so many thousands an environment of want, hardship, dependence and degradation for one of hope and brightness, and moral and physical healthfulness?

☪

Across the Atlantic. We crossed by the good ship *Canada*, of the Dominion Line, the vessel that has been making a great name for herself during the past three years in the transport service to South Africa,

carrying Lord Roberts and other distinguished military personages, and many thousands of troops to and from the seat of war. She was, of course, crowded with passengers, every foot of space devoted to the accommodation of second and third-class passengers being engaged long before the date of sailing. We had to pack in tight, but under the circumstances our party was well quartered, and everything possible was done for our convenience and comfort. The weather was what weather generally is on the North Atlantic in March, everything by turns, and nothing long. On one or two days our young travellers saw the Atlantic in its wildest mood, but there were occasional fine intervals between gales and squalls, and although the passage was decidedly a "dirty" one, and by no means the sort of experience that one looks back upon as among the delights of life, no one was any the worse for it, and we landed all our charges safe and sound, and most of them in what might be called "tip-top" condition.

Departments
and
Discipline

Union B.

As to the matter of wind and weather, the journey had few incidents of special interest. Of course the

boys were at first very sick and could eat nothing, and afterwards very well and could eat all day and everything in sight. The general conduct and behaviour was excellent, and, in fact, considering the trying conditions, we could hardly conceive of a small army of boys behaving better or giving less trouble. Certainly the standard of our disciplinary requirements on board ship is not a particularly severe one, but we enforce cleanliness of person, silence and order at meals, the keeping within the prescribed limits on deck, "turning out" and "turning in" sharply when ordered, and propriety of language and conduct both below and on deck, the precept and example of other passengers notwithstanding. For a crowded emigrant ship is eminently a place where Satan finds much mischief for idle hands and tongues, and on board the *Canada*, with 1,300 passengers, mostly young men of various nationalities and degrees, our boys had to see and hear much that was neither improving or edifying, and which made their own good order and evidences of careful training the more noticeable by contrast. "Oh, what a difference!" as an officer of the ship emphatically remarked as he entered our quarters during the progress of a meal after making a tour of inspection through other compartments of the male steerage and emerging from the tumult and din into our domain of silence and order. We are not suggesting that our boys were not capable of making plenty of noise on occasion, and on deck their shouts could often be heard above the howling of wind and waves; but they knew, or if they did not, we soon let them know, that there are times and seasons when tongues must be given a rest, when silence is golden, and talking, or any kind of disorderly noise, would mean trouble.

In the maintenance of discipline, and in all matters relating to the care and charge of

our large consignment, we were splendidly helped and seconded by our two assistants, Mr. W. H. Lloyd and Mr. Ernest Nunn. Mr. Lloyd is an old sea-dog, and has been with us before, and we hope will often be with us again. We could not desire to have at our right hand a more willing, conscientious and thoroughly dependable helper, or one who would be kinder to the boys, and who, when going amongst them, realizes that he is about his Master's business and loses no opportunity of dropping the word in season that, although it may seem like bread cast upon the waters, may be found after many days, and have proved to many a youngster the means of directing and keeping him in the right path. Mr. Nunn was having his breaking-in to the sea, and if ever sea-sickness was manfully and heroically resisted it was when it attacked our friend, Mr. Nunn, and sought to lay him by the heels. Washed out of his room by leaks in the deck, unable to touch or look at food, evidently suffering horribly, our colleague stuck cheerfully and bravely to his post, and throughout the journey by sea and land rendered us faithful and efficient service, of which we have to express our high and grateful appreciation. He has, we hope, returned to his post in London as Superintendent of the Union Jack Shoeblack Brigade feeling all the better for his trip and for the little insight it will have given him into Canadian life and work.



Different Kinds and from Different Quarters. IN accordance with established custom, we privately interviewed each member of the party during the voyage, making full notes for our future use and guidance of the impressions gathered at these interviews to supplement our observations at other times and such hints or information as might have been given us by people at home, the Masters of the different Homes, the Chaplain and others. We may say of the party that we consider our community in Canada may heartily

congratulate themselves upon this latest addition to their number. From all we had heard we had expected a good party, both in quality and quantity, and our expectations were more than realized. There were boys of various shapes, sorts and sizes. There were good boys, better boys and best boys, possibly some boys who are not good, but this time will show. There were many remarkably bright and intelligent boys, others whose minds and bodies were of heavier and slower make, but who will perhaps "get there" all the same. We had boys from almost all Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Institutions, whose number is now legion, and which cover every corner of the United Kingdom, and Ireland into the bargain. We heard English "as she is spoke" in almost every species of dialect and brogue. The first boy that came into the room would be a pronounced Cockney; the next would answer our questions, and probably volunteer a great deal of information in addition, including his experiences on the last 12th of July, in a rich County Antrim brogue; another, addressing us as "Zurr," would inform us that his birthplace was in "Zomerzet," and that he came in through the Home in "Baath"; the next would treat us to some genuine Lancashire twang, and then our ears would be refreshed by what always strikes us as the rather musical East Coast drawl. There were several typical "Brummies" in the party (gentlemen from Birmingham, we may explain for the benefit of the unsophisticated among our readers, fellow-townsmen of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain), and Newcastle and the far North were well represented. Scotland contributed her quota to the consignment, and we strongly impressed upon these young Highlanders and Lowlanders that they belonged to a highly favoured race—not that Scotchmen generally need at all to be reminded of this—but we were talking with an object, and wished to make them realize that they had a high national repu-

tation to uphold in Canada, and we looked to the national intelligence of worthy the honour of the name of Scotland and her sons.

The Right Men ON one point
in the Right everyone was unani-
Place. mous—the answer

to the question, "What do you want to make of yourself in Canada?" being always a "farmer," or a "cowboy." Needless to say we were entirely in accord with the wish and ambition of our young charges. The farm is, as every year's experience more strongly than ever convinces us, the right place for our boys in Canada. It is the place to build up their constitutions, and make them strong, healthy and robust; it is the place where their labour is always in demand, and where they need never be idle or have to seek for employment. In the farmers' homes, and amongst the country households to which they are sent, they are received on terms of equality, and admitted to a share in the family life as they could be nowhere else, and they receive a training in habits of thrift, industry, self reliance and clean living. They can earn good wages besides their board, and if they stick to the land and lay by their money, they can soon have land of their own, and be on the way to prosperous independence, while even if ultimately they take up some other occupation the farm will have proved the best possible training school, and the best introduction to life in Canada. In this connection, we must express our strong dissent from the views recently expressed by a Government official who has been giving the public the benefit of his opinions of our work through the medium of the newspapers in the West. This gentleman, while generally speaking in terms of high praise of Dr. Barnardo's boys, and of the methods of his work in Canada, criticizes our placing boys in a manner that he styles "indiscriminately" upon farms, when, as he thinks, some would be more suitably provided for at trades

of city employment. We fully admit that boys' tastes and capabilities differ widely, and all are not adapted to country life, but on their first arrival, when they have to become acclimatized, to become familiar with the ways, customs, habits and speech of the new country, the farm-house is the right home for them, and we are satisfied that we should court failure, and commit a very grave mistake if, unless in very rare cases, as at present, we were to seek employment for our boys in large towns and place them as apprentices to trades or as "hands" in manufacturing establishments, where they would live in boarding-houses, and in their spare hours be exposed to all the temptations of the street. We are no novices in our work, and we speak whereof we know when we assert that our present policy is the right and safe one to adopt, and that we should grievously detract from the usefulness and fruitful results of Dr. Barnardo's work if we were to settle boys in any considerable numbers anywhere but on the farms and in the towns of the West.

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We confidently predict that the pages of our *Boy Life in the North West*, present number, will be read with the greatest interest and pleasure are those that contain the letters from our lads in the West. Old readers of *UPS AND DOWNS* will remember that on several previous occasions we have given special space to contributions from the section of Dr. Barnardo's big family whose headquarters are in the Winnipeg Institution, and whose homes lie to the west of the Red River of the North. We are very glad to have these letters to publish, not only because we wish the Western branch of our family to know and realize that they have a full share and place in the columns of *Ups and Downs*, but also on account of the generally bright and hopeful impressions of the present and future of our boys that these little narratively set personal

experiences cannot fail to convey. Here we have at first hand the record of what our boys are doing, how their time is spent in summer and winter, what their individual opinions are of the great country that is theirs by adoption, and what are their own plans and ideas for themselves for the coming years. And right heartily we congratulate our young correspondents upon what they have had to tell of themselves, and the way in which most of them have told it. We have wondered, indeed, to ourselves as we have read and re-read these letters, what the least friendly critic of our work could take exception to in the picture they give us of our boys in their Western homes. They leave no doubt in anyone's mind as to our youngsters having their full share of work. No one who reads of the herding of cattle on the prairie in the summer, the stacking of grain in the harvest field, the autumn threshing, the tending of stock throughout the winter, can accuse our lads of being cumberers of the ground, or can suggest that they are not earning their bread by the sweat of their face; but the letters show that the boys are interested in their work, and in its results; that it is not a mere dreary round of toil in which the chief concern is to get through the day's allotted task with the least exertion and without knowing or caring what object their efforts are serving. It is easy to imagine—and in many cases the surmise would, no doubt, be correct—that the boys are well-nigh as much interested in the number of bushels of wheat garnered, and the price realized, and the welfare of the live stock, as the master and owner himself. Labour is the lot of man and of our little lads in common with the rest of the human family, but there is nothing that suggests grinding drudgery; no echo of "The Song of the Shirt" in what our youngsters write of their work a day experiences. There are references to games and sports and entertainments sufficient to show that our boys have a fair share of

recreation, and that life is not with them "all work and no play." Certainly the hours are long, but even on the score of hours we hardly think our youngsters need much compassion. Even if they do help to fodder the cattle after supper, we doubt if they are less happy, while in the interests of their own welfare, they are infinitely better employed than the boys in the city who are spending the evening hanging about street corners, or about the doors of low theatres. Moreover, most lads of their station would be expected, if living at home, to make themselves in some manner useful to their parents beyond and apart from the day's work in the factory or shop. Even, therefore, though there are "chores" to do night and morning, we greatly question if our lads work any longer hours throughout the year than those whose time of employment may sound much shorter.

**Happy Lives
and Bright
Prospects.**

ON the other hand, where are the working lads in England who can speak of a day's shooting or fishing as a matter of course, who are invited guests to social entertainments, dancing parties and so forth, at which they meet on terms of perfect equality people of the best position in the community, and where is the prospect before our eight-hour city workers of becoming in three or four years' time owners of good properties, masters instead of servants, and taking a position as independent as any in the world? True it is, and always will be, that there is no lot in the world without its drawbacks, and we cannot expect that even in the North-West of Canada life's pathway will be strewn for our boys with roses amongst which there shall be no thorns; but we maintain, and we think these letters attest, that for those who have written them, and for the many others whom they represent, and whose experiences are similar, life is opening up under rarely bright and hopeful

auspices, that they are enjoying in very rich measure the temporal blessings of vigorous health, happiness in their occupation, and an almost assured prospect of independence in the future. There are, no doubt, individuals to be found who can croak and complain over the results of Dr. Barnardo's work in placing out these boys in the homes in which they are growing up, and from which they have recounted their own experiences; who can cite isolated cases of failure or dissatisfaction in condemnation of the system, of the country, or of the young colonists as a class. Let such dissentients show us a more excellent way; but meanwhile we rejoice with unfeigned thankfulness over the evidences so abundant and convincing to our own minds that Dr. Barnardo's work is nobly benefitting these boys by setting them forth on careers where by their own industry and honest effort they can reach affluence and prosperity, and, on the other hand, rendering priceless service to the Dominion and to the Empire by placing such opportunities of usefulness and success within the reach of those who, but for his aid, might have become a burden, a problem, and a discredit to the Commonwealth.

**The Golden
West.**

AS for the great land of plenty, from which our boys write, and in which they all intend to become settlers, we commend these letters to anyone who doubts the capabilities, the productiveness, the healthfulness, the wealth of natural resource of those vast prairie regions that are rapidly making good their claim to be called the Granary of the World. We have letters here from all parts of the West, from the ranching districts of Alberta under the shadow of the Rockies, from the rolling plains of Assiniboia, from the picturesque park lands of Saskatchewan, and the rich, level, treeless prairies of the Red River Valley in Manitoba. From grain farms, stock farms, dairies, market gardens

we have the same story of good crops, rich returns and hopeful prospects, and we gather the same impression of a country whose prosperity is advancing by leaps and bounds. No one, indeed, can visit the Canadian West, or come into contact with any class of its population, without realizing the magnificence of the openings it affords, and the greatness of the country's future. The Western provinces have well-nigh passed the pioneer stage, and the land is now in the hands of men who have acquired it to cultivate and develop their properties, and to make homes for themselves and their families. It is no longer the happy hunting-ground of the adventurer and fortune-seeker class. The process of time and low temperatures have effectually weeded out the Micawber clan, and the people who sat about hotel bars waiting for "something to turn up" have given place to those who are content to turn up the prairie sod. Young Englishmen of the smart set, who used to arrive in rich assortments equipped with guns, revolvers, saddles, and all the paraphernalia of Bond Street colonial outfitters, and who, having demonstrated their uselessness for any other place and occupation, considered themselves, and were considered by their friends, as just the right people for Manitoba, have long since voted the country to be "no good," and are seeking fresh fields and pastures green. The worthy gentlemen, lay and clerical, titled and otherwise, who used to arrive by every train charged with mighty schemes of colonization, who had made all arrangements for settling tribes of European people on the prairies, or who had come to set the country to rights by planting in its midst communities of Episcopalians, or teetotallers, or Irish Home Rulers, or East London dock labourers, have diverted their energies in other directions. The country has, in fact, got down to business, and the next few years have undoubtedly great things in store for those who have already

got a foothold there. It is in my opinion the only country in the world where the lawless element has been so completely exterminated.

☞

**Freedom
without
Lawlessness.**

HAPPILY for our boys and for the other colonists of the Canadian West, the country is entirely free from the lawless, cut-throat element that has been so much in evidence in the early days of settlement across the international border. The desperado of the American West so familiar to the readers of dime novels, and by no means entirely a creature of fiction, has never extended the field of his exploits to Canadian territory. Life and property are as secure, and the law as well enforced, in the remotest settlements of our Western territories as in Kent or Hampshire, and a revolver is as unnecessary and superfluous an article of equipment on the Canadian prairies as in the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral. Happily for itself, the natural conditions of the country are such that it presents no attraction for the idle, dissolute, shiftless elements of population. It is a country that will draw to itself the hardy, the active, the strenuous and the ambitious, and that is destined, we believe, to rear a splendid race of men and women, among whom we look forward to seeing our boys and girls taking no insignificant place. All we can say further in reference to the letters of our Western correspondents is that we hope they will have the effect that evidently many of the writers themselves desire of encouraging others to participate in the advantages and rich prospects of the Golden West.

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**Great Things
That Have
Come to Pass.**

THE history of the work of the Homes in England during the past year is indeed a marvellous record of advancement and expansion. During 1902 the number of orphaned and homeless boys and girls admitted to the Homes was 3,501, being 67 for every week of the year, or an average of over 11 for every working day.

In the course of the twelve months, 9,785 children were fed, clothed, educated, and maintained by Dr. Barnardo, and at the present moment the number actually in residence in the various Homes, and dependent upon them for support, is but a few short of the immense total of 7,000. Dr. Barnardo's Homes are, in fact, becoming the recognized National Organization for befriending and caring for the children who, from whatever cause or circumstances, are left in destitution and want. Such children are freely admitted, at any hour of the day or night, on no other plea than their destitution and need, without payment or promise of payment, without process of election, or the exercise of influence, with no other delay or formalities than establishing the fact of the condition of destitution. Children are received of all ages, from the helpless infant of days to the grown lad or girl almost on the verge of manhood or womanhood, who has fallen in "hard luck" and is friendless in the world. No question of religion, sect, creed, nationality, colour or physical condition is a barrier. "No destitute child ever refused admission" is writ large over the door of Dr. Barnardo's Receiving Homes that have now been established in most of the principal towns and cities in England, and within whose shelter these thousands of boys and girls have been gathered during the last year. The financial support given to the Homes during the year by the free-will offerings of benevolent people, in large sums and small, has exceeded by the magnificent sum of \$160,258.50 the income of the previous year, the donations received amounting to a total of \$868,640.84. We are sure that when they read these figures and realize what noble results have been accomplished, there will be a ready and warm response in the hearts of all Dr. Barnardo's old boys and girls in Canada to the appeal that he makes to his friends and fellow workers throughout the

world to unite with him in grateful praise and humble thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, whose gracious Hand has alone given the increase, and whose Divine Spirit has touched the hearts of His people everywhere to give thus willingly and generously to His cause.

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The Director. We have been taken severely to task in the highest quarters for having published in previous issues of *UPS AND DOWNS* what are spoken of as sensational reports respecting Dr. Barnardo's health, and for making ourselves alarmists on the subject. We have been unkindly reminded of the people who were in fear where no fear was, and have been given to understand that the function of *UPS AND DOWNS* is not to issue disquieting bulletins regarding the condition of health of the Director of the Institutions. We are always submissive to orders, and having been bidden to "shut up" on the subject, henceforth we are mum; but we may permit ourselves the pleasure of informing our readers that when we met the Doctor in London a month ago, we came to the conclusion that we had never seen him looking better or more full of activity and energy. We should certainly not expect to be believed if we were to record the number of hours that have constituted the Doctor's day's work during the past winter. We can hear the midnight chimes ourselves when, for instance, grinding out copy for *UPS AND DOWNS*, and be at the desk again at six in the morning; but we are drones and idlers as contrasted with the continuous super-high pressure at which the Doctor works. Telegrams, letters marked "urgent and immediate," public addresses, interviews of the most important character, and with all sorts and conditions of men follow each other in bewildering succession; at one moment he is instructing, in another in some highly technical detail concerning the sanitary appointments of a new Institu-

tional building, at the next dictating an answer to some ill-informed newspaper criticism of his work; giving directions to an artist for the preparation of some sketches for publication; remonstrating with and reducing to submission some refractory girl recently admitted to one of the Receiving Houses; arranging the details for the isolation of an infectious case in a Provincial Home; holding a service in a Mission Hall; explaining to a new lady worker the duties and responsibilities of her post; greeting an old boy on his return to visit the Homes after doing well for many years in some distant Colony; discussing in one moment the quality of the matting to be laid down in the hall of a Home in Yorkshire, in the next the items of a visitor's travelling expenses in Canada; arranging the details of a series of meetings in Ireland; listening attentively to the complaint of a girl about the loss of her bonnet-box on her way from a situation in Scotland; rushing off after a day's work that would have exhausted the energies of half a dozen ordinary men to address a densely crowded meeting on behalf of his Homes, and holding his audience spellbound while he pleads the cause of the children; going from there back to his correspondence to dictate letters till far into the small hours of the night; keeping in touch with a small army of workers of all sorts and degrees, so as to have the right people at the right posts, to prevent friction or over-lapping, to maintain in every department the requisite standard of activity and efficiency and to turn to the best account each one's capability; keeping alive in a thousand different ways the public interest in his work so that people's sympathies shall not be allowed to flag or the needs of the work forgotten. Every day repeats itself, and there seems no quiet interval or relaxation of the strain upon mind and spirit, but only, as the work grows larger, greater and still greater demands upon time and thought. We should exceed the bounds of propriety and good

taste if in our position as a member of Dr. Barnardo's Staff and in the subordinate relation in which we stand to him, we were to give direct expression to any opinion as to his personality; but we address among the readers of UPS AND DOWNS thousands who share our own feelings of affectionate devotion and admiration for the Doctor, and we voice the sentiments of his old boys and girls throughout Canada, when, as we reflect upon what he is and what he is doing, we record the thankfulness of heart with which we have seen so wonderful a renewal of those great powers of mind and body, of energy, faith and zeal that for so many years and with such mighty results have been devoted to the noble cause of child rescue.



B. G. L.

THE BARNARDO GIRLS' LEAGUE, with President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer,

Executive Committee, and various Honorary Officers, is an accomplished fact - indeed, a very live and flourishing institution. The frontispiece of our present number is a reproduction of a group photograph of the Executive of the League, the President, book in hand, and with becoming presidential air, seated in the centre, the Secretary on her right hand, the Vice-President on the left. Elsewhere we publish a communication from the Secretary, giving a brief account of the establishment of the League and details as to the progress it has hitherto made; but we must here congratulate the League and all concerned in having so successfully set itself going. We may say further that this latest development of our work has been the fulfilment of a long-cherished wish of our souls. We did not see why the girls should not have their association as well as the boys, and we saw very many ways in which such a combination of themselves might be a help to the girls, by promoting a spirit of healthy self-dependence and ambition amongst them, and otherwise advancing their interests. On the

other hand, we saw no slight difficulties and obstacles to be overcome in the way of the formation of such a society, which did not exist in the way of the kindred institution, the Barnardo Old Boys' Society. There were other people and other people's feelings and prejudices to be considered, and the management of the fair sex, especially the elderly and single portion thereof, is an art of which we have never yet mastered the secret. There is, we are well aware, a magnetic, or hypnotic, or angelic, or demonic process by which the dear creatures can be made to do just what they are wanted to do, while at the same time imagining that they are getting all their own way in spite of the other person; but though we have studied the subject and admired the working of the process as we have seen it in operation, it remains a hidden mystery to us, and in thinking of the establishment of a girls' society there loomed large before our imagination the possibilities of friction, misunderstandings, contrarieties and all manner of unpleasantnesses. However, on the occasion of our girls' Christmas party, when the majority of the Toronto girls were assembled at the Editor's house, we resolved to take the bull by the horns and to make this the opportunity of throwing out our suggestion that there might be formed an association of Barnardo girls on somewhat the same lines, and to fulfil the same objects, as the Barnardo Old Boys' Society. The idea "caught on" to an extent that fulfilled our most sanguine expectations, and as the result of one or two subsequent meetings, the League took its present form. It is, of course, still in an embryo stage, but we have made a beginning, and our young ladies have got down to business in a way that gives hope of good results and important developments in the future. At the meetings hitherto held it has been gradually borne in upon the minds of the members that when a question is under discussion it is a disadvantage

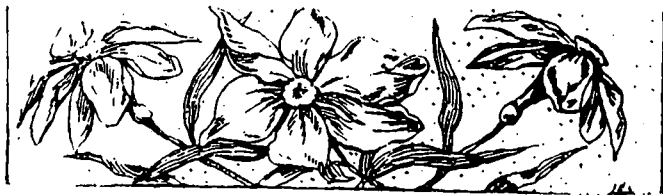
for everybody in the room to talk at once and in a high key. The President gives promise of making an excellent chairwoman, and the Secretary is a model of accuracy, methodical arrangement of work, attention to detail, and, in fact, all that a Secretary should be. The Vice-President is a young lady of large ideas, and good, sensible, practical ideas at that, while the members of the Executive Committee are all in earnest for the success of their undertaking, and have shown themselves fully alive to their responsibilities. We hope they will receive the active and loyal support of all our girls in Canada, and that the invitation they are addressing to those who have not yet joined the League to send in their names will meet with a general and prompt response.



OUR good friend, Mr. Life Insurance James, has contributed to the present number an article upon the subject of Life Insurance that contains a great amount of useful and instructive information. So many of our lads are now taking out policies, or contemplate doing so, that the question is one of immediate concern to us, and one on which our advice is being continually sought. As far as the old-established and thoroughly reliable Benefit Societies are concerned, we are always glad to hear of our boys joining them. There are many hundreds of our lads who have become members of the orders of Foresters, Oddfellows and Workmen, and the more the better, as by this means they are making provision for sickness and misfortune in the most legitimate and effectual way. Membership in these societies brings our boys into pleasant relation with many of the best men in the community, and if they get into office in their lodges, as many do, it gives them an interest in life outside of their daily occupation and develops their business capabilities. But whether life insurance purchased apart altogether from the advantages of

the prudent and paternal societies, is a good thing or otherwise for our boys is a point that, often as we have had to exercise our judgment upon it, we have never quite made up our minds. The "Endowment" plan by which, as the result of paying a yearly premium, the young man insuring will receive, at the end of twenty years, a lump sum considerably in excess of the amount he has paid in, while, if he dies in the meantime, there will be a similar amount to go to his next-of-kin, is a very effectual means of making lads lay by a certain amount every year, and enabling them to amass a little capital. For a boy who has not the habit of saving, and is inclined to let his money slip through his fingers, it is a very good thing to know that his insurance premium is due on a certain date, that the agent will be hunting him up, and that if he is unable to meet payment, he will forfeit the whole or a considerable proportion of what he has already paid in. If he keeps up his payments for twenty years, he will have the money at the end of that time to buy a farm, large or small, as the case may be, and if he die in the interval, there will be a windfall for his mother or sister, or whoever is his heir, that may or may not be a benefit to them. This is very well for boys of the spendthrift class, or who can only save under compulsion, but for others, those who have the good sense and steadfastness of purpose to lay up what they have to spare from their earnings, we are inclined to the opinion

that they can find better investments for their money, and investment that will sooner place them in a position of independence. Under present conditions of farm employment in Canada, a full-grown lad can easily save from \$100 to \$150 a year. In five years' time he will have enough to start on a homestead in the West. In five years more, if he manages his affairs wisely and has ordinary good fortune, he should be the owner of a property which at no extravagant estimate should be worth from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and which, besides continuing to increase in value, will give him a good livelihood for the rest of his days, and be a provision for those who come after him. No such result can be attained from life insurance under the most generous conditions offered. There is, of course, the element of risk in farming—failure of crops, loss of live stock, bad management, but he is a very poor mortal who cannot make, at any rate, a living on a farm in the West, and the land is increasing in value automatically with the settlement and development of the country, the extension of railways and improvement of means of transport. As a rule, therefore, we are only strongly in favour of life insurance for those of our young wage-earners who would not otherwise accumulate money, but for such of this class, or others who are thinking of taking out a policy, we commend Mr. James' careful and exhaustive article on the subject.



The Spring's Epiphany

Up from the South a Presence glides
A radiant One, whose fairy feet
Are followed by the vital tides
That ebb or flow as seasons meet.

Clothed with the sun, Its mantle thaws
The last sequestered drift of snow ;
Deep from the earth the frost It draws,
And coaxes early flowers to blow.

Its veil diaphanously trails
Throughout the zone o'er everything,
Till every woodland nook exhales
The fragrant freshness of the Spring.

The reeking meadows, faintly green,
The catkins, pendent from the spray
The swelling buds on bushes seen,
Attest that It has passed that way.

The robin, first in all Its train,
Flutes blithely in a thicket new
While nature celebrates again
The vernal season of the year.

Unseen, It wakes the drowsy bee,
Who musters soon her swarming throng
When swallows skim o'er mere and lea,
And every grove resounds with song.

Nor thou nor I but needs must sense
The joyance of these April days,
Due to the subtile immanence
Of It within the solar rays.

It whispers in our hearts, and moves
The sluggish pulse by Its appeals,
And makes one turn to that he loves,
And strive to utter what he feels.

Who may It be that, back of all
We see and sense, thus walks at our feet
And lifts from nature Winter's pall ?
Bow down thy heart, for It is God !

Our Young Colonists in the West

SOME boys like writing, others do not. Our experience goes to show that those who like letter-writing, and will write for the satisfaction and pleasure of so doing, are distinctly in the minority. When, therefore, we desired to obtain from a goodly number of our boys throughout the Western Provinces an account from themselves of their individual experiences, and of their impressions of the country generally, we realized that we must offer some inducement in order to get them to take their pens in hand and to set their brains at work. We exercised ourselves for some time as to what we could offer in the shape of a premium that would be within reach of our very limited resources, and at the same time would really induce an appreciable number of our youngsters to comply with our request. It came to us at length as an inspiration that in a country so abounding in game as the North-West, and where every boy and man is more or less a sportsman, a shot-gun would be an article that everyone would appreciate and would make considerable effort to secure. Of course, we knew that some excellent folk would hold up their hands in horror at the idea of offering a boy a gun, and would expect to hear forthwith that the boy had emptied its contents either into his own head or someone else's, but we ourselves are strong believers in the special providence that watches over boys and sailors, and we know enough of our boys in the North-West to feel certain that there are but very few of them who have not already handled a gun, or are in very early expectation of doing so. They are very up to date young gentlemen in all matters connected with the held and we have felt no serious misgivings in holding out the offer of a double-barrelled English shot-gun, to be given as a prize

to the writer of the letter containing the best account of personal experiences in the West, and of the surroundings amongst which he is living, and his plans and prospects for the future. The result of our making this offer has quite equalled and, indeed, far exceeded our expectations. The fish rose eagerly to the bait, and, now that the time has come for making the award, we find ourselves confronted with an enormous pile of manuscript matter, from which the duty devolves upon us to not only select the most deserving composition, but to choose out for the benefit of the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS* the letters that we think will be most representative and best worthy of a place in our columns. The undertaking is one that we approach with considerable reluctance. There are so many letters that have distinct merits of their own, and the writers have evidently taken great pains with, what is to them, an unaccustomed and, probably in some cases, an uncongenial task. We shall have, we know, to disappoint many, inasmuch as our space will not permit of our publishing a tenth of the letters that we should like to reproduce. Those for whose contributions we can find no place will, we are afraid, feel themselves slighted and aggrieved. We are sorry for them, but we cannot help ourselves, and they must be content with our assurance that the non-appearance of their letters is simply owing to the hard force of circumstances, and not from any want of appreciation of their industry and ability.

We now address ourselves to the pile before us, and in doing so we must abandon any attempt at classification, simply taking them as they come and leaving the writers to speak for themselves. The announcement of our award we leave to a later stage.

Fred Usher begins an interesting account of his four years' experiences with a very barbarous rendering of the editor's name. We think Fred's disarrangement of the letters comprising our cognomen is unique. Addressing us as "Dear Mr Ownes," he details his experiences in the three different situations in which he has lived since he began life in the West, from which we gather that Fred has had a good many ups and downs, but he is now happily settled on a farm in the district of Moose Jaw. He says:

I am going to drive four horses in spring and take the place of a hired man. I am pleased that I will be driving horses when spring work begins. Now I would like to tell you about the Moose Jaw district. It is one of the most fertile in the great North-West. It is a good place to grow wheat, oats, barley, peas and really anything you may sow; but the farmers go in heavy for No. 1 hard wheat, which generally brings fifty-nine to sixty cents a bushel. Prices are very high: butter thirty cents a pound, and eggs thirty cents a dozen, and poultry chicken is fifteen cents a pound, turkeys sixteen cents a pound, geese sixteen. I helped to pick sixty-seven chicken, duck, turkey and geese. We started at twelve o'clock, and we was all done at eight, and the men killed six pigs. Pigs is worth eight cents a pound. If you could have seen the load that went to town you would think—well, those people don't starve in the distant North-West. That load alone brought \$125. Now I really mean to be a farmer, for I think it is the best thing for a boy. Now I can get 160 acres of land for a homestead, and all I will have to do is to pay \$10 for entry and do my homestead duties. By beginning in a small way, I think a boy can make a man of himself in this country, as there is always small grains around a farm that will feed pigs and chickens, and you can use potatoes and vegetables for your own use, and the only thing you really need to buy for one's self is sugar and tea that is in the way of living, once a fellow gets horses and machinery to start. I think the country is a good one, and will pay for anything you buy that you need, if you work with a will and not go in debt. My master started at twenty-five cents a day and saved till he got \$150, and then his father needed it, and he gave it to him to come to this country, and he started again. Now he has 320 acres and has just sold \$500 worth of cattle, and sold some land he had for \$2,000. Now he has 320 acres, \$1,000 in bank, and he has fifteen head of horses, two cows and a calf, and other stock, and all the machinery needed on the

farm. He started only in 1888. Now, just take that for a while; any one can do the same. Mr. Usher had 1,000 bushels of grain; it cost \$100 to stack it, and it cost the stack

Fred Berron is evidently a great worker for a lad of sixteen. He tells us that last spring, for the first day and a half of seeding, he drove a two-horse team, but "from that on a four-horse team." He says:

In the summer following I myself gang-ploughed over sixty acres with that same team, and nobody hitched on the drag harrows but myself, and I am safe to say that was over 600 acres. I disk-harrowed forty acres over twice, in haying raked over the hay, me and the hired man piled it into the stack. He pitched off the load and I built the stack. I ran a Massey-Harris No. 4 binder and stooked quite a bit of the grain in the bargain. In threshing time me and another Home boy (and his name is George W. Gibbs) bucked straw for three weeks and four days. After that I ploughed about twenty-four acres with the disk-plough. Then came a pretty slick piece of business, which was hauling grain to town across a valley, and in all the distance was thirteen miles, and I made a trip every day, and kept the horses good and fat. The grain that we had to haul out was about 5,000 bushels, and about four or five loads to haul 'em. At the present time I am attending to twenty-seven head of cattle and nine horses, for that is all we keep in the stable in the winter.

William George Roberts, writing from the Yorkton District, evidently finds the climate cold, but it is clear that William has not lost faith in the country, and that he himself is doing his share towards its development:

I am very glad to write to you and let you know how I am getting along. Well, I like the country fine. I thank Dr. Barnardo very much for sending me out to this splendid country. It is a little bit too cold. I got my ears frozen this winter. Last year was very wet. The creeks were full of water, sometimes running over the banks; the sloughs were full right up till about haying time, and then we had some very dry weather. The crops were fairly good round this way. My employer put in oats, and wheat, and barley. I didn't do no ploughing, as I thought I would, because my employer's brother came out here and he did the ploughing. I guess I'll have to plough next spring and do a man's work. We broke in a team of oxen last summer. We had put a bunch of four with them, but an hitch them up and they then now. The Canadian Pacific Railway

is running the train through this part of the North West from Yorkton up to the Round Plains. There is a town going to be two or three miles north of us, so that the farmer won't have to go and take their grain down to Yorkton, twenty five miles away. It's killing horses. We never put very much hay up last fall because it was a job to get at it. Some people thought the grain was never going to ripen, because it was green when it was about time to cut it; but nearly everything was late in ripening. I helped in doing the stooking and loading and pitching it on the stacks. The threshers came round in November and threshed us out. I was one of the band cutters. We got over 1,100 bushels of grain. Xmas came round, but no Xmas tree. I went to our neighbour to spend my holidays, and they gave me a new cap and a pair of mitts. On Xmas morning it was fifty degrees below zero, so that was very cold. We have been having changing weather. These last three or four days has been very cold; it has been fifty below. I am helping to do the choring round here. We are milking six cows. We look after over fifty head of cattle; most of them I take to the bush; and I chop ice to get water for the cattle out of a big slough. There has been quite a number of wolves round here, and there's a man been round here catching them with his hounds. I am trying to get lots of wood sawn for the summer. So I think I have said enough for this time, for it is getting bed-time. I must close with best wishes and a happy New Year.

WM. G. ROBERTS.

P.S. I hope this letter will reach you in good time. I like the Ups and Downs, but I have not received the last double number.

Thomas Metcalfe is assuredly no lumberer of the earth. His letter is not very long, but he tells us that last spring he harrowed 100 acres of land, disked forty, and during the summer ploughed and harrowed eighteen acres of summer fallow. Thomas has money in the bank, and, we should judge from his letter, is a man who will do well for himself in the future.

The next letters that follow will speak for themselves. They all contain items of interest that we are sure will be appreciated by our readers:

MANITOBA MAN, Feb. 10th, 1903.

DEAR MR. O'LEARY, I thought I would write a letter to Ups and Downs and tell you what I think about this country. Well, this is a fine country, but it is a little cold in winter. I think it is a good place for

boys and girls with what I have seen of it. I am in a good place five miles south west of Medora. It is a good farm for grain and stock, or, as you might say, a cracking good farm. I can drive a team of horses, plough, harrow, rake, build a load of hay, pitch sheaves into the thresher, draw grain to town, milk cows, feed anything, turn the cream separator, and do winter chores. My time is spent working around. I can always find something to do. And we had a good crop last summer; we had thirty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre, 100 bushels of oats to the acre, and quite a lot of barley and speltz. It is a good general farming country all around here right down to the boundary of the States. I am in good health now and good and fat. I have grown a lot since I came out here three years ago next April. I am five feet in height and weigh 120 pounds. I think I will close now, hoping to see this in Ups and Downs next April.

From one of your family,

C. CLEMENTS.

PLUM COULEE, MAN., Feb. 8th, 1903.

DEAR FRIEND,—I just sit down to write and tell the experience of myself and try to win the prize that is given to the boy that can write the best letter. I am going to tell how I like the country. I like to live in Manitoba fine, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me to such a fine country; I don't think he could have suited me better. I have not been sick since I came to Canada. I am sixteen years old, and my height is four feet seven inches, and I weigh eighty-one pounds. I have got a good place. I can do all kinds of farm work. My master had a good crop last year; he had 6,000 bushels of wheat and a lot of oats and barley. I have been at my place four years and nine months, and I have got one more year and three months to stay, yet I was in Muskoka four years and six months before I came to Manitoba; but I think Manitoba is the best place for Barnardo boys to learn all about farming and how to get along when they grow to be a man. I guess my letter will be getting too long, so I will close to the future.

WALTER LEE.

ELM CREEK, MAN.

DEAR SIR,—Received your kind letter. I think it is very kind of that gentleman to give such a good prize to the boy who writes the best letter. My work is, feed the pigs and chickens, then I wash the dishes and peel a few potatoes for dinner. After that I water the cattle and feed them, and clean the stable out, then put straw in for their bed; then we have dinner, afterwards I saw wood for the next day. When sawn enough, I feed the chickens and water again. Then I put the cattle into the stable and feed them hay. I live in a log-house. We did not have much grain because my master has not been here very long. We have only



General View of Prince Albert, N.W.T., from South-West.

fifteen acres broke. We have a team of horses and nine head of cattle, with a fine big volke of oxen. They are nice and fat. We have two sheep. I enjoyed my trip across the ocean and the three days in the train to Winnipeg Home. I am expecting to go to school in the spring. My master thinks it is too cold for me to go in the winter time. I thank you very much for the UPS AND DOWNS you sent me. I will send the subscription in stamps. My master and mistress take me to church when it is fine weather, because it is six miles away. The preacher is a little Englishman, and I like him very much. The largest congregation is about sixteen.

I remain, yours truly,
ALFRED BAGGS.

ELKHORN, MAN., Feb. 9th, 1903.

I received your letter a short time ago and was glad to hear from you. I have not written to UPS AND DOWNS before, so I will try and write as long a letter as possible. I was very glad to hear about the shot-gun, and I am going to try for it. If I get it, we can keep it busy, because there are lots of ducks here in the summer and fall and chickens almost any time. If I do not get it, some other boy will. I like the country first-rate. We are having a pretty nice winter, although it has been as low as forty below zero. We have had two or three blizzards, but just now the weather is just splendid; could not be better. Well, of course, I am living on a farm, and I like it fine. We have thirty-five head of cattle, six horses, six pigs, three geese, nine turkeys, and about 100 hens, so we are not very badly off for stock. We had a fine crop last year. I do not know just how much we had. I have been here about a year and a half now. We had a fire early this winter, in which the town hall was burnt. We are living about two miles south of Elkhorn, which is a small town near the west end of Manitoba. There is quite a few Barnardo boys round here, and all in good homes, I think. I hope this will reach you before you go to England. I think UPS AND DOWNS is rather a nice paper, and I like to read the letters in it. I am not a very good hand to write a letter, and I hardly know what to say. I don't think I have any more to say now, so I think I will close. So, with best wishes, believe me one of your many boys. HY. GIBBS.

CARLEVALE, ASSA, Feb. 23rd, 1903.

DEAR SIR, Just a few lines in answer to your letter. I am doing fine in this country, and I like my place very much. I am still going to school, which I like very much. I am in the Fourth Reader. There is forty two scholars in our school. We live three miles from school, and so have a long walk. My master has two boys, but only one is going to school, so I have company. I like this country very much, and think it is the best country under the sun. It is a better country than

England. Here you have to have a license to carry a gun. Here you have to just shoulder your gun, whistle to your dog, and go. There is lots of game in this country, such as rabbits, prairie chickens, and anything you want. I have a very good place, and a good master. We have eight cows, four calves, and four horses, and about 100 hens, and I have a pair of pigeons, which I had given to me by one of my school chums. It is pretty cold out here; the thermometer has been as low as forty-five degrees below zero. Last spring I learnt to plough; since then I can harrow. Last summer we put up about 100 tons of hay. We had about 1,000 bushels of wheat, and about 700 bushels of oats, and 225 bushels of barley. Last summer my master built a new frame house, which is a very nice one. Last spring we had a nice garden, but were hailed out. The hail put the crop back for about two weeks. We thought it would never come up again, but it did, and we had a fine crop. This spring we hope to put in about 200 acres of crop. We broke forty acres last summer and backset twenty. We have not much ploughing to do in the spring, as we nearly done all of it last fall. It is cold doing the chores in the mornings, but we have the feed near the stables, which is very convenient. Some farmers have to haul their feed two or three miles, which is hard work and also cold. We had a blizzard about a month ago, which was not very bad. I think farming is a good occupation, and is the healthiest work going. When my time is up to leave here, I hope to farm. I go to Sunday school and church, which is held in the school-house. Now I must close, as it is bed time. So, good night, with love.

Yours truly,
PERCY O. TEMPLE.

P.S. You must excuse me for not writing sooner, as I did not get your letter till Feb. 23rd, 1903. I have also learnt to shoot; we have a shot-gun.

RAPID CITY, MAN.

I drop a few lines in order to work for my gun. I have been in three homes. Out of the three this is the best of all. In the morning, when I arise, I go to the stable, feed the calves, and cows, and hens, feed the pigs, bring mother in some water; then we all have breakfast. After we are through, I go out and water the ponies and colts, turn them in the pasture; after that I water the calves and cows and help clean out the stables. Then I fill the cows' stalls with straw for the night, then I bed the pigs, then I am through at the stable until after dinner. I come in the house and peel the potatoes for mother and sweep the floor, if needed. Now, it is dinner time. After dinner, I feed the pigs, feed the horses with straw for noon, fill the barrel with ice, if needed. Now I am through my work for a little while. I have

a while to play with the little boy and girl that is here. Sometimes I saw wood instead of play. Now I start my chores for the night. Water up the cattle and calves, and feed the pigs, and again water the ponies, get in my night wood, and get in the dishes after tea and milk my two cows, then I am through for the night. This I have mentioned comes daily. I turn the washing machine on wash day, and other little things not worth mentioning. This is all I can think of that I do about the house and stable. I like the farm. I hope I can learn to be a farmer. We had a good crop here last summer. I go as regular as possible to church and Sunday school. I had a piece to say at the Xmas tree, and we had a good time. This is all I can think to tell you concerning myself; so I will close, hoping to win the prize. I will close with kind wishes to all from

WILLIAM MARSH.

PILOT MOUND, Feb. 4th, 1903.

I think it is time for me to say a word for the UPS AND DOWNS. You must excuse all mistakes, as I am not a very good scholar. I have been in this country over five years with Mrs. Hagyard, but now I am at Mr. Boole's, getting fifteen dollars a month. My chief work is doing the chores. I am going to haul wood next week. Well, I must tell you how many stock we have: eleven horses, forty-six head of cattle, six pigs. The man I am working for has 800 acres. Well, I must tell which country I prefer. England is all right for a visit, but Canada is the place for me. I have no notion of going back to England. I would sooner be in Canada milking cows. We have two cows milking now. Last fall I ploughed eighty acres. I like reading the boys' and girls' letters in the UPS AND DOWNS, especially the girls. I have not had a day's sickness since I have been here, so I need not chew the rag. I like to read the UPS AND DOWNS, but it do not come very regular. I think I must soon close, as my letter is getting long and I am getting sleepy, so good-bye for the present, hoping to see this in print, as it is my first. I remain, one of your Home boys. Please write back, if you are not too busy, and tell me who is to get the shot-gun, for I do not expect to get it, as I am not a very good scholar.

FRED JAMES GODDARD.

CANNINGTON MANOR, N. W. T.

DEAR SIR,--I think I must write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting on, and I think I will try for the prize. We had 675 bushels of wheat and 400 of oats last fall. Mr. Sanders took most of it to the elevators at Manor. We had a very nice winter last year, but we had it very wet last spring though we did not have much snow, but we had a lot of rain, and every small bog was full of water, so that we had quite a job to plough for the water. I had a garden last year and I

grew Spanish onions, beets, Broccoli sprouts, and man-moth-pitch, and I like the country very well. We have lots of mosquitoes to keep our wake in the spring and summer time, and lots of flying ants. Last summer I herded ten head of cattle, and I raked all our hay last year, and I helped to stook all our grain, and when we threshed our wheat I helped to pitch sheaves to the men and move the straw, so I helped quite a bit. I can plough, rake, harrow, ride, and I have been on the mower. I have shot out of a gun twice, and have hit both times. I milked three cows all last summer. It is very cold here in the winter time; sometimes it is fifty degrees below zero. Once last March we were stormed in for two days, and were not able to see to the cattle or horses, and when I went to put my rubbers on they were that cold that I had to take them off again. We have snow-drifts five or six feet high. There will be a lot of water in the spring. I have lots of work to do. I saw wood when Mr. Sanders goes to the bush for wood. He sometimes goes to the bush to cut wood for a week, and I stop at home and mind the cattle. We have eight horses, three sheep, thirty-seven cattle, 160 acres of land. On the east of us there is nothing but prairie for fifteen miles, on the south there is Manor, ten miles away, and on the west is the Moose Mountain, which is fourteen miles away, and on the north is Moosomin; but there is lots of more homesteads to be taken up yet. We have plenty of game, wild ducks, prairie chicken, peese, stage chicken, bush rabbits, jack rabbits, badgers, foxes, prairie wolves, etc. It is very nice in the summer. We can swim in the sloughs, so we have lots of baths. We sometimes have a prairie fire, but we did not have one this year. We had one in 1901, and I was out until twelve o'clock at night putting out fire. We shall have a lot of water this year. I think I must close now, from

Yours truly,

T. C. CROUCH.

Arthur Dickason, whom we welcome as an old contributor to UPS AND DOWNS, asks our advice about taking a course in a business college. We are inclined to think that friend, Arthur, is more likely to succeed and make a good position for himself in the world by sticking to the farm, but, from all we know of him, we believe that he will give a good account of himself whether he remains on the farm or tries his fortunes in some other line of life. In his letter he acknowledged receipt of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service and which we can assure

Bill Porter gave me very direct and candid answers to my questions.

William C. Porter gives a very candid report of himself and of some of his early experiences, which, as he remarks, were "not very agreeable either to myself or my boss." With Willie the taste for work is evidently an acquired one, but he tells us, "I have learned—which is worth a good deal—not only to do my work, but to like doing it." He recounts his antagonism to the buck-saw, and the rather summary proceedings of his employer when that gentleman came out and found William, as he says, "leaning over the saw-horse quite huffy and determined that I would not do it." He adds, "I can now saw wood as well as any Canadian." Porridge was also a thorn in the flesh to Willie during the early years of his experiences, but, besides having learned to saw wood as well as a Canadian, he tells us he can now "eat porridge as well as a Scotchman." He concludes his letter as follows:

I have been on a farm since I arrived, and I intend to remain on it. My work now is mostly looking after the stock, feeding the cattle, cleaning stables, hauling water for the cows, feeding pigs, poultry, etc. In the spring I drive a team in the field ploughing or harrowing, and in harvest stook and fork sheaves. In fact, if I was a little bigger, I could net \$200 a year, so the boss says.

We doubt not that Willie will very soon be making his \$200 a year, and, in the near future, we look forward to hearing that he is farming for himself and sawing his own wood.

Albert Hickford prefaces his remarks by pleading that he is "a poor hand at writing letters," adding, "I never can collect my brains." None the less Albert has so far gathered his brains within the necessary compass to give us a pleasing and cheerful account of his life in the West. We fear Albert has been somewhat of a rolling stone, but "all's well that ends well," and he tells us, when speaking of his present situation, that he does not

think he could have found a better place, and that he hopes to stay there for a long while. His letter concludes with a warm expression of his gratitude to Dr. Barnardo for what the Doctor has done towards giving him a start in life.

James Hudson is evidently a young gentleman of methodical mind, his letter being arranged in numbered paragraphs. We cannot detail all these items, but may give our readers the benefit of a few selections:

- (3) We have two sleighs.
- (4) We have two cats.
- (5) We have three pups and their mother.
- (9) I like this country very well but for the cold winters and the mosquitoes in the spring and summer.
- (10) I went to school for four months, and I am going for four more months in the spring.
- (11) There are lots of prairie chickens, and foxes, and wolves, and partridges and ducks.

Fred. Moulder has lately crossed the line and is at present employed in Butte, Montana, where he is working in a mine and earning \$1.50 a day and board. He tells us, however, that he is expecting to go back to Canada shortly to take up a homestead and start farming, and hopes to bring his mother out from England to join him. Fred. lately received Dr. Barnardo's silver medal, of which he says, "It is a beauty, and I am proud of it."

Alfred Denyer finds the cold of the North-West very trying, and evidently Alfred is one of the less hearty and robust members of our family. He tells us that he stays at home during the winter, and we should judge that Alfred's lines have been cast in pleasant places. He says:

Mr. Smith, the farmer I am with, is superintendent of the Sunday school, and I am well treated at home. We have lots of music in the house. Mr. Smith plays the organ, his son the violin, and Mrs. Smith is a good singer. I cannot sing at all, but like to hear music, and Mr. Smith is trying to teach me an instrument. At night I read. I like reading and writing and sewing. Mr. Smith teaches me

Alfred tells us Mr. Smith has a splendid farm and that the house is sheltered on three sides. He is very fond of the garden, and has a garden of his own, where he grows "very nice flowers and all sorts of garden stuff." He looks after the calves, and informs us that he gives each one a name and that they follow him like a dog. Alfred would much appreciate the shot-gun, as it would enable him to shoot at the rabbits that destroy the produce of his garden.

We publish in full the letters from William Wedgwood and Frederick Holmes, and in doing so must heartily congratulate these young gentlemen upon all they have been able to tell us of themselves :

MORRIS, MAN.

I received your kind letter inviting me to try for that prize, which among the many smart boys in the West I will stand poor chance. Well, Sir, we are having a fine winter up here in Manitoba, some cold spells, which the last three nights has been very cold. We have had no bad storms. We've got lots of snow; the Red River is frozen over fine, but the snow stops the fun skating. Sir, I think Canada is the place for a young fellow like me to start in; I like it first-rate. It is a very healthy country; I haven't been sick a day since I've been out here. I have a good place, kind master and mistress, and everything that is necessary, such as clothing, etc. I am occupied at the stable work, chopping wood, and the chores in general. I spend my spare time mostly in reading books, newspapers, journals and everything that is interesting to me. My boss has fifty-three head of cattle, one horse, a number of pigs, dozens of hens and pigeons. I herded the cattle all last summer and fall, and liked the job fine; 'twas an easy job. I tried to ride the horse several times, but got dumped off, which I have never attempted since. My boss had no crop; he kept a dairy farm. We milked seventeen cows all summer, of which I milked six. The wheat crop was very good; it yielded from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. Barley and oats were fine. Potatoes and all kinds of roots and vegetables were very fair. The farming prospects are very good, as far as I have seen. The land is very fertile, no stone, no unbroken soil, all round it is alike. We have had a fine dry fall for threshing. When threshing time comes you can hear nothing but machines working, the engines whistling, wagon wheels rattling, and so on; and when night comes the sky is illuminated with burning straw piles as bright as with

electricity so I think there is a lot of grain grown in the province. My boss put up seven big stacks of hay this year with a yoke of oxen in six weeks. Well, Sir, I must conclude, wishing Dr. Barnardo, yourself and everybody connected with the Home success.

I remain, one of the boys,

WILLIAM J. WEDGWOOD.

CARBERRY, MAN., Feb. 16th, 1903.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I am fond of hunting, and have the opportunity of doing so. There are abundance of game here, and I often long for a gun of my own. I live by a large lake, and thousands of acres behind the lake of waste land full of all kinds of game, and they come from far and near to hunt there, and it makes it very pleasant for me. We live in a large brick house at the edge of the lake. We don't waste much time in hunting, as our business is farming and stock-raising. We are wintering forty calves, besides our other cattle, and sixteen horses. We had twenty died with a disease. We get all the hay we want in the hills for nothing, and there is thousands of acres of pasture. We have sold as high as \$2,000 worth of cattle at one time. Last year we had 300 acres under cultivation, and had 2,200 bushels of wheat, 2,000 of oats, 800 of barley, beside a good crop of vegetables. And I am going to school, and expect to learn farming next spring. My motto is farming, and I looking forward to make it a success. It is a beautiful, thriving country. Those that can't make out here it is their own fault. We live in a very thriving place near the main line. We built an English Church this summer two miles from where I live. I go to Sunday school regular, and I am the best in my class, and Mammy helps me, and it is not her fault if I don't get along. I have been a little neglectful of my work, but I am trying to do better. I know they don't wish to send me away. I am here now two years and four months, and I am helping the young men to take care of the stock to improve myself. I like to be among the animals and helping Mammy in the house. You will be tired of my nonsense, so I will end up by saying thanks to Dr. Barnardo for casting my lot here. I will take the UPS AND DOWNS, and Mammy likes to read them to me, as I am a very poor scholar. Good-bye.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK HOLMES.

For the gun, the gun will be mine.

Philip Furney has evidently taken great pains with the writing of his letter, and as a piece of penmanship it is exceedingly creditable to him. He writes of himself as follows :

FOURTY-FIVE, FEB. 1903.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I am fond of a goodly piece of the country. I have a very good lot, and I also am in a very good

hours, I clean the mists and then give me a letter. I go to bed at six o'clock, and I get up at seven in the morning. When I come downstairs I go and feed hay to thirteen calves and then I go to milk the cow, whose name is "Lana," while Fred feeds hay to eighteen cattle and four horses. Then I come in and has my breakfast. When I have finished, I clear the things while the missis washes the dishes. Then I dry them and put them away. I then go out and get the wood and water for the house, and if it's not too cold I go and saw some wood till about ten o'clock. Then I go and get the cattle and water them. When I've finished, I go and clean the stables and get the straw in and put the hay in their mangers. This lasts me till dinner-time. When I've had my dinner, I go out and saw wood, if the boss has nothing else for me to do. This is all I have to do in the winter-time. I think this is a very nice country in the summer-time, because the soil is rich and because there is plenty of work in ploughing, harrowing, seeding and cultivating. Last year Fred ploughed, harrowed and seeded about fifty acres. This was sown with wheat, barley and oats, and when this was cut, stooked and stacked there were twelve loads of barley, twelve loads of wheat and twenty-four loads of oats. Then came the threshing time, and we then had 800 bushels of oats, 300 bushels of wheat and 200 bushels of barley, which I think was pretty good off fifty acres of land, considering the rainy weather we had before it was threshed. We also had a very good garden, having 100 bushels of potatoes, ninety bushels of carrots, twelve bushels of turnips, fourteen bushels of mangels, four bushels of corn and two bushels of onions off an acre of ground. I think this is pretty good, and if the country continues like it is doing I think I will stay here and make a farmer of myself; but I hope some day to take a trip over to the Old Country and see my parents and, if possible, bring them out here.

Hoping to see this in the next issue of UPS AND DOWNS,

I remain, your sincere friend.

PHILIP FURNEY.

Evidently, if we had been able to award our shot-gun to Alfred Baker it would have done great execution, but we hope that, even though Alfred's composition has hardly attained the front rank, so ardent and expert a sportsman will have a gun of his own before long. Alfred writes as follows:

AVONHURST, ASSY, 11th Dec. 1891.
I will probably thank you for your letter, but I have never written to you since. I am well, but I shall never forget the kindness of Dr. Barnard, by sending me the article. I came out to Canada in

1868, and have lived with Mr. Johnston ever since. My time will be up in April. When I came out here I was very green. I didn't know anything about farming, but I think I know now about as much as any farmer. The first two years I was here I herded the horses. I was delighted in my work, and used to amuse myself by trapping gophers and building mud houses. Since that I have been helping my master to work the farm. Two years ago I broke over twenty acres, and last year I put in nearly all the crop, and in the harvest I cut nearly it all. I hardly know what I will do next summer, but I think I will hire with some farmer, as my master has given up farming and is going to move to town. One of my delights is shooting. Last fall I shot over seventy-five chickens and numerous ducks. On calm evenings, I used to go out to some dam or slough, and the ducks would be there in hundreds. One time I shot seven in one shot. In the winters I do most of the chores. My chores are attending to fifteen head of cattle, nine head of horses and feeding the pigs. My master's boy helps me when he comes from school. I went to school two winters. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. It is a mile and a half from here. We have had a few entertainments this winter. I mostly take part in them. I think Canada is a healthy country for any person to come to; at least, it has proved so to me. When I came out here I was only a little boy, but I have grown to be a big, stout young fellow. I will be seventeen in April. When I looked at my clothes I wore when I came out here, I can't hardly believe I was ever so small as to get into them; but five years makes quite a difference on a person. Well, Mr. Owen, I think I will close my letter. Wishing the Home every success,

I remain, yours truly,

ALFRED A. BAKER.

From the same place, Avonhurst, comes a long and interesting letter from our young friend, John Nutt. We fear we can hardly afford space for John's letter, but we must give our readers the benefit of the report given of him by his employer, Mr. Dean, who has attached to John's letter a few lines from himself. He says:

My boy John, is just getting along fine and beginning to take an interest in things on the farm. I think that he will turn out all right and make a first-class good farmer. In fact, another year will make quite a big difference in him, and if he will do what is right till his time is up he will never want for a friend.

John has favoured me with his photograph, which we should have

been much pleased to reproduce if our engravers could have made at all a satisfactory job of it. We fear, however, that, if we made the attempt, the result would not be flattering to John or creditable to our pages, and we must content ourselves by assuring him that even though we cannot reveal him to his friends as he is depicted in his photograph, we are none the less delighted to have his picture amongst our photographic collection.

We are sure that our readers will share the pleasure with which we have read the entertaining narratives contained in each of the four letters that follow :

HILLESDEN, BROADVIEW, N.W.T.,

Feb. 13th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am going to write a few lines about my life in the North-West. I have been out in Canada three years now, and must say I like the country fine. Of course, there's the mosquitoes in the summer-time, and it's pretty cold here sometimes in winter; but the mosquitoes don't bother you all the summer-time. May is the time they are around the most, and it isn't cold all the time in winter. Of course, there's a few cold days in every month. January and February is generally the time anybody feels the cold most, and, to take it all round, I think the North-West is a fine place to live. Anybody who likes to work can get a good living up here. Land is very cheap, and this enables anybody to have a farm of their own, if they only like to work a bit hard sometimes. Emigrants seem to be flocking around here pretty thick this last year or two, but there's room for lots more in the North-West yet. I intend to be a farmer some day, if nothing happens, as I think farming is a good thing for anybody to go in for. There seems to be quite a bit of snow around about here this winter. The sloughs will be full this spring; some of them seemed to be quite full back in the fall, so I don't know what it will be like in the spring when all the snow has melted. There's quite a few ducks around here in the spring, and any amount of chicken in the fall time. I sometimes go out with the gun in my spare time after chicken or ducks, and I can generally manage to get what I shoot at; but sometimes they get away with a leg broken or a few feathers blown out. The crops have been very good for this last two years now. Potatoes didn't seem to turn out so good last year as they do some seasons. We have got about thirty head of cattle and three horses and about fifty fowls. My work is chiefly to look after these, feed and water them, and clean out the stable and to milk

odd hours and milk the cows. We have only got two cows milking now, but we generally have seven or eight in the summer-time. Now, I must thank Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen for putting me in such a good country, and a nice home, and, for more than that, always sending somebody around to see that we are getting along well every year. I must say I have got a nice place here and I am treated well. I think us boys have every chance of doing well in this country if we only try to help ourselves by the time we get old enough to take up land. I will close now. Wishing the Home a happy New Year and every success,

I remain, one of the boys,

SYDNEY JAMES PRODGERS (age 15).

SINTALUTA, Feb. 9th, 1903.

DEAR EDITOR, UPS AND DOWNS,—When I came here first, five years next April, I knew very little of farm life. Since then I have learnt a lot of the work, but not all. I first started to work herding cattle and to milk the cows, which I soon learnt to do to the satisfaction of my employer, Mr. Halford. I was soon put to more difficult work, such as driving a team on the harrows, looking after the stock in the winter-time, feeding the pigs, and all different branches of farm work, which I thought was very hard at first, but I now see the benefit of it, as I am now able to earn my living at farm work. Mr. Halford's farm is on the Red Fox Creek, and he grows a lot of wheat and oats, also cuts and stacks a lot of hay, at which I have assisted for the last two years. In the summer-time I go to church on Sunday and go to picnics and play football; in the winter I go to visit at the neighbours, and we have lots of fun in the evenings when the work is over. I like this country very well; it is a good place for any person who is not afraid of work to get along, and make a good living and in time have a home of their own. I am sure all the boys and girls from the Home are very thankful (as I am) to Dr. Barnardo, and those who help him, for sending them out to this country where they have a chance to get along. There are lots of wild ducks, chickens and rabbits here, so that if I win the gun I can have plenty of sport.

Yours truly,

ALBERT E. PAGE

McLEAN, ASSA, Feb. 10th.

DEAR SIR— I am now going to tell you a little of my experience since I came to the North West. I arrived at Qu'Appelle on April 2nd two years ago. I was met by a gentleman who took me to the hotel, where I had breakfast and dinner. Mr. Wass came for me in the sleigh. We had ten miles to drive home, it seemed a long way. Most of the houses are built of logs and plastered inside and out. They can be made very comfortable and warm, although they don't look as good as the houses in England. Soon after I came we

had had snow for a week. The next day I went with Mr. Voss to a neighbour's a half a mile away. I had to come home by myself. I came all right until I came to a slough in front of the house, and instead of going around it I went right through it. I was in snow and water up to my knees, and it was a pretty cold morning, but, luckily, I was near the house and got into dry clothes. I was very careful where I went after that. The first week or two I did not do much but learn to cut wood and have a good look around the farm until herding started. My work in the summer is to herd the cows (about nine head), and I cut wood. I take a book or something to read with me when I am herding. I

find I get along nicely with Mr. Warr. I like my place. I hope I shall be able to work on the land next year. I might stay here longer than my five years. I think I would like to be a farmer when I get older. We had a very good crop last year, about 2,100 bushels of grain altogether. We would have had more if the frost had kept off a little longer. I don't think there is any fear of anybody starving in this country if they like to work. The winters are rather cold, but I don't seem to feel the cold as much this winter as last. I have got good warm clothes, and when it is extra cold I don't do as much outside. The spring will soon be here now, and then the farmers will be busy again. I



"Lo! the poor Indian."

pick wild fruit and take it home and get a little pocket money, which I save until I go to town. I sometimes go to picnics in the summer. In the winter we go out visiting, and I have been to two Christmas trees, and enjoyed myself. I always get my share of presents. My work in the winter is to help water and look after the cattle, and milk one cow, and help a little in the house, and cut wood for two stoves. I generally go to the English Church when I can. It is about three miles from our place. When I don't go, I spend my Sunday days doing odd jobs, when I have done my work. I like this country fine. I think the only way to get along is to be a farmer, or a ranchman. I am then in Ea,

think that will be all I can think to tell you now. I remain, yours truly,
NATHANIEL BAKER.

QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I now write in answer to your kind letter, and I will now do my best to win the prize. I came to Canada in 1901. I was kindly cared for by a Mr. Birnie, who brought me to my present home. I arrived at about four o'clock on one Sunday afternoon. Next morning, me and my master went out to the stable to feed the things. When I entered the stable there were three cows, ditto calves, also three horses. Of course, I felt a little scared at first, but I soon got

over it, especially when I found out that I could milk a cow. Soon after I came we were working on the land. The first thing we done was seeding. Then we were disc-harrowing and harrowing the summer fallow. All that I did the first year was to herd the cattle, and done a little harrowing. I will now tell you about the place that I am working at. I cannot wish for a better place, having both a kind master and mistress, which is half a boy's life in any foreign country. In winter it does feel a little cold, but I can stand that. In summer it is very hot some days, but the nights are cool, with a few mosquitoes. I will now tell you what my work consists of. In winter I feed six head of cattle and four horses and a colt, also milk two cows before breakfast. Afterwards I clean out my stable and water the animals. Then for the rest of the day I cut wood and do other small chores about the farm. Last summer I drove a team of two, and sometimes four, horses on the land. I learnt to plough and disc-harrow last year. Dear Sir, we had a very good crop last year, amounting in all to about 2,000 bushels of grain. As to what I think about farming, it is the best occupation for any young man who is able to work at all. For myself, I like it that much that I mean to take up a piece of land as soon as possible, and be a "respectable, industrious citizen." Dear Sir, I am just fifteen years old, and have now done what I think is my best to win the prize, so

I remain, your obedient servant,
 GEORGE ORRER

We could find many nice things to say about the following letters from Frank W. Shelswell and his mistress, Mrs. Snell, from Ernest Barnes, William Turner and Augustus Brookes, but our object is to publish as many of our boys' letters as possible, and let our readers draw their own conclusions and form their own opinions. We abstain, therefore, from further comment, but our readers will agree with us that we have no need to apologize for either the matter or the manner of these contributions.

BALMORAL, Feb. 15th, 1903

DEAR SIR, I am going to tell you my experience since my arrival in this country. I was sent to my present place, where I have stayed three years, and have three more to stay. I am thirteen years of age, and can plough, harrow, rake hay, drive a single horse or a team, build a load of hay or sheaves, milk and separate. The boss has a threshing machine, must tell you that it is not a whip but a grain dresher. I was with him last fall for a few days. I was part of the time

cutting back and the rest of the time firing. The boss was engineer. I like the farm work very much. I am going into cattle ranching. I am growing to be a big, strong, healthy boy now, and am going to try and be a credit to Dr. Barnardo and his Home, hoping he will live a long time to do his good work. I like the country fine. The crops are good. It is a fine place for mixed farming district. I had a little experience last fall in the shape of a runaway. The horse took fright and run away, smashing the buggy all to pieces, and then started for home, while I was taking a gentleman friend of the boss's to the station, so I had to borrow a horse and buggy from the boss's father and go on our way rejoicing to catch the train. I came out lucky without a scratch, only an awful bad scare. Now, Mr. Owen, I have told you my part of what you wanted to know. I will close and will try and be a good farmer. Yours truly,
 FRANCIS W. SHELSWELL.

Just a line to you. I ought to say a word or two to Frankie's credit, as being a good, trustworthy lad. He deserves to be encouraged. He is always willing to work and very anxious to learn everything in his line of work. He studies his lessons at home in the evenings, and is an ardent student. He is getting along splendidly and always aims to do his best. I think he is going to turn out a credit to Dr. Barnardo and his faithful work. Being a lad of only thirteen years, he is exceptionally smart and industrious. Now, Mr. Owen, I do not think I could refer to him in any more befitting terms. I will close, wishing you all the greatest success in your noble work. I remain yours truly,
 MRS. ERNEST SNELL

MIAMI, MAR., Feb. 18th, 1903

DEAR SIR, I now take the pleasure of writing these lines to you to tell how I have been getting along. We have had a cold spell again; it is getting warmer. I learned to plough last fall, and I like it very well. I am going to school now, and I do some chores when I come home, and I have two miles to walk to school, and I like it very well, for I would sooner live out here than in the Old Country. Farming is the thing. Our crops is very good last year, and we put up a lot of hay last year; and last summer we had a picnic, and I had a good time, and the night before Christmas I said a recitation. Me and Willie Wood, that is one of your boys, we have a good time together. On Christmas and New Year me and Willie and George Hunt went off hunting rabbits. We have forty six head of cattle, and four horses. I like my place very well, the people are very kind to me. I think that is all I have to say. I remain your truly,
 ERNEST BARNES

MIAMI, FEB. 16th, 1903
 I have just received your letter, and am glad

about the boys of the West trying for a gun. So far this winter we have had a nice weather—a few cold days at times. Last night I think was the coldest, or at least I think so. I am doing chores about the stables. Our well went dry, or froze up, the other day, and we have to go about a mile for water. We have seven head of cattle, fourteen pigs and four horses, and about sixty chickens in the stables, and six horses are running out. We never take them in. There was a good crop around here this year, but the most of it got touched with frost just enough to grade two or three northern. Some fields were frozen bad, but not much went below three northern. I don't think I would care to go back to England now. I think farming is very nice work; I think I will be a farmer myself too. I have been out here six years come October, and I can say that I like the country fine; there is no country that can beat Canada. I have been at my place but a short time, and I can say that I like it first-rate, and I like my master and mistress first-rate too. I like reading the letters from the boys and girls in the *UPS AND DOWNS*; it is a very nice book. I would not be without it for four times its cost. We will soon have to begin spring work, as there is not much snow, and we expect an early spring. We are going to put in a big crop this year, about two hundred acres of oats and wheat together. It will be nice work in the harvest time to stook that, and we intend to thresh out of the stook this year, if possible. And we intend to put in a big garden, if possible, too, this year. I am having great fun these moonlight nights. I take the boss's gun and go out and hunt jack rabbits. I shot two in a couple of days, and you see that I would like to have one of my own. You must give me a one of the first place over the boys who has been to school since they left the Old Country. I have had no education since I left the Old Country. I think that is all I have to say at present. From yours truly, WILLIAM A. TURNER.

DEAR SIR,—I will now write you a few lines, hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves me at present. I think this is a first-rate country for a boy to start farming in. He can get very good wages, and put his money into cattle, which will not cost very much to keep, for, with ordinary care, they can be kept through the winter on straw, except the cows and calves, which need better feed. Of course, the better they will thrive if they are properly fed and cared for, they will bring in big profits. I am sure that this is the best country for grain growing and stock raising; that is the best country for farming. Of course we do not get the same amount of grain every year; sometimes it is ten, sometimes it is twenty bushels to the acre; but this year it beat all previous records, being twenty-eight to

thirty bushels to the acre. One man had one hundred bushels off two acres, which he had not cultivated much better than the rest of the land, and which he had sown for seed wheat. I am in a very good place, which I like first rate. My work is chiefly chores, but sometimes I go to town with a load of wheat, and sometimes for a load of wood. There is plenty of amusements in the long winter evenings; for instance, there is ping pong, checkers, chess and many other well-known games; but I like reading best of all. Riga got up a syndicate and purchased a good threshing outfit, which I was working on last fall. We are having a very good winter, but the snow is deep, so that the roads have been bad all winter. Nearly every morning here in winter there is a mirage, and you can see a house for twenty miles quite plainly. I think that I must keep healthy extra good, for there is a number of people sick with the measles, and there has been two here with it; but it has not affected me yet. I believe you would not find a more decent place than Riga. There is not one man that drinks or smokes, and all are good workers. When I am old enough, I intend to take up a homestead and go into cattle as much as I can, for I think there is more money in cattle than grain. I think this is all this time. Yours truly,
AUGUSTUS BROOKES.

And now for the winner. Needless to say we have given to the selection long and very careful thought, so as to choose from amongst the great pile of our correspondence the letter that has really best achieved the object of the competition, and which has given in the most intelligent and sensible language a narrative of the writer's experiences, of his life and surroundings in the country and of his opinions and impressions generally of the land of his adoption. We halted long, not between two opinions but many opinions, but at length came to the conclusion that our young friend, Alfred Hanwell, has won the championship and entitled himself to the prize. There were several others who ran Alfred hard in the race, but we could not in our judgment find anyone whose composition surpassed his in its general merits. We have accordingly had the pleasure of forwarding to Alfred the double-barrelled English made shot gun, that we specially purchased from one of the

largest and best gun dealers in the city of London. We are sure that he will appreciate it, and we hope that it will be of use and pleasure to him. His letter is dated from 11th and 13th, Assiniboia.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, It is now a long time since I wrote to you, so I think I will make another effort. The UPS AND DOWNS reached me safely, as also did the beautiful almanac, and I must say that the magazine is a great scheme, binding as it does a link between us and the Homes, keeping us in touch with the great and noble work being carried on by the founder. The last letter I wrote found space in its pages, and I hope this will also. You observed in your letter that a shot-gun would come in handy next fall, and you were not far wrong, for game is very plentiful up here, especially wild geese. I have seen an eighty-acre patch of stubble just black over with them, and the same with ducks on the water. I am only two miles from Buffalo Lake. I suppose you have heard of it. I think it is noted for the ducks and geese that flock to it every fall. At present I am living with good English people in the Qu'Appelle Valley, and a very pretty place it is, with hills just behind us, and a mile and a half in the opposite direction is the other side of the valley with poplar trees growing on the slopes. A little way from the house is a little creek shaded on both sides with willow and maple trees, and there are also plenty of wild berries, which make good preserves. The crops last year were very good, though not as good as they might have been. Had the frost kept off another fortnight there would have been a better sample. We had 2,870 bushels of wheat, and 1,050 bushels of oats, besides what Mr. Poyser's two sons had. They had about 3,000 bushels between them. It kept the hired man and myself jumping to keep up to the binder. There is plenty of work to be done in the seeding time and harvest, but that is the only time it is really hard work on a farm; but at the same time it is very healthy. No boy in England, if he only knew what it was like out here, would hesitate to come, if he had the chance. It is a splendid country. It is nearly three years since I came out, and I have gained fifty pounds, making me one hundred and thirty-six pounds. An Inspector from the Government came to see me a day or two before the time of writing, and I am satisfied that he had a good report of me. He said he was very well satisfied with the boys, as far as he had been. I think I have about made up my mind to become a farmer. I have not as yet had any hankerings after a city life, and if I keep steady and follow the example of my employer I will get on all right. I stay and see. I have not

done much of anything yet owing to my situation. Feeding cattle, and milking, and a vegetable garden to look after, is my occupation during the summer. Winter time is the best, if you are in a good place. Plenty of exercise and skating on moonlight nights, and a dance thrown in, makes the winter pass pleasantly. There were six dances within easy distance of us, three of which I had invitations to. The winter occupation is very healthy, and gives one a good appetite. Up at daylight, and go out and feed cattle and horses, then do justice to a substantial breakfast, which has been prepared the while. After this comes watering horses and turning cattle out to rustle, feeding pigs, fowls and anything else which has to be fed. I then assist in the house awhile; after that I clean the stable out, for which purpose I have an old pony and stoneboat. We have forty head of cattle, ten horses, a dozen pigs, and a number of fowls. After a good, wholesome dinner I spend the afternoon choring, and if there is nothing else to do wood can always be chopped. We use wood alone for fuel. Evenings are generally spent in reading, or if I have any mending to do, I have always been used to doing most of my own mending; at any rate it is useful to know how. As to my future, I am not decided yet, but I think it rests with myself whether I stay on another year with Mr. Poyser or not. Now I think I have given you as good an account of my experience in the North-West as I can, and if I don't get the gun I shall at least expect to see this in the UPS AND DOWNS. And now I think I must close, not, however, without thanking Dr. Barnardo for starting me on in life in such a fine country, and I hope to show my gratitude more substantially in the future. I remain, yours truly, ALFRED HANWELL.

George Limbert has given us in the following some amusing little items of his history past and present. We quite agree with him that the ants, flies and mosquitoes are "bad." We have ourselves endured many things from these insect pests; but we observe with pleasure that despite these drawbacks George has a good word to say of the country, and is grateful for what has been done for him by Dr. Barnardo. George's allusion to the absence of taps may strike some of our readers as a rather singular remark, but we may explain that George has no reference to the ordinary every-day contrivance for drawing water, but his mind is evidently going back to the English ale houses that have probably been a familiar sight to him in

days past, and where the tax is the room specially devoted to the accommodation of the working man, while his master and betters refresh themselves in the "bar," and pay accordingly on a rather higher scale of prices for the malt and spirituous liquors they consume.

CHICKNEY P. O., ASSA., Feb. 5th, 1903.

DEAR SIR, I received your letter this evening, and I am going to see if I can tell you the most. I begin now. There is one or two things I noticed when I first came up to the North-West—that the people lived in log-houses, and I thought that there were no robbers up here, and another thing that there were no taps. I like the country very much. I think it's a lot better than England, and I would not like to go back now. I like Canada too well for that, because in the summer it's warm and in the winter it's cold, and it lets you know it. I am at a very good place, and I like it very much. My master is a good one; he is very good-natured. My work is feeding cattle and bedding them, watering them, and milking, and feeding twenty-nine pigs three times a day, feeding hens and cleaning pig-stys, cutting wood and splitting wood, cleaning cow and horse stables, and hauling water in barrels, and helping to kill pigs and help to scald and scrape them. We had a very good crop last year. Our wheat was one hard in grade at the elevator, and it went thirty-five bushels to the acre, and our barley went sixty bushels per acre. What I think of Canada is that it's the best country Dr. Barnardo's boys can come to, and I advise every boy to come out if they can. You must be like me when I made up my mind to come to Canada: when I didn't pass the doctor one time, I tried the next time till I succeeded; so everyone who wants to come out should do. I am thankful I did so. I think this country is a good deal better than England, only the ants and flies and mosquitoes are bad in the summer, but you soon get over that; but there is lots of room to run around out here. Where we are we can get lots of prairie chickens, and ducks, and geese, and partridges, and pheasants, and wolves come up to the house; but we have got nothing to shoot them with; and foxes come around too, so that we could get lots of things if we only had the guns or any fire-arm. I think Canada is the best place for boys; it is the best place I ever saw. There is lots of wood, so we can burn as much as we like and use as much as we like too. There is sometimes a fire, and we have to go with coats and bags and anything we can catch a hold of, so you see there is lots of fun up here; but you mustn't think that you can learn every thing about farming in a few years, because there is always something to learn. Boys, take my advice, that you can earn

double as much in five years out here than in England. You see that all the time. The Homes have done me a lot of good, and I am thankful there is such places. I mean to make myself a good man, and help them who can't help themselves, as Dr. Barnardo has helped me. You must forgive the mistakes, because I have not been to school since I left England. My age is fifteen. I remain your sincere friend,
 GEORGE LIMBERT.

We can quite believe that, as our young friend, John Able, writes in the following letter, the country seemed "very queer" to him at first. We confess that the style of John's letter strongly commends itself to us. It reads like the production of a boy of good sense and level head, and one who will make his way in the world. We could wish on reading this and many other letters that some philanthropist would deliver at our door a handsome consignment of shot-guns, so that we might have gratified a few more of our correspondents:

CHICKNEY, ASSA., Feb. 8th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter asking me to write an account of my experiences in this country. I will do the best I can. I came to Canada in 1897, landed at Quebec, and then went to Winnipeg. I stayed there a few days, and was then sent to my present home. The country here seemed very queer to me at first, but I soon got used to it. I started to herd cattle as soon as I got here, and I herded cattle for five summers, and, like many others, I did not like it; but of course I had to contend with a good many things that I did not like. Last summer I worked on the land. I drove a three-horse team. I liked it fine after herding so long. At present I am hauling grain to market twenty-four miles away, but I will soon be through. As for the crops around here, this year they were very good, averaging about twenty-eight bushels per acre—that is, wheat. My boss has 2,400 bushels of wheat and a lot of oats. I think this country is the best country in the world for boys to come to. I thought at first I could not get on in this, but now nothing could induce me to leave it. Most of my spare time is spent in reading, sometimes I go to concerts, and when I am in town I have a skate. I think there is a great future in store for this part of the country. A new railroad is to be built next summer; it will be close to us, we expect. We hope to be able to haul our wheat to a new town next fall. I think farming is the best thing that boys can be set to; that is what I am going in for. I intend to take up a home-stead next summer if I can. I shall be eighteen, and old enough to. I have been

at this place for nearly six years, and I expect to hire for another year. I am going to stay here as long as I can. I could not get a better place. I am treated like one of themselves. I am not in the least overworked. I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for sending me to this fine country and to such a good home. My master is a fine man; everyone speaks good of him. I have not heard anyone say a bad word about him. He is treated with respect by all who know him, and I like him first-rate. He made me a present of a watch on my sixteenth birthday, and it is good yet. I should like to visit England and see my friends again. I hope that Dr. Barnardo is well again.

I remain yours,
JOHN ABEL.

William Hyde has given us a remarkably racy account of his experiences. Whatever else he may be, for a lad of his age and limited education, William is a remarkably good letter writer, and tells his story well. We should have liked to have awarded him a prize, but we have only one gun and must content ourselves with saying to Willie, "Better luck next time."

Your letter of the 2nd inst. to hand, and am about to reply. You wanted me to tell my experience since I came to this country and also how I like the country. Well, it seems to me I have had experience enough since I came out here to fill a good sized book; and, as my boss says, I ought to be the man to write them. In the first place, I came here to Beaver in November, 1896, to serve a term of five years with Mr. Henry. I got along fair for the first two years, as I did not have much work to do—just choring around the house and stable. The third year I began to conceive an idea that I was a man, and therefore rebelled against staying at the house any longer. I thought I could plough and harrow (but I have since found out that I couldn't), therefore I done a "bunk," as the boys call it. I thought I would like "baching" it, and went to live with an old bachelor, and in two weeks I was sorry I had left my place at all. He gave me all the field work I wanted; in fact, he just reversed things. He done the chores, and I done all the teaming. I heartily wished I had never seen a team of horses, so when I was thoroughly sickened of it Mr. White took compassion on me and brought me back to Winnipeg. That was on the 13th of February, and on the 14th he had me in another situation, this time for only two years, and I vowed I would stay that term if they worked me too hard or didn't work me at all. Well, it was a fairly good place, just twelve miles from Winnipeg. I had a lot of cows

to milk, as it was more of a dairy than farm. In the meantime I had been keeping communication with my former boss's son. I always had a liking for him, and he wanted me back again. I did not like that place; it was too wet for me. I stayed my two years, and then went back to Beaver, like the prodigal of old. Of course, it was not the season for fatted calves, but we had a big dance for the prodigal, just the same. I learnt a big lesson that time—one I shall never forget; but I have been happy since I came back. I think there is no place like Manitoba for a boy that will do as he is told, and I intend to stop right here and make a home for myself. As to my work, I am going to the bush, at present, every day for wood. The bush is six miles from here. It takes about seven hours to make a round trip. It is a fine country around here. My boss has 320 acres of land; one quarter-section is right in the town of Beaver. We had good crops last year; wheat went thirty bushels to the acre, oats sixty-five, and barley fifty.

I have a team of horses of my own, and I work them for their keep. I am getting \$150 this year. My time will be out April 1st. Of course, I shall stay here till I get enough to make a start with. There is one slight fault with this country, as my boss's son says: if you want to make love to anything you will have to hug a fence post—the girls are too scarce. I fetched my sister out here, as I thought she would make the time a little more lively for me; but, alas, I did not have her four months till a fellow picked her up and married her. He took her twenty miles away. But there is no country like Manitoba, anyway. A boy can, if he gets down to it, make a comfortable home for himself.

We had a big Christmas tree here this year, at which a young lady and myself played two excellent pieces on the harmonica, and I sang a song. On the whole, the long winters in this country are chuck full of entertainment, dancing parties, kissing parties, and the like. I have never seen the need to complain of monotony in winter. There is plenty of work in summer, but that does a fellow good, and he gets well paid for it. Well, now I am going to give you a little experience which I had some time ago, and I hope the boys will take my advice and not "go and do likewise." My boss sent me to hitch up a team to draw a wagon and rack out of the hay yard, so we could take the rack off and put the wagon box on. I hitched up the team, and as that was all they had to do, I did not put the bits in their mouth, but led them around instead. There happened to be a horse blanket hanging on the front ladder of the rack, and in coming round the corner of the barn, the wind caught the blanket and blew the ladder down. This scared the team, and they ran away. Of course, I was in trouble. The first jump they gave landed me on the end

of the tongue; I could not get off for fear of being tramped down, so I hung on till my back struck a fence post and knocked me off. One of the horses got tangled up in the debris of fence material, and fell down on top of me. Well, I got pretty badly shaken up, but I think it could have been avoided, if I had not have been careless. It learnt me to not take any team out without putting bits in their mouth. I hope the boys will not get into such scrapes as that, as people have been killed in smaller adventures.

Well, as I hope to see this letter published, I had better quit, as I will be taking up too much of your valuable space. So wishing you all prosperity, I remain, as ever, your sincere friend,

WILLIAM HYDE.

Willie Eaton, aged 14, cannot be said to be lacking in ambition, judging by what he tells us of his intentions in regard to the fine buildings that he proposes to erect on his homestead, etc. Willie is going to make a good citizen, and we are sure that his letter will be read with a great deal of interest.

HILL FARM, P.O., ASSA.,

Feb. 12th, 1903.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I am writing now, as you may expect, to win that shot-gun. Well, the way to start is that I am getting along fine and hope to remain in the same health as I am now. We are having a fine winter. We have got all our wheat out. We had 1,700 bushels of wheat, and I think we had 900 bushels of oats. We are having some jolly times this winter, and we had a grand Christmas. I eat a little too much; I was sick for a couple of days after. I like Canada fine; I think it was made for a boy like me, for I like to work. I got the buck saw set yesterday, and won't I bring the wood pile down. I am in a fine place. They feed me so much that I am so fat that I can hardly get around. My time is spent idle; I don't have much to do. I get up in the morning and put the fire on, and then I go out and feed the cattle and calves. We have seven calves, about twenty head of cattle, one pig, five horses, geese, turkeys, guinea hens. When I leave here, if ever I do, I am going to be a farmer. As soon as I can get a place I'm going to put some fine buildings on it, so that my master and mistress can come and visit me. I don't think I could get into the hands of better people in the North West. Don't think that I am telling any lies, because I am not. Willie and Tom are brothers to me; they give me fifty cents as a present at Christmas, besides a lot of other things. I have got a mouth organ, and I've sent away for a flat. In the summer I herd the cattle and milk. I learnt to milk soon after I came here. I cried when I came from

Wolver, but I soon got over that, and now I am a big, strong boy. We are going to put a big crop in next year. I am going to stook and let the boss herd the cattle. I think the winter will soon be over; it is thawing to day. We are drawing hay home, and I help them throw it off; it ain't bad exercise. I guess I will make my home in Canada. I won't go back to England again. You can get lots to eat out here. I did not think it was so good out here, but I have found it out now. I hope all the boys in Leopold House are well. Tell them Canada is the place for them; they needn't be afraid of getting shipwrecked on the way over. I think farming is the best work for any boy or man; 'tis for me, anyway. I would rather be out in the field ploughing than in the streets selling newspapers. You get lots of fresh air in the fields; you ain't breathing smoke all the time. You bet the farm is the place for me, not the streets. I guess the boys in the Home don't miss me much. I bucked a nice little pile of wood to-day. I am getting tired of writing a very long letter, but it might be good for the gun. I hope it is, because it comes in handy out here; lots of chickens and ducks.

I think I will quit now, my fingers are getting tired. I hope this won't be too late. I am one of your boys,

WILLIAM T. EATON.

We must thank Ernest Palfrey, James Joyce and William H. Harding for the following letters. We sympathize with James in his encounter with a broken leg, but we hope that by this time it is none the worse for his misadventure:

MCGREGOR, MAN., Feb. 3rd, 1903.

I received your letter last Monday, and was very pleased to hear from you. I hope you are quite well, as I am healthy and well. I thought I would try and be a prize-winner if I could. The winter has been cold, but I keep warm with lots of clothes to wear. I think Manitoba is a fine country; there is lots of everything. I like the place I am at very well. I have not much to do. I clean out the stables and feed the cows, and pigs, and hens. We have also four horses; I can drive them; they will not kick or hurt anyone. I saw enough wood to keep the house going. Mr. Snow is hauling cordwood now. There is lots of teams pass the house from the Rossendale settlement. We have church every Friday night at seven o'clock, and we all attend it. I helped to coil and load the hay and also stacked it. I then helped to stook the grain and stack it. We had ten big stacks of wheat, two of oats and four of barley. We got threshed in November. We had 800 bushels of wheat, 500 of oats, 175 of barley. I ploughed this fall till it froze up. I ploughed about forty

acres of land. I think farming is just the thing; I like it very much. I made a trip to Winnipeg last summer to a Sunday school picnic, and I enjoyed myself very much. We only had our own picnic the day before. I would have liked to have called at the Home, but I had not time. I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here to get along. I think there is lots of chances to do so. I have been around more than I did in the Old Country. I hope to see my letter in the UPS AND DOWNS next time. I intend to be a farmer when I grow up, and get a farm of my own and work it. And I also thank you for the kindness I received on the ship. It is very good to come and see us every year to know how we are getting along. I hope you will have good health in bringing out the other boys in March. Hoping to win the prize,
Yours sincerely,
ERNEST W. PALFREY.

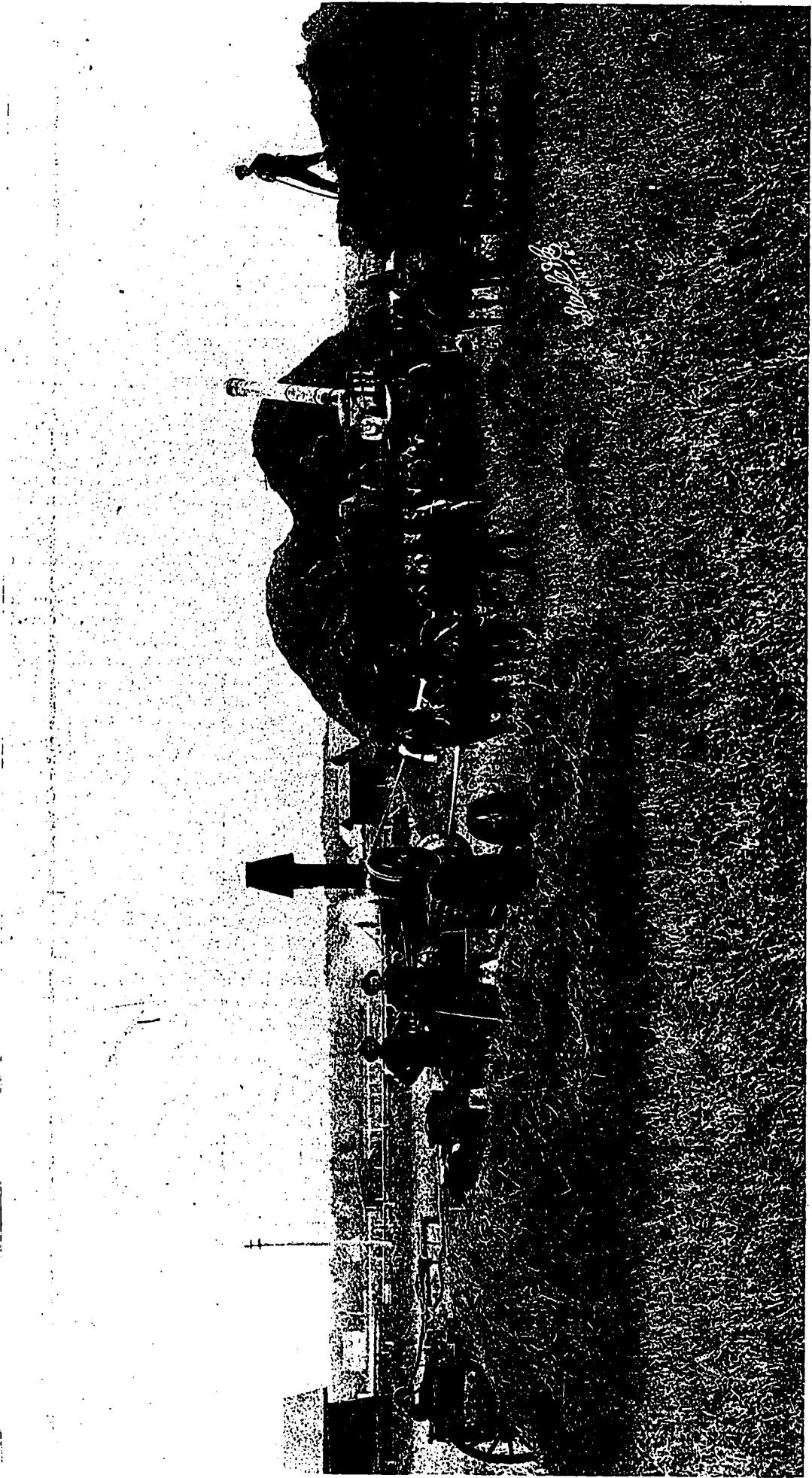
STEINBACH, MAN., Feb. 13th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter on February 7th, asking me to give you an interesting letter of my surroundings. I'll try and do my best. Canada is going to be me only future home. I am so glad that Dr. Barnardo has landed me on Canadian shores. If I had stayed in England I don't know what would become of me. I might have been long starved to death, so I don't wish to go back there again. It's all right for a rich man, because he could buy a farm, then he could hire men at low wages. In this country it's all different. Here Jack is as good as his master, when he does what he's told. Canada is a free country. For instance, if you want to go to your neighbour, or anyone else, we just make a straight line into his place; that is, if we think the road is too far round, and no one says anything; but in the Old Country, if we just stepped inside a gate, and the keeper saw us, he would come and chase us out on horse-back, or if he caught us we would get a hearty lesson with the horse-whip. When I came here at first everything was strange to me; now it's all different. I can do almost anything on the farm now. I did all the ploughing last fall. I don't mean I did it; the horses did it, which was about 100 acres. Last spring I put the crop in by myself. We had a splendid crop last summer, and plenty of work too, but still that does not last for long, because the days get shorter, and then it gives a longer night's rest. Then comes the long winter. It's a jolly time driving on sleighs, and I enjoy it very much. But it's not all fun when we upset three times in one-half mile, and sometimes get stuck. But, after all, we couldn't get along without trouble. We filled a car with wheat and sent it away. Our nearest station is three miles off, so we're not far to drive. I am not busy at present. My work now is just to do the chores and saw a little wood. That's not much, just enough to keep me on my legs, or perhaps

if I sit too much on the chair, I'll wear my pants out too quick, or perhaps my legs. We have been having cold weather, and the thermometer has been going down very low. This morning it was 10 below zero. It was freezing that the ground was cracking. Weather like that makes one cover up his face, for fear of Jack Frost getting too much of it. One great luck I have had since I came to this country is the speaker of two languages, and that's German, and the other is English; but that's my mother's language, so I have nothing to boast over that. Farming is the best thing for a man in this country. First, he is his own boss; second, if he gets sick he could lie a while without any hindrance to him. When he put in his crop it grows by itself, but if a man is working as a day labourer, and he gets sick and has to quit work, if he has nothing to spare he'll have hard times; third, if we want to go anywhere, we just hitch the team on to the buggy or wagon, as may be, and then we drive. Here in winter the iron is very, very sticky on wet hands or on your tongue. Once I was nailing up a fence on a cold day. While I was putting on a nail I put a nail into my mouth, then I found out that iron was sticky. Here we could keep the beef nice and fresh. It is frozen as hard as a stone. When we need a piece, we just take an axe and chop that, and the pieces fly. My master got a kick from a horse; he has a rib broken in two places. This is all I have to say at present, hoping that I'll be the winner; if not, then I'll be the loser. Please excuse mistakes and bad writing, because I have been many times interrupted by the mail. Yours truly,
W. H. HARRIS.

LORTIE, Feb. 14th, 1903.

DEAR SIR. Just a few lines to say that I received your letter, and I think I will try for the gun, as we have not got one, and we can make use of it winter and summer; for in winter we can get rabbits and chickens, and in summer we get ducks. Now I will try to tell you what I know. Well, I came from England in 1899 and arrived here about July 19th, and first thing I had to do was to herd cattle and horses, and I herded till November 1st, and then I helped to stack until winter set in, and then I had to feed the cattle, and I also helped to thresh, for we had now no one to keep house, so we had to cook ourselves, and I helped in the house, such as passing around the cups of tea and taking the cups to get filled. When that was over, I was alone a good part of the time, for my master had to take out his grain and get wood. When the first load came then I had lots of work to do cutting it up, and between that and feeding and watering the cattle (for we had to take them about a mile and a half) I hadn't much time to spare. Now when spring came I learned to harrow and I harrowed until May 24th. Then I went to a picnic and enjoyed it very



The Golden West: a Threshing Outfit at Work.

much. The next day I had to herd again, and herded all that summer until November 1st, and then I helped to stack again. But when threshing time came I helped to shovel the grain in the granary, for we had someone to cook, and I also carried in the wood for the woman to cook with, and when that was over we had to feed the cattle. We had to feed them straw, for we had no time to cut the hay, so we lost eight of them. When winter was over, I then had to harrow again, and then I ploughed about one acre, then I herded for a while again. In fact, I herded until I met with a broken leg; that ended it for about four weeks. Then winter set in again. Well, this winter we move to what is called the "Skyscraper." This is a house that my master's brother built, and then went back to Toronto, for his wife died, and we then came here. This last spring I ploughed and harrowed most of the land; in the summer I milked the cows and skimmed the milk and herded, then in the fall we got some visitors, and they are here yet, so that we have a housekeeper. In the fall I ploughed twenty acres more, and disked about ten acres of breaking, and now I am going to school, for we have someone here to feed the cattle, and I have not much to do when I come back. I like the country very much, and think this is the country for those who will work. This is all I have to say at present. Good bye.

I remain, yours truly,

J. J. JOYCE.

Willie Brigg's account of his sensations when he let his cattle stray into the neighbour's crop, and he saw the good wife coming in pursuit of him with a big whip, is very amusing. We should hardly, however, have thought a badger hole the most desirable place of refuge, and we should not have chosen it ourselves unless absolutely assured that the badger was not at home, or likely to return while we were occupying his quarters. We do not imagine that Willie has had very much acquaintance with the whip since he came out to Canada, and we hope that he has long since got past the stage of life when he used to neglect his cattle and let them trespass on his neighbours' properties.

FAIRLIGHT, Feb. 13th, 1903

DEAR FRIEND,—I received your very kind letter, on January 27th, and was much pleased to hear from you, and that you are well and hope you will enjoy your trip across the Atlantic and return safe again to look after your troublesome boys. When I use that word, I know we have all

been a lot of trouble to you, but hope the most of us will be a credit to the person that did so much for us. You wish to know something about myself, what I have been doing, how I like the country, and how I have been used in the first place. I came here four years last April in the year 1898. The first work I did was herding, and been at it every summer since. Sometimes I have been used good, and others none too good. I am working for the same man still, although living with another who is looking after his place. I like my home very much at present. In herding I have spent some very pleasant times, and some that were not so pleasant. When the cattle get away from a boy on some other person's crop, then is the time to look out for trouble, when you see a man's wife coming after you on horseback with a big whip, and my pants not overly thick for such treatment. That is the time we crawl in a badger hole. Although I have to go through all this, I like the country and its surroundings. I think I shall still stick to farming, as the crops were very heavy the first two years, and I think, as a good many others, the best thing to do is to get married and settle down and work hard and live a quiet life. I might say I spend my winter months in feeding cattle, cutting wood, rubbing my fingers to keep them from freezing, and reading in the evening.

Yours truly,

W. BRIGGS.

We wish we could have given Lewis Keeble the surprise that he speaks of, as we are sure that he has taken pains to write an intelligent and interesting report of himself. It is very pleasant to read of his having been "happy ever since" the time when, five years ago, he reached the end of his travels at his present place. Lewis need not be at all afraid of our forgetting his medal, and we hope that we shall very soon be able to send in his name to Dr. Barnardo as a deserving candidate.

FERNDALE, ASSA., Feb. 6th.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to you to let you know that I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. Well, and you want all the boys to try and do their best in writing the best letter. Well, I may not write the best letter, but I have tried my best, and if I do get the prize I will be more than surprised, I can tell you. If I do not, tell me who does, please. Well, I live out on a farm twenty miles from Moosomin, and am doing well. I can tell you. I have the best master in Canada; he is very good and kind, and if I want to get to see my chums he is always willing to let me go, but not in bad company, and I don't want either. I am choring around home now. I do quite a lot of

teaming. I go to the bush and draw out wood for our own use to burn. I am quite happy here, and busy. I can tell you. I tell you I had a jolly time on Xmas, I can tell you. Well, Xmas Eve I went to bed, and on Xmas morning I went downstairs, and what do I find on a chair? Why, lots of things: a nice writing-pad, pen and envelopes, a necktie and a nice pocket-handkerchief (and a large white one, too), oranges, nuts, candies, etc.; and jolly good fun, and the same on New Year's, too. I did not suffer very bad, did I? Well, I and my master look after twenty-two head of cattle, seven of horses, 100 hens, and seven pigs, and a nice big dog called "Trust," and he is worth his name, too. It keeps us busy, don't it? But we are always happy. We go to church in the summer, and I attend Sunday school, too. We can't go to church in the winter because it is too cold and far, but we have little meetings of our own. I tell you one thing, that is, I can't thank Dr. Barnardo enough for what he has done for me. I have great prospects before me. I will have \$100 in the bank next spring, and I mean to keep it there and add more to it, and, dear Sir, do not forget to get my medal ready for me next spring. My Mrs. has six children, and we have good times. We had 2,000 bushels of wheat, 1,100 of oats, 200 of barley. We have half of a section of land—320 acres. I can do quite a lot of little things on the farm now, such as ploughing, harrowing, disking, seeding, picking stones, mowing hay and raking it, and stooking sheaves, and stacking very good, and I can shoot very good, too. I can shoot ducks, chickens, rabbits. I have shot quite a lot, too, and I can milk cows, too. Well, my voyage coming out to Canada was a very good one: it was rather cold, but clear and calm. I was very little sea-sick, so I enjoyed my voyage. I saw six whales not far from the ship, and when I got on shore again I was quite excited. Well, I had quite a good journey on the train, about 2,800 miles before I got to Winnipeg, then I stop there one night and was on my way to Moosomin, then I stop there a night and a half a day, then Mr. Childcott came and got me, and I got to his place at two in the morning. So ended my voyage, and I was not sorry, either. Well, I have been happy ever since, so this is all this time.

I remain, yours truly,

LEWIS WM. KEEBLE.

Be sure and send me my medal, please, for my time is up next spring.

No remarks are needed by way of introduction to the following letter from Alic Summers, inasmuch as he begins his story from his birth place and says sufficient of himself to satisfy most of our readers that he is doing well and is comfortably quartered.

HIGH VIEW, ASSA, Feb. 10th, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. OWEN, I reply your request to send you the following particulars. My name is Alic Sidney Summers. I was born in Christchurch, Hampshire, England. I am thirteen years of age. I went to Dr. Barnardo's Home about two years ago. I came to Canada eighteen months ago. I was only two days in Winnipeg, and from there to Mr. David Best, High View. My nearest railway station is Wapella, which is thirty miles from here. Mr. Best was very kind to me. He died on Monday morning of September 15th last year very suddenly. He was going to reap the wheat with a binder. Then he said that he felt sick and would go to bed for a while to rest. Not coming down, Miss Booth, his sister-in-law, went up to see him, and found him dead. I stayed at Mr. Best's house about six weeks after his death. Mr. Best had no wife nor family. I came to Mr. D. Murray, where I now reside, November 1st, 1902, and here I have stayed. They are very kind to me. High View is in the Moose Mountain. The mountain is not very high. Scotchmen would not call it a mountain. It is a bit of a rising ground. It is well wooded. They haul wood from here some enormous distances. Some come from Moosomin, which is forty miles from here, and from Virden, which is sixty-five miles away. What a burden to a weary beast to be carrying wood all that distance! A load of wood is two cords, and a cord is about a ton weight. They use wood in this country for burning in the fire. There are some wild beasts in this mountain—elks, deer, wolves and wild-cats; but I am thankful to say that I never saw any of them but wolves. I like this country very much. It is a land of great abundance. There is plenty to eat and to drink. There are no boys starving here for want of bread as in England. The people are very kind. The principal crops are wheat, oats and barley, but out here they are mostly ranching. In July and August they cut quite a lot of hay from the sloughs and stack it, and they haul it in from the prairie in winter in sleighs. It is very cold in winter but warm in summer. We can get plenty of fish here. We have a lake called Fish Lake, three miles long and two broad, with some lovely islands on it. We can get jack-fish, pickerel and suckers in the lake. We have a school about a mile from here and a Sunday school. The teachers in the Sunday school are good and kind. I attend the Sunday school very regularly. We have divine service in the school. The ministers are mostly Presbyterians. We have a religious convention once a year, when Christian ministers and good ladies and gentlemen speak at it. That convention is held in July. We have a picnic once a year, which is very enjoyable. I hope when I am eighteen years of age to take up a quarter section of land that is, 160 acres and

make that my home. I hope to get a team of horses. The horses when not working can feed themselves all the year round on the prairie. I hope that I will get the gun, as there are plenty of ducks and prairie chickens and partridges to be shot. If I had a good gun, I would not need to go to the butcher's to buy meat for dinner. You can shoot all the game you like in this country in their season. We have no game laws as in England. My work in winter consists of helping to feed seventy head of cattle and to water them, driving a team of horses hauling hay. My master is with me all the time with another team. With kindest regards, I am yours faithfully,

A. S. SUMMERS.

The following baker's dozen of letters have all much the same tale to tell, and, as we think, will not only convey to any impartial reader a pleasant impression of the life and surroundings of our boys in the West, but also a favourable opinion of their intelligence and powers of observation. We cannot claim for any of our young correspondents any conspicuous literary genius, but for such unpractised penmen, and for youngsters whose lives are spent on the farm, we consider these letters highly creditable to the writers.

COTHAM, N. W. T.

DEAR SIR,—I will do my best in giving you as interesting a letter as I can. My father was a clerk, his wages being just enough to keep my mother and us six children going in clothes and food, so that when he died my mother had a hard time to keep us. My oldest brother helped for a time, but, thinking that mother would do lots better without him, he joined the army. Mother was a nurse for two years after father died, when she fell ill and was taken to the hospital, and my youngest brother and I were sent to the Home, and that was the luckiest thing that could have happened to us. Mother died while we were there, so we were determined to go to Canada. So it happened that in April, 1898, we landed in Broadview. Broadview is a very small town—two stores, three livery stables, two boarding places, blacksmith shop, etc., about 100 inhabitants. If we cross the track we will come to the round-house, and about 100 yards from it the dining hall, and between them runs the track to Cotham. For the first five miles there is nothing but rolling prairie, and then we come to what we call the bluffs. The trees in these bluffs are mostly poplar. We drive on twelve miles through the bluffs, that is what is called the Indian reserve, on which is built a lot of Indian huts. Most of these huts are neatly covered with mud, and I should say it was nice and warm for the winter. The Indians eat a

great deal of food and take it to Broadview and get two dollars a load for it. They are quite friendly, and some of them farm. There is a church close, to which they go, but they have not all given up their old style of worship and still put flannel and things on trees as a sacrifice. We start on again for another five miles, and then we come to the Qu'Appelle Valley, which is a very pretty sight. The valley is about three miles across and the river runs in the middle. We have an old wooden bridge to cross. The river was very high last year, and the bridge was floating for about a month, and we had to go fifteen miles further. About five miles down-east of the valley we come to Round Lake. It is about a mile across and is full of fish. The south side of the valley belongs to the Indians, and there is some good farms there. The valley is quite flat, so it is a good place to plough. The hills are covered with trees that side, while on the other side is not any. There is another lake west of the valley called Crooked Lake. We have some fine times there in summer. I went out in the boat with the master one night and caught five fish. There is quite a lot of coulees running off the valley, some of them being from six to seven miles long. Cotham is on the north side. The farms are not very big, eighty acres being as much as can be ploughed, owing to there being so many bluffs and sloughs. I learnt to shoot last summer. I shot sixty ducks and twenty chickens, the same number of partridge, and about thirty rabbits. We kill lots of pigs and a cow, and that gives us a good living and makes us strong men. I am very fond of the farm life, and hope to have a farm one day. Last summer I broke twenty acres of land with a three-horse team. I did a good half of the farm work last year. Just now we are busy hauling wheat to town; that is not half bad, especially when you see the missis smile when the master hands over cheques. We had 900 bushels of wheat and 700 of oats off forty-five acres. I went round with the thresher and worked. Everywhere there was some fine crops, forty bushels being the highest in wheat and sixty of oats. I am going to stop on with Mr. Willway for eighty dollars for the year. My time is up in April, and the money will be sent to the Home. I have not sent any to the Home yet. I owe five dollars, and I wish to give five more to make up for lost time. This is all.

HENRY E. COVENTRY, age 17.

WHITEWOOD, ASSA

DEAR SIR, I write a letter in answer to your request of asking me to steep my brains and write an interesting letter to try and win the prize that is offered, and to take my part in making the UPS AND DOWNS interesting. I think I will try and succeed. Well, the first day I reached Whitewood it was pouring of rain. Well, I had not been at my place very long be

fore there was a cyclone, and if it did not frighten the wife out of me! I thought it had knocked me back to England again. Anvhow, I soon got over that, and now I am properly settled, and I think I am in this part of the country to stay, as I like it so well. I have got so used in the country that I don't think you could drive me back with a horse-whip, for I have got so many friends around. I have been with my master now for three years nearly, so you see I have been quite a while now, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here, for when I started I did not like to come; but now I do not like to go back, and I won't go back for another thing. I like the place fine, for I am comfortable, and I get everything I want, so I cannot grumble about anything. Well, for the second, my work is not hard. At present I do all the chores in winter, feed two pigs, twenty-three head of sheep, six horses, twenty head of cattle, so there is quite a bit. I do some house-work for the mistress. In summer I fork hay and help stacking, so you see I am getting on pretty good. I am going to learn to plough. We had eighty acres in last year, and we had two thousand bushels of grain, so that was not so bad, and it was done with a walking plough; but now we have got a riding plough, so we can get the work done quicker, for farmers want it. I like my place very well, and I could not have a better place, I don't think. Well, I hope when you go back you will give my love to Mr. Douglas and all the members of the school, so now I must say good-bye and hope I have won your prize, for I would very much like your nice gun. But you must excuse my writing, for I was in a great hurry to get it wrote.

From your sincere friend,
ROBERT MONUMENT.

SHOAL LAKE, Feb. 9th, 1903.

DEAR SIR, In reply to your kind and welcome letter, I take great pleasure in writing you these few lines in regards to my short experience with Mr. Finck in Manitoba. I must state that I have been very successful in many ways. I have learned to plough, to harrow and to do farm work, as Mr. Finck has been taking great interest in learning me. I am very pleased with the country, as I believe that Manitoba is the place for me; from what I can see and learn that Manitoba will be one of the best countries in the globe. The farmers around here are improving their farms rapidly. Since I came to Mr. Finck land has rose in value to the extent of ten dollars per acre. The crops here last year was very heavy. The average was thirty to thirty-eight bushels of wheat, oats average eighty bushels per acre. I can see for myself that the farmers have the most independent life of all. They grow their own flour, raise their own meat and vegetables. It dont cost a farmer but

very little, and have plenty to eat. It is no use of farming just grain alone; he wants to go into mixed farming, such as horses, cattle and sheep, pigs and poultry, and then you have to study out which of those pay the best in which part of the country you live in. It is a very good plan to go into a little dealing such as horses and cattle and pigs. But do not go into this matter too steep, so as to get your fingers burnt. Take these things kinder cool, as there is lots into that kind of business. If a farmer has not pigs, poultry and cattle, he has a total loss of waste grain which pigs will eat when nothing else will, and poultry will eat that nothing can pick up, so with cattle, pigs and poultry nothing is wasted, for what one won't eat another will, and it is nice to go out and gather six or eight dozen eggs a day, which a farmer has so little trouble with. I intend to be a farmer, as I think no trade can beat it, and a farmer's life is the most independent life under the sun. So I am going to be a farmer of the West. A fellow can go out threshing here in the fall and make money easy. I am very sorry to say that I came across several boys who are ashamed to be called a Barnardo, and others, like myself, proud to be called a Barnardo boy. Dear Sir, there is nothing to be ashamed of. We all should be thankful for what Dr. Barnardo has done for us. He has fed us, clothed us and brought us out to this beautiful country, placed us out in good homes, and will see that every boy has got a good home, and is taken care of and looked upon as their own children, and then some boys will despise Dr. Barnardo. I think that every boy should be proud of Dr. Barnardo. I will now close my letter. Wishing you and all the boys compliments of the season.

I remain your faithful Barnardo boy,
HUGH W. WOOD.

SOLSGIRTH, MAN., Feb. 10th, 1903.

DEAR SIR, I received a letter from you on the 4th, and was pleased with the magazine you sent me, and I thank you for it. We have had rather cold weather lately and plenty of snow. I like this country very much, and would sooner be here than in London. Although I have not been out here a year yet, to see what the weather is like all the time, I think I shall like it whatever comes. I seem just as happy here as at home. I live in a very shady spot, where there are a great number of bluffs. There is a large marsh close by where most of the hay is cut in dry seasons. My master keeps a large number of cattle, and my chief work this summer will be to herd them. There's a creek that runs not very far from us where cattle find pasture, and I am going to try and get some fish there. There's a large number of muskrats and minks, and if I win the gun I shall be able to shoot some. I help milk, and cut wood, and fetch snow to melt for water. I also feed the ducks,

and hens and one little calf, which we call "Dr. Stammer," after the doctor in Pickwick, which my mistress has been reading out to us. In the evening after the work is done, I get time for reading, and a game of checkers now and again. The crops were very good last year and in great abundance. The farmers will soon be about this year's crops, and if it is good weather, there will be a larger yield than last year. My master had one hundred and twenty acres of grain, out of which seventy-five acres was wheat that turned out fairly well. There's a chance for farmers out here. I think if I started farming now I would have mixed farming, because the crops often get frozen, but the cattle don't. When I get older and bigger I hope to have a farm of my own. They took me to a concert at Solsgrith in January, which I enjoyed very much. It was very pleasant coming home in the moonlight gliding over the snow. I was very much surprised to see the threshing outfit last fall; it seemed very wonderful to me. I enjoyed the bustle and got lots of fun. They put me up on the straw stack, and then called me a snow-bird because I looked so small. Before I finish I should like to say how grateful I feel to Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here. I will do my best to be good and get on and be a credit to him.

Yours respectfully,

ALBERT WINTER.

PHEASANT FORKS, ASSA., Feb. 8th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter telling me about the shot-gun that will be given for the best letter. Well, I mean to try to win the gun if I can. My work is doing chores on a farm. I feed horses, cattle, pigs, chickens, geese, ducks, pigeons, and guinea hens, and water them; also I carry wood and water and do the milking. We threshed 4,000 bushels of grain last year. I helped to stack grain. The crop was pretty good and grew very thick and heavy. The country out here suits me fairly well. I like all seasons but winter, and I do not know that I have a very great dislike for winter, but it is very cold. I froze my fingers this winter going with the cattle to the dam. The dam is a mile away. I go on horse-back every day that is not too stormy, so you see I have two miles to go and come. There is a great deal of snow here now. I like to live here all right. I have nine calves to take care of. I cannot remember much about England and when I came out here. My birthday is on August 23rd. I will be fifteen then. I will have to close now, as I must go and do my chores.

remain, your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK C. HARPER

QU'APPELLE STATION

DEAR SIR, I am writing a few lines to say how I am getting along. I was so pleased to hear from you. I am now go-

ing to do my best. I am getting along fine. I do like my place very much. I like my boss; he is good to me. He gets me up at six o'clock in the morning. I light the fires and then I feed the two horses. We have six horses. There is four out on the prairie. I milk four cows every morning and night. We only have four cows, and four calves, and five pigs, and one foal. I feed them all every morning and evening. I clean out the stables, go for a barrel of water, and saw wood, and feed the hens every day. We have twenty-one hens and three turkeys. I like my work very well, and then when the spring comes I harrow and disc. I herd the cows in the summer. This is such a lovely country. There is lots of nice flowers in summer. We live in Edgely, nine miles from Qu'Appelle. There is lots of prairie. I do so like farming, and when I am old enough I am going to start farming and have a farm of my own. We had such good crops here last year; we had between twelve and thirteen hundred bushels of wheat. We did not thresh our oats or barley. I feed the sheaves to the horses and cows and calves. We make twenty-five pounds of butter a week. This is a better country than England. There is lots of wild strawberries and raspberries. I do like picking and eating them. I take some home and my missus preserves them. I do like herding. In summer I swim and dive. I do think it is great fun, and then when harvest comes I help to stook and stack the grain. I went to the Xmas tree; I did so enjoy it. I got a game of cards and a pocket handkerchief off the tree. We had great fun on Xmas Day, and I hope everybody else did enjoy their Xmas, too. I have not been to Sunday school or church this winter because my pony is sold. I am fourteen years old, but very small. I have only grown about four inches since I came out to this country, and Mr. Barber told me I would be a man some day. I thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out to this country and for his great kindness. I hope God will bless him for his kindness and for looking after all us boys and giving us a home to live in. I might have been dead, and millions of more boys, only for the sake of Dr. Barnardo picking us off the streets of London. We should all thank God for giving us a home. I have a foster-mother named Mrs. Cooper. She sends me money. I will send some money to the Homes this fall, if all is well. I thank the gentleman for giving us boys such a treat to win the prize. The days are getting longer; the spring is coming quick. I was in the Sixth Book when I left school in England. I am going to school next winter if I am well. I think I have done my very best. I will now close my letter, as there is someone to win the prize and someone to lose it. I hope this letter finds you well. With hearty good wishes, yours truly,

JOS. W. BROWN

MAPLE LEAF FARM,
 CARRBURY P.O., MAN., Feb. 11th.

DEAR SIR, I received your kind letter, so I am answering it at once to try and win the shot gun. I have been in my present place one year and six months. I like my place very well. I have to get up at half-past five in the summer time, and half-past seven in the winter. In the summer I get up and milk four cows, then to the pasture field half a mile from home, then I come back and have my breakfast, then I go and clean out the cow stables, and let out the hens and water them, then clean out the horse stable and fill the horses' tub full of water, then I go to the house to see if my mistress has anything for me to do. If it is washing day, I turn the machine and empty the waters; and if it is churning day I put on an apron and churn; but if it is neither, I get the potatoes up out of the field and the other vegetables out of the garden, then I scrape the potatoes and shell the peas or beans, and get the rhubarb and cut it. In the winter I get up and milk two cows, then I come to the house and fill up the wood box and empty any water out, then I get my breakfast and go to school. My master is school trustee, so he gave me the job of lighting the school fire and sweeping out the school, and I get nine cents a morning for doing it. My mistress bought me a money box, so I am saving up my money. I have got two dollars in it now. If I do any extra work my master pays me extra for it. We had very good crops last year. This is a splendid place for mixed farming, but there is no land around here to take up. I think I will be a farmer when I get older. Manitoba is a good place for anyone that will work, but it is a very poor place for a lazy person. Kindest regards to yourself and Dr. Barnardo, and I want to ask if I may join the B.O.B.S., or is it only for the older boys in Ontario? I go to church in the summer and I go in winter when the weather and roads are fit.

I remain, yours truly,
 HUBERT W. PEABODY.

CARMAN, Feb. 8th, 1903.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I like Manitoba very well, and I think it is a very good country for anybody to get along in. It is almost five years since I came to Mr. Usher's, and I intend to stay with him. We had very good crops last year; we had about four thousand bushels of wheat, and about two thousand bushels of oats. I can do almost any kind of work on the land now. I have to attend to all the cattle and horses and pigs in the winter. We live on the bank of the Boyne River, so it is not a hard job to water them. I have run a Massey-Harris binder for two harvests, and I like it fine. We stack with two teams, and I always build the loads. I pitched a few of them, and I found it was harder work than loading them. Last

hay-making time I ran the mower and the rake. We put up about forty loads of hay about four miles away from home on the other quarter-section. It is nearly all hay land; it is marshy. We have not got all our hay home yet; we have been taking out our summer wood. We have not had very many rough storms yet, but there is a lot of snow out here. We are fattening seven head of cattle this winter. I must now close my letter, so good-bye all.

I am, yours truly,
 WALTER HARVEY.

We are particularly pleased to have a letter from our friend, Joseph Cook, inasmuch as we have watched Master Joe's career with considerable interest since he began life in the far West. As our lads will see, Joe is looking forward hopefully to having a bunch of cattle of his own before very long. We fully expect that he will accomplish the object of his ambition, and anticipate seeing him, one of these days, a well-to-do Western stockman. His letter is as follows:

PINE LAKE, RED DEER, ALTA.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I am very sorry I am too late to have a chance of winning the prize. I see in your letter that all letters must reach you not later than February 20th. I got yours on February 20th. Well, as it is too late for the prize, I will write for the UPS AND DOWNS. Well, in regards to farming, we do not farm at all where I am. I like farming very well, but I like ranching better. You will have to let me off farming. I do not know much about it. I like the country very well; it is a very healthy climate. We had quite a lot of rain last summer, but it made the grass grow. We put up 500 ton of hay for the cattle; it was all upland hay, as the sloughs are all full of water. I do not know what all the people that are coming into this country will do to begin with. They are mostly not very rich, and as soon as it comes dry they won't be able to get hay for their cattle. The country where I am there is no upland hay in a dry year, and it is much the same elsewhere. The Pardoes have to lease quite a lot of land which is not under water to be able to get lots of hay when the dry summers come. Some people think it will keep wet years all the time, but I don't. I hope not, anyway, because we lose cattle much more and horses too. The cattle in the fall, when the sloughs begin to freeze up, start going on the ice before it is safe, and go through and then get drowned. The horses get a sort of fever and die. It rained so much that our spring got covered last summer, and we have had to cut holes through the ice. Two of our calves got in the hole and drowned. We lost two cows

in the slough. Now, in regards to work. We are both haching. I generally do the cooking. I cooked for the haying outfit last summer, and did all the raking and quite a lot of pitching and stacking too. We do not do much in the summer till haying time. I am now hauling hay. We fed three loads a day through the winter. I haul two loads, the other man does the chores and hauls one load a day. Sunday we killed a cow. We had nothing to eat, so we had to. Monday I just got back with my load of hay to feed the calves when I saw one of our cows and a steer of Mr. H. had broken through the ice. The steer was dead, but I pulled the cow out with the team, and she got all right again. I hope to have a bunch of cattle of my own before very long. I am going to stay with the Pardoes for another year, and I shall get a few head in the spring. We have had a very fine winter. Last Saturday it was thirty-eight below zero, but the last few days are just like spring. I expect we shall get some more winter yet. I am 19 years old. I have grown an awful lot since I last saw you. I shall be very pleased to see you again; you must let me know when you will be up here again. I do not live at the lake, but twenty-five miles farther off. I should like you to see the cattle; we have twenty-eight head of three-year-old steers for beef this fall. Some of them are beauties. I am very fond of shooting. I shot a lot of ducks and geese and chickens last fall. In the winter we shot coyotes. I shall have to get a rifle before next winter. I think I must close now, as I want my supper. I am all alone to-night. Steve Pardoe has gone after four head of our horses that have been away for about five months. Webb has gone after a yearling heifer. You must excuse bad spelling, as it is not very often I write. I remain, your sincere friend,

J. COOK.

There are not many boys that know me, as I was only in the Homes a month. Could you give me the address of a boy named Herbert French? He came out with me in September, 1897.

La Riviere is a highly favoured district, in which a good many of our boys have found comfortable homes. Judging from the following letter from Master George Hughes, one of them, at any rate, has good reason to feel satisfied with his surroundings :

DEAR MR. OWEN, I now sit down to try and write you a letter, but I do not expect to win the prize you mention. I like the country fine, and could not wish for a better one. I am in a good place and enjoyed myself sometimes at entertainments. My work in the spring is harrowing and ploughing; in the summer I stook and rake hay. In the fall I hauled loads, and

plough. In the winter I help feed the stock and do chores. Most of my time is spent working. We had good crops last year; yields ran pretty high some places. Farming prospects, at present, are good, although I prefer ranching, in the future. And now, I think, is the time for our boys to come out here, and I am sure they will not regret it. I would like to have a shot-gun, but there are little chances of me getting it, as I am a poor writer and speller. I will now close, wishing the Doctor and his great work every success during the year. I remain one of the boys, Yours truly,

GEORGE HUGHES.

Foxwarren is another district in which we are well represented. We publish with great pleasure the following letters from William Russell and George Ward, two young Foxwarreners, which suggest that the surroundings are not unfavourable to the welfare and success of our juvenile settlers :

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing you these few lines and to answer your kind and welcome letter that I received last week. I am very glad to write you these few lines, so as to show you what the Doctor and the members has did for me when I was very small and helpless. The first thing, I was poor and had not much of a home; the Doctor picked me up and took pity on me. He took me into the Home, gave me clothes, food to eat and a fine bed to sleep on. I was in the Old Country about one and one-half years in Leopold House. I came out to this country in March, 1897. We landed at Portland, U.S.; then we took the train to Ontario. I stop there for two weeks, and then a party took the train to Winnipeg, so we landed in Winnipeg on a Friday. I left next day to be sent to A. Newton, Foxwarren, Man. In the year I did a little milking and harrowing and cutting wood till I got into the ways of the country. The second year I did a little ploughing, milking and a few other things; the third year I did the very same. But I am sorry to tell the story, but I will: Mr. A. Newton lost his beloved wife, and leaves him with four little girls to pull through this world. The oldest is only thirteen years old. Never mind, I be a brother to them. Mr. Newton treats me like his own son. The fourth year I put the half of Mr. Newton's crop in. I did all the ploughing, the half of sowing and all the harrowing. I raked his hay and stacked it for him. And the fifth year I did the same, but I did all the pitching at the grain stacks. We had eleven stacks of wheat, six of oats. Last year we had about 900 bushels of wheat and about 700 bushels of oats, and sixty bushels of barley. Mr. Newton has gone away on the C. C. R. baking, and he has left me to run his farm. I am expected to

put it in this summer all myself and take it off and thresh it. So you can see that I did my duty in my five years. I have \$100 to good and a silver medal. I got \$70 out to farmers at ten per cent. interest. I think I will stay on with Mr. Newton; he said he would get me a job with him at Minnedosa. He said he never had his animals in as good shape since he left them with me. He don't want me to leave him, for it is like a son leaving his father, and it is the same to me. I think I must now close, as I think I have wrote quite a long letter to try for the prize. Wishing you all had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, also the same to the kind gentleman who is to give this kind prize. Please let the gentleman read this letter. Thank the Dr. Barnardo and all his Homes and members of it for their goodness to me in life. I hope it won't be long before I can start and farm myself, and do the same to those who helped me in my time of need and turn and do also likewise to them. With hearty good wishes, I remain, your sincere friend,

W. J. RUSSELL.

I will try to give you my experiences since coming out to Canada. I came out in the fall of 1893. I went to the Home in Toronto. From there I went to Huntsville to board-out on a farm. When I got there I started to go to school and do the chores, which was hunting the cows in summer and feeding them in winter and taking in the wood and water. I did not like the cold the first winter, but after that I did not mind it. I was there nearly three years. From there I went to Bracebridge to a doctor's to look after his horses and garden for my board. I was there nearly two years. From there I went to Toronto, was there about two weeks, and then started for Manitoba with a party of boys under Mr. Davis. We got to Winnipeg, and I was there for about two months. From there I was sent to Foxwarren to work on a farm for four years for \$120. My work there for that winter was help to look after the cattle and saw the wood. In the spring I did the chores till it was time to herd. I herded for two summers, and the third summer I started to work a team. I put in part of the crop that year and worked in the harvest. The next spring I put in all the crop, 100 acres. I worked in the harvest, and in the winter we had about thirty head of cattle and six horses to look after. It is fine out here in summer; it is a little cold in winter, but after you get used to it you do not mind it. I served my four years, and then worked the summer, and in the fall I went threshing, and now I am working for James Hay. I am alone, looking after twenty-seven head of cattle and eleven horses and eighteen pigs. We have been having a fine winter. The crops were good last year. I used to think that I would not like farming, but now I have got to like it, and I am going to get a farm as soon as I can. There is a good chance for any young man out here

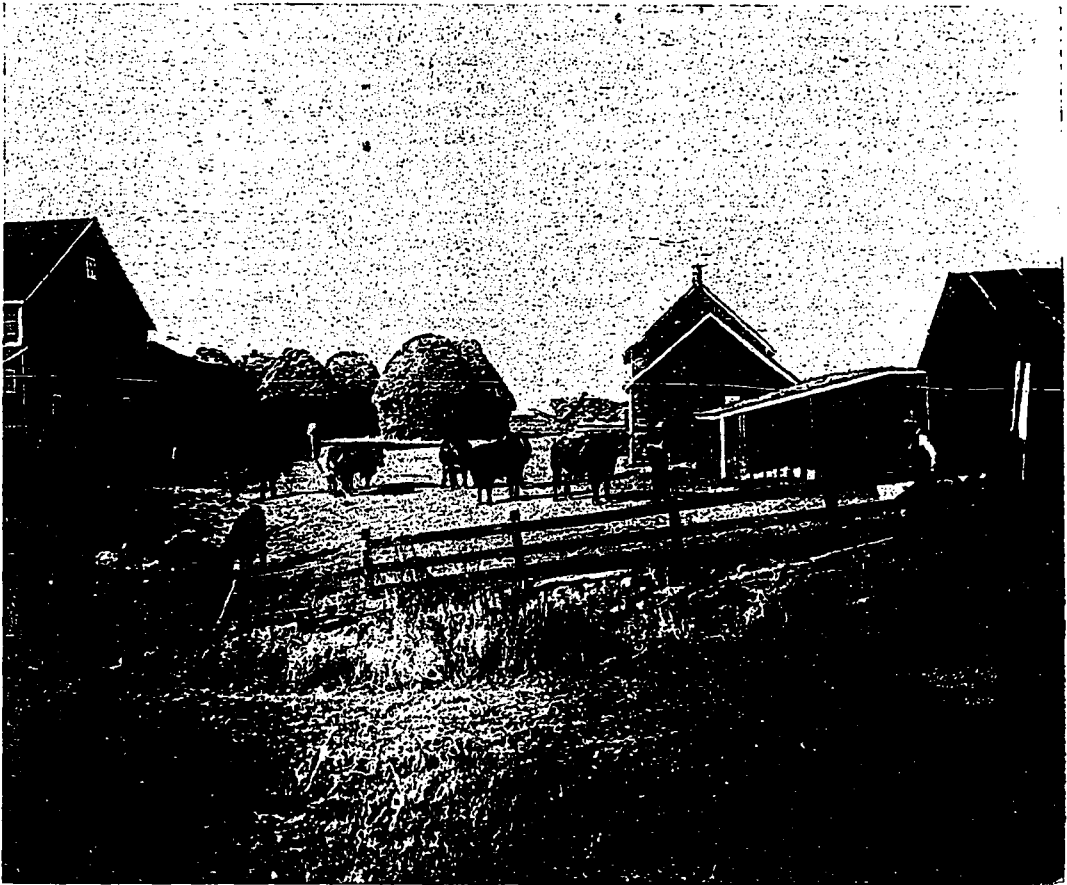
to get on. I think that is all this time
Yours truly,

GEO. WARD.

John Tyler, the writer of the following letter, is a lad of whom we have always had reason to think very highly. We shall hope to renew our acquaintance with John in person before very long, and meanwhile we are very gratified to be able to publish, for the benefit of our readers, the account he has given of himself:

INNISFAIL, ALTA., Feb. 7th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased to receive your letter yesterday, also UPS AND DOWNS with the nice almanac enclosed. The winter is nearly gone, and I have not once suffered from the cold, and have worn leather boots almost daily. So you may know it hasn't been a severe winter. The most of the winter I have got up at six (after the stoves are lit), dress myself, then attend to my stable work. After the cattle have been attended to, I enjoy a hearty breakfast. Then after I read a few verses from my Bible, my stable work keeps me busy till noon. I am again ready for another square meal, after which I attend to the wood-pile till it is time to tie up the cattle, which have been out for a few hours. I generally am in town once a week for the mail on my pony. Our hens are laying remarkable well this winter and we have thirteen chickens. One brood hatched in January and the other in February. We also had more, but some got killed. They are pretty little things. We are very proud to have them this time of year; they are so smart, and the chirping makes you think it's spring. Oh, for an English shot-gun. There are as many as sixty chickens feeding on our grain stacks every morning. They are so tame that I took one from the cat. The growth is remarkable in this country. We have some very fine oats off last year's crop. On an acre and one-fifth we raised potatoes, mangels, turnips. We raised sixteen pigs last summer. We also sowed a little barley, and it came up about a week afterwards. It yielded two crops. We cut it once, and when we got to the other end of the land it was ready again, so that was pretty quick. Our pigs done well on all these roots. We also have a smaller garden. In it was potatoes, carrots, onions, beets, cabbage, parsnips, peas, lettuce and also some flowers and many other things. It is an excellent good country for cattle. In the summer time abundance of feed. The cows come home grunting; they do milk heavy then. I also hear the frogs in the summer evening; just a continual noise they make. We can see the Rocky Mountains in the west. There are lots of wild flowers of all colours. Wild fruit too, raspberries, chokecherries, saskatoons, gooseberries, cranberries and



A Manitoba Homestead.

strawberries. There are big prairie fires sometimes, which are not very safe. Some day we hope to build a new house which we are drawing the stone for now. We have about one hundred loads, but need more for other purposes. It is worth seeing the big banks of stone along the river. I have a chum in England that writes to me. Last summer we put up seventy loads of hay. The master cut and I raked it. I spent a merry Christmas and got a nice pair of mits presented to me. I think as I am more used to the country I will stay a while longer when my time is up. Now I think I have said enough for this time, so I will close, wishing Dr. Barnardo every deed of success. Yours truly,

JOHN TYLER.

George Patching has produced what we are sure everyone will agree is an exceedingly interesting and very creditable letter, considering that George is still in his thirteenth year and has not had any exceptional educational advantages. We are glad to see that George considers farming is "all right," and we are entirely at one with him in the opinion he expresses that "anybody can get along all right if they only have a start."

I was glad to receive your letter, and I see by it you are giving a prize of a shot gun to the boy who writes the best letter to UPS AND DOWNS, so I thought I would try to do my best to gain the prize, because a shot-gun comes in very handy where I live, for the wolves and foxes that come to steal our hens and ducks. When I first came to the North-West in May, 1901, I thought it was pretty cold, but I soon got used to the weather. Last spring was a very wet one on account of so many rain-storms. We generally get a lot of rain in June; it is called the rainy month out here. The summers are hot, the month of August being very hot. About fall we generally get a lot of frost and cold weather, then snow generally comes about the middle of November. We are having a lot of snow these days, and blizzards, and the frost is freezing everything up, and it will not thaw out again until March, when we generally expect fine weather. I like my place with Mr. Cooke very well. The C.P.R. runs through our farm, and our house is only about three hundred yards from the track. A drive of two miles east takes us to the town of Greafell. Mr. Cooke has a big stable with a loft over it, where we put the hay and straw to feed the cattle, and five horses. We have twenty eight head of cattle, and five horses and a colt, six pigs, seven hens and two ducks. We had more fowls, but the foxes

stole them. My work is to help to feed the cattle, the hens, and the horses; their oats, chop the kindlings, get the coals, water and snow for the house, so you will see with going to school my time in the winter is pretty well taken up. In the summer I herd the cattle, help to milk the cows, and feed what calves do not go with the cows. We have a pasture field to put the cattle into on a Sunday afternoon, while I go to Sunday school. There is a creek runs through the field, so the cattle can get a drink any time they like. The crops last year were pretty good, though they were late and some got froze. We had a field of oats that went sixty-two bushels to the acre, and another one that went fifty bushels, and the wheat went twenty-two bushels to the acre all around. We got threshed in October. Mr. Cooke and another man own a machine: it takes twelve horses to work it. It threshes, generally, 500 bushels a day, though it threshed nearly 600 bushels of oats one morning, and some days they threshed 700 bushels of wheat. It is only twenty-eight inches across where they put the sheaves in, so I think they did well. I think farming is all right; anybody can get along all right if they only have a start, or a little help, and a man can make money if he tries to, if his crops do not get froze, but that is not very often here. Mr. Cooke never had wheat froze here before this year, and then he only had about ninety bushels froze; he had all the rest of his wheat cut before the frost came. In the future I expect to be a farmer, as I always said I would, though it is not very nice to go out and do chores in the winter when it is cold and stormy. I like the country out here. The farmers around here grow nearly all wheat. I forgot to tell you when I spoke of Grenfell that there are four elevators here beside a flour mill. West of here about one hundred miles they raise cattle and go in for what they call ranching, and do not grow wheat. This is all I have to say, so I will close and remain, yours sincerely,

GEORGE PATCHING, age 12 years.

HILL FARM, P.O., ASSA.,
Feb. 8th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your welcome letter, so I thought I would write a letter to UPS AND DOWNS to tell the other boys how I am getting on. I came to Canada with the July party of 1900. Since then I have changed wonderful, and I am sure that if I went back to England my friends and chums that I had when there would not know me in the least. I have a very good home, and my master and mistress are very kind to me. My chief occupation in the summer is herding. The first herding was awful lonesome, but I soon got used to it. In the winter I go to school for three months. When spring comes I have to help get the land ready for crop. I can handle a team pretty good and can

work quite a few implements on the farm, such as the gang-plow and sulky. I can harrow with the drag harrows and raddle-harrows. We have 480 acres of land altogether, and eighty-one acres under cultivation. We have fifty acres ready for crop next year. We had 1,400 bushels of grain last year—wheat and oats—and about six bags of potatoes. The crops were very good in this neighbourhood last year. I think farming is a very good occupation, especially for us lads in such a country as this. I have been two years in my present place, and I have three more years to put in till my term of employment is out; then I shall deposit in the bank \$100—my pay for the five years I have worked in this place, for then I know it will be safe until I find use for it. After my term is out I shall stay at the farming until I have sufficient money to set myself up on a farm of my own, then that's where the money will come in. When I came to this country I was only a small boy of eighty pounds, but now I am sure I weigh twenty pounds more, so you can guess from that I am not treated badly. You asked me in the letter to tell you how many cattle we had on the farm. Well, there is thirteen head of cows, etc., three head of horses and four pigs, besides two dogs, two cats and poultry, of which there is a considerable number. I think I have said all now, so good-bye to all the boys, and I thank the Doctor very much for sending me to this country, for I am sure that was the greatest step in my life. This is all at present. Wishing the Home and the kind Managers of it every success, I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM JEMMETT.

In a postscript Willie asks for the address of his friend, Percy Temple. We refer him to page 18 of this article, where Percy speaks for himself.

We cannot do more by way of introduction to the following half-dozen letters than offer our thanks to the writers for the efforts they have made in complying with our request for a report of themselves and their doings:

MARIETON, ASSA., Feb. 7th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot say enough about this country. I think it is just splendid. In the summer we have flowers and sunshine, and in the winter we have snow and sunshine. I like this place where I am very much. On three sides of us we have bluffs, and on the west side we have the lake. It is sixty-three miles long and from one to three miles wide. In the winter I take the cattle down to the lake to water; the ice is a foot and a half thick. We have forty five head of cattle and we have eleven horses. My chief work is attend-

ing to the cattle and getting fire wood out of the bluffs and getting it out ready for use. Some Sundays I go to church. I have to walk a mile and a half to church. We have lots of game here--geese and ducks by the hundred, and chickens too, and antelope. I saw nine myself in the summer when I was after the cattle. I can always get near the game. My work in the summer is ploughing and harrowing and looking after the cattle, and when the evening comes then I have to bring them home and then do the milking. We are only milking two cows. We had a fair crop last summer; we had between eight and nine hundred bushels of wheat from thirty acres, and we had from four to five hundred bushels of oats, so that was not bad. When we have got all our grain stacked, the geese come by the hundred, and when my master is away they come right behind the hills; but when he is at home the geese keep out in the open fields; they just seem to know when he is at home. Then we have a lot of rabbits in the bluff, but we never had so many deer before till this year. We have black-tail deer and a good many more sort. We could never wish for a better country for game than this. One of the farmers said he saw seventy-six antelope all in a bunch, so you see we have lots of game to shoot. Then there are a lot of wolves, which are getting very tame indeed. I saw two wolves to-day, and they came within easy gunshot while I was cutting the water holes open to water the cattle. Now I will tell you what I think about farming prospects. I think there is no better country for farming than this country. I am hoping to be a farmer some day myself, for I think it is the best work that can be done. There is so much wheat grown here that the elevators are all full already, and yet there is not half the wheat away out of this part, and I don't know what they will do when this country gets thickly settled; they won't know what to do with all the grain. I am thinking of settling in this district myself, but I won't begin yet a while, because I haven't got enough money. This is all I have got to say, so good-bye, Sir, and God be with you through this next voyage, and give my best wishes to that kind gentleman that offers such a valuable prize.

I remain, your sincere friend,

JOHN ELKINS.

MORISTON, ASSA., Feb. 6th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter in safety, and I set to work to answer it. I like the country very much, and don't care about going back. I am hoping to be a farmer. Since I have been out here I have learnt a lot of things. I like my master very much, and expect to stop another year. I can ride, and I like it. I learnt to swim last summer, and I like bathing. I can harrow and plough with the sulky and the walking-plough. I can

use the disc harrows. I cultivated ten acres of land last fall. Then the haying began; we stacked about sixty-four loads of hay. One week I carried four loads of hay a day, and my master gave me a dollar pocket money. I stooked most of the grain last year, and I helped to stack it. Then I began to get out wood. I got nine loads out, and we expect it will last all the winter with a little green wood. I have been cleaning out the stables most of the winter, besides cutting wood and going down to the lake with the cattle. We have fifty-four head of cattle, and nine horses, and thirty hens. We have had beautiful weather for the last month. I thought of buying a few heifers to be running into money. There are people who I know that have got a big herd of cattle now, and starting from one or two. I milked three cows in the summer, and I am milking one this winter. There was a entertainment on the first of November for the school, and the people around were invited. It went off well. I helped a little. I recited a piece of Julia Ceaser. We had a Christmas tree in this settlement, and it was loaded with toys, and it looked fine. I had a nice tie, and I liked it very much. I think this is all I have to say, so good-bye.

I am, yours truly,

ROBERT JOHN ELKINS

Feb. 7th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing these few lines in answer to your letter I received on February 5th, and to try for the prize you spoke about, though I don't stand much chance; but there is nothing like trying. You must excuse my writing, for my hand is not steady to write. I think I have been in Canada long enough to know something about it. I came from Leopold House, England, in October, 1897, and came right to the North-West to Mr. Langrish, and I am there yet, and am likely to stay another year; in fact, as long as he will keep me. I find that if your place is a good one, it is best to stick to it, for I don't like moving around from one place to another. I have a good boss. I don't have to work very hard. The North-West is growing very rapidly. Land is selling at twenty dollars an acre. We have 190 acres under cultivation. I like farming very much, especially ploughing summer fallow. I backset over sixty acres last fall. We had 123 acres of wheat and thirty-three acres of oats. We had very good crops last year. Our wheat went twenty-nine bushels to the acre, and oats thirty-nine bushels to the acre. We had over two thousand bushels of wheat. Our oats went forty-four pounds to the measured bushel. Wheat is worth sixty-five cents a bushel, and oats is worth thirty cents a bushel. We have thirty head of cattle, and nine head of horses, and eleven head of pigs. My Langrish said he would let me buy three head of calves, and he would winter them for nothing and I look after them.

and when they are two or three years old they will bring me in from thirty to forty dollars each. I make money more ways than one. Mr. Langrish lets me do a bit of trapping. I have caught four mink so far, and they bring me in from two to four dollars each. I am saving up my money to give me a good start farming, and then I will paddle my own canoe. I am seventeen and a half years old. I can do almost anything now. I am fond of all kinds of sport, swimming especially. It is useful to be able to swim. I suppose you heard about Fred Cox being drowned? I live only half a mile from where he was drowned. Fred was one of my mates. He came out with the same party as I did. He was liked by everybody in Oxbow. There is quite a few boys around here from the Home. I saw Dr. Milne in UPS AND DOWNS. I haven't forgot the good he done for me, and I thank him very much for it. I saw a deer this fall--the first I have seen in this country. I was only one hundred yards from him. There is lots of wolves in the valley around here, and we have killed a few with the hounds. They are sneaky things; you can't trap them. Canada is a splendid country. I can't praise it enough, especially the North-West. It is healthy enough for anyone; the air is so pure and fresh, not like the Old Country--balmy, smoky and damp. I would not go back to England to live if you paid me a pension. There is no need to starve out here like there is in England. We are having soft weather now here. We are not doing much just now. We are going to chop up the summer wood soon. I like chopping wood. I am growing fast. When I came out to Canada I only weighed eighty pounds, and now I weigh 130 pounds, so it shows what Canada can do. I think this is all for this time. I thank Dr. Barnardo heartily for what he has done for me, for if it had not been for Dr. Barnardo things would have been different with me. Wishing you peace and happiness,

YOURS TRULY,
ARTHUR PIDDOCK.

ROSEBANK, Feb. 11th, 1903.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hear that you are giving a double-barrelled shot-gun for a good letter. I should like to have a shot-gun. First I will tell you how I like the country. Canada is a very nice country, but it is a little too cold in the winter. Last spring I poisoned a lot of gophers. Dear Sir, I like my place very well. We have a little pony named "Brown." I ride on his back for the cows in summer time. Last summer we milked six cows. I milk two, my master milk two, and my mistress milk two, so it does not take us long. My master bought a cream separator. It is called the "National." It turned easily. My work just now is feed the cows, milk one cow, clean out the stable, water the pigs and hens and feed them. Our hens do not lay just yet. I feed the calves,

fetch in the wood and water, and do house-work. I spend a happy life. I do not work all the time, and I have not a hard boss, and I go to church and Sunday school. Last year we had a pretty fair crop; we had 2,300 bushels of wheat, and 800 of barley, and 1,000 bushels of oats, and a lot of hay and oat sheaves. We have thirteen horses, twenty-two head of cattle, and fifteen pigs, and fifty head of poultry. I like farming very much. There is not much work to do just now till spring comes—only a few chores. Dear Sir, I thank you very much for telling me where my brother was, and I want to make myself a good man when I grow up and to be a good working man for myself and other people. Dear Sir, my mistress has three daughters and six sons, and they all live around here. The youngest son is out on a visit to California. He thinks it a great country. Dear Sir, it has been a very cold winter out here, and I thank you very much for sending me the UPS AND DOWNS. Dear Sir, when you go across the ocean to England and back, I wish you a safe journey. I have been in Canada about nineteen months. Dear Sir, I like reading the letters in the UPS AND DOWNS, and I hope you are well and happy. I guess this is all this time. I remain, yours truly,

HILL FARM P.O., Feb. 11th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, and glad to say that I like the country very much, and I don't mind the cold, although sometimes it is between 40 and 50 below zero. I have good, warm clothes, and kept clean. I feed four horses, and there are four more out, feed the poultry, saw the wood. We have fifteen milk cows. I milk two, and feed the pigs. We have one cow in the stable and the rest out. After work is done I go into the house and play or read. We had a good crop: 2,000 bushels of wheat, 700 of oats. We have a good potato patch and a good garden of fruit. Mrs. and Mr. Hemiston is very good to me. I like farming well. Our place is very bluffy. There are lots of partridges, chickens and rabbits about, and wild ducks and geese and turkeys in the spring. I don't go to school now; it is too far away. I go to church sometimes. I have a sister out here somewhere. I would like you to tell me where she is. I remain, your true friend,

HENRY RAYSON.

NAPINKA, MAN., Feb. 16th, 1903.

DEAR SIR, I now take the pleasure of answering your kind and welcome letter, which I received with joy. I am well and hope you are the same. I am going to school this winter. I do chores around the house and stable when I am not at school. Last spring I ploughed with a riding plough and run the disc drill a few days, which I liked to do very much. I intend to be a farmer. I

like to be working around cattle and horses. I had a nice time on Christmas Day. I'll tell you what Christmas presents I got: a fancy cup and saucer and bugle, and a clock full of nuts and candies. I like my place first-rate; they are nice people. I get along fine with them. We have eleven horses and eighteen head of cattle. We had a hired man this summer. We have three quarter-sections of land. We had 300,000 bushels of wheat, 870 of barley, 1,100 of oats, 80 bushels potatoes. I went to Sunday school and church this summer. I got a lot of cards and papers too. We have no Sunday school this winter. I like UPS AND DOWNS and also the calendar you sent me. Last summer I went after the cattle on horse-back on a spotted pony. I go to week-day school on horse-back. We had a Christmas tree up at Napinka on Christmas night. I like the country first-rate. I hope to stay in the country; but I don't think about going back to the Old Country. I think farming is all right for boys.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIE GILLESPIE.

PHEASANT FORKS, Feb. 14th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, and thank you very kindly for sending me letter. Dear Sir, I would like to get the gun. Now I will tell you how old I am. I am fifteen next July 22nd, 1903. Dear Sir, I will be in Canada three years in August, 1903. Dear Sir, I like the country very well, and it is healthy for anybody. Dear Sir, I like Mr. Brown's place very much. Dear Sir, I am herding cattle in the summer, and when the harvest is come I help to stooking up grain and help to load up and stack up the grain, and Mr. Brown said I done very well; and when threshing time comes I had to be on the straw-stack to pick the straw away; and when all the grain was threshed the boss had 8,000 bushels this year. When winter comes I have to do the chores around the stable of twenty-six head every morning. I clean behind them, and I clean behind seven horses. I feed the cows and bedding, and I curry the horse every morning, and then I go to milk six cows, and when I done milking I go and take the calf its milk, and then I draw manure away with one horse, and when that is done I put feed down for the cows. Then I go up and saw wood till it is dinner time, and when I had my dinner I go straight out and I water twenty-six head of cattle, and when I done that I go and bed them and feed up the cows and saw wood till night. Dear Sir, Mr. Brown got a new house up, but it is not quite done yet. When he gets the house done, he will have a new stable and a new barn and new granary, and they said they are going to have a new flag-pole and a new flag. Dear Sir, I think this is all I have to say. With hearty good wishes, I remain your sincere friend,

JAMES W. HENSON

We are glad to observe that our young friend, Joseph Nash, considers himself "on even footing to start the battle of life with almost anybody." We can quite believe that Joe thinks this of his present position, and, in our opinion, he does not in anyway over-estimate his advantages. In Canada every one of our boys has a fair and free chance of making his way upwards, and if he only has honesty, industry and perseverance he may climb to a high place on the ladder.

MOOSOMIN, Feb. 9th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter I would be pleased to gratify you and the Institution, which has been the means of giving me a home, and setting me on even footing to start the battle of life with almost anybody. We have had very good crops lately, some of the wheat going as high as twenty-three to twenty-five bushels per acre, and oats sixty to seventy bushels per acre. We do not grow much barley or rye, but some farmers have speltz that go as high as fifty bushels per acre. I think that when the snow goes away and we can get around a little I shall look for a homestead, so that I can do something for myself, as I understand all kinds of farm work. I am looking after the horses and cattle, and drive the team every day. I had rather a sad misfortune some days ago when I was in the bush. I was thirsty, and there was a bit of snow on the axe head and I went to lick it off when my tongue stuck fast to the axe, and it was about five minutes before I got it off, and it pained for a good while, and I tell you that I won't eat no more snow off an axe-head. I think that it was real nice of the gentleman to give a gun for a prize, and the boy that gets the gun, if he thinks as much of it as I would, he will think a lot of it. I think this is all I have to say, so good-bye. With kind regards to all.

JOSEPH NASH.

Charlie Smith has given us a very good illustration of the wonderful growth of the North-West, and he is one of those young men who will, we expect, grow up with the growth of the country:

CONDIE, ASSA, Feb. 15th, 1903.

I just received a letter from you asking the boys in the North-West to write to you, and as I am one of them I will have a try for the gun. I have been in the country five years in the spring. I came here a little shaver to herd cows. It was a very lonesome job for me till I got used to it, then I liked it fine. I had not a big herd to look after. I had a good dog, and on wet days I had an old grey pony to ride

At that time there was lots of vacant land the cows could feed on, now the land is all taken up, or bought up, and we can only keep what cows we can tether. The rest are all sent away to Qu'Appelle Valley to pasture. The crops were very fair for the first three years I was here; these last two years they have been very bountiful. To give you an idea of how much this part of the country has grown since I came here, Mr. Condie, who I am with, lives half a mile from the Prince Albert railroad and about nine miles from Regina. When I came here there was nothing but the line running through his farm; now there is three elevators of 30,000 bushels capacity each, a post office and general store, with a little line station called "Condie." The elevators have all been full since November, only an occasional car coming in for each of them. Then there is a rush of farmers to get all they can of their wheat in, and, of course, the ones who live nearest get in the most. Now I must tell you what I did last year. Mr. Condie got a new disc plough, and I ploughed with it all summer with five horses. I liked it fine. I ploughed with the sulky plough too. It is far better than walking after a hand-plough, as I hear the farmers used to do. I like farming, and whenever I can get enough to start for myself I mean to go farming on my own account. But as I don't like "Bachelor's Hall," I guess I will have to wait a little while longer. There is a great many Americans coming in this spring. They are going north of us about ninety miles, where they say there is a grand country. The Prince Albert express was wrecked last Wednesday morning near Condie Station, but no one was injured. Now I think I must draw my letter to a close, as it is getting late.

Yours truly,

CHARLES SMITH.

Henry Windred has managed to fill his letter with a good many interesting items of intelligence, which we very much appreciate. He says:

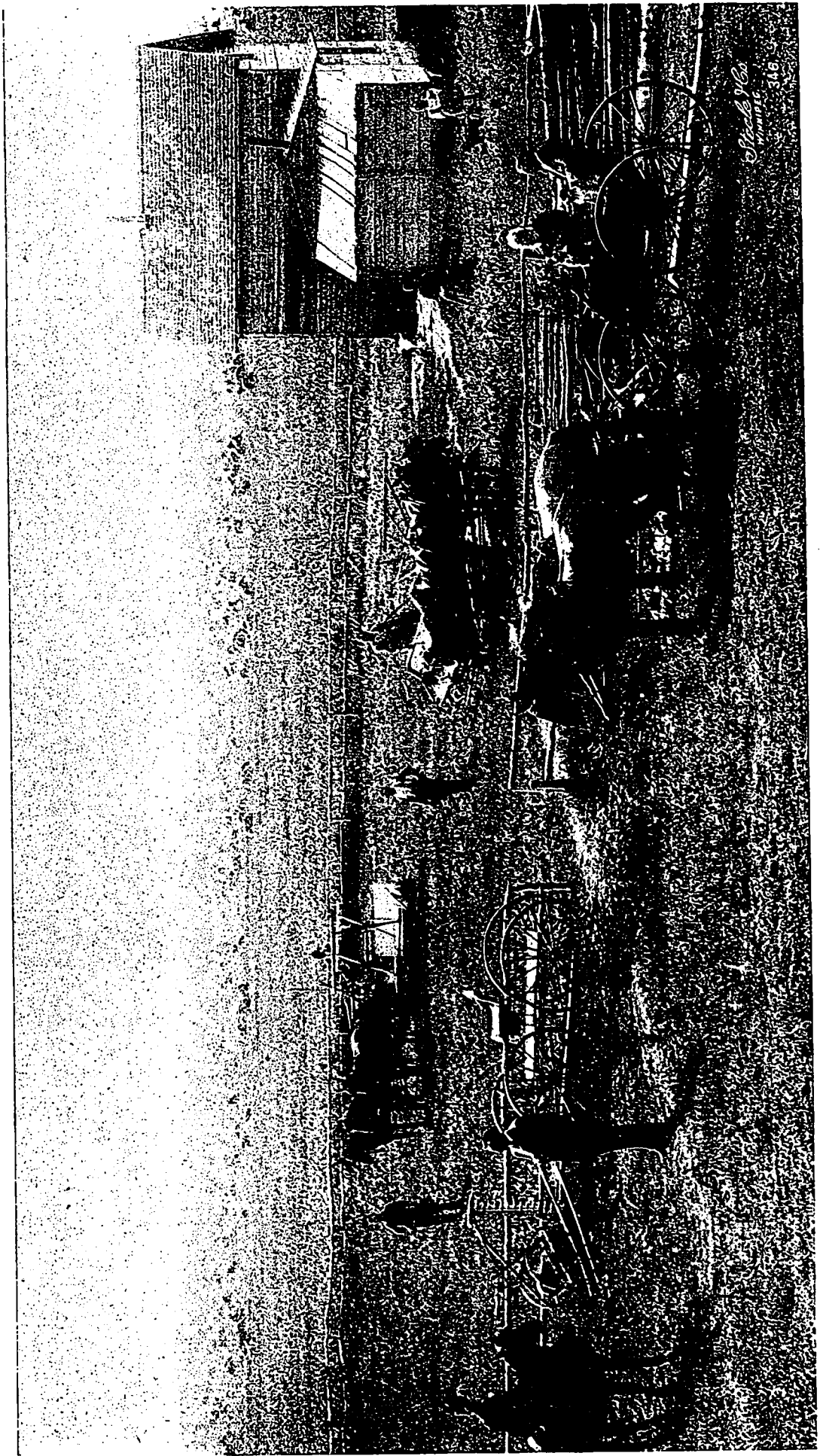
AVONHURST, ASSA, Feb. 5th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter safely, and very glad to receive it. I like the country very well, but in the Old Country the winter is not so cold as it is out here, and the summer is fair. I like the country much better than England, and I would not go back to it if I could. I like staying where I am. I have a good place, and I have all I want to eat, and I have got good Sunday clothes, and I tend church every Sunday morning, and to Sunday school, and I am going to every-day school this winter, but only for a half a day. We have quite a big stock. We have two big grey horses, and two small ones, and two colts, and two horses in foal; and I can handle the small team, but I am not quite strong enough to handle the big one, but in another two years I

will be able to do it. I can lift a bag of oats, but only a half a bag of wheat, and I can harrow, and in the spring I will learn to plough. We have got six cows and five calves and one big bull, and we killed one cow for beef for the winter, and killed four pigs. One weighed 301 pounds, and that is the prize from the big sow for us to eat all summer. I was herding the cows all summer on our own farm, and helped to work on the farm to put the crop in, and I have learned to milk, and I can shoot now. I should like to keep just what I promised you when I saw you in the ship, and I would like to have a farm. I will work after my time is up to get a stock, so I can get a farm myself, because I like farming. The strongest drink I take is tea, and have not took no strong drink for four years. My time is spent good in the evening. Mr. Sheick is learning me, besides I am learning in the school, and he says before I leave him he will learn me to make shoes. Mr. and Mrs. Sheick is very kind to me, and I to them, and have you sent my brother a letter too? I had a letter the other day from my uncle, and he told me to keep a good boy. I had two letters from my uncle, and one from my sister, and one from my brother, and I have written one to my stepmother. The school which I am tending to is on the same section where our farm is, and the church is only half a mile from our house. The post-office is a mile and a half from our place. I am going for the mail twice a week on horse-back, Tuesday and Friday. There was a shooting match of pigeon play on our district. I had three shoots at it. I hit one and smashed one, and one I missed. I think this year we will get no water for our horses because the sloughs and dams are getting dry. And I went to the Christmas treat for Sunday school, and I had a silk handkerchief for a present. And I am twelve years old now, and my birthday is on the 5th of September, and I weigh 77 pounds. Mr. Shieck is appointed a school trustee the coming three years, and so now I will close with fond love, and hope you will have a happy New Year and many more. So now good-bye and God bless you. Your sincere friend,

HENRY WINDRED.

Most of our friends in the West will agree with Edward Winchester in his remark that it is rather "cool" in the winter sometimes, but Edward takes a very sensible view of the situation, and the remark that he makes when he compares countries to the people who live in them strongly commends itself to us. We could wish he had written at greater length, as we know Edward to have a good sensible head on his



A Grain Farm in Assiniboia.

shoulders, and he is a sort of lad whose ideas and opinions will always be worth bearing.

DEAR SIR, I thought I would write you of my experience in Canada as requested in your letter of the 27th, which I have just received. I have been in Manitoba since 1898, and am much impressed by the resources of the country. Everyone seems to be doing splendid. Crops have been very good on the whole, but wet harvests (1900-01) have spoiled the grade of the grain to quite an extent. Last harvest was exceptionally dry, but a lot of late wheat was frozen, making a difference in price per bushel about twenty or thirty cents. The elevators being blocked, and the hoggishness of the grain-buyers combined with the railway companies, helps to keep the price of grain down. Wheat sold from twenty-five to fifty-five cents, according to grade. Prices are better now. Oats are going at about twenty cents. But with all the low prices the farmer is getting better all the time. Land that was worth \$2 to \$3 an acre a year ago sells from five to eight now. A few settlers are coming in, and the area of cultivation is greatly increasing; 100 to 200 acres is the general sized crop now. Buildings are also being improved. I intend to farm myself as soon as possible. It is the most independent life of all, and besides it's healthy being in the fresh air all the time. It's rather cool in winter sometimes. But countries are like people: all have their own faults, with the usual exception to every rule. I think it's a good place for our boys to make men of themselves. All they have to do is to work (there's lots of it) hard and be careful with their earnings, and success is almost sure to follow. I have just wrote to the Home in London advising the boys to come out, and telling them of their chances out here, so as they might come out in our spring party. Well, Mr. Owen, as my letter is getting rather lengthy I think I must call a halt, hoping you are all in good health and wishing our good Doctor every success and happiness, which he thoroughly deserves. I am a grateful Barnardo boy,

E. C. WINCHESTER.

The mother of Arthur Porter lately wrote us from an address in the classical neighbourhood of Green Street, Bethnal Green, complaining of her son not writing to her, and begging for tidings of him. We shall have much pleasure in sending her a copy of the present number, in which we hope the following report that Arthur gives of himself will relieve her mind of anxiety on his account. His composition smacks somewhat of

"Tact, Push and Principle," but we know enough of Arthur to be satisfied that he possesses a full share of these useful qualifications and that he carries an old head and a pretty level one on his young shoulders.

MATHER, MAN.

DEAR FRIEND,—I will try to write my letter in the order that topics are stated. I like this country very much for a great many different reasons. There are good chances for anyone to make money, the climate bracing, plenty of wood, hay and good water, the prairie slightly rolling, and the soil is of a rich black loam about three feet deep with a sandy clay sub-soil. Game and fish are both plentiful, and the crops have never been known to fail. It is a land of freedom and plenty. We live on the bank of Rock Lake, eight miles north of Mather, a small town on the south branch of the C.P.R. The lake is about nine miles long and one and a half miles wide, contains plenty of fish, and in the spring and fall is swarmed with wild ducks and geese. The farm is part scrub and part prairie, and has plenty of wild fruit on it, such as cranberries, currants, strawberries, chokecherries, etc. During the winter I help attend to fifteen head of cattle, ten horses, twelve pigs and the chickens, milk three cows and cut the wood. In summer I work in the garden, harrow, rake hay, build loads and do chores. Next summer I am to drive the horses on the plough, drill and mower. When my work is done I read farm magazines, newspapers and books, experiment with seeds and try to improve my mind as much as possible. I have read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Sturdy and Strong" and "Tact, Push and Principle," until I know them almost by rote. Would like very much to study music. The crops were very good last year. Wheat went from twenty to thirty bushels per acre, oats from fifty to one hundred bushels, and barley from forty to sixty bushels. Potatoes and all garden vegetables were a fairly good crop. Farming is the best paying business in this country, and there is a great future in store for the farming industry here. Land is worth about ten dollars per acre, and is rising in value every year. There is more money made by raising cattle and hogs and selling pork and beef than by selling the coarse grains and hay off the farm. I mean to be an up-to-date farmer, as farming, if properly carried on, is the most pleasant and independent life a person can live. Good health, strong muscles, freedom and time for brain culture, and the enjoyment of nature study, is so much nicer than the confinement that merchants, bankers, factory hands are subject to. I would not exchange the pleasures of farm life for those of any other occupation. If many of the poor people in England and elsewhere knew what farming

life could be made in this country, but they would long to get to the great West. Thanking you for the kindness you have shown me, and hoping this may be of some interest to readers of the *Times and Down*, I am your sincere friend,

ARTHUR A. PORTER.

P.S.—I have been out in this country three years. I am thirteen years old, 4 feet 8 inches in height, weight 87 pounds. Hoping this will win the gun.

Our little friend, Bertie Street, informs us that he "likes Manitoba fine." He has grown to be a big boy since he arrived in the West, and confides to us that he is now "always ready for a good large meal, and that is three times a day." Bertie records that at Christmas time he had an unlimited supply of roast duck for dinner and "got a lot of presents."

Alexander Guthrie is working in Balgonie, where his employer is the representative of the Massey-Harris Implement Company. Alexander speaks highly of his location. He writes:

The land is a splendid quality between here and Strassburg, a real German settlement distant about sixty-five miles north of Balgonie. The settlers are doing first class. They keep between twenty five to 100 head of cattle and have plenty of horses to do the work on the land. I am informed that most of these people landed here some twelve years ago without a cent. Balgonie is a nice little place and the country all around this place is a splendid one. The crops were great in 1902; the average of an acre of wheat came to about twenty-six bushels, oats about thirty bushels. I can speak the German language now just as well as English, which is a great advantage to me, as two-thirds of the settlers around here are Russians or Germans.

Sidney A. Boucher has been living for the last four years at Rapid City with a Mr. Meadows. He describes his employer's property as "a very nice farm, consisting of two sections of land." He tells us that he is not very tall for his age, but can stand the cold better than any of the boys on the farm. In the winter he skates when the ice is fit and plays hockey with the boys in his spare time.

Dugald Kennell, 11 years old, is a schoolboy in the Saskatoon area.

territory. Expresses his opinion that "this country is just the place for boys." Last year Dugald broke fifty acres of new land with the gang-plough and six horses, and in the fall ploughed "quite a lot" of old land. Dugald has not yet completed his fifteenth year, so that we imagine his employer has a valuable man in our young friend.

James Cundy is living on a farm fourteen miles east of Winnipeg. Last season his employer cropped five hundred acres, taking off over seventeen thousand bushels of grain. In consideration of his services during last harvest, James' employer, Mr. Wilson, sent \$10.00 to his mother. Our young friend gives us a graphic account of the shooting of a wolf by one of his fellow-employees. He also tells us that he has great fun skating, and that in the summer and autumn he shoots rabbits and chickens. He only once missed attendance at Sunday school last year.

Albert Hyde, speaking of himself and his employer, observes: "We are bachelors, and I am cook." Albert thinks well of the North West and the prospect for farmers. He concludes his letter with the interesting item that on the night of writing he weighed 116 pounds.

William Kness seems to have begun his career in the North-West by pouring a kettleful of boiling water on his foot because, as he says, "I was looking about the place instead of pouring it into the pail." After this adventure William informs us that he was in "a poor state for some time;" but evidently his physical condition has greatly improved, and he tells us, in fact, that he is "gaining in flesh every year." He adds, "I mean to make a great farmer of myself, and I will get a place of my own, and then I will make a start for myself and do all I can in my power to get on well in the country and see what I can do for myself."

John Henry tells us that he is a schoolboy in the Saskatoon area.

rabbits and twenty pigeons. His mistress is evidently a considerable poultry farmer, and Henry expresses himself strongly about the hawks that press their attentions upon these aforesaid pigeons, and remarks, "I tell you that if I had the prize you talked about I would soon sell them down." John informs us that he can plough and harrow and is "a very good man with a team." He weighs ninety-one pounds, will be sixteen in August, spent a very happy Christmas, had lots of plum pudding and duck for his Christmas dinner, and has not had a day's sickness since he came to the country.

Samuel Usher is living near his brother at Moose Jaw, and gives very cheerful reports of his experiences generally.

George Neale thinks well of the country and speaks of his employers, Mr. White and Mrs. White, as having been very good to him, or, in his own words, "they seem like a father and mother. I am well clothed and got lots of grand things to eat." George's present ambition is to be an engineer and get on the railway. He has now completed his engagement, and we hope will make good use of his little capital. His letter closes with the remark, "I think Dr. Barnardo has been a great man. He has saved a lot of lives which would have been dead."

Thomas H. Whitt, for a lad of eighteen, is about as daring a young sportsman as one would often meet. The following is his account of a recent adventure:

I went up to the Pembina Mountain to try to get an elk. Well, I started out well satisfied, thinking I would get one. I had found a fresh track, as it had snowed that night. I had gone about a mile when I came to a ravine, when I saw a big buck resting himself. Well, I tell you I was fairly buzzing. I crept around the ravine to the other side. I was about 100 yards when I shot but, to my bad luck, I struck him in the thigh. Of course, that made him mad and he took after me before I could load her up again. I got up a tree very quick and then washed him. He made me eat and I got the head fixed up and sent it to my mother in England.

Albert W. Edwards is one of the youngest members of our Western family, and his experiences in the country date only from July of last year. At the time of writing Albert was attending school, where he tells us that he likes some of the boys and "some I don't." He has a good time riding down hill on his way home, but on arriving home he has to help wash the dishes, set the table and sweep the floor, and other domestic duties, which Albert tells us are not as much to his taste as outside work. We have no doubt that the time is not far distant when Albert will be promoted to work more to his liking, but in the meantime we hope he will remember that the Bible says "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and that the dishes will be washed, the crumbs carefully swept up, and the wood-box kept filled, even though he would much rather be riding after cattle or driving the horses.

William Shapcott gives us full details respecting his day's work. He says: "I am well pleased with the country, and I think when I grow up to be a man I will take up a home stead and bring my mother out to this country and live."

Edward W. C. Morris writes from the neighbourhood of Elgin, Manitoba, which is about 185 miles west of Winnipeg, that his surroundings are "beautiful" and the soil very rich. He compares his location favourably with the more sparsely settled districts in the North-West, as "the houses are more close together." Edward informs us that he ploughed 128 acres of land last spring, and in the harvest time drove for the first time the Massey Harris binder. His master had 2,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of oats and 1,000 bushels of flax, the latter selling at a dollar a bushel. Respecting the prospects in the country and his own future William writes: "Farming prospects are very good. They were never better. I think the best thing I can do for

myself in the future, that is, when I get big enough if nothing happens, is to farm, for I think it is the best thing a young man can do. I would rather farm than learn a trade, for I have more time to myself, and I think I am in the best part of the country there is, and there is quite a few young men wanted in the summer, and they can get good wages, and in the winter they can do the chores and go to school if they wish, for there is quite a few schools around."

Douglas Baker is evidently not in love with his job of herding, and finds the days long, and sometimes storms come up. None the less Douglas considers Canada "is the best country to earn your living in," and that "farming is a good job to be at." His employer's wheat yielded thirty bushels to the acre last year, oats fifty. Douglas expresses his admiration for the "very pretty girls that you have published in UPS AND DOWNS." We have no objection to Douglas admiring these young ladies, as he is a long way from them, and, moreover, only attained his twelfth year in December last.

Our young friend, Clifford Bowers, is living near Shoal Lake and tells us that he goes fishing on the lake in his spare time, and at present has a large consignment of jack fish to dispose of. He is breaking in a colt, so that he may have something to ride after the cattle next summer. He wants to be a ranchman and expects to begin business as a stock-raiser next spring, when he is looking forward to becoming the proud possessor of a heifer calf. His letters speaks of bathing and boating in the summer time, and we should judge that Clifford is a boy who enjoys a full share of the good things of the world. He and some of his friends are breaking in a dog train, which he thinks is great fun, although he is candid enough to add, "the dogs don't see much fun in it." If the aforesaid dogs are at all like some of the animals we have

seen hauling train in the West, Master Clifford and his friends may find a little better on, when the dogs learn their business, that the fun will not be quite so much on one side, and the dogs may get a little amusement themselves at his expense before he finishes his exploits as a dog-driver.

Arthur Bann thinks "times has gone ahead a lot since I came here," in instance of which he tells us that the railway land in his neighbourhood that was lately sold for prices between \$2 and \$3 an acre is now worth \$8. A railway is surveyed through his employer's farm, and evidently Arthur is living in a prosperous community. He tells us that he is fond of painting and reading, for both of which he has plenty of time in the winter.

William Stephens has given a really interesting account of his life on a big stock ranch in the Calgary district among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. William considers himself fortunate in his surroundings and compares in his letter his present position with what it might have been but for Dr. Barnardo, when, to quote his own words, "I would have been going around London streets with no clothes on my back shivering and starving." He proceeds with his story as follows: "I am sixteen years of age. I live on a ranch thirty miles from Calgary. Millarville is the P.O. where we get our mail every Saturday. I like living on a ranch, and it is a very nice place out here. Mr. George Bell is the name of my master. I have been with him over two years. He is very good to me and gives me plenty to eat and drink and a good bed to sleep in, and good clothes to wear. I can do anything except plough or any heavy work. Last summer I learned to drive three horses on the disc. I got on fine with them. After the crop is in in the spring then comes the garden and potatoes. Mr. Bell ploughed them in last spring. It was quite a

bit earlier and quicker that way. I look after the garden and weed them, then we dig the potatoes up with the plough and put them in heaps in the middle of the patch, and let them stand there awhile, and then we put them into boxes and put them into the cellar. In haying I rake and pitch and drive the horses. I like haying very much, although I am very glad when it is over. Our harvest crop was a failure this year on account of so much rain in the spring. Everyone's was alike that I seen. We just turned the horses and milk cows into ours. It was not worth cutting at all. This year was the wettest year that the people know of. We had three floods this year; other years we only had one. After harvesting comes the weaning of the calves. We run the cattle into a corral and divide them, then put the calves into a corral by themselves and keep them there till they stop their bawling. Then we teach them to rassel by themselves, drive them to the creek to water and then drive them up where the grass is, then fetch them down at night and feed them, and in the morning do the same, and so on, till they learn to do it themselves; after that comes winter. If it is a hard winter we fetch the weak cows and yearlings, and other small things that are the ones that wants the care; we keep bringing in an odd one every now and then. In about February or March we bring them all in, and it is nice to feed them out of a rack. Then is the time the care is needed when the cows are calving, and if you are not careful they will run at you; then when the calves are big enough to brand we brand." Here appears a very artistic reproduction of his employer's brand, which,

however, would hardly interest our readers, as none of them are at present Western stockmen or cattle dealers. The rest of William's letter consists chiefly of the summing up of his impressions of the country, which are as favourable as those of the majority of our young Westerners.

Alas! the axe that, like the sword of Damocles, has been suspended in the air during the last two or three pages, must fall. Our publishers warn us that the available supply of paper on the American Continent is limited, the printer is running out of type, and we are afraid some of our readers may be getting a trifle wearied of our young correspondents. It is possible to have too much even of such good things as our letters from the West, and sorry and reluctant as we are to have to shut out so many compositions upon which much labour and mental exercise have been bestowed, and to cause disappointment to such a number of our young friends, we must bring to a close our long succession of letters. We are sorry they could not all win the prize, and that everybody cannot go out next fall shouldering his own gun to spread havoc among the ducks and prairie chickens; but all the competitors have done their best, every man of them, and we wish them better luck next time. Meanwhile we desire to thank them heartily for the bright and interesting pictures they have given us of their lives on the prairie farms, and for the unmistakable and convincing testimony they have supplied to the good that Dr. Barnardo has done for them and is doing for so many more.

Life Insurance

WITH so large a proportion of our old boys coming of age and becoming householders or property owners, the subject of insurance—particularly life insurance—is getting to be a question of some moment amongst us. The increasing frequency with which letters are received by Mr. Owen, asking his advice as to the best method to pursue in this direction, would seem to indicate that an article, briefly setting forth the various systems of life assurance most popular in Canada, might be of material assistance to those of our protégés who recognize their responsibility to those dependent upon them, and to society at large, in choosing the most suitable and beneficial means to this end.

THE POPULARITY OF INSURANCE

Insurance is yearly becoming a more potent factor in our social and commercial life. In addition to a great variety of plans for life, endowment and annuity insurance, bewildering in their complexity to the novice, policies may be taken out against loss by fire or shipwreck, or by accidents and sickness, or by the defalcation of dishonest employees, cashiers, and the financial officers of friendly societies, companies and corporations; or by burglary; or the loss of principal and interest to the holders of mortgages, debentures, and other securities; or by loss incurred in many other ways contingent on mishap or delinquency. Now-a-days, we are not surprised in reading of very extraordinary forms of insurance to provide against the possibility of disaster or financial embarrassment. It is not an uncommon thing for the members of a partnership to jointly insure their lives, so that the surviving members of the firm may realize from the insurance enough money to satisfy the claims of the deceased

member's heirs without crippling the firm by drawing upon its funds for this purpose. But, as we are chiefly concerned with life insurance, we must confine ourselves to a consideration of the varied phases of this department.

LIFE INSURANCE A DUTY.

In writing such an article as this a generation ago, it would have been necessary to begin with a long preamble on the prudence and duty of insuring one's life; but of late years it has come to be regarded as unquestionably the right and proper thing to do, to the extent of one's means. The duty of providing for one's family, so that, in the event of one's death, their sorrow may be mitigated by their being spared the anxiety of having to face misfortune, penury, or possibly pauperism, has received the recognition which its moral importance entitles it to, and it is now established in the code of our social ethics. To ignore this duty is a personal misdemeanour and a public offence against society. And yet those who have the least resources are often the most delinquent. The millionaire, far removed from the remotest chance of poverty, leaves behind him as assets of his estate policies commensurate in value to his wealth. Shrewd and careful in the accumulation of his millions, he is equally prudent in providing against their diminution. But the man of small means, with a family wholly dependent on his income from week to week, anticipates every to-morrow as a welcome friend, and is most liable to see no reason why he should "in time of peace prepare for war." He will not deny that he ought to make provision for old age and secure his family from want if he should be taken away, he has been educated beyond that. But, just as it has been proven that the poorest people

are generally the most careful and provident, he has not the moral force of character to impose upon himself the discipline which the performance of this duty would entail. And so he lives up to what he earns, and leaves the consequences to whom they may concern, whether it be himself, his family, or a charitable public.

HOW IT SAVED A FARM.

To a young fellow who has manfully climbed upward in the social scale it is natural that he should strive to maintain his position, and it is also natural that his affection for kith and kin should prompt him to this one precaution of life insurance, lest, in the hour of adversity, his wife and children, deprived of his aid, should slip backward to the plane on which he himself realized the need of a helping hand. Our boys should not require—nor do I think they need—urging to consider the claims of life insurance upon their consciences and their pockets. So we will proceed to discuss, not the why, but the how, of the subject. I cannot, however, refrain from alluding to a striking instance of the value of life insurance which I have just read about. A farmer, of Hentyn, Ont., died, leaving a widow and five children and a farm encumbered by a mortgage. Five mouths to feed and a mortgage to keep up—a legacy not very comforting in itself for the widow. But her husband had been a careful man, and had bequeathed not only the mortgage but the means of paying it and \$500 to the good. He had insured his life, and the policy, which stood between the old homestead and a foreclosure of the mortgage, thrust aside the misfortune which would otherwise have fallen upon his widow by securing to her a permanent home and assured livelihood, and the money to rear and educate her children in independence. How melanchol would have been the difference in the affairs of his family had not the farmer insured his life ere he shrunk from con-

THEIR ADVANTAGES.

The insurance offered by friendly societies seems to appeal most strongly to our boys, owing to the low rate of their premiums as compared with those of the "straight line companies." Cheapness, however, is not always the best criterion, particularly if we overlook the great desideratum of reliability and stability. It is one thing to have one's life *insured* for \$1,000, and another thing to be *assured* that one's risk will be carried during one's lifetime at the same rate, and that, when the policy matures, the money will be paid in full. If the premiums are inadequate—as they often are, not having been based on the recognized mortality tables, determined by actuarial experience—one of two things must inevitably happen: either the premiums must be increased, or the society must eventually succumb. All insurance societies and companies in Ontario, of whatsoever nature, are under Governmental supervision, and their rates and methods of insurance must be approved by the Government Inspector; but even this precaution has not prevented a few failures, or obviated the necessity of increasing the premiums of those friendly societies which are run on the assessment principle. Indeed, the fact that they may levy as many assessments in any one year as may be required to pay all claims accruing, or increase their scale of premiums, is their only guarantee of stability. Thus it happens that the assessment society whose rates are the lowest have the most double assessments.

THEIR AIMS AND OBJECTS.

Apart from the social advantages which friendly societies offer to their members, their main objects are: (1) To furnish medical attendance and medicine, and a certain sum of money, to those of their members who are disabled by illness or physical injury from following their occupations, for which the member pays an initiation fee and periodical dues,

determined by the age at which he joins; and (2) to pay to his heirs or assigns a certain amount of money on his decease, the premiums payable for which are also determined by a scale based on the age of the candidate at the time of his initiation. But we shall consider only the second object—that of life insurance.

THE ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

Most of these societies are conducted on the assessment plan, while a few adopt fixed rates, payable no more and no less at stated intervals. The rates of the latter are necessarily higher than the former, but it does not therefore follow that, in the end, this plan is the more expensive, as we shall see presently. The members of a society which charges a certain premium per month per \$1,000 of insurance, according to age at initiation, know exactly what their insurance will cost them, supposing the premiums charged are enough to carry the risk under all circumstances. On the other hand, the members of an assessment society never know exactly the maximum amount they will be called upon to pay per \$1,000 of insurance in any one year. They may be told the average amount it has cost heretofore; but what it will cost in the future will be determined by the number of deaths per year among the membership. If the rates are low, and the number of deaths in a particular month render the amount realized by the regular assessment inadequate to meet all claims, then, unless the reserve fund is large enough to be drawn upon with safety, an extra assessment will be levied, and, to keep himself in good standing, he will be called upon to pay double the amount that he has been accustomed to pay. He has this consolation, though, that he is getting his insurance at cost, which is all that he can reasonably expect. One hardship, however, may fall upon the younger members of an assessment society which began with rates too low. When the oldest members of such a society begin to

die in increasing numbers after, say, the tenth year of the society's existence, they not having paid premiums sufficient to cover their own risks in full, the young members coming in later have to pay extra assessments to help cover expiring risks, which is unfair. If I am not mistaken, all fraternal societies may levy upon the membership, or by vote increase their premiums, to obtain the funds necessary to meet their obligations, regardless of the scale in force under which a member joined. I think I am within the truth in affirming, however, that fraternal or mutual insurance has been proved to be sometimes the cheapest, though not always the safest. I say "sometimes" because I have known of cases, under policies in which the profits have been applied to the reduction of the premiums, wherein the assured has received a sum of money considerably in excess of the amount paid as premiums, and still remaining insured for the full value of the policy. That is to say, in a long life, the assured's share of the company's profits was sufficient to defray the cost of insurance and pay a cash surplus. The regular line companies, while charging higher rates in some cases double the average amount per year per \$1,000 charged by the friendly societies, are compelled by law to fulfil their contracts, without deviation; and it must be confessed that they have had fewer failures because their rates are fixed on a profitable basis. We know that the regular companies pay their agents liberally for procuring candidates, that their expenses are heavy, and that they generally pay good dividends to their shareholders; but I am not prepared to say to what extent these objections are offset by the better or more remunerative opportunities they command for the investment of their funds. To those who can afford it, probably it might be a wise thing, to back up fraternal insurance with a fair proportion to a good regular line company, especially in the way of an endowment policy.

Many plans are in use among the various insurance companies that I cannot here describe than explain, as typical of all, several popular policies of a representative Canadian company.

STRAIGHT LIFE INSURANCE.

First, then, a young man may take out a straight life policy for a certain amount, payable, with or without profits, according to the plan he elects to adopt, to his heirs or assigns on his decease. The premium he would pay for this will depend upon the amount and plan of insurance and the company in which he insures.

ENDOWMENT INSURANCE.

Or he may decide upon an endowment policy, of which there are different kinds. As an example of one form of investment, we will suppose his age to be 25 years, and the amount of his policy \$5,000. He pays 20 yearly premiums of \$150 each. From the date of his first payment his life will be insured for \$5,000. Should he live to pay the twentieth and last premium, he will have paid in all \$3,000, and his payments would then cease. He would then have a number of options to choose from:

- If he did not need further insurance he could surrender his policy for the Guaranteed Reserve. \$2,530
- And Estimated Surplus 1,010
- Total return in cash at end of 20 years. \$3,540
- Or, he could convert it into an annuity payable during his life of . . . \$220
- Or, he could withdraw his estimated surplus. \$1,010
- And continue his policy for \$5,000, fully paid up and continuing to earn surplus during his life.
- Or, should he be in good health and desire further insurance, he could without cost convert his cash surplus of \$1,010 into a bonus addition payable at death. 5,000
- Add to this the face of policy 5,000
- Total amount payable at death. \$7,140
- Which would be further increased with each division of surplus during his life.

This and subsequent examples are given merely as illustration. Doubtless a policy may be taken out for a smaller amount on much the same proportionate bases.

Another form of endowment insurance, under which, starting at 30 years of age, and paying 20 annual premiums of \$163 each, one's life may be insured for \$4,000, secures, at the age of sixty, a sum approximately \$6,000 in amount. For this return the sum of \$3,260 will have been paid in premiums. This scheme carries with it three options, one of which gives this result.

INSTALMENT OPTIONS.

The policies of the company whose plans I am quoting (and those of a few other companies are similar in this respect) contain in their contracts an instalment option, under which one may choose to receive the amount of insurance in a designated number of annual instalments instead of in one sum.

For example, on a policy for \$10,000 one may choose:

Annual Instalment	Each	Total Benefits
10	\$1,130	\$11,300
15	810	12,150
20	650	13,000
25	550	13,750

SECURED DIVIDENDS.

Most life insurance policies written to-day are on Deferred Dividend plans. It is easy to demonstrate that surplus accumulated for a term of years without interruption will amount to a materially larger sum at the end of the accumulation period than the sum of the various dividends where these are payable annually. But objection is sometimes made that under this form of contract, if the assured should die one day before the completion of the accumulative period, his heirs would not receive one cent of the surplus earned by his policy. This objection is now overcome in the Secured Dividend Policy issued by at least one company. This desirable contract provides that in the event of the death of the assured after the tenth year and before the end of the

accumulative period, all premiums paid after the tenth year will be returned along with the sum insured. Should the assured die before the tenth year, the face of the policy would constitute a large return on his investment. After that time, the returned premiums would take the place of the surplus accumulated. The dividend, therefore, would be practically insured.

LOAN VALUE OF POLICIES.

Another desirable feature in modern insurance is that, after the tenth year of several plans, the loan values are large enough to enable the assured to borrow all future premiums, should he wish to do so. And should he survive the dividend period, the dividend could be used to pay the loan in whole or in part.

INVESTMENTS.

That "money makes money" is the fundamental proposition upon which all theories of investment is based. Men who have accumulated capital in business or speculation are not content to let it lie idle, but seek a profitable means of investment, whereby its interest earning power may be turned to account for increase. It may be invested in some commercial enterprise, in government bonds, or in stocks, or in other securities. Government bonds are generally considered a safe investment, for the reason that the credit and resources of the government are a guarantee that the bonds will be redeemed and the interest paid, though the percentage of the latter on the bonds of all large and reliable governments is invariably small. Business investments, stocks and other securities, may yield a much better return, but the risk is often proportionate to the gain. Not only may they yield no interest at all, but the capital itself may be lost.

FIVE PER CENT GOLD BOND

To make a definite and certain provision for the future, the man of means often supplements his other investments with that of a form of insurance known as the Five Per Cent Gold Bond. The principle of

the Gold Bond is as follows: Let us take the twenty year Endowment system for example. The assured, aged 30 years, makes a yearly payment of \$612 for 20 years. At the end of that period, the company will, should he desire it, redeem his \$10,000 bond, paying him in cash for it \$12,380, that is at a premium of 23.8 per cent. Or, the amount of the bond, \$10,000, may remain in the company's hands for 20 years longer, receiving a guaranteed interest payment each year of \$500. At the end of the 20 years the face of the bond would be payable in gold. The total amount received under it, including interest payments, would thus be \$20,000. Surplus earnings would also be paid in addition to the above mentioned returns, which are guaranteed. Or, the assured may choose one of several options, under which the benefits accruing from the bond can be received. In the meantime, should he die at any time after paying the first premium and prior to maturity of the contract, further payments would be cancelled, and the benefits of the bond would immediately become available. Moreover, the bond contains an automatic non-forfeiture clause. This privilege provides that the bond cannot lapse by reason of the oversight or inability of the assured in payment of any premium, so long as there is sufficient unencumbered surrender value out of which to advance the unpaid premium. In such event, the company, without request, will treat the premium as paid, and make it a charge on the bond until paid, thus keeping the bond in full force and effect. Statistics show that only two men in one hundred succeed in business, and that only one man in thirty has sufficient for old age. An Endowment Gold Bond insures the holder against want in spite of the fluctuations of the stock market and the mischances of business. The moral is, therefore, obvious.

ELIGIBILITY OF APPLICANTS

The following remarks apply to all questions for a

Ideal Protection, a valuable work on life insurance, written for insurance men by Mr. William F. Standen, Actuary of United States Life Insurance Company, is well worthy of the serious consideration of our young fellows, who by their daily habits are laying the foundation for success or failure in life, and at the same time determining the class of risk to which they belong in the eyes of the medical examiner, by whom they may, some time, be accepted or rejected as applicants for insurance :

In considering applications for insurance, these elements are taken into account :

- 1.—Location of residence.
- 2.—Physical condition of the applicant, as developed by the medical examination.
- 3.—The mortality record of the family of the applicant.
- 4.—His occupation, business or profession.
- 5.—His personal habits in respect of the use of alcoholic and malt liquors, narcotics and tobacco.

Residence in unhealthy localities is prejudicial to the risk.

Physical condition of applicant, as shown by medical examination, is, of course, an important factor, which strongly influences the decision of the company.

Family history is also of importance, as showing hereditary tendencies and liabilities to certain diseases and premature death.

Occupation, together with personal habits, "are unquestionably the *principal* conditions that unsettle and operate against the normal and legitimate mortality experience among insured lives. These conditions either assist or hinder the perfect physical growth and the maintenance of a perfect physical life. They are, indeed, very serious questions to life insurance companies. Medical officers pass upon the physical quality of risks, but in thousands of cases doubtful personal habits cast a shadow of suspicion and distrust upon the applicant. . . . Vicious habits in respect of excessive eating, drinking or smoking *rust* bar a man from obtaining insurance in every well regulated office." Those who

confess to having drunk too much or gone on "spree" are unqualifiedly rejected. "No man who takes a few glasses too much once in a while can tell how strongly it may operate against his chances of obtaining a much-needed insurance upon his life. . . . Statistics of mortality do, beyond any question, prove that any excessive use of ardent spirits, malt liquors or other stimulants, to the extent of even becoming an *occasional* habit, makes the risk a bad risk for life insurance. . . . It is a practice of life companies generally to discriminate severely against those who use tobacco to a hurtful extent."

OUR BOYS SHOULD BE GOOD RISKS.

With the healthful privilege of out-door employment, breathing only the fresh air so essential to the purification of the blood, invigorated by the life-giving sunshine of our Canadian skies, and exercising in due proportion the entire muscular system, at the same time using but not over-taxing the brain, there is no reason why our sturdy young fellows should not be classed among the most desirable of risks, if only they each individually refrain from the formation of bad habits of every kind. There is little in their surroundings and occupations to retard, but almost everything to develop, physical vigour and a robustness of manhood and character. They have it in their power, under the blessing of God—and God never fails to bless the person who obeys His laws—to make their bodies strong, healthy, enduring instruments for the immortal spirits that inhabit them. Their lot, so far as health and strength are concerned, is immeasurably superior to that of the mechanic, toiling in the unwholesome atmosphere of a factory, wearing out one set of muscles while the others are left to atrophize, doomed to the tread-mill of a monotonous, mechanical existence, and unhygienically housed in a congested part of a crowded city. With good moral habits, they have everything

in their favour, and desirable risks for insurance; but let them take to heart the words of an expert actuary, who says in effect that even with hazardous occupations the risk is not so great as from bad habits, and that the greater the risk, the higher the premium. This is only one of the many ways in which we have to "pay the piper" for our sins, which in this, as in other instances, always find us out. "Chickens come home to roost," and every secret sin is a perch for a bad habit to roost upon.

THE BEST AND SAFEST POLICY.

In conclusion, let me say that there is a form of insurance against a risk not covered by any of the foregoing methods. And yet, according to some agents who solicit for policies at the street corner, it may be classed as straight fire insurance. A few of my readers who can sniff the moral at the end of a book in the first chapter, will have an inkling of what I allude to. We

are ever careful about our temporal interests, but have we made provision for our eternal welfare? We know that "it is appointed unto men once to die"; let us not ignore the more important clause of the statement, "but after this the judgment." We do not need to be told that there is but one method to cover this risk, or to have that method explained to us. Let us see to it that we hold a policy against the greatest calamity that can befall a human soul, signed and sealed by the Lord Jesus Christ. Having applied for and obtained this inestimable policy, let us see that it does not lapse, but pay the daily premium of devout thanks to God, and go on our way rejoicing, assured of peace of mind and of salvation which never faileth. Hear what St. Paul says of the assured believer: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, as by fire."

— 1 CORINTHIANS III. 15.

The Anchor Holds.

(CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. HAULTAIN.)

"Tell the boys the anchor holds."
 These the words he whispered clear,
 While we gathered at the bedside
 Of our dying comrade dear.
 "Tell the boys the anchor holds."
 Christ is faithful to His word.
 In death's hour of gloom and terror
 By thee stands thy risen Lord.

CHORUS:

Glorious hope in death's dark
 passage;
 Jesus' strength thy faint en-
 folds;
 Faith triumphant sends the mes-
 sage:
 "Tell the boys the anchor
 holds"

"Tell the boys the anchor holds;"
 Free salvation through the blood;
 This the safety of the soul
 In the midst of Jordan's flood.
 "Tell the boys the anchor holds;"
 No vain fable is our faith;
 Peaceful rides our little barque
 On the swelling tides of death.

"Tell the boys the anchor holds,"
 And a smile of rapture deep
 lighted up the happy face
 As he gently fell asleep.
 "Tell the boys the anchor holds,"
 So the words for ever more
 seem to echo faint and sweet
 From the far off heavenly shore.

Berkeley



SINCE the appearance of the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, the affairs of our Institutions in Manitoba have gone on in a most satisfactory manner, and the weather has been of such quality that your correspondent, when summoned to Halifax for the purpose of meeting the steamer *Canada*, upon which we were advised there were some forty young men for the Farm Home, was extremely loth to leave Manitoba, and thus be forced to forego the enjoyment of the numerous sleigh-drives through the keen, dry, frosty air and over the well beaten snow tracks necessitated by the many-sided business enterprises of Dr. Barnardo's Industrial Farm. But duty calls, so away to the land of logs and storms, which can be classed neither under the heading of rain nor snow, down by the Atlantic sea-board. The Halifax weather clerk was, however, on this trip, extremely indulgent, and the skies were good to look upon while we waited for the steamship *Canada*. Old Neptune, however, so often interferes with the movements of the mariner who dares to trespass upon his extensive domain, that even such powerful steamers as the *Canada* and *Bavarian*, of the Dominion and Allan Lines respectively, are obliged to fight with all the forces of coal and powerful machinery for the right of way across the stormy Atlantic, run around monster icebergs and through dense ice-floes; and Mr. Owen, with his party of 330 boys, was, therefore, lucky to have such a competent guardian as Captain Maddox to bring him through, and the agents of the different trans-

portation companies, who were, with the writer, awaiting the arrival of the different steamers, all loaded to the line with good British immigrants, were not in the least surprised to see this genial mariner bringing his ship into Halifax harbour hours before his competitors.

The liner, in every port, is intolerably tyrannical over the smaller subjects of her species, and when she puts her supercilious nose inside a partially occupied slip, inferiors must look out. "Clear that schooner out of our way!" is the word from the fierce-looking old salt away up in the bows of the *Canada*, and the poor little fisher craft does not stand upon the order of her going, but, in the words of the old Arkansan, "Gits!"

All fast, bow and stern, up goes the gangway, and along its uncertain footing marches in much majesty of blue and gold the immigration officer, who clears the ship, after a conference with the medical adviser, who has been on board since the vessel's arrival at quarantine. Down the gangways come the passengers, followed by their many articles of hand baggage, many touching Canadian soil for the first time and curious to get an early glimpse of the legendary snow-banks of the Dominion and of the natives gliding over them on their snow-shoes; instead of which, they are just as likely to see in Halifax, at this time of the year, stretches of green grass and ladies walking about in summer costumes.

On this ship it is evident, even to the casual spectator, as the passengers come down to the deck, that

youth and beauty have taken precedence over age and ugliness; but inspection to the end of the procession will prove that age has little or no part in the great exodus now going on from the Motherland, and it is to be hoped that these young people without experience will be so advised by the officials dealing with immigration in the West, and what is quite as important, ready and willing to follow such good advice, that we may not have the history of 1882, '3 and '4 repeating itself, and hundreds of these young fellows returning to the homes of their parents, cursing the Dominion of Canada as the place of their undoing.

The steamer *Canada*, which has now attained an historical position among merchant steamers, as she was engaged all through, and long after, the close of the South African war in carrying prisoners from Cape Town to St. Helena, and British troops to different ports convenient to the seat of war, soon cleared for Boston, and we were called upon to attend strictly to our own affairs after our good commodore, Mr. Owen, had landed his lively little crew, remaining himself on the ship until the last, like the good officer that he is, to see all safely on *terra firma* before taking to the dock and the troubles awaiting upon the land. The next question to deal with is that of land transport. Is it to be the Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific? According to the evidence on tap, both are the best; but the chief has a way of deciding matters for himself, regardless of the fine speeches of the gentlemanly passenger agents, who are always in attendance, and it is finally arranged that the whole party shall be placed in the hands of the great trans-continental line, and Messrs. Foster, Chipman and McKenna, after an extended struggle with the officials of the Intercolonial Railway for proper accommodation, finally succeeded in bringing up six fine coaches, specially set aside for Dr. Barnardo's boys. The party is loaded along with their supplies,

and, bidding good-bye to the beautiful harbour of Halifax and the Bedford basin, calls away to the North West.

The Farm Home youths are in luck, for the allotment they secure for their special use is a solid Pullman vestibule coach, No. 1097, the property of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway; for, owing to the unprecedented rush of immigrants, and the immense general business in all lines, the Canadian Pacific Railway has been obliged not only to rent cars from all the Canadian lines, but from many American roads as well—Intercolonial, Grand Trunk, New York Central, Central Vermont, Boston and Maine, Maine Central and Washington County, and many other roads being represented in the Canadian Pacific yards in Montreal.

The run to Montreal was without incident, unless running at about twenty miles an hour over the Intercolonial is an incident, and we should hope so for the credit of our Government institution which has cost the country so much, and is supposed to be so well supplied with the best equipment obtainable in the way of engines and coaches. However, with all this unprecedented rush of passenger traffic from the sea-board to the West, charitable allowances must be made, and we finally reached Montreal, and were cut adrift by Mr. Owen, who left with his party on a fast special for Toronto. Some two hours later we were on the move for the North-West in a train of fifteen coaches, which were swung along at a fine rate of speed, reaching Winnipeg on Wednesday afternoon, April 1st, and the Farm Home at Barnardo on the next day at six o'clock, where we were met by the Home Band, and the new lads, after having a welcome report, occupied the balance of the evening in locating old friends among the youths already in residence.

One of the coaches of the party is the employment of the better class

of young men from the Old Country, in America, is the fact that so few have ever been called upon to use their hands in profitable and necessary employment. The young men may be above the average on the cricket field, or capable of leading a fierce rush upon the enemy in a hotly contested football match, but the axe, the saw, the hoe and the spade have not come within the limits of their horizon, and it usually takes them a long time to learn to manipulate these instruments with success and in a profitable manner to their employer. It is certainly a fine thing for a young man to have mastered, or to have even partly acquired, some trade or calling, and though he may never have the opportunity to make direct use of the knowledge obtained in that particular line, he becomes what is described in America as "handy"—an extremely expressive term—handy at taking up some other trade or profession. And just here, the writer believes, is the secret of our Youth's Labour House fellows making so much better advancement in the country and making themselves more useful to their employers than the general run of youths from the Old Sod, who have had better schooling and have been brought up in luxury and ease. As an illustration, take this last party for the Farm Home—forty-two in number. There is not one who has not, for some period in his life, earned his living by his own individual effort and labour.

Michael Allen, Newcastle, earned his living until an unfortunate strike left him stranded in a ship yard, and besides has taken care of horses.

John Banks, Birkenhead, has had two years' experience as a blacksmith's helper, where, up to the time of an illness, he earned his own living, afterwards taking employment in a coal yard.

Arthur Barker, Southampton, engaged at scaling boilers for some time, finally making a voyage to Cape Town in the steamer *Canada*, and trips in the *Montrose* and *Man-*

hattan, working on the refrigerating plants in those steamers.

John George Best, Sunderland, was a labourer in a ship yard, and has worked with horses.

Herbert Frank Baker, Gosport, near Portsmouth, engaged at carpentering with father, was also for a time cabin boy on a yacht.

Arthur James Baker, Gosport, near Portsmouth, employed for five years after leaving school on fishing-boats.

Arthur Buchan, Nottingham, worked in coal mine until strike interfered with employment.

George Challis, London, canal boating three years, and looking after horses.

William Cockerill, Ipswich, Suffolk, on a farm nine months.

William Crossen, Renfrew, Scotland, employed in farming and as a milker.

Samuel Cheney, Leicester, has had extended employment in a shoe factory.

Albert E. Fallows, Liverpool, employed as a brass finisher.

Robert Flaxman, West Hartlepool, in bakery, with rivet manufacturing company, and also on a farm.

Robert Gray, Newcastle-on-Tyne, engaged for some time with brush-making company.

William Graham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, employed with a brass finisher four years.

Arthur Howard Gunning, Wiltshire, worked for a milkman, and can handle horses and cattle.

Joseph Gladden, Colchester, employed in hotel as page and messenger.

James Henderson, Govan, Scotland, employed in foundry with father.

Edward Hawthorne, Darlington, has had experience in house-painting.

Joseph Hardwick, Durham, at sea for three years.

Alfred Hoggard, Hull, employed in a saw mill and white lead works.

James Hooks, Belfast, driving tread cart for three years.

Benjamin Holden, Darwin, Tasmania, three years paper making,

and for some time employed in the yard.

William Hellam, Hutton, Co. Durham, farm labourer for four or five years.

Edward Lloyd, York, at sea for two years.

John Francis Marno, Belfast, Ireland, labourer in iron works.

Matthew Marno, Belfast, Ireland, employed in spinning works and foundry.

Edward Musk, Lambeth, London, engaged with a baker for some time, and with a florist.

John Walter Mills, Sheffield, employed in rolling mills for twelve months, and lost situation through strike.

William Nelson, Hull, employed on steam hammer in large iron works.

Harry Parks, Greenwich, farm labourer.

Edward Phillipson, Willesden, one and one-half years in navy.

Arthur William Potts, Gateshead, firing on an engine.

Thomas Stapeley, Chichester, employed in brewery (bottling).

Walter Smith, Stockton-on-Tees, gardening for two and one-half years.

Charles Smith, Stockton-on-Tees, farm labourer, (good milker).

John Shaw, Leeds, employed picture-framing trade.

Joseph Stewart, Belfast, Ireland, worked in spinning mill.

Alfred William Shaw, Belfast, Ireland, farm labourer and sailor.

Joseph Totton, Belfast, Ireland, worked at tinsmithing two and one-half years.

Arthur E. Watts, London, with wheelwright five years.

John Warren, Newcastle-on-Tyne, worked in coal pit.

Albert Walker, Bradford, engaged at weaver's trade.

Farming Operations.

The enjoyable winter of 1902-1903 will long be remembered by Manitobans as one most favourable for all kinds of winter operations. Stock came through in fine condition, there was ample snow in nearly all parts of the province for

the easy freighting of lumber, grain, etc. And now this delightful season has been followed by an exceedingly early spring, the sowing of wheat having been well under way in nearly every district of the North West during the first week in April.

Honourable Mention.

During this past quarter, as already intimated in these notes, the conduct of our lads has been most satisfactory, but the writer does not feel that he can let the opportunity pass without mentioning first the name of our largest depositor,



Joseph Gartlan,
ONE OF OUR LARGE DEPOSITORS.

Joseph Gartlan, whose portrait is shown above, is a young man who began his deposits in quite a modest way a few years ago, but had to his credit in the Farm Home books, on April 1st, very nearly \$500. A whole page might be written in praise of the thrift, economy and kind brotherly feeling exhibited by the young man, William Stephen Steptoë, who has the honour of being enrolled as a member of the first party of boys brought to the Winnipeg Home in the fall of 1899. Steptoë experienced the usual vicissitudes

situdes of the planet, and had his jaw fractured by a kick from a horse in April, 1902, which mishap cost him a tooth or two and a ten dollar bill; but he lived through all his troubles, to collect his wages on April 1st, 1902 some \$90.72 of which amount this young immigration agent sent to Mr. Owen, for the purpose of defraying the cost of the passages of a brother and sister from Bath, England, to North-Western Manitoba, and the writer does not remember to have witnessed a happier meeting than that of Rose and William Steptoe, which took place at the Farm Home on the Sunday following the arrival of our last party. Both Rose and Joseph, the brother and sister referred to, are now in good situations, and, it is needless to say, feel very grateful for the help afforded them by their thoughtful relative. In connection with the question of prepaid passages, the writer is pleased to be able to note that Alfred Derbyshire, one of the older boys from the Farm Home, is now negotiating with the Institution with a view to bringing out some of his relatives from the Old Country.

Prizes at Church Parade

- Jan. 3 Tennant, 1; Worgan, 2; Castle, 1
- Jan. 11 Hobson, 1; Page, 2; Rolfe, 3
- Jan. 18 Barber, 1; Rolfe, 2; Scullion, 3
- Jan. 25 Planet, 1; Dye, 2; Garton, 3
- Feb. 1 Call, 1; Tennant, 2; A. Moulton, 3
- Feb. 8 John Smith, 1; Castle, 2; Parker, 3
- Feb. 15 Barber, 1; Scullion, 2; Wood, 3
- Feb. 22 A. Moulton, 1; Worgan, 2; Tennant, 3
- Mar. 1 Worgan, 1; Woods, 2; Castle, 3
- Mar. 8 Dye, 1; Call, 2; Collins, 3
- Mar. 15 Castle, 1; Woods, 2; A. Moulton, 3
- Mar. 22 Collins, 1; Scullion, 2; Castle, 3
- Mar. 25 Lee, 1; Hepburn, 2; Tennant, 3
- Mar. 29 Dye, 1; Call, 2; H. Moulton, 3
- Apr. 5 Connor, 1; W. Smith, 2; Allen, 3
- Apr. 12 Taylor, 1; M. Manno, 2; Musk, 3
- Apr. 19 Lloyd, 1; Gray, 2; Allen, 3
- Apr. 26 John Manno, 1; Musk, 2; Fal-lows, 3

Obituary

It is with a painful but not a surprise that we announce the death of John O. Jackson

wood, late one of the inmates at the Farm Home. The poor fellow, never robust, took to his bed shortly after his arrival at Barnardo, and, upon the advice of Dr. Wright, was sent in December last to the Winnipeg General Hospital, after three months' treatment so far, apparently, recovering that the superintendent of that institution dismissed him, and he returned to the care of the people at the farm on March 17th. Underwood, although cared for in the kindest manner by both Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, finally succumbed to heart failure, and was buried in the little cemetery at the Farm Home on March 25th, our Chaplain, the Rev. E. R. Bartlett, presiding at the funeral.

Real Estate Rumours.

That there is a wonderful movement in real estate in the Canadian North-West goes without question, and it is pleasing to note in these columns that one of our old-timers, Charles E. Carter, is about to benefit through the activity in this line, the writer being informed that Carter expects to realize some four thousand dollars for his farm, and that he proposes to move into the farther West with this snug little capital, where he will select a free homestead, and begin an energetic developing of the same.

Our old friends, who are farming in the Russell district, are making fine advancement this spring—Geo. Fisher, Fred Johnson, Thomas Young, John Brown—and it is more than likely that they will all be adding to their properties after the returns from their crops of 1903.

Peter Pearson, of MacGregor, has just entered for a homestead upon the Grand View Extension of the Canadian Northern Railway, and we are pleased to note that there is an expressed desire upon the part of many of our old hands to secure free lands while the locations can be secured at convenient distances from existing railways.

Barnardo Old Boys Society

THE auditors present their report as follows :

We have carefully examined the secretary-treasurer's books and vouchers for the year 1902, and find that the accounts have been carefully and correctly kept.

The summary for the year is as follows :

<i>Dr.</i>	
To balance from 1901.....	\$82 17
" fees and renewals.....	159 00
" sale car tickets	5 46
" ads. in programme.....	3 50
" renewals, 1902, cr. in 1901.....	1 50
	<u>\$251 63</u>
<i>Cr.</i>	
By stamp account.....	\$32 53
" stationery account.....	2 85
" printing account.....	16 15
" badges account.....	13 50
" hall rent.....	4 50
" entertainment, etc., at annual Re-Union.....	36 04
" cablegram.....	2 00
" secretary-treasurer's fees.....	10 00
" sundries.....	2 25
" balance in hand.....	131 81
	<u>\$251 63</u>

Total membership at end of 1902, 501

THOS. CRAWLEY, } *Auditors*
A. E. PAYNE, }

Of the expenditure shown above we draw special attention to the following items, which include the expenses of the annual Re-union: Cost of entertainment, etc., \$36.04; hall rent, \$4.50; cablegram, \$2; printing, \$16.15; proportion of stamp account, \$8; added to this is the sum of \$50, voted to the Homes by the Executive since the auditors went over the books and accounts, as a contribution towards the Home's expenses of the gathering. Our members will, no doubt, remember that an effort will be made at the forthcoming gathering in September to relieve the Homes of all expense. This matter was fully discussed at our last annual meeting, the decision being that the gathering must be self-sustaining.

In response to the circular sent

out, the following contributions have been received towards the thank offering to be made by our members to Dr. Barnardo's work :

Abbott, Fred. A., St. George, Ont.	\$1 00
Antwhistle, Ed. A., Feversham, Ont.	50
Ashton, James.....	2 00
Burnett, A., Oungah, Ont.....	1 00
Britt, Chas. O., Withyham, Sussex, England.....	1 44
Bettell, Thos., Waterdown, Ont.....	1 00
Bullock, Wm. H.....	25
Curl, Wm., Mount Forest.....	1 00
Chapman, Fred., Cobocok, Ont.....	1 00
Chuck, Wm., Dalston, Ont.....	2 00
Crawley, Thos., Toronto.....	1 00
Clapp, Francis J.....	1 00
Clark, Geo., Toronto, Ont.....	1 00
Daubney, Wm. J., Paisley, Ont.....	1 00
Dickason, W. J., Dungannon.....	1 00
Erwood, F. E., Eganville.....	5 00
Fisher, Claude, Maguire.....	1 00
Fuller, Chas., Ballymote.....	50
Farrow, Wm.....	1 00
Farrow, J. T.....	1 00
Greenfield, J. G., Spry, Ont.....	1 00
Gilbert, Ernest G., Omeme, Ont.....	1 00
Garnham, N., Burgessville, Ont.....	50
Granger, Geo. D., Wawota, Assa.....	5 00
Garrett, Geo. V., Forest, Ont.....	1 00
Granville, Henry J.....	5 00
Harris, Fred. H., Violet Hill, Ont.....	2 00
Hobbs, Wm. W., Cromarty, Ont.....	2 00
Harwood, Thos., Edgar Mills, Ont.....	1 00
Heath, John, Downeyville, Ont.....	1 00
Haley, Daniel, Hamilton, Ont.....	1 00
Kessler, Ernest, Hampton, Mich.....	5 00
Morrell, Frank E., Caledonia, Ont.....	1 00
Murphy, Arthur, Brantford, Ont.....	1 50
Morgan, Walter C., Alvinston, Ont.....	25
Lovelock, Wm., Nestleton, Ont.....	1 00
Nevel, Henry, Colinvill, Ont.....	1 50
Nichols, Joseph.....	2 38
Prebble, Fred. J., Bingham Road, O.....	50
Potts, Ernest, Belle River, Ont.....	10 00
Parker, Fred., Chatham, Ont.....	1 00
Payne, A. E., Toronto, Ont.....	1 00
Robinson, Albert W., Stroud, Ont.....	1 00
Roach, A. T., New Liskeard, Ont.....	50
Rose, Ed., Toronto, Ont.....	1 00
Sparkes, James, Frome, Ont.....	1 00
Singer, Jacob, South Woodslee, Ont.....	50
Spraggins, Fred. W., Iroquois, Ont.....	1 00
Slack, A. E., Hopeville, Ont.....	50
Smith, A. G., Toronto, Ont.....	2 00
Taylor, A. E., Ripley, Ont.....	1 00
West, Matthew, Palgrave, Ont.....	75
Wilson, Jno., Nassagaweya, Ont.....	1 25
Wright, Richard N., Parkhill, O.....	4 50
Webb, James, Toronto, Ont.....	1 00
Withers, Jno., Toronto, Ont.....	1 00
Walker, Henry V.....	1 00
Youlton, Will. H., Stone Quarry.....	1 00

A acknowledgement has been made to the various subscribers. If there are any errors or omissions in the foregoing list, will members please notify me promptly?

A cheque for the sum of \$89.32 has been handed to Mr. Owen to be forwarded to Dr. Barnardo, to whom has also been sent a list of subscribers, with their addresses. In this connection it will not be out of place to remind our members of the request of the Doctor for photos of his fellow-members of B.O.B.S. If any of our members think well of it, I should be glad to receive any photos of our members and families and forward them to the Doctor in a B.O.B.S. album.

The question was raised when B.O.B.S. was organized why the girls should have no representation. We congratulate the girls on having settled the question for themselves in forming the B.G.L. It we remember aright, the Secretary-Treasurer of the B.G.L. was one of the first to object to the girls being left in the cold by B.O.B.S., suggesting that a girl's associate Barnardo society be formed. The inappropriate initials of the proposed associate body, G.A.B.S., was pointed out, and objections to neglect ceased for a time. We are glad to see, however, that the girls have surmounted the difficulty of choosing a title and are now actively engaged in organization. A. G. SMITH, *Sec.-Treas.*

DEAR BROTHERS,—It has occurred to me that a chat regarding the Society's work would not be out of place at this particular time. I have heard that some one or two of our members have asked the question, "What good is the Society to them?"—a very proper question as far as it goes. I will, in a brief, rambling way, endeavour to explain what we have done, and what we propose to do. In the first place, let me say that any society that solicits your sympathy should prove its right to exist by its works. Having done that, it becomes the duty of the members to cooperate in all proper ways to raise the standard, so that instead of us asking boys to join our Society, they will ask to become associated with us themselves. We are all pleased and proud with the growth of the Society having now a membership of about 500, being the brawn and muscle of this glorious country of our adoption.

Most things as a pleasant pastime with the fellow-journals as long as a Barnardo boy was around. Since the formation of our Society, we have endeavoured to combat this on all occasions, and, I am pleased to say, with gratifying results. The very papers that were guilty of these things are now giving the Barnardo boy his dues. We ask nothing more than simple justice. It is easy to scare a single soldier, but an army of soldiers offers powerful resistance. In their union lies their strength. So it is with us: if we are united, we can accomplish far more than if we were single-handed. This of itself is sufficient reason why we, as Barnardo boys, should band ourselves together. Then, as a Society, we have lightened the burdens of Mr. Owen and staff. As regards the arrangements of the Annual Re-union, we have contributed our mite towards the expense of the good things that go to satisfy the inner man, yet not as much as we might do. We have put our energies forth to entertain, by concert and sports, those who attend the Annual Re-union. Another work we undertook as a Society, that of reminding our members of the duty they owe that prince of benefactors, Dr. Barnardo, by way of giving a special thanksgiving offering at Christmas, which while not as large as we would have liked it to have been, nevertheless it was a substantial amount toward the good work being done in the Homes, and for which I desire, on behalf of the Officers of the Society, to sincerely thank those who so readily responded. Now as regards the future, it will ever be the aim of the Executive to educate the members to be thrifty, honest, manly boys or men, and with that end in view we have under consideration a scheme by which we hope to be able to give a free short course in dairying, poultry-raising, stock judging, etc., to some of our members, as a reward for industry, civility, etc. The matter will be laid before you at the annual meeting for your consideration. Before concluding these rambling remarks I would say that all labour attached to the work of our Society is a labour of love, as far as the Officers are concerned. They are, like yourselves, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows. Giving their time and energy to the cause unstinted, they are worthy of your sympathy. I may say that it is our pleasant duty, whenever a party of boys arrives at Farley Avenue, to go and speak a few encouraging words to the boys. We were all glad of that one time—a remarkable thing, when you stop to think that these new arrivals were not born when most of us arrived in this country. I am sure I but speak all your sentiments when I say, God bless and preserve Dr. Barnardo in his efforts to redeem the helpless.

I am, yours fraternally,
 JAMES WEBB, *President B.O.B.S.*

Home Chat

THE "Easter term," as, when we were young and ecclesiastically minded and observed Church festivals, we used to describe the three months of January, February and March, is always the time of year when letters and reports of our boys flow in to us in rich abundance. The full strength of our visiting staff is employed at this time, and it is the least busy season of the year on the farm, when the evenings are long and our boys have ample opportunity and leisure for letter-writing. We have, in consequence, an enormous budget of manuscript matter of all kinds wherewith to select matter for "Home Chat," but in the present issue we have dealt so generously with the Western section of our family, that we have but little space for our friends in Ontario, and must, perforce, pass over many interesting letters and items of intelligence for which we should otherwise have been glad to find space.

In the first place, we must gather up "fragments that remain" from our last issue. Owing to the high pressure under which the January number of *UPS AND DOWNS* was prepared, we committed the strange miscalculation of providing rather too much copy, and when everything was finally ready for the press, the printer returned to us, with his compliments, several pages of copy that represented considerable expenditure of midnight oil. Having regard to this said expenditure, we have declined to "kill" this crowded-out manuscript, and even though some of the items are slightly out of date, we intend to inflict them upon our readers. They were, in most cases, extracts or summaries of reports that were handed in by Mr. Griffith in the month of December, after a tour of visits in the eastern counties of the province.

The first of our friends referred to is Henry Hedger, whom we spoke

of as sticking as closely to business as ever, and still with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lett, of Eganville, where he has made his home for the past fifteen years. Since we wrote this of Henry, his good friend, Mr. Lett, has been called away, and under his will Henry has become the possessor of the farm. Our latest communication with Henry has been in reference to the terms for his engaging a younger boy, who was recently sent to Mr. Lett, and of whom Henry is now, by virtue of his succession to the farm, the responsible employer. Our friend has built up for himself the reputation of being an excellent farmer and shrewd man of business, and we expect to see him making good headway and turning his present opportunity to the best account.

The brothers, Robert and William Sherrard, have made a splendid start in the country, both being located in the same township and within a few miles of each other. They are big, strong, able-bodied lads, and will, no doubt, be very useful to their employers, and will make a success of themselves as Canadian farmers.

James Richard Sands, another new arrival in the country, speaks cheerfully of his place, and is, evidently, highly pleased with his new surroundings. His employer, Mr. Armstrong, gives a good report of James, and master and man appear well satisfied with each other.

In his report of Herbert H. Ozanne, Mr. Griffith refers to the great improvement that has taken place in Herbert's general appearance since his visit a year ago. He is now described as being stout and the picture of good health, while under the heading of "conduct and behaviour" we read that Herbert is a very good boy, always cheerful and obliging. He is said to be with "a nice family," who treat him

kindly, look well after him and with whom he is evidently as comfortable and happy as we could possibly desire. We hear that he is in weekly correspondence with his mother, in the island of Guernsey.

Mr. Griffith reports of Daniel Gilchrist that our friend, Dan, is developing into a fine, useful worker on the farm, and has taken a man's place at threshings during the past fall and has begun to plough. Dan can always be depended upon in his work, and bears a high character from everybody who knows him. We hear that he has been very economical in his expenditure, and we look forward to having to deposit a good round sum to Dan's account at the end of his present engagement.

John Stanley Shaw, one of the present season's arrivals, has, evidently, fallen into good quarters with Mr. Donaldson, of Cedar Hill. Johnnie has been going to school during the past winter, and at home is learning to be useful amongst the stock, and is picking up his work quickly and well.

Our little old friend, James Clark, if we may call him so without any slight to his youth or physical dimensions, bears the very best of characters from his employer, Dr. Murphy. Jimmie is very comfortable in his present home, where he has ample time and opportunities for reading and study. He is fond of his books, and makes them his companions. We shall be greatly surprised if Jimmie does not make something of himself in the future, and some of these days we may be proud of the honour of taking off our hats to him.

Charles Howard is doing well with Mr. John Green, of Diamond, and was described by his employer as "good stuff." Thomas Peters is a happy little boy, bright, healthy and thriving, and settled in a thoroughly comfortable home. His employer, Mr. Elliott, has one of the finest properties in the county, with

a beautiful residence and rich land. Tommy is said to be "always merry as a cricket," and, from the description of his surroundings, we imagine he has no occasion to be anything else.

Thomas F. Ricketts has greatly improved in health and strength during the year. Tommy was not considered a "good feeder" at first, but, we are told, can now get outside of his three or four meals a day without the least difficulty or hesitation. He is treated quite as a son of the family, and has evidently found what is a home to him in every sense.

George Payne is described as a "very nice lad," healthy, clean and neat in appearance, always truthful and obliging. We are very pleased to have so good an account of George, and we have no doubt that the friends at Haddenham, from whence so many good boys have come out, will be delighted to know that one more Haddenham boy is doing credit to his foster-home training.

William Pattison is spoken of as a good bargain to his employer, as he is now a big, strong lad, and can take his full share of the work on the farm. He lives well and seems satisfied with his place; but here was a case in which a boy had foolishly allowed himself to be unsettled by some mischievous busybody, who had told him that he was working for the Homes and would not receive his wages. If we were not pretty old hands at our business, and could take comfort, like the very old turkey when he heard that he was going to be killed for the London market, in the thought of being very tough, we might feel hurt and surprised that boys whom Dr. Barnardo had stood by in trouble, and who have been so helped and benefitted by the Homes, should be ready to open their minds to the suggestion that we should stoop to appropriate their earnings; but it takes all sorts of people to make up the world, and we suppose



EDWARD J. WALKER

CHARLES HILL

WILLIAM CAMERON

FRANK E. MORRELL

WALTER JENNER

FRED PRICE

JOHN T. WASTELL

there will always be creatures of sufficiently mean and paltry dispositions to delight in instilling suspicions of this kind into a boy's mind, and that there will be boys foolish enough to listen to and credit them. However, we hope that Mr. Griffith succeeded, not only in convincing William that we shall not steal his wages, but in making him somewhat ashamed of entertaining the thought.

Joseph Owen is in the employ of two maiden ladies, and Mr. Griffith expresses the opinion that the place is a very suitable one for Master Joseph.

Charles Dunkley has developed into a big, strong boy, has learned to plough, and seems to be taking an interest in his work.

Leopold Edgar took advantage of Mr. Griffith's visit to make a donation of five dollars to the Home, for which we offer Leopold, on Dr. Barnardo's behalf, our sincere and grateful thanks. Leopold was one of our recent medal winners, and we are sure that his record had fully entitled him to this distinction. Henry Cable donated a similar sum, and to him, also, we tender our thanks. Henry is a good, dependable farm hand, and is now able to command high wages, and is making good headway in the country.

Our old friend, Albert Wright, announced to Mr. Griffith his wish to make a contribution of fourteen dollars to the Home from his bank account, and, in accordance with his request, we have withdrawn this amount and placed it to our donation account. We can assure Albert, and the many others who have recently sent in donations to the Homes, that their gifts are most acceptable and most thankfully received, and we are sure that we may further say to them, on Dr. Barnardo's behalf, that of all the gifts that come to him, large and small, and from all quarters and parts of the world, there are none that he more appreciates than the contributions of his

old boys, who, having been helped themselves and given a start in life, are now ready and willing in their turn to give a helping hand to those who are still left behind in want and suffering.

William Trout, although he has not yet completed his second year in the country, is said to be able to manage a team, and bids fair to become a first-class farmer. William has a good home, where he is kindly treated and well cared for, and if we could get his ear for a few moments, we should strongly counsel him to do nothing that would risk losing his present place, and we would remind him that boys of his age must be subject to discipline and rules, and that in such matters as stopping out or coming in at nights, he must not expect to have his own way. Going out at nights to hang about the roads or the village streets, means associating with people who love darkness rather than light because their deeds and words are evil, and we have proved in our experience how often a down-hill course begins with a boy running out at night and having his mind polluted with the evil communications of some gang of village loafers, instead of being content, when his day's work is over on the farm, to sit at home with his book or his papers and store it with some useful knowledge.

Mr. Griffith remarks in his report of Albert Stapleton that he advised him to have his hair cut, finding his scalp loaded with an enormous crop, that, evidently, required the shears. Under that crop, however, there appears to be a good allowance of brains, and Albert is spoken of as an intelligent little fellow, useful on the farm and one who always speaks the truth.

Mr. William Forbes, of Kinburn, an old client of the Homes, has two boys now in his employ, Alfred C. Skerrington and John Galloway, and we are pleased to record that they are both doing excellently well. Alfred, although the younger of the

two, is an old-timer in the country, having arrived on Canadian shores when only in his eighth year. For several years he was boarded out in Muskoka, and is proving himself in every way a credit to the training of his Muskoka foster-home. Mr. Griffith describes him as a "very mannerly, good-looking boy, in the best of health, happy and contented in his home." John Galloway is a "Lancashire lad," and was over fourteen when he began life in Canada. John intends to have a homestead of his own in Manitoba, and, judging from present indications, we fully expect to see him established for himself in that great land of promise. We will only say further on the subject that if we can at any time be of service to John by giving him information with regard to prospects in the West, or can in any other way promote his interests, we shall be delighted to hear from him and to have him avail himself of our services.

Thomas James Perry was looking forward, at the time of Mr. Griffith's visit, to have his sister at last join him in this country. This has, we know, been a wish of our friend's heart for a good many years past, and we hope that it has now been realized, and if the young lady is in Canada, we offer her our very cordial greetings and good wishes for her success. Mr. Griffith speaks of having a very pleasant chat with John Oswald Hind, who has been for the past five years with Mr. Francis Hunt, is greatly esteemed by Mr. Hunt and his mother, and, in fact, by all in the neighbourhood who are acquainted with John and have proved his sterling qualities.

John F. Good, who is a contemporary with John Hind, having almost completed his ninth year in Canada, is now getting two hundred dollars for his year's work, with board and lodging. He is a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, and, evidently, a young man whose affairs in life are prospering. We have to thank John

very gratefully for a donation of \$100.00 dollars to the Home.

Among recent reports of our little boarders we find a letter from Mr. Sandy Thompson, of Franconia, in which he says of John William Bean and Samuel Ashdown:

The boys are getting along very well. They go to school every day. The little fellow, John Bean, is a little the smarter in his school work. Samuel is a little slow in school, but on the farm they both seem to learn very easily. They are getting quite handy around the chores and farm work. I think they will make good, smart young men. They have the best of health.

Writing of Harold Smith and George William Sims, Mr. Darius Winger, of Stevensville, the excellent foster-father of these youngsters, reports as follows:

I will just pen you a few lines concerning the welfare of my little lads. They are well and hearty. The last little boy, Sims, is doing well. He says he likes to be with us. He seems to enjoy himself. The school had an entertainment, and the little lads had a good part in it. They were in four songs and two recitations. One song, especially, I had them to sing. It was a song they learned in England. The congregation were greatly taken up with them. They got the praise of the whole school. The chairman in his address spoke quite freely of the little lads, that did so well, and I felt proud of it too. They are all right.

The employer of Charles Jennings, Mrs. Westby, of London, Ont., having recent occasion to write of him, says:

Charles Jennings has been a most excellent little boy, honest, truthful, industrious and well-behaved. We are well pleased with him.

Mr. William J. Philp, of Dromore, whom we number among our old clients, wrote us a short time ago in reference to his present and late employees. The former, Joseph Gates, is said to be a very good boy, growing fast and now weighing 120 lbs. Fred. Forrester has left Mr. Philp to hire with a neighbouring farmer, at a wage of \$175.00 for the year. Mr. Philp tells us that Fred has lately completed the purchase of a hundred acres of land for \$3,500. He is said to have about \$900.00 in cash, and expects to start work on

his property on the 1st of March of next year. We very heartily congratulate Fred. upon this important step in advance that he has accomplished by his own thrift and perseverance. At first Fred. will no doubt find himself a little hampered with so heavy an encumbrance upon his farm, but we know that Fred. is one of those who will spare no effort, and we expect before many years are over he will have paid off the mortgage on his property and will be in a position where he will owe no man anything.

Owen Hill is another of our old friends, whom the beginning of his ninth year in the country finds established on a good farm of his own. He writes us :

I have got over one summer fine. I made all my expenses. I had a very good crop on all the ground I had under crop—twenty five acres. I have a nice little stock and all the machinery I need.

We have news of still another of our Ontario farmers in the person of Frederjck Chapman, and, in this instance, the employer of one of our little new-comers. The latter, William Isaac Beard, sends us an account of his surroundings, which evidences the fact that not only is our friend, Chapman, a good farmer, but a kind and conscientious employer. Willie says :

I have been in my place ten months, and I like it very well. I have been going to school for some time, and have a new teacher, and I like her very much. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are real good to me. I do not want for anything. I have lots of good, warm clothes and lots to eat. I call Mr. and Mrs. Chapman "Uncle" and "Auntie." I like the country splendid, and I would not go back to England for anything. Uncle says I am getting quite useful. I help to do the chores and help him in as many ways as I can.

Abdullah Ahmad gives us a rather amusing description of himself in a letter that we lately received from him. We cannot quote it at length, but he informs us that he is "called a good man," that he can "work like a steer," that he weighs 140 lbs and is offered \$150.00 for the year's work. He thinks that farmers who

get such boys as himself for a long term of years on their first arrival in the country have a "great snap." There are, perhaps, some farmers who would not exactly echo our young friend's opinion, but we entirely agree with friend Abdullah that our boys, young and old, are an untold boon to the farmers in Canada, and in the present dearth of labour it is hard to say what the farmers would do without them.

Mr. Joseph Morton, of Cavan, writing of George Preece, one of our last summer's arrivals, says :

We are very pleased with the boy. He is getting to be quite a help. George is very kind to the children. He seems to be very fond of them, and he often tells me that he is glad he came out to Canada to live with us.

An equally satisfactory report comes of George Henry Knight, one of the bigger lads of the April, 1902, party. His employer, in asking our consent to George's accompanying him to the West, says :

He is a good boy, does his work with a will, is smart and always cheerful, and tries to give satisfaction. I will do my best to make him an industrious, respectable young man, which he has certainly proved to be as a boy.

In season and out of season we preach and warn against boys returning to England. Here are the impressions of two youths who have lately succeeded in making their way back. William H. Storton says :

I was in England for the last two years, and I tell you I had a pretty rough time. The first place I worked at in England was at Messrs. Carter, Patterson's for about two weeks. I have to leave on account of the late hours. I used to start at eleven o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, and I was out of work then three months before I got another job. The next job I got was at window-cleaning. I had to leave that on account of too many men and not enough work. The next job I got was on the Great Northern Railway, and the next on the Great Eastern Railway; but did not stay there very long, because I did not like the distance I had to walk every morning. And then I made up my mind I had better come back to Canada again, and a good job I did, as they are having pretty hard times there now. I soon got work



BERTIE HOWARD

GEO. CAVILL

JAMES SPARKES

EDGAR G. KNOWLES

CHARLES DICKASON

GEO. BERESFORD

ALFRED R. PRIDHAM

when I get home. I am working for the same man as I did when I left for England.

Joseph Poyser, who was able to accompany our last emigration party, having, fortunately, left a sufficiently large balance in the bank to pay for his outward passage, wrote us from England in January in respect to his return: "If I had my ticket I would go back to Canada at once. There are thousands out of work in London. I cannot find work to do. England is no place for me." Joe's appearance when we saw him in London in March fully confirmed the foregoing summary of his experiences in England. We fancy it will be a long day before any hankering after the old country assert themselves in Joe's breast.

The detachment of musical boys, who accompanied our first party of last year, has been an unmixed satisfaction to us. We could give good news of each and all of them, but must content ourselves with the following brief quotations from letters that recently came to hand. The employer of Albert McDonald, when sending in \$22.00 for deposit to Albert's credit in the savings bank, says: "Albert is a fine boy. He has an excellent character, and it is a pleasure to have him about the place." Albert himself writes: "I am getting along first-rate, and could not wish for a better place." Of another musical boy of last year's party, William Berry, his employer, Mr. John Shute, of Kirkton, after settling up for William's first year's service, observes of him: "Up to date, no better boy ever crossed the Atlantic."

News lately reached us of a very old friend in the person of James Clayton, one of those whom we had the pleasure of escorting across the Atlantic in 1886. James is now married and in business for himself as a blacksmith in the Township of Scarboro. He is spoken of by a former employer, who recently called upon us, as a fine man and in all respects an excellent citizen.

Frank Hibbert, another old man,

and contemporary of James Clayton, lately wrote us making application for a boy. In his letter he informed us that he has a contract for carrying the mail for a term of four years. He would like to have a boy to help him during the summer and in the winter to attend school. He tells us that he is married and that the boy would have a "quiet home." More than that, we may say that we think any boy whom we placed with Frank would have before him a good example in his employer, and would be well trained for his future in the country.

Ernest Davis recently completed his term of service with Mr. Eli Carter, of Clandeboye, in token of which circumstance, the sum of \$100.00 is now on deposit to Ernest's credit in the savings bank. In writing of him Mr. Carter says:

Ernest has proved himself a trustworthy lad. In fact, I rather think he is the best Home boy I ever knew. During his five years' service I never heard him swear or say a vulgar word, and in regard to saving his money, that part will be all right.

Writing of Herbert Coombes, Mr. John Biederman, of Port Colborne, says, after asking that another boy may be sent to him:

If I get another one like Herbert, I shall be more than pleased. Herbert is a boy that your Home may be proud of; just as good a lad as you ever sent out. If I only get another like him, Herbert will be like an elder brother to him.

We had a call at the Home not long ago from William Thomas, who reported that he had lately arrived from the North-West, where for some time previous he had been employed on the McLeod Branch of the C. P. R. Having met with an accident in the company's employ, he was given three months' holiday, which he was spending in Ontario. William was anxious to obtain the address of his sister, as he is carrying insurance policies to the amount of \$6,000.00, of which she is the beneficiary. He has bought some land in the Dauphin district of Manitoba, and from his appearance and conversation we should judge is in flourishing circumstances generally.

Turning to our visitors' reports for the last few weeks, we find reams of Mr. Griffith's characteristic handwriting, scarcely a smaller quantity of Mr. Gaunt's and quite formidable budgets from Mr. White and Mrs. Reazin. Mr. Griffith has been covering a large area of country in Western Ontario, including the Counties of Middlesex, Kent and Essex. Mr. White has been looking up boys in the County of Ontario, where we have a large constituency, and Mrs. Reazin has been travelling through the district where for so many years past, and up to the time of his death, Mr. Reazin so ably and devotedly represented the Homes and looked after the interests of our boys and girls.

Henry Groom is reported by Mr. Griffith to be giving every satisfaction to the kindly old couple with whom he is living. Mr. Nixon, Henry's employer, invited Mr. Griffith to guess his age, and on eighty being suggested, laughed heartily at being considered so juvenile, when in reality he has just passed his ninety-third year. Henry is evidently thoroughly at home and doing nicely in every way.

In the same neighbourhood Mr. Griffith met Sidney Head, and tells us that Sidney and his wife and children are all well. He is in partnership with his father-in-law in the milk business, and they keep a large dairy stock and carry on a good trade in London.

Horace Maddow is described, and we are sure correctly described, as "a very fine lad." Horace has now learned his business, and, more than that, has made a good reputation for himself in the country. We hope and expect the time is not far distant when Horace will be doing something towards making a start for himself.

Under the same date there is an excellent report of Robert William Pope. All that we have to complain of in Robert is that he has not proved himself a very good hand at

a bargain, and has apparently been afraid of opening his mouth too wide, with the result that he is not, in our opinion, earning at all what he should. We have given Robert our views on the subject, and we hope that another year his present wages will be at least doubled.

Frederick Springall, an old musical boy, has, like most of the clan, turned out remarkably well. He is a valuable help to his employer and has developed into a fine worker and first-class farm hand. His employer is a man who understands his business, and under him Fred. is having a good, practical training.

Tom Percival, another old musical boy, who began life in Canada at the same time as our friend, Springall, is entirely fulfilling our expectations for him. In saying this we give Tom very high praise indeed, as he is a lad of whom we always expected the best, and who from the time of our first acquaintance has held a high place in our esteem.

Victor Marsden was found by Mr. Griffith at school. He is said to have a splendid home with old Devonshire people, and the report speaks of his being well fed and clothed and evidently kindly cared for.

Wilfred Southern is a lad of whom we have every reason to feel proud. When Mr. Griffith visited him in February, he had then just hired on for another year with the same employer. He is described as a good-looking, able-bodied young fellow, and is evidently the right kind of lad to make his way in the country. We have again to thank Wilfred for donating to the Home the year's interest on his bank account.

Our old client, Mr. William M. Clure, of Newmarket, has two good boys in James Wilson and William Johnston. The latter is one of last summer's arrivals, but has already become attached to his home and is giving the best possible satisfaction. James is a bright lad, growing fast and thriving in every way. The

object of his ambition for the future is to settle in the North-West on land of his own, and, according to present indications, James is likely to realize his wish, in which case we feel sure that he will make an excellent settler.

Mr. Gaunt gives us a very encouraging report of three boys visited on the 6th of February. George Swain, living with Mr. Beynon, of Temperanceville, is described as a sturdy, strongly-built lad, truthful, honest, and taking an interest in his work. Mr. Gaunt found him at school, where he also met Arthur George Birkett. Arthur is, likewise, a lad of good physique and bears an excellent character. Arthur is described as a bright, cheerful little lad, happy in his home, where he is kindly treated by all. The third boy, Henry Mattock, is a lad who is deservedly spoken of as a credit to the Institutions. His employer, Mr. Law, evidently places full confidence in Henry, and appreciates the fact that he has a good man and one who is faithful to his master's interests.

Alex. Piggott, living with Mr. Rea, of Glandine, is described by Mrs. Reazin as a "good-looking, nicely-mannered boy," and is said to be "doing well in every way."

Almost the same remark is made of three other boys in the same neighbourhood, Gilbert Crandon, Fred Hopkins and Douglas Horstead, each of whom was at school when Mrs. Reazin called to see them.

We are glad to say that, on the whole, the stipulation in our agreements for school attendance is well observed. There are occasionally difficulties on account of distance and the impassable condition of the roads, and in some cases there is the disposition to magnify these obstacles and make them an excuse for keeping boys at home. We are afraid that our lads themselves are by no means guiltless in this respect, and that where there is remissness in sending a boy to school, the

young gentleman himself is not infrequently an active accessory before and during the fact. These cases of neglect, however, are the exception rather than the rule, and our youngsters are generally to be found at school during the winter months, and we are pleased to say that there are very few cases in which their progress and proficiency are not satisfactory and where they do not hold their own in industry and ability with any of their school-mates.

Mr. Gaunt gives a cheerful report of George Charles Weatherby, of whom his employer says, "I could not wish for a better boy." Unfortunately, George has got into his head an idea of returning to England when his present engagement expires. This, however, will not be for some time to come, and, in the meantime, we hope that he will have realized how immensely superior are his prospects in Canada to anything that would await him in England, where he would probably only return to a lot of struggle and hardship.

Of William Peters Mr. Griffith sends an excellent account, mentioning among other circumstances that Willie is said to be a first-class ploughman and a good man with horses generally.

Ernest Potts has lately completed his engagement with Mr. Silas Purvis, in honour of which we may say that we shall hope very shortly to have the pleasure of awarding Ernest one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals. To his high credit be it recorded, that his first proceeding on becoming entitled to his money was to make a donation of \$10.00 towards the funds of the Home. Very heartily we thank Ernest, and very strongly we commend his example to others.

Mrs. Reazin speaks of Johnnie Holland as "one of the finest looking boys I have ever met, nicely mannered; an all round good boy, doing well in every way."

Mr. White describes little Ernest Mynott as a rosy-cheeked, English-faced boy. Ernest's conduct and behaviour are spoken of as "very good," with two big lines underneath the words. He was going to school when visited by Mr. White.

Charles Clifford Palmer is said to be "one of the best;" a well-conducted, right-minded young fellow, saving money, regular in his religious duties, a credit to himself and the Homes.

Frederick Veness, an old friend of something like fourteen years' standing, and who is now married and settled in Sarnia, in writing us a short time ago about a little matter of business in which he was seeking our help, took occasion to enclose a testimonial handed to him by his employer, in which Fred is spoken of as a "steady and reliable man, temperate in his habits and conscientious at all times." It is hardly necessary to add that we learned with great pleasure that our friend has made so thoroughly good a reputation for himself.

Our young friend, Alfred Barnhouse, is becoming distinguished as a judge of live stock. We did not know of it at the time, but a neighbour of his employer, who lately dropped in upon us, informed us that at the local exhibition last year Alfred carried off a prize for judging sheep, much to the chagrin of several young farmers of the locality, who considered themselves experts, but were outclassed by him in all points.

"Doing well both at school and at home" is the last report of little James Robinson, while of William Allen, Mr. James Weir, of Utterson, writes: "The boy is in perfect health and doing all right."

Mr. Wiggins, of Brampton, writing under recent date respecting George R. Smith, says:

I am very pleased with the boy I got from your Home last April. He is a bright, cheerful fellow, and is learning how to do chores on the farm very well. He goes to

day school and Sunday school, and seems to enjoy both. He is a very robust, healthy looking boy, and is in the best of health.

Our small friend, Arthur Walton, has delivered himself of a brief account of his experiences, that, though it contains nothing very original, we must pass on to our readers, together with the note that his mistress has very kindly added to Arthur's epistle.

CHURCHILL, March 6th, 1903.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been here nearly a year, and I like Papa and Mamma and children very well, two boys, one girl. We have four cows and eight young cattle, four horses and one colt; we also have thirty pigs and we have twenty-five hens. I gather five eggs a day now. I started to milk last summer. I can drive a team, I help Papa to get up wood, I go to church and Sunday school. I got a nice Bible off the Christmas tree and a nice lot of other things.

ARTHUR WALTON.

CHURCHILL, March 6th, 1903.

MR. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—With much pleasure I will add a short note in Arthur's letter, as he has not written a lengthy one. We are very well suited with our boy. He is proving a success and will some day be a credit to the Home. He has grown a lot since he came here; he is a very willing and truthful boy. Of course, he has his ups and downs, but he will master them in time. He attends Sabbath school regularly in summer; there is none in winter. He is very fond of our oldest boy, Victor. I will now close.

MRS. G. F. LYNN.

We make the following extracts from a long letter that came to our hand a short time ago for publication in UPS AND DOWNS from our old friend, Charles E. Carter, now a prosperous farmer at St. Agathe, Manitoba. We have had to curtail Charlie's communication considerably and, in doing so, have taken upon ourselves to expunge most of friend Charles' rather sententious moralizings and the large slices of solemn counsel and admonition that he offers for the consumption of our readers. We have unlimited faith in the old adage that example is better than precept, and the record of what Charlie has accomplished by dint of energy and perseverance is

worth pages of "Boys, be good, and avoid bad habits, like I have," etc., just as the fact that Charles has enclosed a five-dollar bill toward the funds of the Home is a dozen times more likely to induce others to part than any amount of goody-goody talk about the blessedness of giving. Actions speak louder than words. Charlie's actions are all right and we prefer to let them speak for him, even though we quite expect that he will consider we have cut out the gems of his composition.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am sending to you a letter for UPS AND DOWNS, also enclose \$5.00 for subscription. I have done well this year, as you will see, and I will be able to do more towards the Home from this out. I have got on solid footing. I have been steady as the old clock. I have tried to make every dollar count one, and done my best trying to avoid all bad habits. I make blunders, as everyone seems to have such faults, but my money I have earned I can say has been well spent to the best advantage. I told you in my last letter of my output. I will just say that I have all necessary machinery to run my farm even to the latest disc plough. Last year, 1902, was a very prosperous one to me. My man and myself put in 160 acres of crop. I took off 4,000 bushels; out of that was 3,000 of wheat, the rest oats, also barley. I had no other help,—just the two of us, so time was precious. Also I did the cooking, but I think I will give the cooking to some other helpmate shortly. Well, I must say it has been so kind of the Doctor to send so many of his lads out here to Canada where there is so many kind friends, if we only do what is right. Some boys complain of this one and that one. Well, I must say I have always been used well. Last winter I was very sick; I was alone you might say. I knew of kind friends not far. They nursed me and cared for me better than my own people, and I always believe in putting forth a kind hand in return. Wishing you all a success in life, and may God bless us one and all. From an old Home boy,

CHARLES E. CARTER.

"He knows how to do all kinds of farm work, and is one of the most trusty boys I ever saw," writes Mr. James Boyle of John N. Cooper. "Seems to be contented, and getting on all right. He does his work, and is thoughtful and honest" is the latest report of George E. J. Davis, from Mr. George Neff, of Springfield. "He is a very careful boy, and a very fine boy so far, and grow-

ing to be a large and sober youth. We think a great deal of him. He is learning to work very fast." So says Mr. Houll, of Blackstock, respecting our friend, Enoch Thomas, at the end of eight months' experience of Enoch's conduct and capabilities. Mr. Joseph Kirk, of Kirkton, goes even one better in writing of Ernest Lyons. "Ernest is a fine young man; we have got along first-rate this year. He has joined the Church. He is the best boy I have had. I am sure he will get along in this country."

Edward Foreman is a youngster of thirteen, and has just completed his third year in Canada. We quote the following from a letter lately received from his employer, Mr. Walker, of Lawrence: "I must say that I am well pleased with him. I and my wife were called away to Ingersoll to see a sick friend, and we were gone four days, and he stayed alone, except at nights, and he took care of thirteen head of cattle, three horses, fourteen hogs and seventy-five hens, and I never had things looked after better; and he kept things nice around the house. So you can see he is a lad that can be trusted, and we feel proud of him."

By the first post on the first of April, sharp to time, came the following letter from Mr. William Templer, of Jerseyville:

DEAR SIR,—You will find enclosed money order for one hundred dollars to square my account with yourself and Charles H. Potter. Charlie has engaged with me for another twelve months at one hundred and fifty dollars, with board, etc. I may just say that during the term Charlie has been with us he has been a good boy, and, generally speaking, he has given us great satisfaction. Thanking you for the treatment we have received at your hands.

Yours respectfully,

WM. TEMPLER.

Our friend, George Willis, whom we greet as a brother Wiltshireman, lately wrote us a very cheering little report of himself, in the course of which he observes: "I will soon have been out here three years, and I think this is a lovely country to live



THOMAS HENDRY



GEORGE AUSTIN



W. A. H. MANSFIELD



JOSEPH R. TREEND



WILLIAM KENT



ALEXANDER HENDERSON



HENRY BROWN



FRED G. ERWOOD



in, for there is lots of apples, pears and plums to eat, and plenty of fresh air. I have grown a lot since I came out here; I am 5 feet in height and weigh 103 pounds." George's employer, Mr. W. J. Brown, of Utica, writing at the same time, tells us that George is "all that I could expect." He describes him as "a good, steady boy, and one you can rely on."

We could easily fill pages with the first experiences of our latest arrivals as they have narrated them to us, and the impressions they have created in their new homes; but we can only select the following as specimens of the hundreds of post cards and letters before us:

MOUNT BRYDGES, ONT., April 4th.

DEAR SIR,—I am thanking you for getting me in this home. We have cattle and lots of fruit. It is a nice home for me, and Mr. Tull said I am getting on all right with my work, and I am sure that I will get on all right with my work. They treat me very nicely, and I am glad that you got me near to my brother. He is in the next farm to me. This is all I have to say at present. I remain, yours truly,

MICHAEL HILLIARD.

SUNNIDALE CORNERS, April 1st, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to say that I like my place all right, and I am getting on all right as far as this. I am getting on with my master splendidly. The place just suits me. Yours truly,

W. MARMENT.

LONDON, ONT., March 31st, 1903.

My little boy, Sydney Toye, arrived to-day all right, and I am very much pleased with him indeed, as far as I can judge at present. You have filled my request by sending a little nice-looking fellow, and I appreciate your choice very much. I think this boy will fill the bill perfectly. I like his appearance and disposition.

HUGH WYATT.

It is impossible for us to do more than make the briefest mention of a few amongst those of our friends whose features give ornament and grace to our present number. We venture to think, however, that our illustrations speak for themselves, and, generally speaking, we give the subjects high commendation when we say of them that they are as good as they look.

We believe we are now correct in speaking of John Wastell as a New Ontario settler. John having, on the last occasion of our seeing him, informed us that he had located a grant of land near New Liskeard, of which he was hoping in a short time to become the owner in fee simple.

Of Charles Hill we may say that the town of Peterborough boasts no more respectable citizen, and the B.O.B.S. no more worthy member.

Frank E. Morrell is one of our most regular and valued correspondents, and readers of UPS AND DOWNS are no strangers to Frank's name. We regard him as a young man of excellent promise and in every respect a good citizen.

Edward J. Walker we can speak of as a recent winner of one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals, the owner of a substantial bank account, and a regular donor to the Homes. Edward is now serving his eighth year in the employ of Mr. Richard Marchant, of Beeton.

Walter Jenner is at present boarded-out, and is a happy and thriving little lad, winning golden opinions, both at school and at home.

We have always heard good things of Alfred R. Pridham, and we know him as an honest, steady worker, and a boy who will give a good account of himself wherever he may be.

Bertie Howard is now learning a trade in Waterloo, and, we believe, doing thoroughly well. We heartily congratulate Bertie upon having apparently thrown off so entirely the serious ill-health that necessitated his being for a long while under our care. We never expected at one time to see him what he is to-day, and it was with more than usual pleasure that we awarded to Bertie Dr. Barnardo's medal at the conclusion of his long term of faithful service with his good friend, Mr. William Walters, of Morpeth.

Fred Erwood is a stalwart young lumberman, earning high wages in the bush country of Northern Ontario. We believe him to be an excellent fellow and in every respect a credit to the Home.

James Sparkes is a young man whose record in the country has always been a satisfaction to us. James is now a first-class farm hand, and is rolling up money in the savings bank that will one of these days supply, we hope, the capital to start friend James on a farm of his own.

The latest entry in our register, under the name of George Cavill, records the circumstance of his making a donation of \$5.00 to the Home, while in a letter immediately preceding this entry he acknowledges with grateful thanks his receipt of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service.

We lately wrote Thomas Hendry, discussing with him the prospects for his settling on land in New Ontario, Thomas having now reached the stage when he is thinking of taking a step up the ladder and acquiring a farm of his own. During the present winter he has been working in the lumber woods with Fred Erwood.

Our friend, Edgar Knowles, we must congratulate upon the progress he has made during the past few months in the enlargement of his educational acquirements at the Central Business College in Toronto. Edgar has no idea of being a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, but means to raise himself in the world. We regard him as a young man possessed of the principal essentials for success in life, and we look forward to seeing him climb the ladder in the future, and taking a position in which we shall be very proud to think of him as an old Barnardo boy.

Our friend, George T. D., is a young man of whom we have no reason to be ashamed as a good bar-

nardo boy. When we last heard of George he was reported to be in the best of health, and making good wages in the service of the Michigan Central Railway.

Joseph Treend is a comparatively new arrival, but we are pleased to say that in the two years Joseph has lived in the country he has made a very creditable reputation for himself. He is described in our last report as a well-behaved, useful, willing little lad, and bearing a good character, both at home and at school.

Alexander Henderson has now completed the last year of his engagement with Mr. Martin, of Ilderton. Mr. White, who visited Alex. on our behalf a short time ago, and brought us his photograph, received an excellent report of Alex., and amongst other things refers to him as a lad of good moral habits and a staunch member of the "Temperance Band."

When sending in his photograph William Kent volunteered the information that he is happy and contented and doing well. This satisfactory report was fully confirmed by Mr. Griffith, who speaks of William as a strong, healthy lad, fond of work, and attached to his home.

Our young friend, William Mansfield, although short in stature, is "all there" as a worker, and is earning high wages during the present summer with our old client, Mr. Henry Hall, of Cobourg. William's record in Canada has been a highly creditable one, and we expect to hear good things of him in the future.

Henry Brown is one of our old-timers, and during the fourteen years that Henry has known Canada as his home, we have heard only good things of him. Henry is at present recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and is only just able to return to work after having been laid up for many weeks. We are sure our friends will join with us in hearty congratulations to Henry upon his restoration to health.

Barnardo Girls' League

THE idea of a society or association of Dr. Barnardo's girls in Canada has been often talked about, both before, but especially since, the boys formed the Barnardo Old Boys' Society. The boys need not flatter themselves that we borrowed the idea from them, or that they are showing us the way to do it. They certainly got a little the start of us, but there are a great many more of them, and they have leisure and opportunities which the girls have not; but now we have made a beginning we will soon let them see what the girls can do. The first definite suggestion of a girls' society was made by Mr. Owen at the Christmas party of the older girls at Mrs. Owen's house, when about a hundred of the Toronto girls were present. He proposed then that a small committee should be formed to discuss the subject and devise a scheme that, later on, could be put before a general meeting of the girls. The Committee met the next week at Miss Kennedy's, and a full discussion took place. A meeting was then called at Mrs. Owen's house, that took place on January 15th, and was largely attended, and a second meeting was held on the 29th. At these two meetings it was decided that the Society should be called the "Barnardo Girls' League." The question of the title naturally gave rise to considerable discussion. Having regard to the fact that the Society would generally be spoken of by its initial letters, the title, "Barnardo Old Girls' Society," was, for obvious reasons, dismissed as objectionable. The word "Guild" had an attraction for some of our Anglican sisters, but finally the present title, "Barnardo Girls' League," was unanimously adopted. Proceeding to the election of officers, Dr. Barnardo was, of course, invited to become Honorary President, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen and

Miss Loveday Honorary Vice-Presidents. The other officers and Executive Committee were elected by ballot. Miss Harriet Davis was, by a large majority, voted to the Presidency, Miss Nora Singer to the Vice-Presidency, Miss Emma Webb to the Secretary-Treasurership. The Executive Committee elected consists of Misses Mabel Williamson, Ruth Graham, Clara Donnelly, Alice Elsom, Lizzie Bryden and Mary Cobb. The admission fee was fixed at fifty cents, and the annual fee one dollar, a form of application and certificate of membership drafted and approved, a circular letter drawn up to be sent out to all girls whose addresses were obtainable inviting them to join the League, and a design for a monogram brooch submitted and adopted, the order being placed with Messrs. Ryrie, of Toronto. At the second meeting Miss Loveday was present from Peterborough, and very kindly assured the members of the League of her willingness to give any assistance in her power in making it known among the girls throughout the country and otherwise promoting its objects. The letter addressed by the Secretary to Dr. Barnardo received the following very welcome and gracious response :

February 7th, 1903.

MY DEAR EMMA,—I am greatly interested and pleased by your letter of January 26th, which came to hand this morning. The curious thing is that *you* are forming a Girl's League among my girls in Canada just at the time when *we* are projecting a League over here for all our English girls, and we had hoped that there might be a Canadian Branch of it. Perhaps one of these days you may consider that and join your forces so as to become *one League*. Anyhow, I won't delay you now by going into all that, as Miss Code will probably write to the Canadian girls shortly)

Meanwhile, I answer your letter at once by saying that I will have great pleasure in accepting the post of *Honorary President of the League* which you invite me to, and I feel very gratified to think, not only of the union of my girls in a League of this sort, but also at their remembering their old friend and wishing that I should occupy so prominent a place among you. Be sure, my dear Emma, that I shall entertain a very warm recollection of all my dear girls who are placed out now in Canada, so many of them grown to womanhood, so many of them married and with families of their own, and others occupying useful positions with honour to themselves and reflecting not a little credit upon the old Home and their old helpers in England.

Now, my dear girl, will you give your fellow-members my heartiest, heartiest greetings, my best wishes for their prosperity and success, and tell them I shall only be too delighted if they will sometimes write to me and tell me of their progress.

I am, my dear Emma,

Ever your sincere friend,

(Signed) THOS. J. BARNARDO.

The circular letter has, so far, received a very encouraging response, but the Executive hope for a very largely increased membership in the near future. We wish every girl in Canada of good character to join the League, and can see no reason for her not doing so. "What is it for?" and "What will it do?" are questions that are continually asked by our correspondents. The "what for" is to draw together and bind together for each other's help and welfare the daughters of Dr. Barnardo's family in Canada, to give us an interest in each other and a claim upon each other's friendship and

support. We have none but a superabundance of friends in this country, and the object of the League is to make us all friends and develop the idea of sisterhood and comradeship among us, the older ones helping and befriending the younger, the strong caring for the weak, those longer in the country welcoming and encouraging the new arrivals. What we shall do must, of necessity, depend upon our means and resources. In the first place, we look forward to organizing a big gathering of our girls in Toronto during the week of the Toronto Exhibition, inviting as guests of the League all girls who can manage to visit the City and giving them as enjoyable a time as possible. In the second place, we hope to be able to establish, very shortly, a sick benefit fund, that will provide the means of caring for those members who break down in health, so that they may not have to become dependent upon the benevolence of others. In the third place, we hope to contribute, as a Society, to the work in England, doing something towards giving to others the same helping hand in need as we received ourselves. These are our aims, and if our sisters will support us as we think they ought, we expect to accomplish each and all of them.

There is only to add that the Executive will gratefully appreciate any hints or suggestions from members or others that will assist in the growth and development of the League. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, and will receive prompt and careful attention.

EMMA WEBB,

*Secretary Barnardo Girls' League,
323 Markham Street, Toronto.*



Notes and Comments

Yule-tide.

CHRISTMAS was celebrated with its usual cheer and heartiness. The little ones rejoiced in gifts of various kinds, and were highly delighted with a little Christmas shopping which the generosity of one of our older girls enabled them to enjoy. Endless was the choosing when they found themselves in the store, and they fancied that wondrous dime was a big enough coin to buy the biggest doll or automatic toy the store afforded. The elder girls who were in the Home were not forgotten, and were made happy by gifts—work boxes, bags and writing cases, as well as handkerchiefs, scent sachets, and many other bright tokens of love.

Miss Godfrey.

MISS GODFREY was recalled to England early in February. The summons was so sudden and unexpected we had barely time to say good-bye ere she was gone; but we are looking to see her back in the early summer, when her numerous friends in Canada will expect to hear much of interest connected with her trip, especially the history of those hours of terror when she shared with Mr. Owen the dangers of shipwreck off the coast of Ireland.

company of Mrs. Alfred B. Owen, who has gone to take the oversight of the next party of girls. We are sure Miss Gibbs' many girl friends will feel a good deal of regret that their looked-for visit is delayed, but we hope she will come back in the summer so thoroughly rested and refreshed she will be her own bright self again, and will be ready, as of old, with words of cheer and advice to encourage and help forward every good resolution and desire. We shall all wish her a happy visit and a safe return.

Sicknesses.

SEVERAL girls have been home with ailments—some of a chronic nature, others more serious. Rachel Hall came quite a sufferer from rheumatism, which has been of long standing and very acute. After a little time she went to stay with a lady in Campbellford, who used with so much success a remedy she is acquainted with that Rachel is cured, and has gone back to her former home in Ingersoll in perfect health. Edith Herring also has suffered a long time from epileptic fits. She has gone to live with a lady who has successfully treated her own son, and now we hear that Edith has had only one fit in three months, and is looking well and bright. Anne Nicholls came home from Belleville hospital somewhat of an invalid. She remained with us a few weeks, making herself quite useful in help among the little ones.

and strands, and went to Hamilton to a fresh situation, where she is doing well and giving satisfaction. Lizzie Parsons was returned from her situation a listless, pale, worn-out girl. She has grown stronger and brighter, and has now gone to a clergyman's family in Muskoka, where we trust the balmy air and country surroundings will build her up into a strong, useful woman.



North-West. SOME of our girls have, of course, got the feeling of the day, and have joined the crowds who have gone West. Adelaide

Alice Wilmott who went a few months earlier. Marion Giles (now Mrs. Buller), has gone with her husband to Manitoba, where we trust they will soon reap a good harvest from industry and frugality.



A Word of Warning. OF course, it is very natural that a girl who has earned a comfortable reserve fund should have dreams of a visit to the old scenes and old faces on the other side of the Atlantic, and be quite willing to spend the whole or greater part of this fund in the trip. We are often very sorry to see money so hardly earned so quickly spent,



Emmons and Annie Curtis are not expecting to serve any but their own loved ones, and perhaps in another number we shall have some other news, and some new names to tell of these girls. Rose Bowles went with her employer's family to Los Angeles, California, and greatly enjoyed the journey through the romantic scenery of the Rockies, and is delighted with her new home there, where she may meet with

and we should like to give words of caution and advice, but, when this English fever has thoroughly taken possession of a girl's mind and she cannot remember her daily duties because of the castles in the air she is building on these lines, and she is of an age when she can legally follow her own wishes, our words are wasted on this subject. And where there is a strong foundation of filial love prompting the visit, a

chord in our own hearts is touched, and we are more disposed to help than hinder the visit, and would gladly aid girls by all the means in our power to make the trip in as much comfort as possible. An ocean journey is not to be lightly undertaken. It involves many varied scenes and risks, and a girl travelling alone is liable to find herself exposed to difficulties and annoyances from which a little experience might have saved her. In case of real danger—a not unheard-of or impossible contingency—it is so helpful to have the leadership and guidance of an older traveller. We would, therefore, strongly urge upon all our girl friends the advantage of securing the protection and aid the Home has so many opportunities of placing at the disposal of any girl who is quite sure the time has come for her to go to England. We do not want to tempt anyone to make the trip, for it is often found to be a great disappointment, and very few girls are willing to remain there for life. Manners are so different from ours in this younger country that we are apt to feel altogether unfit for taking up the old lines of thought and rules of conduct. If you want to go be sure you have money enough for the return voyage, and let us help and advise you.



Chit-Chat.

Though we hope to have a good number of photographs in our magazine this month, we fear that some of our readers will be disappointed. We have tried to make the best selection possible, all things considered, but as we have received about sixty photos this year with requests "to be put in the next UPS AND DOWNS," we are obliged to leave some out.

Do you not think it is a bonnie group of little children? Several are placed out as "boarders," and in one or two cases it seems probable they will remain there until they leave for homes of their own in

the distant future. Perhaps we ought to apologize to Ellen Stokes, Agnes Newlands and Lizzie Smith (who is not sister to Ethel) for putting them amongst "little" girls. They have attained the venerable age of fourteen and fifteen, but they do not look very old in their photos yet, so we hope they will not feel aggrieved.

The Hayford sisters are living in the same village and see each other sometimes. The Harper sisters live in the same house. Ada Robins is one of three sisters, the other two are near each other, and as Ada has a specially nice home she does not mind the distance that parts them. The centre child is one of the few children who are really adopted. We are not telling her name; perhaps some of you will remember her.

Of the others I think we could truthfully say something nice about each one, but it would take too long, and might seem rather like an advertising catalogue. Katie Pettit is just getting about again after being laid up with a broken leg. Gladys Tanner and Jane Morell live quite near each other and have both kept their places well, each about four years. Hetty Deacon rejoices to be in the same village as her friend, Katie Fuller. The two gave us the pleasure of a call at Hazel Brae the other day. They were in town shopping.

Emily Opie was a few years ago a little Muskoka boarder, but is now in her fourth year with the one mistress. Sarah Stephens came to Canada in 1900, and is still in her first place. She now has her friend, Blanche Duckham, near her, to the joy of both girls. Gertrude Woods has had the pleasure of a visit to England with her mistress. Do not be envious, girls; Gertrude has earned it by seven years of faithful service in this one family. Fanny Durrant has been over three years in her present place, and Mary Spencer over four years. Gertrude Speller and Agnes Howell are in



Ellen White and Brother.

their third year. Mary Gill stayed five years in one situation, and seems likely to stay five years in her present one. Amelia Brian cannot be enticed from her present home, where she has been for nearly seven years—the only one she has had in Canada. She has served her mistress devotedly through a time of sickness, and has reaped the deserved reward of feeling that she is valued and respected and has someone to care for her. Mary Simpson has nothing to do with little changes—hers are few and real. She went to a situation in 1893, stayed there seven years, saved enough money for a return ticket to England in 1900, paid a visit to her relatives, then in the autumn of the same year returned to Canada and went to her present situation, and now we hear rumours of an expected change of name as well as of place. An example all through that many would do well to follow.

The two little sisters, Celta and Ethel Jowett, are now near together. Ethel went to visit her sister at Rev. Douglas', and a place was found for her in the immediate

neighborhood, so we hope the dear children will have many good times together and grow up into noble Christian women.

Amongst other matter crowded out of the last number of UPS AND DOWNS was the portrait of Mary Dawson, that we now have much pleasure in presenting to our readers. Mary remarks in the letter that accompanied the photograph that her friends all think she looks very happy. We should judge ourselves that Mary is a happy little person, and has a right to be, if we are to believe that the good people are intended to have the best share of the world's happiness. There are, no doubt, people in the world who are good, but have never learned the secret of being happy themselves or of making others happy; but as we read Mary's letters and notice what she tells us about her home life and observe her loving thoughtfulness for her brother, we should think she is a little person with whom goodness and happiness run together. So may it always be with Mary, and the many hundreds of our other little girl friends who are doing their duty faithfully in that station of life to



Mary Dawson

which is the best of all them.

We have quite a nice bundle of letters from girls of all ages and kinds. We are glad to see so many are happy, and that some know the secret of true and abiding happiness. Some of our readers will laugh over the experiences of Laura Harris when she came to Hazel Brae and found herself forgotten. She forgot herself how five years change a little girl into a young woman; but you see she had a very enjoyable visit and did not regret it.

You will sympathize with Martha White's desires to be useful, with M. J. Tooth's pleasure in her cooking and work, and Ellen Anderson's successes in millinery; and perhaps some of you will be ambitious not to let a girl only a year in her place have a bigger bank book than you have.

Perhaps some others, like Eva Sapsford, are planning to come to Toronto, and see the Exhibition, which is to be bigger and better than ever. Save your money, girls. Visits like this are not worth taking if you have not a good supply of that requisite. Mary Dalgarno seems to have had a happy winter with her little charges, and no doubt summer will bring added pleasures; it usually does in the country. Lily Livermore is quite a little student. We hope she will make good use of her opportunities, and she will find that added knowledge brings added responsibilities.

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. I received the cards, and they are very nice indeed. I have been in my place two years next August, and hope to stay for a long time yet. I am very happy here, and think I rather like farming. I have quite got over the nervousness with the cows, and I am a very good milker. I did not start to learn the first summer I came, but I learned this last summer, and I like milking very much. I am learning to do a lot of different work since I came out to Canada. I can make bread and pies, and hope to soon learn how to make cake. I am trying to please my mistress, and then she will keep me as long as she likes. I am doing my best to save my money for the bank. My mistress said

that I am very careful with my money and that she never had any girl so saving like me. I have heard that there are some girls who have been in Canada about five or six years but have not any in the bank. I would not like that said about me. I have a good bit in for my first year. I think Canada is a nice place to live in, for we can get on well, as we get big wages, and we ought to thank the Doctor for sending us out here. I am doing my best to go to Sunday school every Sunday. There are quite a few Home girls out here, and they are very nice. I send my love to all the girls that were in my cottage. Could you send me the address of Edith Holmes and Ellen Parker, as they were both boarded-out with me? We have a large farm and lots of cattle. Our place is so lovely in the summer time, with a nice green lawn and lots of flowers, so I ought to be satisfied with my home. So good-bye from one of your girls.

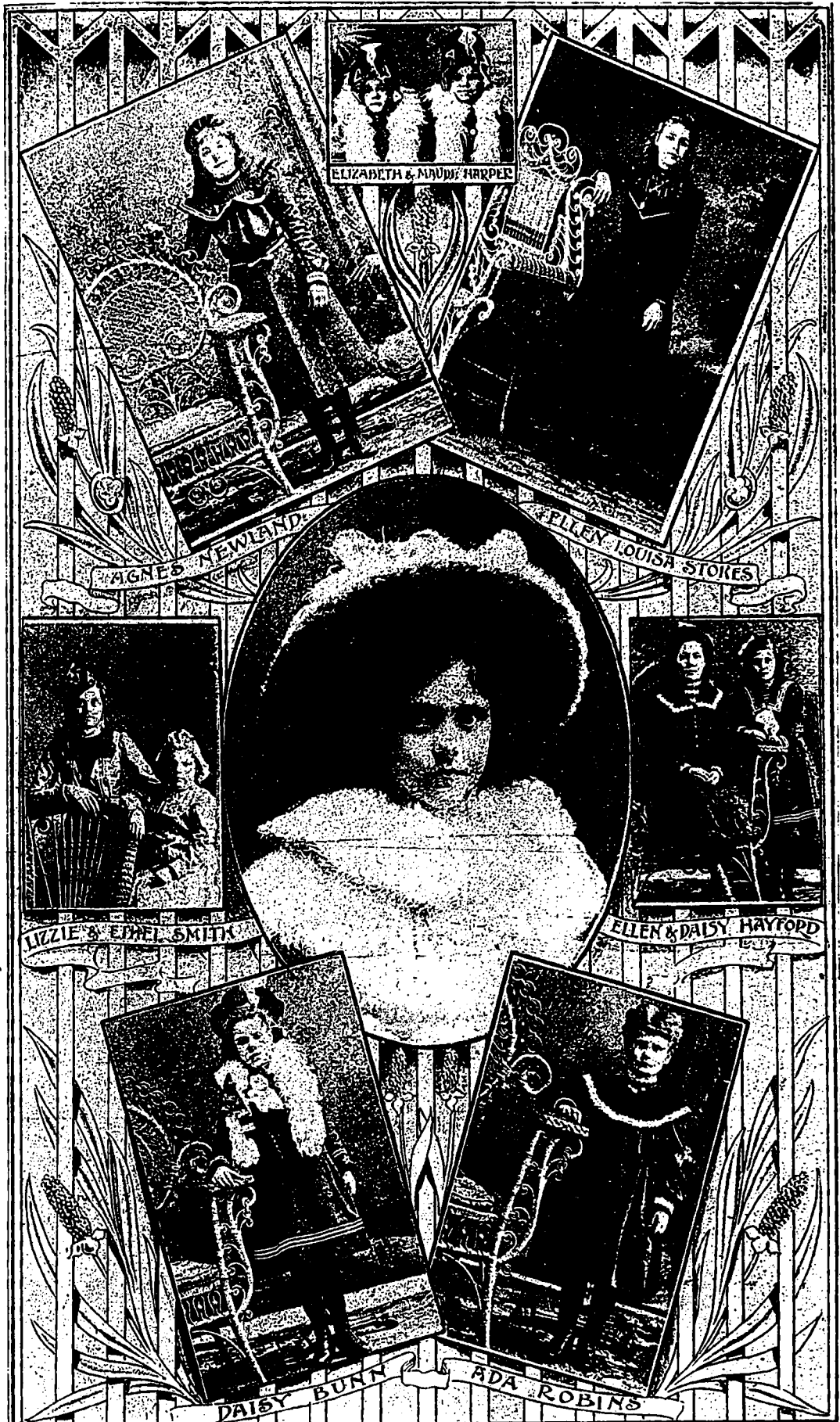
MARY ANN JANE TOOTH.

BOX 150, HENSALL, ONT.

I enclose you \$10.00, which you will please deposit to my credit. I also send bank book for entries. We have moved from Bothwell to Hensall, and are getting along very well. Dr. Medd has been very sick since last November. He is improving now, but will not preach till some time in April. Perhaps he will begin on Easter Sunday. We have a supply from London every Sunday. We like him very well, but will be glad to get our own pastor back again. Hensall is a very pretty place in summer time. There are some lovely residences here. The parsonage is a large brick house, and is built on the same lot as the church. I must tell you about a lovely present I had given me before I left Bothwell. About a week before we left, my Sunday school class were invited out for tea. We spent a very nice afternoon and evening. Just before we got ready to go home they presented me with a beautiful Bible, with my name stamped in gold letters on the outside cover. I thanked them very kindly and said I should never forget them. I joined the Senior Epworth League last Monday evening. I go to Junior League every Sunday afternoon, and was put in for first Vice-President last Sunday. I will close now with kind regards to all I know.

ELEANOR REGAN.

I am going to write a few lines to the UPS AND DOWNS. I like my place very much, and the children say they love me, and they would not let me go away for anything. I make great pets of them. I have been in Canada for four years and five months. I like it very much, but still I like England best. I go to the English Church, and I was confirmed on October 19th, 1902, by the Bishop of Ontario. I received the Holy Communion on Sunday. It will be my birthday at the end of this month, and I shall be seventeen years old. I spent



ELIZABETH & MAUD HARPER

AGNES NEWLAND

ELLEN LOUISA STOKES

LIZZIE & EMEL SMITH

ELLEN & DAISY HAYFORD

DAISY BURN

ADA ROBINS

my first three years on a farm and learned a lot about farming, and can make first class butter. I shall be here a year on the 15th of this month, and they tell me I am a very good cook. I can bake bread and get up a good dinner three or four courses. My mistress takes the children to church on Sunday morning, and I stay at home and mind the baby and get the dinner. Then I go at night. I must tell you my master, Mr. Reeves, is an English Church minister, and a good one too. I have two brothers out here now; they came last May. I have not seen them since July. I have another in England, and one in South Africa. I am not going to any expense with my clothes. I had my last winter's hat trimmed over, and I am wearing my last winter's dress, but I am going to town soon to get a new suit. I wish I lived near Peterborough; I would come and see you. I want to know how the Doctor is. Mrs. Reeve read somewhere that he is ill. I am so sorry. I belong to the Junior Auxiliary. We are working for the famine sufferers. We made a lot of money last year. We sew every Saturday afternoon for two hours at fancy things and quilts. We sell them at our at home, and cake at five cents a slice. I am going to try for a prize this year. Good-bye and my love to all the girls.

ELLEN ANDERSON.

My conscience has lately been reminding me that I have not been doing my duty for not writing to UPS AND DOWNS. The letters are my choice reading in the book, but I always feel a little jealous to think so much of the book is taken up with B.O.B.S. and notes and letters about the boys, and there are so few pages about "Our Girls." I was very much pleased to see a letter in last UPS AND DOWNS from Annie Whelham. I was also very pleased to know that she is a follower of Christ and a member of the Church. I always find my dear Saviour to be my great help and Comforter in all my troubles and sorrows of my everyday life, and I pity all girls who do not accept Christ as their Saviour. I joined the Methodist Church last summer. I noticed a little note about Florence Gordon, saying that she has had only the one place since she came out here. She came the same time as I did, and I have only had the one place since I came out, and it will soon be five years, but I have a good place. My mistress is very kind to me; she tries to teach me to be a neat, smart, tidy, clean housekeeper. She has taught me to iron, make butter, bake bread and pies and some kinds of cake, and I can sew on the sewing machine and do a great many other things. Last summer she kindly let me go to an excursion up to Peterborough, and it was a great pleasure to think I was once more going to see Hazel Brae. And when the morning came that we were to go, the sun shone beautifully on the clear lake, and we soon were

seated in our little boat, and by noon found ourselves at Peterborough, and I got off and looked around, but I did not know which way to turn to dear Hazel Brae, and so I started and went on and on until a lady told me where it was, and I soon found myself walking up the path that led to the Home. As I walked up the path I thought Hazel Brae looked so pretty; the lawn looked so green, and the flower beds looked nice with their different kinds of flowers, and the pretty hanging plants on the veranda made Hazel Brae look very nice. And then I knocked at the door, and a stranger to me came to the door. It was Miss Woodgate. I did not know her, neither did she know me. She took me into the office, and, to my surprise, Miss Loveday did not know me, and then I went to the kitchen and nobody knew me there. I went into the play-yard, and nobody knew me there; then I went upstairs, and Miss Pearce did not know me, and I knew her as soon as I saw her; but everything seemed so changed to me in the four years; but there was nothing so familiar as the dear old meadow and the swing. I went down and had a good old swing, and then Miss Woodgate said it was time to get back to the boat, and she allowed two of the girls to walk down to the wharf with me. We reached the landing before dark, and after a good, long drive we reached home, and I thought it was one of the nicest holidays I ever had spent. I think this is all I have to say. Thanking you for the motto card. I think it is nice to have the picture of Hazel Brae in the winter, and also in the summer. I am sending twenty-five cents for UPS AND DOWNS this year. Yours sincerely,

LAURA HARRIS.

DEAR GIRLS,—I guess you will be surprised when you see my name in UPS AND DOWNS. I am writing for the first time. I like my place very well. I have been here six months, and I hope I shall be able to stay six more. I was at my first place two years all but two months. I like Canada far better than England. I would like to go to England for a visit, but I would not want to stay. I would like to see Clara Owen's picture in UPS AND DOWNS, for she was one of my friends. We were boarded-out together, and we were like sisters. I would like to hear of Beattie Ovey. There are two little girls here where I am; they are two of the prettiest children I ever saw. We go out sleigh-riding every day. I am going to get my photo taken, and I will send it to the Home, and it will be put in the UPS AND DOWNS. I went to Lindsay show fair, and it was very nice. There are not any Home girls around here at all. We have been busy sewing carpet rags and knitting. I knitted a pair of stockings for myself this fall. Dear girls, I am not ashamed to say I am a Home girl, for I cannot thank Dr. Barnardo enough for

what he has done for me. Well, dear girls, I must close now, with fondest love I remain,

Yours truly,

MARY DALGARNO

I think it is now time I was making my debut in the columns of UPS AND DOWNS, as I have now come of age, and I have let others do it all so far; but really I do enjoy reading other girl companions' letters. I must thank you, for the first thing, for my Scripture Union card. I think it is so nice to have something to go to like that. I find great joy in reading that. No doubt Miss Gibbs has told you that I have become a Salvation soldier, with the intention of going out in the work if I am able to. It is the place where I felt God wanted me to be, and I can say I find great joy in His service. It is the work that I love. Although it was hard at first, it has become easy because God has been with me in all that I have tried to do for Him, and I feel that He is blessing me day by day, and I am determined to press on and fight the fight that lies before me. I think it is a lovely motto we have for this year, if only all of our girls try and carry it out. Well, it did me good to read the UPS AND DOWNS again, also the letters from our old friends in England, and I am sure dear Miss Quinn's letter was well worth reading, and I am sure we all ought to thank her for remembering us so kindly. When I get my photo taken in my S. A. uniform, I will send you one of them. I think I will write close, with fondest love.

MARTHA WHITE, (1895 Fall)

I am writing you a few lines to let you know how Ellie and I are getting on. We are both well and happy. We each missed one day at school last year. I am glad you allowed me to stay here, for I like the place very much. I am in the Senior Fourth, and the teacher said I am doing well. We are five in a family, with the teacher, who boards with us. The school is just across the road. We have a large and pleasant house with a veranda on three sides. I am learning to do different kinds of work, and I am also learning music. I think Canada is a nice country, and I like living on a farm. I would like to see my little brother. I was glad to receive the UPS AND DOWNS, for I know some of the girls, and I like to read the letters. I will close with love to all friends at Hazel Brae. Yours lovingly,

LILY LIVERMORE

I am taking time at last to write a letter for UPS AND DOWNS. Well, I will do my best, as this is the first letter I have ever sent. Well, about this country I like it far better than England. I think it is far healthier, and it is a country where there is plenty of everything. I do not ever intend to go back to England; it is all right for a visit. I have been in Canada nearly four years. I came out on the ship called the *Atawa*. Where are Mr. and Mrs.

Metcalf? I have not heard anything of them for three years. My sister likes this country very well too, and she also likes the place where she is working. There are two children, and she is very fond of them. Her mistress is very kind to her also. Bessie has stopped going to school for over a year. I must not omit that I would like to know if you are going to find time for an Exhibition this fall, for Mrs. B—— says I may go. I have never been to one yet, and I was three years at my last place. That is not many changes. Yours sincerely,

EVA MAY SAPSFORD.

We are glad to find girls remembering their kind friends, and are happy to tell Eva that Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf are in the beautiful Highlands of Scotland, and are well and very happy there.

Florence Tysall, who has kept her first place since June, 1901, deserves some mention here. She writes as follows:

You must not think I have forgotten you, because I have not. Well, I had a good time at Christmas, which I hope you did. I was to a basket social. I had a good time. I was to say a piece about "Wasted Time." All the school scholars said a piece. We are all very busy these days. We can always find something to do when the boys are home. Mother is all the time darning and mending something. I have got a new dress. I wrote to Annie Hamlet, but she did not answer. I got a pair of kid gloves sent from my aunt. She lives in England. We got a new barn all finished. Our hens are beginning to lay now; we are glad. We have a nice wee calf. We make lots of butter now. I am nearly fourteen years old; everyone says I am growing. I am sure you will say so when you see me. I think I must close now. Good-bye. Give my love to all friends at Hazel Brae. Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE TYSALL.

Lilian Pratt, too, has been in her present home since September, 1901, to which she went as a boarder, but where she seems to have found a real home. She writes as follows:

I thought I would write and let you know how I am getting along. We are all well, and I go to school every day. I tried for the Fourth Book Christmas, and I succeeded. I got 714 marks. Each is six years old now, and he is quite a big boy. He does not go to school yet, but I guess he will go next summer. He got a nice red handshigh, and we had lots of fun sleigh riding. I hang up my stockings at Christmas, and what do you suppose I got? I got a nice pair of garters, a pair of lace, a bag, a little vase for flowers,

and a stocking of canlies. I like Mrs. K. and she is very good to me. In the summer she got me a nice suit with a little jacket and a new cap just like the suit. I knitted myself two pairs of stockings. We have the house all fixed up, so that when Miss Gibbs came to see me the last time she did not know the place. I take UPS AND DOWNS, and have often seen pieces about other girls, but have not seen any about myself. I must close now.

Your sincere friend,

LILIAN PRATT.

In Memoriam.

At Bridgeburg, on Sunday, April 5th, Henrietta Gatehouse, the dearly loved adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, died in the sixteenth year of her age.

Very suddenly the summons came for this dear child. She had not been very strong all the winter. A doctor was consulted, and a tonic was prescribed, and she seemed to be a little better. On Saturday she went with Mrs. Burton to Buffalo to do some shopping for the making of several new dresses, which were going to be prepared for the spring and summer. Hetta had many hopes and plans about the summer and those pretty dresses, which she hoped to wear on a much-talked-of visit to Peterborough and Lindsay. She hoped to make quite a stay in the latter place with her sister, Edith. When she returned from Buffalo she was tired and complained of some pain. So her tender mother hurried her to bed with a simple remedy, and hoped that a good night's rest would fully restore her. About five on Sunday morning she called to Mrs. Burton, who went at once to her bedside and found her complaining of feeling "so queer." She gave her some mixture as a restorative and Mr. Burton went for the doctor. Before he could return, she said, "Oh, Mumsey, the pain, the pain!" and pressed her hand to her side. She never spoke again, breathed for a few minutes, and then all was over.

The doctor said it was a complication of heart and liver trouble, for which her symptoms had somewhat prepared him, but not so gravely

that he thought Mr. Burton ought to know.

Henrietta was a highly favoured girl. She had a home where the tenderest love and ample means placed every luxury at her disposal. She and her younger sister, Edith, came to Canada in July, 1900, and Hetta went to this home on the 3rd of August that same year. Here she had grown to be regarded with parental affection and was treated as a member of the family by all the relatives and friends, enjoying their hospitality and kindness to the full. During the last winter she had become increasingly dear to Mr. and Mrs. Burton for her marked preference for their society. She never cared to go anywhere without them, and cheered the house by her chatter and merry ways. She had a very sweet voice and used to sing lots of hymns. One of her great favourites was, "Shall we Gather at the River?"

Two household pets were her special care—a very fine parrot and a beautiful fox terrier. It was quite distressing to see how each seemed, in its own way, to miss and mourn for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton spared no expense on her funeral. Her coffin was of the latest and best kind, embossed white velvet externally, and opening down one side, so that she lay as if on a beautiful couch of white satin, with sheaves of lilies, roses and carnations around her, and her precious body shrouded in white cashmere and lace, with a treasured pair of slippers, quite recently bought, on her pretty feet.

She was buried in the English Church cemetery, on the hilly bank of the river, with Buffalo away on the other side. Her little sister and a lady from the Home joined the large family gathering of Mr. and Mrs. Burton in following her to the grave. The floral offerings were so many in number, the six bearers went first into the church laden with the flowers and laid them in the chancel, then returned and carried in the flower laden coffin. A large



FANNY DURRANT



SARAH STEPHENS



LOUISA BRYANT



FANNY M. LANGLEY



MARY GILL



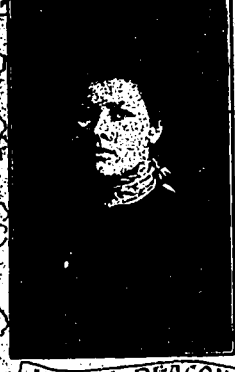
MARTHA S. A. WHITE



LIZZIE COX



MARY SIMPSON



HETTY DEACON

congregation of friends and Sunday school companions had already gathered, filling the little church, and as the soft, low music of the "Dead March" breathed forth its softening sweetness it failed to cover the sound of sobs and stifled grief which the sight of her coffin called forth.

A choir of her friends sang her favourite hymns, and the beautiful service of the Church of England was read by the Rector, the Rev. White.

Her grave was lined with white muslin and the surroundings and mound of earth covered with evergreens—all tokens of the deep affection the dear child had inspired. So we left her, in her flower-covered grave, to wait the summons of the Archangel. We trust that now she fully understands her favourite hymn and has gathered with the saints at the river, where parting and sorrow can never come.

Weddings.

If weddings are a sign of the last days, this sign has come in our midst, for nearly every mail brings news of another girl married. We trust that they will all strive to be model wives and carry out all their ideals of what a home should be, then we feel sure they will be very happy.

Kate Howley	now	Mrs. Middleton.
Eva Wales	"	Mrs. Norman Kemp.
Dorothy Blakey	"	Mrs. Chas. Snow.
Rachel Moore	"	Mrs. W. Clarke.
Rose Goodgain	"	Mrs. Fred Collier.
Margaret Patton	"	Mrs. Johnston.
Gladys Verner	"	Mrs. D. R. Martin.
Jane Dyson	"	Mrs. Skinner.
Annie Finch	"	Mrs. Norman Ellis.
Agnes Attwood	"	Mrs. McLean.
Ada Derrick	"	Mrs. G. King.
Annie Pett	"	Mrs. Whitmash.

Several of these have been married some time, but the news has just reached us.

Girls' Donation Fund.

Some time in May the contributions to the G. D. F. will be sent to Dr. Barnardo. These represent the voluntary offerings from the girls towards the support of the work gen-

erally, and towards the support of the Hazel Brae cot in the Stepney Infirmary more particularly. So far, the sum total is only a little over one hundred dollars. But we sent out from Hazel Brae at Christmas nearly two thousand motto cards and copies of UPS AND DOWNS. Some of those who received them must have forgotten this fund. To them we would say, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Missionary Essays.

There has been a good response to this, and some very interesting papers have been received. The following is a list of the competitors:

Eva Bowles,	Edith Stanmore,
Annie Ellis,	Charlotte Upfield,
Eleanor Mills,	Emma King,
Sarah Jones,	May Muggleworth,
Ethel Christmas,	Mary Ann Barrett,
Rose Locke,	Beatrice Ashby.
Katie Bignell,	

It has been rather difficult to decide just which were really the best. All were very neatly and nicely written; the composition and spelling were good. Some were disqualified through being *copied* from some book or paper, and evidently were not the writers' own thoughts. We have three pairs of Chinese shoes, and have decided to ask Miss Quinn for another pair, and thus make *four* girls happy as prize-winners. They are Eva Bowles (first), Annie E. Ellis, Sarah Jones and Eleanor Mills.

We shall ask the Editor to insert in full the two that we think are the best. We compliment all that have tried, and hope they will not be discouraged, but try again when another opportunity offers.

MISSIONARY ESSAY.

It was my privilege to attend a missionary meeting about a week ago. The lady who gave the lecture was a returned missionary from China; her name was Miss Muldoon. She first told us how the country looked. The Chinese keep their gardens very neat and clean; they rake up every stick, leaves or paper they see lying around, which they use for fuel. The Chinese are not so particular about their homes, though; often they go for three years without sweeping them, so one can just imagine the dust and cobwebs there would be. At the top of one room which they call the family-room is an opening to



RACHEL FOSTER



MARION KING



MAUD GALE



AMELIA BRIAN



KATIE PETTIT



EMILY ORIE



ELLEN SAYERS



GERTRUDE SPELLER



AGNES HOWELL

let the light in, but the other rooms are generally in total darkness; occasionally they may have a little window. The reason why they have their homes so dark is because they are very much afraid of evil spirits. Miss Muldoon did not explain to us what these evil spirits were. The Chinese think the evil spirits will not come to a place where it is dark. She then told us of that cruel custom, the binding of feet. The Chinese have their feet bound so tight when they are small so as to stop them from growing. This, of course, must be very painful. No matter how good looking you may be, the Chinese think you are very ugly unless you have small feet. Miss Muldoon told us of one instance where one of the natives went to see a bride. When she came back, Miss Muldoon asked her if the bride was pretty. "Oh yes," said the native, "her feet were only so long" (showing how long with her hands). Some time after this, Miss Muldoon saw the bride herself. When she came back, she said to the native, "You said the bride was pretty; I think she is ugly, for she has no nose." The native laughed and said, "I never noticed her face at all." Miss Muldoon also spoke on other things, which I did not understand well enough to write about them. The last thing Miss Muldoon spoke on was the great need of prayer. Often, she said, the missionaries get so discouraged and down-hearted with their work, when all at once they receive such health and strength from God; then they know that someone is praying for them. What a sweet thought that is, not only for the missionaries, but to ourselves, if we cannot go ourselves and tell the love of Jesus to the poor heathen, we can help very much by our earnest prayers. "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," saith the Lord.

Written by EVA FLORENCE BOWLES,
Brackville, Ont.

MISSIONARY ...

Montreal, Paris, Ont.,

March 6th, 1903.

I am afraid I do not know very much about missions or missionary work. I had never been to a missionary lecture until two weeks ago, when I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Grenfell, who is Superintendent of the Labrador branch of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. He showed us a great many lantern views, which were very interesting and instructive. Dr. Grenfell and his assistants travel from one to five thousand miles along the coast every summer, and minister to the wants of about thirty thousand people, both physically and spiritually. Very little was known about these people before the Deep Sea Mission went to the coast, and when they were sick there was no one to alleviate their sufferings, or to tell them of the love of God. Now it is different. They are visited in their homes by some of the mission staff, and wherever a sick person is found they are treated; but if very ill they are taken to the hospital, of which are two, and a third is being built. Dr. Grenfell now owns a fine steamer, which was largely given him by Lord Strathcona. It has a hospital on board, which is very useful when they are taking patients to the land hospitals. It travels up and down the coast, and is eagerly watched for by the fishermen and their families. As the steamer travels farther north, she comes in contact with the Eskimos and the icebergs. We saw a number of views of the lovely icebergs and the snow houses that the Eskimos live in. There are a number of other things I could write about this mission, but as we are limited to a certain number of words I will not go further except to say I think it is a grand work and worthy of every support.



Toronto Topics

AS the Editor was taking leave of Mrs. Owen on her departure for England to bring out the party of girls that we hope will have arrived safely under her escort by the time this reaches our readers, she explained carefully to him that she had prepared her copy for UPS AND DOWNS, and that he would find it at the top of somewhere, just underneath something, just inside something else. All was exact and clear and satisfactory until the time came when the manuscript was wanted for the printer, and then—man-like, we hear some unkind lady reader remark—the Editor discovered that he had entirely forgotten the place so carefully described and explained. Unhappily, this was the only discovery that he was ever able to make, and the most careful search, not to say rummage, has failed to bring the precious document to light. Under the circumstances, the only course open to the Editor, and the only amends he can make for his unhappy forgetfulness, is to tackle the job himself and batter his brains for aught that will be of interest to or concerning Mrs. Owen's family of Toronto girls. We are very unfavourably situated for the task, inasmuch as we only arrived from England two days before Mrs. Owen left, and could gather but little news in that short time of the happenings of the weeks previous. We are therefore entirely at a loss for the items of personal intelligence that Mrs. Owen generally supplies. We believe that nearly everybody is quite well; we know, at least, that we should speedily hear of it if anybody was unable to work, and we have no doubt that everybody had a new Easter hat, and wonderful—we had almost written appalling—creations some of them are, too. It would, no doubt, be of immense interest if we could describe some of these wide spread

ing and high-soaring edifices, but we have not a soul for millinery, and we confess to having no more idea of the construction or inner economies of Easter hats than of the Easter vestments of a High Church curate, our own opinion being that the principal distinction between the two is that the one captivates silly men and the other silly women. Although, however, we can neither dispense items of personal chit-chat or discourse of Easter hats, we may take this opportunity of once again reminding all our Toronto girls that, with new hats or old, there will always be an old-fashioned welcome for them at 323 Markham Street, and we hope during the next few weeks, and before households begin to break up for the summer, that we shall see some good, big gatherings. Mrs. Owen is always at home on Sunday afternoons and evenings and on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and will be glad and ready to receive all and sundry, large and small. Mrs. Owen will be getting round to see everybody as soon as possible after her return, but, meanwhile, let everybody come and see her. On principle, we turn a vigorously deaf ear to the sort of gossip that savours of backbiting, but there has once or twice penetrated to our consciousness some inkling of a girl not coming any more because somebody had said that somebody else had said something about somebody else that had been much better left unsaid. There has been time enough in these pleasant spring days to let such little bitternesses melt away with the winter snow or be shaken out of mind with the winter dust in the spring cleaning, and we hope everybody's mind is spring-cleaned of every kind of uncharitableness and all are ready to "kiss and be friends." It may be a bad, cross old world, but we want 323 Markham Street to be a bright, happy corner

of it for all our girls, and we can have no disturbance of the peace.

Good times—just now for our girls in Toronto. Wages are “on the jump,” and the older girls who are not making their ten dollars a month, ought to be. Everybody is clamouring for servant girls, and “wanted, generals” seems to be at present the bitter cry of Toronto, as of most other places. We are not going to discuss the servant girl problem, although we have our own opinion on the question, and believe that in a good many cases those who want deserve to want, and, for the sake of the girls, it is to be hoped will keep on wanting; but there is no doubt that just now the sun is shining for our girls, and we hope a few of them will have sense to make hay while it lasts; in other words, to lay by out of these good wages, so that if sickness comes, it will not be at once a case of falling back upon the Home or someone chasing the city relief officer to get a pauper patient order for the Hospital, while if sickness does not come and it is a matter of fitting up a little home, there will be a hundred dollars or so to help in feathering the nest. There will be a lot more satisfaction in this money than if it had all gone in silk blouses, and

big hat feathers and white gloves, and what not. However, we do not want to preach to our girls, and we will not say more on the subject, lest somebody should ask us what material we would have their blouses made of, and then we should be floored. We couldn't begin to scold our girls if we wanted to, and, in fact, although we perhaps ought not to say it, we think Dr. Barnardo's girls in Toronto are, take them for all in all, just about as near the right thing as is to be found in the present day and generation, and that it would not be easy to find a little community among which a greater number are doing their duty honestly and faithfully day by day, bearing and forbearing, providing things honest in the sight of all men, going bravely, cheerfully, unselfishly through the daily round and common task, making homes brighter, lives happier and the world better than in our Toronto family. We wouldn't for the world make them proud of themselves, but we are proud of them, and with all our heart we wish them God's blessing, and that His loving, gracious favour, and the thought that He knows and cares for them, may, for every one of our girls, sweeten and brighten and strengthen their lives.



Our Sunday Hour

SHORT PRAYERS

"Lord Save Me." *Matthew xiv., 30.*

"Lord Help Me." *Matthew xv., 25.*

HERE are two short prayers, each containing only three words of one syllable and but ten letters in each sentence. Both were from those who were in earnest, because in great distress, and were addressed to the same person, the Lord Jesus, and in each instance the answer was prompt and full. So simple are these prayers that in each prayer the first and the last words are the same, and the middle word alone is different.

Heaven and earth are here. The power, love and fulness of Heaven are wrapped up in the word "Lord," and the weakness, despair, emptiness and sin of earth are found in the word "me." The middle word we can change according to our need, and in our journey through life we shall find other words that may better express our want at some particular time, but the first and last words must always stand as they are if we are to receive blessing or help from above.

Is it not a comfort that we are "not heard for our much speaking," but that a sigh or cry of the heart in a single short petition will bring help at once?

The first of these two is a prayer for salvation. The Lord Jesus had been feeding the five thousand on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and, while He sent the multitude away, ordered His disciples to get into a boat and cross over to the other side of the lake. As was not unusual, a sudden storm came down on the lake, the boat was tossed with the waves, the wind being contrary, and but little progress could be made, so that in the darkest part of the night, probably between 3 and 4 a m., the

disciples were only half way across and were in great peril. The Lord Jesus, however, had His eyes on them, and is now seen coming towards them walking on the sea. At the sight of His form walking on the troubled waters the terror of the wearied and frightened disciples is increased until over the raging of the storm they hear the words of their Master and Friend, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."

Peter calls out, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." "And He said, 'Come.' And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus." With his eye on his Lord he found the water as firm beneath him as the land, but quickly becoming conscious of the great wind and the fierce waves, his eye was withdrawn from Jesus, and he began to sink. Another moment and he would be under the waves, drowning. He had just time to utter one short prayer, "Lord save me," before the waters would close over him, but the cry reached the ear of Jesus, and immediately He stretched forth His hand and caught him, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" With the hand of Jesus in his he was saved and kept safe.

Is it not sometimes like this with ourselves? We, too, are crossing to the other side on life's sea. Storms arise, and it is dark. Sins, like waves, threaten to overwhelm us. Doubts and fears and sore temptations, like the wind, are against us, and we sink.

Perhaps you thought you were much better than your companions, that, like Peter, you could do what

they dare not venture to accomplish, and a sore temptation has come, and you are sinking. As a lad said to me one day, "I thought I was a Christian, but I've been swearing again, and I do not know what to do." He had been puffed up with spiritual pride, thinking himself better than his mates, and his eye being off his Saviour, he had begun to sink. But the prayer, "Lord save me," brought Jesus at once to his aid.

To some, the storm of an accusing conscience is terrible, and hope flies, but Christ is at hand to save. Directly the cry of faith goes out, "Lord save me," He comes, forgives, cleanses and frees the soul of its burden. Others are overwhelmed with the memory of opportunities lost or of appeals unheeded. Perhaps some of you look back to times in the Old Country, when your heart was under Divine impression; and you long for deliverance from the cold formality or the irreligious state in which you now are. To such Christ is at hand, able and willing to save, to change the life and bring peace. Let me illustrate this by an incident that came under my notice when I was in Upper Burma, in 1877. That part of the country was then under the unenlightened government of the King of Burma, and was not, as now, a portion of the British possessions. My Burmese teacher told me one evening that a man who had been for some time in jail had that day been hurriedly condemned to be executed. At break of day he was taken through the town to the South Gate, outside which was the place of execution, where a cross had been set up for his crucifixion, which was the usual form of capital punishment. With chains on his hands and feet and round his waist, he was being hustled along by the cruel jailer, when a company of yellow-robed, shaven-headed Buddhist priests was seen approaching. Throughout Burma, in every town and village, may be seen, early in the morning, strings of priests walking

in single file past the houses, headed by the senior priest of the monastery. Each priest carries a large wooden bowl, suspended from his neck, into which the faithful pour offerings of boiled rice. As the company of priests approached the man on his way to death, the chief priest, seeing his need and the despair in his face, stepped up to him, and, divesting himself of his outer yellow robe, wound it around the condemned man. No sooner was this done than the jailer removed the chains that bound him, and the man was saved from the clutches of the law, and, turning his back on jailer, chains and cross, followed the priest to his monastery; for the law had no power to touch one clothed with the priestly robe. So long as he wears the robe and lives the life of a priest he is safe. The priest's robe became to him a garment of salvation.

So truly does Christ find the burdened sinner on the way to death, and in response to his cry, "Lord save me," delivers him from the bondage of sin, the fear of eternal death, and gives him the robe of spotless righteousness—the garment of salvation.

The second prayer is "Lord help me." It came from the depths of a mother's heart when in deepest sorrow about her daughter—a girl under the awful power of Satan. She was a stranger to Jesus, a Gentile, and had therefore no claim on Him. At first He appeared not to hear her, but her great need was her best plea, and her faith was irresistible to Christ. Faith always is. Her earnest, believing prayer that He would have pity on her and heal her daughter, which was all summed up in the words, "help me," received the cheering answer, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The devil is gone out of thy daughter. And the daughter was made whole from that very hour.

Here again was Heaven's power linked with earth's great need. Mother and daughter could have

said, "I can fully say that I am my helper."

Follow the mother home. Two emotions struggle for victory in her breast. Fear and doubt say, "How can she be healed with just a word from His lips; He has not even seen her nor she Him." The other cries, "He said, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.' I believe His word; I take it for granted that what He promised He has performed." And returning to the house, she sees the daughter healed, lying on her bed, at rest, after the restless days and nights of Satanic attacks.

Is not the power of the devil and of sin that which is spoiling lives, prospects and homes of young and old? May not some young reader of these lines say to himself or herself, "That is my case. I have tried and failed; Satan is too strong for me. Temptation overcomes me." The Saviour who helped the woman and her daughter is just as near to help and as ready to deliver. Only cry in earnest, "Lord help me," and He will say to you, "Let it be to you as you will." Deliverance, rest, peace are yours through putting this trust in Him. Take it for granted He has given you the victory, and you have it. "Oh," says one, "my faith is so small." Jesus answered Peter's "little faith," as well as the woman's "great faith." He will answer yours. H. S.

Our grateful thanks are due to Dr. Henry Soltau for his very helpful and appropriate words. We are sure they will find a response

in the hearts of all of us who have proved, or would seek to prove, the power of Christ to save and to help. We hope we may often again have the pleasure of hearing from Dr. Soltau in the columns of UPS AND DOWNS. Those of our boys and girls who have recently passed through the Homes will not need to be told who and what Dr. Soltau is, but, for the sake of those to whom his name is not familiar, we may mention that for the past two years he has assisted Dr. Barnardo in the general oversight of the English Institutions, his association with the work being, as we understand, the outcome of a personal friendship of many years' standing. We are sure that no one can have come under the influence of Dr. Soltau's gracious and kindly personality without recognizing in him one in whose heart and life the love of Christ is shed abroad. We cannot but also feel sure that the arrangement under which Dr. Soltau gave up his medical mission work to act as Dr. Barnardo's chief helper, and as such is looked to for direction and counsel in all departments of the work, must be of the happiest import for both the staff and the inmates of the Homes. We sincerely hope that at some future time Dr. Soltau will form a personal acquaintance with us on this side of the Atlantic, and that in the meantime we may, at any rate, be allowed to consider ourselves as within the scope of his pastorate, and that he will make use of UPS AND DOWNS as the means of communicating with those in whom he is interested and who are in a position to benefit so greatly by his sympathy and advice.

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to April 27th :

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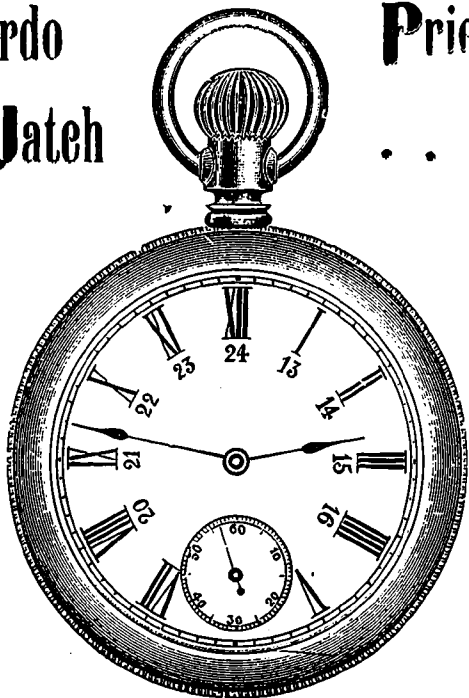
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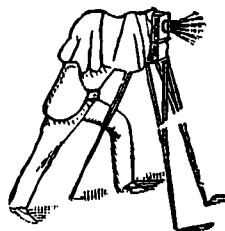
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